





Bailey sat in the back of the Uber driver's compact car with the backpack in his lap. He wasn't feeling relief like he expected, instead he was nervous. He had left mostly everything he owned behind, he would have loved to take his laptop, but with the child guard system in it, the thing was close to worthless. He hoped after a good night's sleep he would feel like a freed man, instead of a prisoner out on the lamb. One that very much needed to get to safety to plan their next move.

The hotel Bailey had chosen was a cheap location close to the airport. Climbing out of the car he put on the backpack and handed the driver one of the twenties he got from Amanda. Looking at the place he expected less, it didn't look like a hole in the wall at all. Stepping forward he had to shuffle his feet a little to keep the shoes on. The one size difference wouldn't have been a problem if the shoes had any laces. He wished Mandy had left out some of her running shoes for him to take, but these were a lot better than the six inch heels he wore earlier. The very idea of going from being turned on by a girl wearing the come fuck me pumps, to wearing them was insane. When Bailey came up to the double glass doors they didn't open like he expected and he was worried for a second that the place was closed. "What can I do for you?" Bailey looked around for someone for a second before it dawned on his tired brain that it was an intercom. "Ah, I need to get a room for the night." The doors didn't slide open so he just looked around before the voice came back. "You need to hit the intercom buttons, you know what, never mind." The doors slid open and a blast of cold air-conditioning washed over Bailey as he made his way into the small lobby.

If you kept walking forward you would end at an elevator, to the right were some seats and an ATM, and to the right was a counter that went almost to the wall so workers could walk around. Walking up to the counter Bailey put his bag up so he could dig a round in it for his wallet. "One room for the night, Mr. umm." Bailey looked for a name tag, but found none. "Mr. Manager." Bailey said looking at the slim white haired man who looked to be somewhere in his sixties. Bailey handed over the card as the man started to type something into the computer. The man was looking at Bailey in a way that said he didn't trust him and it only made him feel more nervous.

"The name is Frank Santiago. Did your parents send you in to check in while they get their bags?" Frank watched the young teen girl shift nervously from one foot to the other, arms crossing her chest. She seemed scared to him, and seeing the blonde hair sticking out from a hat advertising a company she wasn't old enough to go to, it reminded him of his granddaughter. "Parents, my parents are dead and I'm twenty five!" Frank looked the person up and down at his counter. Black female flats, jeans that were too long he guessed from the rolled up legs or maybe it was just fashion, he long since stopped paying attention, but they were tight in other places. The t-shirt she wore was much too large for her and tucked into her pants. He figured it was her father's or an older sibling. She didn't have much of a chest and many girls today seem to have larger chests than when he was a kid, so she had to be young. Her claim of being twenty five was maybe generous by ten years. Her nails were long and red, she looked to be wearing minimal makeup like he would expect from a younger girl. It did not add up and he wondered

why.

On his screen a declined insufficient funds popped up. Taking a look at the card he read the name out loud. Bailey Andrew Smith? Seems the card was declined" He said holding the card up and looking at the teen girl. "Yeah that's like me!" She said back to him. She was really trying to stick to her story, but the girl didn't even try to fake a more grown up male voice. "You don't sound like someone with the middle name Andrew to me. The girl snatched the card and glared at him. "I do too!" Bailey said in irritation, but it suddenly bothered him a lot what the man said. Bailey had been talking in the fake girl voice for the entire week and at some point hadn't had to keep trying to talk that way. He wondered when the fake voice started to sound normal to him. "How is this, that better?" He said in a deeper voice that sounded way too forced and comical. 'Fuck, I will have to practice my own fucking voice to be normal!' With the card in hand he moved to the ATM. In her haste one of her shoes came free, giving him a look at the girl's painted toes.

Bailey was about to slide the debit card into the slot when the older man grabbed him by the biceps and dragged Bailey to one of the chairs. "Owe! Let go of me, that hurts!" Frank kept his firm grip on her arm until he had her in the seat. "You stay right here young lady, I'm going to get your bag and we are going to talk about what is going on." He was trying to be firm, but not yell. She was nervous enough that he didn't want to upset her too much. He needed to find out what was going on, and if she was a runaway someone was probably missing her. Frank couldn't imagine how he would feel if his granddaughter just went missing in the middle of the night and wanted to make sure this was handled the best he could.

Walking to the counter he took the bag in time to see the girl try to run, losing one of her shoes again as she made for the door. When it didn't open she slammed on it with her fists. "Come on, sit down. Those don't open at night unless I tell them to. The way she glared at him pouting didn't waver his resolve. Grabbing her once more he sat down with the blonde girl and looked in the bag. Inside he found a stuffed bear, two pill bottles, some nail polish remover, a bottle of wine, a pink key and a woman's wallet. Taking that out he saw a few twenties and a single id from a local water park, but no state id. "Bailey Ann Connors Best, minor. Well little lady that is a good photo of you, but you sure are not a Mr Bailey Andrew Smith." She didn't reply to him, only sat looking at the ground. 'Fuck, fuck, fuck' Bailey's mind went. How had this all backfired> what happened to his id? He wasn't sure if going to a more upscale hotel would have been much better, the hard still would have been declined, but they wouldn't have locked doors. Wasn't this against fire code or something?

"This." He said pulling the debit card from her hands. It took more effort than expected, she really didn't want to let go of it. "This here is not yours. Sweetie, you can get in big trouble for this, that is identity theft, fraud and just plain wrong to take money from someone. I am going to have to call the police I'm afraid." That got the girl's attention, she looked up to him with real fear in her eyes. "No please. Don't do that. I'm Bailey... I'm him I swear." Frank gave the girl a level look and sighed. "How about we talk about this first." He said pulling the bottle of wine out. " You have more than a handful of years

before you can smoke let alone drink. Now tell me true, none of this nonsense. Were you going to meet someone, maybe an older man at the hotel tonight? Was it this man?" He held up the debit card on the last question. Bailey shook his head vigorously, enough to move the hat a little askew. Frank reached up and removed the girls hat. Letting her long blonde ponytail fall down. She looked even more scared than before.

With a heavy sigh he reached into the bag and gave the girl her stuffed toy and put the hat into the bag. Holding the bear tight Bailey put his face into the stuffed animal and breathed in deep. It smelt a little of the perfume he got sprayed with earlier that day and it made him think of Mandy. The scent didn't bring thoughts of desire, just of regret for his action in running away from her tonight and a bit of comfort. Like the it was a tether that could lead him back to her, at least in his memories after the events of tonight.

He really should let the police handle this, but she should at least have a family member present for it. "Tell you what. If you can call an adult to come pick you up I will wait for them until we get the police. You did something bad tonight. But at this point I don't know if some guy online put you up to this, and I will not have my place used as a meet up place for a man like this." He said waving the card around. "Take advantage of some fourteen or fifteen year old girl." At this point he saw the girls eyes water up as she pulled the bear tight to her chest. "I'm not fourteen..." He could tell she was going to keep talking, but he needed to hurry this along. Get this girl's parents or guardians if her parents really are dead out here and the police before this guy showed up or ran off.

"Who are you going to call sweetie?" Not only had Bailey not looked enough like himself to pass as a man, but this guy thought he was even younger than he had been pretending to be. The doors were only going to open to some adult he called or for the police and he could only imagine them trying to book him as a female minor until the strip search. That couldn't happen, but who would he call? He had just left in the middle of the night, stolen money and the clothes of Mandy. If she came she would even find out about the card and learn about his money. His mind got distracted by that thought, why the hell was the card declined? He had more than enough for this shit place. Bailey pursed his lips as he pulled out his phone from his back pocket, just looking at the dark screen. Mandy was out, he couldn't call her. He couldn't call Chuck for help, even if his number hadn't been deleted. That left April Gates, Derrick Connors and the wicked bitch of the west.

April seemed to know someone everywhere and there was a chance she could get him out of this, but she was also Mandy's best friend, so she was out. Bailey remembered how Derrick was able to make a single phone call and sort out the guard at the park, having one of the owners get involved. He had no doubt he could help, but what story would he tell the man. Megan would either tell him to get fucked and enjoy everything that fell upon him or help, but at some price. Needing the help he said. "My Aunt Megan, I will call her." Thinking Derrick was the back up choice. "I will talk to your Aunt, adult to adult." Not being spoiled for choice Bailey unlocked the phone and pulled up the contact card before handing it over the man.

Tanking the phone he patted Bailey on the knee. "We will have someone you can trust

here soon." He said looking at the scared teen as she held the bear in one arm. Stepping away he held the phone to his ear, the girl's Aunt didn't pick up till the fifth ring. The voice on the other end was a tired and sleepy one. "Bailey it is the middle of the night." That was the last thing Bailey was able to over hear as the man walked away. Bailey looked to the doors again, wishing he wasn't literally trapped. When the older man came back he handed Bailey his phone and he saw the flower case. Another thing he had missed and put it back into his pocket with a sigh.

Sitting down next to the girl he tried to smile at her reassuringly. "Your Aunt says she will be here to pick you up as fast as she can." He can only imagine the spike of adrenaline the woman got from what he told her and just hoped when she held the girl in her arms she would feel relief. "My son has a daughter about your age, her name is Emily. She invited me to one of her tea parties with her dolls.. that must have been a few years ago now that I think about it." He laughed at the memory and at the idea of time passing so quickly. "What is the name of your doll, and do you have tea parties?" Bailey rolled his eyes, how young did this boomer think he was. He tried just shrugging to see if he would leave him alone and wait for his fate to play out, but he seemed hell bent on being friendly to cheer up the young girl his failing eyes saw. "President." He said thinking it would be a better name than Teddy. "Oh, I like that. A pleasure to meet you President Bear. I hope the first lady here is treating you nicely." He said, reaching over to shake the stuffed toy's hand. "I'm not married to him." Bailey said exasperated in irritation, but to Frank it just sounded like when Emily said things she thought were obvious. "Well Mr. President, you have a pretty little lady here. You better make your move or some other lucky bear will have her first." The old coot was crazy, but the craziness of it made Bailey giggle a little. Quickly Bailey regained his composure, but there was no covering it up. "I saw that smile, no fooling me. Now I know there is a happy girl in there." Frank looked at his watch and at the front door. "Tell you what, I have a TV in the back room. Why don't you sit back there and I will put something on for you while we wait." TV was a much better option than talks of tea parties and marrying stuffed animals, so he took the man's offered hand and followed him behind the counter and into a break room.

When Megan arrived she found Bailey sitting Indian style in an old threadbare recliner chair with a stuffed animal in his lap. Eating chocolate chip cookies with milk while his eyes were glued to a cartoon she vaguely recognized about a yellow square sponge that lived under water. "Bailey Ann, do you know how worried I was!" She said marching across the room and pulled Bailey into her arms for a long embrace as he stood up. While holding Bailey she whispered. "You better play along and agree to everything I say here if you don't want to leave with the police." Bailey nodded knowing whatever this woman was going to do would be lesser to prison. "Now I am going to go talk to the nice man pumpkin, you sit back and watch your cartoons." Bailey watched Megan walk out of the break room and start a conversation with the old man. When she caught him watching she shut the door, leaving him in the break room with the company of the now named toy, and a childrens cartoon. "Well at least I have cookies." A few minutes later Megan came back into the room alone and sat on a well used sofa, sitting as close as she could to Bailey. "The police are going to be here soon, just do as you are told and you will get to leave with me, if not. Well.. best not think of that and enjoy the cartoon while you can."

When two officers came in they scanned the room, seeing the blonde, blue eyed woman wearing yoga pants, a tank top and flip flops and to who they were told was her niece. Megan stood up and walked over, waving Bailey over as well once she stood in front of the night shift police officers. "My niece here, Bailey Ann Best, was telling me what happened. Apparently last night my sister, her mother just got into a serious relationship with a man and my Bailey here wanted to go find my sister's ex-boyfriend. She had found an old debit card of his and a bottle of wine." Megan glanced at Bailey before she returned her attention to the officers. "Because she knew he liked adult drinks. She thought because they shared a first name she could use his card and that would allow him to find her." This more adolescent look made her smile inwardly, the call from the manager gave her the chance to help Amanda. Before bed she hoped she could talk her out of her plan to throw herself on the train tracks in the name of truth. Now though, she had an idea of how this could work out.

The story was ripe with the type of plan an adolescent might come up with and he hated it. But when they asked him if it was true all he could do was nod and say yes. Before adding a little to play along as it were. "I miss Bailey." Megan put one arm around Bailey and kissed the top of his head. "I know you do pumpkin, but your Mommy's new boyfriend could turn into a new Daddy for you and I know how much you want that. The officers walked off to talk to the manager in private for a while before returning. "Well Miss Bailey, we are going to let you off with a warning, you have to give a big thank you to Mr Santiago. He was really concerned you had run away or worse. You need to let your family know when you want to go somewhere. If you can promise to be a good girl from now on we can let you go." Bailey swallowed hard at the indignity. "I promise to always be a good girl from now on." It was said in a softer voice than Bailey often spoke in, but it was enough for the officers. "Now young lady I think Mr. Santiago deserves a big hug and a thank you for all he did, don't you?" Megan's voice was sweet, but he saw the unspoken words in her eyes. Bailey went to the old coot and gave him a hug. "Thank you Mr. Santiago for being kind, and giving me cookies, and, and yeah." Bailey thought he had a list to say thank you for just so Megan had nothing to come back to him on. But his tired brain seemed to be failing him. "No problem at all, if you want to thank me just name your next doll Emily after my granddaughter. I think she will like the idea of another girl that I helped having a doll named after her.

With that Megan carried the book bag in one arm and held Bailey's hand in the other as she went back to her SUV, once the police had finished collecting information for their report. Not a word was said as she put Bailey in the back seat. The day was just too long and he was pretty sure the pills just weren't strong enough to give him the energy for so much. Bailey looked out the side windows up at the star filled sky, wondering what Megan was going to say to Mandy. Whatever it was, she expected him to agree. It was just all too much and slowly his head slumped to the side as he drifted off to sleep.

Bailey barely stirred when Megan's SUV came to a stop. He opened his eyes and then only part way when the door to the back seat where he was buckled in opened. "Looks like my little niece is tucked out." Bailey didn't say a word, just felt around to unbuckle the seat belt while he looked at the tall blonde woman lit from behind by a bright lamp post. 'Bitch' he thought at her through his waking and very tired mind. "Come now let's get you

out of that shirt and take care of that chest binding. That can't be comfortable" Bailey didn't resist her as she helped pull his old, now overly large shirt off of him. The ace bandage holding the breast forms tight to his chest was not comfortable at all and he was happy to have it taken off. Feeling the release and the return of the pull of the heavy fake breasts wasn't exactly a welcome one, but the feeling of relief, like taking off your shoes after a long day was still felt.

When the bandage was off his chest Megan was still touching him, her hands on and around his chest. It took a good twenty seconds before he really grasped that she was touching him and didn't need to. "What... what are you doing?" He said sleepily as he tried pushing one of her arms away. "I'm taking off the breast forms, now stop fighting me unless you are enjoying being a big chested girl." It was amazing news, he didn't know why she was helping him and his tired mind didn't try to explore the thought, he just smiled and stopped struggling. "Good, now just give me a moment." She said pulling back the seam of the forms, ready wiping away some of the blending and glue. The peeling off was like feeling someone slowly pulling off a thick band aid, one that had a significant weight.

Through the car door Bailey could feel the cool Nevada air on his chest as the forms were removed and Megan wiped away the last of the excess glue. "Look at your girly chest, they are growing so nicely." Feeling the cool air woke Bailey up enough to finally realize the car was in a large mostly empty parking lot, they were outside a twenty four hour Walmart. Megan's comment snapped his attention back to her and he crossed his arms to cover himself the best he could. "They are not growing! They are just irritated from those stupid tits!" Megan smirked at Bailey and pulled one of his hands away despite fussing and placed one hand on his growing chest. Her thumb running over his enlarged areola and nipple. His body shivering at the touch was not lost on her. "I don't know, I was going to get you some training bras, but you might be a full A cup." The hormone pills she had given Bailey shouldn't have had this dramatic effect and definitely not this quickly, yet the proof was right in front of her. "Don't say that, they will go away." The words sounded more like a girl begging or pleading for them to be true. Megan bunched up the shirt and lined up the neck opening to pull it over Bailey's head.

"Right now you are a girl, not a man right?" She looked down at the seated disguised man as he fought to get his arms through the sleeves. "No, I'm a man!" Bailey declared making eye contact with the woman glaring at him. "A grown twenty five year old man with long hair that is partially platinum blonde, has long painted nails, makeup, is wearing panties and oh yes the only ID you have says you are a female minor and lastly have budding breasts. Now consider what you just tried to do, who I am and answer this simple question. Who are you?" Bailey was so tired, he was tired before the dancing, long before he snuck out of the apartment and he did consider it all as she stared down at him. "I'm your niece... Bailey Ann Best." He wasn't sure of a way out, hell she might even be able to drop him off at the police department at this point, but most of all he was too sleepy to think. Let alone argue with the witch of the west.

Getting out of the vehicle Bailey followed Megan as she started to walk to the store. He

wasn't sure why they were here, why she removed the breast forms and he didn't care. It was the middle of the night and he was a walking zombie, well more like a shuffling one. Megan turned to glare at him, her hands on her hips. "Stop dragging your feet and let's go, the sooner we finish the sooner both of us can get some sleep." Bailey looked down at his feet sitting in Mandy's shoes, shoes that were slightly too big for him and back to Megan and nodded as if that would be enough of a reply. He made two shuffling steps forward before she shook her head. "Arrg! Fine, I was already going to treat you like a kid, it only makes sense you would act like one." Going up to the curb she pulled down a metal shopping cart and brought it over to him. "Get in." Bailey squinted at her not sure what she meant and the lack of movement must have been enough for her. He watched her take a deep breath and walk up behind him just before he felt one hard swat to his ass. "Ow!" He cried out more from the surprise than any real pain, but she didn't stop there. Megan put her hands on his waist and hoisted him up into the air and stood him up in the cart's basket. "Sit your ass down young lady and start following directions or I swear this night is going to get worse."

It was like that, sitting in the shopping cart with his legs crossed he found himself accompanying Megan as she went through the store. The sound of the wheels. The rocking of the cart and no one talking to him let Bailey fall back to sleep. His head slumping down to his chest. He wasn't awake to notice what Megan was shopping for as she picked up a few A cup bras, a few pairs of tights, a package of panties that had little Sponge Bob characters on them. He never saw the pile of clothes grow as she added a pink my little pony faded t-shirt, or the pink short overalls. He did wake up when he felt her nudging him. "Bailey honey we need to try in your clothes, come on sweetheart." Opening his eyes a little bit he let out a large yawn. "Come on, raise your hands up so I can help you out." Without giving it a second thought he did just that and felt her haul him out of the cart and put back on the ground. "You are becoming such a big girl, Auntie can't keep picking you up like that. Now come on let's go change."

Bailey paid little attention as he followed Megan into a changing room. He did notice she stayed in the room with him, but with his lack of energy it wasn't so bad to have someone pull the shirt off. His old shirt felt so scratchy on his irritated chest, but at least it kept some of the chill off of him from the cold store. He had no fight in him as she put the bra on him and adjusted the straps. He just kept his eyes closed, and wished to be back in bed. "Nnnnoo." He whined as she finished adjusting the straps and bounced Bailey's small breasts. "Shush now, you should be proud of what you have. Every girl is happy when they first start to fill out. Bailey let out a groan as he stepped out of the clothes he was wearing and into a pair of girls panties that had little cartoon characters on them that Megan had removed from a package. Sulking at her comment and wishing she would stop teasing him. Before he knew it Bailey was looking in the mirror at himself with pink bobbles in his hair typing it into pig tails, and wearing a my little pony shirt with just the hint of small breasts, pink overall shorts, frilly white socks and glittery silver girls flats.

Bailey reached a hand out to touch the mirror, seeing he now had a my little pony watch around his wrist. His mouth fell open looking at himself. He looked nothing like a teen girl, he looked like some tween. Long gone was his old self, just a tired looking girl. He couldn't help himself but start to cry. Not light tears but heavy solving one's. As he

started to cry he felt Megan wrap her arms around him and pull the feminized man to her chest. Bailey didn't resist, he held into her and kept crying. The day had been so long, one bad thing after another. Now... now he looked like some little girl and he just felt something break it was too much. He was crying so hard he couldn't catch his breath, he was sure he was having a full on panic attack.

Bailey didn't even try to regain control, he just let it all go. All the frustration, every time he had recently felt like crying his mind briefly dwelled on it and how powerless he was. He hadn't been perfect, but he didn't deserve this. If Mandy just told the truth at the start he wouldn't look like a little girl. If she hadn't been so focused on work they could have spent more time together and he wouldn't have needed to see Candy to get the attention. It was wonderful when they were together, and now... now he had pigtails and looked like he was ready to play in a playground. Bailey cried until his body couldn't cry anymore and still he stood there holding and being held as he dry sobbed. It wasn't till near the end he noticed Megan had been lightly rocking him and whispering reassurances. "Shhh, shhhh. It's okay, your safe little one. Shhhh, Auntie is here." Before Bailey thought he didn't have any energy, now he realized he was just tired, but now he didn't even have the energy to be offended or bothered by her words. Just a quiet mental acknowledgement that he should be.

Megan had pulled back, though she still held him by the shoulders. She had dark circles under her eyes and looked ready to fall a sleep, yet she smiled. Not one bright and full of energy, but one that said she was pleased or at least putting up a guise to help cheer him up, like that was even possible. "There all better?" Not finding any words Bailey gave a few shallow nods before casting his eye to the floor, seeing his feet in the glittery girls flats and lacy socks. "Good, now you look like you could use a little cheering up, so how about we go by the toy aisle?" Megan clapped her hands together as her voice went up a little in excitement. When Bailey gave no sort of reply Megan looked at the disguised man with a hard look. He simply averted his gaze, if she took him there he wouldn't have much of a choice, but he wasn't going to give her anything. Except he had little choice as she gave a quick pinch to one of his nipples. It hurt worse than he ever expected. He had gotten a purple nurple once in like middle school, but didn't remember it ever hurting like this. She was taking full advantage of his irritated and swollen chest. Opening his mouth wide Bailey let out a soundless scream as he tried to bend forward with her hand to lessen the assault.



"Bailey honey. Why don't you ask your favorite Auntie if you can get a doll." Bailey had a pout on his lips, even as he did it he knew what it must look like, but still he did it, just looking at the blue-eyed woman who had a now tear stained shirt. When she didn't reply he relented, it didn't matter anyways. "Aunt Megan, could I please get a dolly?" Megan put a finger to her lips as she looked at Bailey. "Maybe, so you think it would make you feel better?" The question was innocent on the surface, no direct insult, but answering yes would mean getting a little girls doll would make him happy, it would do the opposite, but she looked so tired that this couldn't go on much longer. "Dolls always

make me feel better, could I pick out a Barbie?" It was the only girls doll he could think of and Barbie had to have something not so bad like Astronaut Barbie or something at this point. "Let's see what we can find pumpkin." Megan held out her hand for Bailey to take as they left the changing room, the attendants not paying even the slightest attention to them as they left, though she did come check on them when she heard the non stop crying, not that Bailey noticed at all in the state he was in.

Bailey left the store not with a Barbie, but one of the baby dolls that comes with its own bottle. Megan said it was so she could pretend to be a Mommy for when she had babies one day. Not only was that impossible, but disgusting. She made him walk through the store holding the package like a girl that wouldn't let go of her new favorite thing. The middle aged woman at the checkout even commented on how cute her little baby was. It would have been embarrassing, if this happened earlier in the day he didn't know how he would react, but right now it only registered as something that should be of concern. Megan helped Bailey into the back of her SUV, and he was honestly thankful not to have to climb in. The moment he stopped moving he was gone, falling right to sleep. When Megan helped him out of the vehicle back at her place he hadn't even remembered the door closing let alone the drive. Inside the farm house sale home Bailey was brought to a room he recognized, it was her Daughters room. She was putting him up in Becky's room instead of the guest room. His eyes were only opened to slits as Megan undressed him down to panties and bra before tucking him in. "Sweet dreams pumpkin." She said, kissing his forehead.

Megan moved to the doorway and looked at him. The once arrogant man looked so peaceful and innocent as a young woman with his arm around President Bear. She still couldn't believe he was just going to abandon her sister and sink her career. It was bad enough she wasted so much time on him, but for him to destroy the one real thing she worked for. She of course never would have wanted them to get married and have children, but he never did propose. She wondered what she would have done if she found an email talking about spending that money he had in a ring instead of a trip to Vegas, it didn't matter it wasn't like she could forgive him using Amanda's hard earned money to hire someone so he could cheat on her. Megan let out a sigh, tomorrow would come too soon and she knew it would be a full day of activities with her niece.

The phone rang, it just kept on ringing. On the second ring Megan opened her eyes in her still dark bedroom and just looked up at the ceiling. She hardly registered the third ring, but on the fourth she rolled over and answered as she saw the time on the bedside clock radio. It was just past six thirty in the morning and that meant she got very few hours of sleep. "Meg she is gone, I mean he is gone! I went to her room and noon was there!" Megan pulled the phone away from her ear and took a deep breath in and out before going back to her little sister. "Amanda, slow down, put spaces between your words." Jesus she had a lot of energy, but it was probably just panic setting in, but damn it was early. "Now what are you talking about before the sun comes up?" There was no response right away from the other end of the phone, but she was sure she could hear Amanda's bare feet pacing on her tile floor. "Okay, okay. You know Bailey and I fought last night and it got heated. Meg I sent her to her room like she..." Amanda let out a long sigh. "I have been thinking of Bailey as a girl all week and last night I treated him like a child and sent him to the guest

bedroom and when I went to check on him in the morning. I wasn't even going to wake him up, I know how he loves to sleep in. I just, I just.." Megan could hear her sister battling back tears. "I know little sister, you were just checking on him." Megan had barely finished her sentence when Amanda cut in. "Yes, but he was not there! Megan, he left me!"

The words hit her like a ton of bricks, Bailey really had just up and left, abandoning her sister. The little shit was trying to escape a prison of femininity and on one level she understood him feeling the need to flee, since he knew fighting wouldn't work, but the way he did it would not only destroy Amanda's career it would wound her deeply and she was hearing that in her voice now. "Amanda no! Bailey didn't leave you." Megan kicked herself for not texting her sister to tell her something, but she also didn't expect a call before the fucking sun rose either. "Megan he did! He is gone! No note, nothing..." Megan sat up on her bed and planted her feet on the plush area rug she had under her bed. "Amanda, stop and listen. Bailey is here with me, he was going to text you in the morning so that you got some sleep, he was afraid if he tried talking to you last night the two of you would fight some more." That stopped Amanda from going off, she was silent on the other end, not even the sound of her pacing anymore, but she could also imagine her blue eyes being blood shot and red. "He is? Why would he be with you?"

Things were now getting under control and she was going to use this as an opportunity to sadly make the little shit look good, but also trap him in his little high heeled role to protect her sister. "Bailey called me last night and said how much he hurt you. If he was talking about anyone but you I would have thought him pathetic for crying. He said he needed to make this up to you and then asked for my help to make sure he could pull this off." Standing up Megan stretched her back and pivoted left to right till she heard a healthy pop, while she waited on Amanda to process all of that. She had never been above lying to get what she wanted, but when it came to her sister she tried to only do it to protect her. "He really said that? My Bailey is going to keep up the charade?" Megan continued her morning ritual of getting the kinks out of her body, she liked to do some morning exercise to stay in shape. She felt a little twinge of pain, and she thought about getting older sucked and how today she was going to need the help of a B12 shot to have the energy to make it through a day like today. "He did, and you know the two of us are still working on getting along, so you know this is big. Bailey is going to spend the weekend with me and I will get everything sorted out. When you come pick up your daughter Sunday night you will find her happily wrapping her arms around you, her mother and ready to fool the world. He seemed reluctant to play this role, but..." She let her words trail off. "But what?" Amanda asked with concern and it brought a little smile to Megan's face at the thought of what she was about to say. "I don't know, it just kinda seemed forced. I don't know, I'm honestly exhausted so don't put too much weight in my words. It is just like when someone, ah,, that saying about protesting too much."

"Wait, are you saying Bailey wants to pretend to be a girl? Like he is transgender or something?" Megan plopped back down on her bed and this time happily looked up at the ceiling and the fan that spun above her. "I don't know anything about all that, but I know the arrogant Bailey I knew sure wouldn't have asked me to get his belly button pierced. Gain of salt little sis, grain of salt. Considering the source, I would rather see you

have kicked his lazy ass to the curb a year ago and I wasn't afraid to say it either." The problems between her and Bailey were mostly because of his attitude, well before she caught him cheating on Amanda and everything else she had found out. "You always have been critical of Bailey, but you can't deny what he is doing for me now, and I know you see that or you wouldn't be helping so much. Meg.. thank you, I mean it. Bailey being willing is only one problem of a mountain of them. Let Bailey sleep, but then I think I will come over and we can end off of this or try to figure a way for it to end without ending my career somehow. If Bailey acted perfect it still would not work out, come Tuesday Candi will want to go get her drivers license and we will have to come up with a reason why Bailey isn't allowed." Megan had already considered that problem and knew it wouldn't be a real issue. "No, you are not coming over today. Today Bailey is spending time with her favorite Aunt and you can pick her up tomorrow night and then we'll talk all of this through. You will go about your weekend like everything is normal and say Bailey is staying with me while she is sick. If anyone asks why, just say your daughter knows how busy you are and I was willing to watch over her."

"But.." Megan cut her sister off before she got more than a word out. "No buts, do as big sister says for once. I have it all covered, okay?" A few heartbeats of silence later and Amanda spoke up again. "Okay, but I feel like you get your way alot." Megan smiled at memories of them as kids, Megan telling her what to do and her sister telling her she wasn't in charge of her or running off to tell their mom how she was being bossy again. "Maybe you're right, but today all I'm trying to do is help." She could practically hear the smile on her little sisters lips and knew she would be getting a hug at that second if they were close by. "Okay, just ask Bailey to reach out to me today, I want to apologize for what I said, I know he didn't mean what he said to me." With a few more words and a farewell Megan was free from the phone and was off to start her day. After a quick shower she put on a robe to go into her kitchen and administer a shot of the red liquid B12, before going back to her room and getting dressed. Today she wore a pair of tight capri jeans, an off the shoulder yellow frilly blouse and a pair of platform espadrille sandals with a cute knot at the top of black fabric. She loved the blouse, and how her capri's hugged her curves. The shoes were not something she would wear on a day like today, but she wanted to add extra height today. She already towered over Bailey by four inches, but today it would be more like eight.

It was half an hour past seven when Megan stood over Bailey while he slept, still holding on to the teddy bear. It was precious, but it was also time for the little twerp to wake up. She sat down on the bed and ran her fingers through Bailey's hair. "Pumpkin, time to wake up." She said the words sweetly and continued to run her hands through Bailey's golden hair that faded to platinum. "Time to wake up, little one." She watched as his eyes fluttered open and she didn't stop moving her hands through his long locks. It took a moment or two, but then she saw the recognition as he swatted her hand away and sat up in bed. He was still wearing the A cup bra she had put him to bed in. "Don't fucking touch me!" He yelled at her. "That is strike one today, and I promise you that punishments will not be pleasant." She said in a calm voice. Something about the threat must have gotten through to him or suddenly reminded him of his predicament. Looking down at his chest he pulled the covers up. "Bailey dear, I am going to tell you how this is going to go and at the end of me explaining it you will have a decision to make. Walk out of this house or to

stay, that is it.” She waited a second for him to interrupt or throw another insult, but the still obviously tired Bailey stayed quiet. “This weekend you are going to be punished for what you did, you are going to go through some much needed training on how to be a better girl. You will follow along with the lesson plan and when it is all done your Mommy is going to come pick you up. You are going to tell her how much you love her and how you are ready to spend the summer with her. She is going to believe this is all your idea. After you get cleaned up I will have you dressed in the same out as last night and if you do not want to stay, you will be free to go at that time. You will be given your backpack, President Bear and Emily and you will be allowed to go and do whatever you want.”

Bailey was never one to wake up early or wake up quickly and the bitch was throwing a lot at him at once. He vaguely recalled seeing himself look like a child last night in the mirror and he knew his debit card wasn’t working for whatever reason. Without ID and looking the way he did there was no way a bank was going to talk to him about his account. He could try walking to payphone and call Chuck, but what would he say about the way he looked and.. He realized he didn’t know his phone number, he didn’t memorize any numbers. He would be out on the street and with his luck be picked up by the police and brought back here or to Mandy. Fuck they might put him in jail if they believed him on who he was for the prostitute thing or give him over to child protective services if they didn’t believe him. He needed his money if he had any chance of getting away and for that he would need to talk to the bank. “I have nowhere to go..” He said in a small voice, it was true and while he said it to let Megan think she had won the words echoed in him and it hurt. “Not true at all, you will be staying here with your favorite Aunt and after we have a bunch of fun you can go back to your Mommy. Now doesn’t that sound good?” Bailey nodded a little, wishing he could just slide back under the covers and go back to sleep and hopefully wake up on the other side of the nightmare that was his recent life.

Helping him out of bed Megan took Bailey by the hand to the guest bathroom and shut the door behind them. Letting go of his hand she turned the faucets on and plugged the drain of the tub before adding in a Lavender Rose bath soak. When she turned back around to look at Bailey she tilted her head to the side like she was questioning what she was looking at before smiling and taking a step toward him. “Come on now little lady, take your clothes off, time to give you a bath.” Bailey took three quick steps backwards till his back hit the door. “Ahh.. I can do that on my own I don’t need your help!” Megan stopped and crossed her arms under her impressive chest. “Well if you say so, alright you do that and soak in the tub. I will be back shortly.” Neighbor of the two moved, just stood there looking at one another. Tired of this little contest and just plain tired she grabbed his wrist and pulled him past her so she could get to the door. “I know you are a ditz Bailey, but you had to know you were blocking the door. Silly girl.” With that little jab at his ego she left him to himself. Pulling down the girls underwear, he still had to admit they were more comfortable than his boxers, but even though there was a lot more material and nothing going up his ass crack, they felt worse. The little cartoon characters covering the underwear made him feel smaller like a child again and it wasn’t a feeling he enjoyed. The bra was easier to get off then the ones he had been wearing recently, one good thing he supposed. Though when he looked down and saw the are around his nipple

being larger and the skin bulging up with what looked like tiny breasts he hated it. All this girly shit and on top of it he was having some sort of allergic reaction to the bonding agent for the breast forms that made it look like he had small breasts of his own. They were even sensitive like he would expect from a swollen area. With a huff he climbed into the hot water and tried to relax with the pleasant if not girly aroma.

"Alright let's get you clean." The voice startled Bailey as he opened his eyes. Standing over the tub is the giantess Megan wearing an apron and rubber dish gloves. He figured he must have fallen asleep, but considering the water hadn't cooled off much it couldn't have been long. Though he didn't recall turning off the faucet and wondered how long she had been watching him naked in the water. He didn't really understand what she meant until she got down on her knees next to the tub and pulled out a bristled scrub brush. "Megan, I'm fine... I don't need your help. You can get out." The words were less of a command and more of a plea from his panicked mind. "Don't be silly, I'm here to help you all weekend." She said as she pushed him forward and started to scrub hard on his back. "Oww.. stop, that hurts!" She didn't stop vigorously brushing him. "I am exfoliating your skin Bailey, now stop fighting me or I will consider this strike two." He didn't stop fighting, even after she declared it was his second strike. So she stood up and pulled the naked man with her. She quickly turned the scrub brush over in her hand and swatted his ass three times rapidly. The sudden assault looked to have knocked the fight out of him, but she gave him one more before letting go. "Now sit your ass down missy so we can get you clean and ready for your day!" Fists to her hips she watched as Bailey fought back tears and sat back down gingerly into the scented water.

When the scrubbing was done and just about every surface of Bailey's skin was red she started to wash him gently. At one point her hand was down at his crotch. Bailey let out a gasp as she cleaned the area, she had easily pushed his hand away and he quit his resistance when her blue eyes looked into his daring him to continue. "Hmm." She said before pulling her hand out and removing the rubber glove. He wasn't sure what she was doing, but he quickly found out when her fingers wrapped around his already semi hard member. All the touching had done amber in him, with his lack of release and all the stimulation. He was sure he would have cum into his panties more than once from how touchy Feely Candi was and all the soft clothes if it wasn't for the pills Megan had given him, but his dick definitely had a mind of its own. Megan was... well Bailey would honestly love to fuck the blonde woman, if she kept her bitch mouth shut, but he did not want to be getting turned on as she bathed him. "Seems someone is happy to see me." She said as she caressed him slowly before starting to give him a hand job. "Tell Bailey, do you want to cum?" God he did and she could see he did, there was no reason to lie. "I do... I really do." He felt her continue as she leaned in close to the side of his head and whispered. "Tell me you want cum." Bailey closed his eyes just feeling her touch him under the scented water. "Ahh.. mmmm, I want to cum." Her hand stopped moving, but hadn't let go. "No, tell me you want cum, not that you want to cum." His eyes opened and looked Megan in the eye and then swallowed hard. He didn't need to cum that badly did he? When he looked back down to himself in her grasp he felt her kiss his neck, once, twice, three times. Each kiss moved closer to his ear. "Tell me you want to swallow a big load of cum from your friend Chuck, or even that boy August." She whispered again as she started to pull his dick some more, but slowly. Bailey bit his bottom lip wishing he

had more will power. "I wish I could swallow August's cum, I wish I had him in my mouth." Bailey's breathing was increasing and felt ready to add another ingredient to the water when Megan's hand vanished from the water. "But I thought.." He said looking at Megan as she stood up and wagged her finger at him. He felt embarrassed, then ashamed, knowing he really had tasted August's seed. "Ditzy girls like you aren't good at thinking, best leave that to others. Now it's time to get out of your bath pumpkin." Bailey looked down to his erect manhood and then up to his torturer. "Could I have a few minute's to umm, take care of this?" Megan pulled off the other rubber glove and gave two shakes of her head. "No and I think for a second you are going to try without approval I will use the glue from the breast forms on your tuck kit." Bailey gave an involuntary whimper at the thought, before standing up.

Megan helped pat Bailey dry before applying a few creams to his body and wrapping the towel around his body. She didn't say a word, but he knew she wanted him to follow her back into Becky's room. In there he found the horrible outfit from last night with all of the pinkness waiting for him in the bed. "First take this." She said pointing to a set of four pills on the dresser and a glass of water. "Two of the pills to help with your election problem, unless you think you will need more, and two of whatever you had in the other bottle. What are those exactly?" Bailey thought about her threat to practically bond the strip that would crush his privates to his body and swallowed hard. "Maybe a few more, just in case and ahhh those are from Candi to help keep my energy up. I'm like really really tired, maybe I can have a few more of those too." Megan put a few more pills on the dresser and took another hard look at the ones Candi had provided him. With no label it was impossible to tell what they were, she would have to speak to the teen to find out. "I'm going to go make breakfast, you get dressed and don't forget to tuck your male bits away." Bailey turned to watch her go, appreciating the jeans she chose to wear and how nicely the shoes were helping the view before turning to look at what he had to put on. Letting out a groan he quickly moved to the door to stick his head out in the hallway. "Aunt Megan, these are little girls clothes... thats so much worse..." Megan stopped in her tracks and came back to stand over Bailey. "Big girls don't run away, if you are not a big girl, that means you are a little one. You will wear what you are told and if you are a good little girl we can see about allowing you to wear the sexy clothes you love so much. If you are bad though I swear Bailey I will put you in a diaper and force feed you a diuretic. Clear?" Sheepishly Bailey nodded. "Yes ma'am."

After pulling on the overalls Bailey looked at himself in the mirror attached to the dresser and frowned. This was not good, but he knew the witch would follow through on her threat. He had an uneasy feeling as he watched himself in the mirror put his hair into pigtails with the cheap hair bobbles. With a groan he put both hands in top of the dresser and averted his eyes. I can do this, just need to get my phone from her before noon so I can talk to the bank. Play along and once they remove whatever lock is in his debit card he can get out of here. With his eyes closed Bailey started nodding to work himself up. Opening his eyes he looked at himself again and frowned before looking away again. He wasn't sure if he was supposed to wait to be called or if he should go. But after a moment he decided the bossy woman would have said if she wanted him to come out when he was done.

Bailey looked back to the bed and considered closing his eyes and getting a few more minutes of sleep, but that could also mean not hearing his oppressor when she beckoned. So instead he busied himself by looking through the nic nacs on Becky's dresser. One that caught his attention was a softball that had writing all around it. Picking it up he noticed it was all numbers that made little sense. Putting that down he picked up a small picture frame that read Rebecca & Isabella. The photo inside was one of Becky when she was a senior in high-school, her dark hair she inherited from her father was cut into a style similar to the woman in the movie pulp fiction and with her a Latino looking girl with long dark hair, thick pillowy red lips, a beauty mark on the side of her chin and a pair of tits that looked massive in her tiny frame. If he had time to himself picturing the two of them together. Feeling himself start to get hard again Bailey squeezed his legs together for a moment trying to calm down and think of unsexy thoughts. Sitting in the bed he didn't even consider how he naturally sat with his knees together as he waited.

It felt as if the seconds dragged on into hours before Megan appeared in the doorway. "Time for breakfast pumpkin, grab Emily and follow." Bailey was happy to follow, but had no idea who Emily was and now that he thought about it she said that name earlier didn't she? "Umm Aunt Megan. Who is Emily? The name was vaguely familiar." Megan laughed and pointed to the doll she bought him the night before. "You were up too late last night. Way past your bedtime, but I thought you would remember your dolls name. Take her and carry her proper." He was sure she didn't miss the scowl on his face, but she didn't say a word as he followed directions and held the toy doll in his arms as if it was a real baby and followed Megan to the kitchen. Waiting for them was a plate with half a grapefruit and a small helping of cottage cheese. "Is... is that what I'm eating?" He asked with dread. He hated cottage cheese. "I don't have any of your diet shakes and it is what I eat to help stay in shape. Don't you think I look good?" He was not going to fall for a simple trap, so he planted a big smile on his face. "Aunt Megan you are always beautiful, just like Mommy." She seemed happy enough with the answer and took a seat. While Bailey followed suit he stared at his plate instead of digging in. "Oh Bailey, I'm sure Emily would like some to. Why don't you feed her."

Taking a spoon full of the cottage cheese he moved it to the doll's mouth. "Open wide Emily, eat up so you can be pretty like Aunt Megan when you grow up." Touching the spoon to the doll's mouth he moved it to his own and wished he hadn't put so much on it as he put the horrible white stuff in his mouth.

Bailey nodded his understanding on what he was to do as Megan finished adding a little blush to his cheeks and strawberry chapstick to his lips. Picking up the babydoll that Megan had showed him how to swaddle, he held it in his arms and began rocking it gently. Looking up to Megan who held out her phone recording his act as he smiled happily. "Like I wanted to thank you Mr. Santiago, for like being so nice to me and stuff. Oh! And this is little Emily!" Bailey spoke in a loud whispering voice until that last sentence where he pretended to get super excited. Looking a bit embarrassed he looked down at the doll that he still rocked in his arms. "Oops." He let out a giggle. "She is sleeping right now so I have to be quiet. Like anyways, thanks for everything!" The words were back to the loud whisper, but the large bright smile in his face and how he waved his other arms seemed to be at odds with it. It was completely embarrassing to have to do

this, but what choice did he have. Fighting would earn him a second spanking or worse the diaper treatment.

Putting the doll down on the bed Bailey looked back to Megan to see if she approved or if they would need to go for another take, all the while he was bouncing on the soles of his feet. After breakfast she had given him a shot of some red liquid and she wouldn't say what it was other than it would help before giving him a red bull. Calories, sugar, caffeine. This one gesture he could forgive her for almost anything with how much he wanted it. Of course he would forgive nothing, but still it was great. Or it was at the time, now he felt hyper. Hyper in a way he hadn't felt in many years, just bursting with energy and not enough ways to spend it. "Well done pumpkin, I'm sure he will love that. Now I think it is time for some lessons." Bailey scrunched up his face, not liking the sound of that and wondered what he would be up to.

"You already have such a wonderful walk, but I think we need to work on your hands. Now hold out both of your arms." When he did she put a few large bangle bracelets on them. "If you straighten your wrists they can fall off, so you are going to have to keep your wrists turned up as you move. Those are cheap plastic so don't worry if you drop one, but if it keeps happening I will have to use the hair brush on you so you remember." Bailey nodded vigorously enough that he could feel his pigtails moving around. "Good, now the first thing you need to do is read this." She said, handing Bailey a piece of paper. "Read it out loud sweetie."

"A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. I am a good girl, happy and proud." Bailey looked at the note, his face looking like he swallowed a lemon. "Well done, read it a dozen more times. I will go get you a glass of water, and I expect you to speak proudly. These are about you after all, and I know you want to be a good girl. His expression changed slightly to a scowl as he watched the bitch leave the living room where they were having the lesson and move to the kitchen. The house was older and didn't have one of those open concepts that Amanda said she loved when they watched those remodeling shows together. Or rather when they used to have time for that. "I can't hear you!" Megan called from the other room, it prompted him to get going. He already saw the hair brush sitting on the coffee table ready for him if he disobeyed. Megan came back into the room and set the water down on a coaster.

Sitting down on the recliner Megan pulled her work laptop and logged into her work VPN. She had played around with the idea before. But more in a fantasy type way and now she was getting to actually do it. She was going to be able to use her work resources to create Bailey Ann Best in the system. Working for Sterling Backgrounds as a department manager was a lot of paperwork, and no real perks to speak of other than the stability. Everyone always needed to know about their potential hires and her company ran backgrounds of various levels from everything from fast food, state prisons, the police departments to multi billion dollar companies like Mega Corp. Megan thought about looking through some old records and just swapping out a name here and there.

Then she would send it off to one of her laziest employees telling them to look it over for approval for a background check for her niece and how it needed to be done ASAP. The lazy employee would give it a green light. As if the birth certificate. Social were all accurate. She would then call in a favor from people she had helped in the past to just get things reprinted that her niece had lost. If they said they couldn't find her in the system she would say how odd it was and how it had already been signed off as good. It had plenty of places to fail, but what are favors for really. She knew one older lady at the social security office that needed her grandson to pass a background check that he in no way could with his record, hell she knew a girl there that didn't actually graduate high school and no one had checked.

When she heard Bailey's soft voice stop saying the mantra she looked up and put her laptop to the side. "That wasn't so bad was it? Now do you think you can be a good girl like that?" She said getting to her feet and clapping her hands together. "I am a good girl, happy and proud." He said meekly as his cheeks burned with shame. "Perfect, now I want you to watch me carefully Bailey so I can show you how to do a curtsy." Bailey let out a groan that earned him a glare. "A good girl always smiles and never complains." Megan said with a hard look. Bailey just couldn't take this good girl stuff. "Come on Megan, isn't this a bit much?" Megan didn't say anything at first, only took a few quick steps in her tall shoes and took Bailey by his ear, pulling him over to the recliner. She threw him over her lap and started to smack his ass with the back of the brush she had brought into the room for this very purpose. Bailey flailed his arms wildly trying to stop the assault, but the more he fought the longer it went on. Eventually she let him up with the cheeks on his face being slick with tears and his ass cheeks being red and swollen. "Now Bailey, tell me what it means to be a good girl."

Bailey had one hand on his sore ass and another wiping the remains of the waterworks from his eyes. She had dressed him like a child and was spanking him like one. He wanted to curse and throw a punch, but with the pain he felt and the sight of her being almost a foot taller made him feel defenseless. "A good girl... good girl always looks her best. A good girl... girl is polite, a good girl is obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. I am a good girl happy and proud." He said to her without having to look at the paper. "You know the words, but are having trouble living and loving them. Say it again and instead of just saying the words. Be the girl you say you are." Closing his eyes Bailey counted to five slowly and then looked up at Megan with a smile, adding a little giggle at the start as he repeated the words. "Wonderful, now that I see you are behaving let's get some cream on that sore bottom." Megan said heading to the bathroom and coming back to sit on the recliner. "Unbuckle your overalls and lower your panties so that I can put this on." Doing as she said Bailey stepped closer. The pain in his rear going away would be nice, but he knew she wanted him across her lap again. He looked at her with pleading eyes. "A good girl is obedient, a good girl always smiles." She said it in a sing-song voice, but he understood the threat. When the cool cream touched him it felt wonderful to sooth the abuse she had given him. When she was done she showed Bailey how to do a proper curtsy and after a few attempts Bailey had it right.

Bailey was still bursting with energy when she had him recite the motto a hundred times

while curtsying at the start and end of it each time. He wasn't sure what she was doing on her laptop, but when he skipped a line she looked up at. "Start from number one. I know counting to a hundred is hard for you, but we will work on your school skills in a little bit." With that he started over. When he was done Bailey was bouncing in place. He really had to pee from all the water she kept giving him, and he wasn't allowed to speak. A good girl is seen and not heard. He said to himself mentally, it was garbage, utter nonsense, but he thought she might have him start all over again if he didn't take the words to heart. He saw Megan look at him, she saw him hopping from one foot to the other, he could just go right? He didn't need to ask permission. Did he? He took a step to the hallway and when Megan looked up from her laptop again he stopped moving. "Are you okay pumpkin?" Bailey looked to her and then to the bathroom door. "I have to use the ladies room Auntie and ahh umm. Could I have my phone please? I really like need to talk to my bestie!" Megan looked to be considering the question. "I think you can hold it a little longer missy and no you cannot have your phone back, but I will let her know you are recuperating.

Megan typed something on her laptop and then turned on the TV and on it was the most recent incarnation of My Little Pony. "Sit there on the floor between the couch and coffee table, I will be right back with a coloring book for you." A good girl is obedient. A good girl never argues or complains. The mantra went through his mind. "Thank you Aunt Meg. I love this show." Bailey said happily, moving to where she said. Watching the cartoon horses go across the screen, before he was pulled away from the child show when Megan returned with a coloring book that matched the show and a box of crayons. "I know how you love horses, so I figured you would love this. Now you watch and color and I expect to see one of the images colored perfectly after an episode. If not you can watch another before you can be excused to go potty, and don't you dare pee your panties or you will be wearing a diaper." He did not like that threat one bit, but between the show being trash, all the energy he had and needing to pee it was impossible for him to focus on coloring the winged horse. As the credits rolled Megan came over to check his progress and tisked at the unfinished piece of art. "You just love that show do much you couldn't look away could you?" She said with a small smile. "I do, like totally love the show Auntie, but could I please use the bathroom." When she raised her eyebrow at him he thought she was going to reject him. The bitch was doing this on purpose, she was manufacturing a reason to make him a toddler in a diaper. A good girl is always polite. A good girl always smiles. "Can I please use the potty Auntie? Pweety pwease?!" He spoke as girly and like a child as he could, even using a different register of his voice. "Okay, you can go, but make sure you wash your hands after." With permission Bailey ran off down the hallway and sat down on the toilet, and just remembering to peel back part of the tuck kit so that he wouldn't fill it up like a horrible water balloon.

Bailey stayed in the bathroom as long as he dared, enjoying the time to himself. When he came out of the bathroom he tried to avoid looking at himself in the mirror, but it was impossible to miss the the feeling of the pigtails bouncing as he moved or getting a hint of the silver glittery ballet flats. Megan was still in the living room where he left her. Walking past her he resumed his seat and started to color without being asked, a smile on his face, because a good girl always smiled. "Sweetheart, I was looking through your phone." Bailey stopped moving, afraid of something she might say. He couldn't stand

Mandy wanting to use his phone for even a second, and had never liked anyone he dated go through it. "I have learned more about you." Bailey's eyes rose from the white horse with a fire red mane he was coloring and up to meet Megan's blue eyes that seemed to look right through him.

"No need to tell your mother what you have been up to. Believe it or not when I was dating... no never mind. Let's talk about this." She said holding up a plastic bangle of pink and value swirling together. Bailey looked down at his wrist and noticed one bracelet missing. "Auntie." Megan shushed the disguised man believes got more than a word out. "Accidents happen, but I think you should put this on and practice your walk for the next few minutes in the backyard." Bailey's eyes went wide at the idea of being outside looking the way he did. "Also while you do it I want you to repeat what it means to be a good girl." The words went through his head and he smiled before heading to the back door. He was thankful she had a tall fence, but that didn't stop any nosey neighbors from looking over. As he was about to go out Megan called after him. "Sweetheart, don't forget to curtsy at the start and end of your motto as you walk around." Looking back over his shoulder he smiled big enough to show teeth. "Oh course Auntie!" You stupid bitch he added mentally.

Walking around the well taken care of green grass he took care to keep his wrists flipped up to keep the bangles in place and stopped every few paces to curtsy with a pretend skirt. He was not going to complain, he was not going to get that brush again, but he was going to get that phone from here somehow. The activity was not pleasant, no man would ever want to recite what it meant to be a good girl, or ever look the way way did. To feel the way he did, and he wondered if prison wouldn't be so bad. He couldn't let his mind wonder, doing so caused him to mess up, saying a good girl was obedient before polite, or skipping one. He didn't need to get it right, she wasn't out here, but a part of him thought she might be next door in the other backyard just so she could hear him out of site to catch him. He couldn't have that, this was more about the punishment than the training, her being able to spank a full grown man without repercussions. The time in the yard went from five minutes to ten, then fifteen and just last twenty when she opened the door. "Okay pumpkin, we are ready. Come quickly now."

Megan watched as Bailey rushed to the door. Even when he ran his gait was feminine. The bangles would need more than two days to get him to keep his hands that way, but she was happy to see him conforming. "Did I do good Aunt Megan?!" She heard the excited girl say to her. "You did great, you are being such a good girl and I can tell you have energy to burn, so we are going on a little trip for lunch." That did it, she saw the smile falter and she pretended not to see it as she gave Bailey a kiss on the forehead. "Let's head out front and get in the car. We are going to the park and I packed us a picnic. Won't that be fun?" She was taking him out in public, looking like this, it was to much. Tears started to well up in his eyes. 'Now, now. No crying, you are trying to be a big girl and not a baby right?' Bailey sniffled and wiped at his eyes, she was really hoping to make good on that promise. "I'm a big girl. Not a baby." Megan patted Bailey on the head. "A big girl, but not a young lady, you haven't earned that right yet."

Getting into the car he started to think about her sick game. The comment about not earning the right to be a young lady, she chose to make him look like a tween just so she could threaten him with being younger and dangle growing up as if it was some prize to be won. He didn't have much time to think as Megan turned on the radio that was playing Kaity Perry. "Sweetheart, I know you love this music so why don't you sing along to it, you know how I love to hear you sing. That was the car trip to a local park, Bailey sitting in the back seat while a picnic basket was up front and he sang along to sing after song. It felt like he was being forced to act happy about being brought to the gallows.

April looked her boss up and down as she walked to her office. "Good morning boss." She could tell Amanda saw her eyes take her in. "Other than a cup of coffee, or maybe two.. Is there anything I can do for you?" Amanda gave her administrative assistant a friendly but tired smile. "Coffee would be a blessing, thank you. When that is ready come into my office and shut the door and yes I know I look like a disaster today." April started to move away from Amanda's door and turned to smile at her. "Oh Miss Best." When Amanda looked back, April turned up her smile. "If this is you looking like a disaster then the rest of us don't have a prayer at looking good." She saw a genuine smile from her friend. "Thanks Gates, meet me when you get that coffee and we can talk."



When April had the coffee with milk and two sugars she placed it on the desk of her boss, then turned around and closed the door. “Okay, now are you going to tell me why you are wearing jeans to the office for the first time Saturday or not.” Walking over to one of the free seats April smoothed her skirt out and sat down. Leaning forward and putting her elbows on the desk, waiting for Amanda to finish taking a few sips of coffee she looked to be needing. “It’s Bailey.” April right away rolled her eyes. “No, no let me tell you the full story before you say anything.” Amanda smiled down at her mug before taking another sip of the hot liquid. “Last night was the end of the little.. It was supposed to be the end.

Turns out the Connors are staying for the summer and Bailey and I fought. Some things were said and I may have sent Bailey to her room like she was grounded." April moved one of her hands in front of her open mouth. "You didn't!" She didn't miss the use of the female pronoun, but didn't think it important, not yet at least. "I did and I felt so bad and I decided that I would end this all. Tell Derrick the truth or some sort of other lie to explain why my daughter wasn't around anymore." April waved both her hands back and forth at chest level. "No, no you cannot do that! Your career would be ruined! And.. mine." She said the last part more quietly, feeling selfish just uttering it.

The dark haired woman saw a look of hurt in her friend's face and the selfish words brought emotional pain to herself. Amanda was in trouble, much more so than her. "I.." Amanda started, looking down at her keyboard instead of her friend. "I did not think of what it would do to you." Amanda then reached across the desk to touch April's arm and look her in the eye. "I am sorry, I cannot believe I am being so self centered. You do not have to worry though, or you can worry less. See when I was not able to sleep I got up early and wanted to check in on Bailey. I felt bad, and I thought seeing her sleep so peacefully would help me feel better. When I opened the door I found that I did not find Bailey at all. I started to panic that he left me." April was gripping the arms of her seat tight enough for her Knuckles to turn white. "He abandoned you!?" Amanda gave a few calm shakes of her head, a large contrast to the shouting April was doing. "Turns out he went to my sister's place in the middle of the night. He is working with her to prepare for my daughter to be here for the summer. Megan even said she could take care of the DMV issue."

April's vice-like grip let go, but she still had an angry look to her. "Didn't say a word to you, no note? Just up and left?" Amanda didn't respond right away as she considered what she said. "Bailey is not always the most considerate person, but from what Megan said he did not want to wake me up and have another fight." April blew some of her long dark hair out of her face and controlled herself so that she didn't roll her eyes at the idea of him willing to sacrifice to fix a problem, but was too afraid of a conversation. "Okay, fine, but what is this about the DMV." It dawned on Amanda that she hadn't been keeping her best friend up with all the twists and turns of this odd week. "There is a lot to unpack here, and I promise to do a better job of keeping you in the loop, that is if you still want to help."

"Boss, Miss Best. Amanda, Mandy.." She said all the names as if she was tasting the sound of them. "Amanda, if I was getting nothing out of this I would help you. If you needed to bury a body..." She paused as if reconsidering what she was going to say. "You would have to pay for me to get my nails done again after I helped you. Now tell me everything." Amanda laid out the events of the week with April only asking a few questions, like, "He borrowed one of your dresses, baked and cooked?" When she showed her the photo of Bailey with his hair in rollers vacuuming from Thursday night. "Okay if your sister is really creating records then I could add Bailey to your medical plan. We can explain it away as she used to be on her father's, but you have been so busy it slipped through the cracks." Amanda looked a little confused. "Your ex boyfriend didn't have medical insurance, but you supported him. If he had to go to the hospital that financial burden would only hurt his credit, but you would end up paying. If Bailey, your daughter

had to go there is no good reason she would not be covered under you, and if Bailey said she was your daughter all of that responsibility would be on you."

Amanda let out a breath, smiled just a little, and gave a single laugh as she remembered something. "Medical coverage was one of the pros I was telling Bailey for marriage." April gave her a lopsided grin as she thought, no one should have to argue or discuss pros and cons of getting married, and heaven help her she didn't want to ever do that. "Well that is one less thing the two of you have to worry about. Also I think I'm going to add myself as an emergency contact for Bailey. Hmm.." Amanda raised her eyebrow at that last sound. "What idea are concocting?" April gave her a devilish smile. "I figure while I'm at it adding your daughter to the system. I am going to set myself up as her Godmother. I'm sure your sister would adopt her if heaven forbid something happened to you, but the idea of being the emergency contact for Bailey tickles me. Can you imagine me telling August that I'm the Godmother of the girl he went on a date with." April started to laugh at the idea and it was contagious enough that Amanda starred in too. "Oh, you are bad." She laughed a little more, something she felt she needed badly. "Just make sure you and Bailey's Aunt take good care of her if I cannot."

The conversation moved to more work related topics for a bit. April jotted down a few notes of some tasks to follow up on. As she was leaving with one hand on the door. "Open or closed?" Amanda looked at all the emails she had to get through this morning if she wanted to get out of here at a decent time. "Closed and do not let anyone in, just take down what they need and I will get back to them." With a smile and nod April left her boss to her work and needed to see about hers. Looking down at her list she read through them.

"Follow up with Edward in accounting about billable and non-billable. Call the city parks department about renting an area for the girls bday party on Monday early evening. Speak with Megan Best about Bailey paperwork. Speak to HR about Bailey. Hmmm" April wrote a little more next to the line item about the park. "See about decorations!" If Derrick Connors was staying in town for his daughters party and it was supposed to be a joint eighteen year old girls party they were going to need to see about doing this right. She didn't think Amanda could afford much, so she would have to find out the budget from him. April went about her day, one of the good things about a Saturday is that the phone hardly rang, giving her plenty of time to work on projects like getting things ready for the interns. She got herself deep enough into her work that she hadn't noticed someone coming up to her desk till they were right in front of her. April's hands froze over the keyboard as she looked up at Derrick Connors wearing dark jeans and a yellow polo collared shirt.

"Sorry sir, Miss Best is not to be disturbed." She said with a friendly smile and watched the man move his gaze from her, to the closed door and back. "What if I was just real quick?" April shook her head slightly. "Afraid not sir." He gave her a bright smile as he tilted his head. "What if I pulled rank?" Without skipping a beat April answered right back, making sure he knew she wasn't going to let him in. "You are not my boss, you are important, handsome, from what I understand a good leader and my boss likes you, but I

was told no one is to disturb her and there was no exclusionary clause for you. I can take a note, what would you like me to tell her?" Derrick let loose with a hearty laugh. "No, that is okay. I do want to see her, but I came to speak with you actually." That caught her by surprise, she had no idea why he needed her. "What can I do for you Mr. Connors?" He gave her a playful smile and looked back to Amanda's door. "Not going to happen." She watched him hold up his hands in a surrender motion. "I understand Miss Best wishes you to fill her role when she gets promoted, and I wanted to see if that is what you desired too. I did notice your record, going to school while working full time and from what I understand you are getting ready to take your project management certification. That is a hard test and I wish you luck on that." Hearing him ask questions like this and knowing what she has been doing made her feel like this was something that could actually happen. "Of course I would love to fill Amanda's shoes. I think I could do a great job and thank you sir, I have been studying hard." Derrick put his hand in his pocket and glanced at his phone that he pulled out, checking a message before putting it back and returning his attention to April right away. "From what I understand you will have your first management assignment this summer. You will do good work and I know people are paying attention to a rising star like you."

April actually found herself blushing, he didn't mention anything about her being a woman, how young she was, how she was a secretary or even her looks. It shouldn't be an oddity, but it was and it felt wonderful. "I do have to confess I have a second reason for coming over here. I was hoping you could... well I understand you are Mandy's best friend and I wanted to know what her favorite flowers were." Aww that was so sweet, she had to hold herself back from saying so out loud. "Her middle name is Rose, and she likes the classic red." Derrick nodded a single time to her in affirmation, his warm smiling growing. "Thank you, that means a lot to me. Though out of curiosity, what would happen if I just went into the office and ignored you saying no?" April calmly slid her chair closer to her phone and pulled it off the hook. "Simple, I would call your secretary. Maybe all your flights end up being red eyes, or meetings end up scheduled back to back instead of giving you a break." She watched as Derrick tilted his head back a little and reappraised her. "You are not to be trifled with." She gave him her devilish smile and a small nod of her head. "Not at all, and I like yellow roses, with dark chocolates. You should get the same for Amanda." Nodding a little Derrick put his hands in his pockets, his grin never fading. "Red roses for her, yellow for you, dark chocolate for both. I think I can remember that. You have a good day Miss Gates."

April couldn't help but be happy at the encounter, she really did like the man. Still holding the phone in her hand she looked down at the phone number Amanda had given her for her sister. Time to find out what she was doing so they could coordinate.

The radio cut off as Megan turned off her SUV and looked into the back at Bailey. "You did so well singing, I loving hearing you say baby I'm a firework. With your love of dance maybe we could figure out a routine and you can do a show for your mom." Bailey crossed his arms and frowned "Definitely not happening." Megan tilted her head a little with a tiny smile, one that reminded Bailey of a cat before it ounces on its pray. "Bailey, pumpkin, are you a good girl?" The question caused the motto to run through his head and right then he realized he wasn't. "I'm like totally sorry Auntie, putting on a show just

like makes me scared." Megan patted his leg. "I understand, to help you remember when we go to the playground you have to do something before you can play. You are going to put your feet on the curb so that only the balls of your feet are on it and the rest are hanging off. Then you are going to lift yourself up like you are wearing the tallest heels and then go back down. Can you do that?" Already being punished Bailey gave her a small smile a few nods of his head. "I can do the calf raises, fer sur." Seeing her smile at his acknowledgement was a relief, he was expecting worse. He would have exited the vehicle when Megan did, but it seemed the child safety lock was on. So he had to wait for her to walk around and open the door.

When Megan opened the door she still looked like the cat that was about to eat the canary. "I'm glad you know what the exercise is, Bailey. But I think you should call it ballerina practice, that sounds more like how you would think of it. You do want to be a ballerina don't you?" Bailey swallowed the saliva in his mouth and wished a car would just run into him when he crossed the parking lot. Did that all start from the conversation with Derrick? The week was so long and so much had changed he wasn't sure. "More than anything!" He said excitedly to his tormentor. "Good this will help and make it so wearing heels will bother your feet less and less. The last thing I need you to do though, because you forgot what it means to be a good girl is recite your motto while you do your ballerina practice. Okay pumpkin?" Megan waited for him to give her an affirmative and was happy to see he was at least making an effort to know his place. "Good, now give your Auntie a hug and tell me how much you love me. I just don't hear it enough." Getting out of the vehicle Bailey wrapped his arms around the taller woman as she bent down just a little bit so they could be cheek to cheek. "I love you Auntie Megan, I love you like I love kittens!" That felt sickly sweet to say and he knew it would work. "Aww pumpkin, I love you too. Now you go do your ballerina practice and I will let you know when you can go play."

Bailey watched as Megan took the wicker picnic basket from the car and went to one of the open tables. He could afford little attention to her once he started the calf raises. "A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl never argues or complains. I am a good girl, happy and proud!" Bailey hoped adding a little excitement to his voice would make Megan lay off a little, he really needed that phone before noon when the bank closed for the weekend. Bailey wasn't sure how many lifts he had done, or how many times he said the motto like he loved it, but he did know he was thirsty and his calves were burning. "Whatcha doooing?" Bailey almost lost his balance when a voice spoke from behind him. Stepping off the curb he turned to see a red headed girl in a yellow polka-dotted sundress and white velcro sandals behind him. She looked like she might have been twelve, but Bailey was bad at guessing that sort of thing, it was annoying that she was only two inches shorter than him. He was going to tell her to bugger off, but that wasn't how a good girl would act. A good girl is polite. A good girl always smiles. "Hi! I'm practicing to be a ballerina. See?" He said hopping in the curb, and doing another calf raise. "You're a ballerina!?"

"I'm not..." Bailey less curious of and more of talked over by the excited and loud girl. "I can't wait to tell My mom when she comes home that I met a real ballerina. What's it like

to dance? Oh I'm so happy! Oh and what were you saying about being a good girl. My daddy says I'm a good girl that is why I was allowed to wear my new dress to the park. Isn't it pretty?!" She said doing a little twirl. "It like totally is you and I was just saying my good girl motto." Interacting with the girl like a peer made him feel so small, but he was sure the wicked witch was paying attention. "I'm a good girl, I'm going to do it with you, okay?" The yellowed dressed girl bounced up on the curb to mimic Bailey and after rolling his eyes he joined her and started the motto, something she picked up on after the third repetition. "I'm Maggie!" She interrupted Bailey as he was saying how a good girl should always smile. "I said, I'm Maggie." She said a little sterner when Bailey didn't respond. "Oh. Hi Maggie, I'm Bailey." Maggie gave him a happy smile, like it was the most normal thing to act the way she was. "I love your shoes, I have some like it that are red. My mom calls them my Dorothy shoes. What about you?" Bailey looked over to Megan who looked to be now ignoring him as she worked on her laptop.

"Just call them shoes." Maggie looked unimpressed. "That's boring, I hope you aren't boring Bailey." He wanted to yell 'Hey you little shit, I'm not boring.' Damn little thing had a mean streak. "I'm not boring!" He said defensively with his hands on his hips. "I hope not, I don't think they let you be a ballerina if you're boring, but if they tell tell you no just say you are friends with me." Bailey squinted at the girl trying to figure out if she was fucking with him. "That so? Just tell them I'm friends with Maggie and everything is better?" She gave him the biggest smile her adolescent face could hold. "Yep! Everything is better with more friends. Oh is that your mom over there? She looks pretty! Come introduce me!" With those words she took off literally skipping to the park's table. Bailey had no real choice but to follow, and quickly to catch up."

"Hi!" Megan looked up from what she was doing to look at the red headed girl. "Well aren't you the cutest thing. I love that yellow hair band, it matches your dress." The girl beamed a smile at Megan while twirling her dress from side to side. "Thank you! I was talking to Bailey and she was telling me about being a ballerina and that she is a good girl, but she is a little boring. She doesn't even name her shoes, but I told her it was okay that they wouldn't make her stop being a ballerina if she told them we were friends. Then I saw you and thought you how pretty you were. My mom is the best mom ever but she isn't pretty like you. Bailey is lucky to have a mom so pretty." Megan's eyes drifted over to Bailey as he caught up to the speedy girl. "Who is your new friend Bailey?" It was like a slow building feeling of dread and anxiety, Bailey was sure he was going to get an ulcer at this point. "Aunt Megan this is Maggie, we just met." Megan looked between the two of them, the silence quickly filled by Maggie. "Oooohhhh, she is your Aunt. Miss Megan I like your shirt, it is pretty and matches my dress. It is new!" Bailey thought the girl was annoying, Megan thought that she was adorable. "Thank you Maggie, I like your dress too. Say how old are you sweetheart?"

"She's twelve, almost thirteen and knows she isn't supposed to talk to strangers." Said a tall thin red headed man that was covered in freckles. "Dad she isn't a stranger, this is Miss Megan and this is Bailey. She is a ballerina and we are friends." The man mouthed the word sorry to Megan. "No, no it's fine. I was about to call Bailey over for an early lunch. I have extra sandwiches if the two of you would like to join us." The tall man ran his hand through his short hair and rubbed the back of his neck when his hand got there.

"You know what, sure. I have a small cooler with water bottles and boxed juice, let me go grab that. I'm Mike by the way. We appreciate you being so kind, she stretches my wife and I to our limits sometimes. Be right back." Megan looked to the two girls, okay have a seat. We have two options well three options. Ham and cheese, tuna fish and peanut butter and grape jelly."

When Maggie's father came back she was already three bites into the only ham and cheese sandwich. Megan had brought a few extra, not sure how long they would stay here as she planned out more for Bailey and tried to fill out the paperwork for her niece's past. "I don't think I have seen the two of you before, just move to the area?" Megan finished chewing on the bite of her tuna, holding up a finger to indicate she needed a second. "No, Bailey's mom had to go to work today so I am watching her." Both Mike and Bailey had PB&J, Mike didn't seem to care. Though Bailey was upset he had the most juvenile one of the group, even if an adult had the same. "That is nice that you would do something like that for her. How old is Bailey anyways?" Megan looked Bailey in the eye before looking back to the man. "Guess." He raised an eyebrow at her adopted Bailey over. "Well little lady, I think your Aunt has forgotten how old you are. I'm guessing a little older than my Maggie. Say fourteen?" It was like being hit in the gut. He had just been mistaken for a female many years younger. Megan didn't speak up, but he saw her make eye contact and nod her head. "I am not! I'm eighteen!" He wasn't thinking, it just came out. Soon as the words came out of his mouth he knew Megan wanted him to play along and why did he say eighteen. He was twenty five! "You got it in one Mike. Bailey pumpkin no Candace, your babysitter is turning eighteen on Monday. Remember?" Bailey turned his head from the group and took another bite of his sandwich. "Always in a hurry to grow up." Mike laughed.

The four finished their sandwiches, the girls drank their juice and Maggie let everyone know she was going on the swing. Not asking, just informing them of what was about to happen. Bailey watched her go and then looked at Megan, who smiled at him. "Go head pumpkin, this is why we are here. Go play with your friend." Bailey hopped off the bench and started after Maggie with energy Megan wished she had. He was a few the steps away when he rushed back and gave Megan a hug. "Thank you Aunt Meg." Then was off again to his next demeaning task. On the swings Maggie had declared she could go higher and he was happy to let her hold that title until she got mad because Bailey wasn't even trying. "You have to try so I can win!" The redhead was getting on his nerves and he was going to show her who would win. Pumping his legs Bailey swung higher and higher, the glittery shoes reflecting the sun as he surpassed the girl and then leap off into the sand below. Turning around and kicking some of the same from his feet he looked to Maggie as she slowed down. "I win!" He declared with a giggle he hadn't meant to add. "That was so cool, you did that so fast! I could do that too, but it makes my stomach feel funny."

The two were interrupted when a boy shorter than him ran up to Maggie and shoved her just a little too hard. It didn't knock her down, just made her stumble to the side. "You're it!" He declared like he knew them and that they were playing with him. "We are not playing tag." Bailey declared back to the boy. He paid Bailey no mind as Maggie made an angry face and charged at him as he fled. Bailey opened his mouth to say 'Hey!' But stopped when he realized he didn't give two shits, and maybe he could use this as a

chance to leave. As he turned to face Megan he felt the small hands of Maggie push him. "Got you!" Looking over his shoulder she screamed with glee to flee his reach. With a sigh he went after her, but instead was able to catch the boy and right after he touched his shoulder the boy spun around and yanked on one of his pigtails. Bailey just stopped, he was playing tag with a twelve year old and another boy who wasn't even though puberty and he just pulled his hair and it hurt. It hurt only a little physically, but it was like something snapped and he started to cry.



A moment later Megan's hands and arms were around him hugging him for a moment. "Shhh, shhh it's okay pumpkin. I saw what happened. It just means he likes you." Her words caused him to cry harder. Unlike last time Megan wasn't willing to sacrifice her blouse to the emotional man masquerading as a girl. "Is everything okay?" Mike came running up. "Oh she is fine, just a young boy showing he is interested the way boys do. She is just tired and I think we will head home so she can have a nap." Megan said quick goodbyes to Mike and Maggie while Bailey tried to get himself under control. When Megan had finished backing up everything she handed a pill to Bailey and what remained of his juice box. "Take your medicine." Having just stopped crying he wanted to ask what it was, he didn't have medicine except the vitamins and this was not them. 'A good girl is obedient. A good girl never argues or complains.' He took the pill and swallowed it with the drink before throwing the box in the trash. "Aunt Megan, I have been good. Can. Can I have my phone to talk to my friends?" Megan swung her laptop bag over her shoulder, took the basket in one hand and Bailey's in the other as they moved to her SUV. "Let's talk about that in the car pumpkin."

It felt like a blessing to have the cold air blowing over him inside the car. Bailey enjoyed that for a moment. Waiting for her to give him his phone. The time in the dashboard read eleven twelve. He still had time and she might get angry at him for the phone call, but what would she do? pull over to the side of the road to take it? No she would try to punish him later where she controlled things and by then it wouldn't matter. With access to his money he could be gone. "I have been talking to your friends, they all hope you feel better soon." Bailey tilted his head to the side. "You were talking to them?" Megan nodded, holding up his phone, still in Mandy's phone case. "I have, and they have no idea it's not you." Bailey's jaw hung open as he thought about her pretending to be him, well her pretending to be Bailey Ann and what she could have read or done.

"Let's see, Candi has been super worried and feels terrible about not helping you sooner with what happened at the mall. She was also bummed that you couldn't spend the day with her. Apparently both Ryan and August went over to the hotel with her to enjoy the pool.

She also said August was sad to see you not there, but he did text you too. August wished you a speedy recovery and wanted to see if you wanted him to pick up some Panera soup and come over to watch a movie and snuggle." Bailey groaned and slammed his pigtailed head into the seat. "I found a photo of you in a bathing suit on your phone, so I sent it over to him so he could think of you at the pool. I know, I shouldn't have, but I can't help but try to help young love. Oh and the four of you will be watching a movie at your place this week. August is looking forward to your second date and he sent a photo back of himself in his bathing suit. I told him he looks hot for you, you're welcome." Bailey closed his eyes, leaning his head back on the now cool seat. It felt so comfortable, he could just fall asleep like this right now. All the energy from earlier seemed to be gone.

Derrick Connors even sent you a text asking if you were okay and if you wanted him or Candice to bring you something. He is a good man, wouldn't he make a good Daddy for you?" Bailey opened just one eye and didn't say a word. "Okay, how about this I am going

to show you a photo and tell you who that person is. You repeat it and remember it as I will test you later." Megan turned the phone around to show Derrick on it. "This is Mr Connors. Your Mommy's boyfriend and you hope he marries her because he would be a good Dad and so Candi can be your sister. Now repeat." Bailey moved his jaw around a bit before complying. "That is like my Mommy's new boyfriend and I think he should marry her because like Candi would be my sister and I don't have a Daddy, oh oops, like, his name is Mr Connors." Megan smiled, that was more than perfect. She repeated the photo game with one of herself, Candi, August. Making her say how she thinks he would be a good boyfriend, and she hopes he will let her taste him again. When the photo task was done Bailey closed his eyes again, enjoying the sway of the vehicle, the sound of the tires. "Oh you also talked to a Liam, he now knows I'm your Aunt and is excited to go out on a double date with me and his brother. Did you know he also thinks I'm hot?" When she didn't hear a reply Megan looked in the mirror to see Bailey sound asleep. She knew he would crash eventually, especially when she gave him something to help him sleep.

Megan had just left the car in park when her own phone rang, a number she had seen before. "Hello, how may I help you?" The voice on the other end was familiar, then when she said her name Megan was able to put a face to it. "Hey, Megan this is April Gates, I work for your sister and I was wondering if you have a minute to talk about what you are setting up for Bailey that makes the DMV not an issue." Megan looked in the mirror to see if Bailey had stirred and when he didn't move she saw no harm in the conversation. "April! Of course! I was able to clear Bailey Ann Best for a background check that would be good enough for anything except a secret clearance. I called in a favor with a friend at the clerk of the court, the social security office. Honestly the birth certificate was the hardest part. I had to berate some overworked person in records at Saint Mary's to create one for me. I insisted she already had one on file here to pass the background check, but the file got purged. The gentlemen wasn't willing till my third call, when I think he just wanted to get rid of me."

There was a long pause on the line. "You have a social security card, a birth certificate for someone that doesn't exist after one day?" Megan smiled to herself, feeling proud. "One morning, not one day, but at the same time no. I have them in the system, they will arrive in the AM in certified mail on Monday. I'm also working on school records for Bailey. I don't know why, but he insists on having home economics, and up to child care three for the transcripts, at least he didn't ask to be a cheerleader. That would be difficult to do with school photos. Last thing I need is for him to finish the placement test, which he is taking forever. Saying how he needs to get it just right for his character."

Megan could hear nails drumming on wood through the phone. "He really is just going forward with the most stereotypical things he can think of isn't he?" It seemed to Megan that Bailey's attitude problem had won him no ally in April. "Seems like it. I was planning on doing some photoshop to get images for Bailey's past and he insisted we go try in prom dresses tomorrow. I don't get it, but I'm happy to help my sister and he says they agreed on this personality." Megan glanced back to Bailey, still sleeping, his chest moving up and down in a steady rhythm. "Okay... that does not sound like Amanda, think it is more of him, but none less. I am really impressed, could you shoot me over the digital copies of those please? I need to get Amanda's daughter on her insurance and I think I

found something that could help. I found a medical study we are doing with a new type of prosthetic for people wanting to have a woman's parts, without having to do surgery. I don't know much about it, but I think I can get Bailey in. That could help this from unraveling." Megan was shocked and loved the ones. "Bailey is going to have a vagina?!" That would be amazing, she had bought something on Amazon called a chastity cage for him, but that sounded so much better. "Well at least looks like it, I only glanced at the study."

Bailey woke when Megan got him out of the car, but he was ready gone when his head hit the pillow. She removed his shoes and socks and tucked him in for a nap. "Wish I could take a nap too, but too much to do for you, and too you."

Bailey rolled over onto his side, feeling the warm sun on his bare legs, while the house's AC kept the room cool. It felt comfortable and he considered rolling back over and going back to sleep. He vaguely heard some muffled talking from the other room and figured it was just Aunt Meg talking on the phone... Bailey sat up with a jolt. Almost fully waking up and taking stock of his surroundings. The pink overalls were off, folded and put on top of the dresser along with a few bangles from his now naked wrists. His feet were the only thing still under the blanket and sheet and he was left wearing the cartoon panties, the my little pony shirt and bra. "I'm still at Megan's house and.." He looked down at himself, trying to remember how he got to bed let alone stripped of clothing. Last thing he remembered was the bitch using his phone and... "The bank!"

Bailey jumped out of bed and quickly put on his clothes. Putting on the juvenile overalls hadn't changed in feeling, but he was in a hurry. As he put on and hooked one of the shoulder straps his eye caught the digital clock in the room. It was twelve forty in the afternoon and as he realized it his knees felt weak. Plopping down on the edge of the bed he let out a huff and looked down at his bare feet. Did they always look so small? Was it just how he felt, or just the way his mind looked at girls feet when he saw the painted toes. Bailey closed his eyes tight, gripping the bed sheet between his fingers. 'Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.' The mental repetition slowly spread to a verbal in a whisper, the word meant for only him. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck." Tilting his head back Bailey watched the fan spin for a moment. He still needed the phone to cut down on some of her bullshit, but it looked like he would have to be a good girl for the remainder of the weekend till he could

call the bank on Monday. With a deep sigh Bailey left Becky's old room.

In the hallway the master bedroom door was right across from Becky's and while the door was closed he considered going in to look for his phone. Deciding to do just that he put his hand in the doorknob and stopped as he heard a male's voice. Megan wasn't on the phone, someone was here! Bailey slowly and as silently as he could moved to the living room at the end of the hallway. Each step the feeling of dread crept higher. He didn't want anyone to see him like this, but he needed to know who it was. Bailey was afraid to make a sound and tried holding his breath, but when that failed he opted for low breathing through his mouth. When he got far enough in the hallway he could make out a uniformed police officer. Seeing the badge, the belt with a gun and handcuffs Bailey's heart started to pick up. Did they come about last night? Were they going to take him in as a minor or did they know who he was and he would be carted off to full adult male prison dressed this way!

"We appreciate you being cooperative with us Mrs Best." Bailey heard a deep gravelly voice say. "Miss Best, I'm not married, though you two gentlemen can call me Megan." Was she flirting with the cops? What is she cooperating with, did she fucking rat me out? Bailey was trying to keep himself from panicking as he listened. "Well we still have no sign of him, but he would not have gotten with this if he had it. Looks like he or someone wiped him out. We did speak with.." the deep voice paused and he heard papers moving before another male voice spoke. "The ex girlfriend, your sister by the last name. She says they were fighting a few days before he left, but she indicated she believed he would be back and was only going away to try and help her, though she couldn't say with what." Mandy said I would be back, God bless that woman! Bailey pumped his arm and accidentally touched the wall.

"Bailey? Pumpkin is that you?" He held his breath again and didn't move. Then he saw her at the end of the hallway and waved him over. "Come out and meet the nice officers looking for your Mommy's ex boyfriend. They heard about you trying to use his card. Bailey did not want to come out and let two grown men, cops see him. It was too much of a risk and he wasn't going to put himself in that position. Turning slightly to go back to

the room or the bathroom a thought kept into his mind. 'A good girl is always obedient.' Bailey let out a whimper as he looked back at Megan. "Stop being so shy, come on out." Not ignoring her second command Bailey walked out to the living room. In it was Megan, the officer he met previously at his apartment and a large. Like a Brick wall and maybe as solid older officer. "This is Bailey Ann Best?" The large man said, the words felt like an accusation, like he had seen through it all. Everyone had been blind to the truth till this man. The large officer looked to his partner with a seething and disgusted glare. "This is your badge bunny?"

Officer Cooper looked to the blonde girl who had said she was eighteen before and was at a loss as he watched the girl's Aunt walk over and buckle the second shoulder strap that was hanging loose. "She said she was eighteen." He said with a little panic in his voice as his partner stared at him like he was a pedophile. His voice picked up a commanding tone as he looked at the girl causing trouble to his reputation. "You know it is a crime to lie to the police!" It Wasn't a question, and Bailey was well aware of how many times they could hold him accountable. "Officer no need to take that tone in my house. My Bailey is eighteen, but she acted a fool like a child and today she is being treated like one. No going out with friends, no heels and makeup, no boys. Tell them how old you are sweetie." Bailey nodded and compiled though he did so ready for the other shoe to drop. Just another lie, one he had already told. Repeat a lie enough and it takes on a life of its own. Becoming its own truth he supposed. "Sir, I'm eighteen." Cooper looked to his partner hoping that would be enough to let him off the hook. One way or the other he was going to get teased and messed with for bragging about getting hit on by a badge bunny and for her to end up looking like a child. "Do you have any ID?" The bigger man boomed taking a step into Megan and Bailey's personal space.

Pushing Bailey behind Megan stood up straight, easily looking into the eyes of the just over six foot tall man in her shoes. "She does not, but I do have copies of her birth certificate, but you will only be getting that if you have both reasonable cause and my lawyer hands it to you. Not because of some macho ego trip you are in because your partner is attracted to young girls. I have been more than cooperative in your missing persons case, but I think that time has come to a close." The large man, last name Thorn

by his name tag, didn't move. Stood rigid and the longer he stood this close to Bailey, Aunt Megan in between them or not the more unease he felt. "I could take her in now for attempted fraud from last night." Bailey mentally screamed 'NO!' Megan smirked at the smug asshole trying to throw threats out just so she would comply. "After she was cleared last night, you could. Though I could also call Dan Osteen at channel five news." She turned her gaze to officer Cooper. "Give them a photo of my Bailey in this outfit and mention this badge bunny talk. Nothing illegal, freedom of speech, but it paints an ugly picture."

"No need for anything like that, my partner just didn't have all the facts. We do appreciate your cooperation, and if you hear anything we would like to hear from you. At this point it is looking like foul play." The big man didn't say a word, but he did back down and started heading to the front door. "Foul play?!" Bailey felt lost, they were talking about him being missing. He was right here, if they could see it or not. What foul play could there be? Officer Cooper hung back as his partner left. "Nothing you need to worry about im sure, we think your mom's ex might have been tied up with someone bad or ran into the wrong person. You just make sure you don't talk to strangers and stay near an adult okay?" Bailey looked at him puzzled, this was that man that hit on him earlier this week. He just heard confirmation he was eighteen and he was still talking to him like a child. "Don't worry, she will be a good girl. You have a good day, officer."

When they were out the door Megan looked at Bailey. "Did you have a good nap pumpkin?" Bailey looked at her confused and pointed to the door. "What the fuck was that?" Megan moved her head back like she had been slapped hearing the question. "That was the police wanting more information about your Mommy's ex boyfriend." Bailey shook his head and stomped his foot. "No, no no! I'm right here! I'm not an ex anything!" Megan's happy demeanor vanished and Bailey could feel her scowl. "Right now you are a girl who is about to get a spanking for throwing a tantrum. Now I was in such a good mood I was going to let it slide, but you are having such a hard time following directions." Megan moved over to the kitchen table in the dining room that was between the living room and kitchen. She quickly returned with two bangles in her hand. "You dropped these when playing with the other kids. I promised I would help you remember

and I think it is time to follow through."

"Bend over the couches arm and shorts down." Bailey's eyes went wide with fright. He wasn't throwing a tantrum, he needed to know what was going on and.. and he didn't mean to drop the stupid bracelets. "Auntie! No please, I'm a good girl! I'm... I am polite and obedient!" Megan pointed to the arm of the chair. "An obedient girl would do as she was just told. A good girl wouldn't argue or complain would she?" Bailey hung his head as he walked forward, unbuckling the shoulder straps. "No, she wouldn't." When Bailey was in place she gave him five good smacks with the brush. "That should be a reminder. Now go get your other bracelets and put them all on. Then come back here." Bailey kept himself from crying, but it took some effort. It was more than the pain, the act alone made him feel weak and powerless.

Returning with his wrists held right to keep the bangles on Bailey waited for his next instructions. "Okay honey I pushed the coffee table up to the couch. I want you to sit in front of it and tuck your toes under the lip of the couch so they are pointed." When he was seated he thought it was odd how she wanted him to be, but a good girl doesn't argue and if a good girl didn't get the shit beat out of them, then he was a good girl. "For your background we have to do some school work, so I have some math sheets for you to fill out. When you are done I will check the answers, but between every question you need to write out in your best hand writing your motto. Don't worry if the math is too hard for you, we all have limitations." Sure, that doesn't make any fucking sense but sounds like a good way as any to bechad here. A glance at the worksheet looked like math you would find in an algebra class. Nothing that difficult, but he would be doing it without a calculator. "Oh and let's add a line to your motto. A good girl never uses foul language. You should use words like sugar or darn. I don't want to hear you say the word fuck again young lady, that clear?" Bailey nodded his head thinking about phrases like Oh Sugar and Darnit. "Yes Ma'am."

Halfway through the answers, which took longer than it should with constantly having to fill out the pieces of paper with how to be a good girl, Bailey's legs started to burn. Sitting with his feet like this was not comfortable, but Megan wasn't going to come back till he

finished. She was already leaning in the Bailey Ann was a complete ditz, he didn't need to prove he could do simple math. So to save time he gave the questions best guesses and would have skipped some of the repetitions of the motto, but he was sure she would count them. "All done!" Bailey wiggled his legs hoping to give them some relief as Megan came over and looked at them. "You can go take a bathroom break Bailey, but be back here in five minutes." She didn't have to tell him twice, he quickly pulled his feet out from under the couch, feeling instant relief and then did as she said. When he was done he looked in the mirror as he washed his hands and disliked how washed out his face looked and was pretty sure when he showered later it would be full of sand from the playground. He looked at the door and stopping before opening it. You can do this, you are a strong man, you can get through this. All I have to do is be a good girl... his body shivered at the thought. Be a good girl and I can make it out on the other side. He standing up to the police was awesome, but she lost that leverage from last night when she did. Now back into the lion's den he told himself exiting the bathroom looking to the world as a happy girl.

"Bailey I expected more of you, how could you have gotten all the answers wrong?" Bailey tilted his head, that couldn't be right all. She made him sit back down just like before and show her how he worked each problem. "It looks like you are doing the math in the wrong order. Here let me show you the answer key." Megan put down a worksheet that looked just like Bailey's but the answers were all filled in, it reading Teacher's copy at the top. "I followed pemdas." Megan shook her head and took the purple pen from Bailey. "Here let me show you the right way. The answer key doesn't lie and then I guess I will give you another to see if you can do better." He was sure she was swapping the order around, but then why would the key have those answers. He wanted to tell her how it was, but he wasn't sure why he got them wrong, but as he felt the burn return from how he sat with his feet it no longer mattered. Some bullshit backstop about him being bad at math was already the narrative, though it still irked him. He used to balance the books for his parents store, he paid the bills at home.

When he finished the next worksheet he got all the answers right. He wanted to not care, he really did, but seeing Aunt Megan look at him like she believed him to be dumb was to

much. She was happy enough to reward him. Sort of... he was allowed to choose between going to play with Emily for twenty minutes, playing in the backyard, watching a TV show or painting his nails. Of the options he chose TV, but was not pleased when she turned on Barbie Life in the Dreamhouse. It was still better than playing with a doll, slightly. The coloring book was at least something he could focus on. The show played in the background as Bailey smiled and hummed along to any music playing. He wasn't sure if Megan was watching him or checking in on him, but he was not going to get another spanking.

As the credits rolled the TV was turned off. "Okay, I think for a little bit you need to try being younger." Bailey looked up as his red crayon went over the line. "Younger!?" His voice squeaked. "Thinking about Maggie's age should do. But for that you need to get clean and wash all that dirt you got on yourself. Follow me young lady, time for another bath." Bailey remembered the one from earlier with her scrubbing away his skin and then making sure he got hard. That sounded horrible, but why was she going younger... she had been a good girl and got all the answers right and how was she going to do it? As Bailey stripped Megan got the scented bath ready and thought about how much fun this had been.

The old debit card was now in the hands of the police, not that there was any money left. She had Bailey doing two separate exercises to make it so it would be more comfortable to wear heels than flats after a while and she intended to make her niece do them every day this summer. The math work book was perfect, a swapped answer key, a little photoshop and proving to his ego and he fell over himself to do the problems wrong. She would love to be there the next time Bailey had to do math in the real world beyond simple addition. She would just have to make sure Bailey went home with it to make sure the lesson stuck. Now she thought it was time to see about getting Bailey a photo history and the best place to start is a mall photo with Santa. It didn't matter if he looked fourteen instead of twelve, or that it was summer. She knew exactly how to get the perfect photo.

Wiggling his toes under the warm scented water, Bailey was enjoying being able to relax.

He had been in there just long enough that it made him wonder if Aunt Meg was going to come in. That was a fantasy and a short lived one when he saw her again with her apron ready to give him a hand, but at least she didn't have those rubber gloves. She was an attractive woman and he much rather feel her hands on him than the feel of rubber. "Okay Pumpkin, time to get your nice and clean." Megan got down on her knees on the side of the tub and used a large cup to make sure Bailey's hair was nice and wet before adding in shampoo.

Feeling her fingers and nails through his hair. On his sensitive scalp felt wonderful. Having her leaning over him seeing his naked body in this manner left him feeling exposed and vulnerable, an odd mix at once. "I just wanted to tell you that you're safe from the police. They told me how Bailey Andrew Smith is still missing, but they moved him from person of interest with all the things with the prostitute, to wanted. Even have a warrant out for him now." She said, still running her fingers through his hair. That didn't sound good, it sure as hell didn't sound "safe." Bailey tried to turn in the tub to look behind him at Megan, but she held him still. "What the fu... I mean why the sugar would he be wanted?" Megan picked up the large cup again and turned on the water again to fill it with fresh water. "Scoot forward and head back so I don't get any soap in your eyes." She had a small smile, loving the self correction. "Let me ask you something, would you like to just in this moment talk like yourself. No need to put on airs and just tell the truth and we can talk about all this?"

Bailey was ready to say hell yes, but was interrupted as she dumped water onto his hair and face. He spit a bit out and waited for her to finish. A few moments of silence went by the impulse to just agree vanishing as he considered what trap she might be setting. While he considered it she started to add conditioner to his hair and he got to feel her fingers on his scalp again. "Yes, but are you planning on punishing me for what I say? Like if I called you a bitch would you hit me?" He felt one of her hands leave his head and move around to clutch his jaw and pinch his cheeks as she turned his head to the side, leaned over him looking him in the eye. "Depends what you say, being respectful couldn't hurt." With that she let go and resumed her task. It was like Bailey was being pampered,

but in the cruelest way she could think to do it.

"Okay, Aunt Megan what do the police think I did to deserve a warrant out for me?" It wasn't lost on her how given free room to speak he called her Aunt. "The girl you hired, Candy, is not her real name. She is Rosemarie Edwards and she was mixed up with some bad people I mean beyond you. Not only were you the last one to see her, but your wallet was found at her apartment and it looked like there had been a fight there. So they think you did something to her, or you are an accomplice in other things she has done." Bailey failed to turn around in the tub again as he tried to look at Megan. "I didn't do any of that! How did my wallet get there?" Moving her hand back to Bailey's hair from his shoulder to keep him in place Megan smirked at how he was buying the lie. "Well if you kept it out like how you used to keep it in or on that shared desk she could have grabbed it on the way out. Maybe she did it to make sure you paid her. Scoot forward again." Bailey complied without a second thought as she again started to rinse his hair out.

"I already paid, you always pay first. Jesus, Mommy said.. Mandy told them I would be coming back and now they have a warrant. That means they will come back or keep an eye out for me. Between them and you, how will I ever be a man again?" Not till the end of summer if she could help it Megan thought. "What if I hired a PI I could trust that works with Sterling Backgrounds to look into all the bullshit on you? They could clear up the warrant issue so you could get back to your old life." That sounded wrong... good, great even, but she was cruel, not nice. "Why would you want to clear my name? Isn't your goal to make me a woman?" That was a good question, she didn't plan on turning him into a girl. Not at first, the sight of him growing breasts was a shock. The pills she gave him sure as hell shouldn't work that quickly, but it did excite her to have so much control over someone to literally change who they were and she guessed that was why she was doing this. Not just to punish the cretin, not just to help her little sister, but also because she got a thrill from it. "Bailey, my goal is to make you as passable as possible to help my sister and to make sure you suffer for some of your horrible choices. Lift your left arm now." She said, grabbing his arm and lathering under it with a washcloth. "I don't want to see you in jail or hurt. Besides you have to have a way out, you can't

pretend to be something your not forever."

Bailey stewed on that for a good minute, lifting his other arm for her to wash him. So many times he had a close call, staying like this wouldn't work, the Connors were going to find out and he did not want to see Mr Connors wraith directed at him. How quickly he handles those boys, and how quick he was to go for a lawyer at the water park. "It won't matter, I will be found out and everything will be worse. Just let me go, Aunt Megan." She didn't force him to sit still this time when he looked back and he saw concern in her face. "It can, and it will, you just need to have the act down perfectly. Then when the PI does his job Bailey Ann can have to rush off to stay with her ill Aunt on your father's side who wants to spend time with her last remaining family. Your new best friend would think that a normal and sweet thing to do, bless that girl's soul. Bailey Ann will be gone and I will..." Megan paused to give the impression she was thinking even though she had this part loosely planned. "I could offer you ten thousand dollars so that you can make a life for yourself by borrowing from my 401k." Ten grand was a good amount of money, but he didn't want to give up on... Mandy. He stopped and shook his head, splashing Megan with a little water from his wet hair. It was a physical reaction to almost thinking of the woman he loved as his mother. "So you are trying to buy me off after I do all this just to go away?"

Wiping some of the water from her face waved her hand in a no way type of motion. "You can go or do what you want with the money. Think of it as payment for being an actor, or actress." She laughed a little at the joke. "I want twelve." She knew he was trying to speak with authority, but even as he was free to talk as himself, his voice never even seemed to try to go back to his old register throughout the conversation. "I... yeah I can do twelve, but I can't borrow from my 401k twice like this so it will take some time to get the money to pay for the PI. Unless you are willing to wait for the next calendar year to get your acting fee." That was a lot of money, and she didn't ever plan to mention it to Amanda, but she wanted her to be happy. She was sure that more time with Derrick would seal the deal between them and Bailey could use the money to go away. He was never right for her and she could string him along the entire summer with the fake PI. "Shit." Bailey looked at Megan to see if she was going to be upset with the word. "Darn. PIs are expensive

right? Ummm, what if I paid for the guy, is five grand enough?" It was the money left over from his parents estate, he wanted to use it for a trip to Vegas with Chuck, but it turned into his escape money. But... clearing his name seemed much more important.

"You have that much money? I thought you and Amanda were struggling right now. Lean forward for me." Megan started to scrub his back waiting for what lie he would spin about the money he didn't really have anymore. "She doesn't know about the money... or the account. It is left over from my parents and I figured we aren't married so I had it just in case." Just in case my ass, she thought, but that was more truth than she expected and wondered if she could get more. "I see where you are coming from and I would argue that you don't have a job and haven't for a while so she has been supporting you, but that doesn't matter. You having that money can be used to clear your name."

Pulling Bailey back she pushed him down and he got the hint to go lower in the water as she leaned forward pressing her large breasts into the back of his wet head. One hand went over his shoulder to dip the wash cloth in the water and run it over his puffy chest. "Oh!" Bailey said as the cloth went across his nipple. She saw him almost move an arm to push her hand away but stopped himself as she ran it over the area again. She could see his dick twitch in the water. "Bailey, I'm going to need you to tell me more. My sister didn't know about the bank account and that makes me think you are hiding more and if I'm going to trust you considering our relationship I need the truth, all of it." She felt his body go rigid from her words, at the same time she could see the tip of his dick sticking up from the water and then twitch at her index finger lightly touched one of his now erect nipples. Bailey's eyes looked about for some type of escape that he already knew didn't exist. To his right was a wall, behind him was Megan and the freedom of the bathroom door that was open was only an illusion. She wanted the truth, the wicked witch of the west wanted him to bare his soul while naked and helpless. If she knew more she could, no she would back out of the deal, but if he didn't give anything right now she might do that too. "That girl Candy, I, ahh, hired her more than once, three times really." The hand that held the wash cloth moved down to his stomach, the other now playing with his sensitive nipples. "Must be one hell of a fuck, tell me does it bother you that the woman you paid to have sex with has the same name as your new best friend." Megan's lips were

right next to his right ear as she whispered her question. Bailey clenched his jaw to keep from moaning, his irritated chest was way too sensitive. “Yes.. a little.” The washcloth moved to cover the tip of his cock and her hand on top like it was a stick shift. “Who do you think is better in bed, Candi or your Mandy?” she said moving her fingers on the tip of his member just a little at a time. Megan could feel what she was doing to him with his breathing. “Mandy, God... Mandy is amazing, but Candy gives the best blowjob I have ever had.”

“Mmmm so you like blowjobs. Was Candy the only girl you have hired?” Megan’s hand moved below the water to rub the cloth over the shaft and to his tightened balls. She hadn’t planned this at all, but it seemed to be doing the trick. “Hmm, mmm... no I hired a few more.” He was sexually deprived enough that she thought he might blow too soon and removed her hand with the cloth from his member and slid it back up so it was resting just above. “I want you to think carefully, Bailey. When I told you I wanted all the truth I meant it and finding out something bad by confession is better than the other way. Who knows what the PI might dig up and who they will talk to. Now you said when I caught you that a man has needs and Amanda was just too busy for you. Have you cheated on her other than these few prostitutes?” Bailey thought hard, he did sleep with a girl at the bar once, but that was when they were first together. Would she count that as cheating? It was fine to date more than one girl at a time to see who you want to be with, but would she see it that way.. She didn’t blow her lid about hiring girls and what if the PI talked to Chuck and he happened to remember that night. “Once, years ago when we were just starting to date. We weren’t even exclusive yet, that doesn’t count.” Megan smiled, he was so worried he was confessing to things that weren’t really a problem. “No, no Bailey no one cares what you did before you and my sister became an item, but those girls you hired. Did you pay for that out of that secret account of yours?” Bailey felt a bead of sweat form on his brow, this was the most awful interrogation ever. Naked, unable to leave, real risks if he was caught lying and she had given him a hard on. “No, it was from our joint account.” Bailey felt Megan retreat from behind him as she moved to the side of the tub and glared down at him. While standing in those shoes and him sitting down it was like a giant was ready to pluck him up and grind his bones to make bread.

“You stole money from Amanda, to pay for sex for yourself. That might be the most selfish thing I have ever heard. Jesus Bailey, but at least you fully admit it instead of me finding out because I swear if I had to wait for the PI to tell me I would use that money from the 401k to send you to Thailand to get surgery to become a woman and leave you there. Now is there more I should know or is this a waiting game till the PI gets done?” Bailey looked down at the cooling water, his dick still just as hard. ‘I’m not enjoying this go down!’ Bailey internally tried to command his manhood, but as he looked at it he knew there was one more big thing. He didn’t think she could send him to another country without him being willing, but the woman was way too creative to stew on what other horrible things she could do to him if she found out and he didn’t say. Slowly he looked up at her, and damn he loved those tight jeans on her. “There.. There is more. I umm.. Ahh you see.” Megan put her fists on her hips and glared at him. “Spit it out!” With a hard swallow he tried to get his thoughts in order. “I got a vasectomy a year and a half ago.” Bailey said in a soft, weak voice. Megan turned her head like she was trying to hear it better. “I’m sure my sister told me the two of you talked about having kids and you decided it was okay to not use protection, but not to take extra measures and if it happened it happened. Did Amanda know and just not tell me?” Megan’s voice was not full of anger, it was as calm as she could make it. “No.. she didn’t know.” Bailey met her eyes and knew the calm voice was a sham. “You see ahh, umm. She really wanted a baby and I didn’t and I couldn’t tell her no and risk losing her, so I told a little white lie.” Amanda blinked several times at him, not believing the gall he just had. “A little white lie, a little white lie is telling your girlfriend she looks beautiful even when she looks sick. A little white lie is telling her you are not hiding something from her when you have a ring and are ready to propose. A huge fucking lie is when you tell your girlfriend you are open to having a child with her if it happens, when you took steps so that it never does!”

Bailey saw her hands ball into fists and he wondered for a second if she was going to punch him right there, but she took a few deep breaths and relaxed. He said not a word till she looked like she was calm or at least calmer. He really wanted to get out of the water, but standing up could provoke the woman and he didn’t want that at all. “Are you still?” Bailey looked away from her for a second, but he needed to know the answer. “Is our deal still good? Are you going to punish me?” Megan for her part took a fluffy towel

off the rack and motioned for Bailey to get out of the water and started to pat him dry before saying a word. "We still have a deal. You will be Bailey Ann Best for the summer or until the PI has enough information to make the warrant go away. So long as you do as you are told you will be free before your friend starts senior year, but oh yes. Yes Bailey you are going to be punished." And never be able to call yourself a man again by the end of it, Megan mentally finished.

Feeling mortified, Bailey shuffled his feet through the hallway to where he was instructed. He wasn't sure how he had any shame left, Aunt Megan had just had him jerk off to an image of Derrick while calling him Daddy and kicking up his own cum like he was a sissy. Aunt Megan had just had him sit on the edge of the tub and jerk off while touching his chest and begging for Daddy to fill her with his cum. She had given him the option of choosing Derrick, Chuck, August or Liam to pretend he was with and if he chose none she was going to see if she could set up a facetime video with Liam or August so Bailey could see a real man jerk off. Wanting to distance himself from that as far as possible he chose Derrick. She loved the idea so much she said he might be her new Daddy soon, so why not have Bailey call him that. She even went through images of each man having him tell her why she thought each was hot. When he was all done she then had Bailey clean up his hand with his tongue and say how yummy it was. When his lower face was covered in his own semen she even took a photo. Bailey hoped she got it out of her system and that if he was a good girl happy and proud she would lay off. "There you are pumpkin, let's get you dressed." Megan said, holding out some girls panties with pictures of Barbie on them. Bailey tried to let his mind drift, like what his life would be like if he never messaged that beautiful blonde woman on that dating site. Mandy the career driven woman looking for that man to light that inner fire of adventure that she missed out on, someone to become a partner with.

The first date was simple, just talking over drinks at Ale House. She was uptight, but by the third glass of wine Mandy she was laughing at all of his jokes and lightly touching him every chance she got. He found out Mandy goes by Amanda, but put the name on the profile to sound more fun. With some flirting of his own and some lingering touches they were off to his tiny apartment for a night of little sleep. That one night, that one

wonderful night led him to this moment where he was wearing Barbie panties, putting on his very own A cup bra and about to wear a brand new pair of white tights, a red velvet dress with a bow at its center. It screamed juvenile, and top top it off was a red hair bow and some black shiny Mary Jane shoes. When all of it was on he felt like he could be a Barbie toll himself as Megan brushed his hair and promised to add a little makeup. Looking in the mirror was not a wise idea for his psychic, no twenty five year old man looked back at him, just a girl all dolled up. "Now we are going to take a photo with Santa in your Christmas dress, I think it would be hard to pass you off as twelve, but I can take care of that. Oh and we can add some bangles after the photo, but remember your wrists pumpkin."

Coming into the living room Bailey adjusted how he held his hands and saw what was prepared while he was soaking in the tub. The recliner had been covered in a green sheet and it looked like a few books were sitting under the sheet, and another sheet hung behind the chair. In front of it was an expensive looking camera in a tripod and a small lamp ready to cast its white light on the area. "A hobby I have had for years is photography, this camera was actually the last gift I got from my ex. He said it would come in handy when he took us to see the world." Her voice became bitter at the mention of the camera's source. You go ahead and sit in the phone books and we can take a few shots." She had him take one looking sullen, saying at twelve Bailey either knew Santa wasn't real or that this wasn't the real Santa. Another where he looked at the person who she promised would be there for the photo and look gleeful, and on and on. "Aunt Megan, how many more?" Sitting on the two phone books Bailey's feet couldn't touch the ground and she thought it looked so cute when he kicked them in the air. He, no she looked too precious.

"Don't whine Bailey, hop down and tell me what it means to be a good girl and then you can sit next to me on the couch." Bailey hopped down, hoping after this he would be allowed to change after this. As bad as he felt before at the park, if anyone saw him like this, he just might die. Megan was surprised to see Bailey grab his skirt and curtsy as he began his motto. She was excited that he had done that on his own and in that outfit it was just too good. She wanted that on video, but didn't dare interrupt. "Do that one more

time pumpkin, I want to get that on video to remember how cute you are." Bailey closed his eyes counting to five before opening them and smiling. A good girl always smiles. "Like of course Aunt Meg, I would love too!" Repeating the ritual Bailey sat on the couch next to her and then scooted closer as she beckoned. On her laptop screen she had one of the photos of him looking upset. He watched as she adjusted the image of the blonde girl. The blonde hair that faded to platinum was gone and was just blonde again, and shorter than it was now. Soon the girl's body looked smaller and he could guess her to be eleven or twelve.

"Wow, Aunt Megan, you are good at that!" It was an honest compliment, and one he figured couldn't hurt to give, even if he didn't like seeing himself made into a little girl. "I'm not done yet, and thank you. When your Uncle divorced me I decided to do something for myself and took a course at the community College. It isn't a practice skill, well I guess till just now when making images to show you existed before now. But I mostly mashed up landscape photos I took, like adding a fallen tree from one image and adding it to another." He hadn't known she could do this and wondered what else she could, or would make. "You have been a good girl, so I am going to give you three options of what to do for the next few hours before dinner, just make sure you ask me politely for the one you want. You can watch more of your Barbie show and put your feet under the couch like before, but if you do that you have to write for me why you love the show, why you would love to live in the Barbie dream house." Megan paused for a moment to let that sink in before going on to the next option. "You can get changed into a Cinderella one piece bathing suit and play in the sprinklers out back, but if you do that you have to do your ballerina practice on the steps too. I expect to hear plenty of laughter and squealing while you have fun with the water. The last is you take Emily and play mommy and teach her your lessons." It just didn't end. Bailey looked down at his feet and pouted a little thinking and deciding on the show. At least that option she couldn't video him talking to a doll or running around like a child.

"If I watch my show Auntie, can I change please?" Megan leaned over and kissed the top of his head. "You won't get dirty watching your show, and you love that outfit. Besides the clothes you wore earlier are in the laundry, unless you are asking to wear big girl

clothes?" He wanted none of these clothes, but at least what he wore before didn't make him feel like a child. She saw Bailey thinking it over. "You will be older before you know it pumpkin, don't be in a hurry to grow up. Tell you what, if you don't make me spank you again tonight you can ask me again tomorrow and I will think about it." A good girl is polite, a good girl is obedient, a good girl never argues or complains, a good girl... the motto ran through his mind jumbled, sometimes repeating one line. "Okay Auntie, thank you!" Bailey gave Megan a big hug and got down from the couch. "Can I watch my Barbie show?! I only got to watch a little earlier." Soon Bailey had his feet pointed under the couch as he sat on the floor while watching the screen by turning his head and having to pay attention so he could write why he wanted to live with Barbie.

"I wish I could live with Barbie, she seems like so much fun! She reminds me of Mommy with how tall and pretty she is, but with Barbie I would get sisters to play with like Skipper. Their house is sooo big and so much to do. They always have such pretty clothes and even when they are like upset they always makeup and hug!

Bailey wrote on, not sure how much he had to write. He had a good half a page written when done, it wasn't well written, but that didn't matter for Bailey Ann, so long as hearts were above each I and plenty of exclamation marks. Megan had gotten up while he was writing and went into the kitchen. He wasn't sure what she was making, but it smelled wonderful. His mouth was salivating at the scent and his stomach gurgled to chime in on how it also wanted it after a day of so little. Half a grapefruit, cottage cheese, pb&j sandwich and cum was it. She hadn't called him in so he turned in another episode, but this time he grabbed the crayons from earlier and the coloring book. It was not his idea of a good time, but coloring was distracting and the show on should keep the hair brush at bay.

Megan had finished setting the table and when she went to the living room to tell Bailey the tilapia and green beans were ready she just stopped and watched Bailey color. It was almost like looking through a window in time. Change the hair color to black and it was like having her little snow white back, her Rebecca. Back when they got along, before Hank started making promises that couldn't be kept and telling her how he would have

done it if it wasn't for Mommy. Everything was always her fault, he would go on a trip and say they would go to Disney when he got back from his week long trip, or however long the trip was that time to deliver the truck's cargo. She would tell him they couldn't afford it and when he got back he would tell her little girl that he would love to, but Mommy was making him go on another trip and how he wished he could stay and play and let her see Micky. She should never have married him, he said he was doing the right thing when he proposed after she told him how she was pregnant. If she stayed single things could have been harder, but then she still would have been the only bad guy, the only one to tell Rebecca no and ground her when she was bad. Though he wouldn't have been there to poison her little girl towards her. She could have kept her little princess, or at least had a better chance of it. Megan shook her head and wiped away a tear that she wished hadn't appeared. "Pumpkin, time for dinner."

Bailey pulled his aching feet from under the couch and dashed to the kitchen. When he saw a large helping of green beans and a cut of fish he didn't complain one bit. Quickly getting into his seat he was ready to devour the food when Megan cleared her throat. "Small dainty bites Bailey dear, a good girl should look her best." A good girl always looks her best, a good girl is always polite, a good girl is always obedient, a good girl always smiles, a good girl never argues or complains, a good girl never uses foul language, I am a good girl happy and proud. The entire motto ran through Bailey's mind when Megan said the first part wrong. Bailey just smiled at the woman across from him. "I will, thank you for dinner, Aunt Megan." Bailey didn't know of she was a culinary genius or he was just that hungry, but every small bite of the flaky, lemon flavored fish was amazing. When his plate was clear Bailey looked over at the blue-eyed woman and saw her smiling back at him, with only half of her plate cleared. Tilting his head to the side Bailey smiled back at trying to come across as playful. "Whatcha lookin at?" Bailey giggled.

"Watching my niece enjoy my cooking. I didn't make much with your diet, but would you like to finish my tilapia?" An alarm bell went off in his head, warning him he could get in trouble by the very woman offering him the food if he didn't stick to this diet, but he was still hungry. "I would love it! But, I like can't. I have my diet and I couldn't take food from you, what will you eat?" Megan put her hand over her mouth for a second. She felt like

she was reliving the past again, when Hank's paycheck hadn't come in again and she was stretching meals. Making sure Rebecca eat her fill while she went without. Bailey was not her daughter, and she was no longer struggling, but seeing Bailey look like a young girl that hadn't had enough made something come over her and even as she caught herself, she still found herself pushing what was left of her fish onto Bailey's plate. "You had a busy day, eat up." Bailey didn't argue, if she wanted to be nice so be it, and if she was trying to give him a false sense of security it wasn't going to work.

When dinner was over she had Bailey get the note and then load the dishwasher before coming back to the table. "This is great Bailey, I love it. I wanted to show you what I have been working on for you. Bailey looked through a small photo album. One of him on Santa's lap as a little girl looking upset. Another of his Dad holding a little baby in a pink blanket. He had seen that photo before, it was in one of the photo albums he kept when his parents passed. His dad was short in height, but with broad shoulders and his beard he looked more like something out of Lord of the Rings as a dwarf. Bailey had gotten his height from him, the build from his mom and while he was once thankful to not have inherited the hair, looking like that would have saved him he thought. Bailey held on that image, his Dad looking so happy. Bailey felt a tear threatening to break free before he moved to the next image. Another one of his dad and a young Bailey with a white cowboy hat as he helped what looked like a girl stay steady in the saddle. Megan had used her skills to add pigtails coming down from under the hat and adding a pink embroidery to his brown boots.



Bailey's hand trembled as he hit the next button, afraid of what else he would see for a revision of his history. The next image was a photo of a polaroid, with his Mom, Dad and himself. His shoes had been changed to be black with pink accents, his chest was slightly adjusted, he already had been growing his hair out at the time and if he looked closely he might have been wearing makeup in the image. At the bottom of the image in a hand drawn script read 'Auntie, Daddy and Me!' Bailey's mouth went dry when he read it. She had turned his Mom into an Aunt. He could see the folder count and knew there was more and pressed on. In the image was a blonde girl with green eyes, maybe six years old wearing or trying to wear an adult pair of heels. "I'm proud of that one, it was a photo of Becky. I changed the eye color and hair and being six no one will be able to notice." Bailey hadn't noticed Megan standing behind him, or her even getting up from her chair for that matter "Keep going sweetheart, almost done." There was an image of Amanda holding up a girl and from the photos angle you could just tell the little tyke had blonde hair. The photo captured the joy in Amanda's face from holding and playing with her niece, and now had been edited to be Bailey. Three more images to go through the horror show, Aunt Megan was really good at photoshop and it was painful to see his life rewritten. The following image was of Bailey sleeping on her back, eye makeup clear to see with mascara, eyeliner and pink eye shadow. She had added makeup, cleared away his thick eyebrows, leaving feminine arches, added some breasts under his shirt and changed the color of his braces to pink. The photo was from just a year and a half ago when they were cat sitting for April and on Bailey's chest curled up with a still growing orange kitten. The last two images were more startling than anything he had seen yet, with an image of a social security card in the name of Bailey Ann Best and a birth certificate made out in the same name. He turned to Megan and pointed to the screen. "You can't just photoshop these, that doesn't work." Megan kissed the top of Bailey's head and smiled. "Those are not photoshopped sweetheart, those are real and will be arriving in the mail on Monday morning for you. As of today the United States Government thinks Bailey Ann Best is a real person. I hope this makes you happy, I worked rather hard to get it all done."

Sitting there in the kitchen Bailey sat staring at the laptop's screen and at the image of his, now her new birth certificate. There it was, Bailey Ann Best was officially two weeks

older than Candace Ann Connors. "How...how can that just be made?" Megan reached over Bailey and closed the screen. "Knowing what systems pull information from what database, and knowing people who can add a name can all help, but mostly I called in favors and relied heavily on people being lazy and not looking into things. It isn't perfect, but since I used Sterling Backgrounds to say we verified all of it, no one would look too deeply. Just keep yourself from being arrested so your finger prints or DNA is not tied to Bailey Ann and everything will work out for you getting your life back when this is all over."

The idea of that happening, something he hadn't even considered was frightening, but the low chance of something like that occurring gave him a little peace, that the image he saw was temporary and she hadn't somehow deleted his old life and changed it like she had with the photos. "Now go get a sheet of paper and your math workbook. Like earlier you will write your good girl lessons between questions, but you can do it at the table here, then after you can have a scoop of chocolate ice cream or a slice of lemon cake I made a few days ago." Bailey couldn't help himself, his face lit up at the idea of having ice cream. His mouth salivated, remembering having a cone on the hot day at the water park. It felt like it felt like every meal he had just enough nourishment to make his stomach want more, at least until Friday night and tonight, but he promised himself he would keep this meal down. The price of the treat wasn't one he wanted to pay, but she was going to make him do it anyways. "That... sounds... soooo goood!" Not wanting to be told twice Bailey ran to get his workbook, the annoying thing. He still wasn't sure why he was struggling with the questions, it hadn't been that long since he did this and yet he seemed to be doing things wrong. Hopefully Aunt Meg wouldn't make him do more once he took whatever test she needed him to take.

While Bailey worked, Megan had her laptop back out typing away to setup Bailey's school background. The school system used her company and had every class registered with an ID number and then tied it to a student name. So if you looked up a student you would see a letter grade next to a class ID number. She simply had to duplicate some students entries and tie it to Bailey Ann Best. Middle school and elementary were easier, bur for high school she had to find the right student per class she wanted Bailey to have taken

that had the right grade for her nieces academic aptitude. Elementary school she had great grades, middle school she was consistent with Cs at least till eighth grade. Poor girl lost what focus she had when she started to notice boys. Then in high-school she got by with Ds, but as the saying goes. Ds make degrees. She made sure Bailey did well in Child Care one and two, Choir and PE. In the end Bailey had a complete school history through her junior years. But with two failed needed classes, meaning if Bailey was really a student she would have had to go to summer school if she wanted to start next year as a senior. Bailey was just going to be so happy to see her records, she just wished she knew a way to go back and add her to at least last year's year book. Megan looked at Bailey and imagined seeing her in a catholic school girl outfit like she had to wear for the few years her mom sent her to one to get more discipline. The nuns and their rulers helped set her straight and she wished she could make that a reality for Bailey.

Closing the lid of her laptop she looked back over at Bailey who was scratching her head as she glared down at the paper in front of her. "What's wrong pumpkin?" Bailey blew out some air from his lungs and looked up to Megan. "I thought I got this one wrong, but the answers say it is right, but looking at it..

I just know it is wrong." Megan reached over and slide the workbook to her. "Let me see." The answer was of course very wrong, but then so was the answer key that her answer matched. "It looks right to me, why don't you show me how you got the answer." Bailey held in any grumbling and showed her the steps for the problem and then she had him go over the answers he got wrong according to the key. It was annoying that she was making him do this, but at the same time getting the answers correct felt good after getting high-school math so wrong. It would be embarrassing getting something this wrong and look like a fool.

"Okay, I think it is time we got ready for bed." Bailey looked to her, the freezer that held the dessert he desired and back to her. A good girl doesn't argue or complain. Standing up from the table reluctantly, Bailey was ready for whatever pajamas she wanted to put him in and mentally kicking himself for believing she was going to let him have ice cream. Megan tracked where Bailey was looking. "Oh we are still having out little treat,

we are just getting ready for bed first. Come on now, show me how good of a girl you can be for me." With that Megan clapped her hands twice as if to say chop chop and the two went to dress for bed. Megan helped Bailey strip off the red velvet dress and white tights and provided a large t-shirt for him to slip over his bra and panties. "Not sexy like pajamas at home, but you put on these fuzzy socks and I bet you will be comfortable." Next Bailey followed Megan into her bedroom and sat on the bed as she got undressed. It felt like she wanted him to follow her, but suddenly he felt very unsure. She had a wonderful body and seeing her strip set a fire inside him and he hopped off the bed and ran from the room as fast as he could back to Becky's room.

The last thing he wanted was her seeing him get aroused again. Opening his pill bottles he took two of each, dry swallowing them. He tried to think of something not sexy, definitely not the image of Aunt Megan without her blouse, large breasts begging to be freed from their bra and her turning around and bending over at the waist, showing him her sexy panty covered ass. The thought of her ass made Bailey think of Amanda's ass and then the two of them together, laying atop of a bed in lingerie beckoning him close. "No, no, no." Bailey said, shaking his head as he felt his member pushing on the cotton panties. Think of something not sexy... not sexy. A good girl is always polite... Bailey was halfway through the third repetition when he heard a knock on the open bedroom door. "I'm glad you want to be a good girl and for that I think you get to pick tonight's activity." Bailey turned to see Aunt Megan in a silk pearl white night gown that showed plenty of her ample chest. He closed his mouth, not realizing he had started to say the motto out loud at some point, but it had done its job and he was no longer tenting. "With our ice cream we can either watch a few episodes of your Barbie show, or we can watch your favorite movie P.S. I Love You." Both options did not sound great, but more time hearing the phrase "Hi I'm Barbie!" Could drive him mad. "We?"

Megan smiled at Bailey when she caught on. "Auntie could use some cuddling time and I bet you could too. So what are we going to watch?" Bailey's eyes went from foot up to her eyes, lingering on her chest. He hated this woman, this sexy woman. "The movie sounds better." It did sound much better, not good, but better. In the kitchen Aunt Megan had promised a single scoop of ice cream, but in the bowl he found two. It should be no big

deal, but the ice cream alone makes him happy. Two scoops felt like he had found a fifty dollar bill. They ate the treat at the kitchen table and Bailey didn't even try to eat lady like and felt a bit of a glutton and it was wonderful. "Did you enjoy that pumpkin?" Leaning back in the chair Bailey gave her a slight content smile. "Thank you Auntie, that was the best." She took another bite of her ice cream before giving him an odd smile. "What?" She motioned around her own face. "Go wash your face sweetie, you are a bit of a mess." When Bailey looked at himself in the mirror he saw a blonde girl with pigtails that had chocolate ice cream smeared a bit in her face. With a sigh he washed his face and hands, hating the image reflected back at him. Now long gone were his bushy eyebrows and with the hair style he felt like a child, but he guessed that was the point with how he was being treated. With a sigh he went out to the living room to take a seat next to Aunt Megan that she indicated by patting the cushion.

Bailey saw the box of tissues ready for the tear inducing movie, he wasn't looking forward to normally. But now with his emotions all over the place lately he knew it could only be worse. Megan put her arm around Bailey, pulling the feminized man closer so that his head was resting on top of her chest. She knew he didn't like the movie, but what surprised her was that it had only been going for six maybe seven minutes before his breathing changed and she found her sleeping and drooling a little. Megan finished the movie and found she really did need the cuddling time. When Bailey wasn't opening his mouth to shatter the image of who she appeared to be she was down right enjoyable to be with. Megan wasn't sure the last time she just sat in the couch leaning into or someone leaning into her. She had some enjoyable time with Charles, but that was mostly them having sex or doing things leading up to that. This was different, something she didn't realize how much she missed.

Bailey minced up to the massive mansion that was painted pink with white accents. Each of his heeled steps felt off. The sway of his hips was normal, how he placed one heeled foot in front of the other hadn't changed, though the steps were short in the dress with a tight short skirt. As his hand went up to rap lighting on the door the answer to what felt off came to him and it was terrifying. He didn't think about knocking, his arm had moved on its own as if someone else was controlling him. Terror ran through his mind and he

wanted to flee from this house, but still he stood motionless with a wide smile waiting for the residents to answer. When the door opened standing on the other side was Mandy in a lovely white dress that hugged her body, she towered over Bailey even in his own heels. Glancing down he saw she wore the cutest white and black pointed toe stilettos. “Hi, I’m Barbie! She said, tilting her head slightly and giving a large smile. The name was wrong, but even as he looked at her he saw a silver necklace that said the same name. “Hi, I’m Bailey!” He said back mimicking her same movements. This was wrong, this house... he knew he recognized the property. This was the house from the tv show he was watching earlier. Once he realized that he knew why he felt like some unseen force was controlling his movements, he was a doll.

“Hi, I’m Skipper!” A new face appeared in the doorway, it was Candi. “Hi, I’m Bailey!” He wanted to scream as this repeated again when Derrick showed up saying his name was Ken and again Bailey replied back. “Don’t you look lovely, you will fit right in here.” Derrick or Ken said and right away the girls rushed to give Bailey a hug. “Welcome home!” They said in unison and without letting go of the hug Candi looked Bailey up and down. “Bailey you can be my little sister Chelsea, wouldn’t that be fun!?” Before he could answer his clothes began to change to a pink dress with a thin white belt, his heels melting down to white ballet flats. A second later his body shrank to fit the image of the young family member. The horror never showed, just a smile as Bailey looked off into the distance as if looking at a camera, to talk to an audience. “Hi, I’m Chelsea and I’m home!”

Sitting up in bed with a jolt, Bailey looked around the dark room. He was laying in bed under the purple comforter on Becky’s bed. “Just a dream.” He said to reassure himself of the truth, not no he wasn’t really turning into a child in the world of Barbie to fit in. For a moment he just sat there in the silence of the dark house before getting up to go to the bathroom. As he got to the door he turned to look back at the bed as the fog of sleepiness drifted away he recalled, or rather did not recall how he got in bed. Last thing he remembered was laying his head on Aunt Megan’s chest and watching a movie. Not wanting to dwell on the mental image of her carrying him to bed he went about his task. After washing his hands and stepping out of the bathroom he kind of expected Aunt Megan to be... no just Megan, he corrected himself. He expected Megan to be there

waiting for him to swat his bottom for not staying in bed, but her bedroom door was still closed. If he wanted to get away this could be his chance, maybe... Bailey stopped himself as he walked into the living room, ending his thoughts on escape. There would be none for him until the PI cleared his name and even if that wasn't the case he would be just another homeless man on the streets. Being Bailey Ann Best was like being locked into a nightmare, but it was better than prison or being homeless in the Nevada heat.

With a sigh he sat down on the couch to try and cool his head and maybe get tired enough to fall back to sleep and hope it didn't bring him back to his Barbie adventure. Sitting there he saw the flowered case on his cell phone right there on a coffee table. Picking it up he smiled, at the piece of fortune that the witch had left it out. Opening it up he looked to see what she had been up to and did not like the answers she found. He first clicked on a conversation with Mandy.

Bailey: Things are going like super great here!

Mommy: I was really worried, I wish you would have told me, but I understand why you didn't.

Mommy: Are you sure you are willing to do this?

Bailey: Mommy I like totally want to do this for you and for us

Mommy: I know this is not easy for you, pretending to be a girl and seeing me with Derrick.

Mommy: We can find another way if you want.

Bailey: Stop that, this was all my idea remember? Besides, I like gave you permission and want you to be happy. Open relationship was about being happy and that is what I want for you.

Bailey: Now I need to stay in character, so like remember I'm your daughter to be spoiled and punished as I deserve. ;) I love you and I'm happy to be helping you, lets make it through the summer.

Bailey: I'm like super sleepy, so see you tomorrow night! Ttyl

Mommy: Okay honey, thank you. I love you.

What a load of shit, I don't want to do this and I sure as fuck don't want to spoiled or

punished. Bailey was fuming. He didn't really see many options to get Mandy out of this situation, but fuck why did she have to be with a guy like him. There were more messages to go through and he hoped they didn't get worse than that one, though he wasn't sure how it could.

Candi: Hey Girl! How you feeling?

Candi: The boys and I are having fun by the pool.

Candi: Wishing you were here, but like I just had boys take turns giving me a massage.

Candi: Not the same as like when we paid for one, but like it was super hot.

Bailey: Still like not feeling great, lots of like sleep and stuff.

Bailey: Gosh I wish that was me instead of you!

Candi: Well you need to get better so we can double date again this week.

Bailey: I can't wait

Bailey: So did like either of them get hard while rubbing you?

Candi: You are so bad!

Bailey: That did not answer the question!

Candi: Well nothing like that lifeguard, that was so hot

Bailey: Yeah it was! Tell me like your favorite part.

Candi: IDK maybe like when he called you my name while he came.

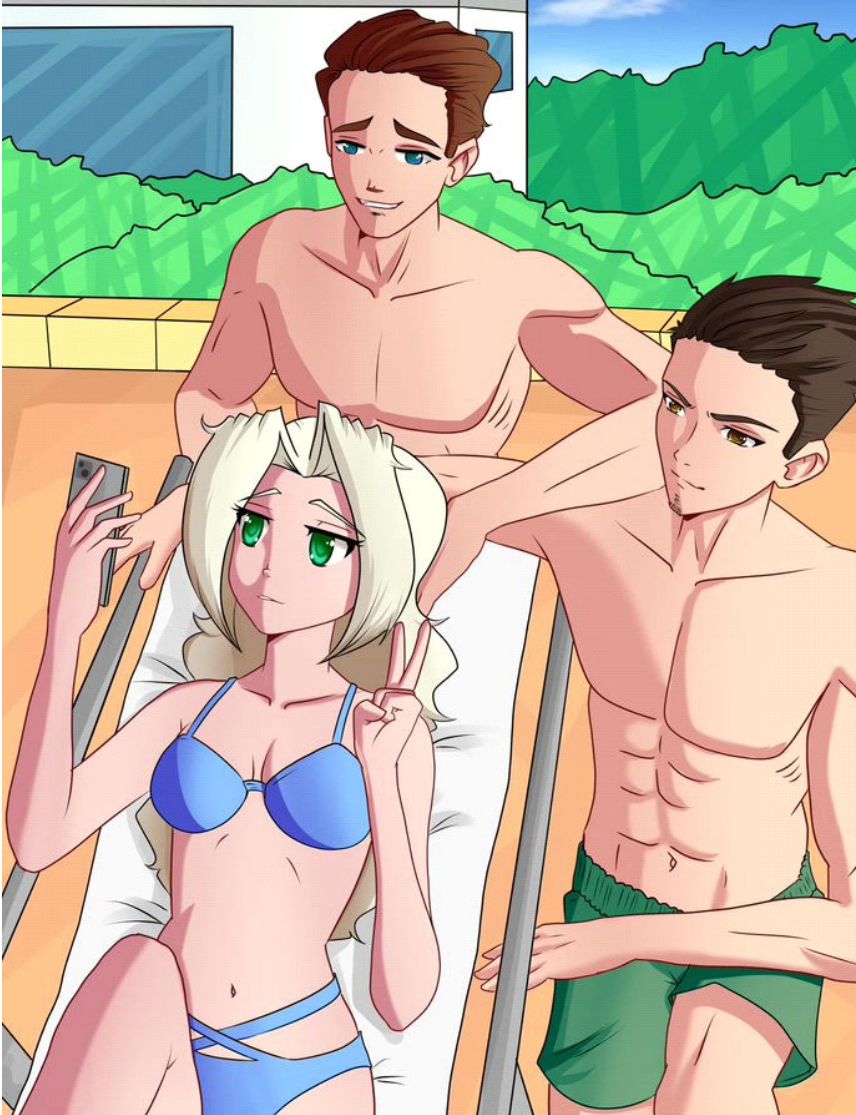
Candi: Is that weird?

Bailey: Not at all, I liked it too

Bailey: Aunt Meg made me like some soup and then I'm going to go to bed.

Candi: Love you sis!

Bailey: <3 big sis :)



She now knew about what happened or at least she would have a really good idea of what happened at the water park. Bailey closed his eyes, squeezing them tight as he briefly relived the traumatic event. Needing to move on he clicked on the conversation with August and turned the phone off right away after he saw the image of his dick on a video that was sent. “No, nope, no.” Bailey said shaking his head without reading any of the messages before or after the video was sent and ignoring the ones from Liam completely. Seeing that he wasn’t sure if things got worse or if that was on par with the conversation with Mandy. Bad for sure and fuck he was not going to mentally go over this and think about comparing a video with a man’s dick on his phone to him reassuring his girlfriend it was okay to be with another man. Putting the phone down back on the table Bailey went back to the room, vowing tomorrow he was going to have a talk with Aunt Megan about having some boundaries. If she wanted him to be a good girl then she needed to stop this shit.

Laying back down in bed Bailey looked up to the ceiling fan and the popcorn ceiling covered in faintly glowing star stickers. Well that was two things he had in common with Becky, they both hated the wicked witch of the west and they both liked stars. Bailey lay there just looking up until his eyelids started to get heavy with President under one arm. It was childish, but he didn’t care. The bear was a symbol of his love for Mandy and it gave him some comfort and he would take any of that he could right now.

Slowly opening his eyes Bailey was awoken by a wonderful feeling between his legs. Sitting on the bed next to him in a silk red robe was Aunt Megan, leaning over him and rubbing his hard dick. “Good morning, I saw this little guy sticking up to greet me and I just had to touch it.” It felt amazing to have her warm fingers around his cock, but he let her get him so horny he had trouble thinking, this was the same bitch she always was. Bailey slapped her hand away and sat up on the bed pulling the shirt down over his erect member. “Get away from me you fucking bitch!” SLAP! Bailey caught himself from falling out of the bed from the explosion of pain in his cheek, but had no time to recover before she held his chin in her hand, pinching his cheeks. “That wasn’t polite at all and definitely not the type of language a good girl would use. Say that again, but use words like fudge, sugar, silly goose, poo things like that.” She said looking hard into his eyes,

holding the gaze and his chin for a few heartbeats before letting go. He knew better than to have said that outloud, he just never was a morning person and he really hated her. "Get away from me you silly goose." He said it in a soft voice, still feeling the pain and heat from his right cheek. "Better, just make sure you keep that foul language out of your mouth. Next time I'm going to spank you with a bar of soap in your mouth. Can't believe you got so upset from getting a hand job, figure we would start out with a reward with how good you were last night." Megan said lying.

Bailey rubbed his cheek as he glared at the blonde woman. Going from hand job to a slap was one hell of a way to make sure you were fully awake. "I don't want you to go through the day frustrated, so instead we will do this." She pulled Bailey's phone from her robe pocket and turned it on. Bailey waited not saying a word, he wanted to bring up those conversations, but this seemed like a bad time to ask for anything from her. She moved closer to Bailey, putting one arm around his shoulder and moving the phone screen in front of him. "Last night you had a wonderful conversation with August. He is such a good boy and it seems you my little niece are corrupting him. Let me scroll to the top here so you can see what you wrote him.

Bailey: I was told you gave a massage to Candi

August <3: Hey Bailey! Yeah, Ryan and I helped her out.

August <3: She had a Charlie horse, your not mad are you?

Bailey: Far from it, I just wish I was there too!

August <3: Oh yeah, I wish you were too. I will give you a massage anytime.

Bailey: You better :-p

Bailey: If you do I promise to massage something for you ;-P

August <3: If you were not sick I would come over now

Bailey: No, like Aunt Megan wouldn't like that

Bailey: Oh I have an idea!

Bailey: Could you umm.. Forget it

August <3: What? Tell me

Bailey: I was hoping you could maybe take a video of cumming

August <3: you would like that? I haven't ever done something like that before.

Bailey: Please! It would make me feel like lots better and like could you cum on a picture of me?

August <3: wow, umm yeah give me a few minutes

Bailey: I can't wait

August <3: video

Bailey: Oh, that is hot!

August <3: Really? You like that sorta stuff?

Bailey: Mmmm hmmm

Bailey: I'm touching myself to it now

Bailey: Imagining you here with me now.

August <3: Wow, umm could you take a photo?

Bailey: No, I look terrible, but I like fer sur will make it up to you

Bailey: Now like I'm going to bed after I watch this a few more times

August <3: wish I was there.. Good night and feel better

Bailey: I'm sure I will soon

"That is disgusting..." Megan didn't say anything, only hit replay on the video and glared at Bailey. She wanted a different response and he was sure it had to be inline with how she responded in the texts. "Oh sugar that is hot." Her hard eyes shifted as she smiled at him. "I'm glad you like it because I think this is what you will be touching yourself too. Just setting the video to auto replay so you don't have to touch the screen and keep your hands on your breasts and that little thing. I'm not small and I don't want to touch myself to this garbage, Bailey told himself. "You don't have to of course, I could bend you over the bed while you watch the video and get my strap on. You can pretend it is him fucking you, would you like that more?" Suddenly prison wasn't sounding so bad, or at least it wasn't until he thought of dropping his soap in the shared shower with those large men. "No, no I can do it." Megan didn't leave the room or even leave his side as he reached under the shirt and bra to start touching his sensitive nipple with one hand and start to play with his dick. His vision locked onto the screen seeing the familiar dick on the screen being jerked off over a tablet that had an image of him on it in the red dress from the night of the dinner party.

Bailey tried to focus on the image of himself, the only feminine thing he could lock his eyes on and just ride the pleasure he was feeling. "Say his name sweetheart, tell him you want him to cum. Tell him you want him to cum on you, tell him how you want him to fill you up with his seed." Bailey looked at the barley dressed woman who only motioned back to the screen with her eyes. Looking back down at the screen and large dick Bailey swallowed and tried to mentally psych himself up without any luck. "August, cum for me baby.. Cum on me baby, you know you want to." Bailey found himself getting rock hard much faster than he would have expected from touching himself. It was from the large breasted woman pressing into him, it was from his overly sensitive chest, he told himself. "God August, cum... cum on me baby!" Bailey's voice sounded more strained as he got closer and closer to cumming. His moment of release came after the video showed August's cum landing down on the tablet, on the image of himself, but it was Bailey's cum that landed on the phone's screen. "Oh that looked so good honey, now just clean up and we can talk about what we are going to do today." Bailey held his sticky hand out from him and looked for tissues that might be around. "No pumpkin, use your mouth. A girl like you loves the taste of cum. Now clean up and tell me how much you love it, if not we can still see about my strap on."

Looking at his hand, it was just his cum something to be washed off, he had done it hundreds of times. Men were not supposed to do this, but it was that or... no it was this. He did it yesterday and it was a thousand times better than the alternative. The creamy fluid went from his hand to his tongue, filling it with the bitter salty flavor that he wished he didn't already know. "When you start doing this regularly you can try to get your man, or men to eat more things like nutmeg, cinnamon, oranges and other fruits to help improve the taste." His hand still to his mouth Bailey looked at Megan who hadn't left his side. "Don't look so shocked, your Mom is much more of a prude than me. Now finish your breakfast, quickly now." Bailey finished licking his hand clean and showed it to her to prove he did as she said. "Good, but you missed a few spots." She said pointing to where cum landed on the comforter. With little choice he licked and sucked at the bed, feeling horrible on so many levels. "Good girl, now get up and get your face washed. I know you don't ever neglect your teeth, though it is a shame for you to wash that flavor out of your mouth so soon." Bailey had just put his feet on the floor when she got his

attention again. "Oh Bailey, I think this morning we will start with you putting on that Cinderella one piece bathing suit and playing in the sprinkler, but if you do a good job with that and your ballerina practice I think we can talk about growing up today. That is if you even want to, do you?"

"Aunt Megan I can do the ballerina practice as a grown up right?" Bailey said not wanting to put on the child's bathing suit. "Do you like to do those exercises so much you will do them all grown up?" Bailey nodded vigorously at the question. "I do, I love them Auntie!" Megan pretended to think and got up from the bed adjusting her robe before opening the closet and pulling out the bathing suit in question. "I really wanted to see you in this, but if you want to grow up I guess we can do that. Tell you what, I still want to see you in this and play around, but if you are willing to do the ballerina practice every day, say twice a day and keep working on your math workbook for a week, no two weeks. You can skip playing time in the sprinkler. Don't make that face Bailey, a good girl smiles right?" The scowl on Bailey's face changed quickly to a happy smile. "Oh like I can def do that at home Auntie. But like after I go do that, what are we doing today?" Bailey planned on doing no such thing so this was a win. Megan smiled at Bailey, sure about what he was thinking about. "We will talk when you are done pumpkin, get washed up first."

"A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud." Bailey said with a smile on his face as he did the calf raises on the back steps to Megan's house. In the backyard he could already see the rotating sprinkler already set out for what she originally planned to demean him. Feeling the burn in his legs he stopped for a moment to let some of it fade before continuing. Up and down he went repeating his motto. "A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud." It felt odd to be happy about what he was doing and in the clothes he now wore, but with the way life had been going he was going to try and celebrate any victories he got. After he was done washing up he found Aunt Megan gone from the bedroom,

probably off getting ready or scheming up the next bullshit, but she did lay out clothes for him to wear.

On top of everything was the tuck kit, something that was never going to be comfortable, but at least it did its job. Then a pair of green lacy boyshorts and a matching bra, and not one of the small A cups like he had been wearing. The breast forms were gone, but in their place were things that looked like they could be chicken filets. Bailey figured they were to fill in the extra space in the bra cups and made him give a silent prayer of thanks that she wasn't one hundred percent cruel. He was afraid of what would happen to his chest if he kept gluing those things to him and while he didn't want to have a bigger chest the little filets would make him feel less of the little girl the witch had been enforcing on him. Slipping his arms through the bra straps and reaching around to hook it without a problem, he looked down at the partially full bra cups of the bra and then over to some of the dirty clothes that he had worn the previous day. "Jesus, a few more days of that and I might have gone insane." He let out a sigh before adding the padding and gave a small smile cupping them, happy to have something that didn't make him look and feel like a child. The next two articles of clothes were a pleated khaki a-line skirt, that after a little adjusting he realized was meant to be worn higher on the waist and showing a lot of leg. The last was the shirt he wore when he fled the other night, his AC/DC shirt that was too large on him, but now it seemed Aunt Megan had made an adjustment. It looked like she took scissors to his shirt so that when he wore the thing his belly would be exposed. Putting it on the neck was also cut in a way that exposed one of his shoulders. A glance in the mirror Bailey gave a lopsided smile, this was leagues better than wearing those hair bobbles for pigtails, but not exactly good and yet it was a victory. He was about to run out for the ballerina practice when he stopped himself. A good girl always looks her best he thought and he did not, so he went about brushing his hair and adding a little makeup. Some eye liner, a little blush and lip gloss. Ready to head outside Bailey stopped himself again this time in the hallway, he had forgotten to take his pills and had to go back for yet another thing.

With a few more reps done Bailey headed back inside the back door to see Aunt Megan at the kitchen table eating a bowl of cereal. "All done Auntie! Are we having cereal for

breakfast?” After finish chewing her bite she gave a sly smile to Bailey. “I am pumpkin, you already had yours. I sent an article and video to your phone, you can read and watch it while I finish eating.” She said motioning to his cell phone sitting in front of a chair. He hadn’t had breakfast what the fuck, er fudge was she talking about... Bailey corrected even his mental cussing not wanting to risk saying what he was thinking, though his mind stopped as if something was caught in the gears that ran it as he realized what she meant by already eating. With a visible shudder Bailey sat down and looked at his phone. The article that she had texted him was from a site called psychology today and titled ‘Attention, Ladies: Semen is an antidepressant’ That went on about how semen can improve women’s moods and could even relieve stress. The video was just over six minutes titled ‘The Benefits of Drinking semen with Tracy Kiss’ . The woman apparently cum has over two hundred proteins in a teaspoon. By the end of it Aunt Megan had washed how her bowl and Bailey had learned way more about cum than he wanted to. “First thing you should do is say hi to your friend and send her what you just went over. Tell her you were bored and found them interesting. Then we have a few lessons this morning before we do anything else.” If Candi didn’t think I was a slut before, after I send these to her she will now. Course how could she not after the theater and the water park.

Bailey: GOOD MORNING!

Bailey waited a moment, but no response came and he looked at the time, it was just after seven thirty in the morning. This was not a time he ever liked being awake, but with his wake up call he hadn’t noticed.

Bailey: I’m totally awake before you for once!

Bailey: Feeling like so much better, but taking it easy today.

Looking up from the phone Megan waited patiently. “Have you sent the links yet?” Bailey shook his head. “She hasn’t responded, it is way too early.” Megan looked at the time on the stove and then back to Bailey. “Send it anyways, the more messages the better. You

are the little sister and waking up your older siblings is something you do.”

Bailey: Wake up

Bailey: Wake up!

Bailey: Entertain me!

Candi: Uggg stop, I’m up

Bailey: Yay!

Candi: Glad you are feeling better

Candi: Daddy got home late and we stayed up to watch one of those old westerns.

Candi: It was real nice, but I do not want to be awake Bailey :-p

Candi: Brat, I will totally remember this.

Bailey: I have been sooo bored and I was like reading and watching some things. Here let me show you.

Candi: Later... sleep now

Putting down the phone Bailey gave a false smile. “Sent it with like lots of messages just like you wanted.” He was sure she would check sooner or later and if he hadn’t sent it she might... she would send something much worse to the girl, like asking her opinion on a porn video that she just loved or something else just as bad. “Good, now let’s get you a few things and we can get started.”

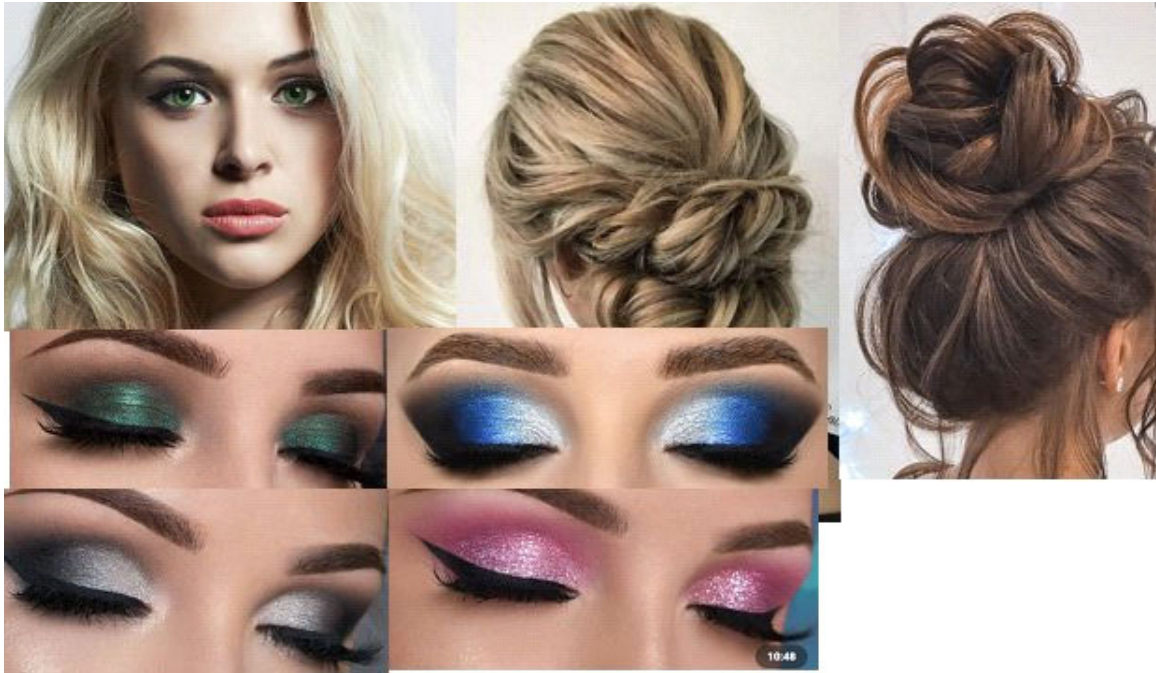
Soon Bailey was wearing some earrings that looked like they were fake black pearl studs, a few bangles on each wrist and a pair of her black heels and was standing in front of the bed he had slept in. “Those shouldn’t be a problem to walk in, they are only three inches, though like your Mother my shoe size is one higher than yours.” Bailey looked down at his feet in the pointed toe heels then back at his torturer, trying to figure out what she had in store for him. “You have made a mess of the bed, so you are going to pull all the sheets off and put on new ones. Should be simple enough, but when you bend over I want you to put both feet together and bend at the waist. Now curtsy to me and get started.” Make the bed, that was her task. Sure no problem and she could have her little curtsy. Bailey grabbed the edges of his skirt and curtsied like he had been practicing and then turned to the bed. Putting both feet together he bent over at the waist like she had been

instructed to pull the sheets off and soon as he did he realized why she had him doing it like that. It looked like he was posing like some pinup model, or trying to entice some male attention by sticking his ass out. That is when he felt it a hard slap to his ass, jumping up Bailey turned to look at his aggressor. Megan smirked at him and motioned back to the bed for him to get going on the task. "Sorry pumpkin, you bending like that was just too tempting, but I'm sure that is why you do it isn't it?" A good girl always smiles.

Bailey turned back around with a smile and bent back over, trying to prepare himself for another smack, but none came. Standing like he was kept from being able to reach so he had to move around the bed, each time bending as she instructed. Once it was off he held the blanket and sheets in his arm and waited for more instructions. "Put them down on the ground and then pick one of them up and bring it to the laundry room and repeat." She had him bend over like some tart with each of the three articles and then repeat with the two pillow cases before being allowed to move on to making the bed. When he had done that she made him unmake it, fold the sheets back up and make it again. Saying something about her making a wonderful housewife one day. When he moved he made sure to keep his wrists bent enough to keep the bangles from falling. She hadn't mentioned punishing him for them falling like the previous day, but he wasn't going to take any chances. When that task was done she made him do the same for her bed. "Clean sheets are the best, thank you Bailey." She said with a smile and a quick hug. "Next we need to get some more photos, I know how you love getting your photos taken, but we need to do a little work first. You are going to watch some videos on how to do a few different types of updos and try some different makeup looks. Give you a chance to play with different colors, and try a few different styles with your eyes. I know I can see how excited you are, this will be so much fun. I have a spray bottle with water, plenty of bobby pins and the flat iron out for you."

Sitting down at Megan's vanity Bailey searched on youtube for types of updos, but as he started the first video Megan pulled his attention away. "Bailey honey, who is this?" She held up her phone with a picture of Mandy on it. "Mand... that is Mommy." Megan shook her head and turned off the screen. "Going to have to do better than that sweetheart, go

back to what you were doing.” Bailey had gotten six minutes into the twenty minute video when she did it again, but this time with a picture of herself. “That is you Aunt Meg!” The interruption of a video he didn’t want to watch was annoying, he was going to have to back up the video, but still he smiled when he answered her. Throughout the video and two others she kept doing the same with randomly interrupting him for some sort of pop quiz on how he should be referring to people, or asking who his favorite singer was. After watching a few hair videos, Bailey started one of them back up and began back combing his hair to make it easier to create volume and texture before applying a little bit of hairspray. Then combed it all back for a high ponytail and wrapped it all clockwise around itself, before pulling the ends of his platinum hair through the middle of the wrap. With a few pins it all held tight for the high bun updo. This was the simpler of the ones he saw, and thought it a good place to start, but even as he held his hair in place in the back and tried securing it he still found the interruptions with questions happening. “That is Mommy.” He said trying to keep any irritation from his voice. “Great job sweetheart, I think it is time for you to try a few different looks with makeup and you tell me what one you like the best and why, okay?” Bailey nodded and gave a big smile to his warden. “Oh I love playing with makeup!” If Candi was here she would be videoing this for youtube, small blessings Bailey, count every victory we can, he thought as a tutorial was playing on dramatic eye makeup.



Over the course of the morning Bailey tried a few different makeup colors and hairstyles, and he wasn't sure ten minutes ever passed without a question being asked about his favorite type of shoes, heels of course. Or who the person in the photo, the woman, was just waiting for him to slip up. Megan took a photo here and there of Bailey when she had her hair and makeup done, making little comments like. "You know dear you could make a decent living as a cosmetologist. Not everyone gets to love what they do for a living, but you could." What could Bailey do other than smile and go along with the witch. "That sounds like amazing, but I like need to finish school first." Bailey could just imagine her enrolling him in night classes and really wanted to move away from the subject. So he was more than happy to smile for photos before it was time to move on to the next look. Eventually he was told to go back to a normal daytime look and be done with makeup

time. While he cleaned his face off Aunt Megan left him alone for the first time, smiling widely as she looked at the screen on her camera, not a great sign. Nothing Bailey could do about it now except try to enjoy the small bit of peace her absence gave him.

When she returned she put a piece of paper in front of Bailey. “Read that sweetheart, out loud if you would.” Bailey put down the mascara brush and frowned down at the paper. He looked at it then to the blue eyed woman next to him, she only nodded to encourage him. “Hi I’m Bailey, I like to flirt, I like to tease! I want to show men I know how to please, and sometimes I do it on my knees.” Bailey picked up the paper and held it back out to her, wanting it out of his sight now that he said it like she wanted. “Oh no sweetie, you hold onto that for a little while, I want to see you practicing flirty poses in the mirror when you finish your makeup and saying that fun little motto. Isn’t it great that you get two mottos to help you know who you are?” It sure wasn’t good, it was anything but he had a part to play and it only had to go on for a few weeks, summer wouldn’t last forever and after today he wouldn’t have to be under the direct supervision of this woman. “It is like super helpful Auntie, you know how I forget things all the time.” Bailey giggled and went back to finishing his mascara. With that done he looked down at the paper again then at himself in the mirror. Putting his cheek into the palm of his open hand while leaning on the vanity he gave a pout and fluttered his lashes. A girl pouting and just begging like that was always hard for him to resist and was his first thought for how to pose to flirt. “Hi I’m Bailey, I like to flirt, I like to tease! I want to show men I know how to please, and sometimes I do it on my knees.” Seeing those mascara-covered lashes flutter over his green eyes and those pouty lips caused a reaction in Bailey and he wished he had taken a few more of his pills this morning. Saying those words and knowing he really had put them to a man's dick didn’t sit well with him. Bailey looked in the mirror to Megan who was rolling her finger to indicate he should keep going. Putting his other elbow up on the vanity he put his hands together palm down before resting his chin between them. He watched in fascination as the beautiful creature in the mirror followed his movement, looking forward with pleading eyes and biting her bottom lip. She looked like she was begging someone to make the next move. “Hi I’m Bailey, I like to flirt, I like to tease! I want to show men I know how to please, and sometimes I do it on my knees.” The vision of that girl, it didn’t matter if he knew it was him, he wanted her. Bailey

turned to face Megan looking at her with those same pleading eyes. “Auntie, can I please be excused for a moment? I like need to go take my pills.”

Taking another deep breath Amanda continued to pump her arms holding the little two pound weights as she pushed herself onward for another lap around the apartment complex. She had gotten up with the sun, tossing and turning most of the night and needed some exercise to clear her mind. She thought of Derrick and how he brought her roses at work, though when she stepped outside of her office she noticed some yellow roses on April’s desk and figured her friend was bought off to be more relaxed with who was allowed in. He had gotten April her favorite flowers, so that meant he had to have talked to her about the subject. Derrick was like that, he took the time to get to know people. He used that knowledge to help them, build them up and improve the mood of those around him. Amanda’s thoughts were put on hold for just a moment as she had to jog in place to wait for a vehicle to make their turn before she could go on her way.

She had worked a five hour day on Saturday, he had convinced her to leave some work for later and focus on the girls upcoming party. They had an early dinner, talked and made plans and acted like school kids on her couch for a while. She had felt his ardor and shared his desire to take thing to the bedroom, but she just wasn’t able to. He said he understood, and she knew he didn’t, he was just being kind. How could he understand how guilty she felt over sleeping with him while her boyfriend was pretending to be her daughter. She enjoyed just holding hands with him on the couch, watching mindless HGTV with remodeling shows with those twins and love it or list it. It all felt so strange and God it was! Amanda stopped to take a breath, holding her arms with the weights above her head as she took one deep breath after another. The text messages from Bailey the previous night had made her feel better, he had given her approval more than once now. Bailey had always made her feel things, when most other people she could dismiss. He brought lust, joy, anger, frustration and sadness. Before this previous week their fighting had gotten worse, and now he was giving up his male ego. Something she knew wasn’t easy for him, she had once asked him if he thought Idris Elba was a good looking man and he replied with he isn’t a fag. Now he was prancing around in high heels and even went on a date with April’s brother, that was cute. She could imagine August trying

to hold his hand in the theater or attempting to put his arm around Bailey and getting elbowed for it, but what ever happened that night August must of enjoyed the company or thought he had a good shot of getting into her panties with how April passed on the message that August would like to see her again, that was all to funny.

The time this week with Bailey felt wonderful, like getting a present you knew would never happen. Brushing her blonde hair at bedtime, cooking together, wearing matching outfits for their night out, heck even disciplining Bailey. It all felt like she got to be a mother, and every time Bailey called her Mommy she felt a spike of happiness. Not the type of feelings she should be having for her boyfriend, heck she often thought of Bailey as a she with how he looked and acted. This all was just crazy and she knew, just knew things were wrong, yet every single other person that knew the truth, even him kept pushing ahead. Sure they had fought the other night and God that was hard, but he turned around and sought the help of Megan of all people to help pull this off. Amanda shook her head before placing her forehead on the cold metal door of her apartment for a moment before going inside to cool down and do some stretches before making something to eat.

Amanda came to no conclusions to any of her thoughts as she finished stretching and removing her sneakers. She considered showering and changing out of her yoga pants and sports bra, but decided some scrambled eggs sounded too good to be put off for something as trivial as getting clean. As she cracked a few eggs her mind wandered back to the problem and the best she could come up with is try not to think about a problem no one else was seeing. Bailey had given a blessing for Derrick, but he was always adventurous in bed with wanting to try things. Like when he brought up an open relationship, that went over like a led balloon at the time, but now she thought she understood. She did wish she could reward him in some way for this, but..." Amanda shuddered at the thought of just kissing Bailey on her red lips as she pushed the eggs around in the pan to scramble them as they cooked. No it made her feel like a lesbian at the thought of being with another female even if it wasn't really one. She thought to the nice lesbian couple downstairs, they looked cute together, and she enjoyed going to the farmers market with them a while back, but the idea of another woman in bed with her

just felt wrong. So that was it, April her best friend, Megan her sister, Bailey her boyfriend were all on board with the plan. She would stick with it and try to follow their advice and enjoy the time instead of fret over it.

As the morning went on Amanda got cleaned up and put her brain to work for Monday evening for the girls. Derrick was understanding about her financial situation and promised to not do anything extravagant, so far they had rented a pavilion at the same park all of this started at and were going to have a large adjoining white tent. So far she had an idea for setting up a hot chocolate bar, taking a small chalkboard and putting a picture frame around it for the sign. It would be cheap to make and look nice and to add white Christmas lights on the volleyball net nearby. Under the pavilion and inside the tent she thought about doing the same for lighting, but also adding some battery operated candles inside some small brown paper bags with cute patterns cut in them like lanterns. The thought of all of that made her smile at the simplicity of it as she started to work on the apartment. She actually had less to do than usual with Bailey doing chores, another nice change of pace. Bailey wanted to be treated as her daughter and she mostly responded well to doing what she was told. Though when Amanda looked in Bailey's room she did find something her darling daughter had been neglecting. She had done a few loads of laundry, but none of them were with her clothes judging by the overflowing hamper. Well if Bailey was playing the part she would too, Amanda thought as she picked up the hamper and brought it into her own bathroom. Putting it down in an unused corner she thought about Bailey going to her closet or drawer looking for something to wear and noticing that she had less and less to wear everyday. She would of course give the clothes back, but after Bailey asked for them and promised to keep up with her chores. This seemed like a much better solution than spanking.

Rushing out of the bedroom when she heard her ringtone go off she just missed the call from Derrick. Seeing his name instantly brought a smile to her face and she called him back.

"Hey good morning beautiful." She could hear the smile on his face and it only brightened her own. "How do you know how I look today, I could look a mess like

yesterday.” It was always fun for her to have a little banter with him, something Bailey often took negatively like she was second guessing him, but he too always made sure she knew how he felt in his own way. “Yesterday you were beautiful, you always are. Like a star, constant in the light you give to others.” She put a hand to her cheek feeling it warm up as the blush came to it. “I did not! I did not even put on any makeup yesterday.” Derrick didn’t say anything for a second, like he was unsure of himself. “You had on eyeliner, I don’t think I was imagining that, but that doesn’t matter. You Miss Best are beautiful, I can prove it to you.” Amanda looked over to the roses she brought home from the office and smelled them, loving the scent and the thought that brought them to her. “Oh that, I always have eyeliner that is tattooed on. Now how are you going to prove someone’s beauty?” She heard his hearty laugh at her question. “That is simple, take a picture of yourself and send it to me and I will tell you if you are beautiful or not.” Amanda giggled a little at his ridiculousness. “How is that going to prove anything? You are just going to say I’m beautiful no matter what.” The smile had yet to fade from her face as she gazed on the red petals of the flowers and listened to him. “Well it would give me another picture of you, something I will always want more of and you will get to hear me tell you exactly what you need to hear, that you Mandy are one of the most gorgeous woman I have ever laid eyes on and even with all that beauty it doesn’t compare to how beautiful you are on the inside.”

The blush only intensified as she bit her bottom lip. “Maybe... I will send you a photo. You coming over today?” She could hear someone else talking nearby and figured it was his daughter. “Afraid I can’t today, I am spending time with Candace.” Her smile faded just a little, it was wonderful he made time for her and she would be fine on her own till tonight when she picked her own daughter up. “But.. the elbow that hit me in the side is indicating I should hand the phone over to the blonde girl who is making grabbing hands.” Amanda could hear some shuffling as the phone was handed over. “What Daddy was trying to say is he can’t come over today, but HE would love it if you came to spend the afternoon with both of us, though he had an odd demand that we get to braid each other's hair. He is an odd man, but I for one think you should consider it.” Amanda gave a full throated laugh that felt wonderful to get out. “Tell him I would love too and I would of course give in to his power trip with giving demands this time.” The girl was obviously

happy with the noise she made before the phone was taken back from her. “Tell your father I’m looking forward to seeing him and that smile of his, see you soon.” She said knowing he already had the phone in hand before she hung up and moving to her bedroom to change into something she would rather be seen in.

Looking out the windows Bailey watched the traffic of the highway speed around. He couldn’t believe that he was going to the mall again, he had been in that place of worship to the god of shopping more recently than in the last year. He had long since gotten used to being out in public dressed this way, not that he had a real say in any of it, but at least this time traveling in Aunt Megan’s car he got to ride up front. He glanced over to the smiling woman driving the SUV and thought about how gracious she pretended to be before they left.

“Now that we have all the photos of your hair and makeup, the next step is to get some in the right dresses.” Bailey looked at her perplexed, but didn’t say a word about her plans for a dress up game. “Homecoming, Junior Prom. They are big events in a girl’s life and just because you were a tomboy doesn’t mean Auntie couldn’t have gotten you a makeover and a pretty outfit.” Megan raised an eyebrow at Bailey still seeing her perplexed. “Bailey honey, we can’t change makeup and hairstyles without spending money at the mall, so we did that here and then I will take photos of you in some pretty dresses and put it all together for the photos and make you look a little younger.” Bailey’s eyebrows went up as it all hit him, with how she was going to photoshop it all together to remake more of his past. “Now I didn’t want to spoil anything for you before, but I made an appointment yesterday for you at the salon as a reward for you if you were good! I’m so happy we didn’t have to cancel, but if you do a few more exercises without complaining I will let you choose what you get done today, isn’t that exciting?” The last time he was at that place his hair got longer and some of it became platinum blonde and while he never looked at all the services they had he didn’t want to know what she would have in store for him. Maybe he could just get his nails redone, or a pedicure, that felt wonderful last time. “Wow, that sounds like amazing! Just tell me what I need to do, Auntie.” He said with excitement in his voice that he sure didn’t feel. “Before we go you are going to get done another page in your math book and I would like you to repeat both

of your mottos five times in front of the mirror, but do so with a smile, but I don't want you to just say them. No, I want to hear you sing them, cause you love them."

He did as she asked and even danced a little in the mirror as he sang the mottos, last thing he wanted was her to say do it again because she just didn't think it felt real enough. Now as they pulled into the mall he was happy he did. Aunt Megan loved it, gave him a hug and told him his choices. Turns out he was getting his teeth whitened and the options were having his lips done with filler or something like that or eyelash extensions. He figured the eyelash thing would be like having mascara on all the time and the other would be giving him DSL and that was not something he wanted. So white teeth and longer lashes was the super easy choice. As the car parked Bailey pulled down the little mirror in the visor to check his makeup, a good girl always looks her best. Nothing was out of place and as he looked at his lips he congratulated himself on his foresight for adding the dancing, it was a massive victory not to have that done. "Oh you look fine pumpkin, lets go try on some dresses!" Bailey clapped his hands rapidly to make excited little claps as he smiled large enough to show teeth. "Yay!" Bailey's face shifted to a serious one as he looked at his Aunt. "But like I can't be the only one trying on dresses, this is a group activity." If he was going to have to be dragged through this, then at least he wanted to see the woman in a nice dress. One of the only saving graces to trying on some of the cute outfits with Candi was seeing the girl try them on too. "I think I'm a little old for homecoming or prom, but..." Megan stopped to think and smiled. "Sure that does sound like fun!"

Walking to their first destination, Megan stopped Bailey as she "accidentally" dropped her purse. "Bailey sweetie, could you pick that up for me." Bailey didn't even think twice about the request as he stepped closer, putting his heeled feet together and bending over at the waist to pick up the dropped item. A good girl is obedient. "Careful I would like totally die if I lost my purse." He lied to her. The more he stayed in character the more willing she seemed to be to play nice and he really needed her in a good mood to request she stop fudging going through his phone. Bailey hadn't even noticed how the dropped purse happened to be around a crowded area with plenty of boys to look at his khaki skirt covered ass as he stuck it in the air. "Oh stop, you would not die, stop being so dramatic."

Megan waved her hand in the air at Bailey as she took her purse back, feeling more than pleased at her niece's progress. She would need plenty of reinforcement, but she was coming along nicely.

Bailey was on his third dress before Megan looked happy. He watched as her face lit up as she waved her hand up and down at Bailey as she stood there in a long forest green sleeveless dress with lace bodice. It was long enough that it touched the floor even in the borrowed three inch heels. "That one suits you so well pumpkin! Let me take a few photos with you posing, oh gosh that is so nice on you." Bailey moved this way and that acting happy as can be to be her little model. "Thank you Auntie, but I think it is your turn and I saw just the thing!" Bailey hadn't taken the dress off yet when he grabbed Megan by the wrist and pulled her over to a dress that wasn't overly sexy, he didn't want to try that first. The dress was an A-line scoop neck almost knee length with a black lace top and a skirt that puffed out that was an almost gold color. "Oh Bailey, I think I might be a little... mature for that." Bailey let go of her wrist and pulled the dress off the rack. "Not at all! I could see you wearing this to a wedding or like if your work had a gala. Just think of Charles putting his arms around your waist in this." Bailey said to Megan holding the dress out. He thought she would look great in it, but like Mommy she would look good in anything... like Mandy, she would look good in just about anything. "Alright, I will try it on while you try on that pink one you picked out." The pink one you picked out not me he mentally corrected her. "That one is so pretty I just couldn't help myself." Bailey giggled as he went along with her fabrication of events. Bailey almost skipped to the dressing room to show just how excited he was, but had to tone it down due to his current heels being a little big on him.



Outside the dressing room Bailey held the pink tulle skirt in his fingers as he felt it swish every time he moved his hips from left to right. He was looking at himself in the pink sleeveless dress, the bodice was lace that was full of silver sparkly bits that faded into the tulle skirt that came down to mid thigh. It was a pretty dress and he thought back to his high school prom, when he was at his date's house watching her come down the stairs in her thin high heels and pink dress that looked much like the one he wore now. Though he thought hers was longer than the current one he wore. Thinking back to how she looked he was sure the dark haired girl, Mary... Mary Stewarts must have spent all day at the salon to get her straight mousy brown hair to be at least three shades darker and become a mass of curls. She was so beautiful and he couldn't wait to hold her close, dance with her and then have her legs up on his shoulders as he had her way with her later that night. Looking at himself now he felt guilty for breaking up with her two days later. He had been so looking forward to that night, but she didn't even want to go back to the hotel. Bailey remembered being upset at spending the money and how this was a right of passage and she didn't even want to give him what she owed. What she owed... that was a hard thought for him to swallow now that he had put another man's dick in his mouth on a date. She was so pretty though, and looking in the mirror at himself and the blue eyed, blonde woman approaching him from behind he knew she agreed with what he saw in the mirror. Aunt Megan knew he looked beautiful in the pink gown. "Bailey, you look wonderful! Do a little twirl for me!" Bailey did as she said pivoting on the ball of his foot as he did a little spin in the black heels that did not go with the outfit. "Thank you! I feel like a princess! Do you really think I look good?" Bailey did another little twirl for her giggling he did. When he stopped he took in the woman in front of him in the dress he had picked out, it looked fantastic on her.

"Aunt Megan, that like looks wonderful on you. You are like so pretty!" Megan gave Bailey a hug, he wasn't even sure if she thought about it before she did with how rapidly it happened. "Thank you." The woman's voice was quite like she was holding something in and when she pulled back he watched her wipe a tear that threatened its release. Megan looked at herself in the mirror, the dress would have to be adjusted or she would have had to find one a size bigger from her bust, but Bailey was right. The dress looked great on her and she could imagine dancing at a party in it on. She was under no illusion

that she wasn't pretty, the attention of Charles the two dates they, well sorta dates were proof of that, but she hadn't been dressed up in a long time and it was really nice to feel pretty. Pulling herself away from the mirror she looked back to her niece. "Now let's get some shots of you in that before we try on the next outfit." After taking the photos and shooing Bailey off, Megan took another look at herself in the three way mirror and snapped a few shots of herself. Thinking about maybe putting the outfit on layaway, for her work Christmas party, it was a way off so she wouldn't have to pay for it all at once.

Bailey got to see Megan in one more dress he picked out, this one had a deep v-neck and a skirt that went to just below her knees and he loved seeing her in it. He was less thrilled with the blue long sleeve blue flared skirt dress he tried on or the red prom dress that had one of those skirts that was short up front, but would drag on the floor if he hadn't been wearing heels. In each he posed and smiled. The overall experience at the dress store wasn't nearly as bad as he had expected. Aunt Megan was in a good mood, not once giving him a pop quiz or making him say how he likes to tease and please men while in the dresses. The best part was seeing her in that last dress, wow was she hot. What did surprise him was when she took that first dress he had her try on and brought it up to the register and put it on layaway. The store clerk was much more pleasant to them now than when they told her they were browsing now for Bailey's senior year. Walking out of the store Bailey figured the best time would be now for his request. "Aunt Megan, could umm." Bailey fumbled with his words, he had to get this right. "Yes pumpkin?" Megan looked at Bailey who was looking down at the ground and fidgeting with her clasped hands in front of her. "Do you, ahh.. Do you think maybe, you could please let me do all my texting. Please?" Megan pressed her index finger to her lips that had a small smile on it. Bailey was being so demure, not demanding. "If you think you are ready to be your true self with everyone I don't see why not, but I will be watching and will help guide you from time to time. How about that?" Bailey looked up to meet her blue eyes and gave her a big smile. "That sounds like amazing! Thank you!" Yes! Another victory, Bailey thought mentally celebrating. Megan watched as Bailey closed her eyes and danced a little in place and stifled a laugh at how cute Bailey was. "We have a little time before your appointment, how about we get a nice salad for lunch."



A salad was not his idea of a lunch, but he was starving and biting into a crisp cucumber sounded delicious right now. "That sounds sooooo good!" His mouth already watering, Bailey followed along happily through the mall.

Sitting with knees together and hands clasped in his lap Bailey kept a polite smile on his face as he engaged in conversation about the outfits he got to try on. "So like I know the red dress was more mature, but I loved the pink one so much. It was like without a doubt my fav." Megan swirled the iced water in her glass a little, as she looked at Bailey. She was never one to read fashion blogs, but it was fun to make Bailey talk about her preference on skirt length and what colors would look best on her. When their food came, Bailey savored the first bite of the salad with the fresh cut strawberries and a balsamic vinaigrette. He closed his eyes as he slowly checked the small bite, as he took in the flavor. "Is it that good?" Bailey stopped chewing for a second and looked at the

woman across from him. He almost opened his mouth to tell her it was, but instead picked up his napkin and touched it to his lips to buy a few seconds to swallow. "It's yummy." Yummy, where did that word come from? Bailey took another bite of the salad thinking about his own odd word choice and if it was a word he had heard Candi use. "I'm glad you are enjoying your day, want a bite of my flat bread pizza?" Bailey looked down at the cheese covered dish and as he thought about biting into the crispy dish the salad suddenly didn't taste as good, his mind telling him what she had was superior.

"Uhg, no thanks. I don't like need the carbs." Not trapping me today witch, I'm on to you. Megan took another bite of her meal seeing Bailey's expression change as he took another bite of the salad. "You sure? You don't look too happy with your choice?" She thought she would have to remind Bailey of her diet when she let her order, expecting a bacon cheese burger to be ordered. "Oh, it's like not the salad. I'm just sad we couldn't buy any of those cute dresses." His closet had enough female clothing, the last thing he wanted was another dress, hanging inside his closet, but it seemed like a better answer than letting her know he was jealous of her food and the price tag of them would keep her from buying it just to mess with him. "That's okay pumpkin, I'm sure you will be asked to prom and we can go shopping again, but I know a girl like you can have fun at the mall for days without buying anything. Couldn't you?" Bailey tilted his head and smiled before looking out at all the shops and people. When he went shopping he knew what he wanted, went in and got out. Spending extra time shopping was a waste of time. "Oh like fer sure, if I had my bestie with me we could have like all sorts of fun. Like trying on outfits like we did or checking out boys." Bailey giggled to emphasize the girlishness of it, but as he did his cheeks turned red as he remembered his wardrobe malfunction the other day. "I bet you do, how many do you think about taking in your mouth?"

"What!?" I want to show men I know how to please and sometimes I do it on my knees. The phrase went through his mind unbidden. "Aww Bailey sweetie, I should have just said it directly, I know you are slow and that is okay, your mother and I love you faults in all. I was asking you if you think about giving blow jobs to the cute boys you see. It's okay, you can tell me, your mom isn't around." Bailey put his fork down and pushed the half eaten salad away, suddenly not hungry. She was trying to get him to fuc... to fudge up so

she could have an excuse to punish him, and by golly he wasn't going to let her win. "Don't tell Mommy okay? But yeah sometimes I like to think about doing more than flirting." Bailey thought about what happened at the movie theater, feeling the cock in his hands pulse and squirt globs of the salty semen in his mouth. It was gut wrenching, and yet he couldn't help thinking of the list of nutrients that article said it had and it all made him want to cry. "I... I need to go freshen up." Bailey put the napkin down on the table and made his way to the ladies room to try and get his mind under control. "Focus Bailey, focus." He said looking at himself in his ruined AC/DC shirt that now showed off his stomach. Pulling out a tube of gloss from his purse he leaned closer to the mirror, trying to focus on the one task and free his mind from his past actions. A good girl always looks her best, he thought, pursing his lips as he tilted his head this way and that to see his face from different angles. The simple task required him to pay close attention to what he was doing, and no time for his mind to wonder. As he capped the lip gloss he smiled at himself, and not taking time to consider when applying makeup became a mental palate cleanser.

The click, clack of his borrowed heels echoed in the vacant bathroom as he left and made his way back to the table. He was just about to smooth his skirt out to sit down when he was stopped. "No need to sit down pumpkin. Bill is already paid and we have to get going." Bailey looked at his unfinished salad and wished the talk hadn't caused him to monetarily lose his appetite. With a nod of his head he followed his tormentor and at least got to enjoy the sight of her rear as he walked behind her, but paid little attention to those watching him go by for the same reason.

Getting up to the counter of the salon, Bailey checked out the woman coming up to greet them. She had raven black hair with red highlights, her makeup was subtle except for her lips that were a matte red. She wore a micro pleated black skirt, a red tank top and chunky boots. "Good afternoon, my niece has an appointment for teeth whitening and two other services. We unfortunately are going to have to cancel the work on her lips, she..." Megan stopped talking when the girl looked away as someone else yelled out the name Heather. "I'm so sorry, have a seat and I will be right with you." She said before running off to the backroom. "Well she needs a lesson in customer service, but at least

she wasn't looking at her phone." Bailey looked at Megan as he turned his face away from his phone that he had just taken out when he heard it vibrate. "Okay, I have to go get my laptop from the car and work on those photos for you. Can I trust you here?" Bailey nodded at her, thinking about the unsaid part of her question. Can she trust him here like a big girl? He thought about having to go back to her place and put on that Cinderella bathing suit and play in the sprinklers, or worse if she thought about the splash pad the park had. "You can like always trust me at the mall!"

Bailey crossed his legs as he sat down, he bounced one foot a little as he let the heel dangle from his toes as he looked back to his phone.

Candi: Wait is this for like real?

Bailey: ?

Candi: What you sent me silly

Bailey: Oh like totally

Candi: I dunno, like what if it tastes bad or like, I'm not good at it.

Candi: Or like I gag and throw up!

Candi: I saw you doing it and thought it was so hot, August looked so happy and like Ryan asked if I could, but I've thank God he didn't push me. Ya know

Candi: what was it like for your first time? Were you scared?

Looking down at the little screen, Bailey thought about how terrified he was, but if he said that she might ask why and he need not bring more attention to that subject. So instead he thought about the first time a girl went down on him. He had taken the girl, God he couldn't think of her name, it was one of the clerks at his parents store. He had taken her to a planetarium, one he loved going to over and over again as a kid, but it later turned into his favorite date location. The girl was nervous, but she seemed willing enough so long as he encouraged her with plenty of compliments. He thought about her lips around his dick.

Bailey: Just like take it slow, you can let Ryan or whoever set the pace.

Putting the phone back in his purse Bailey picked up one of the magazines talking about different hair styles. He really needed to get his mind off the topic of that girl and her lips and tongue. He did not want to pop out of the tuck kit and have a bulge in his skirt as some hot girl loomed over him. He heard the phone buzz a few more times, but ignored it in favor of reading the articles. Dang that woman and her article he had to send. Bailey flipped the page as he read and then on to the next before the woman from before, Heather called him up. "So I see you have seen Angie here before, but with what we have you booked for you are in the hands of Katya. She doesn't speak a lot of English, but she is fantastic. Not that you will be able to say much with what you are getting done today, oh you will look just fab!

Looking over Heather's shoulder he saw a leggy blonde he couldn't believe worked all day in the heeled boots she wore. The girl had to be Katya, her look scream Russian model. "Bailey, yes?" He had barely nodded when she hooked a finger and beckoned him to follow. "Good, you come." Looking back to Heather he remembered to double check she had adjusted the appointment. "Heather you like heard my Aunt before about the lips right?" She looked at Bailey confused and clicked something on the keyboard. "Hmm... yeah I got it. You are all set!"

Relieved at the answer Bailey followed the blonde woman, the second blonde he got to follow today with a nice ass. Aunt Megan's was nice but Katya he was sure he could bounce a coin off of. "Have seat." When Bailey sat down she leaned in close and put her hand on his jaw. "Show teeth like this." She said baring her upper and lower teeth. She gave an appraising look to Bailey's teeth. They weren't perfect by any means, he only really got into the habit of brushing them when he got braces. He only went in for a cleaning because a new dentist office opened up and sent out fifty percent off teeth cleaning and Mommy had... Mandy had told him to check it out and it was only because of her insistence that he follow through with the dentist's recommendation for braces. She blew off his objections of it costing too much without insurance with the office being willing to finance it. In the end it was worth it, but it was a year's worth of embarrassment. Still holding his jaw, Katya nodded and said something he couldn't understand. "Ty smotret' slabyy kak detka. Ya ne nado khotet' golovnaya bol' (You look

as weak as a baby. I don't want a headache). You take this, less bol'. Good, Bailey, we can make you krasivaya. Hmm, mean beautiful.." He wasn't sure what bol' meant or a lot of what she said, but it looked like she was handing him an aspirin and a glass of champagne. The place smelled of chemicals so he was happy to take it and the alcoholic beverage and had no plan to tell the woman he was eighteen. With how little he had been allowed to drink as of late he really wanted to enjoy it, but the stern looking beauty looked as if she wanted him to hurry up so he downed the rest of the glass. He noticed she gave him an odd look as she took the empty wine glass from him. "Good, now otkrytyy." She said while opening her own mouth wide, her gesture was enough for Bailey to understand what she wanted him to do. Katya squirted a paste into what looked like a mouth guard and put it in his mouth. "You bite, no swallow. Okay?" Bailey nodded his head, feeling the paste that he was biting into. "For the eyes you lean back, and get relax. You close glaza, hmm how you say?" She stopped for a second and pointed to one of her eyes. "Ewwws" Bailey tried giving her the answers and she gave him a sad smile. "Thank you, but no talk or you will swallow." With his saliva he already got a taste of the paste and thought it best to heed her warning. So he leaned back in the chair as she reclined it and closed his eyes.

It felt odd like she was putting tape or something just under his eyes. "I clean first, you will like." He heard Katya say before a warm wet cloth went over his eye lids and lashes. It was followed by what he knew was alcohol wipes. As felt the different wipes and cloth he couldn't help, but follow her instructions to relax. Most of the talking and sounds felt like background noise from a sound machine to help him sleep then a busy room full of women gabbing on about things. He even had trouble focusing on Katya as she said something about sixteen millimeters and type D curl. It felt so peaceful, he wasn't sure why he was dreading this at all. At one point he felt a small prick of pain on his lips, then again. "Wwwt ws tht?" He tried to find out what just happened, but regretting moving his jaw. Not only did some of his paste filled saliva go down his throat, it tasting awful and burning its way down, but he felt someone grip his jaw again. "No detka, be still." The pricks of pain returned and he knew it should bother him, but it felt like it didn't really matter right now. Maybe a problem for later or maybe the Russian woman was just

redoing his makeup and didn't know how to be gentle.

Bailey wasn't really sure how much time passed as he leaned back in the chair with his eyes closed. At some point the mouth guard was removed and out back in, but eventually he felt the chair pushing him up and someone tapping his exposed knee. "Wake now detka Bailey." Bailey opened his eyes, they felt heavy and at first it was like looking through a curtain and his mind took a few moments to figure out why. "Heheheh my eyes have curtains... my mouth feels swollen." Bailey put his fingers to his lips before looking up blinking at the Russian woman, to her it just looked like the girl was fluttering her new lashes. "What did you do to me?" He asked confused at the woman who only looked proud. She spun the chair around so Bailey could see himself in the mirror. "You love it, yes?"

Looking in the mirror Bailey got lost looking at himself. The girl in the mirror had long curly lashes and thick lips that naturally parted so that you could see just a little bit of her teeth when they were at rest. The girl in the mirror had perfect lips for sucking him off. He focused on those lips as he watched the girl in the mirror part them and run her tongue over them, momentarily forgetting he was looking at himself. "You like, I can tell. You now krasivaya, like me." Katya had bent down to have her face near his own, breaking him out of some of his fog when he felt her hand on his shoulder. "Krasivaya." He tries the word out, watching his plump lips move. "Yes, Bailey you are krasivaya, is beautiful. And did you see teeth?" For the first time Bailey noticed his white teeth, that someone made the girl's mouth in the mirror, his mouth more inviting. "Oh like wow... I am." Bailey looked to the woman for the word again. "Krasivaya" She said and he repeated. While trying to figure out why he looked the way he did when he had been a good girl and wasn't going to get his lips done.

Sitting down at one of the metal frame tables outside the coffee shop, Megan set out her laptop and booted it up before taking a sip of the cafe mocha she ordered. She sat uploading the dress photos into her computer and opening them up in Photoshop along with the photos of Bailey from that morning. Slowly she started to weave them together and then adjust her lovely niece to fit the age she thought she should be for each dress.

Eighth grade dance for the blue dress, Sophomore Homecoming for the green, Junior Homecoming for the pink, and Junior Prom for the red. The word wouldn't be complete until she got some shots of Bailey in some different heels for the outfits, but she was extremely proud of her work. While she was working she had lost her awareness of her surroundings, with all her focus on her creation. "Oh wow she looks so pretty, wait.. Is that Bailey!" Megan looked up at April, her sister's best friend and stood up. "April! So nice to see you." She said with a hug. "Yeah, my little niece needed some photos from when she was younger and I figured I could do just that." Megan said proudly, she hadn't really used that class she took after the divorce much until now and she was extremely happy how things turned out with the images."That and the documents you said you had made. Was that real, like you really have legal documents for Bailey Ann Best?"

Megan sat back down in her chair and motioned for April to take one of the other chairs. She almost sat down before looking at Megan's drinks. "Hold that answer, I could use something like that first." She said before going into the shop. Megan went back to changing Bailey in the images, altering the hair an even color, or shrinking her size. "My little niece looks do cute, Amanda would have been beside herself with joy seeing her grow up." She said to herself as she remembered showing her photos of Becky and her friends and dates going off for her prom night. It made her wonder if Bailey Ann had been around growing up if her Rebecca would have been different with her ditzy, loving attitude.

"So tell me what you have been working on." April said as she sat back down with a large coffee. "How about I show you instead." Megan said, turning her laptop to face the dark haired woman. "Oh it is like a photo album of Bailey through the years. Photo with Santa is so cute!" She looked up from the laptop amazed. "That is incredible, did you alter the image you found online or one of your daughter when she was little?" That was just too good and she just had to show her the truth. "No, actually I just used a picture I took of Bailey. Here let me show you her sitting in front of a green screen." April was going to ask about the use of female pronouns, but those words died as she saw Bailey in different poses wearing that dress and little bow. "Okay, tell me how that came about!" April was astonished seeing Bailey looking like some cute girl that no one would see as an eighteen

year old, let alone a twenty five year old man.



"Well that was partly me, not sure if you heard about the fight my sister had with Bailey." April swallowed a mouth full of her caffeinated drink. "Yeah, Amanda was pretty upset, even after talking to you about how Bailey left in the middle of the night to go work on this with you." Megan made a face at that. "Well... that isn't the whole truth, but you can't tell Amanda. She would break if she heard what really happened." April leaned closer. "That isn't what happened?" Shaking her head Megan told the story of how Bailey ran away from home that night. "So you see in the end he fled because he couldn't stand the idea of having to keep acting like some bimbo teenager, his words." Hearing the story April was wide eyed at the idea that he would just run in the middle of the night and not talk to Amanda about it. If he hadn't looked so much like a young girl and been accused of stealing a credit card he would have ruined Amanda and her career. "Though after a long discussion he did agree to keep this going and he knows how bad he fucked up. I told him how if he didn't want to act like a bimbo he shouldn't have chosen that as the personality and he just kinda shrugged, but I said we can work on that image to improve it." Squeezing her hand around the chair's armrest, April didn't say a word at first, just seething mad that he would go and do something like that and that idea that he was tired of keeping up appearances of something he shouldn't have done to begin with. "Why the heck did he decide that is how he would act?" Megan held in a smile as she gave a small shrug. "He told me about the date he went on with your brother, said he acted flirty and coy with him, giving him little touches and innuendo like a girl should on a date.. I would imagine the answer would be the same considering what he came up with to help him stay in character." April's anger subdued for a second and went to puzzlement as she remembered Bailey had gone out with August. He had acted so happy and recently asked her to see if Amanda would give her some more free time for another date soon. "He actually said that is how we should act on dates? Wait, what did he come up with?"

Megan tapped a few keys on her keyboard, moving to a different folder and hit enter to start the video clip of Bailey looking in the mirror in his little girl outfit doing curtsies and reciting the good girl motto. "He came up with that himself, the clothes were my idea as a kind of punishment. Said he was acting like a child running away so I dressed him like one." April watched the video and then restarted it to watch it again, mouth hanging open. "So girls should act flirty on dates, they should be obedient, seen and not heard."

Megan could see the other woman's jaw clenching. "If it makes you feel any better, that date with your brother is one of the reasons he couldn't stand the act any more. Apparently he learned what happens when a girl flirts too much with a boy. Seems all the touching let August... his name is August right?" April nodded her head, but didn't say a word, wanting to hear the rest of the story. "Well August, kissed my flirty niece and he didn't know how to get him to stop." That made April break into a full laugh at the idea of the small man that she had seen all over Amanda, being at the mercy of her brother. "Wow, just oh wow, that is too much. I can't imagine my brother playing tonsil hockey with another man, but seeing those images you created and how much Bailey looked like a teenage girl that is just too much.. Well maybe just the perfect amount."

After looking through all the photos, April smiled and started to type out a text message to Amanda after an idea struck her.

April: I have an amazing idea!

April: For the party let's hang some twine in the area with photos of the girls.

Amanda: That is a good idea, we have a few from this last week.

April: Oh no, your sister has done so much magic with her laptop. Here look at this photo of your daughter when she went to her Sophomore Homecoming.

Amanda: ...

Amanda: She made this?

April: She has a bunch and I think we should use them.

Amanda: I want to see them all! Yes, this is fantastic!

Amanda: Bailey looks so cute!



Putting her phone down on the metal frame table and smiled at Megan. “Those photos are going to be a hit at Bailey’s eighteenth birthday party. I’m sure Bailey will be so happy for everyone to see her growing up.” April finished off her large coffee before watching the video one last time. “Okay, I won’t tell Amanda about Bailey running away, he did come back after all, but I am absolutely going to tell her about her daughter’s little motto. If Bailey thinks that is how a girl should act, then he will have to keep that up at home.”

Standing back in front of the store Bailey tried to get his thoughts in order, it was just difficult like moving through mud. He thought, no he knew this was bad, but to work up enough emotional energy to be angry was difficult. It wasn’t like Friday night when he just felt so drained he had nothing left, it was like if he tried hard enough he could, but

then he might lose focus on everything else. “You Aunt left her card number on file with us, Megan Lilly Best, oh I love that name. You are so lucky to have a good last name like that, mine is as generic as they come, Smith.. Ugg so bland.” Bailey tried to grimace as her, but all he mustered was pursing his thick lips. “Hey.. that is like my last name.” He said not liking her making fun of his name, Smith wasn’t bad, like... like... Agent Smith, he was cool and powerful and stuff. Thinking of the action movie made Bailey smile as Heather looked at him from her register. “Ahh yeah I know girl, and it is awesome. OH do you ever tell people you are the best?” Bailey was already nodding, remembering telling Candi he was the Best sister and let out a giggle at the memory. She was fun to be around, draining, but spending time with someone who was just naturally happy felt good. “Well now I say you look your BEST, so how about we schedule you for another appointment with Tatya to keep that going?” He did need to see her again, he was supposed to tell her to fix his lips and undo it. Wait.. Heather was supposed to cancel this, but she said she did. “Yeah, yeah I do can like I see her now? My lips, she did my lips.” Heather started typing into the system and stopped after just a few keystrokes. “Someone is fishing for compliments.” She said with a smile. “Tatya can see you say next week, I will just go ahead and book it for you now. Your lips Miss Best look the Best and we will make sure they stay that way for you.” Heather beamed a smile, happy at using the girls name. “Can, can I see her sooner?” Bailey pleaded, not fully grasping what she was saying. “Afraid not, she is a popular girl and we are happy to have her here and you as a steady customer. Now I hope you have the BEST day you can.”

Walking out of the store Bailey wasn’t watching where he was going, looking down at the card held between two of his long nailed fingers that had the store's name and his appointment time. The card fell from his hands as he bumped into a man. More startled than anything Bailey looked at the very annoyed expression on his and what looked like his girlfriend or wife's face. “Oops, like sorry I wasn’t watching and like didn’t think...” The huffy woman that was at least now holding the man’s hand interrupted Bailey. “You don’t do much thinking do you.” It wasn’t a question and Bailey just thought that it really was hard to think, and how that champagne really hit him hard, but at least he didn’t have a headache thanks to the aspirin. “Yeah...” He said with a giggle thinking about the small victory again of not having a throbbing head after spending so much time in the

salon and hoped to remember to take some before his next appointment. "Oh, I need my card!" Bailey said, turning around and putting his feet together before bending over to pick it up. "Henry!" The girl said, raising her voice and Bailey saw her slap his chest as he got up holding his card. She looked a lot madder now than before as she pulled the embarrassed looking man away. Bailey heard something about a slut and looked around for who her man might have been looking to get that kind of treatment, but found no one. Pouting a little when he didn't find someone right away he crossed his arms over his chest, about to complain about not having any luck when he caught sight of a red headed woman in tight jeans and wearing high heeled sandals. "Oh, there she is!" Now with a smile on his face Bailey followed the woman, eyes glued to her rear.

"Bailey dear, what are you doing?" Hearing his name Bailey's attention fell away from the women and looked to the side where the voice came from and saw Aunt Megan and Miss April sitting. Looking back at the woman who was now looking at him perplexed, he smiled at her and answered the question looking between the three women. "I like was looking at your jeans and was trying to catch up to ask where you got them." The woman gave a bright smile as she looked down at her pants. "I just got these at Macy's, they are on sale right now twenty percent off!" It worked, girls always want to talk about clothes he thought "Well they like look great on you." The woman seemed happy with the compliment and thanked Bailey and wished him a good day. Turning back to the others Bailey had been so lost in what he was doing that he had completely forgotten about meeting up with Aunt Megan. "Bailey what happened to your lips?" April said seeing Bailey for the first time in a while. He had changed so much, his hair style was super girly, with it fading to platinum, his nails, his eyelashes and his lips. "Bailey we canceled the lip appointment, you were just supposed to get your eyes done, though I do admit you look good." Megan said, a little perplexed looking at him. Shaking his head enough to cause his earrings and hair to move about Bailey moved forward with a quick mincing pace. "Nooo! They also did my teeth, see?" He said, opening his mouth and pointing to his now much whiter teeth. "She said I look krasivaya not good and like I made another appointment to make sure I look right." He said handing over the appointment card.

April was shocked that Bailey was acting like a vapid girl, wanting to show off what she

got done and making appointments to maintain it. Megan had said how he wrote and was trying to follow good girl lessons, but this was far beyond that. It was like he was doubling down on the personality he chose to act out back on the day of the picnic. She wasn't sure if his goal was to make Amanda look bad by having a bimbo of a daughter if he had to keep up the act, but he was dead wrong and if he wanted to play that game she was more than happy to make sure he or well she stayed in the lane that was chosen. Maybe then he would see how much those stereotypes hurt. "Bailey, a good girl always looks her best, that is why you chose to get your eyelashes, lips and teeth done right?" Bailey gave a small smile and nodded his head. "A good girl always looks her best." He repeated automatically, his mind telling him no that wasn't the question after he had already said it. "What else makes a good girl?" April asked, already knowing the answer from what Megan had shown her. Bailey wanted to tell her he didn't want this done, but he had to answer her question. "A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud." April stood up from her chair and gave Bailey a small hug and looked the disguised man in the eye. "Good, I will make sure you are just that." She said, tapping her index finger to his nose and giving a smile. "Well I have to get going. Megan, always a pleasure and send the rest of those files when you get a chance." Bailey didn't want her to leave thinking this was his idea. "No, wait, stay. Aunt Megan took me to the salon and.." April looked back at him, interrupting the whiny talk before it went too far. "Yes and you look lovely or what was the word you used krasi..." She struggled to remember the word and pushed on without it. "You look lovely, but I have to go. We will see each other tomorrow morning when I pick you up for a doctor's appointment."



"Krasivaya... and what doctor?" Bailey said in a small and confused voice. "We will talk tomorrow more about that and all of... this." She said, waving her hand over Bailey. "You two enjoy the rest of your day." Bailey looked back to the blue eyed woman who had started all of this with confusion, hoping she would tell him what was going on. She closed her laptop and put it inside her bag before standing up. "I think the last thing we need to do now is get some photos of you in some shoes, oh and if you are good maybe we can see about that sale on jeans. I bet you would love a pair of sexy jeans to squeeze into." Jeans, pants, yes that was exactly the kind of thing he wanted and he knew she would try to trip him up so he couldn't have them, but.. But.. Bailey shook his head, the mental fog still giving him trouble and he hated how his lack of food had caused him so much trouble. No he wasn't going to let her win, he was going to be a good girl and get a pair of jeans! "YES!" Bailey cried out happily. "Shoes and then the sale!"

Placing one hand under Bailey's jaw Megan tilted the feminized man's head up as she took a closer look at the thick swollen lips. "Bailey, now that she is gone tell me why you got your lips done." They had done a wonderful job in Bailey, her lashes were now long with natural looking curl. Her lips came out well enough that just looking at them would give men ideas and they went wonderful with her pearly white smile. "I like told Heather to make sure everything was right and it wasn't..." Megan jerked Bailey's chin up more forcing his jaw to close. "You look right to me, and I think you look your best. Isn't that what you want?" Bailey wanted to tell her how everything went wrong, but still couldn't manage to get to worked up, but the mention of looking her best made Bailey nod his head just a little as she still held him. Megan let go of Bailey, amused at the fortunate turn of events, and how Bailey had kept himself rather calm.

"Are you telling me the salon made a mistake and did you lips?" Bailey nodded, not saying a word. Aunt Megan had cut him off before and mentioned his motto. He didn't want her to force his mouth closed again, that hurt a little. A good girl is seen and not heard. "And you didn't want it to be done." Bailey shook his head no. "But you want to look your best?" Bailey nodded yes, and remembered to smile. "I would say with your lips looking like that if we add your lipstick, you will look your best. So go ahead and fix your lips and then tell me what you think of them." Bailey pulled his phone out from his purse

and some red lipstick. Turning the camera on to use it as a mirror he rolled the red over the slightly tender lips. Pressing his lips together to make sure it was evenly applied he took another glance at how he looked. Thick fluttering lashes framing his large green eyes and those large kissable lips. She looked kissable, fuckable, beautiful, and it was him. A good girl always looks her best, and the girl on the screen looked her best. If he wanted jeans, he had to be a good girl, if he wanted to stay on Aunt Megan's good side he needed to be a good girl. "I like do look my best, so how could I be anything but happy!" Megan smiled at the response, she was learning her lessons, though Bailey did still seem a little off. "Great then let's go look at shoes." She said linking arms with Bailey. "Oh I love shoes." Bailey chimed in as they went off to their next destination.

Jeremy's heart started to beat quicker as he saw Bailey coming into the store with a taller and more mature woman in the best possible ways. He thought it had to be her and Candi's mom. The girls hadn't texted him but once or twice and he was too afraid to start a conversation and look desperate, but maybe if he made a good impression with their mom. He put the box he was holding on the shelves and glanced over at his own mom. She almost always seemed disappointed in him, or afraid he would get hurt, but if he got a girlfriend like Bailey or Candi she would be proud. He tucked his black polo work shirt that read Shoeholoc back into his pants and told himself he could do this a few times before making his way to the two beautiful blonde women. As he got closer he noticed Bailey looked a little different.

"Hey Bailey, wow you look incredible!" Jeremy said with a little wave as he got closer. "This must be your mom. Hi I'm Jeremy." He looked between the two of them and forced himself to say a little more. Girls like compliments, you can do this. "I can see where your daughters get their looks from. You both look very, ahh pret.. beautiful today." Megan took the young man in and if he kept growing and his shoulders filled in he be handsome. For now he could be described as cute. "A pleasure to meet you Jeremy, always nice to meet a young man with manners. Bailey your friend gave us a compliment, what do you say?" Bailey remembered Candi talking about him having a self-esteem problem, and how they both gave him a kiss on the cheek for a photo. Stepping closer to him Bailey pressed his newly plump lips to his cheek. Giving him a kiss, and leaving a red lipstick

mark when he pulled away. "Thank you Jeremy." Bailey said, smiling and twisting his hips a little to make it look like he was happy to have received the compliment.

Jeremy put his hand over where he had been kissed and blushed hard, while Megan raised an eyebrow at Bailey. "How, ahh umm, I um. How can I help you both today?" Megan smiled at the young man, seeing him so completely flustered from a kiss on the cheek was beyond cute. "My niece needs to see a variety of heels today. We don't need to bother you and can help ourselves." After giving him a peck on the cheek Bailey was sure Aunt Megan would draw this out, and was pleasantly surprised when she told him they didn't need him. "Oh it is no bother! Your ahhh niece and I are friends and I was hoping to umm..." Jeremy forced himself to make eye contact with Bailey. "Was hoping we could get to know each other better. So you just tell me what you need and I will find it!" The alcohol must have been wearing off, because Bailey sure felt the rise of his panic levels. Oh God! Another boy is into me. I'm a man not some dick craving bimbo! As he thought the word dick the lines he had said over and over again in the mirror bubbled forward. Her name was Bailey, she liked to tease, she liked to show the boys she knew how to please and sometimes did it on her knees. "Well if you insist, we both would love to hear more about you."

Sitting in one of the chairs, Bailey twirled his hair around one of his fingers as Jeremy brought more and more shoes for him to try on. Each time he helped put them on and take them off, while Megan would ask him questions. Like where he went to school, how long he worked here and the most often question. What was his opinion on the current pair Bailey was wearing. She would show him the photos of the last pair and ask him what was better, leaving Bailey out of it mostly. Except when she asked "it is nice to get a man's opinion, isn't it?" Bailey felt forced to agree, as he felt one of the boy's hands on the back of his calf and the other slipping another heeled shoe on. "It is like so hard for me to decide what I like best, knowing what you like Jeremy, like really helps." The boy's hand lingered a little longer than was needed as he smiled up at Bailey. "You know Jeremy, I don't think we are going to go with any of these. If you had to pick one shoe here in the store for Bailey, what one do you think just fits her?" Jeremy bounced to his feet and pointed at Megan for just half a second in his excitement. "I know just the ones, be right

back!" He said running off down one of the isles.

"Bailey I want you to show that cute boy how much you love what he picks out, okay?" Bailey automatically nodded his head. But wondered what she meant, like was he to give him a hug and kiss him on the cheek or did she want him to fully kiss the boy. My name is Bailey and I like to tease... No, no she wouldn't, would she? "Umm like how much?" Megan looked at Bailey dumbfounded, tilted her head and squinted just a little. Trying to figure out what she meant, before her eyes went wide. "No, you little slut, just tell him you love whatever he picks." She said in a whispered voice. A blush came to Bailey's face, that wasn't what he meant, did she know that and was messing with him? Feeling embarrassed Bailey looked down at his painted toes, sitting next to box after box of heels. When Jeremy returned he opened a SK box that contained pink stiletto pointed toe heels. "This line is called Barbie stiletto, we have them in a few colors, but I just thought these..." Jeremy's voice trailed off as his confidence at his pick started to leave him. Bailey could feel the woman's gaze bore into him. "Oh my God! These are so cute! I love just love them, can you help me put them on?" Bailey hadn't meant to also flutter his lashes as he held out his foot, but the damn things made blinking look like an invitation. "I just love them, Jeremy, but like a hundred and thirty dollars is too much for me right now. Otherwise I would totally buy them."



A mischievous grin came to Megan's face. "Don't be silly Bailey, tomorrow is your birthday party. I can put it in my credit card as a gift." Jeremy looked to Megan and then back to Bailey. "You are having a party tomorrow?" He sounded hurt to Megan, but knew he wouldn't be for long. "That's right. We are celebrating both Candi and Bailey's

eighteenth at the local park. It was a last minute thing, Bailey said she was going to ask you to come, but my niece would forget her head if it wasn't attached. It starts at six pm, do you think you can make it?" The boy's face lit up and he looked across the room to the register. "I have to ask my mom if it is okay, but I really want to!" Standing up from her chair Megan put a hand on his shoulder. "Is that your mom over there at the register?" He quickly nodded, but looked a little embarrassed. "I would love to talk to her and find out for you, and maybe get to know the woman that raised such a fine young man. You two stay here for a few minutes before following."

Jeremy looked at Bailey with a small smile, and he could just feel the seventeen year Old's eyes running over his body. "You look like you changed. I mean, you look amazing Bailey. I hope I can come to your party." Repressing a shudder at how he was being looked at Bailey smiled and cocked his head to the side. "I don't like know what is planned, but having you there would make that night like so much more." Worse, horrible, depressing were the words he wanted to add, but instead Bailey just pretended to get distracted as he played with his long hair. A second or two later he met Jeremy's eyes with a wide smile. "I'm sorry, like what was I saying?" The stupid girl act just might be able to get him out of conversations and doing things he didn't want to do, Bailey thought of it like it was a strike of lightning, a moment of genius and how much he was sure some girls did the same thing. "You were talking about your party." Jeremy said helpfully. "Oh yeah, you should like totally come." Bailey giggled trying to play it up. The act only made Jeremy laugh, and Bailey wasn't sure if he was laughing with him or at his expense with acting dumb. "Oh like, let's head over to my Auntie." Bailey took two steps in the pink pumps when Jeremy put his hand on Bailey's arm. "Hold up, let's put your old shoes in the box do you don't forget them and you can wear those out."

"There you two are, I was just telling Christeen how small of a world it is. Her and Jeremy live just two blocks from my house. She even invited me to a book club she runs." None of that mattered to Bailey, except if she had less free time she might mess with him less. "That is like amazing Auntie." He giggled. "I have also given permission for Jeremy to go to your party and I wanted to thank you and your sister for inviting him." Seeing the skinny woman, he had expected a harsher voice with the way she looked at things,

like the definition of resting bitch face, but it was light with a pleasant tone. "Oh like of course!" Bailey was forced to stand there for another twenty minutes as the adults talked. Yay, good for you. Now you have a friend, come let's go already. He wanted to say, but a good girl is seen and not heard. So Bailey stood there holding the box in both hands in front of him like a demure girl should, an outburst now would cost him a pair of jeans.

Finally leaving the store they headed to Macy's for the sale Bailey dreamed about, not because of the reduced price, but the ability to wear pants. He started to think about maybe she would let him get a few pairs, a light pair and a dark pair. When Megan stepped in front of Bailey, just in front of the store he suddenly had a feeling of dread, like his hopes were too high. "We spent a good deal of money today pumpkin, those new heels you fell in love with were expensive. I'm not sure you need a pair of jeans, what do you say we get home and prepare for your mom to pick you up for tonight?" No, nooooo he needed this. "Auntie, but haven't I been a good girl all day?" Megan took a moment to consider that and nodded. "You have been, but I also wasn't expecting to buy you those shoes. How about we make a trade, you give me something and I will get you a pair of jeans. Jeans you can wear whenever you want all summer long, what can you give me of equal value?" This wasn't fair, she promised! What could he give her that she couldn't take or command him to do? "What.. what do you want?" Megan shook her head at the reply. "Come on, you can try harder than that."

Bailey wracked his brain for something she would want him to give her, something that would make him suffer. He had given up real food, alcohol, his gender.. "Ahh, umm do you want my game system?" That made Megan laugh, not just because that wasn't close to what she wanted, but also the idea of Bailey giving up all his video games for a single pair of girls jeans. "No, from what I understand you and Candi had fun playing that, I wouldn't want to take away from your fun with your best friend." She watched Bailey dart her thickly lashed eyes around the mall like the answer was somewhere around there. "How about this as an offer? You get a pair of jeans and you in addition to doing your exercises and workbook at home, you will say your mottos while looking in the mirror every day and of course you will video record it for me." Jeans, pants.. Something remotely masculine for saying the phrases she was already making him do. If she wanted

couldn't she just tell him to say them whenever she wanted? No she doesn't have that kind of time. Bailey hesitated wondering if it was worth saying those horrible lines everyday. "Don't worry about it pumpkin, let's just head home." Megan said, putting both hands on his shoulders and gently turning him around. When Bailey was facing away from the store he looked down at his bare hairless legs under the khaki skirt that ended in the pink heels. "No... I really want the jeans." He whined and at those words Megan stopped pushing on him, but instead leaned close over his shoulder. "Are you sure?" Bailey started to slowly nod and picked up pace with each consecutive move of his head. "Yes, I will say my mottos and I get some jeans."

When Bailey left the store he owned a pair of jeans, not ones he loved at all. In fact he wasn't sure they were going to fit, the pair she had him try on were tight and then she picked up the next size down and just bought them without him trying them on. It was not perfect, it was not great, but they were jeans and saying a few lines in front of a mirror was an easy price to pay. He held the two bags, one in each of his hands, head held high. Today things got out of control, but Aunt Megan was slipping to let him get pants in exchange for a few words.

As Bailey laid out Becky's old bed struggling to pull his new jeans on he knew one thing for sure. Aunt Megan was not slipping, not all. The jeans had a little give to them, but he was sure this was more akin to what it would be like to put on latex with how hard it was to get the low rise skinny jeans on. Bailey exhaled as he buttoned the pants he so desperately wanted, or thought he did. Standing up he slid his feet into his new heels and put on the shirt Aunt Megan told him to wear. It was the same light pink shirt with my little pony on it that he had to wear with the stupid children's overalls, but now it looked different with a C-cup bra instead of the A-cup. Now it no longer went all the way down, stopping just below his navel.

Bailey pursed his now thick lips as he looked himself over. How do I look like some teen bimbo, how did this even happen? He asked himself as he reached for a brush to fixed his now messy hair. Moving in his new pants felt odd, he had never worn pants that clung to him like a second skin and as he turned to look at himself from different angle he was

pretty sure he had a better ass than the lady he was following earlier in the day. Sitting down on the edge of the bed he crossed his legs and rested his head in his palm as he braced his elbow on his now crossed leg as he just watched the feminine creature in the mirror over the dresser. The day wasn't over and it had been crazy and he wondered what Candi had been up to.

Leaning over to the nightstand Bailey hit dial on his phone to call the girl. He didn't really need to talk with her, but she was always this ball of sunshine and he was feeling a little down. "Hey sis! How are you feeling?" Bailey had actually forgotten he was supposed to be sick. Uncrossing his leg and crossing the other one as he watched himself in the mirror, no that girl didn't look sickly at all. "Better, but like everything that happened kinda ruined my weekend. Cheer me up?" Bailey could hear a door closing and assumed she closed her bedroom door. "Well I'm glad you are feeling better, and I do know exactly how to cheer you up. The new X-Men movie is coming out soon. Daddy said he would take me, but I told him my little sister would want to come." Bailey could hear the girls smile and the idea of seeing the new comic book movie did sound really good. That and knowing the girl thought of him when her Dad offered to spend quality time with her brought a smile to his face. That time was precious and she wanted to share it. Bailey wiped a few tears from his eyes, unable to keep his emotions fully in check.

"Candi... thank you, that means a lot." Candi must have heard in Bailey's voice that her friend was trying not to cry. "Of course, you are my best friend. I will always be here for you Bailey, just like you would for me." As moved as Bailey was, it also made him feel a bit like a heel. He needed to treat her better, he had been treating her like a chore, something he had to deal with, at least internally. While she had been nothing, but supportive and kind to him. Annoying at times, but she meant well and he needed to give some of that back. "Candi, I ah got to go, but I... thank you for being you." Bailey looked at himself again as they said their goodbyes and realized one nice thing about the lashes. At least when he cried, he wouldn't ruin his mascara.

After adding two pink bangles on his left wrist and a white one on his right Bailey walked out into the living room to show his warden how he looked. "What do you think?" He

asked, feeling the tightness of the jeans across his ass, the panties wedged between his cheeks, the straps of the stuffed bra pull on his shoulders and the architect of his feet held in an unnatural way. All to look like a girl, a very specific type of girl. "I think you could do better, go back into the hallway and come out with the excitement I know you feel for how you look." Bailey took a deep breath and as he did he was thankful he wasn't wearing a corset, and then walked into the hallway and halfway down before pivoting on the ball of one foot and spinning around to come back out. "Tada!" He said holding up one hand open straight above his head and the other in his hip and a big smile on his face. "You look lovely, now come, have a seat and let's have another chat."

Walking around the coffee table Bailey sat on the edge of the couch cushion, legs crossed at the knee, back straight, chest out like he had been taught. Bailey watched as Aunt Megan reached over to a small pile of paper and picked up the top one, and held up a photo of Mommy... Mandy. "Who is this to you and how do they make you feel?" She was back to that again, and this time printed off photos. "That's my Mommy, she makes me happy and I feel loved." Megan put the photo face down next to the pile and picked up another. "That is Charles, my Mommy's ex boyfriend and him are friends and like you are dating him now. Oh, oh do you think you will marry him?" Bailey added a giggle at the end, as he was able to stay in character and have a little fun at the same time. Megan narrowed her eyes at Bailey before smiling and turning the question back on the disguised man. "Maybe if things go right, would you like for that to happen? Him being around all the time, me bringing him around to see you often. You could be a bridesmaid at the wedding." Bailey did not like that, not one bit and wished he hadn't tried to tease her. "Awww I would like love to be a bridesmaid!"

"I bet you would." Megan said as she picked up another photo. "That's Mommy again, you already did that one." Megan turned the photo over to look at it and then turned it back. "Everyone is in here a few times, now you said who she is, but how does she make you feel?" Pursing his lips together Bailey understood how this was going to go and when they got through the stack she shuffled them together and did it again. "Now Bailey, you have a few options for what you will do until your Mom comes. Keep in mind I don't know when she is coming over, could be soon or it could be hours from now. You can sit

and work on your math workbook, write out each of your mottos, look at yourself in the mirror and say them, or you can read one of my paperback novels. If you choose that one though you will have to finish it at home, and you will have to text me what you would do in the different situations the heroine gets into if you were her, and what men you would choose that are pursuing her, and of course why."

Do math, say or write about being a good girl and about being on his knees to please men, or just read a story and talk about it. He was sure the idea came to her when she was invited to the book club. She did look happy about that one, and he thought it could win him some points. "Ohhh yeah, let's totally read the book. You already read it, so it will be like we have our own little book club!" Megan nodded as she got up to go get the book. "Suppose you are right. I will be right back with Valley of the Dolls. I loved it and so did my Mom, I'm sure you will too."

Sitting on the couch, legs crossed with his new pink stiletto heel dangling from his foot Bailey said reading the horrible chick lit about a girl named Anne in 1945, an innocent girl from a rural area moving to New York city and ends up getting a job as a secretary. In the story she starts to date one man, and then falls in love with another, but in a twist the first was a secret millionaire who said he was just testing her and he has fallen madly in love. Despite her protests he informs the media of his new relationship. She is stuck loving one man, while the one that loves her is forced to be her main focus. At one point Aunt Megan had put the backpack he had run away with next to him, but he didn't look up from his task. Every decision Anne made Bailey thought over, what would he do if he was Anne. If this was a story that not only Aunt Megan liked, but her mom... his now deceased grandmother he supposedly enjoyed then there was no telling what obscure question he might be asked.

In the story Anne had already started to date one man, but when the nephew of her boss's partner came back from the war she was smitten. Her boss and a few others warned her to stay away from the man as he was a heartbreaker, but she paid them no heed. Bailey glared at the words, wondering why she was so silly to run ahead despite the advice of people she trusted, while she had a dependable, but poor man already that seemed to like

her. When it was revealed how he wasn't poor at all he felt some vindication at his choice. That is where Amanda found Bailey when she walked into her older sister's house.



"Meg I'm here!" Amanda called out as she opened the door. Only just stepping in when she forgot herself, leaving the door open as she looked upon Bailey as the disguised man looked up at her in surprise. Putting the book face down on the couch Bailey put the largest smile he could on his face, an easy taste with how much he felt he missed the woman he loved, the woman that would take him away from here, his girlfriend, his Mommy. Once he was standing Bailey picked up his pace, throwing his arms wide to the side and cried out for her. "Mommy I missed you!" Amanda hadn't moved from the doorway, transfixed by how Bailey looked. When the beautiful teen girl called her Mommy and how she missed her it brought a large smile to her face as the two of them wrapped their arms around one another.

Bailey held her tight, missing embracing her. When she finally pulled away from him she just looked him up and down in wonder. "Look at you! Megan, what did you do to her?" Amanda said, looking over Bailey's shoulder at her sister who was leaning on the wall as she watched the reunion. "Don't look at me, I only facilitated Bailey's ideas. Now the photos and documents for your pretty daughter were all me. What did you do to your hair? And how long are you going to keep my door open?" Amanda touched the two thin braids on the side of her head, then turned to shut the door, looking a little embarrassed that she had been so distracted. "The braids are from Candace. I spent the afternoon with the Connors, planning for tomorrow and we ended up braiding each other's hair.

The two women continued to talk and catch up, with Bailey constantly watching how his pretend mother kept stealing glances at him. The excitement of seeing her again started to wane the second she referred to him as her, as a girl. He knew what he looked like, but how hard would it have been to say what did you do to him, not her. He was so busy feeling sorry for himself he hadn't noticed they were talking to him. "Earth to Bailey, ah now we have your attention. She has been like this all weekend, just spacing out like that girl we went to high-school with. What was her name... Kimberly I think. Afraid your Bailey is a ditzzy girl just like her." Amanda looked into Bailey's green eyes "No Kimberly was a bimbo, who stole my prom date a week before by blowing him under the bleachers. You are not a bimbo, are you princess?" She asked the question, giving Bailey a wink. Having the woman he had, used to have regular sex with ask him if he was a bimbo girl

who would go and give a guy a blow job under bleachers, was not something he ever expected to deal with, and it didn't feel good. "No, oh sugar no! I'm a good girl!"

Amanda tilted her head a little puzzled at her word choice. "She had been trying to keep from using foul language after I mentioned a lady doesn't curse" Amanda nodded and gave Bailey a small smile, finding that cute, but it changed into a sterner expression. "Mostly a good girl, you my daughter have not washed any of your clothes all week. Your hamper was overflowing and..." Amanda looked from Bailey to her sister. "You snuck off to your Aunt's house in the middle of the night. So when we get home, you are getting a spanking and you will have to figure out a way to earn your dirty clothes back, because they will be locked in my bathroom till you do." Punished... but... but, fu... fudge! Bailey wanted to yell, but he couldn't, a good girl was obedient and should be seen and not heard.

They stayed at Aunt Megan's house for two more hours catching up. He was horrified to hear she knew about the good girl motto from Miss April, but while it apparently upset Miss April, M... Mandy thought it was funny Bailey had come up with something that would have been taught in a class years ago to forge a proper lady. She was beside herself with glee seeing all the photos that had been created. Like the photo of her holding baby Rebecca in her arms rocking her to sleep and all that had to do was change the hair color with her eyes closed. Each passing minute only made the anticipation for being spanked worse and he knew the only reason she was going to do it was because earlier in the week he had asked her too. He specifically said he used to be punished that way and wanted her to do it too, when in reality he couldn't remember a single time his parents raised a hand to him.

When the sun had long set they went home. Amanda held Bailey's hand for most of the ride. "You know Bailey. I'm really proud of you. I know April doesn't like what you chose as a personality, but if you choose to be sporty it would have been easier for you to fall back to who you were, and this way up and Candi have more in common. You did that, while making amends with my sister. I love you, and I'm not just proud of you, but I'm happy. Truly happy to have you as my daughter." There were many, many things Bailey

wanted to say to that, but he said the only thing he could and be in character. "Like thank you. I love Aunt Megan, but I move you the best Mommy!"

Mandy looked down at the young woman sleeping peacefully in her bed. While an ever smaller part of her knew this was wrong she let that voice be silenced by the feeling of joy and love that having her daughter here had brought her. While she knew this was still only temporary to get them through the summer she was committed to enjoying every last moment of motherhood that she could. Leaning down, she gently kissed her daughter's forehead before picking up her phone off the bedside table. Quickly setting an alarm for the sleeping girl she set the phone back down then placed a card next to the phone for Bailey when she woke up. Looking at her watch she took one more joyful look at her daughter before exiting the room and heading off to the office. She just needed to put in a few hours early this morning and then she could leave after lunch to make sure everything was just perfect for the night's party.

Bailey woke to the sound of his phone's alarm going off. Shocked as a familiar but unwanted song blared at him. That bitc... Aunt Megan must have changed his ringtone. His usual AC/DC had been replaced by "Barbie Girl " by Aqua. He just managed to silence the thing as the chorus played.

Bailey, now awake and irritated, rubbed his eyes to remove the sleep only to be reminded of his new lashes as they still felt like he had curtains on his eyes and he didn't think he would ever get used to being able to see his own lashes in his peripheral vision. Reaching to grab his phone and change his ring tone back he saw the card Mommy must have left sitting on the bedside table. Picking it up he winced at the sheer girliness of the card; it was a pink affair with a ballerina dancing on the front. Inside Mandy had written a short note.

"To my sweet daughter on her 18th birthday. I know your birthday is already past but we didn't get to celebrate. I hope today is a wonderful day for you and I just want you to know how proud I am of the woman you are becoming. Happy birthday my precious

Bailey!"

Ugh! Bailey thought as he tossed the card back on the bedside table. Mandy was really getting into character which he guessed was a good thing if he wanted to keep pulling off this disguise, but he still didn't have to like it. As he went to get up he heard the chirp of a text on his phone. Looking at the phone he saw a text from Miss April.

"I will be there in an hour. I will text you when I pull up. Please be ready to go when I get there as we have an appointment to keep."

"Fudge" Bailey cursed as he quickly went to get a shower. He had completely forgotten about the stupid appointment. He still didn't really understand what it was about all Mom...Mandy had said that April had found something to help his disguise down below. So he guessed maybe it was some more detailed version of the tuck kit he had been using, still he didn't understand why he had to go see someone for it. Surely April could just pick it up and bring it to him. But no one asked him so here he was now rushing to get ready. A week ago an hour would have been way more time than he needed to get ready but now with all the new requirements of being a teenage girl he would be pushing it to be ready in time.

Quickly walking to the bathroom he started the shower while stripping off the baby blue nightie and panties. The absence of the hamper in the bathroom reminded him of Mommy's new punishment for not doing his laundry. He hadn't bothered with it since this was supposed to all be over by now but now he would need those clothes. He needed to make sure he talked to Mandy about getting them back. With no hamper he just tossed the clothes in the corner of the bathroom before hopping in the shower.

He quickly began the process of washing his new longer locks before moving on to his body. His chest was still aggravatingly swollen and sensitive. He trembled a little as he ran the wash cloth over his erect nipples as a strange but not unpleasant feeling shot through his body causing his free member to quickly rise to attention. Reaching down he took hold of himself and began to stroke his shaft. Needing release so badly. He had

come yesterday with Aunt Megan but he needed to come on his own and not while enduring any of her twisted games. He was interrupted however by the chirp of this phone on the bathroom counter. The sound pulled him back to reality and reminded him he didn't have time for this right now. Frustrated and horny he switched the water over to cold before finishing his shower.

Walking back into his bedroom with his hair up in a towel and another wrapping his body he began figuring out what he was going to wear today. Upon opening the closet he realized he was in real trouble. He had apparently worn almost everything they had bought for him and without the clothes in the hamper he didn't like the few options he was left with...not at all. He quickly ran to check the laundry room only to find his clothes from the weekend sitting in the washer where he had put them before going to bed last night. Hoping to throw his jeans in the dryer real quick he reached in only to find them still dry and covered in detergent. "Gosh darn it" he yelled. In his sleepy state last night he had apparently not turned the machine on after he loaded it. He quickly ran to Man...Mommy's room only to find it locked. Bowing his head in defeat he returned to his closet. He had very little choice left. The closet was almost empty, three dresses hung there. The green dress Candi had picked for him which was far too dressy for a morning outing, a sundress he had picked out for Candi but that she had insisted would look better on him, and the scandalous dress that Candi and Megan had insisted he just had to get for when he went clubbing, like that was going to happen. He would rather be dead than caught out in the strappy little piece of fabric that they insisted counted as a dress. He considered the sundress but decided he might need that for whatever silly party they were planning for tonight. Not that his only other choice was much better. Reaching up he grabbed the only other items left to him. A white skirt and a lace edged baby blue off shoulder top. Tossing them on the bed he turned to the dresser to find some underwear. Opening the top drawer he was shocked to discover his shortage of clothing was apparent here as well if not quite as bad. He only had three bras left, one sports bra, the ridiculous bombshell pushup bra Candi had pushed on him, and the strapless bra he had bought. He quickly grabbed the strapless white bra, thankful to not have to wear another pushup to draw more attention to his breasts and tossed it onto the pile on the bed before searching for some panties. He had a few more options here but no good ones. He finally

settled on a lacy pink pair of hip huggers so at least he didn't have to deal with his ass being flossed by another thong.

Sitting down at his vanity he frowned at the girl he saw staring back at him. His new lashes really drew attention to his eye in an all too seductive way, or at least they would have drawn attention if not for the other new addition to his face. He wanted to cry when he looked at his lips. He had hoped when he went to bed that they were just swollen and would go back down to a less ridiculous size by morning... but he wasn't that lucky. He was mortified as he reached up and touched the pillowy cushions he now had for lips. His lips were soft and full, the kind of lips that just begged to suck on something. Taking his hand back he was shocked even more to see that his lips were so plump that they no longer fully closed unless he thought to force them shut which only worked to make it appear like he was puckering for a kiss. Anytime he relaxed they remained slightly parted, showing off his bright new smile. Overall he now had a pair of pouty DSL's that would leave any man dying to have them wrapped around his cock. They reminded him all too well of the lips he had loved on Candy that had gotten him into this mess. Staring into the mirror he felt the weight of the last week hit him. As his emotions overwhelmed him and tears streamed down his face. He had tried to play his part, he had tried to run away, and yet the more he fought the more life seemed to strike back at him or at least the worse Megan made things. This was all Auntie... that bitches fault she claimed to not have had anything to do with his lips but deep down he knew she was lying. She had done so much to him and he hated her for it but now he needed her help. He had no choice; he had to stay hidden until her P.I. was able to clear his name. He had no choice; he would have to play his part to a tee... he would have to be a good girl... the kind of girl that just loves to please.

Regaining his composure after a minute or two he wiped his face on the towel wrapped on his hair before quickly setting to work on his makeup knowing his pity party had cost him time he didn't have. He took care to recreate another of the looks Candi had shown him. Finishing off the fun flirty look with a nice red lip gloss to contrast the blue top he was going to wear. Once finished he set to work on his hair blow drying it. He decided to forgo a braid or straightening today and instead gently brushed it out letting his hair fall

free down his back in gentle waves with an ever so slight curl to them.

Walking back into the bathroom he quickly applied a fresh tuck kit and retrieved the phone he had left on the counter. He noticed he had missed a text from Candi but would have to respond to her on the ride to his mystery appointment. Heading back over to the bed he dropped the towel around his chest and went to finally get dressed. Pulling the panties up he was shocked by two realizations at once. First the panties clung to his ass much tighter than he expected. And secondly they were sheer, made of some kind of mesh and lacy. So while his ass was fully covered it was completely on display. Frustrated at how his lack of exercise in the last few months had apparently affected his ass. He had always had a nice butt, Mandy had told him so more than once, but now his lack of exercise had caused him to put on more weight as he realized his ass and hips had developed more fat causing his ass to jiggle in the ridiculous panties as he turned to stare at it in the mirror on the back of his door. The stupid panties made it look like he had a girlish bubble butt. Taking one more look he decided then and there to start working out again, he had to get this under control before he lost any more muscle definition. Moving on he grabbed the bra struggling at first with its lack of straps but once he got the breast boosting inserts into the cups it settled tightly into place. Figuring out the top was even more difficult; he had to slide it down past his breast before working his arms into the arm sheaths then finally pulling it up the rest of the way. Once it was in place he was mortified to see how little it covered he had worn other crop tops but this was different the lace lined top began just above his breasts and ended just as abruptly just below the edge of his bra. To make matters worse it constricted his arms if he tried to lift his arms past his chest the rest of the top moved with him threatening to reveal the lacy bra underneath. "Fudge! These clothes are torture." He screamed as he slid on the skirt, a little white cotton number with a built in belt with a heart shaped buckle. Settling across his hips just beneath his pierced belly button. The skirt thankfully wasn't the tightest one he had worn but it was short... very short, stopping 2 inches past his ass. Trying hard not to think about how exposed he was and how vulnerable it made him feel he ducked back into the closet in search of shoes. Reluctantly he grabbed the box containing a pair of light blue cross back stilettos. Candi had picked them and now he knew why as they matched his current outfit perfectly. Sitting back at the vanity he slipped on his heels

hearing his phone ding once again. Standing up and taking a moment to adjust to the 5 inch heels he walked over to the bed with the seductive sway of his hips putting on quite the show if anyone had been watching.

Picking up the phone he saw a text from Megan.

"Waiting on your first video sweetie I hope you haven't forgotten our deal. I know how bad you want to be a good girl and how important your motto is to you. You must have just gotten distracted. I know it can be difficult for a girl like you with so many yummy boys to dream about but, a deals a deal honey. Hope to see my good girl soon."



Frustrated Bailey let out a sigh. "I like totally forgot about that!" He rushed over to the full-length mirror shocked at seeing his full appearance for the first time



He looked like a teenage boy's wet dream. He struggled in his mind as his body reacted to the girl in the mirror before his mind could process that it was a reflection. He was horrified to find himself turned on by his own reflection. Quickly trying to avoid staring at himself or dwelling on just how much of a little teenaged tart he looked like he set to work recording his mottos for Megan. Starting with his good girl mantra. Pressing record on the phone he gave a little courtesy before launching into the guidelines for the life he was stuck living.

"A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud."

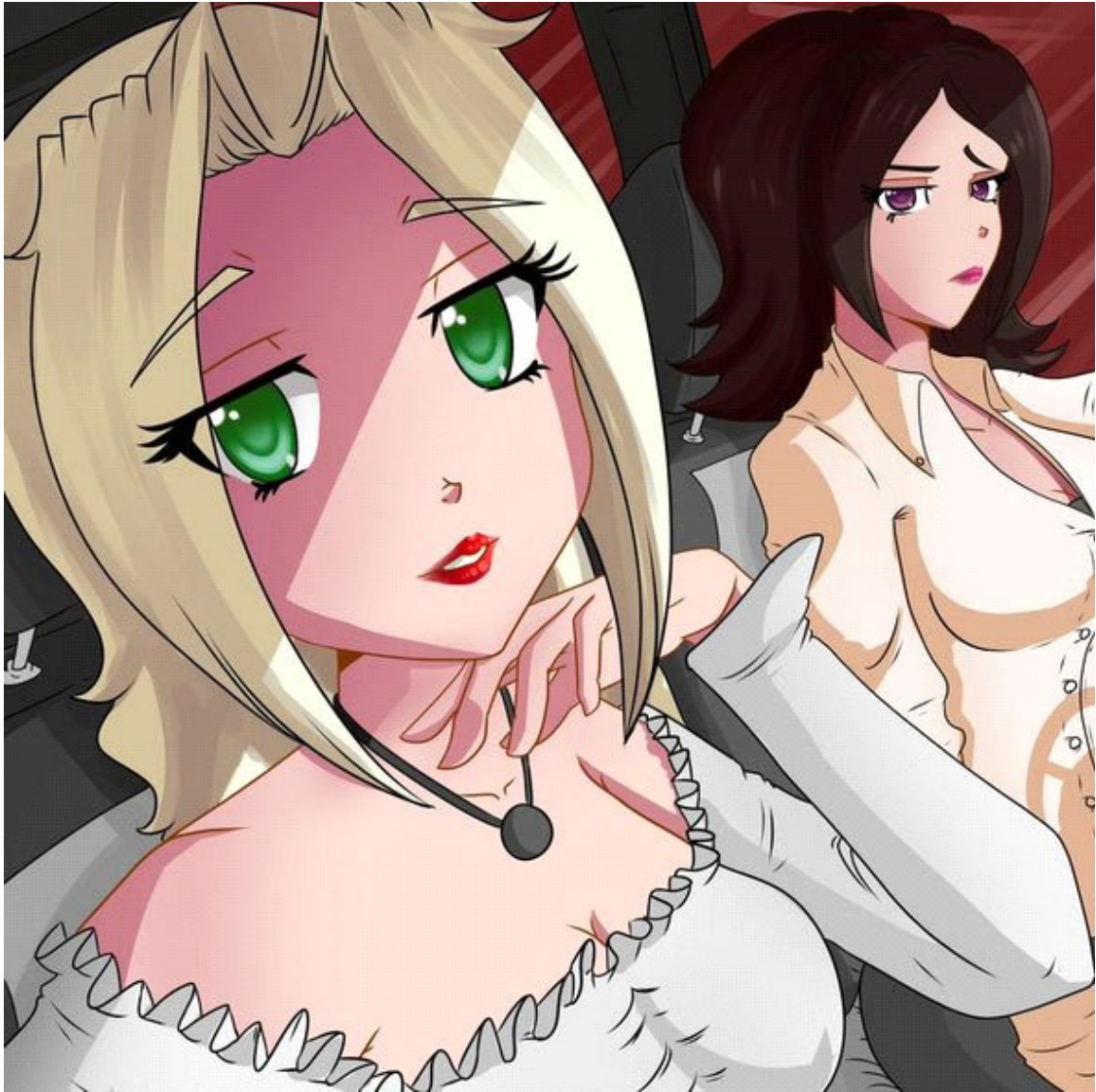
He was a little confused as he finished the first motto to find he actually felt pride surge up at the end. He hated that he felt pride any doing such a stupid thing but at the same time he felt glad to do it right and not be punished the spankings were so humiliating he would be Megan's good girl just to avoid another of those.

He changed his pose before recording the second and much more humiliating part. Megan hadn't said he had to act any certain way while saying this part but he didn't want to risk angering her again so soon so he decided to go all in.

"Hi I'm Bailey, I like to flirt, I like to tease!" He said to the mirror as he bounced a little causing his fake tits to bounce for the camera before dropping onto his knees to finish his motto with a seductive wink and lick of his lips. "I want to show men I know how to please, and sometimes I do it on my knees." He hated himself for doing it but he couldn't afford to tick her off again. They had a deal and he couldn't risk her thinking he wasn't keeping his side or else she might not keep her end of the deal and help clear his name. Standing back up he straightened his skirt and took one last look in the mirror. What had become of him? He had been reduced to some blonde bimbo and let a woman take his freedom and power from him...he hated this but it was a better prison than the alternative of actual prison. He was man enough to make it through this. The strain of his member against the tuck kit at least reminded him he was still a man where it counted. It

also reminded him to take his pills. Grabbing his purse with the pills inside he went to the kitchen and reluctantly fixed himself one of the dreaded smoothies before using it to wash down two of each of the pills. His phone dinged again just as he finished his smoothie. The text was from Miss April, she had just pulled up and was waiting for him, and was in a hurry. A glance at the time told Bailey traffic must have given him an extra fifteen minutes to get ready.. Taking one last look around he grabbed his purse and headed out the door to face whatever the first day of the rest of his strange summer had to offer.

Sliding into the car Bailey smoothed his white short skirt and moved his legs together as he shut the door to the little black sedan. With a bright smile that he in no way felt like giving he spoke to the woman only a few years older than him. “Hi Miss April!” April tilted her head a little watching how perfectly he mimicked a teen girl and couldn’t believe how he dressed in the off the shoulder white blouse that showed plenty of midriff, matching white skirt and heels. He was dressed more like a teen girl ready to entice some young man on a lunch date than a doctor's appointment. “Buckle up.” She said in response as she moved the vehicle into drive. As the car rounded the first corner in the apartment complex Bailey moved one hand, palm down under his chin and took a selfie, capturing both himself and April. The phone made a shutter sound as if it was a camera, indicating it took a photo. April raised one of her thin eyebrows as her dark eyes settled on the platinum blonde disguised man in her car. “Bailey.” She said to get his attention as he sent the selfie off to someone on her phone. April wondered briefly if it was sent off to her little brother, but considering how he kept talking about not having a chance to spend time with her or how she was playing hard to get, April doubted he was the receiver. “Yes, Miss April?” The response had April roll her eyes. “It is just the two of us, you can cut the sweet little bimbo act. Just talk like yourself, okay?” Looking down at the phone at what she just asked, what she just allowed was like a prison door being opened and the message on the screen a reminder of what he was getting away from even in the smallest way.



Bailey: Headed off with Miss April, don't know where we are going lol.

Bailey: Thought I like looked cute today.

Candi: OMG you totally do!

Candi: You look different...

Candi: WHAT DID YOU DO WITHOUT ME!

Candi: OMG you look so good I'm mad.

Bailey nodded his head and gave a thousand watt smile with how happy it made him to be able to stop pretending, even if it was just around her. The phone buzzed with more texts from Candi, but he ignored her to enjoy just this one moment not having to be Bailey Ann and just be himself. "Oh my God, you like have no idea how tired I am of all this Miss April." Bailey said as he used both hands to tuck the loose hair behind his ears, showing off the earrings shaped like white daisies. Stopping at a stop sign April turned her head to glare at Bailey for answering the way he did. She took a deep breath before turning out into traffic, thinking about how much it bothered her that Bailey was adding the word like into the sentence and saying the phrase oh my god with the emphasis of a coed girl from a bad movie that pushed the stereotype. "I know Amanda really appreciates what you are doing for her, but tell me why you act and dress like that." She said, taking her hand off the wheel and motioning to Bailey. It caused Bailey to look down at himself and give a small shrug. "I don't like have a lot of clothes." Bailey said thinking about how the majority of his clothes were locked away as punishment for not doing laundry. "Didn't Megan buy you a bunch of clothes? You could have just worn some of your old jeans." Thinking of his old clothes caused Bailey to frown and cross his arms under his breasts, the action pushing up his now natural if not small bosom. "Aunt Megan totally took away my old clothes and won't give them back and she makes me dress this way and act like I'm a good girl!"

From the corner of her eye April could see Bailey sulking like a child and still using that fake voice he had been using since that day in the park, though it sounded much better now. "So you need more clothes?" Bailey nodded his head, all his attention focused on the dark haired woman driving the car. He put both his hands together like he was praying as he spoke to her. "Oh my god yes! Could you please, please... help me get more

clothes!” April clicked her tongue with disgust. “Why don’t you go ask your Aunt or Mommy to help you buy you things.” So focused on the words Bailey didn’t notice the tone of her voice that showed how she felt about his behaviour. Turning away from her and crossing his arms Bailey looked out the front window of the car, pouting a little. “Ick no, I like told you Aunt Megan is why I have to act like some bimbo that wants to get on her knees to please.” The turn of phrase caused April to raise an eyebrow. “And like Mommy.. I mean Mandy will just get more outfits like this, I can’t tell her how much I hate this. You said it yourself how happy this is making her. So I like have to be a good girl, happy and proud.” With that came a silence in the car, April didn’t respond to what Bailey said and when it went on long enough he opened his mouth to ask her if she was okay, but was cut off before a single word came. “No.. just stop. I’m not playing some fucking sharrade with you Bailey. You dress, talk and act like some air headed bimbo and blame it on others. For fucks sake you don’t even stop when I tell you that you can drop the act.” Bailey cut in, but only got a few words in. “I did stop!” April pulled off to the shoulder of the road and stopped the car so that she could turn and give the green eyed man, if you could call him that anymore her full attention.

“Did you now? Megan isn’t your Aunt, yet you keep calling her that and you are what two, three years younger than me but calling me Miss April like some elementary school child. Bailey worked his jaw a little like he was chewing on her words, not sure what to say. He wasn’t aware he was doing that, he caught himself calling Mandy his Mom, but didn’t notice the others. “You claim you don’t want to act like a girl and how Megan makes you, but you just begged me to buy you clothes.” Bailey held up a hand like to tell her to stop. “I was just...” He didn’t get out more than that as April made a cutting motion. “You had your chance to talk, I don’t know what your game is, but if you want to keep your little act up so be it. Men like you dream of girls acting like the way you do, just so you can treat them like objects. I don’t know if this is you trying to show Amanda how you would want her to act like or what, but I’m not pretending with you that it isn’t what you want.” Bailey’s eyes grew wide and started to tear up, his emotions flaring. Her words hurt him like a physical blow, she didn’t believe him and he didn’t know why she would think he would want to be like this. “Till this is over you will be nothing but Bailey Ann Best and I don’t want to hear one word out of your mouth to contradict that. You want to act like a

bimbo teen girl, so be it.” The tears still welling up in his eyes, Bailey shook his head. When she said he could drop the act it felt like he was given refuge from a raging storm, a place to be safe. Now she was pushing him back out like he was some lepper. “Don’t you shake your head at me, I believe part of being a good girl is not arguing. I don’t want to hear a peep out of my bosses boyfriend if he can’t be honest about his motivations, so you are just her sweet girl, her sweet but dumb daughter. Now dry your tears before you ruin your makeup.” April opened the middle console and pulled out a few tissues and handed them over to Bailey. She took in the sight of him again before letting out a long sigh and pulling back out onto the street.

Bailey pulled the sun visor down and looked in the mirror as he dried his eyes and checked over his makek up. He didn’t say a word, afraid of her snapping at him again. Bailey had never been afraid or even intimidated by her before, but her going off on him like that was more than enough to cow him right now. A few thoughts bubbled to the surface of telling her exactly where she could fuck off too, but they never went far. His brain thinking of what would happen if he wasn’t a good girl. He was supposed to act a specific way and while he never thought April and Aunt Megan were friends, when he saw them having coffee together at the mall it had him rethinking that conclusion. If word got back to her, he could be in trouble. She might spank him for it, or some sort of sexual punishment. One horrible thought did come to the surface of his mind, he imagined April pulling him over her lap to spank him like an unruly child. He already had two women that were once his peers do it to him, he didn’t need a third. “So, you and August huh?” Bailey looked over to April, not sure he had heard her right. She didn’t sound angry. “What?” He asked not sure exactly what she said with his focus being split already between his worrying and looking in the mirror. “My brother is more than excited to be dating you, I bet you are excited to be dating someone older than you.” Older than me, older than me.. I’m four years older than him! Bailey wanted to scream, but instead all he did was nod his head. “Aww you don’t have to be bashful, you can admit you like him. I do recall seeing you kiss him and he can’t stop talking about what you can do with your lips. Not that I want to hear my little brother talk about such things, especially about my boss's daughter.” April said thinking about seeing him kiss Bailey at the park and how he wouldn’t stop talking about kissing Bailey on their first date. What

you can do with your lips, those words caused Bailey to blush bright red and he tried to hide his face in his hands so she wouldn't see the embarrassment and horror that she knew what he had done in the movie theater. No wonder she wouldn't believe him about not wanting this if her brother told her that he got a blow job. She knew about the literal worst moment of his life and maybe she reacted the way she did because he didn't tell her what really happened. "Miss April, let me tell you what happened." April shook her head and gave Bailey a small smile, seeing the girl pull her hands away from her still blushing face.

"I don't need to hear about what happened on your date, nor do I want to hear about it. Save that for your girlfriends." He needed her to understand that it wasn't what she thought and he needed her to keep it a secret. The idea of anyone at all knowing he had a dick in his mouth let alone that he swallowed cum was more than he could bear, but when he tried again she only told him. "Bailey, I don't want to hear it." Bailey closed his eyes, feeling the weight of the long lashes as he whispered back to her, his request. "Please, you can't tell anyone, I would like just die." April almost laughed at how dramatic Bailey was being, but if he didn't want her brother to kiss him, then he shouldn't be acting like a bimbo. As much as it disgusted her that Bailey acted this way, it was worse that her brother was drawn in by it. She thought if little Bailey didn't play so hard to get, that maybe he would lose interest when he realized how superficial it all was. "Sure, why not." Bailey snapped open his eyes as hope filled him as he looked at her. "Really!?" Smirking as she gave Bailey the side eye. "I don't see why not if you promise to no longer play hard to get with my brother." With a hard swallow Bailey nodded a little afraid at what she was really asking. "Hard to get?" Bailey could see April roll her eyes at the question. "You know exactly what I'm talking about, I know you aren't as smart as your Mom, but you know what I mean." It felt like the bottom of his stomach fell out as he thought about it. He did know what she meant, but he was hoping she meant something else, anything else. She was offering to not tell anyone about giving her brother a blow job if he kept giving them to him. He had to decide what was worse, giving a blow job in secret or everyone knowing he did it. "Okay, I agree." He said in a small voice, thinking how no option was good, but the love of his life finding out he swallowed another man's cum would be too much. There was no way she would be able to see him

as a man if she knew he had done that. “Don’t be so glum, a girl like you is supposed to be happy and smile aren’t you?”

April looked over at Bailey to see the feminized man smiling back at her. “Good, just like that. Why don’t you send my little brother that photo you took earlier and tell him you are thinking about him. That way he knows he is on your mind. In fact I think he would like it if you were constantly messaging him for attention. A girl like you likes getting attention from a boy she likes right?” Bailey swallowed his saliva again and nodded before pulling out his phone again to do as she said. The sun hadn’t been up for long, but it was already a horrible day. “Good, while you do that I think you should know what doctor's appointment we are going to now that we are close.” Bailey hit send on the text with the image of himself with April before he looked back to her. He had completely forgotten about their destination with how the conversation had been going. “I have found a clinical trial that is owned by Mega Corp, they are testing a device that will help you pass more easily.” The fake smile felt much more genuine when she said that. If he could pass easier maybe he would worry less and he could stop over acting how feminine he was.. Though he doubted Aunt Megan would allow that. “You my dear are going to be getting your very own vagina, isn’t that exciting!?”

The cell phone in Bailey’s hand fell from his slender fingers, falling to the floor next to his foot. Looking at him April thought he looked like a girl finding out about a happy surprise between the smile that was already on his face and how his jaw slowly hung open from the shock. “By that look I can tell you are excited and I can’t imagine why you wouldn’t be.” April turned the car into the parking lot for a plaza filled with office buildings. She had timed telling Bailey about today’s trip till she was just around the corner just in case he flipped out, but she was more than happy with stunned silence. Bailey just stared at the woman next to him, her words echoing in his mind. You my dear are going to be getting your very own vagina, isn’t that exciting!? Following that was What, How, What? Surgery, was she going to take him to surgery!? He was about to yell at her how she couldn’t do this, but as the words formed he swallowed them down. A good girl is seen and not heard, a good girl doesn’t argue. The doctor couldn’t do anything without him saying so all he had to do was tell the doctor no. Why in the world

would she think he would just go along with something crazy like that. Aunt Megan was going to get him free of any wrong doing with her PI and by summer's end he would be free. "Come on, let's get you inside for your appointment." April said, opening her car door. Her words broke Bailey out of his daze, not realizing the car had stopped. Reluctantly he picked up his cell phone, tucking it into his purse and following inside an office building.

The reception area had a small beige leather and metal two person coach on the far wall, two simple matching chairs across from them, just to the left of the door they walked in and to the right was a door and small window. Behind the window was a brown haired woman in her early fifties Bailey would guess, wearing what he thought to be an old style nurses outfit instead of the modern scrubs. When he looked at her she slid the window open to the side and beckoned the two of them to her. "Welcome, do you have an appointment?" Bailey assumed they must, but didn't say a word. It would be too much to hope that April wouldn't have at very least called ahead, the woman could sometimes be the type to let you know you are two minutes late when she had a cramped schedule prepared. "Yes, the appointment is for my charge here, Bailey Ann Best." The nurse, Bethany according to her name tag pulled out a clipboard with a few sheets of paper on it and a pen, handing them over; she smiled at Bailey. "This is for you sweetheart, fill it out the best you can. If you have any questions I'm sure your guardian or I can assist. And if I do say you look lovely." Bailey smiled back at her as he took what was offered, wondering what she meant by guardian, April wasn't in charge of him. The woman had something over him, but she was just a secretary, he wasn't working now but he had been management, he had practically ran his parents' store. His body language gave nothing away and he smiled back at her sweetly. "Thank you, my sister told me she was mad at me for looking so cute."

Looking down at the form after sitting down next to April on the couch Bailey bounced his foot after crossing his legs. It was a simple thing, but suddenly he was not sure of what to write and looked to April for confirmation. If this place was supposed to do surgery they had to know he was male, but she had introduced him as Bailey Ann Best. "Ah, how do I fill this out?" Bailey said, holding the clipboard so she could see the

questions. “The best you can, this isn’t hard. You know I thought being ditzzy was an act before. I will fill out your insurance information, you can do the rest.” She was speaking in a whisper to Bailey, but quickly went back to replying to a work email on her phone. Bailey frowned at her for just a second, she wasn’t of any help at all. So he used the only que he had and wrote out Bailey Ann Best in the girly script he had been practicing in his diary, even putting a little heart over the i in his name. Bailey checked the box for female and went through the small list that boiled down to are you feeling well and left the field for medication blank, not wanting to admit to taking pills to curb his sexual desires, not that he knew the name of the pill. Looking over to April he wanted to ask her about the insurance and what she was going to write down. He knew he hadn’t had medical insurance in a while, he just couldn’t afford to pay for it, but she was typing away on her phone, with her body pivoted away from him. So he sat waiting to see her stop typing before interrupting her, he didn’t want her to just dismiss him like she just had. Bailey was sick and tired of people saying how he wasn’t smart, or how it is a shame he didn’t take after his Mom. “Miss April? I’m done.”

Bailey watched as April filled out the insurance information, she didn’t pull up anything on her phone or pull out a card as she wrote in the insurance number. That impressed him, he was decent at math, but he never even memorized his debit card number let alone the insurance card number. He watched further as she wrote Amanda’s name in the field next to the number and indicated that Bailey was under her insurance and then both wrote and signed her name at the bottom under parent/guardian. “Miss April, why did you sign there and why did the nurse say you were my guardian?” He was eighteen, even if that was just a teenager that was still legally an adult. April handed the clipboard back to Bailey with a sparkle of mischief in her eyes. “Your Mom of course is responsible for you, but I am listed as your guardian if she is unable to take care of you. No paperwork has been filed with the courts saying you are not capable of taking care of yourself, but I imagine we could do that if you proved you were immature enough.” Bailey looked into her dark eyes, she had large eyes that he could get lost in, but they gave away nothing. “Why..?” April gave a small shrug and glanced down at her buzzing phone before answering. “Things had to be done to help with this ruse and it was the best way to get you insurance. You should be thanking me.” Bailey rolled his eyes, but after he

noticed she was still holding his gaze like she was insisting. "Thank you for taking care of me, Miss April." Bailey said as he averted his eyes and looked at his lap. Wanting to be away from her gaze he quickly got to his heeled feet and made his way back up to the nurse. Handing over the clipboard Bailey reached up and twirled his hair trying to think when exactly did April start being intimidating to him. He had checked her out more than once, but hardly gave her much thought and now those beautiful dark eyes seemed to look through him. Aunt Megan's glare made him feel like he shouldn't move or she might pounce on him like a predator and it was best to go unnoticed, but with April it was like she saw him to the core of his being and didn't like what she saw. Both could be frightening, but one made him want to hold as still as possible and the other made him want to flee. "Have a seat and we will call you back shortly." Bailey looked back to April who was now focused back on her phone. He considered going to sit on one of the chairs across from her, but his purse... When did he start thinking of Mandy's purse as his own he wondered, it was sitting on the couch where he just was. So Bailey went back to sitting next to her, and his purse.

Pulling the purse into his lap Bailey gave a small smile and did his best to hold in a small laugh at the ridiculousness of how Candi was acting that she wasn't part of getting the lip filler and eyelash extensions. She didn't even want them before Bailey had told her how Aunt Megan paid for it all as a gift. "What are you giggling about?" Bailey held his phone up so April could see the photo Candi had sent him. It was of her sticking her tongue out and giving a thumbs down. The image brought a smile to her face, and she patted Bailey's exposed thigh. "It is good you have friend's your own age that you get along with so well." Bailey knew it was meant as a barb, but he smiled down at the image of Candi. She was an honest, good person. Pushy... but he was sure she was the type of friend everyone would be lucky to have in their corner. He gave no thought to April being in Mandy's corner, helping her through all this. With a warm smile that he felt Bailey gave a little shrug. "I guess you're right." The moment didn't last long when the door opened next to the window and a blonde blue eyed woman stepped out in a nurse uniform similar to Bethany. Her voice was soft and sounded like she was about to sing as she called out Bailey's name with a welcoming smile. Bailey couldn't help but look her up and down, she had large breasts, a narrow waist. As he walked up to the lovely nurse, her name tag

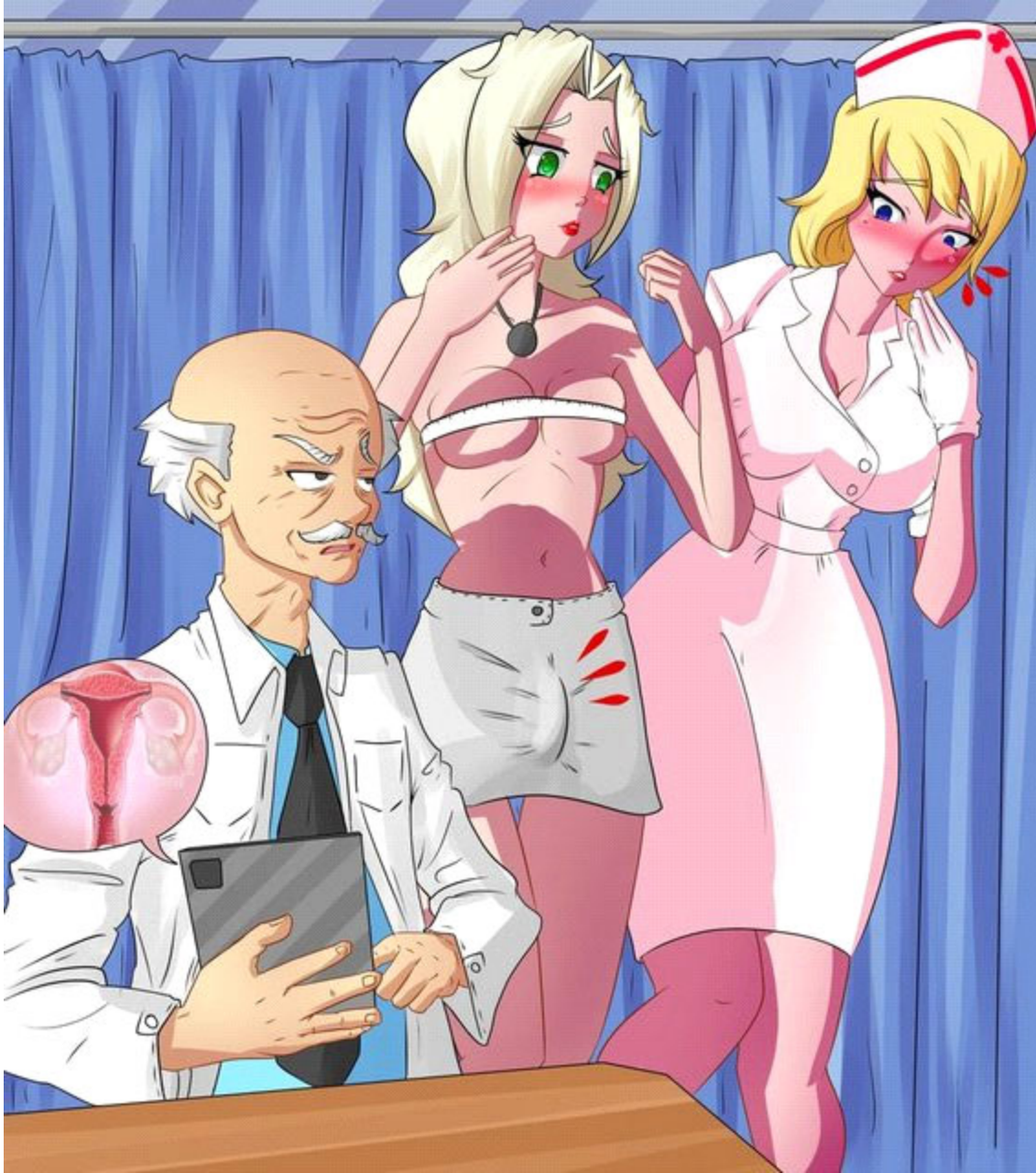
reading Angela, their eyes met and he knew he had been caught eyeing her up. As she escorted Bailey into the back Angela's smile didn't fade. "It's okay to look, with how you look now I imagine when you finish transitioning you will put me to shame." Bailey wasn't sure what she meant at first by transitioning, but figured it was a euphemism like saying a girl blossoms as she gets older.

Soon Bailey had weight taken and his height checked before being brought back into a patient room. "So like, you know why I'm here?" Bailey asked with some hesitation as he walked into the little room. "Same reason everyone else is coming right now, to help you be the woman you always wanted to be." She said with a smile that he was sure melted the hearts of many men and could have on him if her words didn't reveal she knew that he wasn't a female. "You.. you know I'm a, ah man?" Bailey's voice was trembling, of course she had to know the truth with what April said the appointment was for. Just the idea of a woman he would want to take to bed seeing and knowing was hard to handle, he didn't want anyone to think he was some sort of sissy. "I do, but don't worry you totally pass, not all of us do." She said with a half whisper like she was speaking of a conspiracy even though it was only the two of them in the room. "Wait.. you are ah..." The pretty blonde woman smiled and nodded. "I am and I'm a little jealous you are able to do this at such a young age. You are incredibly brave, I hadn't told a soul about even a hint of who I knew I was." Bailey blinked his large lashed eyes as he looked at Angela again and even knowing what she said, saw no hint that this lovely woman was anything more than just that. "But.. your like beautiful!" That made Angela laugh, it paired well with her voice, the type of sound that could make men fall in love. "I will take that as a compliment I think you intended, but it also makes me think you don't actually know how pretty you are Miss Bailey. When you look in the mirror you should know the world sees you as you are meant to be." Any other questions he had about her or what was about to happen left Bailey's mind. It was not her intention, but her words were a blow to whatever scrap of male ego Bailey had left and had to try repeating to himself that this was all just an act, she was just buying what he was selling. He was a he, not a she. He was a he, not a she. The nurse had said something and the words Good and Girls stood out. "I am a good girl, happy and proud." He said to her out of reflex. Angela cocked her head to the side and laughed a little. "I'm glad to hear it, but I was saying I needed to measure your bust size

and went on as you didn't answer, breasts, your goods, your girls." Bailey found himself blushing, something he had done more this last week than his whole life. "I don't really have any..." He was appalled at the idea of having breasts, his swollen chest would go down soon now that he wasn't wearing those horrible fake breasts. Stuffing the bra with a little pad was much better. "Aww sweetie, don't worry I'm sure in time they will come in nice and full. If not, there are otherwise for us to look the way we want, but from the look of what you have now you may not need that. Now come on then, off with your blouse."

As Bailey pulled the shirt over his head a solid knock came to the door and an elderly man in a white doctors coat came in. He was bald on top and had a band of white hair around his head, unlike some elderly men his eyebrows were not overgrown and bushy and instead looked as if he made sure they were trimmed. On his face he had a well groomed white mustache and while he wore a smile it didn't look as if it was for anything more than show. "Bailey Ann Best, age eighteen." He said looking down at his tablet. Well you look healthy enough, says here you are not taking any medications. Is that so?" Bailey saw his eyes move up and down across his body and while he was suddenly aware that he was only wearing a bra over his chest he saw no excitement or much of any interest in the doctor's face. "Ahh no sir." The doctor tapped something on his screen and looked back at Bailey. "No prescribed or not prescribed hormones or anti-androgens?" Bailey shook his head again. "Okay, nurse carry on while I pull up the presentation." Looking between the two he watched as the doctor pulled up a power point on his tablet and the nurse unclasped his strapless bra. "I'm sure you looked some of this up or your mother out there told you about what is about to happen, but if you follow along with me you will learn more about your prosthetic. The word prosthetic lifted a huge weight off Bailey's shoulders, but he didn't have time to enjoy it as the nurse's hands touched his chest. Her fingers touched his nipples in a way that felt incredible, like a tiny wave of pleasure. "Oh.." Bailey said under his breath as she moved her hands again and started to wrap a measuring tape across his chest. "Oh no..!" Bailey cried out as he felt the sticky tape of the tuck kit give way as he became erect and a very unladylike bulge showed on the front of his white skirt. Angela blushed a little. "That's okay, happens to me sometimes too." The nurse whispered to him. The idea the nurse is or was a man really bothered him with how much he was attracted to her. Here he was hard as a rock in

panties and a skirt from her touch, all in front of a doctor who had been talking this entire time and pointing at his screen, while he could feel her warm breath as she whispered in his ear with that sultry voice, if she just kept doing that he would cum right here



“Ahh.. I’m sorry sir, what was that?” Bailey said to the doctor who looked rather cross at Bailey. “Miss you are going to need to pay attention, I was telling you how to care for this and about the study. You are to keep a journal about how it feels, if you notice any problems and make sure you follow procedure with how to care for it.” The doctor said some more, but when the nurse took the tape measurer away her fingers had touched one of his nipples again, causing both of them to become hard like he had seen Mandy’s so many times before. “Girl.. I say girl are you listening?” Bailey looked back to the older doctor, not even sure if he had said his own name yet or if he had missed it. “Yes, of course I am.” The doctor nodded and put down the tablet. “Good to hear, now you will have to come back every two weeks for us to check on the device and check on your...” The doctor’s voice trailed off as he noticed for the first time Bailey had a hard on in his skirt. “Yes, well that. We have to check on your penis, it should be fine suspended in the gel. But that is what testing is for, we have to make sure everything is safe and all that.” Bailey was more than confused at his words. “Gel..? Is this not safe?” The nurse stepped out of the room and the doctor patted Bailey on his exposed thigh. “There, there, everything is fine. We so far haven’t seen any major side effects, but I do have to say I am excited to have someone so young and early in their transition join the study. Now why don’t you take off the rest of your clothes so we can get you fitted.” He didn’t understand the word transition in the context before, but Bailey definitely understood now and felt a little slow to just be understanding this was a study for men that are transitioning to be women.

Sitting on a doctor’s table with his legs up in stirrups while the older man stood between his legs was not how he ever expected any day to go. His penis had calmed down with the nurse and her touching gone, though she had come back to make sure he was cleanly shaven in the groin, but now he had an old man’s hands touching him where no man should be touching another man. “Ahhh Doc.. Dr. Fischer, what are you doing?” He hadn’t stopped the man, but he was incredibly uncomfortable as he fit some sort of band around his penis, just under the tip so that it wrapped around the most sensitive part of that anatomy. “Calm down, it is just like I said before. The nurse then held something up, it looked like they had skinned part of a woman and were going to transplant it over to him. The doctor’s hand pushed his testicles back up inside his body cavity, still an odd

feeling despite having to do it himself with the tuck kit, but he did not like the idea of some sixty something year old man doing it. When the doctor and nurse put on the prosthetic they used a cream or gel from a tube around the edges as they put it on. The oddest part came when they put a thin tube that was attached to a canister inside the thing, right where the last bit had yet to be sealed on. Bailey did not like the idea of the word sealed and was about to ask the doctor how and how soon he could take it off when he felt something incredibly cold around his dick as it became suspended in the substance. “Cold.. cold!” The doctor nodded saying “Yes, yes.” as if it was the most normal thing in the world. It will warm up to your body’s temperature. “Now as I was saying earlier, your new vagina’s’ cavity wall is thin where your penis is, allowing for much feeling to go through. The tip of your penis is connected so that you will have no problem passing your waste. With that and what I told you before, do you have any questions?”

Thousands, Bailey had a thousand questions about this study and why they would have need of something like this. “Yes, when can I take this off?” The doctor glowered down at Bailey in silence for a second or two. Long enough that Bailey wasn’t sure if he was going to answer or if the answer was never. “You were told before, I will remove it when you come back in two weeks and then two weeks after that. Now do you have any more questions that I have not answered already, before we do some testing. Two weeks, this thing would be on for two weeks, what the fuck was April thinking and no way Mommy signed off on this! “What if I need it off sooner?” That question gave the doctor pause and looked over at the nurse. “Has anyone?” She shook her head. “You have nothing to worry about, I’m betting you will be happy as a clam no longer seeing your old male bits down there. OH, I made a joke and didn’t mean to, clam. Yes, that is good.” No longer seeing that he was male, those words did not rest well on Bailey’s mind and he thought about it with dark thoughts before he noticed the doctor holding up something that looked like a purple dildo while still standing between his legs. It caused Bailey to jerk his body, but he moved very little. “What are you doing!?” Looking at Bailey, then to the purple object in his hand and then at the nurse. “I am not so old that I am forgetting things, did I not explain how this needs to be done at least every other day?” He looked confused as he looked at the nurse who laughed lightly. “No doctor you told Bailey, but I think she might

be a little distracted with how much this will change her life for the better.” The elderly man nodded a little looking down at the still very naked Bailey who felt rather helpless on his back, legs up in the air. “Yes, yes.. Dear you need to use one of these with the cream we are providing, you put a thin coat on the phallic object and use it till you ejaculate. The cream and your ejaculate will help keep your vaginal canal nice and healthy, no drying out. Now would you like me to do the test or nurse Angela?”

He was talking about fucking himself in the fake vagina, like he could even get off doing that, like it was perfectly normal. Bailey looked between the old man and the attractive Angela and went with the doctor, knowing the man had no interest in him and Bailey very much had interest in the pretty blonde. The last thing he wanted was for her to ram a dildo into him, for goodness sake he didn’t want anyone doing something like that, but at least the doctor was clinical about it. “You can do it sir.” Bailey said in a soft voice and got a little nod in return. Moments later he felt the dildo enter him, well not exactly felt he couldn’t feel like it was skin. Though he could feel the pressure it caused as it slid inside, he wasn’t sure how far it could go, but he started to actually feel it on his dick. This guy wasn’t kidding earlier when he said the wall was thin enough to feel things, he could feel it press, rub on his own member as it moved in and out gently. Bailey closed his eyes, not wanting to look up to an old man as this happened. This wasn’t him.. That was just fake, but it still felt like being violated and good, much better than he wanted to admit as it rubbed on his trapped member. A spike of pleasure came through Bailey, something was vibrating on his dick.. Right where that band was. Bailey opened his eyes and saw the doctor's other hand touching where a woman’s clitoris would be and every time he touched it the band gave him more and more pleasure. Bailey clenched his jaw not wanting to call out in pleasure and suddenly as it came it stopped for as second as the doctor reached over to his tablet and touched something before using the dildo and touching the fake clitoris again, this time the feeling was even more intense. Still Bailey did not cry out, he couldn’t be getting off to this, he just couldn’t he thought. His dick was incredibly hard and the feeling of the doctor's other hand was so amazing, he couldn’t feel him touching that spot, but whenever he did the band on his cock acted. “There it is, now I can tell you can feel it. We will leave it at that setting for now and recalibrate next sessions.” The elderly man said, leaving the sensitivity on high with how little he saw

Bailey reacting to the stimulus at first. “As I’m sure you can feel as you get harder your penis gets thicker like normal and that causes it to press more into your canal, so that if you were to have relations with a man he would feel like you are putting a light squeeze on him. This should allow both of you to enjoy yourselves, though do be careful with relations of any men of abnormal size.

Bailey was breathing heavily, sweat on his body with what just happened, this man had just got him off using a fucking dildo into some fake vagina that locked away his manhood. Closing his eyes tight Bailey tried to wish this away, he was actually back in bed. He was just sleeping, soon the alarm would go off or Candi’s constant texting would wake him from this nightmare. “Just a little pinch now.” Bailey scrunched up his face as he felt a tiny stab of pain and looked up at the doctor who was removing his hand from Bailey’s hip and holding a needle. Sugar that hurt he thought for a second, before thinking it was more of the surprise than the pain. He didn’t know he was getting an injection too. “That should do it, feel free to get dressed. The nurse at the front will give you your next appointment and your medication. Do you also need...” The doctor’s voice trailed off as he looked at the purple dildo on the counter. “Do you need an applicator? Remember you must do this at least every other day.” Bailey nodded, not wanting to admit he already had a dildo that Aunt Megan had gotten him. “Yes, yes, good, See you next time.” The man said before exiting the room. “Do you need any assistance Miss Bailey?” Angela asked, seeing Bailey shake her head before she finished the question. “You make sure you take good notes for us okay? I can’t be part of the study working here sadly, but I am so happy to be able to help others.”

By the time Bailey got back to the front of the office April was standing next to the nurses window holding two small bags containing a jar of cream, a dildo, a pamphlet, a bag of disposable needles and a vial of liquid to help get the right hormonal balance the doctor thought the transitioning girl needed. “Now she got an injection with the doctor, make sure she uses it as directed with that and the other medication.” Bethany had finished saying as Bailey came up to her very much ready to go. “Thank you so much for your time, I just know this is going to change Bailey’s life. You know today we are celebrating her birthday, so this was extra special.” Bailey looked to April and then the nurse, just

wanting this over with and didn't like the reminder that there was going to be much more to the day. "Awww happy birthday sweetheart! Here, have a lollipop." She said holding out a little pink sucker for Bailey to take. "Go on Bailey, what do you say?" Bailey wasn't going to take it, but at the prodding he automatically took it and replied to her. "Thank you very much for the candy and your kind words." April smiled at Bailey, there was no visible difference but she did like the idea that his dick was locked away where he would get no use of it or pleasure for a while and it was all because he chose this role and she was going to make sure he stuck to it.

The lollipop spun around between Bailey's fingers as he sat back in the car with April. He didn't want to talk, not to April... not to anyone. His groin felt weird, much different than the tuck kit. Before his tick was just between his legs and balls pushed up, now.. Well his balls were the same, but his dick was pulled back and enclosed in some sort of gel. He could easily twitch his member if he wanted, but it just felt odd. The feeling itself wasn't what kept him from saying things, it was the idea that he wouldn't be able to see his own dick for at least two weeks. No matter how horrible things were through this so far he could always look and feel himself to know the truth, that he was a man. While he hadn't gotten a good look at his now female looking genitalia, he knew that moment was going to hit him hard. "Now that you are done with your gynecologist appointment we have more errands to run. Your mother doesn't often have me go and do things like pick up dry cleaning, but today is a special day. We will be picking up some dry cleaning, picking up a new dress for you." April stopped talking as she saw Bailey look up from fiddling with the candy. "I thought that might get your attention, I helped pick it out and I'm sure you will love it, Auntie April has great taste."

"Auntie April?" Were the first words Bailey had said since leaving the doctors. "Miss April makes me feel like a school teacher, besides your Mom and I have been friends for years. I know I call my Mom's best friend Auntie. That means I have known you since you were a preteen at least, and with me set up for guardianship over you if something were ever to happen to your Mom. I'm not the type to make you say how happy you are to have me as an Aunt, but I do expect you to address me as such." She saw Bailey's scowl, but noted that he didn't even bother to open his mouth in protest. "After we pick up your

dress, we will be picking up your best friend before we head to the airport to pick up her Grandmother. Mr. Connors asked me to pick her up, she is flying in for her birthday party as a surprise and he has a few meetings he couldn't get away from." Bailey rolled his eyes, not at the idea of the man being busy, but for two reasons. The first just the mention of the man, the very idea of him and that as big as she was acting, April was just a glorified errand woman. "I bet you are excited to see your new dress after you asked me to take you shopping earlier." When no reply came April looked over to the apparent blonde teen in the car with her. When she did Bailey made eye contact only for a second, but when they did Bailey pulled off the wrapper for the lollipop and put it in his mouth.

The pair rode in mostly silence for a few minutes before April turned the radio on to NPR radio. "Gah.." Bailey said as he heard the talk radio start and pulled out his cell phone. Seeing messages from August on his phone made him feel what he imagined was the opposite of what a girl would feel. Still he pulled open his text messages knowing between Aunt Megan and April he really didn't have much choice and he truly didn't want Aunt Megan to start texting at him again.

August: You and my sister spending some time together huh?

August: It brings me joy you thought of me, and I can promise I think of you often.

August: Say, is she playing hooky today? That isn't much like her though it would do her good

August: Do me a favor and see if you can get her to loosen up today she has been so uptight about some secret.

Bailey: Do what I can

She is uptight about a secret!? I have to live it and it is smothering me... part of me literally now. Bailey thought as he gave the younger man a confirmation he would do what he could to cheer her up, not that he had any intention of following through. Sitting sullenly Bailey tried to keep himself occupied by looking out the windows and paying at little attention to NPR. It was obvious Bailey was mentally checked out to April, but she couldn't help but notice how Bailey played with his hair or spun the lollipop around in his mouth, looking much like the teen girl to anyone looking. Before they got to their

destination a call came through the car's speakers, interrupting the radio broadcast. "Hey April, I just wanted to check in to see how everything is going. Did that appointment with the study go well for Bailey?" The sound of Amanda's voice pulled Bailey back to the present. "She is here right now, Bailey what do you have to say?" Bailey pulled the sucker from his mouth, upset that the woman he loved knew about what had happened to him. "Mommy do you know like, what they did to me!?" There was a pause on the other end of the call before Amanda responded. "I do not know the specifics honey, April said you were going to get a prosthetic like the fake breasts. Why did they do something else?" Bailey thought about the dildo inside of him and the feeling of cumming. The image of the dildo slick with whatever cream was on it and his own cum burned into his mind from the shame and had no intention of telling her about it if she didn't already know. "Ah, umm.. No it's just like different." Bailey fidgeted with the mostly gone piece of candy in his hand. "I know baby, but you know this is for the best. We are both lucky April found this, just think what would happen if someone saw you with your panties down. April, thank you again. I do not know what I would do without a friend like you." Bailey rolled his eyes thinking how things could be better without her at this moment. "Yeah Aunt April is a lot of help." Amanda had no way to get the full context with the eye roll and laughed. "Oh I love that! She is kind of like an Aunt to you, April is it okay if Bailey calls you her Aunt? You have felt like family to me for so long, that just feels right." With a grin full of mischief she looked over at Bailey. "It would be an honor, and I agree. Amanda you have felt more like a big sister to me for years."

The horrible thought that it would get out that it was his idea to call her that didn't sit well and he knew he could easily give her back the credit, saying she was just modest and it was her idea. Though when he went to do so Amanda said she was in a hurry, and only had a few seconds to chat and loved them both before hanging up. "Getting a random call from your Mom to check on you and say she loves you. Honestly I'm a little jealous, I wish my Mom did things like that when I was younger. Most of the time it is her just waiting for me to call and then asking me why I hadn't done it sooner. You, my niece are one lucky girl." Bailey wanted to tell her to go fuck herself, but the only thing that came out was something much sweeter. "Oh, Sugar!" Before he returned his attention back to the window to see the shopping plaza they were turning into. The stop at the dry cleaners

was quick and Bailey waited in the car and cared little that April, his tormentor for the day was taking another phone call as she hung the clothes in the back seat on a hook. It did surprise him when she came around to his door and opened it after hanging up the phone. "Out of the car missy." Bailey scowled at her, but complied. "The dress shop is in this same plaza, I'm guessing your Mom stopped in when she dropped off the clothes and got something for you, but before we go any further." She paused holding a hand in front of Bailey to make sure he didn't walk away. "I have seen that scowl more than once today and if you want to be a little moody brat that is your right as a teen girl, but I thought you had a pledge or something about being a good girl. Tell me what that is." Of course she freakin knew about that, why wouldn't she, Bailey was thinking. He didn't have to decide if he was going to tell her or not as he started to recite the mantra right away without thinking about it. "A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud." Bailey was angry at himself, his mouth betraying him, while April seethed a little on the inside at the horrible saying. "Well I know for a fact you have not been following that, is that just something you say or something you do?"

Bailey hung his head and felt like crying as he bottled up his emotions. He didn't want to say any of that, he didn't want to act out any of that, he didn't want to look this way. He wanted to shout at her, yell about how she was being such a bi... not nice to him, but she knew about what he did with her brother. That information could not work its way back to anyone and didn't want to dare give her a reason. "It's like who I am." April crossed her arms at the disguised man, not sure why he would come up with such bullshit except to say that is how he wanted girls to act and him saying it was who he... she was, but not act it was just confirmation. "Then smile, go inside that shop there and tell the person behind the counter how your Mom bought you a dress and you can't wait to see it. Then if you want me to I can take a video of you holding it against yourself and thanking her for it." Those large dark eyes of hers were hard and he knew it was a command. The reminder of the motto already had him giving her a pretty smile. He walked around her hearing the click, clack of the heels he wore. Hating the sound that he once found so sexy, hating the sway of his hips and thinking how a video like that wouldn't hurt his

reputation or his ego. That he hated the most, that catching him on film acting like that would just be considered his current normal. Telling the middle aged man about the dress, holding the dress to him and thanking the woman he loved for it while blowing her a kiss was easier, much easier than he would have liked. After the shop worker folded the dress up and put it in a thin rectangle box with a bow, he left the shop with what looked like a happy April. At least I succeeded in the task from August he thought sarcastically.

When Bailey put the box in the trunk of the car April gave Bailey a side hug. “That was incredibly cute and I know that made Amanda happy. I’m sure she would have liked to be here with you, but she works hard and I think all of us want to make sure that goes as smoothly as possible right now. With that in mind time for our next errand and it is not to pick up your friend like we planned. Mr. Connors called to let me know his mother’s flight is ahead of schedule, so we are going to pick her up first and then I’m going to drop her and you off back at their hotel.” April saw the question already forming and answered it before it could be asked. “You can get ready there for tonight, I have a lot more to do for the party tonight and can’t babysit you. Mrs. Connors will have to do that.” The entire car ride to the airport Bailey just kept repeating the word Babysit over and over in his mind, what eighteen year old needed babysitting! He had been fine on his own for years and it wasn’t like he was going to order an escort, not looking like this! Not, not with his manhood locked away behind this extra layer of fake flesh. His own mind crew quieter and quieter with its thoughts. He didn’t want to argue with her, he just wanted to curl under his comforter and go to sleep.

Seeing the line for pickup April let Mr. Connors know they would be parking and walking in to meet his Mom or they might be waiting here for over an hour. Bailey was standing next to April in the airport hoping she knew what the old hag looked like or if she was foolish enough to think she could just spot her not knowing and not having a sign with her name. When he saw her Bailey knew he was dead wrong, there was no way he could mistake the elderly lady for anyone other than his friend’s grandma. She looked like a shorter and much older version of Candi, but with brown hair that has mostly all grayed over through the years. She wore black slacks, a charcoal gray button up blouse, on her feet were a pair of low heeled shoes. Her tired eyes seemed to gain more life as she looked

at Bailey. He knew he shouldn't have thought of her as a hag, she looked kind... she looked like Candi. Stepping closer to her Bailey smiled and gave a little wave mostly with his fingers at her. "Mrs. Connors, it is a pleasure to meet you." Bailey said being polite and feeling a little guilty, he had been having a bad day and thought the worst of someone he hadn't even met. The elderly woman's gloved hand reached out and lightly pinched Bailey's cheek, catching by complete surprise. "Candace dear, you have grown into such a lovely young woman. It is a pleasure to see you too I suppose." She laughed a small chuckle at using the same word back to the young blonde. Bailey looked over at April who was held her hand over her mouth to keep from showing her smile, or to hold in a laugh. She was of no help so Bailey shook his head. "No Mrs. Connors, you are not my grandmother, I'm not Candi." The elderly woman gave a warm smile that actually reminded Bailey more of Derrick. "I'm not so old that I can't recognize my own granddaughter, you will have to come up with something better than that. Now help me with my bags and if you are good maybe you can unwrap your present before your party tonight." Bailey shook his head again and took one of her hands into both of his to try and make her understand.

The car pulled up under the overhang for the hotel where the Connors were staying. When the car was put into park April turned looking at the two people in the car with her. "I hope you don't mind ma'am that I don't help you up to your room, but I think you will have plenty of assistance." She said motioned to Bailey in the backseat and then pointing out toward the passenger side window where everyone could easily see Candi running to the car with abandon. She was wearing a black tank top, black bicycle shorts that had a pink line across the side and some white sneakers. "Thank you for the ride, it was a pleasure meeting you April and I look forward to continuing our chat tonight at the party." Happy to be away from the woman that had locked his manhood away Bailey pulled on the door handle. When he did the door didn't budge and he tried a second time, and then a third. It was obviously just a child lock on the door, but for just a second or two his chest started to get tight. Bailey felt like he was literally trapped in the car, much like his manhood was trapped, like he was trapped in the role of the opposite gender seven years his junior. He started to pull on the door handle frantically, causing April to

look at him in confusion and anger.

All of his focus was on the door handle that wasn't doing its one job, when suddenly to him the door swung open. With freedom upon him Bailey sprung from the door and collided with Candi, who threw her arms around her best friend. Candi's arms were wrapped around Bailey's upper body and as they collided Bailey wrapped his around her waist reflexively to keep himself from tumbling. As he tried to steady himself he felt the girl start bouncing in his arms as she made a high pitched sound in excitement. "You can be so subdued sometimes I love it when you are just as excited as me!" Taking a small step back and still very much being in Bailey's personal space Candi inspected his changed looks, but looked away as her grandmother got out of the car. The excitable teen held both her fists in front of her mouth hiding her huge smile as she looked at the elderly woman. To Bailey it looked like she was vibrating with excitement, like a coiled spring ready to release its energy. "Nana! I missed you so much!" It wasn't till she opened her arms ready to accept the embrace did Candi bolt forward to hug her grandmother and give her a kiss on the cheek. "Candace my dear it is nice to see you and I wish I still held an ounce of the energy you possess. Today is a special day and it makes sense to be happy as you are. I brought you a few gifts to celebrate, maybe we open one together before tonight. So long as you don't tell your father." Candi's eyes were practically sparkling at the idea of getting presents and nodded vigorously. "Yes, yes a hundred times yes! Oh my god I love you Nana, but not because of the presents." The elderly woman smiled warmly and patted her granddaughter on the cheek. "But they don't hurt." Again Candi nodded, biting the corner of her lower lip. "Presents always help." She said giving her another hug before getting a look on her face like she had forgotten something and turned to Bailey and pulled him closer by the hand.

"Don't we look alike!?"

When we first met someone said we looked like twins and I just loved that so much and she is like it tlesister to me" Bailey looked at his friend surprise as she talked so fast it was like there were no spaces between the words and not sure how he felt that he understood her. "Slower dear.. And maybe we talk as we go inside." Edna turned to look at April in the car and gave a little wave. "Bailey is in good hands, I will watch the girls before the party.

Drive safe now.” April nodded to her and looked over at Bailey as she leaned closer to the passenger side of the car. “Bailey, make sure you listen to Mrs. Connors, she is in charge. Now be good and I will see you later.” Bailey got a flashback to when he had to pretend he was some preteen girl with how she was talking to him. His very first instinct was to tell her how he could take care of himself, but with recently saying his mantra out loud to her the words were much fresher on his mind. “Yes ma’am, I will be a good girl.” With that April drove away and Candi led the other two into the hotel and up to her room. “No Candace, what were you trying to tell me earlier and remember I can’t keep up with you like I used to.” Enda gave a few reassuring pats to her granddaughter's arm as they road the elevator up. “I was saying that when we met someone and they said.” Candi halted her story as her grandmother held up her hand. “When you and who met? I’m happy to listen to every story you have and will consider myself better for it, but make sure you tell it so I can follow.” Candi gave a little nod. “Yes Nana, I will. When Bailey and I met it was at a park for one of Daddy's work thingies. I’m always alone at them, but I met Bailey and her Mom. Oh my god Nana she is so pretty, she reminds me of my mom so much. She is pretty and nice to me and and I think Daddy loves her and oh my god is she smart. I think she is smarter than Daddy and I told him so and he didn’t say anything back except I saw the smile on his face. What was I saying?”

The afternoon passed with Bailey listening to Candi retell the story of how they met, he felt some anger when she talked about Derrick the smug bastard being in love with his Mandy. He flashed with embarrassment when she mentioned how August kissed him at that park bench by the snack bar and how they thought the two were twins or at least sisters. The older woman had looked at Bailey again at that part of the story and he already knew what she was thinking with how she confused them. So long as Candi stayed close to on track with her story she didn’t interrupt, and waited till the girl was done till she talked. “I will admit I see similarities, but twins might be a stretch. Boys see two pretty blonde green eyed girls and then their brains let them see little else. Tell me Candace, it seems like you have a lot of love for Bailey. How would you feel if your father married again and she became your sister?” Bailey thought he might have been upset or raged against such a thing. Derrick... He could see why someone would find him appealing, and he had cried when the two kissed under the fireworks. Now though after

knowing his name would be cleared with the PI and how happy his mother's face was that he was doing all of this for her. No Derrick was a temporary distraction, one that frustrated him, but only that. In the end Derrick would be gone and he would be staying. Bailey felt Candi grip his hand as she gave him a small smile before turning her attention back to her grandmother. "Having a full family again would be me getting every wish I could make. Wishes fountains, birthday cakes, shooting stars and getting a little sister would make it all so much better."

The emotion in her voice, and how he could see her tearing up pulled something in Bailey's heart. This girl so full of energy and having many friends, had felt alone for a long time. She clung to her father like he was a life preserver in that sea, all of her friends just people that happen to be nearby, not those she felt close to. Maybe part of it was because she had to keep going wherever her father did in his travels, maybe because... Bailey felt himself tearing up as well, that familiar loneliness. It was like a void that couldn't be filled or at least you didn't think it could be. Friends like Chuck were a distraction from it, his love... Bailey remembered laying on the couch with his head on Mandy's lap as she ran her fingers through his hair and looked down at him with so much love. She had made him forget the void was even there, but she was gone more and more. The more she worked, the more she was away the worse that void felt, the more he tried to fill it with distractions like Chuck, drinking or girls. He understood Candi, he understood what it felt like to be alone when you have others around. Her hand, her fingers intertwined in his own told him how him being around her helped her forget about that void. It made him happy, proud and incredibly sad for her knowing that Bailey Ann wouldn't be around long enough to help fill that void in. "I can see by your tears you feel the same way. Now I warn you girls, love does not just happen. You are young and your romances and feelings are real, never let someone say you don't know love because you are young. Love comes in many forms, like two friends feeling like they are sisters. Young love like you will feel for a boy will be like a bonfire, large and powerful. Though they do not last. Real love, the love people think about when they get married is like a smaller fire that so long as you work it, feed it will keep forever. I say this because sometimes when one dates, even at an age like your father it could just be one of those bonfire and not something that lasts. You understand my lesson?" Candi sniffled a little

and nodded. “Yes Nana.” The elderly woman’s gaze shifted to Bailey. “Yes Nana.” He responded copying Candi instead of calling her Mrs. Connors, he kicked himself for it and averted his gaze from her as he felt Candi squeeze his hand in approval.

Sitting at the table Candi got out a deck of cards and the two of them showed Bailey how to play a game called Queens and they continued to talk and share stories. Bailey was not prepared for the question Nana Connors asked him, it wasn’t in the backstory, not something anyone had even thought of. “So you get to me Candace’s grandmother, what of your grandparents Bailey?” His eyes focused on his cards that he held in one hand and twirled a strand of hair in the other for a long pause. He had never met Mandy’s Mom, she had passed before they started to date. His mind touched the memory of his dead parents like it was a sharp piece of glass and thought of his father. He had never talked about his parents as far as he could remember, there were little stories but never any specifics. He just knew they weren’t around and his mother.. His real mother, she was the product of a split home. He had no idea where her father was, or if he was alive, but he did know her mom, his grandmother. A tall thin woman that always had candy in her pockets to give him, she was gone. He remembered balling his eyes out at her funeral when he was twelve, it was cancer. It was always cancer that stole his family away, pulling pieces of him away each time it came into his life. His stupid emotions were not in any way under his control today and he only got out one word before his tears came and came heavy. “Caner.” Before Candi could reach for him or say a word Bailey ran from the table and into the bathroom in Candi’s room. The door slamming behind him as he slid to the floor leaning against it, his knees pressing up into his chest as his arms wrapped around them and he just cried.

It could have just been a minute, ten or an hour he wasn’t sure, but a light knocking came to the door he had pressed his body against. “Bailey, let me in.” Candi’s voice soft and full of concern. He could hear the door handle turn and the door push into him, so he leaned forward and off to the side a little so she could squeeze in. Bailey looked up at her, his eyes still refusing to halt their evacuation of tears, he could see her look of worry. She didn’t say anything, just joined him on the floor and put her arm around his shoulder. At some point he had ended up leaning into her and weeping on her shirt, ruining his

makeup and the tank top she wore. When his tears had settled, he laid there with her. His face resting on her young supple breasts and now that his mind was clear he was very much aware of them and so was his constrained member. Still he stayed, it felt nice to be held and tried to ignore his baser instincts. “You know, for someone so pretty you cry ugly.” Bailey pulled back from his friend and scowled at her a little and when he did something in his hand fell, something he hadn’t realized he was still clutching. His hand of cards were still in his hand when he ran and he had clutched onto them tightly enough to bend them and he hadn’t realized. Candi looked at the cards and then back to Bailey. “You know, you could have just said you didn’t want to play.” It made Bailey laugh and him laughing was enough for Candi to laugh. Between her two comments the tension in his chest and shoulders lifted away and it felt wonderful to just sit there on the floor and laugh.



“My name is Bailey, I’m not Candance, we are not family.” He said the worse sweetly and slowly, but instead of understanding coming to her face she hardened her expression and pulled her hand away. “That isn’t funny young lady, I have had quite enough of this game. My little Derrick was full of mischief and rebellion and I never thought you would act in such a way. Enough of this, I have had a long day.” Bailey’s smile fell, he was not going to have some other misunderstanding happen, he could only see this growing out of control to keep her happy. He imagined Candi pleading with him to pretend to be her just while she is around and Derrick requesting the same. Saying how she is old and how with her stubborn side she would make everyone's life miserable if she thought people were playing her for a fool. “Listen to me! I am not Candi!” Bailey was going to continue when the old woman’s gloved hand touched his cheek for the second time since he met her, but this time it was when she slapped him across the face. “Birthday girl or not, you will not take that tone with me! If you would rather go find a switch when we get to your hotel than have a birthday present we can arrange that. Now grab my bag Candance before I truly get cross with you.” That was when April strolled forward and took the handle of the large rolling bag. “Hello Mrs. Connors, my name is April Gates. I believe your son told you I would be picking you, why don’t I take your bag.” The elderly woman let out some air from her nose and smiled to April like she had to Bailey just a few moments ago. “Nice to meet you Miss Gates, you can call me Edna if you wish. Thank you, I’m glad someone here has some manners.” April looked at Bailey who held his own hand to his cheek, looking shocked to have been hit. “She does too, but teenagers like to push their limits and please call me April.”

Back in the car Bailey had to sit in the back seat while April and grandma Connors talked. Bailey pulled out his phone and texted Candi.

Bailey: I’m sorry.. I promise we can go do whatever u want, but u have 2 help me!

Candi: Well if we can do whatever I want then I guess I can take a request or two from my little sister.

Bailey: You know how we were going to pick up your grandma together?

Candi: Wait.. what!? Nana came into town for our birthday!

Bailey looked up to the ceiling of the car screaming internally. He started with a peace offering to get her past going to get eyelash extensions and lip filler without her so she could clear this up and it turned out she didn't even know.

Candi: I knew you and Miss Gates were coming to pick me up, but I didn't know for what. OMG OMG I am so excited!

Candi: I haven't seen her in years! Are you on the way now!?

Bailey: We picked her up already, something about flight being early.

Candi: Yay!!!! Don't you just love her! I bet she just loves you!

Bailey: yeah... she thought I was u

Candi: NO!

Bailey: YES! HELP!

Candi: that is almost perfect

Bailey's green eyes bore into his phone, his friend wasn't in front of him, but he could practically see the wheels turning in her head through the device.

Bailey: I tried 2 tell her I wasn't u and she slapped me!

Candi: Oh yeah, you shouldn't make Nana mad

Candi: If she is mad at me because of you I will be so upset

Candi: Fine I will call her, and tell her all about how she met my little sis

Candi: I do love how she thought you were me

Candi: You should have picked me up first and we could have planned it better!

Bailey: That was the plan but I didn't drive

Candi: Daddy promised I could get my license tomorrow if I pass the test

Candi: OMG you need to make sure you can come too!

Doing the best he could to get her to stop texting and call the old woman before things got worse he just kept agreeing and telling her to call. They were much closer to the hotel than he would have liked before the issue got cleared up. When the elder Connors got off the phone she looked into the back seat and gave that smile, that same smile her son had inherited from her. "It seems I made a mistake, I am sorry for striking you my dear. I

thought you were my Candace playing a mean prank on me like I hear kids do on their tick tock shows. Who would have thought she would make a friend that looks so much like her, I can see why she calls you her little sister. If there is anything I can do to make it up to you, do not be afraid to ask.” Bailey smiled sweetly back at her, the blow hadn’t really hurt before it was just shocking. “Just show Candi the same love you were going to show me and we will be even.” Edna’s smile grew wider hearing that. “Such a sweet girl, little Candace said something similar about you. You just need to watch that tongue of yours in the future, but again I am sorry for striking you.” Nodding to her Bailey looked back at his phone seeing Candi say it is all taken care of and looked back to the old woman who didn’t look terribly pleased Bailey had looked at the phone while they were talking. “Apology accepted and I’m sorry for being rude.” There wasn’t a reason to apologize to her, but he thought back to how he imagined the situation growing out of control and thought doing so could only help things.

The car pulled up under the overhang for the hotel where the Connors were staying. When the car was put into park April turned looking at the two people in the car with her. “I hope you don’t mind ma’am that I don’t help you up to your room, but I think you will have plenty of assistance.” She said motioning to Bailey in the backseat and then pointed out toward the passenger side window where everyone could easily see Candi running to the car with abandon. She was wearing a black tank top, black bicycle shorts that had a pink line across the side and some white sneakers. “Thank you for the ride, it was a pleasure meeting you April and I look forward to continuing our chat tonight at the party.” Happy to be away from the woman that had locked his manhood away Bailey pulled on the door handle. When he did the door didn’t budge and he tried a second time, and then a third. It was obviously just a child lock on the door, but for just a second or two his chest started to get tight. Bailey felt like he was literally trapped in the car, much like his manhood was trapped, like he was trapped in the role of the opposite gender seven years his junior. He started to pull on the door handle frantically, causing April to look at him in confusion and anger.

All of his focus was on the door handle that wasn’t doing it’s one job, when suddenly to him the door swung open. With freedom upon him Bailey sprung from the door and

collided with Candi, who threw her arms around her best friend. Candi's arms were wrapped around Bailey's upper body and as they collided Bailey wrapped his around her waist reflexively to keep himself from tumbling. As he tried to steady himself he felt the girl start bouncing in his arms as she made a high pitched sound in excitement. "You can be so subdued sometimes I love it when you are just as excited as me!" Taking a small step back and still very much being in Bailey's personal space Candi inspected his changed looks, but looked away as her grandmother got out of the car. The excitable teen held both her fists in front of her mouth hiding her huge smile as she looked at the elderly woman. To Bailey it looked like she was vibrating with excitement, like a coiled spring ready to release its energy. "Nana! I missed you so much!" It wasn't till she opened her arms ready to accept the embrace did Candi bolt forward to hug her grandmother and give her a kiss on the cheek. "Candace my dear it is nice to see you and I wish I still held an ounce of the energy you possess. Today is a special day and it makes sense to be happy as you are. I brought you a few gifts to celebrate, maybe we open one together before tonight. So long as you don't tell your father." Candi's eyes were practically sparkling at the idea of getting presents and nodded vigorously. "Yes, yes a hundred times yes! Oh my god I love you Nana, but not because of the presents." The elderly woman smiled warmly and patted her granddaughter on the cheek. "But they don't hurt." Again Candi nodded, biting the corner of her lower lip. "Presents always help." She said giving her another hug before getting a look on her face like she had forgotten something and turned to Bailey and pulled him closer by the hand.

"Don't we look alike!?"

When we first met someone said we looked like twins and I just loved that so much and she is like it tlesistertome" Bailey looked at his friend surprise as she talked so fast it was like there were no spaces between the words and not sure how he felt that he understood her.

"Slower dear.. And maybe we talk as we go inside." Edna turned to look at April in the car and gave a little wave. "Bailey is in good hands, I will watch the girls before the party. Drive safe now." April nodded to her and looked over at Bailey as she leaned closer to the passenger side of the car. "Bailey, make sure you listen to Mrs. Connors, she is in charge. Now be good and I will see you later." Bailey got a flashback to when he had to pretend he was some preteen girl with how she was talking to him. His very first instinct was to

tell her how he could take care of himself, but with recently saying his mantra out loud to her the words were much fresher on his mind. "Yes ma'am, I will be a good girl." With that April drove away and Candi led the other two into the hotel and up to her room. "No Candace, what were you trying to tell me earlier and remember I can't keep up with you like I used to." Enda gave a few reassuring pats to her granddaughter's arm as they rode the elevator up. "I was saying that when we met someone and they said." Candi halted her story as her grandmother held up her hand. "When you and who met? I'm happy to listen to every story you have and will consider myself better for it, but make sure you tell it so I can follow." Candi gave a little nod. "Yes Nana, I will. When Bailey and I met it was at a park for one of Daddy's work thingies. I'm always alone at them, but I met Bailey and her Mom. Oh my god Nana she is so pretty, she reminds me of my mom so much. She is pretty and nice to me and and I think Daddy loves her and oh my god is she smart. I think she is smarter than Daddy and I told him so and he didn't say anything back except I saw the smile on his face. What was I saying?"

The afternoon passed with Bailey listening to Candi retell the story of how they met, he felt some anger when she talked about Derrick the smug bastard being in love with his Mandy. He flashed with embarrassment when she mentioned how August kissed him at that park bench by the snack bar and how they thought the two were twins or at least sisters. The older woman had looked at Bailey again at that part of the story and he already knew what she was thinking with how she confused them. So long as Candi stayed close to on track with her story she didn't interrupt, and waited till the girl was done till she talked. "I will admit I see similarities, but twins might be a stretch. Boys see two pretty blonde green eyed girls and then their brains let them see little else. Tell me Candace, it seems like you have a lot of love for Bailey. How would you feel if your father married again and she became your sister?" Bailey thought he might have been upset or raged against such a thing. Derrick... He could see why someone would find him appealing, and he had cried when the two kissed under the fireworks. Now though after knowing his name would be cleared with the PI and how happy his mother's face was that he was doing all of this for her. No Derrick was a temporary distraction, one that frustrated him, but only that. In the end Derrick would be gone and he would be staying. Bailey felt Candi grip his hand as she gave him a small smile before turning her attention

back to her grandmother. “Having a full family again would be me getting every wish I could make. Wishes fountains, birthday cakes, shooting stars and getting a little sister would make it all so much better.”

The emotion in her voice, and how he could see her tearing up pulled something in Bailey’s heart. This girl so full of energy and having many friends, had felt alone for a long time. She clung to her father like he was a life preserver in that sea, all of her friends just people that happen to be nearby, not those she felt close to. Maybe part of it was because she had to keep going wherever her father did in his travels, maybe because... Bailey felt himself tearing up as well, that familiar loneliness. It was like a void that couldn’t be filled or at least you didn’t think it could be. Friends like Chuck were a distraction from it, his love... Bailey remembered laying on the couch with his head on Mandy’s lap as she ran her fingers through his hair and looked down at him with so much love. She had made him forget the void was even there, but she was gone more and more. The more she worked, the more she was away the worse that void felt, the more he tried to fill it with distractions like Chuck, drinking or girls. He understood Candi, he understood what it felt like to be alone when you have others around. Her hand, her fingers intertwined in his own told him how him being around her helped her forget about that void. It made him happy, proud and incredibly sad for her knowing that Bailey Ann wouldn’t be around long enough to help fill that void in. “I can see by your tears you feel the same way. Now I warn you girls, love does not just happen. You are young and your romances and feelings are real, never let someone say you don’t know love because you are young. Love comes in many forms, like two friends feeling like they are sisters. Young love like you will feel for a boy will be like a bonfire, large and powerful. Though they do not last. Real love, the love people think about when they get married is like a smaller fire that so long as you work it, feed it will keep forever. I say this because sometimes when one dates, even at an age like your father it could just be one of those bonfire and not something that lasts. You understand my lesson?” Candi sniffled a little and nodded. “Yes Nana.” The elderly woman’s gaze shifted to Bailey. “Yes Nana.” He responded copying Candi instead of calling her Mrs. Connors, he kicked himself for it and averted his gaze from her as he felt Candi squeeze his hand in approval.

Sitting at the table Candi got out a deck of cards and the two of them showed Bailey how to play a game called Queens and they continued to talk and share stories. Bailey was not prepared for the question Nana Connors asked him, it wasn't in the backstory, not something anyone had even thought of. "So you get to me Candace's grandmother, what of your grandparents Bailey?" His eyes focused on his cards that he held in one hand and twirled a strand of hair in the other for a long pause. He had never met Mandy's Mom, she had passed before they started to date. His mind touched the memory of his dead parents like it was a sharp piece of glass and thought of his father. He had never talked about his parents as far as he could remember, there were little stories but never any specifics. He just knew they weren't around and his mother.. His real mother, she was the product of a split home. He had no idea where her father was, or if he was alive, but he did know her mom, his grandmother. A tall thin woman that always had candy in her pockets to give him, she was gone. He remembered balling his eyes out at her funeral when he was twelve, it was cancer. It was always cancer that stole his family away, pulling pieces of him away each time it came into his life. His stupid emotions were not in any way under his control today and he only got out one word before his tears came and came heavy. "Caner." Before Candi could reach for him or say a word Bailey ran from the table and into the bathroom in Candi's room. The door slamming behind him as he slid to the floor leaning against it, his knees pressing up into his chest as his arms wrapped around them and he just cried.

It could have just been a minute, ten or an hour he wasn't sure, but a light knocking came to the door he had pressed his body against. "Bailey, let me in." Candi's voice soft and full of concern. He could hear the door handle turn and the door push into him, so he leaned forward and off to the side a little so she could squeeze in. Bailey looked up at her, his eyes still refusing to halt their evacuation of tears, he could see her look of worry. She didn't say anything, just joined him on the floor and put her arm around his shoulder. At some point he had ended up leaning into her and weeping on her shirt, ruining his makeup and the tank top she wore. When his tears had settled, he laid there with her. His face resting on her young supple breasts and now that he mind was clear he was very much aware of them and so was his constrained member. Still he stayed, it felt nice to be held and tried to ignore his baser instincts. "You know, for someone so pretty you cry

ugly.” Bailey pulled back from his friend and scowled at her a little and when he did something in his hand fell, something he hadn’t realized he was still clutching. His hand of cards were still in his hand when he ran and he had clutched onto them tightly enough to bend them and he hadn’t realized. Candi looked at the cards and then back to Bailey. “You know, you could have just said you didn’t want to play.” It made Bailey laugh and him laughing was enough for Candi to laugh. Between her two comments the tension in his chest and shoulders lifted away and it felt wonderful to just sit there on the floor and laugh.

The laughter died down and Bailey made an uncomfortable face. “You okay?” Candi asked, suddenly worried about her friend once more. “Yeah, yeah.. I just have to umm.” He nodded his head in the direction of the toilet. The laughter had caused something to shift in him and his body was letting him his bladder was full. “Oh if you need to tinkle, I will get out of your way.” Bailey scrunched up his face at her choice of word. “Tinkle? I just have to pee.” Shaking her head Candi got back to her feet and held out her hand to assist her friend. “I don’t like that word.” Her face held an expression of mild disgust as she left Bailey alone. He was sure he was going to feel worse than that in a second or two. Pulling up his white skirt Bailey looked down at the smooth front of his panties, the thin lacy material allowing him to see the lips of his new vagina.

Lowering his panties to his knees Bailey sat down on the toilet, he felt like he was ready to burst but he didn’t dare, not yet. Moving his right hand down he felt the lips of his new groin, it felt warm and real like his skin. Though it had no tactile feeling of it’s own, he could only feel the pressure of his fingers through it. Slipping a finger in it felt warm and damp, it was beyond odd to know he was touching himself, feeling a woman’s anatomy with his fingers, but not feel it through the prosthetic, not that he thought it should, but with it looking so real it was bizarre. His fingers traced around the area and even though his bladder was demanding release he felt his manhood come to life at the idea that his hand was someplace it wanted to be. When his fingers found the clitoris all of that changed. As his index finger rolled over it he felt a vibration that stimulated his hidden cock. Whatever that band was that they had wrapped around his member it was directly tied to this spot. “Oh.. oh, Ahhh.. oh wow.” Bailey had to pull his hand away before this

very wrong act went too far. He was not going to get off on some vibrator tied to a fake pussy. Taking a few deep breaths to calm himself he attempted to pee, but nothing came. He sat for much longer than he would have liked for his brain to switch tracks between thinking it was going to release cum and disposing of bodily waste. It was like peeing into a pocket or some sort of filter. When he was done he knew shaking out the remaining piss wasn't an option and for the first time in his life he pulled some toilet paper to wipe himself clean after peeing.

After cleaning himself up Bailey went to go look in the mirror and frowned when he saw how terrible his makeup was. He had some in his purse, but it looked bad and knew he was going to have to ask Candi for some wipes to clean himself up first. And he knew exactly what that was going to lead to, she would want to do a makeover for the party. Bailey gave himself a half grin thinking about the teen, he didn't ask for help, but she came and offered comfort. She was a good person, he would need to redo his makeup anyhow. So why not allow her to have fun, after all she did for him. Shaking his head Bailey turned back to the door and took a deep breath, holding it in for a few seconds before letting it out and trying to will much of his stress to go with it he left the security of the restroom. Stepping out, Bailey saw the elderly woman sitting on the couch that he and Candi had fallen asleep on together after a long day at the pool. She was sitting in the center of the couch, one arm wrapped around Candi, and with the other she tapped the cushion to her other side, while giving Bailey a reassuring smile. "Come sit with us dear." Bailey looked at the old woman and then to Candi, he really didn't want to open up more about his family. So he made a small frown and shook his head. "I look a mess, Candi can we like maybe start getting ready for tonight?" The teen girl pushed her jaw out and smiled, happy at the idea of getting ready for her party. "You two can run along in a moment, come over and sit with me for a moment."

Bailey had long stopped noticing the sway of his hips as he strutted, but Edna was just picking up on how the blonde girl moved like she was on the prowl for attention. When Bailey sat down, smoothing his skirt under him he felt the old woman's arm move over his shoulder. She leaned to her right and kissed Candi on the forehead and then leaned to her left to do the same for Bailey. "Candace has been telling me about some of your

adventures, and it is so refreshing to see friendship like the two of you have. I think you can appreciate it with how you called your own mother's friend Aunt. Well I don't want to keep the two of you, but Bailey I understand we are celebrating your birthday today as well. I'm afraid I didn't buy you anything." Bailey shook his head a little, feeling the long hair move about as it drifted over his shoulders. "I don't like need anything." He felt himself being pulled closer to Mrs. Connors as she squeezed him close. She was stronger than he would have expected from someone her size and age. "Do not be rude dear, no interrupting your elders." She then gave him another kiss on the head that made him flush. "I'm sorry, I will be a good girl." Bailey responded automatically. "I'm sure you will, but what I was saying was when you have a friend that is close, like what you two have, it can really be like you are sister. You already think of my Candace as your big sister, but I wanted to officially as the matriarch of this family tell you that I will consider you another granddaughter. You can call me Nana like you did on accident earlier, that is if you will accept my offer." When she was younger, raising Derrick she had often adopted his friends. Money was always more than tight, but still she was happy to provide a place for them to spend their time, and one more mouth was always welcome to split what they had for dinner. Offering to be there for Candace's best friend was little different. The girl seemed to have lost so much for someone so young, she did wish she had more time to help the girl's mother. Bailey was a little rough around the edges and would benefit from a strong hand of discipline and the constant attention and uplifting words every young girl needs from her grandparents. Bailey felt stunned, it was extremely kind for her to offer to treat him like her own. Way more touching than he would have liked to feel at that moment, but he did not need to be entangled more with this family, not with all of this coming to an end sooner rather than later. "Oh my god Nana that is like the best gift you could give either of us!" Candi gave a huge kiss to her grandmother's cheek that brought a large enough smile that Bailey swore she looked five years younger in that moment. "I knew you would just love Bailey! She is the best...." Her words trailed off as she fully bit her lower lip looking at Bailey. "She is my best friend, my best little sister, she is Bailey Ann Best!" She said with excitement in her voice before leaning forward, stage whispering. "Maybe Bailey Ann Best-Connors if I can get Daddy to adopt her too."

Bailey wasn't going to argue with his friend when she was like this and soon he was

dragged off into her room. Candi brought out her makeup case and sat it on the floor with her and Bailey. She started with cleaning off her makeup, when done she leaned forward and gave Bailey an embrace he was not expecting and just held it. "I'm sorry you hurt so much, but I'm here and will always be here for you and now so will Nana. Pulling away she gave a small smile and raised an eyebrow. "I have an idea and you will just love it. We are going to make a video!" It was the kind of thing he expected her to say, he nodded and smiled back at her. His mind thinking about what she just said and what Nana Connors offered. The idea of having people to speak with about things, to lean on that would be there, not just a friend to go drinking with sounded appealing. This time leaving them would be his choice, one he had to take to be himself again, but a piece of him did lament he didn't have a friend in his life like Candi when he lost his parents. Chuck was a good friend, they talked and bullshitted about things, his little brother was a hoot and a half. Thinking about the brothers shattered his train of thought, derailing as he remembered Liam hitting on him in the food court and jerking off while giving a dildo oral as he looked at a picture of Chuck. Bailey shook his head, focusing on the present, much happier to get a makeover on camera than think about either of them right now. While his green eyed friend busied herself getting everything setup Played with his hands, running a finger over his smooth pink glossy nails as his mind lost focus on the present again and thought back to some happy memories. Like riding on Cherry the first time his father said it was safe for a twelve year old greenhorn to ride her. Still not fully trusting him to be alone, Bailey remembered him walking beside him as they did a circuit of the stables so he could make sure everything was okay. It was a wonderful memory and he wished he had spent more time being outdoors with his father, taking the time to appreciate him and less time earning money at their store. The money he earned was long gone, and memories with him were too few. "Do you mind if I watch? I haven't seen anyone make one of those tick tocks before."

Candi's laughter merrily, "If you want." Bailey responded, he didn't care if she watched, the video was going on the internet after all. "Nana, we are putting it up on Youtube and yes you can watch. In fact you can join us!" When the video started Candi waved toward the camera, her arm pivoting left to right at the elbow, a massive smile on her face. Bailey kept his arm mostly still and waved with his finger. "Hello everyone! First I have to say

today is a very, very very special day. You see today we have some guests, everyone should know Bailey by now, my little sister. You have to forgive her for not having any makeup on.” She gave a for shame motion with her hands, rubbing one index finger across the other. “But we can take care of that in a moment. Today we also have our Nana joining us, say hello to the world.” The older woman beamed a smile, happy as can be to share this moment with her. Bailey knew this would be one of those memories Candi looked back on fondly. “Well I doubt the whole world will see this, but hello to all of you who tune in to watch my Candace.” The recording would be stopped with a handheld remote and Candi would have the scene changed so that they could do Bailey’s makeup and then her own. Often looking to her family’s matriarch to ask what she thought. “So like we have our night time look, but we also have to do our hair and I have something special for both of us today!” Bailey had no clue what she was talking about, but he had little choice but to look happy while she pulled out something wrapped in tissue paper from under her bed. “Nana care to unwrap this for the us?” Taking the white paper that was full of stars made up of glitter she slowly pulled back the folds to reveal a pair of tiaras made of metal instead of plastic. “Aww those are so pretty.” Nana Connors held her hands under the tissue paper and held them out more so that the camera could see. Candi picked both up and held her hands out to Bailey, moving her hands back and forth, arm over arm and then back again as she urged her friend to take either one. “They are so cute I could just die, haven’t you like always wanted to be a princess!?” Bailey grabbed one of them with his finger tips, not sure how sturdy the little crown would be and was surprised at the weight. “I can say with one hundred percent honesty that I like didn’t think it would happen outside of a dream.” Candi looked directly at the camera with a smile that seemed to say she had been hiding more. “I didn’t say this before, but something else that makes today special is it is our eighteenth birthday party tonight and a few boys that fancy us. I will not say their names, but they know who they are, got us our gowns. It is was the first birthday gift we got. Buuuuuut... I may have peaked at what they were before now, and like my sister I have always dreamed of being a princess!” The girl’s voice picked up with excitement on the last word.

“I wanted to thank you all for taking the time to share this moment with us and while I am not asking you to. A few of you have asked in the comments about sending me things

to unbox, so if you want Bailey and I to do that maybe we can make a video series of unboxing what all you lovelies send us. I will include a link below, but please only send us things if you want us to unbox it for everyone to see and you can afford it. The world is hard enough without any of us spending money we don't have. Now tata for now." She looked over at Bailey giving her a wink that the camera couldn't see. "Okay little sis, tell everyone you love them and where they can find our channel and what you are working on." Candi looked back to the camera, leaning a little closer so she was more in the frame than anyone else. "She is adorable, but a little shy sometimes, you all will love her content I promise." Feeling very uncomfortable, Bailey looked down at the piece of paper on the floor in front of him that Candi had written his youtube channel's full name on and explained how the advertising for her channel here would help her get more views. His nervousness translated to him twirling a strand of hair, looking sheepish for a few silent seconds before pushing himself to answer. "Over on my channel I have a few hair videos, I'm just learning styles myself and like you all can learn along with me. And like I have one video where I tell you about a day in my life, and... and." Bailey could see his friend visibly trying to encourage him and sadly knew everyone on this video would be able to see her too. "If you like my videos I will make a bunch more with my sister." He hadn't wanted to say sister, but in all of the videos he had joined her Candi always referred to him as such. "You can find me under my profile name Best Bailey." When Bailey stopped talking Candi moved from her sitting position to leaping over at him, wrapping her hands around Bailey as she gave out that now familiar high pitched sound she made when overly excited. "Oh my god Bailey you did so great, everyone is going to just love my cute little sister!" The force of the pounce had knocked Bailey to the floor and took Candi with him. "I hope so." He said lying, not wanting to make her feel bad for her efforts. "Oh, oops!" Candi said, sitting back up and reaching for the remote. "Forgot to turn off the video, bye again everyone!" Clicking the stop button she looked between her grandmother and Bailey. "I think I will leave that last part in if it looks good." Bailey was still on the ground and closed his eyes, wishing playing dead was a real solution to what was going on, but he was sure that the last part would be left in as he heard Nana Connors laugh in a way that he could hear the fondness she had for her granddaughter.

Sitting in the backseat of Derrick's car Bailey wasn't feeling particularly well and felt

worse Candi had spoken up. She could hardly sit still in the car, and he had to make sure he didn't look directly at her or his eyes would be drawn to things he knew he shouldn't be looking at. She was wearing the same burgundy red dress the two of them had worn on their double date, white tights, his strappy high heels and of course the new tiara. The idea of even thinking of heels as his was odd enough, let alone he had loaned them out. The girl bouncing in her seat caused her chest to move and even Nana Connors hasn't tried to quell her excitement as they made their way to the party. Candi looked just to the side of the headrest in front of her so she could see her Dad in profile, then to Miss Best in the front seat. Her eyes stopped on her lap, where she held her Daddy's hand. That little sign of affection alone would have made her happy, but in the backseat with her was her Nana and semi adopted sister. She had told her Nana how her telling Bailey she could call her Nana was one of the best gifts she could have ever gotten, though she was quick to say how she still wanted her birthday presents when Nana had asked her if that meant she didn't want what she had wrapped for her. "I love this, today might be the best day of summer." The comment got a few looks from those in the car to see if she would elaborate. "Oh, why is that sweetheart?" Derrick asked looking in the rearview mirror to see her face. "All of this!" She said waving her hands at the full car. "It feels like a family doesn't it?"

Everyone reacted in their own way, with Derrick glancing over at the beautiful blonde woman to his side, his grip tightening on her hand for just a moment. Amanda gave a smile that didn't show any teeth, but it was sensear enough that it reached her eyes. The idea of having a family appealed to her, but it left an unease in her and she couldn't bring herself to look at anyone in the car, not Derrick, Candi and definitely not Bailey. Enda, who was sitting between the two girls in the back seat, tapped her hand gently on Bailey's exposed knee and gave the girl a friendly smile. Bailey had been blowing off Candi's statements about the subject and her talk of trying to figure out how to make their parents fall in love. He knew the truth of what was happening after all he knew the truth of how this was going to end. Still her comment right now felt more real with how everything went when Derrick came back to his hotel.

Bailey was in Candi's bedroom with her Nana as they discussed how to use the burgundy

dress tonight and still have a different look than before. “That dress looks pretty, I’m sure you will look beautiful in it.” The older woman said as Candi held it up to her chest. “Oh Nana it does look good on me, Bailey has the same dress and we went on a double date. I just want to look a little different when I wear it and it was way too cute not to be worn more than once.” Bailey participated in the conversation offering up suggestions like wearing the white tights that she was more than happy to agree with, but he spent most of the time looking at the floor and not at the nearly naked teen girl. Candi was wearing only her bra and panties, the direction of his gaze was picked up on by the older woman and she had put her arm around his waist. He wasn’t sure what that was about till she had whispered to Bailey when Candi was rummaging through her closet to pick out a few different options for shoes. “I can tell you are still feeling down about those you have lost and did a wonderful job covering it up for the video the two of you made. You don’t have to hide how you feel, Candace will understand, but if you are trying to put on a brave face you will have to try harder or she is going to notice.” She had noticed his mood, it was the wrong conclusion, but she was right. He would have to try harder, he couldn’t ruin this party for her and would have to try harder. Bailey gave the elderly woman a little nod before looking over at Candi, seeing her perfect little heart shaped ass in her panties and feeling his natural anatomy signal it’s approval. “Candi why not wear my shoes, they like look fantastic on you and I know you still have them.” A few seconds later Candi pulled both of those shoes out, holding them in the air between her fingers. “They don’t look fantastic on me, they look fantastic on both of us and you wore them for our date and I can definitely get behind that idea, but you know I have them because you said I could keep them. Don’t worry we will go by your place when Daddy gets home so you can get ready and you can wear the heels I bought you the other day.” Edna laughed at the two’s banter. “Having a friend that you can borrow shoes and clothes from must be nice, I wish I had someone like that when I was younger. Doubling your options on clothes must be nice.” Candi only had a small smile on her face as she looked at her grandma, considering for a moment if she would get in any trouble for correcting her. “No, Nana I don’t have a friend...” She dragged out the word. “I have a sister and yes it is nice.” Edna nodded in agreement. “Fair enough.”

“What is fair enough?” Derrick said, poking his head into his daughter’s room, he had

been as quiet as he could coming in. He wanted to surprise his mom with the flowers he bought for her to make sure she knew he appreciated her and as an apology for not being the one to pick her up from the airport. She hadn't mentioned it in a long time, but it was her that made sure he was spending extra time with Candi, bringing her along on his work trips instead of leaving the girl off with her. She had made it clear that his priorities were wrong, he had spent too much time at the office instead of home with his sick wife and how if he kept it up he would lose his connection with his daughter. "EEEEK! Daddy get out!" Candi said, jumping into the closet to hide from the sight of her father. "Sorry honey, your bedroom door was open." Looking at the girl this might have been one of the first times Bailey had seen her look embarrassed. Her cheeks were red, but instead of looking like she wanted to crawl into a hole like he did when he felt that way her eyes were hard. "Daddy, GET OUT!" Derrick looked in the direction of the voice and gave a little shrug before walking away from the door. "Have fun, I'm going to go spend some time with your father." Nana Conners said, shutting the door behind her. Hearing the door shut Candi looked around the corner to double check before stepping back into the room. "Did you hear that? She is talking about Daddy like he is both of our Dads." Bailey shook his head at her ridiculousness. "No she was totally just talking to you, and remember how she said you need to like understand that they might not work out." Candi waved her hand in the air like she could knock the words away, her movement causing her chest to move in a rather eye-catching way. Don't worry sis, you keep working on your Mom and I will keep working on Daddy, we will get them together. Besides now we have Nana, once she talks to your Mom she will be practically pushing Daddy into her arms." Bailey held her gaze for a few seconds before letting out a sigh, the girl just couldn't change the tracks in her mind. "Can we get back to getting you to put on some clothes before your Dad comes in here again." Derrick hadn't acted embarrassed at all with almost seeing his daughter in her underwear, or maybe he was better at hiding it by being around her as she grew up, but he was more than embarrassed for him.

After Candi finished getting dressed the four of them were out the door, a few presents were put in the trunk along with the dress Bailey was going to change into back at home. "Love the crown's girls. I told you before that you were princesses and it looks like I was right. So here is my pledge to you both, so long as you both wear your crowns tonight I

shall call you Princess Candace and Princess Bailey. Unless of course you both would like me to tell everyone to call you both Princess Ann tonight and let you decide amongst yourselves who they are talking to.” Bailey smiled sweetly at him, but just thought about ripping the tiara out of his hair and onto his and let him see how he felt about being called Princess Derrick all night. “Our first names will be fine Daddy. Can you tell me about the party?” Derrick, still turned around in the driver’s seat to look back at the girls shook his head solemnly like this was a very serious matter. “I”m sorry Princess Candance, Princess Bailey, I would love to tell you but I have been sworn to secrecy.” Candi pursed her lips in thought and gave a little nod like she came to a conclusion and was agreeing with herself over it. “What do you think, should we let him off the hook or use the tried and true method that always breaks Daddy.” Bailey raised an eyebrow, not sure what she was talking about. “Pouting and giving me those big doe eyes will not break my resolve on this one and you will find out for yourself here soon.” Candi looked over at her friend with a little mischief in her eye. “Yeah, but now you have two of us to contend with and I don’t think you could hold out for long.” Derrick looked between the two girls, while this entire time his mother watched on in silence. “Let him have his secrets, you wouldn’t want him telling everyone yours.” Bailey said thinking about the many things he didn’t want to let out, like what happened when two boys didn’t take no for an answer at the water park and how Derrick had saved him and kept it to himself. “It’s settled then.” Derrick said, giving a wink to Bailey before turning back to face the steering wheel and start their journey so Bailey could get ready.

The group went up the stairs at the apartment complex, Bailey mincing up to the door before pulling out the pink key he was given for the door, his old keys long gone, or at least well hidden by Aunt Megan. Thinking of her made Bailey remember how he had sent her the video of him saying he was a good girl, but he hadn’t done any of the math workbook or the ballet practice. “Come on in and like welcome to our home.” Bailey said mostly to the older woman, her being the only one that hadn’t seen his two bedroom apartment before. “You look beautiful Mommy!” Bailey said as Amanda came out of the hallway when the front door opened. Bailey’s eyes very much enjoyed the way she looked and he could feel it wasn’t just his eyes that were pleased. She was wearing a deep blue wrap dress, the neckline plunged enough to just be okay with an office dress code, the

sleeves stopped just below her elbows and the hem was far from scandalous at two inches above her knee. Her legs were encased in forty denier hosiery that Bailey wished he wasn't able to tell at a glance thanks to the fashion sites and magazines he had been forced to read. She wasn't wearing any jewelry as of yet and her feet were bare, but her makeup was done. Her eyes started off with a gold eyeshadow and moved to a blue, her lips were colored in with a matte nude lipstick. She looked like a goddess, one he wanted to ravish. "You look so pretty. Oh wow I love your eyes! Could you show Bailey and I how you did that?"

The sweet compliment pulled Bailey away from the idea of fucking the woman senseless, how his mind went there so quickly he realized he was more than just a little horny. He watched as Derrick came up and gave a kiss to his own love's cheek and whispered something to her that made her blush a little. "Mommy, you look the most beautiful, you are like a goddess!" More than a few times after they had sex he would run his hand over her body and tell her how she was his goddess and he wanted her to remember those moments and how he was feeling about her. Amanda gave a wide smile to Bailey and then Candi, her body leaning a little into Derrick. "Thank you girls and I would love to show you both sometime. Now don't be rude Derrick, introduce me to your mother." Stepping forward and motioning towards his Mother with one hand and the other at Amanda. "Mom this is Amanda Best, Mandy this is my Mom, Edna." Amanda held out her hand to greet the elderly lady, but she stepped past it and gave her a hug. After stepping back she looked to her son. "She is just lovely, I like seeing you date someone that makes you both happy and keeps you in check." Bailey retreated into himself a little thinking of them dating. They weren't dating! Sure Mandy was seeking comfort and companionship with the man, but they hadn't gone out on any dates. "It is a pleasure to meet you Amanda, my son and granddaughter seem quite taken with you. I hope you don't mind me asking you some questions, I can't let just anyone around my boy. You know he hasn't dated anyone since Emily passed." Derrick looked horrified that she had said all of that. "Mom!" The older woman waved her hand towards Derrick to dismiss what he was saying. "I am enjoying every moment I get to spend with your family. Candi is a bright young woman that I am looking forward to spending time with this summer and your son." Amanda's eyes went back to the bearded man, as their eyes met she felt

something in her heart that made her smile unconsciously. The situation was still more than odd, but after that day where they laid in bed together sharing what they liked sexually and their brief, but enjoyable encounters after she knew she wanted to spend more time with him. “He has been a true gentleman, and I do not know about keeping him in check, but I have to say he makes me happy.”

Amanda looked over at Bailey seeing what her disguised boyfriend thought about this talk of dating and how Derrick made her happy. All she saw was a teen girl with a blank expression besides her smile as she played with her hair. “She makes me happy, Mom, but there is no need to grill her.” Enda gave her son a flat look that faded to something warm and friendly when she looked at her granddaughter. “Why don’t you girls go and finish getting ready, and go like lightning, I know you both are looking forward to tonight.” Candi grabbed Bailey by his hand brining him back in to the moment as she pulled him along back into his bedroom and closed the door. It took him a second to realize what was going on and looked to the closed door. “Be right back.” He said heading back into the living room to grab the box with the new dress, the short trip allowing him to overhear a little of what Mandy and the elder Connors were talking about. “I was never what you would call a career woman, you have a good position at a place I understand is hard for women to thrive in and yet you do it and have raised a beautiful daughter. How did you manage to have it all?” Bailey wanted to slow down, but the trip back to his room was only a few feet in the apartment, slowing his steps only allowed him to catch a little more. “I am far from having it all, I have not been able to spend nearly as much time with Bailey as I would have liked and that has caused problems.” Bailey couldn’t see what they were doing, not wanting to look behind him as he listened in, but he heard Derrick’s voice next. “You mean the bad grades?” The last thing he heard as the door shut was from Nana Connors. “Don’t beat yourself up hon, I failed plenty raising Derrick, but as sweet as your girl is I have seen that blank look on her face more than a few times, I don’t think good grades were ever in the cards.” Great another person thinks I’m an idiot, that is the role I guess... Yay for it working. He thought sitting down on the bed next to Candi and opening the box, while his friend fidgeted with her hands in anticipation to see what Bailey would be wearing that night. What Bailey wasn’t able to hear was Derrick speaking up after his Mother’s observations. “Bailey is a wonderful girl that seems to internalize a

lot and that causes her to get lost in her own head, but seeing her and speaking with Candace she has a real creative side, she actually opened up to me telling me how she always wanted to try ballet.” Edna shook her head at her son before looking at Amanda. “I wasn’t trying to put her down, I just wanted you to feel better about not being able to spend more time with her like you would want. I’m sure it is harder for you than Derrick, but I already made my feelings clear to him about him spending not enough time with Candace.”

Soon Bailey was stepping out into the living room in a black shoulderless dress with a built in bra. The hem was shorter than the burgundy dress Candi wore, coming down less than halfway down his thighs. The only thing he wore for jewelry was a piece of black lacy fabric around his left wrist and towered in the stilts disguised as shoes, the black heels he had worn out last Friday. When he had slipped them on he recalled taking them off that Friday night after having a fight with Mommy, how angry she was and how angry he was at her and everyone. At the time he had kicked them off thinking he would never see them again, and now they held his feet like that did before, making his legs and ass look incredible. That was bad, but the worst part of getting dressed was when he realized he had no privacy to get undressed. Pulling off the white top he thought he would die when Candi hopped off the bed and her eyes were looking directly at his chest. “Oh My God, I thought I was right and I am!” She said before giving Bailey a massive hug. “You aren’t wearing your breast forms! Well you look like you have a pair of little helpers in there.” Candi corrected herself as she reached behind Bailey and unclasped his bra and two small flesh colored objects fell to the floor. Bailey covered his chest and blushed so hard it felt like his face was on fire from the warmth it created. “Don’t be like that!” Candi said, pulling Bailey’s hands away from his chest and touching his exposed flesh. “I’m like so happy you feel confident enough in yourself to not wear those things! And I like promise you that you are gonna blossom just like your Mom before you know it.” Candi was giving him a large smile, but the only thing he could think about was how her hand was on his chest, on his swollen chest and she thought he had breasts. At that second he was happy for the first time that the breast forms had caused his chest to swell and look like he had something a teen girl should. Stepping away from Bailey Candi opened his dresser drawer and pulled out a pair of panties and held them out to her friend. When Bailey

didn't move she playfully tossed them into his face, and while he reached to grab them on reflex he missed causing it to hang from the tiara.

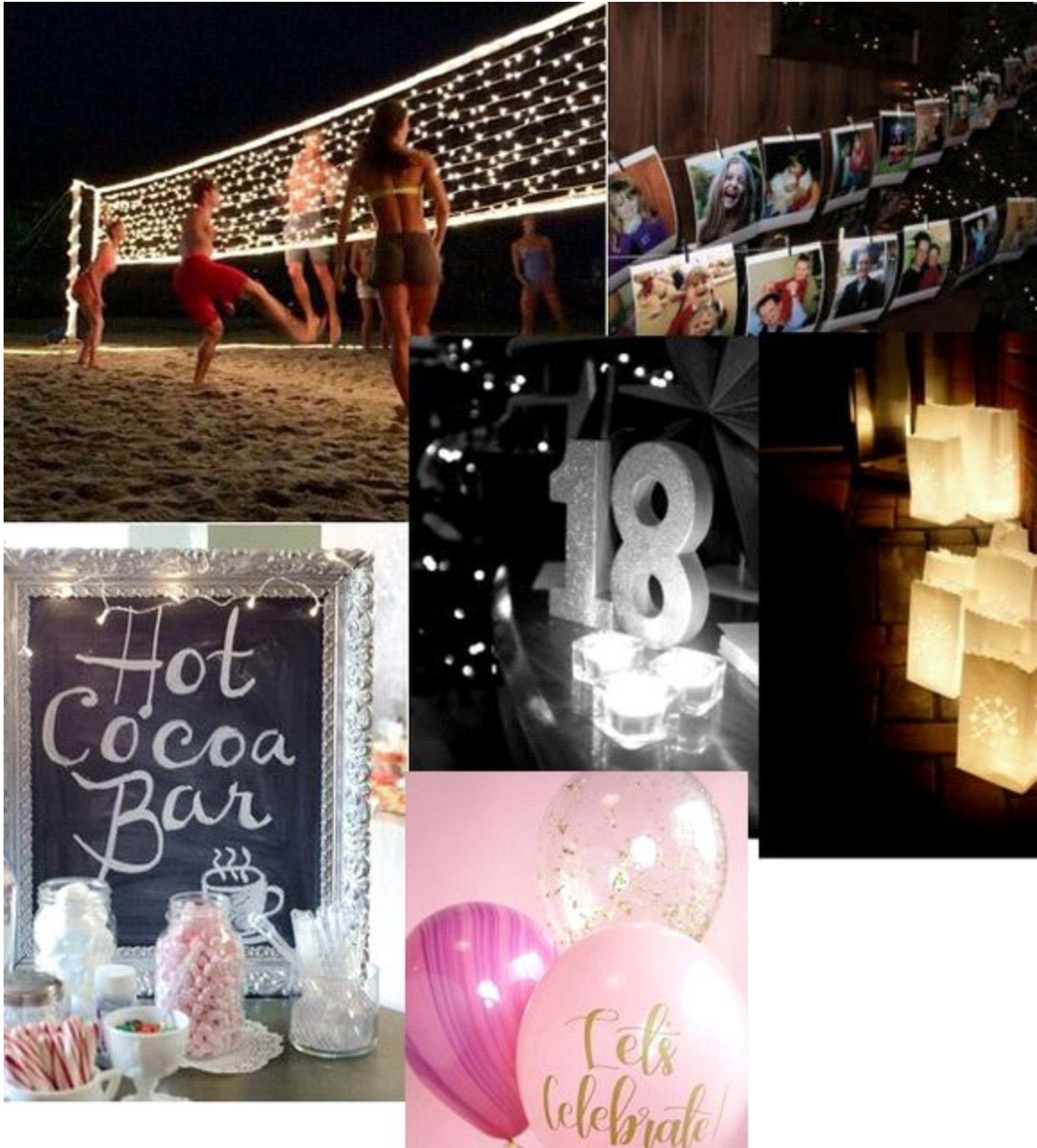
Candi burst out laughing while Bailey removed the silky piece of fabric from in front of his face and scowled at the laughing girl. "Stop being so shy, it isn't like we haven't had to undress in the school gym a million times. Hurry up and change, the sooner you put on that gorgeous dress, the sooner we can open presents!" With great reluctance Bailey unclasped his little white skirt, but turned around to face away from Candi before changing his panties. He wasn't really naked with the girl, not with the prosthetic and he hadn't been self conscious about his body, on the small side or not with ladies in a long time, but right now he was more than self conscious. He didn't want Candi to see what was between his legs, or specifically what wasn't. What if she realized it was fake or on one level accepted that it was real. "You just wait little sis, I'm going to make sure you are proud of that body." He didn't like hearing that or how the adults fawned over him and Candi. He didn't like how he thought of them as adults, he didn't like how Nana pinched his cheek saying how beautiful he was, he hated how Derrick was so nice and he wanted to die when his Mommy teared up a little seeing him. "Bailey you look just precious, you really do look like a princess." He wondered if she was crying because her boyfriend looked like this or something else. "They look like princesses, because they are. Isn't that right Princess Candance, Princess Bailey?" Derrick said walking behind both girls and putting his hand on each of their shoulders.

The sun was threatening to escape behind the mountains in the distance, casting the sky in an orange hue around it before fading to a darker and darker sky as the car pulled into the parking lot of a local park. The same park where Mega Corp held the family picnic that started all of this. The park seemed tranquil to Bailey as he stepped out of the car, holding onto the door to steady himself in the tall heels. Bailey was on the same side of the car as Derrick and when he got out he gave Bailey a little wink. The blasted man was charming, Bailey had to admit it while wishing he hadn't automatically smiled back at him. When everyone was out of the car Derrick walked a little ahead of the group with a quick pace before turning around with hands held out to the side facing them. "Time for the Princesses to find their royal court, all they have to do is follow the lights." Edna

wasn't sure what was going on and looked to the girls to see where they would go, while both Candi and Bailey looked around for lights. The park's lamps had recently turned on before they arrived from the time of day, but those were everywhere. Derrick couldn't see behind him, but when he saw Amanda shake her head he frowned and held one hand forward with his index finger up. "Hold on one second." Pulling out his phone that looked to already be on a call with someone he touched something. "I said It is time for the Princesses to find their royal court and only need to follow the lighted path!" With that a strand of white Christmas lights lit up on the ground next to the sidewalk and led deeper into the park. From the parking lot it was clear it veered off down a path past the water fountain where the girls learned of their similar shoe size before going out of sight.

The three adults trailed behind the two platinum blonde girls, watching as they moved at a pace that wasn't safe for the height of their shoes. Candi was brimming with excitement and held her friend's hand tight. Bailey noticed how her hand was shaking a little, it was different than when her energy bubbled over. "Are you okay?" Candi nodded her head not saying a word, her pace not slowing down by even a fraction. The quick pace came to an end when the two rounded a bend around some trees and saw what had been set up for them. The area once had a twenty by twenty park pavilion with two wood and metal benches under it that was within ten feet of a sand volleyball court. The white Christmas tree lights went up the sidewalk and up into the rafters of the pavilion, the benches had been pulled out and set up with large speakers connected to a docking station for a phone. The lights went off in two directions from the pavilion, one to the volleyball court. The lights were wrapped around the court's net making it look like it glowed in the soft light, while the other direction went to a large white tent. Candi's eyes were wide in awe and she started to take a few slow steps forward as if she was in a trance. Inside the white tent it was lit by those same Christmas lights, but on them hung with clothes pins were pictures, all scattered throughout the enclosure. Bailey gripped his friend's hand tighter as he started to see what was waiting for them. At the back of the tent was a pair of large silver balloons the size of his torso in the shape of a one and an eight, small tables were scattered throughout the room for people to sit by, each having a paper lantern with different shapes cut out of the paper. The battery operated candles shone through the cut

out holes, projecting hearts, stars and horseshoes around the dimly lit room. One table was set up to be a hot coco station, another had an assortment of their favorite candies. Walking into the center of the large tent that was devoid of people both Candi and Bailey spun around the room slowly taking it all in. They both looked to be in awe of what they were seeing, Bailey for a very different reason as she glanced at each of the photos around the room. They were photos of the two of them growing up. One would be of him and the next of Candi and on, and on, and on. Though hers were of her childhood, the ones of him were just wrong. He saw one photo of himself looking like he was ready to head to Highschool Freshman Homecoming, another of him sitting on Santa's lap. He had seen them before, but seeing them hung up beside Candi's photos it was like she was creating a story for someone that didn't exist and in a much more real way and when he saw the photo of himself with his father he felt an emotional pain. Aunt Megan had altered the photo, it was no longer of him riding Cherry next to his father who walked alongside as he made sure the horse was going to accept him as a rider. It now looked like Bailey Ann was riding her horse next to him... his checkered shirt was changed to pink, and his hair was elongated so that he had cute girly pigtails that had been curled hanging down under his cowboy hat.





“HAPPY BIRTHDAY!” a group of voices cheered from the tent opening the two had just walked in from. Everyone had been away from the tent so the girls had a chance to see everything before they came to see them. “Ohmygosh, ohmygosh WE JUST LOVE IT!” Candi yelled back to everyone as they filtered in. Bailey could see the excitement and joy in Candi’s eyes as she took everything in and he felt it fitting he was wearing all black, this felt like a type of funeral where he was both being celebrated and the one deceased. Candi stepped close to her friend and gave Bailey a large hug, holding him tight. “I was so worried, that’s why I was shaking. I like chose to be here and thought I wouldn’t... it doesn’t matter, oh my gosh this is so perfect.” Pulling back Candi held Bailey by his shoulders, smiling at him. “Right?” She was looking for confirmation and the only thing he could think was this was a perfect nightmare. “I never expected any of this.” Somehow Candi’s smile brightened before she turned to the group of people. Seeing those they arrived with and Miss April, Aunt Megan, Ryan, August, Jeremy. Ten total people at the party including herself didn’t sound like a lot of people, but to her, at that moment it was perfect, just like Bailey said. Candi dashed past Ryan who was coming up to give his own birthday wishes and wrapped her arms around her fathers torso, burying her face on his shoulder. “I’m sorry, what was that Princess?” Derrick said, only hearing a muffled sound from his daughter talking into his chest. She pulled back and he could see she was doing her best to fight off some tears. “I love, I love you so much this is like... oh god you are the best Daddy ever!” Derrick returned the hug as he let out a happy laugh. “I had some ideas, but this was mostly Mandy, Megan and April’s doing.” Candi pressed herself into her father again with a big hug before stepping back, letting her hands fall to her sides. Her smile hadn’t wavered as she looked at him and then who he had indicated. “They really are the Best!” She said before moving off to greet people. “The Best, I would have to agree.” He said to himself watching the Best sisters flank Bailey and point around the room to different photos and Bailey plucking one down from the line, looking at it fondly.



“This turned out well I think, but this is yours.” Derrick looked to his side seeing April wearing a canary yellow dress and black heels. In her hand was a stack of recipes and a credit card on top. “It turned out more than well, I swear if Candace held onto me a second longer I might have broken down and cried and it looks like Bailey is fighting off the same tears of joy Candace is. Your ability to produce something like this within the timeframe given tells me you have a great future at Mega Corp, or anywhere else if they are stupid enough to you get away.” April felt her cheeks grow a little warm at the praise, but tried to keep it from her voice. “High praise, but it would be better if you put that in writing in my personnel file. Maybe something along the lines of..” She tapped her index finger to her pink lips, her nails matched her dress perfectly. “Miss Gates shows ambition, and drive to succeed. She would do well in a leadership position, such as a department supervisor or project manager.” She said in a gruff fake male voice. Derrick raised an eyebrow at her. “Was that supposed to sound like me?” She pursed her lips while giving him a nod. “That sounded nothing like me.” April leaned closer to him and adjusted his tie that was a little askew from his hug attack he received from the birthday girl. “It sounds exactly like you, and those exact words have been already sent to your email in pdf format, all you have to do is electronically sign it and send it off.” Derrick put one hand on his stomach as he belted out a huge laugh. “That... that is wonderful, ambitious, but dangerous.” April just gave a shrug and held up her phone. “I’m going to go turn on some music, do you think what I just did was more wonderful or dangerous?” Derrick held her gaze for a second and looked around the room til he found Candace biting into the strawberry flavored red vine candy she enjoyed, before turning back to the dark haired woman next to him. “Miss Gates, I think you were right. That letter sounds exactly like something I would say.” The confident look on her face melted away to something more child-like and filled with a joy that she was too afraid of to show till this exact moment. “Thank you sir, that does mean a lot.” Derrick kept smiling at her and motioned towards the room full of people. “Small price for you doing all the leg work for all of this and don’t call me sir. Even at the office don’t do that. Mr. Connors there, and just Derrick when we set... say even a foot out of the office.” April felt her face grow warm again and excused herself to go put on music to play out in the pavilion.

April docked her phone with one hand and fanned herself with another as she looked

back to the man she was talking to a moment ago. "Oh I love those green eyes of his, Amanda you are one lucky woman." She said thinking more about how it was less about the color of his eyes and more of how when Derrick focused his attention on you, it made her feel like she was the only one that mattered to him at that moment, and it was enthralling. The music filtered out of the speakers and drifted off into the rest of the park and inside the tent. Now that she had a moment to herself out here she thought about what Derrick had said he saw with Bailey holding back tears looking at a photo and wondered what photo it was that bothered him the most. If she had to guess it would be the one where he looked twelve and was sitting on Santa's lap looking grumpy. This was such a wonderful night, not just because she had gotten a feather in her cap, but that sure didn't hurt things. Candace was a sweet girl who gave up part of her summer to be here and loved the idea of making sure it was special for her and the extra spice of seeing Bailey forced to live out the persona he chose surrounded by people that both know who he really is and those that only know the ditzy girl. Tapping her index finger to her lip again as she sat down on one of the benches she considered getting her brother to get the birthday girls to come out and dance. She had already laid some groundwork with him, about how he knows so little about Bailey and how someone like him, a dreamer with plans for the future might do better with someone with ambition like Candace. He deserved something real, and she thought the two of them would be cute together.

The smile had not left Candi's face as she took the time to greet everyone that took the time to come out for her party. She worked the crowd in a way to move in the direction of Ryan, she felt a little bad that she had walked past him before even if she hardly noticed at that second. Coming up to him she tilted her head and held her hands together behind her back, just taking a second to admire how cute he was and how he waited patiently for her. "Happy Birthday, it looks like you and Bailey liked the crowns." Her smile increased to show most of her teeth for just a second before she got her own face under control. "Oh my gosh yes! Daddy has been calling us Princess all night and it is so... adorbs." Candi felt Ryan's hands wrap around her waist before he leaned in for a kiss, which landed on her cheek instead of her lips when she turned her head. "Daddy's watching, so like I can't." She whispered to him, even though she really did want to throw her arms around his neck and spend however long she could get away with kissing him. "I like

promise to make it up to you later though.” He ran his fingers through his own hair, brushing it back as he gave a few tentative nods. “I get it, I get it, but it will have to wait for our next date. I have to get back to work.” She could see on his face he wasn’t happy with having to give the bad news, but still she pouted. “Aww don’t do that, I came out here on my lunch break.” He tapped the knuckle of his index finger under her chin so that Candi would look up into his eyes. “Maybe you could walk me to my car, it seems like a nice night to walk and hold hands with someone you like.” She didn’t stop pouting, but did accept the invitation.

After initially seeing Bailey, Amanda made her way to Derrick’s side when she caught him looking hard at the boy Candi was with. She couldn’t remember his name, but it was clear the two liked one another. Stepping up beside him Amanda gave his shoulder a little smack. “Derrick Connors, you leave your daughter and her would be suitor alone.” She said in a harsh whisper. Derrick looked briefly to the blue eyed woman who had struck him and then they darted back to Ryan and then her again. “Suitor? No... and I wasn’t.” Amanda gave him a hard look that he broke under quickly and gave her a reluctant shrug. “How about instead of hovering you get the two of us some hot chocolate. I will be just right over there at that table with your Mom, who looks like she is already enjoying a mug herself.” Amanda said, pointing off to one of the small tables. She had given him a kiss to his own cheek before walking away, Derrick couldn’t help himself but watch her go and appreciating the view. He started to follow directions when Candace came up to him with the boy in tow. “Daddy I will be right back, Ryan has to go back to work so I’m going to walk him back to his car.” He didn’t feel like she was asking, but still he nodded in agreement and wished he was given a task so he could keep an eye on the two of them. He trusted her, but it was just hard to accept that anyone was good enough for her and if they weren’t the only thing it would lead to was heartache. With his daughter gone for now he went back to his task, but found the coco station now had a small line. Constant of a younger boy he didn’t know and figured he must have been one of Bailey’s friends.

“I love that picture, you look adorable sweetheart, I know your Daddy would be so happy with the young woman you have become.” Bailey looked at Aunt Megan, his heart

wrenching at the thought of his Dad seeing him like this, let alone being proud of him. Bailey sniffled a little holding back the wave of emotions she was bringing to his mind and played along, like he really had much other choice. “You, like really think he would be proud of me?” Megan tapped the photo and nodded. “I never met him, but from what I understand he was a hard working man that loved his family. If he knew everything his son had done, who knows, but if he had the same perspective as my sister, well you think on that Princess and you tell me. Bailey felt the older woman kiss his forehead before walking away as he looked back to the photo at hand. What would his father think if he was still alive? Bailey could picture his stern grimace after hearing about hiring escorts, not caring about any reason and he wasn’t sure what he would do if his Dad found out he used Mommy’s money to pay for it. Bailey did a few shady things at their store, but he never stole from the till. If that man... that man that he missed so much saw him now in the tall heels, short dress celebrating an eighteenth birthday Bailey felt like he could just die, but not his Dad. He didn’t speak much on his opinions about how people should live their lives beyond doing the right thing, but Bailey remembered watching the news with him and they were covering a protest about gay rights and marriage, his dad had said. “Good on them.” So maybe he was more open minded than he was. Bailey stared at the photo like the blonde haired man would tell him what he would say and Bailey couldn’t say for sure if he would be proud of a son that would be willing to disguise himself like this to help someone he loved. The idea of anyone thinking this was okay was odd, but it wasn’t about thinking something being odd, it was if he would be proud of him.

“Hey there gorgeous.” August said coming up behind Bailey and wrapping one hand around the feminized man’s waist so that they were pressed together. Bailey, startled a little feeling August’s arm holding them together. Bailey had to crane his neck to look at his face so he could give him a reluctant smile. Pushing him away was an impulse he had to resist, Bailey had to play nice with him. If it wasn’t Aunt Megan it was now April, or Auntie April making sure he was the sweetest girl to the boy and submitting to him. “Hi yourself.” Bailey said letting out a nervous giggle, thinking about the texts and photos he has had to share with August because of Aunt Megan, the things that led to the movie theater and how that turned into the conversion with April earlier. It was disgusting and still a better path than not doing as he was told, and even though he hated it, being held

like this had an advantage Bailey was enjoying. The cool air that spread through the park once the sun went down had left Bailey feeling cold considering how much of his body was exposed with how he was dressed. Once upon a time he would have remembered to get a sweater and wear some hose. Bailey's mind stalled on that thought, knowing it was wrong. No before he would have worn pants, he was a man and men wore pants, not stockings and pantyhose. Still, August's body pressed into him from behind helped warm him up. A small shiver ran through Bailey's body from the mixture of the body heat and a small breeze. The timing came as August leaned his head into the crook of Bailey's neck and gave a little kiss. "You like that huh?" He whispered to Bailey as she rocked the two of them. "We have some music outside, does the birthday girl care to dance?" Putting his smaller hand into Augusts, Bailey pulled out of the twenty something year old's embrace and gave him two quick nods. "I would just love to dance!" Bailey didn't want to dance, he didn't want to be out where the cold air could turn him into a sissy popsicle, but those were both better than being here and letting August give him a hickey while everyone could watch.

Glancing around the tent it looked like Derrick had gotten distracted with the task she had given him, as he was now talking to a younger boy. Amanda thought for a second to recall the name her sister had given. Jeremy, a friend the girls had made at the mall. Amanda then looked over at Bailey who still stood looking at that photo Megan had changed. Her work was simply amazing, all the photos around the room felt like Bailey really was her daughter. There was even a photo of herself holding a little baby in her arms, and another of herself walking behind a toddler, ledding the little girl hold her fingers while she did her best to walk. They were photos of her being with Becky, but Megan had doctored them to change Becky's eye color from blue to green and her dark hair had been changed to Bailey's blonde. Or well Bailey's natural blonde hair color. Those photos were amazing, but knowing Bailey had posed for some of them so that they could pull this off was something else. Bailey was really giving it his all with getting his nails done, a belly button ring, dyed hair, lip filler and eyelash extensions. They had went with the girly girl persona and he was living it up. She watched August come up behind her ex-boyfriend, heck Bailey had even willingly went out on a date. Seeing him look like the perfect teen girl had been making her happy, and with a smile almost always on his

face it was easy to forget who the pretty girl really was. If it wasn't for the fight about all of this she would be tempted to believe Bailey was really enjoying all of this. Though she didn't think he could fake enjoying himself so much with how much Bailey had laughed and played at the waterpark and if he hated going to the salon why not just tell Candi that she didn't feel up to it or didn't want to have anything done. Then there was the clothes with how Bailey took all the tags off, he had worked at a store that sold clothing and knew better. Amanda let out a sigh as she thought of Bailey's clothes and how some of it was locked away in her room because her little daughter had not been washing them. At least that part was normal amongst everything else that had been happening.

Derrick had joined her at the table and noticed her gaze was stuck on Bailey and August, much like his had been on Candace. Sliding the mug of hot coco into her hands, Derrick smiled seeing her hands curl around the warm surface. "Shouldn't you not hover and leave her alone?" Derrick said teasingly to Amanda. "Leave her be." Derrick's mother admonished him. "No, you see she.." Mrs. Connors shook he head and he stopped trying to argue. "I'm not hovering, just wondering what Bailey is thinking about." Derrick gave the teen girl a quizzical look as she took her boyfriend's hand, well he thought they were dating. It made sense with how close April was to Mandy. "Looks like she is happy to be with him and that she wants to go dance to me." Amanda pursed her lips, her gaze still focused on Bailey. "It really does." All of this was a mistake that came from a single photo of her with Bailey in a photo booth, Bailey still having braces on and holding a stuffed bear he had gotten her. Bailey had volunteered to save her, it had come at a time when they had been fighting more than they ever had before. She wanted him to clean up around the house and get a job, money was tight and he wanted her to be around more and to understand that he was trying to find work. She couldn't believe it at the time that he put aside his differences with her sister to help. Amanda had thought they were going to get caught a hundred times over, but Bailey. Her Bailey played the part so well and she was really enjoying getting to at least pretend to be a mother and then there was Derrick. Bailey had said it was okay to be with him, but she had felt so guilty that she almost threw up after she had slept with him. It was cheating, it felt like cheating even if Bailey said it was okay, but everytime she saw that man's smile it got easier and better. She hadn't even considered Bailey sexualy, it was just too weird, she had decided to call it all

off. She had thought of a possible way for it to be over without it blowing up, but if it came to the worst outcome she would do it for Bailey, she loved her Bailey. But then even after the fight saying how he hated it, Bailey had gone back to her sister and doubled down on everything. When she looked at Bailey it wasn't pretending that he was a she.

Watching Bailey walk out of the tent, hand in hand with August she could only see Bailey Ann and it took mental effort to think of her as a male. April had promised she took care of things to help Bailey's disguise with what was going to be happening this week. It would be interesting how the girls reacted to Derrick having to fly back to California so that he could take care of enough things to stay for the rest of the summer. He of course would be buying a plane ticket for Candi to join him for his own admin's wedding, but for the week Candi would be staying with them. Bailey was going to need to be on point with the act, but right now Bailey seemed to be all girl. Still this weekend when both the Connors were away she would sit down and have another chat with Bailey, all of this was asking too much of him, way, way too much. Especially with her growing feelings for Derrick. She couldn't be with them both, and it was nice that Bailey was doing all of this, but it couldn't last. No.. no it couldn't, it was an obvious conclusion that she had been ignoring for too long. She would watch Candi for the week and then she would let Bailey know this was all over and that also meant she would need to look for work. Amanda could feel Derrick's coat drape over her shoulders and she gave him an appreciative smile and wished that what the two of them had was just physical, but it was deeper. If only the two of them had seen each other socially years ago, but now she couldn't abandon someone that was willing to do everything Bailey was. Amanda leaned over and gave Derrick an unprompted kiss, he was a good man and tomorrow he was going to fly away leaving his daughter in her care and tonight could be the last night they share together.

Out of the tent and under the ramada Bailey walked with August onto the concrete ground. Bailey was thankful for the solid footing, the heels he wore to go with the dress were not made for the outside. If he had known he would have worn something with a thicker heel. Bailey squinted his eyes for a second thinking if he even had any, realizing he did not, he would have to ask Aunt Megan or Mommy for a pair. It wasn't a pleasant thought, but he had no money and having the wrong pair of shoes made outings like this

on the grass more difficult. April gave her little brother a wink before slinking off back into the tent to give the two some privacy. "Penny for your thoughts?" August said as he put one hand on Bailey's waist and raised her other to start to dance. "Oh, ahh I was just thinking about buying some more shoes." August let out a laugh as he tilted his head back. "Of course you are. Bailey you are beyond cute." Wrinkling his nose Bailey moved his free hand to August's shoulder so the two could start to dance. "I am not!" The sooner it started, the sooner it would be over. Bailey shivered again as a gust of chilly wind went across his bare legs and up his dress. I really should have worn some pantyhose, he mentally kicked himself again for not thinking about it. The two started to move to the music and Bailey did what he could to make sure he didn't step on his feet, this was the second time he had danced with someone else leading and was wearing these same shoes. Great... I have dancing shoes. Bailey internally groaned. "When I say you are beyond cute, I mean you are more beautiful than a sunset." Bailey had been paying to much attention to dancing and groaning to notice August's hand moving up from his hip to cup his chin. August's eyes were closed as he leaned forward, Bailey unable to move, his cheeks blushing seeing his dark haired dance pattern leaning in for a kiss. No, no, no oh my god no! Bailey's body froze, no longer moving to the music as their lips met. His sudden stop and the kiss caused him to lose his footing and had no choice but to lean more on the person kissing him, who he already had a hand on, but now it was for balance. To August it seemed as if this wonderful young woman was leaning into him and the kiss and he had no intention of stopping anytime soon with her reacting like this. The hand that cupped Bailey's chin moved to the back of his head, entwining with his long hair, holding their faces together and as another draft of wind went by Bailey shivered once more. Nature itself seemingly helping August think his date shivering in pleasure. The hair on his face felt scratchy as it rubbed on Bailey's as August moved his head to kiss the girl in his arms with more passion. God, no, no Bailey chanted in his mind as another male's tongue invaded his mouth. "NmmmO!" The sound escaping from his lips sounded more like a moan of pleasure than someone wanting the passion to end. Bailey tried pushing the intruding tongue from his mouth with his own, but as he started he realized too late how horrible of a mistake that was and he could literally feel the hardness from August press into him and hated himself for enjoying the spot of warmth pressing into him and as much as he wanted the kiss to end his swollen lips seemed more

sensitive. Bailey didn't dare think about how it felt good, he wasn't going to give voice or even real thought to that, he just wanted this to end.



The music seemed to float about them, this moment was incredible and August didn't want it to end, but as he heard the familiar sound of heels on concrete he knew it had to happen. Bailey's mother or Aunt sure wouldn't want to watch her make out with him. Pulling back August had the largest smile on his face and loved seeing how brightly Bailey was blushing, and with how she was breathing he wondered if she was as turned on as he was. Neither said a word, but when August turned his head to see who came out ruining their privacy he saw Candi with a wolfish smile. She gave a little wave, held up one finger and disappeared into the tent. Bailey hadn't seen the hand gestures, only that Candi left. He was so happy that she saved him, but then she was gone. "Lets.. ahh I love dancing, can we do more of that?" Bailey said not wanting him to resume what they were just doing or worse, what would he do if August asked to go for a walk so they could have privacy, with what Bailey had felt in his pants that was the last thing he wanted, but Miss April had made it clear that Bailey wasn't allowed to say no to her brother. "If I could dance with you all night it would be the best night of my life." Bailey couldn't help himself but blush, maybe for the first time because of a compliment itself instead of in humiliation. Bailey wanted to give him a rebuttal, but as he opened his mouth no words came to mind so he closed his mouth and gave him a smile. He absolutely didn't want to see his open mouth and think it was an invitation for his tongue to invade once again. As they started to move to the music Candi came back outside, pulling along what looked like a very reluctant and embarrassed Jeremy. "Candi, I can't dance." It sounded like he was trying to whisper, but spoke louder than needed. Following the two of them from the tent were Amanda and Candi's father. She smiled at them and then looked over to Bailey giving a little wink. "Birthday girls say dance!" When Candi said it, it was more to make sure Jeremy did what she wanted, but said it in a raised voice in case her Daddy and Miss Best needed more convincing, it looked like Bailey's Mom was a little reluctant when she told them it was time to dance when she ran in to grab Jeremy.

The first few songs were slow, Jeremy was visibly nervous and unsure what he was doing, but his smile showed he was incredibly happy. When the music changed over to something with more rhythm Amanda excused herself and moved quickly into the tent to bring her older sister and April out, while she told them to come she invited Edna. Soon all the party goers were out enjoying the music. Bailey himself was much happier with

everyone around and not having to be in August's arms and moving to the music, bouncing his hip to Candi's was actually fun. After a few songs Edna sat down on one of the benches, deciding to not go inside the tent so she could continue to watch. Bailey watched April, Aunt Megan and Candi kick off their heels. With how his feet were feeling he was happy he wasn't alone in wanting to take them off. Standing off to the side Bailey put one hand on one of the pillars for the ramada and kicked back his leg gripping the thin heel of his shoes he was ready to remove them when he saw Aunt Megan shaking her head slowly while she looked directly at him. Bailey gave her a pleading look, but all she did was motion with her index finger over her lips to smile and then point back to the dance floor. A good girl always looks her best, a good girl is always obedient, a good girl always smiles. It was only parts of the mantra, but his brain seemed happy to remind him to be a good girl.

Everyone gathered around the birthday girls singing as the two blondes looked at the Chantilly cake. It was a round white cake layered with whipped cream frosting, fresh strawberry and blueberries around the edges, but both of their eyes were focused on the two number shaped candles indicating it was their eighteenth birthday as the small fires burned. "Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday Princess Candace and Princess Bailey!" Bailey shifted from one foot to the next, his feet as uncomfortable as his mind. He hardly celebrated his birthdays, he was pretty sure the closest thing he had to a cake was a cupcake with a single candle on it and that wasn't even recent and here he was now looking at a fruit and candle covered cake while people sang. His eyes started to tear up and he felt stupid for it, he was a grown man and didn't need this and yet despite adding the title Princess to his name it brought him back to a happier time. "And many more!!!" The group finished and Bailey felt Candi take his hand as she leaned close to whisper. "Let's wish for the same thing, that we will get to become real sisters. Okay on the count of three." Bailey watched as Candi's free hand counted up and on the count of three he blew on the candles as she did. He didn't wish for them to be sisters, he didn't even wish for all of this to be over. Right now he just wished his feet didn't hurt so much. To others, like Amanda they could only see two teen girls appreciating what was going on. One was with a smile bursting with joy, eyes wide enough to see the flame of the candles reflecting in them. The other shifting from foot to

foot in anticipation of blowing out the candles on the cake, her normal small smile on her face, but eyes glistening with tears from the touching moment of having family and friends come together for her birthday and then the first girl taking her friend's hand and whispering something before they blew out their candles together.

Megan moved to start cutting up the cake, while Candi went from just holding Bailey's hand to hugging her friend. "Happy Birthday little sis!" Putting his hands around her waist he replied in similar fashion. "Happy Birthday sis." Candi pulled back, her bottom pink bottom lip sticking out a little as she mock pouted. "Come on, say it right." Bailey rolled his eyes, but complied. "Happy Birthday big sister." The large smile returned to her face before she looked Bailey in the eye and moved to the balls of her feet so they were of similar height. "Why are you still wearing your shoes, I don't like you being taller than me." Candi said, her shoes never returning to her feet after she took them off to continue dancing. Bailey glanced at Aunt Megan who was putting slices of cake on tiny plates and gave a small shrug. "Suffer for fashion and all that." Candi scrunched up her face. "You are such a girl." And then let out a fit of giggles. That comment hurt, but as Bailey thought about it, the way he looked and the only answer he could think of to her question was so girly that she was absolutely right. This entire day had been one horrible thing after another with most of his clothes locked away as punishment for not doing laundry. Getting his dick locked away in a vagina and celebrating his eighteenth birthday for a second time in a dress and a pair of heels he wasn't allowed to take off, while a horny boy was nearby that he would have to please if it came to that. Bailey started to laugh, it was all too much and he laughed along with Candi. Her giggling turned into laughter, the two seemingly feeding off one another in that moment.

When the laughter was over, sides still hurting Bailey sat down next to Candi at a table surrounded by gifts. Bailey enjoyed cake like most people, but didn't care for fruit to be on it, yet with a shake for breakfast and little else that day the sweet berries were delicious. "OH MY GOD, THAT IS GOOD!" Bailey said, his mouth still partially full of cake and cream. "Birthday or not, it is not polite to speak with your mouth full young lady." Came the voice of Nana Connors from the table next to theirs. Bailey swallowed quickly and gave her a sheepish smile. "Sorry Nana." The elderly woman gave him an

approving smile and showed off an empty plate with only small traces of the white frosting. "That is quite alright, and I do think oh my god that is good was accurate. Your mother picked out a wonderful dessert for tonight." Bailey's eyes scanned the room for the woman he loved, she was close by and it looked like she had been watching him. She didn't have a plate in hand so Bailey pointed to his almost empty plate and then gave a thumbs up. His approval must have meant something because she smiled back at him. Bailey's attention returned back to his own plate and paid little attention to Derrick bringing a large slice of cake and two forks over to her. Bailey really wanted another slice, but when he looked back over to where Aunt Megan was giving out slices it looked like she was eating the last one. His mind initially grabbed on to the fact she had denied him once more, but the slice she had was much thinner than what she had given him before. "What are you.. Oh." Candi said, looking over where Bailey was looking. "Aww she hardly got any, do you think she would want the rest of mine. Turning his head slightly to the side Bailey could feel his mouth watering seeing still half of her cake on the paper plate. "I.. can I have it?" Candi gave Bailey a side eyed glance and frowned. "Your Aunt hardly got any, and I know you see it. You are acting like I used to before Nana told me I was being a spoiled brat. Now take this and give it to Aunt Megan." The plate with the partially eaten cake was put in his hands and Bailey frowned at it, thinking how it wasn't fair. Wrinkling his nose and stick out his tongue at her before popping a blueberry into his mouth. Thinking how he was far from spoiled, but as with everything else as of late, if the shoe fit.

Stepping over to the woman who had tortured him Bailey gave her a small smile and held the plate to her, hoping she would say she didn't want it. "Candi wanted to see if you wanted more cake." Megan had the little plastic fork in her mouth and as she pulled it out she smiled at the feminized man before looking toward the sweet teen girl. "Sweetheart, why don't you or Bailey finish, it's your birthday cake." Candi shook her head, still turned around in her seat looking in that direction. "We are both really full and you were so nice to give out some for everyone before serving yourself." His hopes died as the blonde blue eyed woman took the plate from his hands and pushed what was left of her own plate onto it. "Aww thank you both, such sweet girls. Now why don't you two get ready, I think it is almost time for presents." Megan said the last part wagging her eyebrows and it

caused Candi to cry out in joy and motion frantically for Bailey to come back to their table, as if it was the only thing holding back the promise of gifts. "Yayy, I just love presents. Who do you think we should open the up from first? OH how about the ones from each other! Oh my god yes, that is a perfect idea. Oh I love how we just think alike!" The excited girl was more than willing to answer her own questions and give credit like Bailey was in complete agreement. Bailey sat still while Candi pulled two gifts from the pile. One was a cube almost the size of his head, covered in white wrapping paper with different horses on it and as Candi put it in front of Bailey she had the biggest smile on her face. Bailey's long glossy nails shimmered in the light as he ran his fingers over the horse covered paper, he couldn't help but smile looking at it as he thought about how she took the time to match the wrapping for the gift to something he enjoyed. The tag read From: C, To: B, reading it Bailey looked over to what she held in her hands. A thin rectangular box that he sure did not recognize, and with a glance back at the gift in front of him Bailey felt a spike of guilt. She had spent time, money and obviously a great deal of thought on this gift and he had gotten her nothing and she must have taken another present from the pile so that both of them had something in front of them. "Should we open them one at a time or both at once?" Candi said to everyone watching. "One and then the other dear." Candi smile and nodded to her grandmother. "Okay sis, you go first."

Looking over at the gift in front of Candi, Bailey swallowed before looking back at the perfectly wrapped box in front of him. He didn't want to just rip into it like he normally would, it was just wrapping paper, but at the same time Candi hadn't treated it like it with taking the time to choose something personal. So instead he slipped one of his long nails in a seam and carefully removed the tape. "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" Candi chanted beside him while Amanda looked on in amusement at Bailey being so delicate. When Bailey was able to peel the paper away he was blown away by seeing a brand new video camera. His eyes bulged at seeing the gift, it was the same model Candi used to make her videos and with the box being sealed it was clear she hadn't just reused her old box. "Candi you shouldn't have." He said, turning his head slowly to the teen girl next to him. "Please..., now you don't have any excuse not to make videos of your own. Now we just need to get you a decent microphone." Bailey put one hand on the box, running it across

the surface thinking how expensive this gift was and how he hadn't gotten her anything. "My turn!" When Bailey looked back to her the wrapping paper was almost completely torn away and she was pulling something from the plain brown box underneath. "OHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGOD I LOVE IT!" In her hands was a simple three part black picture frame with all three slots taken up. On the left it had a photo of Bailey, on the right was a photo of Candi. Both looking as if then were taken from a single image as if the girls were standing back to back and the photo in the middle was a photo Bailey had never seen before. It was a photo from that first day at the park when they were running the three legged race. In the photo their legs were tied together, both barefoot and running across the finish line both with wide open mouthed smiles on their faces. He hadn't remembered enjoying any part of that day, but seeing that photo and himself smiling his mind slipped back to that moment where the two of them had worked together to out pace everyone else. He watched as Candi traced her fingers along the engraved words. "Friends are the family you choose." Before sliding down to rest on the center image. "Bailey..." Candi said in a low voice that sounded full of sadness as she drew out the name. When she turned Bailey she was already crying, tears coming down from her eyes ruining her makeup. He was stunned not moving when she plowed into him almost toppling the both to the floor as she hugged held him tight. Bailey could feel her tears on his bare shoulders. "I love so much, I feel the same way!" Bailey could hear a collective aww from everyone or close to it. He was never good with dealing with girls crying. "I like feel the same you, you have to stop crying. If you don't then I will cry and you said I ugly cry remember. You don't want to see that right?" Candi looked Bailey in the eye, her eyes still welling up with more tears, but she nodded.

With tears of his own in his eyes Bailey looked for his Mommy, finding her he pointed to the photo frame, trying to keep his uncontrollable emotions from taking him on another trip that he would be pushed on if Candi didn't stop. She didn't mouth any words or give any hand signs, just smiled back before whispering something to Derrick and getting up from her chair. Candi was sniffing when she rounded their table and put a hand on each of their shoulders. "I think the birthday Princesses need to freshen up before we open any more gifts." Amanda escorted them both out hearing Bailey mutter "I hope no one takes a photo of me like this." and Candi responded with "That would be the worst." She

let out a little chuckle as she ushered them out into the cold windy night and into the bathroom. Looking at himself in the large bathroom mirror Bailey was shocked at how much of his own makeup had come running, he wasn't nearly as bad as Candi, but it didn't look pretty. "My purse!" Bailey said realizing he had no way to fix his face, when Amanda put both of their purses on the bathroom sink counter. "Don't worry I have you both covered." While the two went about cleaning up their faces and reapplying makeup Bailey noticed Mandy watching with a small smile on her face. He smiled at her, she had been a great help with getting them out of there before anyone captured the moment and had thought ahead to bring their purses and when her smile turned larger as she smiled back it made him feel good as he turned back to his task. She had to have gotten that gift and put his name on it, she was always doing things like that and he thought how she really would be a great mom. His own Mom loved him and doted on him plenty, but she mostly gave him space to do what he wanted, to succeed or fail. Mandy took the time to try and head off issues and even when he didn't like the choices she made to help him fit his character, but moments like them laying in bed together looking at dresses, or when she was showing him his way around the kitchen the other night to prepare a meal and now with the photo. She really was a good Mommy. His thoughts turned on him, inciting more tears. "Oh Sugar!" The outburst caused Candi to stop applying mascara to her lashes. "You okay, do you need help?" Candi asked before noticing Bailey tearing up again, she raised her eyebrows questioningly. Bailey shook his head and glanced back at the woman he loved leaning on the wall watching them to make sure they were okay. "Was just thinking of our parents." Candi smiled and looked over Bailey's shoulder to where her Mom was. "They are like super great, I think we are lucky."

Never would have Bailey imagined going to a birthday party and all the guests waiting around for the birthday girl to fix her makeup midway through the gifts, yet that is exactly what happened and he was one of the girls that had to go do so. August must have felt impatient with all the waiting and Bailey couldn't blame the guy for it, because he didn't wait for them to get back to their table before putting an envelope in each of their hands. "This is from me and Ryan, I mean in addition to the crowns and ahh you both look wonderful in them." He had immediately rubbed the hair on the back of his head after giving the cards to the two, almost stumbling over his words. Bailey wondered how

he could be so nervous handing over a card and not when he was trying to whisper sweet nothings into his ear. "Ryan and I." Amanda corrected him, causing him to look more nervous. "Yes Miss Best, sorry Miss Best." August couldn't see her, but from Bailey and Candi's perspective they could clearly see April laughing at her brother's plight. Ignoring her Bailey put his long nail under the seal and cut open the envelope, waiting for Candi to do the same before pulling the card out. When he did he saw a white, pink and purple card with decorations of flowers and covered in matching glitter. Inside were tickets to Taylor Swift for her Red tour, with opening act Ed Sheeran over in Salt Lake City. The card fell to the floor as Bailey held the two tickets in hand. He didn't care much for the girl, but knew a pair of tickets to the show would have cost anywhere from a hundred dollars to two hundred. For a second he imagined going to the concert with just him and Mandy, both looking their best for a night out after a four to five hour drive. "This is amazing!" Candi said holding up a pair of tickets in her hand. August gave a kiss to Bailey's cheek and a hug to Candi, looking much less nervous now. "Road trip and a date, they say you never really know someone till you go on a trip with them. Sorry we couldn't get better seats though." Candi looked down at the tickets and then gave August a bright smile. "We love her and if you boys are trying to make us love you, then this is a good start." August rubbed the back of his head again as he blushed, making eye contact with Bailey for just a moment before both of them looked away. "I wish Ryan didn't have to go to work tonight." Candi said before giving August a quick kiss on his cheek like he had just done to Bailey. "You can tell I love the gift, but you got his kiss." Putting his hand to his cheek August looked between the two beautiful blonde girls, knowing his cheeks were burning. "If that is how it works I hope he doesn't make it to the concert and it's just the three of us." August laughed a little till his eyes fell on Mr. Connors, who he wasn't sure heard what he said, but he didn't like the idea of what he would say or do if he had. "Umm forget I said that, and I'm glad you both like the gifts."

The next gifts that were given to the two were a gift from Amanda to Bailey, and Derrick to Candi, each one having a card attached. Candi read out loud the card from her father that came with a small box. "We consider the age of eighteen the transition from childhood to adulthood, but every parent knows as the years go by and they watch their little girl turn into a young woman that they will forever be that little girl they remember

running into their arms. I know you like your friends to call you Candi, but to me you will always be my Candace. I am proud of who you are and I know your mother is looking down on you loving the remarkable young woman you have become. Your gift is not something new, but passed down, I know she would have loved to see you wear them.” Bailey could see Candi’s hand trembling and instinctively put his hand on her back. “Oh Daddy... that is perfect and you are going to make me cry again.” Derrick smile and nodded to the still unopened gift. “You know I can’t help but being sappy.” Opening the small box everyone could see a pair of sapphire and diamond earrings that appeared to sparkle in the different lights of the room. “She wore them when we got married.” Candi couldn’t remember ever seeing her Mom wear these other than a photo he had of the two of them from their wedding day. Getting up from her chair Candi wrapped her arms around Derrick and he did so in return. “I love you Daddy, thank you for everything you do.” Letting them have their moment Bailey sat looking at the box in front of him, not wanting to open it till they were done. He wondered what she would have gotten him, heck for his last real birthday he got a blow job and he was sure he would rather have another one of those than whatever is inside it still felt good that she took the time with how busy she has been. It was actually kinda nice she had been around so much more recently. When Candi sat down she hardly looked up from the earrings in her hand and Bailey dug into the wrapped gift. Inside he found a pink Barbie Volkswagen Beetle with a skipper doll behind the wheel, Bailey looked at the girly toy in astonishment. He wasn’t sure this was an appropriate gift for an eighteen year old girl and yet Mommy had given it to him, when he looked up at her she smiled.

“You forgot to read the card first sweetheart.” He was more of a private person and would rather read the card to himself, but considering Candi had read the one from her Dad out loud it seemed fitting. Opening the envelope he found a picture of Barbie and her sisters saying “Birthday girl!” and on the inside saying “From us to you, may your wishes come true.” But when he opened the card a piece of plastic fell out. It was a gift card to the Mall that showed it was good for fifty dollars. “Bailey Ann Best.” The Barbie toy was obviously a gag gift and after the waterworks earlier he thought it would be best to ham this up and point at himself. “That’s me, but tonight I’m Princess Bailey Ann Best.” Bailey felt his friend bump him with her shoulder and he continued reading. “You are a constant

surprise and source of joy, this past week alone you have shown me how much you care and love others. You don't have a driver's license, but I thought you would still like a car." The toy was indeed a gag gift, and he was able to read between the lines on what the card said, she had said it out loud before, but it was nice to have the affirmation with how much Mommy appreciated him. Deciding to keep playing it Bailey held up the gift card and looked down to the Skipper doll to speak to it. "Do you think you could take me to the mall?" It was Amanda that went to Bailey for a long hug when he felt the kiss on his forehead Bailey smiled and looked into his loves blue eyes. "I love you Mommy." He did love her and wished he didn't ruin the moment with adding Mommy on the end, but it just came out, but at least it had earned him another hug.

More gifts were given, like from Aunt Megan to both girls. She had enrolled all three of them in a night course for baking once per week for the next few weeks. Say that both of them asked her about baking and figured the three of them could learn more together. A terrible gift as far as Bailey was concerned, but Candi loved the idea of spending more time with the terrible woman. Jeremy apologized profusely for not being able to afford much, he had given them a single card with a gift certificate to his Mom's shoe store in the mall and a promise to use his employee discount to make it go further. Candi of course knew exactly what to do to help the boy feel like he had given them both the best gift ever. She had Bailey give him a hug at the same time as her and thank him for even coming to their birthday party let alone giving a gift at all and it meant a lot to both of them that his gift allowed them to come see him at work and spend more time with their friend. Nana had given her granddaughter a slew of gifts, with Candi at one point having Bailey stand up and holding up a red dress she was given to Bailey and giving her friend a wink. "This maybe mine, but you can always have access to my closet." She then moved it to in front of herself and smiled with a little more mischief. "But I get to wear it first."



The last gift was a letter from Derrick to Bailey that he gave when both the girls were still standing. Unfolding it Bailey looked up at the green eyed man thinking he was about to read some sappy droll from the smuck. Reading the letter his hands gripped it tighter, his eyes looking up from the piece of paper to Derrick and then back to it. "You didn't!?" Derrick nodded with a warm smile. "I didn't do it alone, but I did do it." Bailey reread the piece of paper, tears once again coming unbidden. "What did you do?" Amanda asked, she didn't know he had given her anything. Candi pulled the piece of paper from Bailey's hands, gently patting her friend on the back whispering. "We found her for you." Before reading the letter to everyone. "Bailey, I have been told you are fond of horses and Candace has told me how your father once owned a few and how you were particularly fond of fillie when you were younger named Cherry. I have some good news, Cherry is a little older as we all are, but the mare is in fine health and lives at a range roughly an hour and a half from where you live now. I'm no cowboy, but I do enjoy riding and would be delighted if we could take a trip and ride together and you could introduce me to your old friend Cherry. Her new owner seemed more than happy for our visit, all we have to do is say when."

Bailey remembered that photo he looked at earlier and that day with his father and how all his muscle faded away when he got sick and how they had to sell their horses. He didn't even take the time to go say goodbye, it was just a horse he thought, but now she was a lost connection and this stupid, horrible, smug, kind, wonderful man found Cherry for him. Bailey plowed into Derrick much like Candi had done to him many times, hugging him and burying his face in his shirt crying again, ruining his freshly madeup face and at least doing the same to stupid Derricks shirt as he held on and cried with joy and pent up sadness and regret. Putting his arms around the emotional teen, Derrick made eye contact with the woman next to him and gave a small smile and half whispered. "She either loves it, or hates it. What do you think?" Candi smiled on, still holding the letter her Daddy wrote to Bailey as she watched Amanda give her Father a kiss on the cheek and smiled at Bailey as she sobbed. She didn't dare move, let alone dance like she felt like doing. Her wish was going to come true, she just knew it.

The party was over, Bailey felt drained and cold, even with the August's hoodie he was

wearing over the top of his dress. The hoodie was of course too large on Bailey and instead of just thinking of it as such Bailey felt smaller wearing the fleece hoodie. It did help make him feel warmer, for at least his upper body and for the second time tonight he wished he had worn some pantyhose like Candi was. Everyone was filtering out of the tent, the presents had been taken off and presumably loaded into vehicles. Bailey's fingers were just long enough to come out of the hood to touch Candi's shoulder, he had his arm around her as she leaned into his fleece covered chest. "Have to say, you look cute as hell. Er cute as heck." August corrected glancing over at the two girl's parents. "She is cute, but I'm cold too. Bailey give me a turn and share." Bailey could see the tiredness in and around her green eyes, but he wasn't going to give up the sweater no matter how much she whined. "No, this is mine." August laughed a little at the exchange, he didn't think it was that cold out, but the wind wasn't helping. While the girls got to leave he had agreed to stay and clean up and would be out here for at least another hour. "Actually it's mine, but you can borrow it." He said with a smile and imagined Bailey wearing it around her apartment to think of him.

Walking up the park's sidewalk Derrick came up to the group. "Alright the car is loaded up and it looks like the Princesses are ready to leave too." Candi nodded in agreement and stepped over and gave August a hug goodbye and the two blondes followed Derrick back to the parking lot. Bailey tried to just follow Candi and only give a nod for a goodbye from August, but it hadn't worked. The second Bailey stepped past him, his feet throbbing from wearing the five inch pumps all night, August wrapped his arms around Bailey from behind and held his captive still. "I had a lot of fun tonight, can't wait for our date later this week." Bailey couldn't help himself and squirmed in the embrace as August leaned in and kissed his neck. The kisses picked up and he even gave a light bite as he felt his girl move in excitement and rub her ass into his groin. "Gah... you two can do that later!" Candi called back. From his unmoving position Bailey could see Candi turn and look back annoyed, her voice causing Derrick to look back as well, though he had his smug smirk once he saw what was happening. The boy's soft lips on his neck caused goose bumps to form on his skin. Bailey's skin was reacting to the feeling, a much more pleasant feeling that he wanted to admit. He didn't want another man to hold him, kiss him or nibble on his exposed neck and was overjoyed at his friend's annoyance. "Sorry,

totes would stay, but she might turn into a pumpkin if we don't get home." Bailey felt August's arms tighten around him, Bailey didn't have much recourse with the way he was held, his arms were pinned to his sides. "Fine, good night princess." August whispered in Bailey's ear before calling out to the other two waiting. "You can have her back now! Good night and drive safe!" Before letting go of his captive and enjoying the sight of her mincing away to catch up.



In the parking lot Amanda stood next to her sister, Nana Connors sat in the front seat of her son's rental car, it already running. The two blonde women turned as the three approached and Bailey was sad to see Aunt Megan still here. He thought, hoped that she had left like most everyone else. "Come on pumpkin, we are getting a ride home from your Aunt. Say goodbye to everyone." Looking over to Candi Bailey was about to say goodbye when she leaned into him, not bothering to raise her arms. Bailey gave her a quick hug before she went and acted similarly to the Best sisters. As she did Bailey moved to get into the back seat of Aunt Megan's SUV when the all too familiar voice of Derrick called out. "You didn't forget about me did you?" Turning his head to look at the man, Bailey ran his fingers through his platinum hair to tuck some of it behind his ear. "I tried." Amanda scowled at Bailey "Young lady that is not appropriate." Bailey could feel both the Best sister's blue eyes piercing him, he knew that wasn't what a good girl would say, but it just came out, he was tired and after crying into the man for over a minute earlier he really didn't want to interact with him anymore tonight. "She is just teasing me." Derrick said holding up his hand to try and save the tired teen from any wraith that could be coming her way. Bailey turned his full body, not wanting to take any steps further from the vehicle. Candi walked up to him and whispered to Bailey before getting into the backseat of her car. Lowering his head Bailey shuffled over to Derrick and wrapped his arms around his stomach to give him a hug. "Swowowwforteeas" Bailey's voice came muffled as he talked into the man's chest. "What was that?" With a sigh Bailey stepped back, shuffled his sore feet, he couldn't bring himself to look him in the eye. "Sorry for teasing you Daddy." He said following Candi's directions on what to say. When no response came right away Bailey peeked up to see the man looking at him with his kind eyes, looking thoughtful. "Is that something you would want? Would you want me to be your father?" While Bailey's words were loud enough for others to hear, what Derrick said were soft and for Bailey's ears only.

Bailey had called him that just because Candi had said it would make it so they could just go home and he wouldn't get a lecture about being rude. A good girl is polite, a good girl always smiles... Bailey did not want another lecture about being a good girl and doubly so from his love. With being a good girl in mind Bailey smiled at Derrick, he was a decent man and damn if he didn't love the gift Derrick gave him. Bailey couldn't believe that he

tracked down Cherry and had arranged to see her again. He sure as hell didn't want to call him Daddy, but considering how often he had called him that, what else was he to believe? If he said no would the man back off of Mommy? No, he was the type of guy who would redouble his efforts to win him over and he didn't want to see what double effort Derrick looked like for attention toward himself, but still he couldn't bring himself to say yes. "Maybe... I dunno know." The words were meant to show hesitation so that he wouldn't go and do something stupid like propose, but to Derrick seeing the tired teen say that with a smile on her face. He took the smile for her being a little shy about the subject, but it was apparent she couldn't help enjoying the thought of it. "I will tell you a secret if you promise not to tell your Mother." Bailey nodded, not sure where he was going with this, felt a sense of dread. "No, no.. no... you cannot propose! She is mine!" Bailey mentally screamed, his adrenaline starting to pump and wake him up more. Seeing Bailey's eyes go wider with excitement at the prospect of a secret Derrick leaned closer. "I have fallen in love with her, what do you think of that?" Bailey shook his head hard enough for some of his hair to come loose. "No, it has like been only a week." Derrick shrugged, giving the girl a smile. "Sometimes the heart wants, what the heart wants. I saw you with that August boy, I think you understand." Bailey shook his head again. "Oh my god that is so different." He said in a harsh whisper, this man had no idea what he was talking about. "What are you two conspiring about?" Amanda said walking away from her sister and closer to them. "Conspiring is such a harsh word." Amanda pursed her lips, putting one hand on Bailey's shoulder, her touch felt reassuring to the feminized man. "Then why all the whispering?" Derrick made eye contact with Bailey and gave a wink. "Your daughter and I have formed a bond through secrets, and I could never betray her trust." Bailey felt a side hug and a kiss to the side of his head. Bailey didn't look up at Mandy, but he could just sense that she had the biggest smile on her face at Derrick's words.

The Connors watched the Best girls leave the parking lot before pulling out themselves. In the rear view mirror Derrick could see his little girl leaning against the window, fighting to keep her eyes open. "Sweetheart, I'm glad you had fun tonight." Candi smiled at her Grandmother who turned in her seat to look back at her. "Was it everything you wanted?" Candi wasn't wearing her seat belt and slid to the edge of her seat to get close

enough to put her forehead against her grandmother's and closed her eyes. "Everything and more Nana, today had everything I could have wanted and more." Sliding back into her seat Candi once again removed her shoes and flexed her toes on the car's carpeted floor. "Well I have some news, a mix of good and bad and I umm have a favor to ask." Candi tilted her head to the side and held herself back from putting her arms around him from behind and telling him she would do anything for him and instead just let her weariness take the lead and just sit comfortably in the backseat. "I promised we could stay here for the summer and I'm keeping that promise." Derrick added quickly to not let any doubt linger in her mind. "The thing is to do that I have to go back home for the rest of the week, I wasn't originally planning this trip, but as I have told you before. Some people insist on meeting in person. That is the bad news, the good is Mandy agreed to watch you for the week, but I have to leave tomorrow morning." That was a lot of information at once and Candi didn't really understand, she crossed her arms over her chest to hold herself as she thought about her Daddy leaving suddenly. "What about Nana? What about the DMV? You were going to take me tomorrow." Candi took her Nana's hand when she reached back, she was feeling suddenly insecure adding to her whiny tone. "As we talked about earlier dear, I have a town car coming to pick me up tomorrow to take me to meet some of my friends in Los Vegas. I will be back next week and Miss Best was more than happy to have you stay with them. Tell me truly, would you rather stay with me at a hotel or have a slumber party with your best friend?" Candi didn't respond, just pouted in silence.

"Honey I know I promised and.. Well I'm sorry. I didn't want to say anything and ruin your birthday, but you are still going to get your license. Mandy is going to be taking both you and Bailey to the DMV tomorrow. How do you feel about all of that?" Candi looked out the car windows and watched the street lights go by. Both her family members were leaving suddenly, leaving her alone. Not alone, alone, but some of that same feeling she got when being dragged along with her Daddy on trips crept in. This time she shouldn't be alone, and he was doing this so he could spend more time with her. "I'm okay with going to spend the week with the Bests. I am sad you won't be there when I get my license, but I understand." It felt like she wrenched his heart, she had become mature much faster than she should have with the death of her Mother and hearing her say out

loud how she was feeling instead of hiding it away like other teens made him both proud and sad at the same time. "That brings me to the favor." Derrick reached over and rested his hand on the back of the passenger seat as he turned in his seat to look back at his daughter after they came to a stop at a red light. I wanted to ask if I could ask Mandy to go with me to Monica's wedding this weekend." Derrick felt like his stomach dropped as he asked his daughter, he knew she was looking forward to going to his assistant's wedding. Candi bounced in her seat twice, feeling excitement rise up in her at the prospect of her Daddy taking Miss Best to a wedding. Weddings were full of romance and she couldn't ask for a better scenario to help her and Bailey's birthday wish come true.

"Daddy you can absolutely go with her to the wedding!" Derrick glanced back forward and had to return his focus to the road as the light turned green. "I know it is asking a lot with me leaving, so I could still take you or ask Monica if I could bring an extra guest." Derrick was afraid she said yes because she thought she had to with how quickly she responded. "Oh god Daddy, you have to take her. I don't need to go, I would only get in the way. Right Nana?" The elder Connors looked back at her granddaughter. "Candace honey, my son is a grown man and I have no place meddling in his romantic life." Derrick looked over at his mother, surprised she wasn't willing to meddle in anything let alone in his life. "Mom I'm sur..." Derrick's words faded as his mother started talking like he hadn't said anything. "She seems like a level headed woman, though I do have to ask if she is a Catholic like us?" Derrick hadn't really discussed religion with her, but considering the necklace she got the girls he knew she at least semi-religious. "You know we haven't..." His mother talked over him again before he could answer. "It is really none of my business, but I would hope she attends service." Giving his mother the side eye Derrick let out a sigh. "Mom, I thought you weren't going to meddle?" Edna touched her hand to her chest and gave her son an affronted look. "I wouldn't, I'm not and I don't appreciate the accusation young man." Candi giggled at the exchange. "Nana, how about when you come we can all go to church together." Edna nodded her head at the idea "Do you know if Bailey has been baptized sweetheart?" Candi shrugged her shoulders and made eye contact briefly with her father in the rearview mirror. "If the Connors and the Bests became one family we would have to find a church we all like." Derrick sighed again, he didn't regularly attend service like his Mother a point she liked to bring up. But

right now he let it go, it seemed like he got the answer he wanted from his daughter and was glad to have it.

Glancing into the rearview mirror Megan took in Bailey sitting in the backseat of the car. Light from the street lamps shimmered across the dark metal surface of the tiara atop her platinum blonde locks. Her makeup was perfect, and it should be considering she had watched Bailey touch up his lips when she had gotten in the car. It was amazing that Bailey had changed so much from her efforts and now did little things like check her makeup without being told. It was impossible for her to see the arrogant twenty five year old man in the person who sat in the back seat wearing another man's hoodie that was too large and a black dress puffing out from under it. She could see Bailey's small smile that seemed to be her default expression now as she sat with an otherwise vacant look. Once upon a time Bailey would look like he was contemplating something when quiet, but as Megan looked at the disguised man now it was more of a vacant look. "Well I have to say that was a great party, the only thing Becky would let us do for her eighteenth was take her out to dinner. You looked like you had a great deal of fun Bailey." Looking over at Aunt Megan in the driver's seat, Bailey could see the friendly smile of Mandy looking back at him expectantly. "Oh like I had the most amazing time." Bailey reached up and touched his ear nervously, feeling one of the earrings that dangled there.

Reaching into the back seat Amanda took Bailey's hand that was mostly covered by the long sleeve of the hoodie. She tried to give a reassuring smile as she thought about this person being her daughter, boyfriend or ex-boyfriend all at the same time and squeezed Bailey's hand a little. "You looked like you had fun, but was it actually that much fun for you?" Bailey enjoyed feeling her long slender fingers on his, even if her hands were cold. He remembered once pulling his hand away from her when he felt her cold hands and regretted it now. He regretted complaining that she would put her cold feet on him in bed at night and wished he still shared a bed with the woman he loved. His eyes flicked over to the driver, seeing her blue eyes gaze at him from the mirror and amped up his smile. "Mommy." Bailey took a hold of her hand into both of his and lowered his head a little as he leaned closer to the front seat. "I had a blast, it might have been my best birthday ever." It was definitely the most emotional one he had ever had, but a glass of expensive

whiskey and a blow job from her was a pretty good birthday too. It really did feel good to have people come to celebrate and really take their time with personalized gifts, like getting to see Cherry again. It seemed like that answer was the one she was looking for and he wondered if this was a test to stay in character or if he had missed a chance to actually speak his mind, not that it was much of an option with Aunt Megan around. Though he did wonder if he could sleep in the same bed as Mommy again and figured it wouldn't hurt to ask as soon as the wicked witch of the west was gone.

Amanda was still holding Bailey's hand and was incredibly happy Bailey had such a wonderful day being able to relive part of a childhood he didn't have growing up, when her sister chimed in confusing her. "Today was a full day, but did you have a chance to do your homework Bailey?" Letting go of Bailey's hand, Amanda shifted in her seat to look at her sister. Catching the look Megan glanced at Amanda before looking back to the road. "We came up with an idea to help Bailey fit in more as a teen high school girl. What adult remember the pythagorean theorem, but high schoolers would. Bailey what is the pythagorean theorem?" Bailey looked up at the ceiling of the SUV and thought back to the workbook he had been doing. "Ahh its like about triangles where you multiply the shorter sides together to get the longer side." Megan glanced back to her younger sister. "See? She knows thanks to her homework. You didn't answer my question Bailey. Did you do your workbook today?" Bailey shook his head, wondering when he would have had time and recalled he hadn't done his ballerina practice either and hoped she forgot. "Hmm are you sure that is right?" Amanda said, the formula didn't sound accurate. "I have no idea, and that is why I have your daughter doing some school work for things she should know." Amanda nodded, agreeing with the statement. She looked back at Bailey raising an eyebrow waiting for the answer to the question. "Are you going to answer your Aunt?" Letting out a sigh Bailey huffed. "No I didn't and I already answered." Amanda looked back forward and shook her head. "No need to get an attitude, no one can hear you shake or nod your head. It might be best if you did a page or two before you went to bed tonight." Amanda smiled at her big sister for a moment, happy she had asked her for help with Bailey with her experience raising Becky.

Getting back inside the two bedroom apartment Amanda and Megan helped get the gifts

and other things from the party into Bailey's bedroom. The balloons floated up to the ceiling and Bailey knew he would be falling asleep after seeing the number eighteen balloons. Once in his room Bailey kicked up the incredibly high heels and flexed his toes in the carpet. "Oh that feels so much better." Amanda cocked her head to the side and smiled a bit in amusement, it hadn't occurred to her how Bailey had not taken off her heels all evening. Poor girl is learning the hard way that she can't wear... She glanced down at the heels again, maybe six inch heels with an inch platform without some pain. "Okay, time to get ready for bed. You get changed and I will be back to brush out your hair." She was about to leave the room when Megan walked in carrying a little white paper bag that Bailey recognized as the one given to him at the doctor's office earlier that day. He had left it on the kitchen table in his rush to get ready for the party. "What is that, I don't remember anyone giving Bailey something in a white paper bag?" Megan sat on the bed, dumped out its contents, the jar of cream, the dick looking applicator, a small vial and a small bag of needles and lastly a printed set of instructions. Bailey's eyes locked onto the phallic dildo applicator and wished he could have hid it before it was seen. Stepping forward Amanda picked up the piece of paper and glanced over it and flipped to the next page. "Ah, this is about the prosthetic you got earlier today." Amanda said without looking up, when she flipped to the third page she looked at Bailey with wide eyes. "Oh my god, that is right you have a different anatomy right now. I had completely forgotten, sweetheart go ahead and get undressed so I can see." Megan reached over and tugged the papers from her sister's hand.

"Did you just say oh my god and go on about how you had a blonde moment? Well I guess we can see where Bailey picked up being an airhead from." Amanda glared at her sister who was already ignoring her and looking through the paperwork. Bailey hadn't moved, he had stopped thinking about how his groin felt. Though as they brought it up and asked him to strip he could feel his manhood inside the gel-like substance, trapped inside a fake pussy. "Say, this says you need to have an injection every month to help with your hormones. Did you or April do that today?" Megan said, putting down the paperwork and picking up the small vial of liquid. "Ahh no." Bailey said completely forgetting about the injection the doctor gave him so many hours ago. "Sweetheart, take off your sweater and dress and I will do it for you. We cannot have you playing games

with your health if the doctor said you needed this.” Bailey opened and closed his mouth a few times before nodding and undoing the toggles on the warm fleece hoodie. “You mean her boyfriend’s sweater.” Megan corrected while opening up the package of disposable needles. “Just because April teases us about her becoming Bailey Ann Gates doesn’t mean you need to start in on it too. They are hardly dating, right sweetie?” His cheeks flushed right away and it suddenly became harder to unclasp the toggles. Of course they weren’t dating, he was another man! A man that he had tasted the cum of and had little choice thanks to Miss April to do again. “NO...! I do not have a boyfriend!” Bailey said pulling off the jacket and tossing the thing to the floor. An idea struck Bailey about the upcoming date where the boys wanted to just chill and watch Netflix and he was sure to do other things. “Ah.. Mommy, later this week, like Thursday night. Candi wanted to double date again with the boys and ahh umm watch a movie here or at Candi’s hotel. Do you think, maybe you could tell me no?”

Pursing her lips Amanda thought as she motioned for Bailey to spin around and when she complied Amanda pulled down the zipper on the dress. Making sure to take it and put it on a hanger, unlike the sweater Bailey had tossed to the floor. “Are you sure it would be wise to cancel? You have already been out with August on a date before, it might look odd you not wanting to spend time with him after you danced with him so much tonight and he gave you his jacket.” Closing the closet door after hanging up the dress, Amanda looked back at her sister and put her index finger to her chin. “I have to agree, it would look suspicious, but you will not be able to do it at the hotel. Derrick has to fly back to California tomorrow.” Amanda was going to continue, but Bailey rushed forward wearing only a bra, panties and the tiara before wrapping his arms around her. “Really! They are going back!” Running her fingers through Bailey’s hair Amanda looked into Bailey’s green eyes with concern. “It will just be Derrick and only for the rest of the week, he has some things he has to do in order for him to stay for the summer.” She looked into his green eyes longer, it was much different now with the long thick lashes and makeup and thought it best to bring up the conversation about ending this now instead of waiting for the weekend.

“Bailey honey, if I gave you the option for all of this to end this weekend, would you take

it? Forget about my job, just think about you and me.” Bailey felt speechless, that would be amazing, it would be incredible, it would be something he didn’t even dare to wish for! He wanted to yell yes, a thousand times yes! Still holding onto the woman he loved, feeling her breasts press into his own swollen chest he was so happy she asked, but then he looked over at the Wicked Witch sitting on the bed who sat on the edge looking like the cat that ate the canary. If he spoke his mind what would she do? Fuck if he agreed what would happen with the police? This was incredibly not fair! If he opened up and told her the truth of how he felt, but how he had to keep this going because of the cops, what would she say? What would the Witch do? Would she even continue on with the private investigator? There were just too many unknowns. It hurt him to do this, but he just didn’t see another way, god he wished he did. Stepping back from the embrace Bailey shook his head, pulling the tiara from atop his head when he felt it shift. Bailey looked down at the dark metal and steadied himself mentally and unfortunately looked like he was reflecting on the night as he looked at it. “I like can’t do that to you Mommy, you will get what you deserve.” Behind Amanda’s back Bailey could see Megan rolling her finger in the air for him to keep going. He wasn’t sure what more to say and glanced around the room that had been decorated just for him, Bailey Ann Best. His eyes stopped on the hair brush, and remembered her humming a tune happily as she brushed his hair. “Aren’t you enjoying having a daughter?” Sugar! He kicked himself that was too far, he should have said it wasn’t so bad. Amanda’s eyes welled up and hugged Bailey, he wasn’t expecting it and she pinned his arms to his sides and she rocked him in her arms in the embrace.

“That was sweet, but it is getting late and Bailey has a few things to do tonight.” Amanda pulled back, biting her lower lip as she smiled at Bailey. She reached forward and put her hand on his cheek before pinching it lightly. “Yes, first we need to get you to take your medicine. Turn around and bend over for me sweetheart.” The hug was over too quickly, she loved what he had said and he had hated it. Sugar, sugar, sugar! Bailey’s mind screamed as he did as instructed. It was surreal to be standing here like this wearing girls underwear while bending over and Mom... Mandy injected him with the medication from the doctor. He didn’t understand why he needed an injection for a prosthetic, but maybe it was so his dick didn’t wither away under the thing. “Ow!” Bailey cried out when he felt the needle sink into the meat of his ass cheek, Amanda gave his ass cheek a playful slap.

“It wasn’t bad, don’t be a baby. Now finish getting undressed.” Bailey rubbed his butt where he was injected and smacked before reaching behind him and unclasping his bra, while Amanda busied herself by stepping over to Bailey’s white dresser and opening up one of the drawers. Next Bailey put his thumbs into the elastic waistband of his panties and couldn’t believe he was thinking of the female garments as his, let alone about to pull them down to show off his new female anatomy. Fully naked Bailey tried to brace himself mentally as Amanda turned around to see him. He couldn’t help but frown when he saw what she had grabbed for clothes, she was holding a pink thong lace waisted panties in one hand and the other a black silk babydoll nighty with pink around the breasts and hem. “You really are running out of clothes...” Amanda stopped and took in the sight of Bailey fully nude in front of her, her jaw hanging open.

Bailey stood there with his arms behind his back, one hand gripping the other forearm, one foot turned to the side on the ball of his foot. Bailey’s head was to the side and looking down, causing the platinum hair to cover part of her face. If it wasn’t for the obvious discomfort it would look like she was posing. Her eyes looked between Bailey’s legs and saw what she would expect if Bailey really was her daughter. It was astounding, some part of her still expected to see his penis hanging there and instead it looked like a freshly shaved vagina. Her eyes moved up Bailey’s body, noticing maybe for the first time how much weight had been shed recently and then her eyes stopped at Bailey’s chest. The breast forms were gone, or somehow Bailey got a hold of a smaller pair. She wondered briefly how she hadn’t noticed Bailey having a smaller chest and when her eyes flicked to the discarded bra on the floor she could see a few small flesh colored items that girls used to enhance their appearance. Reaching forward Amanda was about to put her hand on Bailey’s chest when he pulled away. “Please don’t, they are sore.” Her senses coming more back to her as she recovered from the shock, Amanda swallowed still examining the whole of Bailey. “Honey... Why do you have breasts?” Bailey covered his chest with one of his arms, feeling extremely exposed. “I don’t have breasts! It is just a reaction from the glue that was on my chest for multiple days and sweat.” Pursing her lips Amanda shook her head slowly, positive at what she was seeing. “Amanda, if there was something to be concerned about, don’t you think the doctor would have said something today? Unless the shot you just gave was to sort that out” Megan moved her focus to the still naked

Bailey. "Did the doctor today say anything about your chest?"

Bailey thought back to the old balding doctor as he moved the dildo into the new opening between his legs. "Ahh, no." Amanda looked harder at Bailey till she caught his eye. "Did he see your chest?" It felt like she was interrogating him like a child that was lying about eating the last of the cookies. "He did and ahh... Angela, I mean the nurse measured my chest." Bailey thought about how he had gotten hard from her touching him. "Well, if he was aware then I guess everything is okay." Amanda said with apprehension in her voice and handed Bailey over the clothes she had in hand. The clothes felt like something he would rather hand her to put on as sexy as they were and really wished he had his wallet to buy some regular pajamas. Bailey started to get dressed and Amanda was about to leave the room to get ready for bed herself when Megan spoke up again while reading the paperwork from the doctor that she had only glanced at. "It says here you have to apply the cream and use the applicator on the prosthetic at least every other day." She pointed to the line for her sister to read and then picked up the jar and provided dildo. Bailey looked at Aunt Megan sadly and shook his head just a fraction. "No..." Megan held the objects out to Bailey with a stern look. "I know you are tired, but as your Mom said before. You have to follow the doctor's orders." With great reluctance Bailey moved over to sit on the bed next to the wicked woman and took the objects she was offering. Amanda read the section about the maintenance and then looked back to Bailey. "Yeah honey you are going to have to do that or it could dry out, or even close up."

The paperwork described what had to be done and said to use the applicator, but the object was clearly a dildo. "When you aren't using that, best to put it somewhere that no one will see it." Amanda opened the night stand next to Bailey's bed and inside saw the little pink book that she had seen Bailey writing in and a purple dildo. She shut the drawer and gave a small smile to the two others. "I'm going to go get changed, unless you need help?" She looked at Bailey with reluctance in her voice. Bailey quickly shook his head thinking about her fucking him with a dildo. "I will be right here if she needs anything, you go take care of yourself." Amanda put her hand briefly on her sister's shoulder and left the room, not wanting to think about what Bailey was about to do or about what she saw in the drawer. She would have helped if she needed, but it felt wrong

on a few levels. It was medical, but felt sexual and she really had never been attracted to woman and like it would be an invasion of Bailey's privacy. The object she saw in the drawer probably had an explanation, like Megan gave it to her because what teenage girl wouldn't have something like that.

Getting up Megan closed the door behind Amanda and smiled at Bailey. Alright birthday girl, are you ready to use that thing?" Bailey frowned at the thing in his hand and felt disgusted. "Oh I have an excellent idea!" She said picking up Bailey's phone from the vanity. "You are still wearing your makeup, so why not take a shot with your new toy for your boyfriend Auggy?" Bailey pinched his face and glared at the woman. "Auggy? What... no and he isn't my boyfriend." Megan wagged her finger at Bailey. "You are forgetting yourself Bailey, what does a good girl do?" Bailey held his frown firmly for a second before changing it to a smile. "A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud." Megan gave a small quite clap. "An obedient girl would do what she was told and a good girl wouldn't argue with me would she?" Bailey kept the smile on his face and shook his head just a fraction, hating to agree with her. "Then be a good girl for your Auntie." She said holding up the phone ready to take a photo. Tilting his head to the side just slightly Bailey touched the dildo applicator thing to his cheek at an angle so it was just to the side and up a little from his mouth, while trying to give a shy smile. His eyes were looking to the side toward the phallic object and held that pose for her to get the horrible photo over with. It was the type of pose that he could see himself jerking off too and knew if he didn't do something good enough Aunt Megan would make him do multiple poses and the worst one he could think of would be with his panties off, legs spread and holding the dildo like he was about to use it and did not want a photo like that to ever be taken. Megan took the photo and sent it as a text to young August.

Bailey: I named it August so I can think of you when I use it.

Bailey: Hope that is ok ;-)

August: That is more than ok!

August: Damn wish I was there.

Bailey: Auggy, that would be wonderful, but I don't think Mommy would like that.

August: Yeah, I'm a full grown adult and I bet my Mom would make me keep the door open still if I brought any girl over.

August: I really need to move up from an intern so I can afford to move out.

Bailey: Any girl over? Are you dating more than just me?

August: Ummm, Honestly Bailey I have only dated one other girl before you. So, no. Only you.

Bailey: Hmm, k but like what would you do if I dated others

August: Do my best to make you forget about them and fall head over heels in love with me.

Bailey: Hmmm I totes like the sound of that <3

"Your boyfriend loved the photo and you calling him Auggy, I think it is cute. Now you have put this off long enough to text your boyfriend." Bailey's mask faltered for just a second with her having the gall to say that when she literally had his phone in her hand. He looked up at her standing there as she raised an eyebrow as if to ask what he was waiting for. Closing his eyes Bailey took a deep breath before standing to shimmy the panties down. Not having a piece of fabric between his ass cheeks would have been nice if he didn't now of to stick something inside of him... well kinda in him. Sitting back down, Bailey opened his legs and moved the dildo to the lips of his vagina. "Not yet you silly girl, you are in such a hurry that you forgot to use the cream." Bailey looked down at his hand between his legs ready to penetrate himself and whimpered before putting it down to open the jar of cream. The white substance felt like a mixture between hand lotion and a gel and as he spread it over the phallic object it got clearer as it was spread out, leaving the dildo looking like it was glistening in the light of the room. Starting again Bailey lined up the thing once more and pushed in slowly, tensing his body like it was going to hurt. He of course couldn't really feel much at all, while the prosthetic looked and felt real it was not his skin and had no nerves for sense of touch. The most he felt was the pressure as it pushed against his own trapped member. Moving it slowly he pushed it back as far as it would go, the vaginal cavity wasn't deep enough to take the full dick and just sliding it in caused almost no stimulation. "You are never going to get off that way sweetheart,

here let me show you.

Megan was still dressed up for the night minus her heels that she had kicked off at the front door. Crawling onto the bed she sat behind Bailey with her legs spread around him and pulled herself up close enough that Bailey was leaning back against her large bosom. She reached around Bailey who seemed to have frozen like a deer in headlights. She could see them both in the vanity mirror on the wall next to the bed. She wrapped one hand around Bailey's right hand that held the dildo and moved the other to the wrist of Bailey's left hand. Megan moved Bailey's left hand to the feminized man's chest. "With this hand gently squeeze your breast, and roll your thumb over your nipple through your lingerie. Come on, you can do it." Her words were soft and encouraging. It wasn't lost on Bailey he could look forward and see what was happening and as he did what she said he felt a small jolt of pleasure from his chest, much like that morning with the nurse. "That's it, keep doing that with your left hand." With her right hand she squeezed Bailey's and gently pulled the dildo back so that it was almost out and then pushed it in about half an inch before pulling it back again. "Nice and slow, nice and slow. Every couple of pushes you go a little deeper. and then a little more. You can twist it a little as you push in, yeah that feels good doesn't it babygirl." Between his chest and what she was doing or making him do Bailey's breathing had changed as he got more and more turned on. His cock had come to life, trying to expand, making his groin feel more trapped. The enlarging penis caused the vaginal tunnel to grow tighter and that meant as he pushed the dildo in it caused more friction as it rubbed over his hidden cock. This went on for a few minutes when Megan, still behind him, gave a kiss to his cheek and pulled away. "You can stop now if you like." Watching that had left her feeling wet and didn't think it wise to continue.

Bailey didn't want to stop, he hated that he didn't want to stop. Feeling what he was feeling and seeing what he was seeing was better than porn, but there was no way he was going to keep doing this while she looked on. An audible slurp could be heard as Bailey pulled the dildo free from himself. His hidden dick was still hard as were his nipples as he sat there wide eyed looking at himself trying to regain control of his breathing. Megan pulled a tissue from a box on the vanity and handed it over. "Best clean that off before

you put it away dear.” Numbly Bailey did as she said and as he opened the drawer on his night stand to put it away he looked at the contents. His diary and now two dildos, Bailey sighed and then it hit him that Mommy had looked in this drawer, he quickly turned to Aunt Megan with the object still in hand. “Oh my god, like, like... she ahh... Mommy, she.. Saw the dildo you gave me!” Megan put her hand on each side of Bailey’s face and gave him a small smile. “She didn’t say anything, did she? I doubt she was even paying attention, put such thoughts out of your mind baby.” Bailey felt her give him a kiss to his forehead before moving away from him and putting the jar of cream in the night stand drawer before taking the applicator and putting it away with it. Bailey nodded to himself trying to convince himself she was right. Of course she would have said something if she suddenly saw her boyfriend with a dildo, why wouldn’t she? Okay, okay. Bailey smiled a genuine smile at Aunt Megan. “Thank you.” She looked at him with a sad smile. “Don’t thank me yet young lady, you forgot to do your homework and ballerina practice today. So tomorrow you do two extra reps on the stairs and spend some time with your feet under the couch, pulling your feet forward like you did at my house. Now put your panties back on, and go out to the table to do your homework. Unless you rather me think of a different punishment?” Bailey shook his head and hurried to put on the panties. It was odd to not have to tuck himself away and not see a bulge, not that the thong would hide much and damn he hated the feeling of them between his cheeks, but didn’t stop moving once they were on and was out the bedroom door.

Sitting at the table Bailey wrote in the book Aunt Megan had made, flipping to the back for the answer key when he was finished and then going back and erasing his word and starting again to try and do the problem right to be able to get to the right answer. Having the answer would be fine and he could just copy that over, but she had given strict orders that he had to show all his work. While Bailey concentrated on high school math that should be easy for him, Amanda got herself and her sister some coffee talking a little, before realizing she had only told Bailey part of what was going to go on this week. She was hesitant to interrupt her with how much she was concentrating on it, with how much she was using the eraser Amanda guessed Bailey was having a difficult time with it. Still Bailey needed to know and she went into how Candi was going to spend the rest of the week with them and sleep on the couch till Derrick got back Thursday night or

Friday morning. “That sounds wonderful Mommy, it will be like a slumber party.” Bailey had said thinking about how what little privacy he did have would go away for the next few days. He didn’t want to dwell on it too much, he was exhausted and turned on with no real way to take care of it. So he tried to buckle down on the infuriating math. He was good at math, always had been and yet he got almost every answer wrong the first time he tried, but he guessed almost every was an improvement from every answer like before. Bailey gave a wide toothy grin, holding up the workbook and pointing to a question. “I got it right!” He was proud of himself for getting it right on the first try unlike the last four problems.

“That is good to hear pumpkin.” Amanda said not looking at the page, but still smiling back at Bailey who had a wide grin on her face. That is something she had really loved about Bailey lately, she constantly was smiling and it was a wonderful change. She was so proud of Bailey with everything that had happened, she had even given her a chance to scrap all this, but she pushed on. Seeing Bailey without any clothes surprised her and she wasn’t really sure what to think about all of it, but if the doctor hadn’t thought there was a problem, who was she to judge? It would be like her telling Bailey about an expense report and Bailey second guessing her. Amanda smiled looking at Bailey who had a slightly checked on pencil between her teeth as she flipped to the back of her workbook to check another answer. “Be right back.” She said getting up and heading into Bailey’s room to get her brush. Coming up behind Bailey she started to run the brush through Bailey’s platinum blonde hair, humming happily. “Mommy... I’m trying to do something. You are going to make me fall asleep.” Bailey whined as he had to erase the answer to another problem. “Hush dear.” Amanda said giving a wink to her older sister, who was enjoying the last of her coffee. The brushing felt so good, and Bailey closed his heavy eyes. He knew he couldn’t fall asleep, he still hadn’t cleaned off his makeup or moisturized and still needed to finish this page, so that he could avoid being punished. He could close his eyes for a minute or two while she ran the brush through his hair though, it wouldn’t hurt. He thought as the humming seemed to get further and further away and he slipped off to sleep, still sitting in the chair with the eraser in hand.

Dear diary

Omg so like soooooo much happened today! Like today was my birthday! Okay so not really but like we didnt do stuff for it when it was and Candi let me share her birthday cause it WAS totally her birthday!!!

So like what happened is Miss April came to pick me up cause I had to like go to the doctor. Ugh! I was sick all weekend and Aunt Megan was nice enough to take care of me. She is just the best. But its cool cause I got to hang out with Auntie April! Well shes not my aunt like Aunt Megan shes my moms secretary and shes known me since I was a really little kid. And it gave us like a great time to talk cause shes auggys sister and everything. I know right?! Lucky me! So she was nice enough to give me some advice on how to like take things further with him. Which is great cuz I TOTALLY want to take things further with august hehe

But anyway we got that done and then we went to this adorable little store where Mommy and auntie April had picked out like the most fab black dress ever for our party!!!

Then I got to meet Candi's nanna at the airport and she totally thought I was Candi ^^ <3 Nanna Connors didn't believe me at first that I wasnt her until she called her. She actually got upset at first before Candi called but it was fixed and Nana is like totally sweet and super nice. She even said I could call her nana. And I can see why Candi loves her so much. She told nana all about how we met and mommy and ~~dad~~ Mr Connors and Nana asked how Candi would feel if they like got married and like I know he makes mommy really happy and candi is leaving at the end of summer so it'd only hurt them more if we pushed them right?

Then I got to meet Candi's nanna at the airport and she totally thought I was Candi ^^

But nana said ~~to~~ dating is different when you're old. So it might not happen anyway. And Candi is my best friend. Shes the sister I like never knew I wanted and I dont want her to

be crushed whe if things dont work out. She was such a sweet lady and she gave the best hugs. After while we played cards with nana and she taught us a new game and it was totally fun and we talked more about stuff --~~and family I just miss my daddy a whole bunch espeshly with spending time with derr--~~

Then we got ready for the party and I had to change my makeup anyway cause well like I could'nt like just go to a party like I was. I can do my own makeup but like candi is soooo much better than me at it. So of course we made it into a video and I even addvertized for my channel so im like totally about to be famous lol espeshly after the awesome camera she got me for a birthday present ^^

After Mr Connors took us back home to get mommy and go to the party. she looked so beautiful I was like def jealous.

When we got to the park we followed this trail of beautiful lights into this huge tent filled with tables and photos of Candi and me growing up. And even...a picture of me with daddy and Cherry. Ngl I got a little sad and wished he was here. What would he even like, say if he saw me tonight? Aunt Megan says hed be proud of me and I think shes like totally right. I have a great friend a great family to take care of me and a totally cute boy who likes me.

August found me after Aunt Megan left to enjoy the party. I was freezing cause like a dummy I forgot to wear stockings or any thing like warm at all but come on I looked so cute! But August helped . I was freezing and he def warmed me up when he held me close to him and he smells so good. We could have like stayed there but it was a party so of course we had to dance. And that way no one would bother us. Every one already acts like hes my boyfriend even tho he hasnt even asked me to like be his girlfriend. Candis already planning our wedding I think lol.

I tried to like not crush his foot under my heel when were dancing together but auggy totally took me by surprise and kissed me! I shouldnt be surprised weve kissed before but he is just the best kisser. Not that ive like kissed enough boys to know lol but I still think

hes the best at it. I could feel he def wanted to do more ;) to warm me up but candi came out with the cutie jeremy and mommy and derrick came and nana came out with her so I had to act like a good girl who totally didnt want to go behind a bush and...do more than kiss hehe. After the party I was still cold and auggy gave me his hoodie and it was so big on me lol but it was so sweet and when he kissed my neck ugh gawd I felt like...all tingly all over! And he was so warm! And he was a sweet heart. Him and ryan like got our tiaras so we could be princesses for the party and he even got us tickets to see Taylor swift!!!! I love her so much and august says we're all going on a road trip to see her! I can't wait! I just hope mommy lets me go. She has to right? Its my present so like it'd be totally unfair if she didnt.

But like sadly the dancing had to end cause it was time for cake and presents! It felt a little weird to be like celebrating my birthday twice but being able to celebrate it with my big sister was better than any regular birthday ive had. We had the best tasting cake too! I know its like not on my diet but come on its my birthday and I didn't even get that much :'(

After the cake came presents tho ^^! Mommy got me a cute little Barbie car like I had when I was a kid since I couldnt have a car cuz I dont have my lisence yet lol no but she got me a gift card for the mall so thats even better hehe.

Aunt Megan remembered how much I loved baking with her and so she signed us up for cooking classes together! Candi's super excited to and like it'll be a blast if candis there.

But like the best gift of all was from Derrick he found CHERRY!!! I CANT BELIEVE SHES STILL! BUT IM LIKE SO HAPPY I CAN SEE HER AGAIN!!! I probably totally ruined his shirt when I hugged him but he made me cry so its only fair lol

Later when we were leaving he asked me if I wanted him to be my daddy so maybe candis right and I wish I didnt like him or he was a jerk but hes so nice and it was like just so sweet that he found cherry for me and I dont think I can ever repay him for that and he says hes fallen in love with mommy just like me an auggy but thats like not even close to

the same thing! And...mommy's like already so busy with just work. If she got married she'd be even more busier! I dunno am I a bitchg jerk for not saying yes?

But anyway with all the party stuff and fun stuff we did today I totally forgot to do my homework so I have to do that before bed.

Gnight.

Picking up her now empty mug, Megan got up from the table. "Do you need help getting her to bed?" She asked motioning to Bailey who had fallen asleep while sitting up. Amanda ran the brush through Bailey's hair a few more times before shaking her head. Taking her little sister's mostly empty mug Megan went into the kitchen to put them in the sink. "Wake up pumpkin, come on sweetie we need to get you to bed." Amanda could see Bailey's green thick eyelash covered eyes flutter halfway open. "Wha?" She could hear her say sleepily. "Come on, we have to get you to bed and still have to remove your makeup." She helped Bailey get to her feet and walked her back to her room, looking over her shoulder at Megan. "Try not to disappear on me, I think we should talk." Amanda watched as her older sister looked at her watch and made a mock yawn before coming into Bailey's room and helping the still half asleep girl remove her makeup. As she removed the eyeshadow from Bailey's first eye she heard her mumble something. "What was that sweetheart?" Amanda squatted down to be on the same level to hear what was said. "Pills, I like need to take my pills." Putting her hand on Bailey's cheek she thought it was the cutest thing in the world how Bailey leaned her head into her hand. "I will get them and a glass of water for you, but after we finish. Trust me, you do not want to go to sleep in your makeup." She watched as Bailey had already closed her eyes again, trying to go back to sleep sitting up, using her hand as a pillow.

After getting Bailey to bed Amanda quietly closed the door and took a deep breath and let it out. "Meg, I have to say I am really worried about Bailey." Megan had moved over to the much more comfortable couch and patted the cushion next to her. Sitting down Amanda looked at her hands for a moment before looking into her older sister's blue eyes. "I tried to explain it away, that a doctor would know better than me if Bailey was

having a problem like suddenly growing breasts, but dammit I know what breasts look like and my Bailey has them! And.." Amanda got up from the couch and started pacing in front of it, while Megan shifted a pillow to get comfortable watching her little sis try to wear out the apartment's carpet. "Today was great, amazing, magical even!" Amanda talked with her hands like many people, but it was normally subtle motions. Now show as making larger gestures as she went on and vented her thoughts. "Bailey has been so terrific, and that is in big thanks to you for helping me. In Bailey's room an hour ago I was giving her a chance to get out of this, back to normal. You heard her when she asked me if I was enjoying having a daughter?" Amanda hadn't waited for Megan to respond and kept rambling on. "That broke my heart! Meg, I am... I really am loving having a daughter, and everytime I see her smiling and having fun it makes me feel so content." Stopping her walking Amanda plopped down on the couch and leaned on her sister. "But it isn't real, it is all selfish. Bailey my boyfriend... ex-boyfriend for all intents and purposes right now is posing as my daughter. I saw Bailey dancing with August and I didn't think how much Bailey must be suffering, no instead I thought how cute they were together. Then I start feeling guilty for giving Bailey an out because he turned it down and I realized if that happened it would not just be my career being destroyed, but I would have destroyed April's too!"

Putting her arm around Amanda, Megan gave her a reassuring squeeze. "I have told you for years that company was horrible. How many times has some man in a suit said he wanted to stick his dick in you one way or another? Or just simply thought he had the right to touch you? No, don't answer we both know the truth of it. With that you worked your ass off to prove yourself, you earned a district manager position a hundred times over. Bailey was willing to sacrifice for you to have it and every time you ask him to stop you are slapping him in the face." Amanda hadn't thought of it like that, if she sacrificed her career to put herself in a worse place than before this started everything Bailey had done would have been for nothing, worse it would have been the cause of things being worse. "Yeah, but how much does he have to sacrifice for me? Did you see how skinny Bailey has gotten? And she has breasts!" When Amanda went to get back up and resume pacing, Megan kept her arm around her and with a firm grip kept her in place leaning into her side. "Okay, I'm not supposed to tell you this, but it isn't all so bad for Bailey."

Narrowing her eyes slightly, Amanda gave a small shake of her head not sure what her sister meant. “Bailey has opened up to me on Sunday, not just talking about helping you, though that was a big part of it. Bailey is enjoying not having to be an adult, the freedom of not having to stress about money or finding a job. Not being expected to go out to a bar that is full of cigarette smoke and not bottle up emotions. Could you imagine Bailey opening up and crying to his friend Charles' shoulder?” Amanda shook her head, knowing that he hardly let her help with his grief. “Exactly, and as your daughter she has little to worry about. Heck can you tell me when the last time the two of you were this close? When you hugged this much?”

Sitting in silence for a moment Amanda thought about that. It felt like it was forever ago that they used to fuck like bunnies, heck it felt odd thinking about Bailey in that context right now and as their sex life died down they got in more fights and were drifting a bit apart, but it was crystal clear how much Bailey loved her. “It has been nice and Bailey really told you she was enjoying this?” Megan nodded, giving a small smile. “Why else would he do things like get his lips plumped up to stay in character. If Bailey wanted this to be over would she be doing things to make it more difficult to look like her old self? Would she have encouraged you to spend time with Derrick? I mean I have heard Bailey call him Daddy a few times and it is cute. Have you considered why Bailey would be trying to build a relationship with Derrick if this was all supposed to be over soon?” Amanda opened her mouth to retort and thought about Bailey dancing with him the other night and how she had cried into his chest from the gift. If that was true, why had they gotten into a fight about him wanting this over on Friday night? “Are you saying Bailey likes being a girl and my daughter?” Megan gave a shrug to the question and a lopsided grin. “I can tell you that I agree with you about Bailey's chest and reading the paperwork for the drug you injected it was supposed to help with her hormones, so the doctor must have known and she didn't want to say anything.” Megan said, making sure to refer to Bailey as a female this entire time.

Massaging her temples Amanda tried to think, she was exhausted and not thinking clearly. “But how would Bailey have grown breasts?” Amanda could feel her sister drubbing her fingers on her shoulder as she thought. “Power of the mind? I don't know,

but she has them and hasn't said anything to me or you about them. Let the doctor do his thing and I'm sure Bailey will open up to you soon enough, but I know you are enjoying having a daughter and having Derrick around. Maybe stop beating yourself up constantly, drink coffee from your best Mom mug Bailey got you and hold that sexy man's hand for as long as you can." Amanda sat up and pulled away squinting at Megan. "Sexy man huh?" Megan shrugged with a large smile on her face. "I'm not blind and seeing you with him has made me get back into dating." Amanda moved her hand over her mouth to try and cover her surprise. "I even have a date on Sunday night." It was a huge surprise to find out her sister was not only jumping back into the dating pool, but she had a date with Charles or Chuck as Bailey called him. It was interesting how the two bonded when he was worried about Bailey being missing and she was doing her best to cover things up. She briefly worried it would put Bailey at risk, but even that apparently wasn't worth fretting over when Meg had told her Charles had already met Bailey Ann Best and thought she wasn't anything more than the ditzy blonde she appeared to be. "Well I am happy for you, enjoy yourself, but be careful. From what I understand he isn't much for keeping secrets when he has had a few drinks, or so I am told." Megan gave her sister a lopsided grin. "Don't worry Mom, I will be careful." Her words dripped with sarcasm and in response Amanda pulled the pillow away that her sister was using to rest on and then tossed it at her face. "A grown woman and still a brat." Megan said with a serious tone as she stood up, though Amanda could see her playful smile. "Say am also trying to get out more, Jeremy's Mother Caroline. You know the boy from tonight that gave the girls gift cards to the shoe store?" Megan waited for her sister to nod before seeing if she wanted to join her for the outing. She had taken some classes on her own at the local community college after her divorce, but had mostly been a homebody. "Well she invited me to her book club and doesn't live far from my place. Would you come with me?" She could see the hesitation in her sister's face. "I do not think I have time to read a book, let alone in two days." Megan pursed her lips and reached out, taking Amanda's hand. "You hardly have a life outside of work, you need this as much as me. If you won't do it for yourself, you should do it because your big sister is asking and saying please." With a sigh Amanda nodded and gave in to Meg's wishes. "On the condition I also get a thank you. Oh, and you have to say I am the best sister ever." Amanda's words were playful, but she looked at her older sister with a serious expression. "Fine, thank you for

being the best bratty sister ever.”

After Megan had left, Amanda locked the apartment door and moved her hand to the light switches. Her fingers lingered over them as she looked at the door to Bailey's room. It was a surprise Bailey would confide in her sister, the two of them had hardly been on friendly terms. Though maybe because she helped so much with all of this they were able to find common ground. She wished Bailey would have talked to her about this, she saw Bailey having fun and with how he was raised he hadn't had much of a childhood. Bailey had told her how he had to be the one to practically run the family store because his father wanted to be outside. Still this was much more than just pretending to be younger. Maybe she would talk to Bailey more about it in the morning. Setting her resolve to get some more answers Amanda flicked the lights off, leaving just the overhead light for the stove on before going to bed. Slipping under the covers she reached for her phone and sent a text to Derrick.

Amanda: Thank you for everything tonight.

Amanda: How did you even find Cherry? That was incredible.

Laying there in bed her blue eyes stayed on the screen waiting for his reply, hoping he hadn't gone to bed just yet and thinking how it wasn't just incredible that he did something like that, but he was incredible for doing it. Just over a minute passed with no reply and she was ready to put her phone on her nightstand when it vibrated.

Derrick: I hardly did anything, you, your sister, April were the ones to do everything. I paid a little money and was mostly just there.

Derrick: Heck April's younger brother and that boy that can't take his eyes off Candace did most of the setup and cleanup.

Amanda: His name is Ryan, Ryan Davis. How do you remember everyone's names at the office and cannot remember the name of the boy your daughter introduced you to?

Derrick: Easily I don't remember, I have an assistant for that! You want to be my assistant for remembering peoples names outside of work? Might mean spending more

time with me, you know to help me with names and such.

A smile curled on Amanda's lip as she looked at her phone, she could imagine him looking at her with his green eyes and having that confident little smirk on his face.

Amanda: You did not answer my question.

Derrick: Candace told me about what happened to Bailey's father and how he had to sell the filly.

Derrick: I didn't do anything clever, just searched for stables in the area and asked around.

Amanda: How long did that take you?

Derrick: That isn't important

Amanda: You doing that, seeing Bailey's reaction, that is important to me.

Derrick: It was for Bailey, and if I also earned a few points with you, then all the better.

Amanda: You did

Derrick: Does that mean you will accept the position to help me remember names? Or just things in general?

Amanda: What is the pay?

Derrick: Dinners, lunches, but mostly you will be paid in exposure.

Amanda: Exposure? Exposure to what you? I will have to decline the offer.

Derrick: Your words wound me.

Amanda: File a complaint with my regional manager.

Derrick: That is me!

Amanda: Are you sure? I do not think I would have kissed my regional manager. Sounds inappropriate.

Derrick: I could be mistaken, in fact I think we should drop the matter all together.

Amanda: I think I need to sleep.

Derrick: Sweet dreams Mandy

Amanda: Goodnight

Bailey opened the door to the guest bedroom in his apartment, the room had changed recently to being mostly white with a flower theme. A white long white dresser stood on

the far-left wall next to the closet, on the wall next to the door was a white vanity covered in different type of makeup products and straight ahead a few feet into the room was the twin bed with a pink and white comforter blanket pushed against the wall. Atop that bed, sitting on the edge was a teen girl with platinum blonde hair, green eyes. The way her eyes were framed in thick eyelashes that seemed to flutter under his attention, the small inviting smile on her creamy pink lipstick covered lips made Bailey know he was in the right place. His eyes traveled over her petite frame, she had small breasts under her babydoll nightie, the thing was black with pink accents around the breasts and hem line, she seemed to have picked up lipstick to match her outfit. Through the fabric of the nightie, he was able to get a glimpse of her pink panties as she shifted her legs, uncrossing her black stocking covered legs and recrossing them, seemingly just to arouse him. This young woman was even sitting in bed wearing pink pointed toe pink heels and if the other signs weren't enough to tell him she wanted what he wanted he knew what it meant when a girl wore her heels to bed." I don't think I could ever look at you and not want to fuck you. You are so sexy Bailey." He said feeling his manhood try and push free of his boxers.

She let loose a tittering giggle at his words and pointed to the mirror on the vanity and the full body mirror on the back of the door he just came in through. "I totally like looking at myself too." Bailey understood why she did, this was the type of girl that shouldn't have any problem with confidence. Licking his lips he stepped closer to her, reaching out and putting his hand on her cheek as he looked into her so familiar eyes. She broke eye contact and looked down to his boxers that were straining to contain his excitement. "Oh! Is this for me? You know it was just my birthday and I wouldn't mind opening this present." His dick throbbed with her sing song voice, the girl was such a bimbo, and he couldn't wait to have her. "Think you can handle it?" He asked knowing she wouldn't have a choice momentarily, especially with how it felt having her hand lightly touch him through the thin fabric of his boxers. "Maybe, I like have only done this once before." He seriously doubted that was the truth with the way she looked, but if she wanted to play the inexperienced girl, he would teach her. "But I know I want it." There was an almost purr to her voice as she pulled down his underwear, her eyes statically on his manhood. She seemed to be mesmerized by it, giving Bailey a nice boost to his ego.

Moving his hand from her cheek to the back of her neck he leaned down and kissed her creamy, plump lips, tasting her strawberry lip gloss. “Uaaa!” She seemed to lock up in surprise as she let out a little noise when their lips met and when she didn’t try to pull away, he continued to kiss the young woman.

Pulling back, he smiled down at the sexy girl, her cheeks red from a blush, when she averted her eyes from his he could see her gaze went back to his hard member before letting out a light whimper, and god it was exciting to hear a girl want him so badly she whimpered for it. “It’s okay, you can have it Bailey. This is all yours, now open wide for me.” He said pulling her face closer to his crotch with his hand still on the back of her neck. She moved both her hands out to push against his stomach, her small hands had long nails painted to match her lipstick and shoes. She pushed against him as he pulled her forward making it take longer for her lips to come into contact with his cock, and he loved how she was teasing him. He could feel her blowing on his dick to drive him wild. “We, we...” She said before the head of his dick pushed into her mouth. “Oh yeah, does little Bailey want my wewe? It’s all yours baby.” He could feel her tongue push against the head of his dick, moving around it as he thrust his hips slowly, she was continuing to push on his stomach and now chest with her hands, he was pretty sure he would have some nail marks on his chest when this was over. She literally begged for it and at the same time showed him how excited she was and made sure he didn’t go too quickly. “MMMmm!” She cried out as he started to pull back and push in a few times, picking up a rhythm. Bailey could feel her rubbing her stocking covered leg against his own, feeling the sexy material run across his skin felt wonderful. This girl was using her mouth, hands and legs all at the same time to make this moment perfect, he knew there was no way she was new to this. “Yeah, god that’s it...” He said as he pulled her down far enough onto his cock that his balls were touching her chin. Moving both hands to her head he held her there as he thrust in and out, loving the feeling of her deep throating him while hearing the glurping noise. He pulled free from her mouth when he felt some of her nails dig into him. The little bit of pain made this that much more exciting and while her lipstick was smeared now the slight of the pink smear across his dick was perfect. Both of them were breathing heavy, but Bailey didn’t want to wait to catch his breath, he wanted more. “Oh!” She cried out as he pushed her, so that her back landed on the mattress her legs

flew in the air from the push and he found his hands around them.

Holding each leg up in the air, Bailey kissed the girl's left ankle first before leaving a trail of kisses up her calf. He looked at her face, seeing her doe eyes wide with excitement. Bailey smiled evilly when she shook her head no and moved to do the same to her other leg. She was so turned on by what they were doing she was telling him no to the foreplay, she wanted him as much as he wanted her. "No.. stop." Her tiny voice so full of desire was driving him crazy and it was hard for him to decide to skip more of the foreplay and give in to what she wanted. Sliding her heeled feet up onto his shoulders, Bailey pressed forward so he was on the bed with the sexy woman and could feel vibrating with desire. With little more preamble he pressed the tip of his dick to the lips of her pussy and pushed in. He only pushed in a little with each thrust and moved one of his hands up to her small breasts, cupping it and rolling his hand over her nipple that felt hard enough to cut glass. "Ahhh, ahhh!" Her cries mirrored his own as he thrust into her, the girl's hand had locked around his wrist that played with her breast like a vice grip and he could feel her feet kicking in the air as he fucked the girl harder and harder. It was almost like a clapping sound as he fucked her. "God.. no, no, oh SUGAR!" Her voice was more than loud enough to wake Mandy as she seemingly orgasmed at the same time his cum filled her up. "Shhh you don't want to wake up your Mom." Bailey looked over his shoulder at the door. "I best be going, but wow girl, you are amazing." Pulling out of her Bailey picked up his boxers from the floor and one of her heels that had fallen off as they fucked and handed it back to her before leaving the room.



Bailey sat on her bed exactly where Aunt Amanda had said, dressed like she wanted. She had positioned her phone so that it would catch everything. Her Aunt wanted her Mommy's current boyfriend out so she could date Mr. Connors and at the same time she wanted to help her become a woman. So when Bailey came into the room she gave him a small apprehensive smile, she felt so nervous and uncrossed her legs, but realized she was supposed to be alluring and crossed them again the other way knowing men liked it when a woman sat femininely. He complimented her and she tried to hold in a nervous giggle that seemed to only make her Mommy's boyfriend smile. A text popped up on her phone screen and she repeated the words about enjoying looking at herself too. When he stopped closer and put his hand on her cheek, she felt uncomfortable looking up into his green eyes. They were so familiar, like she had known those eyes her whole life, like they used to be her own and it made her feel more than a little uncomfortable. When she averted her eyes to look to the ground in reflex she saw Bailey's cock trying to burst free from his black boxers. Aunt Megan must have seen it too, her phone vibrated on her nightstand telling her what to say. She was worried he was going to notice her phone vibrating every time a new message appeared on the screen telling her what to say or do next. When the twenty five year old man stood before her nude she stopped and stared at his hard dick that bounced or weaved as he shifted his footing to kick off his underwear. She could feel him slide his hand from her cheek and into her hair before coming to the nape of her neck. Pulling her sight away from his dick she looked up at him surprised to his face less than an inch from her face. "Uaa!" She let out the sound in surprise, his lips muffling the sound and stopping her from forming any words. All of Bailey's muscles tensed up when she felt the kiss she was unprepared for, it was nothing compared to what Auntie told her to do. Yet the hand on the back of her head holding her there and it happening before she was ready left her unsure how to respond. When the man's head turned slightly she felt his mouth open slightly and close again, moving his lips over hers and she reluctantly kissed him back while closing her eyes.

When he pulled away Bailey could feel her cheeks burning, the kiss was more intense than she had expected and wondered if he was about to force her to kiss him a second time when his hand hadn't moved. She opened her eyes and quickly averted them when she met his eyes, causing her to once again look down at his manhood. A small vibration

made Bailey look to the left at her nightstand and saw the words on the screen telling her to take it in hand. Bailey let out a whimper, she really didn't want to do this. She had already accidentally done something at the movies the previous week and didn't want to repeat it. "Its okay, you can have it Bailey. This is all yours, now open wide for me." Internally she was screaming "OH NO, OH NO" as he pushed his dick closer to her face while at the same time pulling her closer with his hand on her neck. Bailey let out another whimper and tried to tell him how this didn't have to happen, to say We should not do this, but all that came out was a stuttering "We, We..." Before he pushed the musky smelling cock into her mouth. Bailey didn't know why she tried to push it out with her tongue, there was no way that would work, but she reached up and tried to push him off of her, it didn't matter what Auntie told her to do and if that meant she wasn't a good girl, so be it! She pushed on his stomach with both hands to get the crotch away from her, but even though he was the same height as her the man had more mass, strength and leverage. "MMMmm!" She tried to cry out as the cock started to pull out of her mouth, but it quickly was pushed back in as he started to thrust his hips, the man was fucking her face! She needed more leverage and moved to uncross her legs, but he was too close, and her leg pushed into his. Bailey didn't have enough strength to push him away though she tried, but he just seemed to rub his own leg across hers and pull her deeper onto his cock. He had pulled her all the way onto it where she could feel his ball sack bouncing off of her chin. That was when she started to gag on what was forced into her mouth. "Yeah, god that's it..." She heard him say before gripping her head with both hands, holding her still with his dick so far in he started doing micro-thrusts. Her gagging only seemed to encourage him more and worst of all it felt like the thing in her mouth was pulsing and getting harder. She couldn't let him cum in her mouth and thought about biting down. She hardly noticed how her nails dug into his chest with one hand and into one of his arms holding her with the other. There was an audible sound as the man pulled free from her mouth and could see the dick slick with her saliva, leaving a thin trail from it to her pink lips. The slimy string a visible sign of the salty taste in her mouth from his pre-cum. Bailey was trying to recover and catch her breath when he pushed with both hands to her shoulders. "Oh!" She cried out in surprise from the push, it hadn't hurt, but she didn't expect it either and her legs flew in the air as she moved back.

When her legs went into the air Bailey had taken a hold of her legs, she looked up at him with wide eyes wondering and worried about what he was going to do next. She tried kicking her legs as he held them, but he only leaned into one of them and started to kiss his way up. When he made eye contact, she shook her head for him to stop. “No.. stop.” She said in a small voice, pleading with him even as he moved on to start kissing the other. The soft kisses were a contrast to his strong grip and something in that moment caused her to get goose bumps from the erotic action. Bailey started to shake in fear about what was coming as he moved her legs up onto his shoulders and climbed onto the bed with her, forcing her legs to open wider and be pushed further up. Her hands clutched and pulled at the comforter under her as she felt him enter her, to fuck her and take her maidenhood. It was an experience she had never felt before, it was terrifying, thrilling and full of exultation as his hand found her breast and started to knead it. “Ahhh, ahhh!” She could hear his voice mirroring her own as he had his way with her. She wrapped one of her hands around his wrist that pawed at her chest, if she could get that to stop maybe she could clear her head. “God.. no, no, oh SUGAR!” Bailey cried out as his pace picked up and started to push in much harder. She let out a gasp of air, felt like her entire body had a little sweat on it and hated the fact she had just orgasimed from her Mommy’s boyfriend. “Shhh you don’t want to wake up your Mom.” He said before pulling out of her, making her feel emptier for it. Bailey was still trying to catch her breath when he left the room and she was left holding one of her heels that had fallen off while feeling something slimy dripping from her. She looked at the pink heeled shoe and then back at the closed bedroom door. Realizing Bailey wasn’t Mommy’s boyfriend, he was her ex-boyfriend.

A thought of disgust at the cum flowing free from him was the last thought she had before Bailey opened his eyes in his dark bedroom. His bladder was feeling a little full and he pulled the comforter and sheet from his body, he didn’t remember getting into bed, but was truly happy that while he was wearing the same babydoll from that nightmare he wasn’t wearing stockings and heels to bed with it. Putting his face in his hands for a second, he took a couple deep breaths. “It was just a dream, Peaches that terrifying being forced into that by himself and somehow Aunt Megan at the same time. Hopping down from the bed he felt something slimy run down his leg and let out a groan.

“Is the gel from this prosthetic leaking or something?” He couldn’t see too well in the dark and went out into the hallway as quickly as he could to check and get some relief. Bailey didn’t often have to get up in the middle of the night to use the bathroom, but he guessed he had too much hot coco that night. A little something to make it stronger would have been best, but he still did enjoy the beverage. Sitting down on the toilet, Bailey looked down at the pink panties now at knee level and shook his head at how he had them at the start of the dream and then they just kind of vanished without ever taking them off. Dreams were stupid and he needed to forget this one sooner rather than later. He was about to start peeing when he looked down at the gel on his leg, wiping it off with his index finger he thought it felt odd. Not like he expected it to with how it feels on his trapped member. Squinting at it Bailey brought his finger closer to his face as he started to pee, he wasn’t sure if it was because he was now flushing it out or because his finger was closer, but he could smell the semen. The details of the dream had already started to fade from his mind, but he wouldn’t be able to forget the fact he just had a wet dream and cum dripped out from his new female anatomy. “Peaches and cream!”

“Pumpkin, time to wake up.” The soft, sweet voice of his Mommy awoke Bailey as he felt a hand on his shoulder. Opening his eyes just a fraction Bailey could see her hovering over him in her silk bathrobe. He did not want to get up, it felt too early and just being this much awake made him remember pieces of his dream. “No.” He said, closing his eyes, pulling the stuffed bear in his arms tighter to his chest and scooting a little more under the covers. Well with all the changes, at least some things stayed the same, Amanda thought growing a little looking down at Bailey who had never been one to be an early riser. “I could let you sleep longer, but I cannot imagine Candi being happy about you making her late for you and her appointment at the DMV. Bailey rolled over to face the woman that he disliked just a little bit at this second and opened his eyes, glaring at her for a second before letting out a lip-trill. “Brbrbrbrbr” The sound caused by Bailey flapping his lips as he blew out some air. “Fine! I’m getting up.” Bailey finally said when the woman hovering over him didn’t say a word and only stared down. Pulling the covers off, Bailey sat up and put President Bear on top of his pillows. “I also wanted to talk to you a little bit before the Connors arrive.” Amanda said, watching Bailey stretch and rub

the sleep from her eyes.

He really had to pee, but judging by her face it was important. "Oh like fer sure." Sliding the cushioned bench out from under the vanity Amanda sat down to be eye level with Bailey. "I wanted to answer the question you asked me last night, it caused me to get a little emotional and I never responded. I have always wanted a daughter and having Bailey Ann around has been like living a dream that I thought would never happen." Amanda took both of Bailey's hands in her own. "I need you to know I love you and what you are doing for me." Amanda hesitated for a second, she wanted to ask Bailey if she truly was having fun. She thought that is what she saw in her, but needed to make sure even after Bailey had already told her as much. "I love you too Mommy." Amanda gave a small smile, the words feeling like a little bit of magic. "That is clear to everyone, pumpkin, but I need to ask you about a few things. About your breasts." Bailey pulled his hands away and crossed his arms over his swollen sore chest. "I like don't have tits!" He said with as much firmness as he could, though he had long ago stopped using his masculine voice. Leaving him sounding more like a whiny teen than an upset adult. Nodding just once at the outburst Amanda thought it best to move on from the topic, rather than try to force her to talk about something she obviously wanted to avoid. "Okay honey, we do not have to talk about that if you do not want to." She said making it clear she didn't accept the answer, but was willing to move on. "In your drawer I saw the purple sex toy." A wave of panic moved through Bailey, he had really hoped she didn't see it. "Did Megan give you that in case Candi looked in your drawer to help with all of this like April did with your room?"

Bailey's stomach started to settle and the panic subsided, he wasn't sure how he was going to explain it or if she would believe Aunt Megan had given it to him. "She said all girls should have one, I like didn't know it was there till I saw it in the drawer myself." Peaches that was close! Bailey thought, so relieved to be given an out. "I can tell that talking about that makes you uncomfortable, it just surprised me to see it. You know honey, you can tell me anything. If you are upset or want to talk about your feelings, I am here for you." Bailey searched her face, trying to see if she knew something he did not want her to know about. If she knew about some of the things he has had to do, she

would look disgusted or angry, but he saw no sign of that. “Ahh.. umm. Oh!” Bailey perked up, thinking about a topic from the previous night about getting her to cancel the date with August... Auggy. His body shivered a little thinking about what Miss April wanted him to do, but if they couldn’t go on dates then nothing could happen. “Yeah like, the double date that you said would have to happen here on Thursday night.” Amanda leaned a little forward putting her hand on Bailey’s leg, wishing she didn’t have to make Bailey do more, but if she wanted to stay the course with this ruse then there would be things like this that come up. “Honey, we talked about this. It would look suspicious if you canceled a date after you had already agreed to it.” Bailey stuck out his lip a little pouting and recrossing his arms, unconsciously mimicking a common thing he had seen Candi do when told something she hadn’t liked. “But, but what if he tries to kiss me!? Or umm wants more?”

“Honey, you need to set up expectations. If you do not want him to kiss you then you can tell him so or turn your head when he tries. In fact you should tell August you do not like him like that and how you just want to be friends.” Amanda could see Bailey’s eyes start to glaze over, she was losing her attention. “Would you like me to talk to April about this for you?” She asked, thinking what she could do to help with the younger man that seemed to like Bailey. Shaking his head vigorously Bailey looked into her eyes. “NO, oh sugar no. Please don’t talk to Miss April.” Amanda could understand the fervent refusal with April knowing Bailey was really a boy and a discussion about her brother being romantic with Bailey. “Okay, then well then you will have to talk to him about this and honey you have nothing to worry about with August wanting more. You will not be alone, Candi, Ryan and I will be around. Though I will try and give you four some privacy in the living room.” She thought for a second before giving Bailey a smile. I will make sure you have some snacks, but it will help with expectations if you insist on paying for half of whatever you order for dinner. We can talk about an allowance for you so that you have a little spending money, but that will dependant on you doing your chores.” Bailey let out a groan at the thought of a chores list and being handed an allowance like a child. “I do not want to hear you groan and whine about doing chores young lady. One of the first things you will need to do is wash all of your clothes. Yes, that means I will give you back your dirty things. You will need to start washing them when you get back from the DMV. If

everything goes right I will let Candi drive the two of you home and then I will let you know when I am done at work. Sadly I was only able to take the morning off this morning.

Bailey looked at her in confusion, his eyes moving around the room trying to think why he couldn't drive them around. It made much less sense for Candi to drive Mommy's car. "Ah, like I can drive us home." Bailey was disappointed to see her shake her head. "Bailey Ann Best does not have a learners permit, it is normal to get that before a driver's license. I understand being eighteen we could skip that step, but let me ask you honey. Would you feel okay with handing over a license to a police officer when you are caught speeding or changing lanes without using your signal?" His mind flashed back to the two police officers and how they looked at him dressed like a little girl at Aunt Megan's house and how hostile they were. At that thought Bailey quickly shook his head, knowing the possibility of some sleuth finding out the truth and hauling him in and throwing him in jail. "I did not think so. You will have to rely on your older sister to get you around like I once had to, but you should pull up the road rules booklet to study real quick for the test today." Bailey made a face in her direction that showed his dissatisfaction at both of those thoughts. "I totes know how to drive and what signs and junk mean." Amanda patted Bailey's thigh before standing up and pushing the padded bench back under the vanity. "Well you should start getting ready for the day before the Connors arrive." Giving Bailey a smile she turned to leave the room, but stopped in the doorway. Turning back around she leaned on the frame. "Honey, you have lost a lot of weight. You can stop drinking those shakes and the diet." She considered her sister's words about Bailey enjoying this, and how it was Bailey's idea to get her lips and eyelashes done. "Unless you want to, I mean." Sugar that was the best news he had heard all morning. "Thank you Mommy!"

When Bailey was alone he looked in the mirror on the back of the door and frowned a little. In his dream he was wearing this babydoll and even with no makeup and bed hair he hated that he found himself attractive. Those puffy lips and long curled lashes were more alluring than he liked. Opening the door Bailey went off to the bathroom to relieve himself. He had been sitting to pee for a while now, but it was vastly different now that

things changed between his legs. He really wasn't sure if he should push his fingers in with toilet paper to make sure he was clean or maybe that was just one of the reasons girls wore tampons. Not liking that train of thought one bit he thought it best to take a shower. With the hot water running over his body Bailey was starting to feel relaxed, running the soapy pink luffa over his stomach, but had to suck in air through his teeth as he washed his swollen chest. It was really bothering him today and the way they looked he wished he could take a needle to them and pop them like some kind of pimple. The relaxing mood ruined so he moved on to washing the long hair and conditioning it as he thought about how much time he had to spend getting ready now compared to a few weeks ago. After the shower Bailey made sure to moisturize, before wrapping a fluffy towel around his chest and turning on the hair dryer. A few quick knocks came to the bathroom door, Bailey turned off the hair dryer not able to hear what was said. "What!?" He yelled back instead of opening the door. "I said they will be here soon, move your butt young lady." Snarling a little in the mirror Bailey turned the hair dryer on again. "Move your butt young lady." He said mimicking the words in a mock tone. It is always young lady this, pumpkin that, but at least it was better than when Derrick called him princess. "Ugg!" Bailey said as he rolled his eyes thinking about being called Princess Bailey the night before.

Getting dressed for the day was more difficult than Bailey would have thought with such a limited wardrobe. Most of his clothes were still in the other room, while he was now allowed to go get them, they still needed to be washed. All of his tops were dirty, the drawer of skirts was vacant, and while he technically had a single pair of pants they were not ones he wanted to wear. Bailey's collection of pants consisted of a pair of low rise ultra tight jeans and two pairs of workout legging, one grey the other red and right now only the red pair remained. Like the grey pair they were designed in a way to lift and separate his rear to enhance the look of the wearer. In the past he loved seeing them on girls, but now he hated that a pair of workout pants were made to help him look more attractive. That meant he had to pick a dress from the closet and what was left hanging was a green velvet mini dress, a dress that would look out of place anywhere except a night club and a purple sun dress with a flower pattern. "Good thing I just love... flowers." He said taking it from the closet and laying it out on the bed. Looking in the

mirror after putting on a lace halter bralette, Bailey frowned. The thing was too tight and he had to remove half the padding that he had been using. "Stupid girls sizes, they can't even be consistent with a bra size." He complained blaming the manufacturer sizing, rather than thinking about his chest. "BAILEY WE ARE HERE, GOOOOOD MORNING!" The voice of Candi carried through the apartment. Pulling himself away from the mirror, Bailey shimmied into the purple sundress seconds before his bedroom door swung open. "Like don't you think you should knock?" Candi stood in the doorway to Bailey's room, holding the handle of two large roller suitcases in either hand. She looked at the door handle and then back to Bailey, scrunching up her nose for a second. "No I didn't think about it, why?" He wasn't sure if the chipper girl was messing with him or not and just let out a sigh and turned around to face away from her before looking over his shoulder. "You are here, so like you might as well help." Candi moved over to tie the loose fabric into a bow behind Bailey so that the dress cinched in. "You should knock when coming into a room with a closed door Candi." Bailey said grouchy. "Oh, I'm sorry I didn't know it would bother you." Bailey closed his eyes thinking about how no one should have to interact with people before eight in the morning. "No..., It is totally okay." Bailey said, not wanting to have the girl moping about.

Candi wrapped her hands around Bailey from behind and leaned her chin on Bailey's shoulder. "Is it because you love me and sisters don't hide anything from each other?" The girls breasts pushing into his back made Bailey think of his dream from the previous night and he shook his head to both tell the girl no and see if he could shake the memory loose. "No, I just don't like want you to be all mokey and sad." The embrace from behind hadn't gone away with the rejection and he heard the girl making a contemplative noise. "Did you say THAT because you love me and sisters don't hide anything from each other?" Lord give me strength he thought letting out another sigh. "Yes, that is exactly why." With that he felt Candi pull away and when he turned to look at the girl she was already starting to walk out the open bedroom door. "I knew it! But come on, we have to say goodbye to Daddy before he leaves for his flight." Looking at her Bailey took in how she was dressed more casually than him once again. She had on black sneakers with a white swoosh on their side and tiny white socks, black jean skimpy shorts, and a light blue shirt with a glittery version of Captain America's shield on it. She had accessorized

with a few bangles on her right of blue and black, a tiny leather banded watch on her left, small red stud earrings and the dog tag style necklace she was given the previous Friday night. “She gets a t-shirt and shorts and I get a dress.” Bailey mumbled to himself before following her out.

Coming into the living room Bailey saw a third large suitcase that matched Candi’s and that Derrick was in conversation with Mommy, standing by the table and that he had a large grey suitcase in hand. Bailey didn’t need to wait long to find out why he had brought his luggage up when he was leaving. “Thanks again for letting me store this suitcase here till I get back.” Amanda took the handle of the rolling back from him, her fingers lingering on his for a second. “It is no trouble at all, besides it hardly makes sense for you to keep a hotel room you are not paying for or bringing clothes back to California, just to bring them back here again.” Well at least something hadn’t changed and he was going to stay here. Candi rushed over to her Dad, wrapping her arms around his waist in a tight hug that he returned with a chuckle. “We will miss you Daddy, you need to be safe and take your medicine.” This was the first Amanda had heard about him taking medication, it made sense. Who doesn’t have some sort of problem they needed to take something for, but he hadn’t mentioned it. “Medicine?” She inquired as he was freed from the clutches of his daughter. “I take an over the counter anti-inflammatory, maybe once a week.” Derrick said defensively to the question, but it was more directed at his daughter. “You are old and need to take your medicine. Doctors orders!” Derrick motioned to Candi while looking at Amanda. “Do you see what I’m dealing with here? You are going to have fun with her I’m sure and Candace you are not a doctor.” Candi glared at her father for a second and then touched her index finger to her chin like she was thinking, though Bailey could tell she clearly knew what she was going to say. “Maybe I will one day. Nurse Connors? Nurse Candi? Doctor Connors? Oh, oh! Doctor Candi.” She let out a giggle. “You follow future Doctor Candi’s instructions.” Derrick loved his daughter dearly, but didn’t think she had it in her to earn any type of medical degree. He was ready to agree with her that yes he would take his medicine when Mandy started to laugh. Derrick hardly noticed Candi whispering something to Bailey when he narrowed his eyes at the beautiful blonde woman. “Sorry, sorry.” She said catching her

breath. “Best you agree with her before she gets Bailey to join in on you.”

He felt little recourse other than to smile at her and the girls. “I will promise to follow Doctor CONNORS strict instruction, no need to get Nurse Best involved.” He said emphasizing their shared last name to his daughter. Derrick looked at Bailey as she gave him a quick hug, she didn’t look to be wearing any makeup, no jewelry or even shoes. “Looks like you aren’t ready to head out for your appointment at the DMV. I figured you would have been up early bouncing off the wall like Candace. I swear she was yelling for me to hurry up an hour before we had to leave.” Candi made eye contact with Amanda as she made several quick nods. “He was so slow, but like Bailey will be ready in a jiffy.” Bailey felt a little nudge from Candi, he wanted to tell her to stop and that he would do it, she didn’t have to prod him, though he really would have just let the conversation drift away from goodbyes to not have to talk to him. “It like... wont be the same with you gone. Hurry back.” Derrick looked at the girl who had a light blush to her cheeks and was avoiding eye contact. Thinking about how she was holding him the previous night and calling him Daddy he wondered if she was feeling guilty about wanting him to stay with how close they had grown and her obvious abandonment issues. Derrick gave Bailey a kiss to her forehead and motioned his daughter closer so he could put his arms around both of them at once for a hug. “I will be back before you know it, you two will have so much fun you will hardly notice I’m gone.” Bailey just stood there letting the hug happen, while Candi embraced him. “We will notice, everyone notices when the people they love are gone.” Derrick was a strong man, he made sure to go to the gym to be healthy. He had weather his wife passing, though admittedly not in the best way and had spent the years since being a simple parent to a girl that blossomed into a young woman, but no matter how strong he thought he was, when she said things like that it made his heart feel weak and tears come to his eyes. “Also you need to ask Miss Best or Bailey and I will do it for you.” Bailey heard Candi whisper to him, not sure what exactly she was talking about or what she was roping him into now. Derrick nodded, kissed both girls on the tops of their head before shifting his attention to the blue eyed woman who had the most captivating smile on her face as she watched him with the girls.

“Well I need to head out, but as I have been reminded I have something to ask you. This

weekend, Saturday actually... and this is short notice so I would understand if you said no. My assistant, Monica Wells is getting married. I was going to take Candace, but I was hoping you would be willing to be my plus one. Ah... and I of course would take care of our tickets.” Amanda put her hand over her mouth to cover her smile. This man was confident and in control of any room he walked into, but asking her to go to a wedding with him and he suddenly acted like a highschool boy asking a girl to a dance. It was beyond cute! “That depends, are you asking me to go as an assistant to help you remember names? Or, as your date?” Her playful voice helped him relax and he glanced at the girls knowing they wouldn’t know what she was talking about. “I would like both, but the least I’m willing to accept is a date.” Amanda raised an eyebrow and crossed her arms under her large chest. “The least? So me turning you down is not on the table.” She watched the man nod like he was accepting she had a point, but that familiar little smirk came to his face before he held up one finger. Leaning over to whisper something between the girls, he looked back up to make eye contact with her and then suddenly there were three pairs of green eyes on her. “Please Miss Best, please go with Daddy!” Candi said holding her hands out in front of her like she was praying to her or begging. “Yeah Mommy, I like know you love weddings.” Bailey added to help sway the woman he loved to accompany a man to a romantic setting like a wedding. This is in character, I have to do this. Bailey thought to himself, thinking she was going to do it anyways and if he didn’t his friend would ask why. He thought about the two weddings he had accompanied her to, the first was when they were dating for just two weeks, he felt like he had to in order to impress her. She had even caught the bouquet of flowers, making him have to fight some much bigger guys to get the garter. He had to bribe a jerk for it when they struggled to pull it from one another. That night in the hotel was amazing, he recalled calling down to room service for some sports drinks to help revitalize. The second was nothing special, and when a third of her old friends got married he pretended to have a stomach bug so he didn’t have to go with her. Faking being sick was a far cry from pleading with her to go with another man, but after the last few conversations about her willing to end this he felt more secure in where he stood. “Both of you, really?” Amanda put her hand on her hip and pretended to be upset that Derrick would pull the girls into his schemes. “Well I guess I could go and help you remember a name or two, but you are going to dance mister and I mean every song I’m on the floor for, so will you.”

Derrick gave wonderful a wink a smile he felt was wide enough to rival the grand canyon with how happy he was. "As you wish."

Candi hopped up and down clapping rapidly for a second before turning to Bailey. "That was a reference to the Princess Bride movie." Her green eyes looking her friend up and down, she had gotten caught up in the moment and forget they were on a schedule too. She grabbed Bailey by the wrist and stated to pull her friend toward her own bedroom, looking over her shoulder at the adults. "Bye Daddy, love you. Miss Best we will be out in a jiff!" Derrick's eyes followed his daughter into the room before the door was shut behind her. "She will be fine here." Looking away from the he smiled again, this one much smaller. "She just turned eighteen and is about to get her license, I won't be there for it and before I know it she will be getting married." Amanda stepped closer to the man, putting her hand on his forearm. "Shhh, none of that now. You do not need to be thinking of such things. I am sure you have years before that will happen, you have plenty of time ahead of you with just the two of you. Well, she is an amazing girl. I am sure you have at least a month or two before some boy puts a ring on her finger." Derrick put one hand around her waist and the other coming up to cup her chin, then kissed her. The kiss wasn't some deep passionate kiss, but a soft lingering one. When pulling back he smiled looking into her gorgeous eyes. "Funny, would you like it if I said the same for Bailey?" Still in his arms Amanda looked back at the closed bedroom door before turning back to Derrick. "Oh, I'm betting your daughter gets married before mine." She said thinking about how Bailey Ann won't be around forever and how Bailey had told her how he didn't believe in the need for marriage. "A bet? Sure I will take that bet. Say the loser has to buy the wedding cake." Derrick said, thinking of Bailey and the Gates boy. "Then prepare to buy and eat cake!" Amanda exclaimed with laughter, that was cut off shortly when Derrick pulled her in for another kiss.

"Come on we need to like goooo..." Candi whined as Bailey sat down on the little bench in front of his makeup table. He swept his hands under his butt to smooth out his purple sundress that had a tropical flower print on it. "Gah, just like a sec I have to put my face on. A good girl always looks her best." Bailey responded to his friend's prodding, he wasn't going to leave the house partially dressed no matter how much of a hurry she was

in. "Come on girls, we have to leave." Bailey heard the voice from the living room while he put on some large, diamond earrings that were really just a sterling silver stud and cut glass. "Just a minute Mommy!" Bailey yelled back. "There is no way you are going to be done in like a minute and we need to like go. Why didn't you like wake up earlier?" Amanda stepped into the room and saw Bailey flicking a large brush across her cheeks. "Honey you will have to do that in the car, grab your purse and get your tushy in the car." She looked at Candi and held out the keys to the car. "Care to drive? I figure you should get a feel for my car before you take a test in it." Candi bounced in place as she accepted the keys with reverence, much different then how she just snatched them from her father Bailey noticed. "But.." Amanda looked Bailey in the eye giving that same look her mother had done to her many times. "No butts, except for yours moving."

It felt odd to be sitting in the backseat putting on makeup, while Candi sat in the driver's seat and he wondered if he would be in trouble if Aunt April found out he had left the house without putting on makeup. "Do you feel like you are ready to take the test today Candi?" Amanda asked, her hand lightly touching the handle above the window on the passenger side just in case she needed it. "Oh like totally, yeah. I got this!" Candi said flashing a wide smile and looking in the rear view mirror to see Bailey putting lipgloss on. "What about you Bailey? You got it like way harder, you have to take the road rules test and the driving test." Amanda looked in the back seat, her blue eyes meeting Bailey's green. "She is only taking the test for the permit, we discussed it and she is not mature enough for her Driver's License yet." Candi could hear her friend grumbling in the back seat, and knew she didn't agree with her Mom about that decision, but this wasn't new information. "Well I hope you studied." Amanda smirked knowing that answer already, Bailey telling her how she didn't need to study and already knew the rules of the road. "She did not, says she already knows them." Candi shook her head and turned her head to look in the back seat after coming to a red light. "The test is like harder than I thought when I took it, you should totally study till they call your name." Capping her gloss Bailey gave his friend a cocky smile, he had passed that test and had been driving for years. He had a Class E License to drive his motorcycle, well motorcycles... his old bike broke down and he had sold it. "No I totally got this fer sure." Candi shrugged, giving her friend a

small smile. "I like your confidence sis, but don't say I like didn't warn you."

After the car was parked the trio made their way into the government building, Amanda held out each of her hands. "Hold my hands girls." Candi took hers right away and Bailey seemed reluctant, but did as she requested. "Mommy, we are eighteen, we aren't babies." Amanda stopped and looked at Bailey in her purple dress, the brown braided leather belt around her waist and light purple heels that had a few butterflies. A small pang of guilt hit her, imagining how embarrassing it must be for a teen to be asked to do such a thing. "Its okay Miss Best I enjoy holding your hand." Bailey stuck his tongue out at Candi for sucking up, but he still did what he was told. A good girl is always obedient, ran through his mind and was happy Aunt Megan wasn't here to see him talk back. "Sorry sweetheart, you do not need to hold my hand. I know you are all grown up." Bailey didn't let go of her hand and motioned to the building ahead with his head. "Maybe just like this once." The two of them couldn't sleep together anymore, not like he wanted so maybe this was her way to get some type of physical connection, he could understand that. "You know Candi, you can call me Amanda if you want, but I have told you that before, have I not?" Candi nodded, holding in the energy that just wanted to burst from her with all the excitement of being this close to finally getting her license. "Daddy calls you Mandy and of course Bailey calls you mommy, but since like Bailey calls my Daddy the same thing, can I call you Mom?" Amanda felt Candi's hand give hers a little squeeze and she felt like her heart might stop it was so full. It was not appropriate, even if it was the cutest thing ever to have a beautiful young woman so taken with her that she wanted her to be her mother. "Your father and I are only dating, I do not think that would be appropriate." It was difficult to say, but it was the truth. "How about like just for today? You can be our beautiful Mom taking her lovely daughters out on errands. Please....!"

Stopping at the door Amanda let go of both of the girl's hands and raised an eyebrow as she tilted her head to the side slightly. "Your father lets you get what you want when you talk like that I bet." Candi nodded rapidly with a cheesy smile. Amanda sighed, the joy radiating off the girl wanting to call her Mom was palpable, but she really shouldn't become that attached to her, she wasn't even really in a relationship with her father. "Candi you know your father isn't even my boyfriend let alone husband." Bailey was

silent as he watched the two, he had to agree, but was in no position to speak his mind. Even as he watched his blonde friend tilt her head thinking about that and looking none too happy. “Daddy didn’t ask you to be his girlfriend? Gah, he is like so helpless. Don’t worry I will like totally make sure he asks you and Bailey and I have it like figured out. You are like going to fall in love and totally want what marry each other when you go to the wedding.” Amanda raised her hand to cover her mouth a little surprised and looked at Bailey, who in return was looking at Candi like the girl had just said something that wasn’t supposed to get out. “The two of you have this all figured out? How long have you two been planning all this?” Amanda watched as Bailey shook her head and Candi put her hands together behind her back smiling with a little smirk. “I like knew you two would fall in love when I saw you looking at the fireworks the day we met, but like Bailey didn’t get on board till we went to the water park.”

Looking into Bailey’s eyes Amanda tried to appraise her feminized ex-boyfriend, wondering about a few things. Bailey had openly given her permission to be with Derrick and had called him Daddy more than once. With how hard Bailey took the loss, she wondered if the closeness she had seen between Derrick and her was allowing Bailey to have something she missed. “The two of you talked about trying to get Derrick and I together?” While she was looking at Bailey, Candi happily answered. “Oh yeah, a few times, like lots. That’s why Bailey went with Daddy at the water park and I went with you.” Amanda touched Bailey’s chin to get her to look her in the eye again as her eyes drifted away. “Bailey, is that true?” It was kind of true, but less discussing and more of Candi making decisions about things that couldn’t happen. Even her plan of them falling in love at the wedding wouldn’t work, he didn’t fall in love with her at the first wedding they went to and had already been in love by the second. Mommy had made an effort to reach out and talk with him and hold his hand because of their bond, the wedding wouldn’t matter. “Yeah, we did, but like...” Bailey stumbled forward as Candi suddenly hugged him from behind, resting her head on his shoulder so that their faces were side by side. “See, you are going to fall in love with Daddy and get another amazing, talented and lovely daughter out of it.” Amanda couldn’t help, but smile and let loose a little laugh at how ridiculous she was being. “Come on, lets go inside.” Amanda said, pulling open one of the double doors. “Thank you Mom.” Candi said with a huge smile, noting that while

she wasn't given permission like she asked, she wasn't told no either.

Taking the time to check the girls in Amanda noted the names ahead of them and how the DMV was running behind schedule, though that was to be expected. She turned around to head back to the girls who had taken some seats in the front row. It amused her to see Candi bounding one of her legs, obviously nervous despite her boasts of confidence. While Bailey was tilting her head, this way and that as she took a few selfies. Bailey had taken to the instructions to take selfies on that first day and seemed to have never stopped and it made her wonder what she would see if she looked through Bailey's camera roll. "Okay girls, looks like we have a few minutes to wait if you need to go use the restroom, or maybe take a peek at the road rules guide." She said the last part looking at Bailey. "Mommy... I told you I was like fine. I fer sure got this." With a little shrug Amanda sat down in the seat they left between them and pulled out her own phone to check her endless work emails, when she saw a group text that just came through, that included both the girls..

Derrick: About to get on my flight, but I wanted to wish you all a wonderful day.

Derrick: I believe in all of you, you can do this!

Derrick: Mandy could you give both the girls a hug and kiss for me and tell them I believe in them.

Candace: Love you Daddy, be safe!

Amanda: Of course I will and I am sure the girls already know you believe in them without me saying it, considering you just said it.

Derrick: Can't be too sure, you will have to do it in person. Teenagers are hard of hearing when it comes to parents talking. Though I also meant you Mandy.

Derrick: I believe in you

Candace:: Awwww <3!

Amanda: I will be sure to do that for you.

Derrick: Maybe I could get the girls to do the same to you?

Candace: Oh yes!

Putting her arms around both Candi and Bailey, Amanda kissed the top of their heads,

whispering. "You are loved and people in your life believe in you." Bailey tried to pull away, he had seen the texts, but would rather tell the man to lose his number than participate. "Gah.. I read the message I totally heard him." A tap to his shoulder caused Bailey to look over to see Candi picking around Amanda's head. She motioned toward the older women and mouthed the word photo. Amanda felt both of the girls squeeze in from either side, into her as they hugged her back. Even if Candi hadn't raised her phone to snap a photo she would have been smiling. The photo appeared moments later inside the group text and it made her adore Derrick a little more that with just a tiny bit of effort he had successfully encouraged something like that to happen. She loved her own mother dearly, but the idea of giving her a hug, while taking a photo out at a public place like the DMV would never have happened. She was still riding that emotional high as each of the girls were called away separately, first Bailey and then Candi for their respective tests. It gave her some time alone that she should have been using to do some work, but instead she found herself wondering about Bailey. Her sister had said Bailey was enjoying being a teen again, not having responsibilities and it had been her idea for a belly button ring, the lip filler and eyelashes and all of that couldn't be explained away by just wanting to fit in with the disguise, could it? Then there was the revelation the two had been trying to get her together with Derrick and to fall in love, that was beyond just giving her permission for an open relationship. A small hopeful smile came to her face as she asked herself if maybe Bailey was enjoying being her daughter as much as she was having her. It faded as she fidgeted with her cross necklace, wondering if something like this was even okay.

The elderly woman watching over the test made it clear she didn't accept any nonsense as she handed out the pencils for the test. Bailey earned a scowl when she caught him rolling his eyes at her rant about integrity and how she wouldn't accept any one cheating. When he looked at the test there were a few answers he didn't know off the top of his head. "When the road is marked with a solid yellow line and a broken yellow line on your side, you may pass..." Bailey said out loud before reading the answer options. "Only in an emergency, if you are on an expressway, traffic is clear or at intersections." Before he could circle an answer the elderly employee tapped him on the shoulder, making a shushing gesture. "Yeah, like okay I get it." Bailey said turning back to the test annoyed

the woman poked him while he was concentrating on the test and circled the answer only in emergencies, before moving on to the next question. Most of them were easy, or at least that was what Bailey thought till the sower faced woman graded the thing and he found out he had failed the test by two questions. “No, like check again, no way did I like fail!” Bailey said stomping his heeled foot. “Young lady, I will ask you to keep your voice down, others are still have time left on their test. You failed, but take this booklet and go study for a few minutes and then come back here when you think you are ready to try again.” Bailey glowered at the woman, upset that she wouldn’t even double check his test, there was no way he missed enough answers to fail. “I’m like totally ready now.” The DMV employee shook her head, it was hardly past nine in the morning and she was already sick of the entitled teens. “Young lady.” She looked down at the test on her table. “Miss Best, I suggest you go back to the waiting room and figure out what answers you got wrong. The test is not difficult, and all the answers are being freely given to you in this booklet to study. Now keep the attitude to yourself, and go.”

Bailey took the booklet from the stack on her desk and left the testing area, upset about the test and the womans attitude and how she tried to turn it around on him. He already had a license, he had passed this test before, she had just messed up or was punishing him for rolling his eyes at her. Coming back to his seat Bailey plopped down with a huff. “Is that how you sit down young lady?” Bailey didn’t argue or say anything, he just stood up, smoothed his dress out and then crossed his legs after he sat down. He did know better than to sit that way, he was just so upset. “It did not go well I take it?” Amanda watched as Bailey shook her head and held up the test study guide as her answer. She considered telling Bailey she told her so, but when she saw Bailey open the book to look through it, decided to leave it alone. If she had learned her lesson and was going to read through the book, then that was enough. It did make her wonder how many other adults would fail that test if they had to retake it, and wished it was required as part of renewing a license considering how many people drove on the road.

Walking into the back with a few other teenagers after he had skimmed through the book, Bailey half listened as the older woman who looked like she might be in her seventies handed out pencils and went over the instructions for the test and her whole

spiel again. This time Bailey kept himself from rolling his eyes, but was more impatient than last time and he wanted to get this over with as soon as possible. When she dismissed them to go stand in their booths Bailey bumped into another boy, dropping his pencil. "Hey, watch where you are..." The youth's voice trailed off as Bailey bent over to pick up the pencil, not thinking about how it looked as he retrieved the object the way he had been taught. Feet together, bend at the waist, giving the boy who couldn't be older than seventeen a view of Bailey's rear end in the purple dress. "Never mind, I'm sorry I bumped into you. Maybe I can make it up to you after the test. My mom could take us to the mall or a movie." Bailey blinked at the child, unable to fathom being hit on by him and offered to be taken somewhere with him and his mom, his slow reaction to speak and the blinking just made it look like Bailey was a shy girl fluttering her lashes at someone she thought was cute. "I'm not hearing a no, so tell me what kind of movies do you like?" The elderly employee stepped up next to Bailey and his new suitor looking annoyed. "Enough flirting you two, go and start your test. The timer has already started, and no more talking."

"You look like the type of girl who likes a good romance movie. I'm Roy by the way, what is your name?" The boy said leaning over to Bailey as he wrote out his full name or the current one he was using on the bubble sheet. "I'm like eighteen Roy." Bailey said shifting his stance away from him. "Bailey Ann Best... that is a very pretty name, but you can't fool me. If you were eighteen you wouldn't be taking this test." Roy said leaning over to read her name, happy she shifted so he could lean more into her booth. "This is your first warning, I pray you are both smart enough to not need another." Both Bailey and Roy turned to watch her walk away, when she did Bailey looked back at his test filling in the first answer, positive it was right this time, just like it was before. "Bit of a bitch, right?" Bailey agreed she was, but wasn't going to give her another reason to come back and kept quiet. "Hey Bailey, you got number three wrong." Bailey looked up from the test and stared at the wall, feeling the teenager's hand on the small of his back as he leaned over. "Could you not touch me." Bailey whispered, still trying not to draw the ire of the living crypt keeper. "What was that?" Bailey cringed as Roy moved closer, fully in his booth. Turning to face the teenager, Bailey looked at him for the first time. He was at that age where he probably had just shot up in height and the rest of his body hadn't caught up,

making him just a little taller than him in his heels. “Look...” Bailey said before a familiar voice spoke up just to his side outside of the booth. “Oh I am looking Miss Best, and I am not liking what I see. This is not some dating social, and I will not accept any form of cheating.” She said taking ahold of each of their wrists and pulling for them to come out, her grip or strength wasn’t such much that Bailey would have had moved if he didn’t want to, but fighting back wasn’t best.

“See what you did now!” Bailey said to Roy as their tests were collected. “Both of you have failed. Mr. Hembrook, Miss Best, come with me.” She obviously expected Bailey to follow and he saw little choice then to do so. Stepping out of the testing room Bailey watched her poke the gangly boy in his ribs. “Where is your mother or father, point them out. Be quick about it.” When he did she started to walk in that direction, and Bailey looked for his Momm... Mandy. She was looking at her phone, and he was about to move toward her when the old woman’s bony hands touched his forearm. “Miss Best, we will see to your parent in a moment, now follow.” Few things are as embarrassing as this, he hadn’t even done anything wrong. This little twerp just wouldn’t leave him alone. “Mrs. Hembrook, I’m afraid to tell you that your son was caught cheating in the back room, while he was flirting with Miss Best here.” Bailey was wrong, this felt much more embarrassing. “I like wasn’t...” Bailey was cut off by the loud voice of the rotund mother of Roy. “Roy Samuel Hembrook, I didn’t raise you to cheat! Roy took a step away from Bailey, shaking his head. “Mom, mom I wasn’t cheating I was just trying to help her!” Bailey tried, and tried a second time to tell her how her tall terror of a boy wouldn’t leave him alone, but she wasn’t hearing it or letting Bailey get more than a single symbol out of his mouth. “Roy I swear your father is not going to be happy about this. Little hussies like this will try to take advantage of you all your life. You can’t let them drag you down. And you little missy better stay away from my boy!” Feeling like he could crawl into a hole and just die, Bailey was happy to be led away from the irate woman, less so to be brought back under these conditions. “Mrs. Best.” Amanda looked up seeing Bailey looking at the ground, some of her hair hanging down to cover part of her face and an elderly woman with a DMV lanyard around her neck. “Ms. Best, but how can I help you?”

“Your daughter was caught flirting with a boy in the back asking for answers to the test.

Cheating is an automatic failure, she is allowed to try one more time today before you will have to reschedule her for another day.” Standing up from her seat Amanda tapped Bailey under the chin to get her to look her in the eye. She never had to make Bailey look her in the eye before, but they were covering a lot of new territory. “Is what she is saying true?” Bailey could hear the steel in her voice and thought back to how he had asked her to spank him to punish him and was afraid that was going to happen when they got back home. “Ahh.. well, you see I wasn’t flirting he is like seventeen.” Amanda was focused on the blushing girl in front of her when the employee spoke up again. “I caught the boy in the same booth as her, them facing one another as he told her one of her questions was wrong.” Giving a polite smile Amanda looked to the worker, while she put a hand on Bailey’s shoulder. “Ma’am, I apologize for my daughter. I appreciate you bringing this to my attention and she will not be trying again today.” Bailey didn’t want the stupid learners permit, but was shocked that she was going to take it that small thing away from him. When the older woman stepped away Amanda looked Bailey in the eye, pursing her lips. I heard what the other mother was shouting and didn’t put it together that it was you till now, no... Bailey this is where you keep your mouth shut young lady. I do believe you that you were not flirting with the boy, but you cannot lead anyone on either...” Amanda held up her finger as she saw Bailey about to talk again. “No back talk.” A good girl is seen and not heard, a good girl never argues or complains. The words ran through Bailey’s mind as he looked into the angry blue eyes of the woman he loved. “You have to be firm with boys, but none of that matters. I told you to study for the test and you chose not to and then asked for help during the test.” Amanda stopped when she saw Bailey give a small shake of her head, but didn’t try to talk back. “No you did not ask for help? Then what? The boy looked over at your test to see if you got something wrong so that he could then give you the right answer? No, Bailey come with me. You are not getting any type of permit today, instead you are just getting an ID.”

Amanda was fuming, Bailey was always putting things off and then just never doing them. Bailey knew the test would be today, but decided she knew better and didn’t need to study. Then failed the test and when she had the book in hand and didn’t take the extra given time to study long enough to know the answers for the test she just tried to take, and failed. She imagined Bailey whispering to get the other teens attention and

asking for the answer to a question and given how Bailey looked he was more than happy to help. She would have to teach Bailey how to set clear boundaries with boys, but that had little impact on how she tried to cheat on a silly test instead of putting in the work. She wasn't going to sit here all day while Bailey tried a third time after cheating, no she would have to just make due with a state ID card.

"Come on, let me see your ID!" Candi said as the three of them exited the government building. "No, it's like stupid." Bailey sat in an annoyed voice, disliking how he was downgraded from something he didn't want to something worse. It was stupid, it didn't matter at all, he knew that, and yet couldn't help but feel upset. "The clerk had to get Bailey to redo the photo three times, with her looking upset." Bailey scrunched up his nose thinking about how the middle aged man kept saying. "Aww come on, you are a cute girl you can do better than that." Bailey never wanted to look at the thing and just stuffed it into his purse without looking at the thin piece of plastic. "See Mom says you got a good picture, come on show it to me....! I showed you mine." The three started walking across the parking lot to the car, Candi had taken her hand without her asking, as did Bailey. One thinking about how she used to hold the hand of her mother walking, and the other how he used to hold his girlfriend's hand. "No." Candi puffed up her cheeks and stuck her tongue out at Bailey as she leaned forward to see around Amanda. "You are just upset because you failed the test and didn't get that boys phone number. You didn't even say anything about me passing my test. You can be grumpy if you want, but it's like me who should be upset at you."

The exchange made Amanda smirk, Bailey was sullen and giving terse responses, while Candi was full of excitement and talking faster then she could follow without paying attention. "But I'm totally not upset and I promise to help you study for the next time you take the test and I will be making sure you study this time. You don't like have to feel bad though, I failed the first time I went to take the test too, that thing is harrrrd. I hate it when questions are like a paragraph long, because like if it was a difficult question I will still be thinking about it when I go to the next question an ahhh... I just hate it." Bailey shut his eyes for just a second to try and pretend this wasn't his life right now, but doing so just made everything else about himself stand out more in his mind. The long hair

moving and bouncing, his swollen chest sore and moving as he walked, his heavy eyelids, the sway of his hips and the click clack of both his and Mommy's heels on the parking lot's asphalt. "Gah.. I wasn't flirting with that boy and the test wasn't hard." Candi laughed and let go of Amanda's hand before taking a few quick steps in front of the group and walking backwards. "D E N I A L, What does that spell? It spells that my little sister is in denial!" Amanda gave the chipper blonde girl a hard look in the eye, or at least tried to as she had to keep from laughing. "Stop teasing your sister Candi, and Bailey you should congratulate her for earning her license." Getting your driver's license was a big deal, a right of passage and even if he was hating this trip he knew his friend would be having a like totally different time. "Im sorry, I'm like super happy for you, I bet you are totally happy to be able to drive on your own." Candi's face lit up as she nodded, but fell a bit. "Yeah, I'm really, like really really glad, but that will have to wait till Daddy gets back. For like now it is just us girls and we can have fun without him! So Miss Best, where are we going next?"

"We are back to Miss Best huh? No more calling me Mom?" Candi smirked at her and gave a small shrug. "I was having fun, but I can totally call you Mom or if you like what Bailey calls you better I could call you Mommy." Amanda shook her head and wondered if the girl had purposely called her Miss Best instead of Amanda just to try and get permission to call her Mom again. "I think Amanda or Mandy like your father calls me will do, but sadly I cannot spend the day with you girls. I wanted to take you out to breakfast to celebrate, but I really do have to get back to work." It was clear on both of their faces that her going back to work and needing to do so now was not the news they wanted to hear. "Try not to look so glum, today is a big day for you Candi and I think the two of you should go have some fun." She said tossing the teen girl her car keys. "Wait.. OH MY GOD! Really!? Like I can use your car? Like really, really, really?" Amanda motioned to her car, it was only a year old and far from being paid off and hoped she wouldn't regret this course of action. "I do not see a reason to wait on your father, but Bailey has to do her chores before you go anywhere. Just drop me off at work and I will give you a call when I need to be picked up. Does that sound fair?" Her answer at first came in the form of a hug that didn't seem to end. "YES, yes! Like a thousand times yes! You are the best Miss Best... Mom I mean Mandy." Bailey walked over to join the hug

when Amanda held one hand out and motioned him over. Candi was calling her Mom and Mandy now, he wasn't sure if she just swapped between them on purpose or because she had a hard time keeping the names straight after using them that way like he was. After the flashcards and practice it was harder for him to think of her as Mandy for her name instead of Mommy, but that was just a simple habit from doing it over and over, it wouldn't be too hard to correct it later.

Bailey got into the front passenger seat after they dropped Amanda off at the office and he was more than happy to be out of the back seat. "What do we want to do with our day of freedom?" Flipping the sun visor down Bailey checked his makeup, before looking at the green eyed teen. "Not chores." Bailey said rolling his eyes thinking of how Mommy had texted him a list of chores to get done before getting out of the car. "They will go much faster with the two of us, like we both can dust and you clean the bathroom while I sweep and then we can ahh hmm... oh! We can go to the water park, we have the passes, remember!?" Bailey hadn't given any thought to the park, the place where he lost his suit top, had to touch another man's penis. The memory of it pulsing and squirting on him came vividly back to his mind. "Its like a perfect place for us to have a day. While I drive you can text Ryan and August to see if they want to come."

Bailey: Going 2 the waterpark, do like u 2 want to come?

Bailey inserted a photo he snapped of Candi behind the wheel waving.

Ryan: Wish that I could, my dad is in town

August: Wish that I could, but I'm working

August: I would have called in sick but I'm already here and I have a meeting with HR today.

August: It will either be a surprise ending to my internship or I'm getting hired on.

Ryan: If they fire you I could get you a job with me. Might teach you a real skill.

August: Pass

Ryan: Trade skills are much more useful than learning how to properly sit in a meeting and write an email about profit projections.

August: I said PASS

Bailey: Just us then

August: Send pictures!

Ryan: Hey I know I also had to bail on the party and couldn't do this, but I have to go out with my father to some factory that is being renovated that he was put in charge of after mega corp bought it. So I won't be able to make Thursday night. And trust me I don't want to spend time with the man let alone miss seeing Candi.

August: You aren't going to miss seeing me? I'm hurt. You should come work for Mega Corp, your dad already does, your best friend is about to be hired on.

Ryan: How did someone I know say it? He isn't very memorable so it is hard to recall. Oh yes, PASS

Bailey: I totally think we should just cancel then

Bailey: Candi is sad, but it's like family so she understands

Ryan: Could we maybe make it tomorrow night instead?

Candi: OMG YES! I was totally going to make August take us both out if you didn't show up

Candi: Canceling was not going to happy no matter what my little sister says

August: Should you be texting if you are driving

Bailey: That is totally what I said!

August: Glad to hear we think alike.

Candi: It's fine and you two can swoon over each other tomorrow night

Candi: Ryan you better show up or you will regret it

Ryan: Woman scorned and all that, but I assure you I regret anytime I can't see you

Candi: Awww!

Ryan: Please concentrate on driving

Bailey: I keep saying that! Well it is more yelling look at the road lol

Ryan: Please take her phone from her

Bailey: Got it! She isn't happy

Bailey jerked his hand away that held his friend's phone as she tried to snatch it back from him when they came to a red light. "Little sisters shouldn't be stealing from their big sis!" Bailey put the phone in the glove box, both able to hear it vibrate in its plastic

container. "That is exactly what little sisters do." He had no real experience with that, but from what he understood younger siblings were always taking what isn't theirs. That earned a glare from Candi, but she didn't say anything as they heard the phone buzz a second time. Candi turned on the car radio and moved through the channels till she found a Taylor Swift song that was almost over and turned the music up as they made their way back to the apartment. Bailey glanced down at his phone, seeing August had sent him texts instead of just to the group.

August: Get to see you one night earlier, can't say I'm disappointed.

August: Honestly I would love to see you every night. Maybe we could keep that Thursday night date still, with just the two of us :)

Bailey: Auggy that would be like amazing, but Candi is staying with me this week.

August: Like she said I could take you both out, how lucky could a guy be to have you both on his arm!

Bailey: Sorry like we have plans already

August: That was fast

Bailey: That is how we roll

August: I love everything about you

August: I mean I like you and could see myself falling in love with you lol

Clicking the power button to turn off the screen, Bailey just stared at the device for a moment. Love? Love? That boy was trying to move way too fast and if he thought he might be in love or could be or whatever then he didn't know what love was, wow did Bailey not want to deal with that. Though he knew he would have to and do it in an acceptable way or Aunt Megan would respond for him. Bailey's blood suddenly ran cold and went back to the message, not wanting to leave it hanging like that in case she decided to jump in at that moment.

Bailey: It is like totally okay 2 love things about me, so long as u like aren't trying to tell me over a text message that u love me. That would be totally not romantic and like super fast.

August: Yeah, I had a girl want to talk about marriage on the first date. It freaked me out.

Bailey: I don't like want 2 hear about your dating life

August: Sorry, sorry

August: How about I tell you about the things I LIKE about you?

Bailey: Auggy that is like super sweet but like don't do that

August: Your legs, god you have nice legs ;)

August: Your voice, I could listen to you talk all day and I'm told you can sing. I'm hoping to hear some of that myself soon. Maybe on the trip to the concert and back.

Bailey: You say the nicest things u charmer

August: You showed me a picture last night and I would love to tell you what I did, but I can't get myself worked up here at the office.

Bailey: Please dont

"I have a great idea! Let's invite Jeremy. He is so nice, maybe we can find him a girlfriend." Candi's outburst seemed to come out of nowhere and did pull him away from the conversation with August and hopefully that would be enough to put a stop to that nonsense. "Ah, what about Jeremy?" Candi gave Bailey a sideways look as she pulled into the apartment complex. "I was talking about Jeremy coming with us to the water park, he is really nice and talking with him he like doesn't have any self esteem. Boy is cute and shouldn't be so hard on himself, so we are going to find him a girlfriend." Bailey shrugged, if she wanted to spend her time setting him up so be it, but if she thought he was cute why didn't she just date him. "He is cute huh? Why don't like you date him?" Candi pulled into a parking spot and moved the car into park before taking off her seatbelt. "You think he is cute too, don't try lying to me and I am already dating Ryan." Bailey shook his head as he took off his own seatbelt and got out of the car. "Your not like married, did he even ask you to be his girlfriend?" Candi stopped walking a few steps away from the car. "Well no, but I like him. It isn't like you would date someone else with how I see you with August." Bailey rolled his eyes at the comment and thought of being tied to the young man and thought he could use the text message as a way to at least get Candi away from any thoughts of trying to get him and August to fall in love and get married like she did her Dad and Mommy. "Auggy and I asen't like boyfriend and girlfriend and he like was just texting me and said how he might love me and ahh no, way

too fast.”

Bailey watched as Candi moved both of her hands to her mouth as she made that high pitch sound when she got overly excited. “That is sooo cute! You are calling him Auggy now!?” Bailey stomped his helped foot and shook his head. “No, that isn’t the point!” Candi just have her mischievous smile to her friend. “Well I’m not going to date Jeremy and I know youuuu arn’t, besides I know we both like dating older boys, but I bet we can find him someone. Do you have any girlfriends from school we could invite to the water park and set them up on a blinde date? Oh my god how cute would that me!!!” Bailey held up his hands for her to slow down. He couldn’t have her going down the path of school friends or even the subject of school. In fact with how he was now he couldn’t even count Chuck as a friend, he didn’t recognize him, a good thing and a painful one. Liam hadn’t seen through the disguise either, his little protege thought Bailey was just another pretty girl. Right now he really doesn't have any other friends than Candi. “Umm actually... I really don’t have any other friends.” He was going to just say it, but as the words came out his voice got quieter and quieter. Candi had friends back home, not close ones, not girls she had a connection with like she had instantly felt with Bailey. It hurt her soul at the idea that her best friend didn’t have anyone. She didn’t want to harp on the subject, she was curious but considering how Bailey looked it was a sore subject. “That’s totally okay, you and I are besties.” Candi moved over and gave Bailey a big hug, happy to feel her hugging back. “We are like more then just friends though.” Bailey accepted the embrace and hugged his friend back, suddenly feeling rather lonely. “I know.. I know we are sisters.” Pulling back from the hug Candi gave Bailey her biggest smile, understanding the feelings she was having. “Yes and you are the best little sister anyone could ask for.” Bailey felt his eyes tear up and hugged his friend again, happy to have someone who was so kind in his life. Girls were lucky with how they could open up their feelings, this wasn’t something he could ever really do with his old friends.

Coming into the apartment Bailey went right away to take a few of his pills, he had tried to distance himself mentally from the fact that Candi was his only real friend right now. Doing so just brought to mind how attractive the barely legal blonde girl was, who had a habit of hugging and touching him. Mommy is my girlfriend, but that hardly counts right

now with how we have to act. At least she does things to make him know she cares, but they couldn't act on anything. God he missed fucking her... Bailey shook his head deciding thinking of sex was not the best train of thought when he was going to go to a waterpark with Candi and Jeremy. Thank the heavens Jeremy than August. Another person he didn't want to think about with how Aunt Megan had made him tease the boy and Miss April's instructions. It was horrible and so was the idea that over the summer he might have to keep dating the boy. "Whatcha thinkin about?" Bailey turned around, putting the second pill bottle back down on his dresser, to see Candi leaning on the doorframe to his room. "Nothing really." Bailey giggled a little nervously, not wanting to mention any of the thoughts going through his head. "I space out too, but we need to like get cleaning so we can go go go." Bailey nodded and started to head toward his friend thinking about starting to dust when he suddenly remembered he was allowed to get to his clothes now. "Yeah, but like first I need to do laundry and ahh its in my Mommy's room." Tilting her head to the side just a fraction Candi looked at Bailey with confusion. "Why are your clothes in there? Oh, you mean you have to wash you and Mom's clothes. Got it."

"Well not like exactly, I didn't wash anything last week so she took my clothes away, but said I could have them back. And like are you going to call her Mom when it is just the two of us?" Bailey could swear he saw a tinkle in her eye when she nodded vigorously to the question. "Also we like need to plan and like think about what we can do to make the wedding trip more romantic. Any ideas?" Bailey shook his head, the two weren't going to fall in love just because they went to a wedding, but he sure wasn't going to try and help it happen and for this he had the best excuse to get out of it and any future planning sessions. "I'm like not good at planning and stuff, you think on it and like I'm going to get my clothes." With that Bailey left his room to go grab his white and pink hamper. Coming into his old bedroom Bailey saw his hamper off to the side and Derrick's suitcase. He grumbled a little walking past it, hating that he left his clothes here while he didn't have a stitch of male clothing. Bailey's eyes went wide as his mind went over that and turned back to look at the suitcase. His fingers touched the fabric of the purple cotton summer dress, and tried to remember what his old clothes felt like. Bailey bit his lower lip for a moment before deciding to go ahead with his idea, it wouldn't hurt anyone and it would

only be for a second or two. Picking the suitcase up he put it on the bed and unzipped the case and smile came to his face as he looked down inside. Bailey's long nailed fingers trailed over the article of clothing, till his fingers stopped on a blue and white checkered button up shirt. Pulling the shirt out Bailey slipped his arms into the sleeves, it was much too large for him and he had to rolled the sleeves up. He didn't wear button up shirts often, but given the option he would wear one with a tie everyday if it meant he didn't need to wear another dress.

"Hey sis I'm going to start..." Candi's voice trailed off as she saw Bailey in her Mom's room, standing next to the bed that had her Daddy's suitcase open and she was wearing one of his shirts. "It like totally isn't what it looks like!" Bailey said without thinking what it actually looked like. Walking into the room Candi went up to her friend, amused that she thought she would get in trouble for putting on one of her Daddy's shirts. "Its like okay, I haven stolen one of his shirts before too." She said reaching forward and bunching up the ends at the bottom of the shirt and tying them. "There you go, but I think I know why you opened up his suitcase and I love the idea." Bailey looked down at the opened suitcase and then to himself, still wearing the man's shirt over his dress. "Ahh you do?" Candi smiled and took another button up shirt from the case. "Putting some of his clothes in the drawers and closet is an amazing idea and I can't blame you for wanting to put on one of his shirts. I steal this gray sweater he has at home when he is gone sometimes when I miss him." Bailey shook his head and started to untie the knot Candi had made. "I totally don't miss him!" Trying to untie the knot frantically wasn't getting him anywhere, but he stopped when Candi put her hand on top of his. "Says the girl wearing his shirt. Leave it on, it looks cute over your dress like that." What could he say, no I was putting it on because I miss wearing male clothing? No he couldn't and he wasn't sure what else to say other than denying her accusation again. Bailey opened one of the drawers on the dresser, the lack of weight as he pulled on the wooden handled told him it was empty, but still part of him expected to see his clothes inside. They had all been taken away and now it sat empty awaiting this... all of this to be over, yet instead of his own clothes filling it up he placed inside some of Derrick's clothes. He wasn't even completely sure why he was going along with what Candi said.

“Do, do you think maybe we shouldn’t like do this?” Candi stepped out from the closet, holding a few hangers. “I mean like we shouldn’t do this.” Slipping the hanger into one of the shirt, Candi spotted the empty drawer, or almost empty drawer now that Bailey had started to fill it. “Don’t like second guess yourself, this is perfect and it looks like your Mom may have already thought about this herself if she made room in her dresser.” Bailey shook his head, she didn’t empty them out, she had just left them empty for him. “No... like the drawers are empty for me.” His brain caught up with his mouth a second later. “I mean like... ah.” Candi smiled and handed her friend another article of clothing. “Oh I get it, so you have been planning this and already started making room in her dresser. I love how you think sis, you shouldn’t second guess yourself so much. Don’t like listen to people when they say you aren’t smart, this was a great idea!” Bailey took the undershirt that was handed to him, looked down at it and then back to Candi. “I’m like not dumb.” Picking up the shirt she had just put on the hanger Candi stepped toward the closet and gave Bailey a wink. “I know and like I’m not either, we just think different and it isn’t like our fault that we forget stuff sometimes.” Bailey sighed and went back to unloading the suitcase feeling defeated and just wanting to get it over with so he could finish the chores he didn’t want to do.

Soon enough Bailey had his clothes in the washer and between him and Candi the chores were completed. “Right then, all done. Time for us to have some fun in the sun!” Bailey scrunched up his face looking at her, hating to tell her he wasn’t done yet. When cleaning up he saw his math workbook on the table and knew he had to do a page of that and other things. “What, did we forget something?” Bailey wobbled his head side to side at the question. “For me, kind of. I have to do a page from my math workbook and I have to do my ballerina exercises.” Candi leaned a little closer, not sure she heard the last part right as her friend’s voice grew softer. “What was that?” Feeling a blush come to his cheeks Bailey looked away from Candi, embarrassed to have to do the exercise let alone say it out loud. “I have to do my math workbook so like I don’t fall behind in school.” Candi nodded, understanding and super happy she didn’t have homework over summer break. “I heard that, but you said something else.” Bailey didn’t answer at first, just letting the silence drag out and refusing to look at the teen girl. “Are you like hiding something from me? I bet I can get you to tell me if I tickle you.” Looking up at Candi,

Bailey shook his head, but it was too late. Candi had wrapped one arm around Bailey and with the other attacked his side with her fingers, lightly brushing him and moving up to his armpit. He tried to squirm away from her and unable to help himself laugh.

“Stop...stop!” Bailey cried out as he hit one of the chairs next to the table and fell to the floor, Candi going with him, continuing her assault. Unable to get away from her, Bailey returned the aggression. Trying a spot he knew Mommy was ticklish, on the back on her knee. The sudden jolt from her told Bailey he had found the right spot and tried again.

“Hey, no fair!” Candi called out starting to laugh along with her friend as the two struggled on the floor. Less than a minute later the two were laying on their backs, breathing heavily next to one another. Moving to her side Candi poked Bailey gently on his side giving a large smile. “So like what are you hiding?”

Looking up at the ceiling Bailey took another large breath of air, he had been so worked up he had continued to laugh after her attacks had stopped. “Aunt Megan has me do exercise for my feet. She calls them ballerina exercises, she like says it helps with wearing heels.” Moving to her knees, then her feet Candi held her hand out for Bailey. “That sounds awesome, show me!” A moment later Bailey and Candi were outside the apartment on the stairs doing calf raises. “How does this help with wearing heels?” Bailey shrugged his shoulders. “Not a clue, but she says like do this so I do.” Candi raised herself up on her step a few steps below Bailey. “Well it must be like working because you kept your heels on all last night and it is doing great things for your ass girl.” Bailey tried to look behind himself to see what she was talking about, doing so caused the knot in the overly large shirt to come undone, and allowing Candi to see the damage to the shirt.

“Bailey...” Candi said pointing to one of the button holes on the shirt that was ripped much wider. “Oh fudge!” Bailey said grabbing the shirt, he had worn this shirt for just over an hour and had destroyed it. “Maybe it happened when we fell down.” Taking a few steps up to the landing Bailey put his fists on his hips, doing his best to not stab himself in the palms with his nails. “I fell, you totally pushed me!” Candi shook her head and puffed out her cheeks for a moment as she stomped up the steps to Bailey, reminding her friend that she was slightly taller. “I did no such thing, I was tickling you. But I guess it doesn’t matter... Daddy’s shirt is still ruined. Do you or your Mom know how to sew?” Bailey shook his head, the closet thing was Aung Megan with her crocheting. “Guess

Daddy will just one less shirt, its like okay he has lots. Just hold it out so I can take a photo and show him.” Bailey waived his hands in the air between him and Candi. “NO, no, no, not going to happen.” Trying to give her friend the best reassuring smile she could, Candi pulled out her phone. “He wont be mad I promise. Now hold still and try to look upset.” Grumpily Bailey did as he was told, it was easy looking upset, it was a very real emotion.

Candi: So like, Hi Daddy!

Candi: I know you are still in the air, but like as you can see in the photo Bailey was wearing one of your shirts because she missed you and we were playing and well... you need a new shirt Daddy.

Candi: Bailey promises to buy you a new one though, please don't be angry!

Daddy: Actually I already landed and I'm waiting on my bag.

Daddy: I did like that shirt

Daddy: Mandy told me what happened at the DMV

Daddy: I'm super happy for you honey, we will have to celebrate when I get back, but did Bailey really put my shirt on when you got back to her apartment?

Candi: She did

Daddy: Okay, toss it in the trash and if she wants to make it up to me with getting me another one I would feel honored to receive such a gift.

Candi: OMG thank you Daddy!

Daddy: Sweetheart, it sounds like she might be taking earlier today hard. If you could, please try and cheer her up and don't mention the shirt to her mom.

Candi: We are going to the water park, so I don't think I will have to try hard.

Daddy: I love you, stay safe and call me if you need anything.

Candi: Love you too!

“So good news, we don't have to worry about the shirt all you have to do is buy him a new one.” Bailey looked down at the ripped shirt and frowned, going out and buying things was much easier before when he had access to his bank account. “I umm don't have any money.” Tapping her index finger to her lip Candi thought. “Well we could try and get you a summer job, oh oh I bet you could work like the ice cream stand at the water park!

But it is just a shirt, I bet you could get one with your allowance.” Bailey frowned thinking about how he had a chore list now and didn’t even get an allowance, not that he wanted one. The idea of a twenty five year old man getting an allowance was bad enough. He just needed access to their joint account, and heck he needed to go online tonight and pay a few bills anyways, he could take care of it then. “I don’t get an allowance, but I will like think of something.” Candi nodded, feeling a little bad as she had just remembered how Daddy had mentioned the Bests not having have a lot of extra money. “We will think of something, I promise sis.”

Jeremy was having the time of his life with the two blonde girls. The first stop was of course for him to buy a ticket while the two of them ran off to get their summer passes updated. Getting a ticket was quick for him and he had to wait around for the two to finish. He could see them getting their photos taken and considered getting himself his own summer pass to have more time with the two of them. Candi had made it clear the previous night this was just platonic, but even so hanging out with two hot blondes for the summer was an amazing way to spend his time. He thought about how if he was a good friend to them that maybe feelings would develop, but the conversation on the way here surprised him. “So Bailey and I have decided you are way too cute to be single.” Candi had said while driving to the water park, the statement bringing a bright blush to his cheeks. “I’m not...” Candi reached behind the seat and attempted to slap his knee. “None of that talk, Bailey and I are the experts on cute boys and we say you are cute. Right sis?” Jeremy couldn’t help himself to do anything other than smile as Bailey smiled at him in the back seat. Both of the girls seemed to almost always be smiling, and he could just get lost in their green eyes. He knew they weren’t really related, but no one looking at them would be able to tell and it just fed more into one of his fantasies of both of them crawling into bed with him. A dream he was sure almost every teen boy had, and while it could never come true, at least they both considered him a friend.

They had asked him a bunch of questions like if he liked girls shorter than him, taller or if it mattered, how did he like girls to dress, if it mattered if they liked video games or not and then started on questions about him. If he was religious, if he was a virgin. That one had surprised him and was incredibly embarrassing to admit to. If it wasn’t him the

question was directed at it would have been commercial with how Bailey was paying more attention to her lips on her camera than the conversation and when Candi called her out for being a ditz and needing to pay attention she blurted that one out. At least she looked nearly as embarrassed as him. He tried to answer the questions as best he could, but couldn't help but answer some thinking about what kind of girl his Mom would want him to bring home. With his luck he would get the hottest girl to be his girlfriend and his Mom would say he couldn't be with her because she didn't have the right values. He didn't actually think the girls could get someone to be interested in him, but it felt really nice that they were going to try. Jeremy was pulled from his thoughts about the car ride when the girls came back, Candi laughing while Bailey looked ready to cry. "Show Jeremy, he will love it." He watched as Bailey pursed her lips and held over her park pass, it had a new photo of her in her green two piece bathing suit. "The photo looks wonderful, you look beautiful Bailey." Candi smiled and looked at Bailey before pointing to the words on the side of the pass. "It is a lovely photo, but miss grumpy pants is upset because it still say minor, and she needs to have an adult with her at all times."

"I thought you both were eighteen?" Candi laughed again and went to answer his question before bursting into laughter again enough that she had to rest her hands on her knees. "I am... but the stupid DMV made a mistake on my ID." Bailey said holding out the ID card he assumed she had just gotten this morning. He was surprised she didn't have a license and was even more shocked to see the date had her listed as being seventeen. "My..." Candi stopped to take a breath. "My little sister here isn't having a great day. Do you think you could maybe buy her an ice cream, Jeremy?" Jeremy nodded his head, he had no problem buying them a snack and doubly so if it cheered Bailey up. "Why would you the DMV put you at seventeen?" He asked, hoping the question wouldn't upset her more. Bailey shrugged before glancing down at the two pieces of plastic in her hands. "I better let Mommy know though..."

Bailey: Something went wrong, like bad!

Mommy: Are you okay? Is Candi okay?

Bailey: Yeah

Bailey: But like worse, the stupid DMV made me a year younger!

Mommy: Hold on

Bailey: We need 2 go and fix it!!!!

Mommy: I said hold on

Looking up Bailey watched Jeremy rush off to the ice cream stand. "Where is he going?" Candi glanced behind her then gave Bailey a large smile. "He is getting you some chocolate ice cream, just the thing to help cheer you up." Bailey rolled his eyes, he didn't want ice cream he wanted the stupid ID to say he was eighteen.

Mommy: Okay I am looking at your birth certificate now that I gave to the dmV

Bailey: OMG tell me it doesn't say I'm seventeen!!!!

Mommy: No honey it says you are eighteen, they just made a mistake.

Bailey: Arrrg!

Mommy: Acting like a child certainly will not help

Mommy: Now go online and see if you can get another appointment

Mommy: The two of you can swing by the office to pick up your papers and get it sorted out.

Bailey: ... we are kinda at the water park with Jeremy

Mommy: Priorities sweetheart, but if you are already there just try and make an appointment for later this week. This would not have happened if you looked at your ID before we left.

Bailey: K...

Mommy: I love you pumpkin, and I am sorry

Bailey: Love u 2

"What did she say?" Bailey thumbed the phone screen off and met his friend's eye, he knew she had read the same texts as him. "That its like my fault for not double checking it before we left." Candi put her arm around Bailey's shoulder and started walking her toward Jeremy. "That is so like unfair, true... but totally unfair." The waffle cone was larger than he expected and was super happy to see the two girls share the frozen treat while he drank a bottle of water he had got. "So where to first? Maybe that one?" He said pointing off to a tall slide that could be seen over some of the palm trees. "Ahh no thanks,

I did it once and that was enough for me.” Candi said glancing to where Jeremy was pointing. “Bailey might though, she met a cute lifeguard the last time she went down it.” Crossing his arms over his chest Bailey made an X while he shook his head. “No way I have had my fill of cute life guards.” Jeremy glanced between the two, they both seemed empathic about their no. “If she says that he couldn’t have been that cute.” Jeremy said thinking about how they both called him cute earlier. “Jeremy, Oh my god he was Hot with a capital H... but we ahh you don’t need to hear us talk about that sorta thing . Maybe we can swing by and if there is a cute girl there you can ride it and pretend to drown so she will give you mouth to mouth?” He had seen a few of the life guards walking around in their red bathing suits and definitely wouldn’t mind some mouth to mouth, but the thought of that and then the call to his Mom about how he almost drowned did not go well together. “How about the wave pool then?”

At the Mega Corp office Amanda walked into her own office to see her assistant April sitting in her seat with her heeled boots up on the desk. “I go to lunch for twenty minutes and made yourself comfortable I see.” She saw the smile curl up on her friend’s face as she sat up in her chair and removed her feet from the desk. “More like fifteen, but yes I was comfortable and imagining what it would be like to be a department manager. I would imagine I will hear about your role soon to be mine with the management seminar happening next week in California.” Amanda put down her mostly empty bottle of water on her desk. “I had not heard of the seminar, are you sure it is next week?” April looked puzzled for a moment and scrolled through her messages on her work phone. “Yeah, I just assumed you were waiting to spring the good news on me that you got the district manager role when you found out about me. Oh no.. Amanda, umm maybe they want to send you to the next seminar in New York.” Amanda felt like just was punched in the gutt, she had worked so hard to show everyone what she was capable of and had recently gone through so much, and put Bailey through an ordeal and the hire ups picked someone else. Her first instinct was to fume about this, but at the same time it did not make sense. If someone else was picked for the role she should have been told. “Yeah, maybe. If I was not selected, we should have heard who was selected, if the seminar is next week.” April got up from the borrowed seat, feeling bad about playing around like that if Amanda didn’t get the job. “I will see if I can find something out for you, but

maybe this is something Mr Connors could tell you about?

Immediately Amanda opened her purse and pulled out her phone and pulled up Derrick's contact. She hesitated, her finger wavering between calling and texting him or if she should even bother him with this. Surely if she was rejected for the position she would have at least gotten an email about it and he did say he was going to stay out of it so she could earn the position with her own merits. Her thumb pressed down on the text option, she would rather call him and hear his voice to assure her. If he was in a meeting though and had not turned off his ring tone it could reflect badly on him and if it was bad news she wasn't sure if it would be better or worse coming from him.

Amanda: Hey, April, my assistant was telling me about a manager seminar at the Cali office next week and that the district manager role that was to be filled here would be attending.

Derrick: Hey yourself!

Derrick: I know who April Gates is, a remarkable woman. Someone I am fond of had a hand in

helping guide her. I don't know about the conference or seminar, but I can find out.

Derrick: Far as I know the role hasn't been filled yet. Would you like me to check to see if they have a preliminary decision?

Amanda: Yes... and no.

Derrick: I think I understand. Are you worried?

Amanda: Always, it is my super power

Derrick: I thought it was being you being so amazing you earned your last name through sheer skill and force.

Amanda: Stop

Derrick: If you like, but why?

Amanda: I'm not in the mood to blush

Derrick: Ah i see.

Derrick: Well I will check in about that role soon as I'm able, but I don't think you have

anything to worry about.

Derrick: On another topic and about worry, have you talked to Bailey or Candi since the DMV?

Amanda: Yeah, she told me about her ID being wrong. She should have checked to make sure things were right before we left.

Derrick: Does all the fault with that go to Bailey?

Amanda: Stop, I am not in the mood to also be wrong

Derrick: Fair enough, but from what I understand she isn't doing great.

Derrick: I think her failing the test and that mistake made her miss her dad.

Amanda: Why do you say that? Did she talk to you?

Derrick: No, but apparently she took one of my shirts from my suitcase and was wearing it.

Amanda: She did not!

Derrick: It is okay, it is sweet actually. I often find one of my sweaters in her room after one of my work trips.

Amanda: She should not be going into your things.

Derrick: Well the girls let me know, but after they ripped my shirt. So if you see it in the trash or her wearing one of my shirts and it is ripped, I already know.

Amanda: I am so sorry Derrick

Derrick: Listen, she didn't mean any harm and it is just a shirt. If I am honest with Mandy, it is incredibly flattering that she would do that.

Amanda: If it does not bother you I will leave it alone

Derrick: Losing my blue checkered shirt, but gaining the knowledge that someone sees you as a source of stability and comfort is well worth the trade.

Derrick: Listen, I have to get going. I will look into things for you, but remember a few things. 1 you are amazing, end of list.

Amanda: I told you to stop that

Derrick: Knowing I make you blush is almost as good as seeing it, request denied.

Putting her phone down on her desk, Amanda put one of her hands to her cheek, feeling the warmth brought by his words. "That man is dangerous." She said with a small smile forming on her face thinking about how he hadn't given her any answers and yet she felt

calmer about everything with work. The news of Bailey going through his things bothered her, but she could see how it was endearing to the man. Bailey had been emotional lately, letting her emotions show instead of bottling them up. It was a nice change to see Bailey being honest with herself and it made sense in a way that Bailey would take his shirt. Bailey's real father often wore those button up checkered shirts, the two did seem to have a type of bond and with him finding that horse, she bet in Bailey's mind Derrick was the closest thing to having her father back.

Despite himself Bailey found the water park fun even if Jeremy started to talk about the dorky British tv show Dr Who when he saw a flashing blue light over a lifeguard station. He obviously was a fanboy and another reason Bailey was sure he would remain a virgin, but at least he was nice and wasn't trying to feel him up or kiss him. "Did you see how happy she looked?" Candi said as they drove off from dropping Jeremy back at home. "Yeah I like remember at the shoe store, his Mom looked like the type to wipe his mouth with a napkin in public and then blame him for not trying to make friends at school." Candi nodded, there were more than a few helicopter parents at her school that doted on their child and didn't understand why they weren't popular. "We should totally swing by the mall sometime when we know Jeremy isn't there just to ask her if he is around. I bet if she thought he was like doing better she might lay off and he really would do better." Looking to his side at Candi as she drove, Bailey gave her a little smile. The little dork was lucky to have met Candi, but with how she acted toward everyone he thought that might be true for everyone that spent time with the girl, even if she was pushy. "So are you going to ask your Mom to sign your application so you can work at the water park?" Bailey crossed his arms over his chest, looking out over the overnoon traffic. "I told you I like don't want to work there and I like shouldn't have to get her to sign anything, I'm not a minor." Candi giggled at the memory of Bailey telling the clerk that she was eighteen and how the DMV made a mistake and how they just weren't buying it. "Well you can't like blame them for not believing you and unless you get your ID fixed I doubt they would hire you anyways. No one wants to hire a liar."

"Argg!! I'm like not a liar, I am not seventeen!" Candi smiled, her Daddy wanted her to help cheer Bailey up, but she loved getting her riled up and besides she could tell her

friend was in a better mood now than before, even if she was still being moody. “That isn’t what the state of Nevada thinks little sister.” Bailey glared at her, hating that what she said was the truth. Yesterday he attended a birthday party that declared he was eighteen, he had a birth certificate that said he was an eighteen year old girl and yet the stupid worker put in the wrong date making him even younger. Bailey shivered a little thinking about the prospect of Aunt Megan bringing him to the DMV in those overalls and making him even younger. “I don’t like want to talk to you anymore.” Candi gave a small shrug seeing Bailey sulk more about the ID. “Well that is no way to treat the person who is going to drive you to the DMV tomorrow to get it fixed, heck I was even thinking about letting you win when we play Marvel vs Capcon tonight.” Memory of how handily she beat him before flashed in his mind, but he was used to his long nails now, he was sure he could beat her with Captain America. “I can totally beat you!” The outburst made Candi laugh at how quickly the silence had lasted. “So much for you not talking to me.” Bailey stuck his tongue out at her as they pulled into the drop off area for Mega Corp.

Opening the front passenger car door Amanda bent down to look at the two green eyed occupants. “Hello girls, thank you for picking me up.” She watched as Bailey slid out of the front seat to make room for her, but instead of getting into the back she found Bailey giving her a hug. It was a quick thing and she had little time to react before Bailey let go and climbed into the backseat. Sliding into the seat Amanda smiled back at Bailey and then Candi before putting on her seat belt. “Well that was a pleasant surprise, did you girls have fun today?” She said eyeing the both still wearing their bathing suits with their cover up tops. “Some of us more than others, but I have to say I love that we can go there whenever we like. A life guard from when we were there before totally recognized us and waved. He is so cute and I could see him just fitting right in surfing back home.” The brief description of how they spent their day reminded Amanda of her youth spending time by the water, checking out cute boys sounds an awful lot like how she spent some of her summers, but back then it was the community pool. “What about you Bailey, did you have fun checking out the boys?” She asked teasingly as she glanced back into the backseat at Bailey, who was typing on her phone. “Like yeah, I had fun and Jeremy bought us ice cream.”

“No, he bought you ice cream, I just took the big sister's share.” Amanda watched Bailey look up from her phone and give a small shake of her head. “You ate like most of it.” Candi shrugged at the accusation. “My fair share.” Amanda looked between them amused at the exchange. “Did the two of you really spend the day checking out boys when you had Jeremy with you?” That was about the third time checking out boys had been mentioned, and Bailey wasn’t done with letting that go on. “No, we like looked for girls for Jeremy.” Candi tilted her head towards Amanda. “We promised we would help him find a girlfriend, but we did see a lot of cute boys. Once I caught Bailey taking a photo of one.” Bailey’s cheeks blushed a deep crimson and shook his head vigorously. “I told you I was taking a selfie and the sun was like in the way that is why I had to move!” Candi glanced into the rearview mirror then back to Amanda. “And moving the camera just so happened to stay in the bath of a cute boy. Bailey, what would August think if I told him you were taking photos of other men?” This was a lot of information to digest, Bailey did like taking her selfies and she was probably trying to mirror Candi’s behavior. “He can like think whatever he likes, I don’t care.” Bailey crossed his arms over his chest and looked out the window before an idea struck him a second too late for a real comeback. “Yeah well what would Ryan think of you looking at others?” Candi smirked and did her best to be a defensive driver and hold the conversation. “Don’t give me that, you care what he thinks. I bet you are texting him right now aren’t you? And Ry knows who I am, my kisses are for him, but I’m still going to look. I don’t have a ring on my finger.” Candi giggled flicking her left hand to show how she wasn’t currently wearing any rings.

Clicking the power button on his phone to turn off the screen felt a little embarrassed, he was indeed texting August. She was right, but it wasn’t like he wanted to talk to the boy. “So it is okay if Ryan looks at other girls?” Instead of looking in the rearview mirror Candi turned around in her seat to look at her friend. “He better not be, just like I know you would be upset if August did.” Amanda couldn’t help herself but reach over and grab the wheel. “Eyes front young lady!” Turning back around Candi regripped the wheel and while she didn’t look at Amanda she looked sheepish for not thinking about what she was doing. “Sorry, sorry.” Letting go of the wheel Amanda patted the girl’s shoulder. “It is okay, you are still new. Try to stay focused.” Bailey clicked his phone’s power button to bring the device back to life and looked at the string of messages from August, gushing

about the selfies that were taken. Having a man oggle him was still odd, let alone him being the one sending photos of himself in a green Hawaiian cheeky bikini.

August: I do think green is a great color on you.

August: You know with me getting a full time position here I will be actually making money. With my first check I could take you out shopping, you try on a few outfits and I give you my opinion. We get to spend time together, I get to see how beautiful you are in different outfits and you get a new dress. How does that sound for an afternoon?

Bailey: I might be doing my hair that day.

August: Oh you are going to try a new hairstyle! We don't have to do it right when I get paid, we can just do it whenever.

Bailey: U should just save your money or like idk give me an amazon gift card.

August: I don't mind at all, I like the idea of buying you an outfit and you wearing it and yeah that's cool if you want to buy something on your own and do a private show later.

Bailey: Wait like really? U would get me a gift card?

August: I would rather you make a wishlist so I could pick from things I know you like, but yeah I would absolutely do that.

Bailey: OMG that would be like great!

Smirking, Bailey clutched the flower cased phone between his fingers at the idea of August being so gullible to basically send him cash. "Honey, honey, hello?" The waving hand caught Bailey's attention, he was lost in thought of the idea of what he could buy with his own money. Jeans and tennis shoes topped the list. "You are a little spacy today pumpkin." Candi started to pull the car into the apartment complex when she glanced at the others in the vehicle. "Please she is always like that, you should have seen how she totally zoned out looking at that math workbook. Gross by the way, glad I don't have to do that." Amanda actually liked math growing up, but even so having to do homework over summer break would not have been something she wanted to do, but Megan was right about Bailey needing to know what would be covered in school. "I was saying I have to do some work tonight and was going to order some takeout. I was telling Candi how neither of you need to lose more weight, so no side salads for you two or some such nonsense." Bailey's eyes lit up at the idea of a real meal, his mouth watering at the idea of

a hamburger. “Mmmmm Backyard Burger?!” He said as they came to a stop. “You always have red meat on the mind, how about a super amazing bowl of Pan Mee?” Bailey looked at her perplexed, not knowing what that was. “Like is that food?” Clapping her hands together, Candi bounced in her seat a little, looking between the two others that looked equally as confused. “You have never had it? Oh god you both are going to just want to die it is so good. They have these like flat noodles, I know carbs, but like it is so good. We get lots of greens, mushrooms in this amazing broth oh and like an egg. Daddy likes it with pork, but I know the tofu option is so much better, but also like no egg. Who needs to make a perfect dish worse for you, ya know?”

“You sound rather excited about that, I do not know if you can get something like around here. Tell you what if you can find a place that has it you can order one for each of us. If not then Bailey gets her burger tonight.” Candi nodded with a massive smile, pulling out her phone to search for a local place that served the dish. “Totally fair.” Amanda moved her hand in front of the screen to get her attention. “You can do that inside sweetie. I bet you both want to get out of your swim suits.” That was something Bailey could one hundred percent totally get behind and he also considered hiding Candi’s phone so that he could sink his teeth into a burger tonight. As they walked up the steps to their apartment, Bailey noted for the first time how Mommy hadn’t talked to him about her day at the office in a while. He mostly tuned her out as she went on about a problem from this account or that, or about one of her employees. It was a nice change of pace, he was sure she wasn’t keeping it all bottled up with how frustrated she used to get, but that sounded like a problem for Miss April or Aunt Megan to deal with now he guessed. “Did you enjoy your first day of freedom out driving on your own?” Clapping her hands together once Candi brought the tips of her fingers to just below her lips as she gave a massive smile. “Oh yes, like yes, yes, a bazillion times yes. Thank sooooo soooo much for letting me drive your car. You are like the best Miss Best.”

Amanda opened the door and let the girls go in ahead of her, loving the clean smell and look of the apartment. “Miss Best now? Have you not made up your mind with what you would like to call me?” Spinning around Candi stepped into the apartment looking the older woman in the eye. “Oh I know what I want to call you, but you seem like reluctant

and you really do have a fantastic last name. Do you think you could convince Daddy to take your last name?" Taking off her purse Amanda hung it from a chair at the kitchen table and rolled her eyes while facing away from the teen. "I doubt it, but thank you for the compliment. But... speaking of compliments, I have to say Bailey you did a wonderful job with your chores today." Candi took a few steps to the side to scoot up next to Bailey so that she was in her field of view. "Thank you, we were happy to do it!" Tilting her head slightly, Amanda made eye contact with Bailey. "Well we both appreciate you helping clean up a little, but you are a guest in our home and Bailey should know better than to get others to do her chores." Sensing the change in tone and atmosphere Candi took a few steps away from her friend, not wanting to incur any wrath. "Yeah, totally. I'm going to go change and order food, be right back." Candi said rushing off to Bailey's bedroom and closing the door behind her.

"Bailey, you know those chores were for you. What do you have to say for yourself?" Bailey glanced around the room like a sign would be seen with the right answer. She was obviously upset, but he really didn't understand like why. The stupid chores got done and she even said she liked how the place looked, what did it matter if Candi helped. "Umm like we did everything on the list, she is here so like what's the big deal?" Putting her hands on her hips Amanda took a wider stance "The big deal, as you put it is that Candance Ann Connors is a guest in our home, she should not have to clean up after you or do the things I told you to do." She glanced at the closed bedroom door, then back at Bailey remembering Derrick talking about her having a rough time with the ID and he was right. She could have just as easily looked at the ID to make sure things were right without blaming Bailey. Being a parent was difficult, and while she never had a child like she wanted, it sure felt like she was dealing with a moody teen girl right now. "Maybe I wasn't clear before." She said in a softer tone than she was using a moment ago, also considering how she might be taking out her anxiety about her job on Bailey. "The chores list is for you to do, if your friend really wants to help I can give her a list of her own." Putting both of her hands on Bailey's shoulders she tried to give a reassuring smile. "I know today was difficult for you, we will get everything straightened out. Tonight I have to do a little work, but then maybe I can join you two for a movie and we can paint our toenails or something. How does that sound?" Bailey smiled and nodded, A good girl is

always obedient, a good girl always smiles, a good girl is seen and not hear, a good girl never argues or complains. Part of the mantra went through Bailey's mind as he thought how he much rather paint his nails than having her angry and where that could lead. "Great, I am going to go get changed out of my work clothes. You should hurry along and go get changed too." Amanda looked back at the closed door, thinking about the naked girl inside. "Maybe wait till your big sister is done getting dressed."

Bailey watched the woman he loved walk away into the bedroom they used to share, just happy that the stupid chores wasn't going to earn him a spanking. That was totally the worst thing he had asked her to do and oh my god it would be extra embarrassing to have that done in front of Candi. The memory of being bent over on the couch and being slapped caused Bailey to gingerly touch his behind, happy to avoid that. Pulling off the bathing suit cover Bailey was going to go into his room, ignoring that he was told to wait for Candi to be done. It was his room, if a hot green eyed blonde girl wanted to be naked in there, then all the better. His hand hesitated before touching the door knob "GIRLS COME IN HERE NOW!" His eyes going wide Bailey left his hand on his rear as a sense of dread came over him as Mommy's voice yelled through the apartment loud enough for anyone downstairs to know he was in trouble. The bedroom door to his room opened slowly and out stepped Candi wearing a pair of short jean shorts and a tank top. Their eyes met, both wide eyed and, but neither took a step down the hallway to bedroom even though the command was clear. "GIRLS I SAID NOW!" With a hard swallow Bailey made his way to the master bedroom, with Candi following after. The bedroom door was wide open and inside was Amanda, who hadn't even had a chance to take her heels off from work, standing in front of her bed by her dresser. In her hand was an open suitcase, and one of her dresser drawers open with a pile of folded boxer briefs and socks.

Seeing the two blonde girls come into her room Amanda tossed the empty suitcase behind her onto the bed and stared hard at them as she clenched her jaw. She knew Bailey went into the suitcase to get a shirt, that alone she disliked. This was much worse, it wasn't just an invasion of Derrick's privacy that he entrusted to her, but also an invasion into her own. Candi was a sweet girl, but did seem to have a problem with personal space and knowing when to drop a subject like how she constantly tried to push

for marriage when she had hardly known her father. This was a difficult situation, she didn't know how Derrick really disciplined his daughter or if he ever really did, and Bailey. She just let her do this, or was off doing her own thing while Candi interjected herself into her love life. "Girls, this is crossing a line and an invasion of privacy." Her eyes shifted over to Candi, who seemed to shrink back trying to hide behind Bailey. "Tell me why you thought it was okay to do this." Candi had no problem standing up to a bully or talking in front of a crowd, but she not do well with her Daddy being angry at her, or her Nana... and now Miss Best. Nanna had broken a wooden spoon on her rear end before or made her get a thin stick from outside to be punished with, but she rather have that then her Daddy telling her how he was disappointed in her. She wasn't sure what Bailey's Mom did, but she really didn't want to find out. "It was all Bailey's idea!" Candi cried out catching both the others by surprise. Bailey slowly turned to look at his friend who had just thrown him under the bus and then back to see those beautiful blue mascara covered eyes looking at him with an icy coldness. "Bailey Ann Best, is that true?"

"Fudge no, I like wouldn't do that!" Bailey felt like a child trying to talk his way out of being in trouble. He wasn't really a teenager or a girl and yet Candi was blaming something on him that was totally her idea. "You so did!" Turning away from the open dresser drawer Bailey glared at his supposed friend, didn't she know what would happen if he got in trouble? "Nah ah! You are like the one who opened the drawer!" Candi shook her head, pointing toward the empty suitcase. "You like had Daddy's suitcase open and was pulling out his clothes and said how you had a great idea." Trying to ball his fists up only hurt with the long nails, Bailey stomped his foot not able to believe this was happening. "Girls stop bickering now." Amanda's words brought a silence to the room as both their eyes went to her. "Now I am going to ask this just once, I don't want to hear a word from either of you for this answer, just nod or shake your head. Candi, was it your idea to put your fathers belongings in my dresser?" Amanda paused for a moment seeing the girl shake her head just a tiny bit looking like she might cry. "Candi, I honestly thought this was you, but it sounds like you helped Bailey do this right?" This time she watched her nod meekly to the question. "Do you think that was appropriate for you to do?" Again Candi shook her head slowly, avoiding eye contact. "I will talk to your father about this, but I cannot fault you for following Bailey's lead if she said it was okay."

Amanda paused again, her eyes fixating on Bailey.

“Candi, how about you go pick us up that dinner you were talking about and when you get back all of us will sit down to have a nice dinner together.” Candi looked at her friend, she had permission to leave, but she hesitated. Not wanting to leave Bailey alone to take all the punishment, it was her idea but she didn’t think Bailey would have done it without her. “Umm.. MIss Best, ma’am. If you are going to punish Bailey, I should get the same punishment.” She felt herself cringing, even as she took a step closer to stand beside Bailey instead of behind her. “I am sure Bailey appreciates the gesture.” Amanda looked hard at the demure teen girl that was looking at the floor with her hands folded in front of her. “But Bailey still gets spanked when she is bad and even with your permission I could not do that to you. You will call your father and tell him what happened, and what you did and he will decide what is best for you. Now I will be calling him later, so you better tell the truth.” Candi reached over and touched her hand on top Bailey’s, giving it a squeeze before whispering . “Sorry.” Before replying a little louder to Amanda. “Yes, ma’am, I will.” Amanda nodded her head once and motioned to the door. “You know where the keys are, go on now and take your time.” Candi gave one last glance to her friend before heading out.

Both Amanda and Bailey stood in silence waiting to hear the front door close. Bailey fuming that he was about to get spanked for something he didn’t want to do, something he hated doing. He was so mad at Candi for blaming him, but as he stood there in silence. Doing his best to be a good girl, he thought about it from Candi’s perspective. She had the idea assumed he had come up with it first. It wasn’t some master plan where she came up with the idea and thrust it on him, he had agreed. He wasn’t even sure why he didn’t argue more or just flat out say no and leave the room. “I am surprised at you young lady, I do not even have the words. Trespassing in Derrick’s things and going into my drawers.” Our drawers... Bailey thought to himself, they were their drawers. You have had a bad day, but that does not excuse your behavior. You have a guest help with your chores, you take Derrick’s shirt without permission and ruin it. Yes I know about that, and then you put his things in my dresser.” Amanda paused again looking at Bailey, trying to size her up and figure out the why behind it. Bailey had always been the type to

talk or yell back, make snide comments when he had even felt attacked, but now she. This girl in front of her was demure and quiet, not arguing at all. “Well you know what this means, go ahead and grab the bed post and stick out your rear. When we are done, you will apologize to me and to Derrick later when he is on the phone.

Closing his eyes Bailey did as instructed, a good girl is always obedient, he hated the stupid mantra. No matter what it was not far from his thoughts. He hated standing in the bedroom that only recently equally belonged to him, and now he was presenting his ass to be spanked while wearing a bikini, while Mommy... Mandy was dressed from work about to discipline him like a naughty child. The first smack didn't truly hurt, except emotionally, the sound of her palm landing on his behind sounding worse than it was, but by the fifth he knew his cheeks were red and the pain had increased from the repetition. Bailey squeezed his eyes tight, he had certainly been hit worse than this, but it felt like a trial to hold his composure. He wanted to be strong and not make a peep, but by the seventh swat on his behind he failed that minimal test of manhood too. “Ow!” The sound slipped free from his lips and soon it sounded more like a rhythm between the sounds. SMACK, “OW!”, SMACK, “OWWWW!” SMACK, Bailey let out a little whimper and a high pitched sound trying to contain his tears. At least that he was able to do, his vision was clouded with the things, but still he hadn't cried like a baby. “Well?” Trying to get ahold of himself Bailey nodded, biting his lower lip for a second. “I'm sorry for going into your things Mommy.” Amanda put her hand on Bailey's shoulder, making sure to look into her green eyes. “Now, would you like to go to bed right after dinner to be grounded or would you still like to spend the night with Candi and I?” He didn't want to be sent to bed, this was already so much. Candi and him were going to play video games and he didn't want to be alone in a dark room hearing a movie playing and the two laughing while he was in there. “Stay... I would want to stay out here.” Bailey said in a tiny voice without a hint of confidence as he averted his eyes to the ground.

“Look at me.” Amanda said tapping Bailey under the chin so she would look her in the eye. “Bailey Ann Best, you have been a blessing onto my heart. I appreciate you, and all you do and I need you to know that I know you are a good girl. We all make mistakes, I love you. You know that I do right?” Bailey wrapped his arms around her, his backside

incredibly sore as the tears he held back started to come free. He wasn't balling out of control like he had the previous day, but still they came. He didn't want to be called a good girl and yet he couldn't help thinking I am a good girl, happy and proud. He wanted his life back, but even if he had taken her up on the offer this week would have to finish and then to be himself again he would have to go into hiding till the private investigator did his job and he had nowhere to go, except here... as Bailey Ann. "I do, I love you too Mommy." No one else was around he could have said her name, but after what she said that felt like the right way to answer.

Opening the door to the apartment Bailey found the familiar face of his friend on the other side tapping on the door with her hands full. "I got us like lots of food." Candi said out loud holding a few bulging plastic bags and then spoke in a much softer voice before coming in. "Are you like okay? She said she was going to spank you... and like only my Nana does that and she makes me go find her a stick." Reflexively Bailey touched his sore behind at the thought of what he just endured, but was thankful it wasn't Nana giving out the punishment if that is how she did it. "I'm like fine." Bailey said with a shrug, not willing to give up his male bravado, even if he looked like some teen girl right now. "Well, I'm like really, really and I mean really sorry you got in trouble." Because of you Bailey added mentally as he opened the door more for Candi to come into the apartment. Stepping in past Bailey, Candi approached the kitchen table where Amanda sat with her laptop out in front of her and she noticed for the first time she was wearing a pair of glasses. "Oh I love your glasses, they look so good on you." Amanda pulled them off her face, giving the teen girl a smile before glancing down at the blue framed glasses she hated wearing, it also made her feel old to wear them and put it off as much as she could. "Thank you, Bailey tells me I should wear them more often." Candi nodded her head glancing at the glasses again before starting to unpack the bags. "You look super cute with them on, I bet Bailey would look cute with a pair like that, but like black, or red oh oh or PINK!" Amanda smirked as she put the glasses back in their case and shut her laptop. She was positive Bailey had never been to an eye doctor in her life, not that she followed her ophthalmologist's advice.

"So like here is the thing, all the stuff is separate and we just put it all in our bowls and I

like promise you will both love it.” Candi turned her gaze to Bailey who had come up beside her. “I also may have seen a place called Backyard Burger on the way back.” She said holding up a paper bag that had a black and green BB printed on it, that she had hidden inside one of the bags she was carrying. Bailey’s eyes lit up as his fingers reached out for the container of food like it was a holy relic worth praise and adoration. “Sit down at the table pumpkin, so we can eat like a family.” Most meals between the two that were brought home were taken in front of the tv, or him on the couch in front of the tv while she was able the table or small desk on her laptop working, but he was not going to argue. A good girl never argues or complains and he felt no need to with his best friend in the world picking him up a burger. As he sat down Bailey’s first thought was how his backside was still sore, but the second was wondering why Chuck had never done something like that for him, or even him for Chuck for that matter. Pulling the items out of the bag Bailey noticed the fries looked a bit orange and glared at them and gave it a poke with the nail on his index finger. “I figured if you were going to have fries you should at least have some that are better for you.” Bailey looked between the fried objects in the container, then at Candi, then back at them. “Sweet potatoes?” He said with a hint of distaste in his voice as he held one near his mouth. Not his first or second or even like third choice, but it felt like forever since he got something fried. Biting into the fried object Bailey was surprised at the flavor, he never actually had one before. Chewing the small bite completely before swallowing Bailey held the nibbled on piece of food in the direction of Amanda. “This is like actually good!”

Pouring the noodles into the broth, Amanda enjoyed the aroma wafting off her food and couldn't help herself from chuckling at Bailey’s wide eyed reaction. “Well I am glad you are expanding your horizons, but maybe you should be saying thank you to someone for going out of their way.” Bailey nodded and took another tiny bite of his food like he had been taught and patted the top of the wrapped up burger. He was about to speak, but stopped himself as he remembered to not talk with his mouth full. “Oh my god Candi you have like no idea... how much I needed this.” Candi gave an exaggerated shrug of shoulders as she spun the food around in her bowl to mix everything together. “Ideas aren’t our like strong suit, but listening to each other and doing what is best totally comes naturally to us!” She said with a large smile and enjoying that what she got Bailey was

enjoying so far. "Daddy always says to use what the lord gave us and we have heart." Bailey was loving her heart at that moment, much better than when her heart made him go on a liquid diet with those shakes. Unwrapping his burger he took a small bite and chewed on it slowly to savor the beef's flavor. He would have loved to take a huge bite, but that wasn't lady like. On the third chew Bailey realized something was off and he recognized the look of mischief in his friend's eye. She hadn't taken a bite of her own food yet, she was just sitting there watching the two people across the table from her. The burger still tasted good, but it was wrong and looking down at the object between his fingers he knew what it was. She wasn't an angel, but a devil bringing him nothing more than unfulfilled promises and lies. "This isn't beef..." Bailey said looking at the patty. Candi gave a big smile before reaching over and stealing a sweet potato fry. "You can like hardly tell right?! They are so much better for you than beef and you still like get to satisfy that craving!" Shaking his head Bailey didn't even look up from what he had taken a bite of, hating himself for savoring it. "It like isn't even healthier, it just different." Taking a bite of the fry, Candi waved her other hand in the air at the wrist. "Nah, you are like only saying that because you wanted beef and don't want to admit I'm right." Candi said with her mouth full.

"Manners Candi." Amanda said hearing the girl talk with her mouth full as she looked on amused at Bailey eating a plant based burger for the first time. She loved the things and often had a few in the freezer. She took a few more bites of the wonderful dish Candi had brought back for her to try before looking at the two. A few slurping noises came from Candi as she eat her meal and it looked like Bailey was just picking at her food. "Bailey, eat your food unless you are not feeling well." Bailey felt fine, if a little sore in the rear and the food tasted fine he guessed, it just wasn't what he wanted and what the others had seemed much better. "My umm..." Candi tapped the bridge of her nose and paused trying to find the word. "I'm stuffy and have a headache, do you have that too?" Bailey shook his head and purposely took a large bite of one of the now cooling sweet potato fries. "You should have said something earlier, let me get you something for your head." Amanda stood up from the table, then took another bite of her dinner, giving Candi a wink before heading off to her bedroom to get her something for her congestion and headache. "Is it good? What do you think?" Candi said pointing her fork to the half eaten

burger. He remembered having the argument about the impossible burger being almost or just as bad as a real burger, so long as it it wasn't something from the golden arches, but she wasn't going to listen and it really wasn't bad. "It taste good, yeah." Bailey reluctantly admitted. "Just like not what you wanted? Sorry, I thought I was like going to open your eyes to a better world. Well I like did, and I'm not done. Let's trade!" Candi said sliding her bowl forward with one hand and sliding Bailey's burger closer to her with the other. She stopped to think for a second before moving what was left of the fries between the two and let out a giggle as she smiled.

Coming back to the table Amanda saw the girls had swapped food and both looked much happier for it. "Here Candi, take these and from now on you tell me if you are not feeling well. Bailey likes to play it tough, but always ends up acting like a baby in the end when she does not feel well." She said running her hand through Bailey's hair. He huffed at the comment, he didn't act like a baby, he just didn't want to leave bed when he wasn't feeling well. She was the one that acted all motherly when he wasn't feeling a hundred percent. "What about you Candi, how do you act when you are sick?" Candi reached for another fry as she thought and gave a little shrug. "I dunno, I like sleep till nine sometimes when I don't feel well or oh yeah I like always want ice cream! Rocky road is the best! I will get my blanket and wrap it around me and watch tv, but I like hardly ever get sick." Amanda sat back down in her seat and gave Bailey a side hug. "Well I think that is a better attitude than me, I tend to just try and push through it. What about your father?" Amanda asked before finishing off her dinner. "Daddy, he is horrible. He pretends he is perfectly fine, last year he said he felt fine when he totally had the flu! Monica sprayed him down with lysol, scolded him and sent him home." Candi laughed at the memory of her Daddy smelling of the cleaner and being told what for by his own employee. "Tell you what girls, the two of you get ready for bed while I finish up some work. I spoke to Bailey earlier about us all painting each others toenails, we can do that say in half an hour. Meg and I always did this when we had a friend sleep over growing up." Candi's face lit up at the idea of joining Bailey in their mother daughter activities. "I would just love that!" Candi said while Bailey smiled on, trying to focus more on the wonderful flavor in his mouth than what was to come.

“Did Bailey tell you about the job application to work at the water park? She like needs a parent to sign off because of, well the being a minor thing.” Amanda pursed her lips looking at Bailey as she painted Candi’s toes that were elevated on the coffee table. She looked oblivious to the world around her as she focused on applying the sparkly purple nail polish to her friends’ feet. Candi had already done her own in a pale pink and she was letting them dry and when Bailey was done it would be her own turn to paint Bailey’s nails. “Bailey is that true? You want to work at the water park?” She was surprised that Bailey would be willing to take such a job considering how picky Bailey was about finding a position that suited her level of skill as she put it. “Hmm What?” Bailey said looking between the two on the couch, he was trying to make sure he got this right and hadn’t heard more than his own name. “We were talking about the job application today so you can work around all those snacks.” Bailey hadn’t considered the fact of being on his own there and being able to actually buy some of the candy bars. He always picked up a peanut butter cup when he went to the store, but that felt like forever ago now. On his own Candi couldn’t stop him, but she was obvi saying that to tempt him into doing something he told her he didn’t want. “I love, I mean love a good snack.” He said borrowing her turn of phrase, that caused Candi to giggle. “But I like told you I didn’t want to work there.” Bailey had to use a paper towel to wipe up some of the paint that dripped off the brush onto the table as he moved his hands around as he talked. “Besides, like if I did that I couldn’t be around you.” He added thinking of a way for her to drop the subject. “Why are the two of you talking about snacks? Did you find something you really liked that only the park has?” Candi met Bailey’s eyes and gave her friend a knowing smile before looking at her mom. “A snack is like a boy who looks cute or hot. You know like, you say look at that snack over there. Cause like they look good right there, but like probably arn’t good for you. The water park has a lot of cute boys.

“The two of you spend a lot of time looking at the snacks then?” Amanda asked a little surprised, making sure to not focus her eyes on Bailey who looked like she was embarrassed for her to find out. “Maybe, I dunno. What is like a lot? Bailey was saying how I should only have eyes for Ry, but like I can’t help myself.” Amanda smirked at the girl, she had completely forgotten that part of the conversation happened in the car with the of them earlier. “So would I say you look like a delicious snack to your father?” With

talk like that Bailey went back to pointing Candi's toes, he didn't want to hear her talk like that. The closest thing someone called him to a snack is a large guy at a club told his then girlfriend she should ditch the snack sized boy and get with him and now Candi got him walking right into using slang he wasn't familiar with like he was checking out men. He had opened his mouth to say that wasn't what he meant, he just wanted a peanut butter cup, but Mommy was looking right into his eyes and he lost his nerve. I would most def have to sort that out in private later. "I would use the word delish, but I also would like never say that to Daddy, but I think he would like love to hear you say that. Oh, oh I know! He said you two were going to talk tonight, call him now!" Amanda did want to see how he was doing and that his day went okay, and selfishly she wondered if he had heard anything about her role. "Bailey sweetheart, could you do me a favor and go get my phone from my purse?" Happy to scurry away from the conversation, Bailey got up and move around the couch feeling the pink with white accented babydoll flow around him as he moved how he was trained. Elbows slightly bent, palms out facing the floor, one foot in front of the other sashaying to his destination.

After being handed the phone Amanda watched Bailey go back to her task as she clicked call on the cell phone, clicking it over to speaker phone. "Hey there Mr. Connors, you are on speaker phone with the girls and I. The girls taught me a new word today." Bailey put a piece of cotton between Candi's toes, hating that his girlfriend was literally about to flirt with Derrick right in front of him. He had told her to pursue him and to treat himself like her daughter and it wasn't like she was going to break character right in front of Candi, but still it hurt. He was wearing a sexy baby doll nightie, while Candi wore cotton comfortable looking shorts and a long t-shirt that just said the word Girl in pink on it and Mommy... she wore a pair of black silk pajama pants and shirt. It wasn't made to be sexy, but he was so pent up he had to keep himself from touching her ass when she had walked by earlier. "Don't think I like this Mr Connors business, I don't think either of us are on the clock, but it is nice to hear the three of you are enjoying yourselves together. Hi girls!" He said in a slightly louder voice to make sure they heard and gave them a second to responde, happy to hear both of them say it back to him. "What is this new word you learned?" Amanda looked over to Candi who seemed to be trying to hold in a fit of giggles and urge her to continue at the same time. "What if I were to say you were a delish

snack?” A small smile curled on Amanda’s lips while she held out the cell phone with one hand and ran her fingers through her blonde hair with the other a little nervous. Flirting like this did not come naturally to her, she had never really been the pursuer, heck she really had only been on a handful of first dates and only dated four men in her life for any real length of time. “Ah.. wait.. I KNOW THIS ONE!” Derrick’s voice boomed with excitement from the phone. “I looked it up when I heard Candace using it with her friends. Now you saying that to me is entirely flattering, but you my dear are a main course.” Amanda’s smile brightened at his response, it was child like with how excited he got for knowing the answer and moved to him being playfully romantic.

“Awww that is totally sweet and you said it right Daddy!” Candi heard her father laugh with a lot of mirth. “I would like to tell you I knew, but I looked up a bunch of things when I was looking up snack. Wasn’t actually sure I was using it correctly.” Amanda leaned forward so that the phone was closer to Bailey. “Before we go further, I think my daughter had something she wanted to say to you.” Putting the brush back into the bottle Bailey rolled his shoulders like he was building himself up, he really didn’t want to apologize to this man, but he really had destroyed one of his shirts. “I’m like, umm Mr. Connors.” Bailey corrected himself, remembering this man was an adult. “I’m sorry for going into your things ruining your shirt.” Amanda gave a small smile and a wink of her eye to Bailey to let her know she appreciated what she did. Bailey wasn’t known for apologizing, or admitting fault. “Don’t worry about it princess, Candace said you were going to buy me a new one, while I didn’t expect you to do that. I do appreciate you trying to make up for what you did.” Amanda tilted her head to the side, unaware that Bailey had offered to replace the garment. “Derrick hey, the girls and I are finishing up painting our nails, can I call you right back?” After agreeing Amanda ended the call and swapped places with Bailey so that she was on the couch. “Okay, what color are we going with?” Candi looked at the various bottles and held up two bottles in one hand from her own collection and the light pink Bailey’s mom had. “Bubble gum pink, luscious red or light pink like Mom has?” She had backed off calling her that, but after hearing her flirt with Daddy, Candi felt emboldened. When she talked to him earlier about what happened she could tell he was only trying to sound stern and wasn’t mad at all, and while he wasn’t

going to ground her he did take away her allowance for the week.

Pointing to the least horrible option, Bailey picked the light pink. "So cute that you want to match! I am just loving tonight." While she was having the time of her life and it looked like Momm.. Mandy was too, Bailey was not. Not only did he not get to have his burger, he didn't get the promised video games and instead got a piece of plant disguising it self poorly as food, girl bonding time with painting of nails and he had to eat crow. What Derrick had brought up reminded Bailey of having to purchase a shirt for the man and when Candi got up to tinkle he thought it the best time to bring it up. "I umm was going to log in and do like, well pay the bill and I was hoping I could like borrow your card to buy a shirt for Mr. Connors." Amanda looked up from her kneeling position, cleaning off the existing nail polish. "Pumpkin, you will not be able to log into my bank account." Bailey's eyes narrowed, not sure why she said it was hers, it was both of theres. Sure he hadn't added any money to it in a long time, but it was a joint account. "I removed my ex-boyfriend's name from my account, we could not risk anyone that might know him or you seeing his name on the account if they looked over my shoulder." Frowning, Bailey looked at the woman he loved, hurt that she was wiping him away. That seemed like a tiny risk, and it was like totally his job to pay the bills and handle their money. "But, like I always pay the bills." Amanda gave Bailey a pat on the leg, thinking about how she said she wanted to spend the summer with Candi and not worry about a job. If Bailey wanted to have relive a youthful summer she did not think it would be fair to add the stress of being an adult and responsibilities of paying bills on her. "You just focus on having fun this summer and being a teenager, you can leave being an adult to your Mom. Mommy." She corrected herself, looking up and to the left as she tilted her head to the left and back again as she smiled, enjoying the thought of being a mother. "How like can I buy a shirt?" Bailey asked, grasping at straws, hoping she would still give him her debit card.

"Can't you just use your allowance?" Candi asked, coming back into the living room, walking oddly with the cotton still between her toes. Amanda looked over at the blonde girl coming back into the room and then glanced back at Bailey as a thought came to her. "She was not getting one with her not helping out around the apartment, but if she

continues to show me that she can be responsible, and I mean more responsible than today. Then I do not see why I could not give you one, at least until you get a job.” Candi sat down at the couch next to Bailey and nudged he friend with her shoulder. “I can totally loan you the money for the shirt and you can pay me back when you get your allowance, I have like a few things to do at the mall tomorrow before our date.” Amanda had just finished rubbing the polish off Bailey’s last toe when she looked up at the two. “I thought your double date was not till Thursday? I am afraid I will be at a book club meeting with your Aunt tomorrow night.” Glancing at Candi, a smile grew on Bailey’s face. He finally had a way out of the date that wasn’t on him, Miss April couldn’t be mad that it was canceled because the boys moved the time. “Well... like Ryan has to do something with his Dad so like the boys wanted to get together tomorrow, but if you aren’t home I like totally understand. I will let them know we have to cancel.” Bailey said looking around for his phone, but remembered he had left it in his room on the charger when he got changed. “I think it will be fine, the boys can come over tomorrow night. I think Candi you will be in charge.” His eyes wide, his mouth open Bailey was upset that she would put the teenager in charge of him. “What... but Mommyyyy!” Amanda pointed the polish brush in Bailey’s direction. “You have not exactly been the pinnacle of decision making lately.” Candi leaned closer whispering to her friend loud enough that Amanda could still hear. “It is because I’m the older sister.”

“No, it is because Bailey was not responsible enough to study for her test, had you help her with her own chores, and then thought it was a good idea to invade someone else's privacy. Given that, Bailey do you think it is fair that Candi is in charge?” Chewing on his lip, Bailey could taste his lip gloss. “Yeah, I guess.” Putting her arm around Bailey, Candi gave her friend a kiss on the cheek and squeezed her as tightly as she could with one arm. “Stick with me sis and I will have you like be a responsible adult in no time.” Scrunching his nose up Bailey shook his head. “Pass.” That response made Amanda laugh and she almost spilled her nail polish on the table. “Bailey and I were just talking about her enjoying her time as a teen and not growing up too fast.” Far as Bailey could tell his friend was more than happy to be put in charge and be considered the responsible one and accept the excuse of Bailey not wanting to grow up too quickly. As his nails got painted Candi started to ask about Amanda’s childhood and how she grew up and finally

about her mother. Bailey had heard a story or two, but it was surprising at how much of a rebel she was. "Wait, so like you got in trouble all the time too?" Bailey asked, thinking about the punishment he received earlier. Aunt Megan sounded like a know it all growing up so she hadn't changed much, but was odd hearing about how Mommy was different then and how her Mom raised her two daughters on her own.

When they were done Amanda helped setup some sheets, a blanket and a pillow on the couch for Candi, wished the girls a good night and headed to her room. Stopping in the hallway she motioned Bailey over, smiling slightly when Bailey stood before her, their toes a matching pale pink color. "Honey listen, make sure to use your." She paused for a second, not enjoyed talking about what Bailey had to do. "Follow the doctors orders on how to take care of yourself." She then gave Bailey a hug and a kiss on her forehead before making it to her own destination. Getting under the covers she called Derrick back, getting a little nervous when he hadn't answered by the third ring. It shouldn't bother her if he was busy and couldn't get to the phone, but when he did answer she felt relief. "Hey..." He sounded out of breath, like he had to run for the phone. "Everything okay? We can talk tomorrow if you are too busy." She couldn't see any gestures like a head shake or a nod, if he looked tired from traveling or irritated that she had interrupted him. "Oh, no, no. I was just in my gym. Well I say gym it is just a spare bedroom that I had the carpet pulled out of, I put down some mats, added a treadmill and bike and some free weights." Amanda pictured him wearing some tight bike shorts, shirtless and sweaty. Her free hand reaching up and gently touching the nape of her neck. "Oh? I could not imagine having enough space to turn a room into an office let alone a home gym." He laughed, god she enjoyed hearing it. His was a baritone and it sounded like it vibrated through his chest as he laughed with his whole body, while Bailey's had always been a light thing. "Yes and no, my place is large, but when I bought it the place and the neighborhood weren't much to look at. I renovated and over the years the entire area has just well it was a good investment. I actually considered giving up on it, felt like a sink hole for money, heck I considered selling when the value went up, but I'm glad we stayed. Now I'm the proud owner of a four bedroom house, two car garage and a small pool. I would love to show you sometime."

Having such a large place would be wonderful, housing prices weren't outrageous here, but she never felt the need to invest in one before she had a stable career. Something she still did not feel she had managing a department and it wasn't like she needed the space, or could afford a down payment right now. The image in her mind of Derrick sweaty from working out morphed into him wearing a flannel shirt putting up a wall to expand a house or digging to create a pool. She felt her pulse race a little as he thoughts drifted more to what they had done on the previous Friday afternoon. "Did.." She stopped herself and took a deep breath, she wasn't some teen girl she could control herself. "Did Candi get a chance to speak with you about this afternoon?" It still made her mad thinking about them going through his things and stepping over a line like they did with putting his stuff in her drawers. "I did and the girls shouldn't have done that, but honestly Mandy. It is incredible to me... never in my life did I think about dating someone who already had a child, heck after." Amanda waited as he paused. "When my wife died, I never thought about dating ever again. Yet I find myself dating someone again, and you have a teenage daughter and I couldn't be happier. You hear stories about children rejecting or being downright cruel to men their mother brings home, and yet Bailey. She is a kind girl and has done more than accept me, when she danced with me the other night it was like dancing with a shorter and almost as pretty version of you. When she called me Daddy like Candace does it made me smile, and when she held me as she cried from the gift, I found myself... Well I was happy." Amanda heard Derrick laugh, one full of nervous energy before he continued. "I have over shared a little and this could be a little heavy of a conversation for right now, but when Candace was telling me Bailey wanted to put my clothes in your drawer it felt like she was telling both of us that she wanted me to stay around. I never had spare clothes at a girl's place before, it was always the other way around for me."

"Well you still have not, this is not a girls place." She said teasing him, it was odd that he was being so open with her. When they laid together after having sex the previous week they shared things they liked and didn't, like they were planning to continue meeting like that and here he was being open about his thoughts and feelings. "Apologies, but I would imagine you have already put everything back before getting into bed tonight, so it was short lived." Her eyes fixated on the drawers on the left side of her long dresser where his

clothes were. She was so upset the girls put them there, but she hadn't thought to remove them. "They are still where the girls left them, I was a little busy tonight." Busy having fun, it wasn't exactly a lie. "Can I ask you something?" Amanda nodded first before putting voice to her actions. "Yes, of course." She could hear his beard scratching over the phone receiver as he moved, getting comfortable she presumed. "Would it be so bad if you left my clothes where they are?" Her pulse started to speed up and Amanda could swear she could hear her heart, her voice caught in her throat as she tried to quickly reason out if he was asking to stay with her for the summer. "I mean, ah.. I have never been good at this sort of thing before, let alone now. Candace has told me I should just come out and ask, and at this point she would know better I think. Mandy, would you be my girlfriend?"

Amanda ran her tongue over her lips, they felt suddenly dry. She couldn't be his girlfriend, it was so cute how nervous he was to ask though and it did make her happy, but she couldn't. Could she? She definitely couldn't say she was dating Bailey, Bailey was her ex, at least for now and... Bailey did say to go for it with being in an open relationship. It blew her mind at the idea of Bailey looking at boys, sure she had seen August kiss her back at the park, but Bailey said she hated it and the looking at boys was just all part of the act, wasn't it? With the silence hanging on the line Derrick pressed forward. "I know we like each other, I find myself speaking to you now and wishing I could see you, being excited at the idea of taking you to a wedding. Both the girls like us, but if there is a hang up. Tell me and we can discuss it." She couldn't tell him that her ex-boyfriend was pretending to be her daughter and it would be cruel, but she wasn't even sure it would be. Bailey really did have a relationship with Derrick and maybe having him around dating her was like reliving his past having both his parents around, this time with more support and not putting the weight of the world on Bailey's shoulders. "Oh I am well aware of your daughters feelings, she has called me Mom a few times today no matter how much I tell her to just use my first name." His laugh came again, this time fainter, she was pretty sure he pulled the phone away from his face to do it. "That does sound like her, she really does like you, and I would... Mandy I would love to see where this takes us, together. If though, this is all to fast for you and I would understand that completely. I will tell Candace to cool her jets and if me asking has put you off

completely, just let me know.” She could tell that wasn’t what he was going to say, this was a man that could come off as smug with his confidence and being around her seemed to turn him into a school boy at times. “Yeah, umm actually I would too.” Amanda said without thinking it through, her free hand gripping her silk bedskirt. “It is official then? I have a girlfriend?” Her smile grew as she felt her face warming up from a blush. “I want to keep seeing you, so it seems you do.”

The conversation between the two carried on till Amanda felt herself unable to fight off sleep anymore. Hanging up the phone, putting it on her night stand before closing her eyes for bed. Trying to remember the last time she stayed on a call with someone for almost two hours that wasn’t a work meeting. Drifting off to sleep she felt concern, anxiety, and pure glee. Amanda was so wrapped up in her phone call she had no idea what was happening in the rest of the apartment that night and would be a little surprised when she got up for work the next day.

Stepping out of the hallway, Bailey ran his hands over his forearms. The air conditioning always went lower at night and he hardly had anything on, but his mind was mostly on what he was just told to do. She had meant well telling him to follow the doctor's orders, but he truly didn’t want to use the applicator for the cream, that was really just a dildo... one he had named August. “Hey do you like want to play some video games?” Bailey looked at his friend, not sure what she just asked. “Sorry, I was like somewhere else.” He said knocking on his head once like it was a door. One of the few nice things about being Bailey Ann the ditzy girl is no one ever seemed to get upset at him for not paying attention. “I was saying we should play some video games.” Candi said moving over to the tv and picking up one of the controllers. That was what Bailey wanted to do earlier, but standing here freezing and the thought of what he had to do ruined his desire. “Nah, like maybe tomorrow.” Candi looked down at the controller and then back at her friend thinking how to persuade Bailey. “What if I promised to let you get two free hits?” She could always see the answer on Bailey’s face and tried a different tactic. “We could also like watch a movie! I know I saw a few things I wanted to see on pay per view at the hotel, like Newlyweds, that movie about Princess Diana and if like you have seen them, we could do another video!” Bailey shook his head, just wanting this day to be over and if

playing video games didn't sound appealing those other options weren't even close to being on the table.

"I'm like really tired, tomorrow?" She looked sad to be turned down and the pretty teen pouting like that was normally enough to break his will, but today was just too much. "Oh, um yeah we did do a lot today. I totally enjoyed spending it with you and tonight with your Mom, like how she brushed air hair. That was wonderful and something I didn't even know like I missed. You're lucky you know." Looking at Candi with his tired eyes, Bailey touched his index finger to his inflated lips and lightly bit down on his nail and fingertip just looking at her. He knew what it was like to not have his mother around any more and even with the spanking there were moments where he liked his girlfriend pretending to be his Mommy. She had always been a motherly woman and while he didn't want kids it was reassuring to have someone beside you that you just knew was going to do everything they could to protect you. The idea of being protected brought to mind Derrick and the thought soured at the memory of being protected from those men at the water park. Holding his arms in the air parallel to the floor in Candi's direction Bailey motioned with his hands for his friend to come closer. When she came close enough to touch, Bailey hugged her. He didn't say a word to reassure her, or comfort her, mostly because he wasn't sure what to say. When he first lost his mother nothing that was said to him made him feel any better at all, and if nothing could be said to make him feel better he just didn't talk about it. A hug, a simple hug, the closeness, the warmth tended to help him forget. So did copious amounts of sex, but that wasn't something he could offer the girl. "Thank you Bailey, I like needed that. You are the best sister I could have ever asked for." Candi said after the warm embrace went on for close to a minute. "Have I like been upgraded from little sister to just sister?" Bailey asked in jest as they pulled apart. "I still think we could totally pass as twins, but the state of Nevada says you are a year younger than me and who are we to argue with the government, and I still think it is like a shame you couldn't use your summer pass for the water park for one of your forms of ID when you got your card. Imagine if they like messed up more and made your name Bailey Ann Best-Connors. But like that didn't happen and it is past my little sister's bedtime. Goodnight sis, I love you." Candi said leaning in for another short hug.

Bailey was happy the hug had helped her, but he was momentarily stunned at the idea that getting the state ID could have been worse. Heading back to his room Bailey was thankful he didn't have his photo next to a second piece of plastic for identification that had that man's name next to his, though he wished he had gotten that corrected when the water park updated his photo. Putting his hand on the door knob he turned to Candi who was putting the game controller back. "Candi." He waited for the girl to turn to him. "With how pushy you are I'm totally surprised you didn't try to use that water park ID to get your license to say Candace Ann Best-Connors." Any sad demeanor faded away as she smiled at that thought. "Well I like didn't think of it then, but I would be Connors-Best and I'm not pushy. I just know the way things should be done." Instead of replying Bailey just waved goodnight at her with his fingers. Closing the door behind him Bailey opened up his nightstand to see his two dildos, the cream and his diary. Pulling out the little book, he put it on his vanity and flipped to the next open page ready to write about his day in the most bubbly way he could. He was ready to sit down, when another shiver ran through his body and he looked up at the vent in the ceiling that was just over where he stood. In the vanity mirror he could see the female creature he resembled and an idea struck him. He wasn't able to wear any of the male clothes from Derrick long, accidentally ruining the shirt, but he did have something else. Moving to his closet Bailey opened it up and pulled out the hoodie August had loaned him and with a happy smile he put it on. He now got to wear a male piece of clothing, it covered up the slinky baby doll and the added benefit of helping him stay warm.

Not remembering if he took any of the pills today Bailey took one from each bottle, giving each a little shake. "Running a little low, I like need to tell Aunt Megan and Candi to get me some more." Bailey said to himself before picking up a green inked pen for today's diary entry. Touching the pen to his lips Bailey thought where to start when he caught sight of himself in the mirror and reached for his phone that had been left in the room. It had a few messages, he would get to them but he thought that was a perfect picture and took a photo of himself in the mirror. It took a little bit to crop the photo just right as he tilted his head to the side as he bit the tip of his pen like he was thinking. Ignoring the messages Bailey got to work writing down the day's events. When he was done he turned off the overhead light on the fan and the lights on his vanity so that his room was dark,

the only light coming from the screen of his phone. Pulling the covers down on his bed Bailey moved President Bear off the pillows to be next to him. He turned his head, tucking his hair behind his ear to see inside his still open drawer of his night stand. Pulling the cream out he placed it atop the night stand, but couldn't bring himself to wrap his hand around the phallic object. The previous night Aunt Megan had made him and Mommy was insistent then about following the doctors orders even as she left the room not wanting to watch her boyfriend fuck himself with a toy. He couldn't blame her, he didn't want to do it at all. Bailey wished he could turn on a sexy porn video about a hot milf being stuck and her step having his way with her, or some bimbo office girl giving head, but doing that would only frustrate him without being able to take his dick into his own hand. He thought back to one of the nights he spent two hundred dollars at a strip club with Chuck and how turned on he was when he came home. Sliding into bed with Momm... Mandy and how he climbed into bed naked and spooned her from behind. His hand gripped her ass hard enough that she started to wake up, her breathing changed as she came into consciousness and his hand slid down from her ass, across her bare thigh. "Not tonight honey, I'm tired from work." She had said to him, but she said no sometimes and just needed a little warming up. He moved his hand up her body, under the cotton t-shirt she wore and rolled his finger over her nipple as he started to massage her breast and at the same time pressed his hardening member between her ass cheeks. She had turned over just slightly to look at him still looking groggy, but even tired in the pale moon light that came into the bedroom she looked gorgeous and after being revved up from the girls that night he wanted her.

"Bailey I said no." She said pulling his hand away before getting out of bed and heading into the master bathroom. Bailey remembered laying there so frustrated, even as she came back he had hoped she would change her mind, that she only needed to go to the bathroom, but she just went back to sleep. He had gone into the guest bedroom, his room now and watched a few porn videos while jerking off. Something he couldn't really do right now with his cock sealed away like a prisoner. His hand went down between his legs and touched the flat area, feeling the lips of the vagina with a sigh. The memory did little to calm his nerves and looked to his phone where he saw missed messages earlier and

hoped they didn't make this day any worse.

Aunt Megan: Need your help with something

Aunt Megan: Your Mom told me you girls were painting your toenails, get back to me when you can

Aunt Megan: My niece you have always had a sense of fashion, with what I saw you buy my sister.

Aunt Megan: As you know I have not dated in a while, so I would like your opinion on the following things.

Aunt Megan: Please list for me if you like the item, if you think men would like it and personal thoughts on the following items. I am making a list of things to get, as you have learned a girl can't have enough clothes.

Looking through the first set of images of dresses Bailey looked at each, thinking of Aunt Megan wearing them. She had a wonderful figure and even if she was a witch he had a hard time not looking at her chest or her rear when she bent over, or walked ahead of him. The Best girls were knockouts and heavens know what he would give for a threesome with the two. The first dress was a wine red dress that looked like it would fit right in at a club with its thin shoulder straps, made to show and enhance the wearers chest and while the length came down about three inches above the knee, that was only one side. The other leg would get much less coverage. Any man that could resist her in that dress would have to be dead inside, gay or well aware of her personality... and wiser than he was. Bailey couldn't help but giggle at the idea of thinking someone would have to both know her and be wiser than him, because he wasn't sure if he would be able to resist her, specially as worked up as he was now. The second dress was also wine red, but a bandage bodycon with a lot of straps. The third was a light purple bodycon dress with a cutout window in front to show cleavage, it would absolutely put her best assets forward in it and the final was simpler and more mundane, a long sleeved v-neck midi sweater

dress with buttons up the side below waist level. Bailey responded to her dress ideas before moving on to the next images she sent over.



Bailey: Happy to help you know how I love fashion!

Bailey: Firstly, yes the first answer for all the dresses is yes and yes!

Bailey: The first wine red dress and the purple one would look like divine on you to impress

Bailey: But like the second wine red one is still like sexy and better for going out to places

Bailey: The green one is totally cute!

Bailey: If you buy them you should totally have a fashion show so I can see!

He truly hoped she would send photos, videos or let him be there for her to try them on so she could have a male opinion, even if she put on the guise of asking her niece. Bailey knew why she was coming to him and he didn't care at all that he had to answer the way he did it made him feel good to be asked for his opinion as a man. The next set of images was just three images of different shoes, the first a set of black Louboutin four and a half

inch single sole heels, the red soles giving away the maker, the next a pair of black peep toe platform six inch heels that looked like the platform was an inch or just over. The final image was platform black leather boots that would come up just under the knee. The platform was similar to the other heels, but the heel looked slightly shorter and wider, so maybe five inches or five a half. Looking at the heels Bailey scrolled up on his phone back to the dresses imagining her wearing the combinations, his hand reflexively reaching between his legs as he pulled them apart. He could feel himself getting a semi hard on at the mental image and was that much more frustrated as he touched the front of his panties, no dick to grab.



Bailey: Louboutin shoes are like super expensive, but so worth it!

Bailey: You could like wear them with any of those dresses

Bailey: Now those peep toe heels you should absolutely get and like break them in when trying on outfits and I can totally help you pick out what goes best with them.

Bailey: The boots are like wow, they can go with so much. Get them all, is getting them all an option!?

Pictures Aunt Megan walking around her house in those boots and that slinky red number, Bailey would love to just come up behind her, his hand on the exposed flesh of the shorter side of the hem and kissing her neck before bending her over the side of her couch. He tilted the screen to shine the line back into the open drawer of the night stand, thinking about how he was actually able to get off with the thing with Aunt Megan and back at the doctor's office, but more importantly with Aunt Megan. Taking the applicator from the drawer he put it next to the cream and opened the jar, he really needed to get off. He hoped the next set of image was just as enticing as he scrolled back up to look at what else she wanted his opinion on. The next set was just two images and both were of lingerie, the first black a full set, bra, panties, thick garter belt and stockings all in black. The lacy lingerie had a almost swirling mesh pattern, they would look incredible on her. The second was a different set all in pink, with much less fabric, they didn't go with any of the outfits if she was going for something matching, but once someone saw her in them it wouldn't matter at all.



Bailey: Auntie those are sexy and like heck!

Bailey: The pink straps would show on like any of the dresses though except the green dress.

Bailey: I dunno if like you have more on your list, but all of it should be on the to get category!

He hadn't even thought about the green dress as being sexy, just cute, but the idea of the pink lingerie on under it changed his opinion completely. He pictures Aunt Megan wearing the green dress, black stockings and those six inch peep toe heels. The heels and stockings sexed up the dress and her letting the dress fall to the floor to show what was under it, that little pink set... "Oh God." Bailey practically moaned from his imagination and the irritation of his now full hard on dick trapped and the harder he got the more uncomfortable the prison felt to him. Putting down the phone for a moment Bailey took a dollop of the cream in one hand and the stupid dildo in the other and applied it across

the surface. Without the light he couldn't see that he had put way too much on it, but he wasn't in the subtle mood at the second. In hand slick with the cream he took the dildo and the phone in the other as he moved the phallic object closer to his pussy. "Sugar!" He said, putting down the phone between his legs, it still on the image of the pink lingerie and struggled to get his panties off before tossing them to the floor. Taking a deep breath Bailey pushed the slimy replica cock into him, sliding the tip in slowly like it was going to hurt. The area of course had no feeling, the most he could feel was the pressure and with the first step taken he pushed the thing all the way in, his fingers holding the end at the base. The entire thick dildo couldn't fit inside the cavity it was too shallow, but it took more than enough in to bother Bailey. His own dick could feel the dildo slide past it and press on it, he had learned the harder his own dick got the tighter the cavity got, so he pulled the thing out almost completely before pushing it in all the way again. The third time he stopped the dildo just at the point before the end of the cavity where he could feel it rub past his own member and worked the thing in and out only about an inch each time. It felt good, but was liking getting a hand job while wearing three condoms.

Closing his eyes Bailey pressed his head into the headboard imagining the woman of his current desires, wearing the things she showed him, bending over and being fucked by him or being pushed onto her back on her kitchen table so that he could put her legs over his shoulders and fuck her. He tried to imagine the replica cock in his hands was his own dick and he was fucking her. It wasn't enough, not nearly enough to bring him to completion, he could do this all night and it would feel good, but never be enough. Panting he opened his eyes, the room now dark with the screen of his phone turning off from being idle. "Like what happened at the office and last night?" Bailey moved his hand up to his sore chest and rubbed it across the area, a spike of electricity ran through him that felt incredible. He did it again and then on the other enlarged peck. "Mmmm" That was part of it, but it couldn't be good for him to mess with something so inflamed, he moved his hand away, but not before tweaking his own nipple. "Gah.. oh." He still had the dildo rubbing in him when his other hand moved down, sliding across his body. He could feel his own long nails gliding across his skin and imagined it was Aunt Megan touching him. His fingers touched his locked in privates finding the spot that he recalled the doctor messing with, the clit. Touching it just for a second caused something

incredible to happen, his manhood felt like like it could have been in a girls mouth or throat as she hummed. The little device wrapped around his dick started to vibrate soundlessly inside the synthskin and gel. With that kind of feeling Bailey started to rub the area causing more and more vibrations on the most sensitive spot of his cock. If either of his hands were free he would have reached over to bring a pillow in front of him or the stuffed bear so he could bite into it and keep himself from moaning too loudly. “Ahhh, ohhh, yes...!” The hand holding the dildo picked up the pace, Bailey was going to cum soon. His balls were pushed up inside of him, but it felt like how they would tense up before he spilled his seed. “Yes, yes, yes, god yes.” Bailey said in a whisper that was louder than he would have liked if he had the mental faculties for such things. Then the door to his bedroom opened, light spilling behind a short platinum blonde girl.

The lights of the apartment were completely out, save the kitchen light and it was more than enough to illuminate Bailey's bed when the door was fully open. “Oh, oops, I will like be back when you are umm... done.” Bailey's mouth was open from breathing hard and the shock of seeing Candi open his door when he was fucking himself with a dildo. The door closed quickly and he pushed the dildo in and out two more times before deciding it was over and pulled the thing free. He knew the cavity now had a mix of his pre-cum and the cream, he hadn't gotten off, but he had followed the doctor's orders. With a lot of regret he put the slick toy away with the cream, not thinking of cleaning it up at that second. If the girl came in once she might do it a second time and he already wanted to just die from embarrassment, he didn't need another round. Sliding off the bed Bailey picked up his phone for light and saw a single message from Aunt Megan. It was a single sentence and a link, the link went to an Amazon page titled Bailey Best's Wish List and showed all the items and more that she had sent him images of. The imaginary image he had of Aunt Megan wearing the slinky red outfit popped in his mind and was replaced with himself in it and bending over just how he had Aunt Megan doing. “I love having a fashionista niece, thank you for the help.” The message from her read and Bailey suddenly went from embarrassed to something worse. He wasn't sure why she would do it to him like that, she could have just said I'm making you a wishlist to buy you things later that you will hate to wear, instead she played with him like a cat plays with a mouse. Opening the bedroom door Bailey looked at Candi who was standing just a few feet away

looking impatient. He wondered why she came in at all and what she must think of him for what he was doing.

“Finally.” She said before walking past Bailey into the bedroom. “Candi, listen about what you saw.” Bailey said following her into the bedroom, seeing her kneeling down on the ground next to her suitcase digging for something. “You looked like mega embarrassed, ok like here it is.” She said holding up one of the oddest things Bailey had seen, the purple device had three appendages all roughly phasing the same way. The main middle one was egg plantish shaped, another looked like a bunch of balls stuck end to end, each one getting smaller and small, while the last looked like it had little bunny ears. He of course knew the thing was a type of dildo and one to stimulate three spots at once, what was shocking about it though was that Candi had one. “See like you don’t need to be embarrassed, every girl needs to have a little self love now and then! Now we are even and you totally don’t have to be embarrassed about me seeing you having a little fun while wearing August’s hoodie.” Bailey looked down at what he was wearing, forgetting that he had the thing on. He worked his jaw a few times, he hadn’t worn it to think of the boy, it was just warm and male. “Listen, it is like isn’t like that.” Candi gave her friend a little wink and pointed the device in her hand at her. “It totally is and it is okay, really, but like if we arn’t even do I like have to show you that every girl does it to for you to be okay?” His eyes went wide and he stumbled on his words, thinking of the girl sitting on his bed using that device . “Wel... Ye... no, no you don’t.” He would love to see that show, but he was more than frustrated enough and there was nothing at all he could do to act upon it.

“Good.” Candi said tossing her toy atop her clothes in the open suit case, and reaching in to grab something else. “What are you doing now?” He asked, wondering what else she was going to pull out. Turning a round she held up a small box device he couldn’t really make out in the bad lighting. Candi stood up and walked over plugging it into an outlet and a soft low purple light filled the room along with the mild scent of lavender. “It is just like a little night light to help me sleep.” She said before walking over to the bed and climbing in. “Wait, aren’t you sleeping on the couch?” Bailey said looking from the night light to Candi and then to the couch out in the living room. “And like why would you

need a night light?" Getting comfortable in the bed Candi fluffed both the pillows and touched her index finger to the nose of the stuffed bear before giving it a little kiss goodnight. "The truth is like, I didn't want you to go to bed because I didn't want to feel lonely and then I was out there and it was dark and I was by myself. So I turned the light on in the kitchen and like then it was too bright and I couldn't sleep and I heard you were still up so I came in and well now I'm here." She bit the inside of her cheek a little, feeling sheepish about the night light. "I'm not like afraid of the dark, but like when it is dark it makes me feel alone like when Daddy is off on a trip and I'm in the house by myself, but when he comes home after I have to already be in bed I see a light come on under my door and it like makes me happy to know he is home and well... I got the night light because it makes me feel not alone like when he comes home." God this girl could give someone a cavity. She is so sweet, Bailey thought. "And now you are going to sleep in my bed?" Candi nodded with a smile showing she was much more awake than Bailey. "Yep, but like I rather think of it as our bed."

Nodding to himself Bailey left the room and turned off the kitchen light before coming back to his room, closing the door behind him and climbing into the small bed he was about to share. It was much smaller than the one he used to share and wasn't keen on the idea, but after a story like he just heard how could he do much else. "Hey Bailey." Bailey internally groaned, he had laid in bed so that his back would face the girl, but with her talking he rolled over to face her. The dim light was enough for him to make out her green eyes as he laid next to her with only a stuffed bear to keep them apart. "Remember when we kissed by accident on that video?" Bailey nodded, he could never forget that moment it was so sudden and not meant to happen and yet so hot that they shared some forbidden kiss and that it happened on camera. "Remember how I like wanted to ask you about something, well like that video got a ton of likes and rewatches. People in the comments went crazy about us kissing." Bailey could feel his heart beat ramping up in speed, especially when he saw her eyes move to his lips. "You like got your lips done and I like know boys would want to kiss you more and I was like thinking..." Here it comes, Bailey thought as he anticipated her wanting to kiss him again. A lot of girls experimented in college or so he heard and he wondered if she wanted to do that with him and if so he wanted to jump at that, but should he? "Yeah?" He answered her,

holding his breath for what she was about to say. “Well like boys love the lesbian stuff and I was thinking what if we like kissed in front of the boys tomorrow. Do you think they would like that?” His heart fell and Bailey took in a breath. She was thinking about Ryan, not him, not even to explore something, just to maybe please a boy. “Candi, you like don’t need to do anything with a boy, for a boy if you don’t want to. You should like do things for yourself, that is totally what I do.” Bailey said thinking about his many conquests.

“Yeah, you like totally do and I wish I could be like you, but like you can help me like I help you.” Candi said, pausing for a moment before continuing. “I think... no I want to do something with Ry, I just like haven't’ done anything beyond kissing before. I know I’m not ready to give a blow job and deff not sex, so like maybe a hand job?” Bailey looked at her hand, seeing her long glossy fingernails and could feel his little brain coming to life again at the thought of that hand wrapped around his dick. “Yeah, well I bet he would like that, but you don't like have to.” He saw her smile for a second at the confirmation before shaking her head slightly and then burying her face in President Bear's back as she brought it up to hide behind. “Nooo, I like want to, I’m just nervous and I thought maybe like if we kissed beforehand it would make things easier because he would already be like you know, because I would just die if I couldn’t get him excited. Do like you think we could do that?” No man that wasn’t having a problem would stay flaccid at this girl's touch, yet she was so afraid at the rejection and her solution was for him to press his lips to hers. “Ahh yeah we could.” With that answer Candi moved the stuffed bear away from her face. “Really!? Like should we practice?” Bailey swallowed his saliva and wondered if he was going to hell as he nodded. When she didn’t move he reached over to the girl who was already incredibly close in the small bed and slid some hair behind her ear and left his hand lingering on her cheek. Sliding closer in the bed Bailey pressed his lips to hers, her soft lips on his thick swollen lips felt wonderful, but she hadn’t kissed him back. Pulling back just slightly to look into her eyes she pulled away more and hardly contained a fit of the giggles.

“That is so weird, I’m like so sorry. Okay, okay lets try again.” He wasn’t sure how he had an ego left to be wounded, but he never had a girl pull away giggling saying how it was

weird when he kissed them. Sitting up in the bed Candi took a deep breath and gave a single exaggerated nod. Sitting up, Bailey braced himself with one hand behind him as he leaned in to kiss her again, this time moving his hand to the nape of her neck as he pressed his lips to hers. This time she kissed back and he opened his mouth just slightly before closing it again and he slowly tilted his head, never breaking contact. He could feel his nipples go hard as his arousal grew, it had happened before when he was reading the texts and playing with himself, but it was a minor concern next to his member coming to life and wanting its freedom. Bailey tried to shift his arm he was using to brace himself up at the same time Candi moved while they kissed, causing him to lose his balance and fall backwards, pulling Candi down atop of him as he still held her. She was partially atop him and pressed in harder with her kiss, being more forceful like he liked to be, but it was for only a second before she pulled away, his grip not having the strength to hold her down with the fall. Though in truth he wasn't sure he even had the strength to out power her with his diet and level of activity lately melting away his muscle. "Okay, okay, okay... yeah they will most deff think that is hot. Oh my god I can't like believe we just did that. Not even kissing cousins, but kissing sisters!" She said not able to contain her giggling anymore. "That's totally us alright" He said looking away from the girl and up to the ceiling fan and wondered why he hadn't considered turning that off earlier or even adjusting the temp when he was cold. "Okay, lets like move on so you can show me about a hand job."

Sitting upright in the bed again Bailey blinked at the girl, wondering where that came from. "Don't be like that, you promised you would help me. I don't have a toy that looks like a mans.. Dingy so show me on yours." Show me on yours, went through his mind and he wished he could pull out his dick so she could practice on him. "We like don't have to do that, its easy. I bet you can do it no prob." He watched the girl glare at him before shoving him back down on the bed. "Show me!" She said in a cutesy, but firm voice. Reluctantly, ever so reluctantly Bailey opened his drawer to reach in, but the nightly wasn't bright enough to illuminate inside. Using his phone as a flashlight he looked in and saw how goopy the white dildo August was and shuddered a little knowing it was inside of him and that it had a fudgeing name. Picking up his second didlo, Bailey mentally sighed at the very idea he had two. He held out the purple thing for Candi to

take, but she crossed her arms and shook her head. "You are supposed to show me, come on don't be like that because I wanted to try kissing." It took a second for his tired mind to unpack what she just said and this time actually sighed. "Candi... I like." He stopped trying to collect his thoughts, she literally had things backwards. "The kissing was fine, that wasn't like a problem." Candi raised an eyebrow before turning her head for her ear to be facing Bailey. "Oh so my kissing is just fine, it is okay. Well I'm sorry some of..." Bailey cut her off slapping both his hands in the air at Candi's, he had long ago picked up the girls habit of talking with her hands and knew he if stopped the movement she would stop to listen. "Did you just slap me with a dildo?" Candi asked with myrrh in her voice, causing Bailey to look at his hand and how he was still holding the thing. The green eyed girl burst into a fit of giggles and laughter, falling down back onto the bed. When she stopped he wiped a tear from her eye and had a massive grin on her face, and almost went into a second fit when she looked at the purple dick in her friend's hand.

"Okay, okay we can like practice that more later, but like tell me what to do with that." She said pointing at it. "I know like you move your hand up and down, I'm not like stupid, but boys get hurt so easy there when you hit them. How do you like make it feel good, but not hurt them. Could you like imagine if I hurt Ry or like bent his dick! I would just die! Wait, can like that really happen?" Pointing the tip of the replica dick at his friend had a small smile on his face. "Shush." When she started to go into another giggling fit Bailey joined her. He had did it on purpose to get her to stop over thinking about things, but he was tired and punch drunk at this point and couldn't help join in. "Like stop! You want me to tell you some stuff or like what?" When she calmed down he considered what to tell her for a couple of moments and almost went to bite his finger, but stopped before he ended up bringing the fake dick to his mouth. "Well like first you pay attention to him, like is his breathing changing cause that is like good and he will tell you if you h urt him, trust me." Candi was nodding along and got the feeling she would like to write this down with the level of focus she suddenly turned toward him. "Have you like hurt a boy before?" Bailey had never even punched someone before, but he had enjoyed spanking girls when having sex or foreplay. "Kinda, but like a good pain." She looked confused at that and he considered telling her how pain can turn people on more, but wasn't comfortable with conversation as it was and didn't want to go into extra detail.

“Don’t worry about that, we can talk about that later or like do you ever watch porn?” Candi shook her head.

“Wait, like full stop. You have like never, I mean like never watched porn?” Candi shook her head no again and shrugged as she sat up and sat in and cross legged style. “Well like maybe a little, but like so little it hardly counts.” Bailey just blinked at her, he had watched so much porn and read so much porn by the time he was her age it was just remarkable to him. “Okay, like forget it then, but you have to give like pressure, I have had... if you don’t squeeze it enough it wont like feel good for him.” He had almost said he had girls only lightly touch his dick and thought she might do that too with how she was afraid to hurt someone. “Don’t like be afraid to use both hands or like touch different spots, like you can play with his balls. Not like everyone likes that, but like cradle them softly and move your fingers or run your finger or nail between them, some guys love that. And like this spot right here.” Bailey said, holding the dildo in one hand and pointing to just the base of the tip with his long nailed index finger. “This is like the most sensitive spot for when you are touching or using your tongue.” Candi shook her head and waved her hands in the air. “No, I like can’t put that in my mouth, I don’t know how you don’t gag. It is like super hot seeing you touching a guy and how they react to you, but I like gag sometimes brushing my teeth.” Bailey nodded, his initial thought was that can be practiced on and changed, but then again this girl doesn’t even watch porn so he wasn’t sure. “That is like it, its super easy. Can we like go to sleep now please it is like way past my bedtime.” He saw her glance back down at the purple dildo before giggling a little, so he turned around and put it away and was taken by complete surprise when she leaned into him and gave him a short but tender kiss on the lips before pulling back and letting out another giggle. “See I can totally kiss better then just okay.” She said in a mater of fact tone before laying back down on the pillow and settled in for the night. Letting himself fall onto his back Bailey reached over and tucked the stuffed bear in the crook of his elbow, closing his eyes and just wondering what he was going to do with this girl and tried to keep his mind away from what he would have to do on the double date the following evening, but at least I would be able to kiss a girl, so yay for that.

Dear Diary

Like NO I am sick of writing girly cutesy things about my day and I need to vent soooo much. Candi is sweet, caring and if I need support that girl would run a mile just to be there for me, but I like can't tell her everything and I know Mommy Mandy would sit in listen to me if I could just get her alone and could tell her things but I totally can't. All of this is messed up, things were bad that first week but after I tried to get away things got so much worse.

My debit card got taken away and I still don't know why my account empty and today I just found out I can't get into the joint account!!!! But that is like getting way ahead of this like whatever you call it. I got dressed up as a preteen girl and people believed it! A little girl tried to be my friend and a boy pulled my hair and all of that felt like it could just be the end of my life I can't like even be sure if that was worse than when I had to swallow cum and that was the lowest point or at this point one of the lowest points of my life. I have learned how to walk/move/bend like a girl sugar fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck I'm not even allowed to curse and have to actively think about using a real curse word but I was saying something...writing something. When I move I am so use to what I was taught I don't think about how I wiggle my ass or how my wrists tend to be bent or how I hardly ever move my hands just above waist level. I am forced to always be smiling and one of the only ways I can keep that up is if I distract myself by looking around a room or daydream and both of those just make it look like I can't stay focused on anything not that I want to be focused on just about anything right now.

My emotions have been going bonkers! I get sad and cry so easily, sometimes I find myself happy for no reason at all, I could be completely embarrassed about something someone said and BOOM emotions say I'm happy and giddy and the same thing happens with me being horny. The other day I was writing in the math work book, god let me tell you about that thing but I was just doing math and suddenly I got incredibly horny for no reason it is like when I was a kid in class and hoping the teacher doesn't call me to the front because I have a hard on for no reason.

What might be worse than all of that is sometimes I really am like having fun or enjoying myself. Like tonight for example I would never pick nail painting as something I want to do and I totally zoned some of the things they were talking about, trying to focus to get it done right. I told myself it was so I wouldn't have to do it again, but I WANTED to do a good job. I could just have done it bad enough a few times and they would have said you don't have to do that anymore, I have done that with Mandy a few times with some chores over the years and jeez even writing it is hard to put down Mandy on the first try after all those flash cards. I know who she is and I know what I would do if I didn't have this stupid thing trapping my dick. So yeah it is hard to admit that I wanted to do a good job for Candi and even though I don't want my toes painted seeing the woman I love smiling as she touches my foot and takes her time to get my nails just right made me smile. I know she loves me but I also know how much she always wanted a daughter. She used to talk about how she loved babysitting Becky when she was younger, but talks like that went away when I refused to have children with her, well... I told her if it happens it happens but it won't after I got myself fixed, never told her that and seeing how happy she is with me pretending to be her daughter the thing she always wanted does make me feel happy sometimes... I love her and seeing her happy makes me happy but what makes her happy is me suffering pretending to be something I am not. I AM NOT A TEENAGE GIRL!!! I am a 18 25 year old man!

That man, I hate I want to hate him. I want to hate Derrick Connors but I can't. The truth is I like him, god he is nice and caring with how he treats me. It feels demeaning to be called princess but he has no relation to me, he could just let Candi keep me occupied as he tries to woo my woman but no he pays me attention, gives me compliments... most of them I do hate. I love my dad, he was a rock and a strong man and was always supportive so long as he had time to think or brew on it like he used to say but he also thought the rearing of children was a woman's job, again his words. He always had some old words like rearing that he said, but my mom. My mom sweeter than Candi but instead of pushy like her she did what she could to stay out of my way, saying I was a boy and needed to find my own way. At one point we went six months without talking because she didn't want to call and interrupt my life because she might be a bother and heck we worked at the same place! Then me... like thinking back I don't know why I just didn't pick up the

phone and call her or ask her to lunch at work. I was just living my life and I didn't think about it. But but Derrick... I am being treated like a kid, a delicate little girl and still it is like both him and Mandy are giving me more support and attention then my real parents. God it is weird to say real parents, that man is not my "daddy" and I just have to wait till this summer is over and it can't be over soon enough for the Connors to just go away. I do want that, I want it so bad I can taste the desire and a part of me will miss Candi, I think I will miss that pushy girl more than I even want to admit to myself. Missing, you know what else I miss DRINKING!

Man I think I could just keep writing and writing here about this, so much more and wow looking back at what I wrote I use the word like way to much and I'm like writing not talking. For now I am Bailey Ann Best, a pretty teenage girl with a room temp IQ, daughter of Amanda Rose Best and I spend my days with my best friend Candace Ann Connors, god I almost wrote Best for Candi like she was my sister. When this summer is over Derrick will go back home and I will be with myself again so long as that PI does his job, I will be with my love again in the way I want, she will have the job she always desired and she deserves she works so hard and I wish I didn't fight with her about it before. I will get my old life back when summer is over and I guess I will also be losing a great friend. As good as it felt to write this all out, I can't keep it in the book I have to tear it out and start my "real" diary entry I guess.

Opening the bedroom door Amanda was surprised to find both the girls laying in bed together. Both still sleeping, Bailey was facing her and looked like she was wearing August's hoodie while she held onto her stuffed bear. While Candi was behind her, arm laying over Bailey's waist. Stepping into the room she didn't think she was going to have to wake Bailey up with how early a riser Candi had been, but she needed them to get a move on if they were going to drive her to the office. Before she could reach them her foot landed a piece of fabric, looking down she saw Bailey's panties laying on the floor. A spike of fear gripped for for a second with Bailey laying in bed with the pretty girl before she remembered the study April had gotten Bailey into and made a mental note to thank her friend again, if Candi had crawled into bed with Bailey in the middle of the night and saw an erection she imagined she would have been awakened to a scream, instead she

had no idea. "Girls, it is time to get up." Amanda said gently touched each of their shoulders. Opening his eyes, Bailey fluttered his long lashes to see what was going on as the cloud of sleep left his mind. "Mommy, please let me sleep, she like snored for most of the night." Bailey whined seeing Amanda standing by the bedside in her robe and her hair up in a towel.

"Hmmm!?" Candi made the noise as she slowly sat up and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. "Oh, like good morning Miss Best ah yeah good morning." Amanda smiled at Candi and reached down and ran her fingers through Bailey's hair. "Good morning Candi and sorry pumpkin you both have to get up and get ready if you want to use the car today. Would you rather sleep in or use the car?" She said the last part looking at Candi. "I can be like ready in a jiff!" Amanda let out a small chuckle at the sudden wakefulness of the girl at the mention of use of the vehicle. "You both have time to get ready, but I need you both to pick me up a little early and take me over to my sisters." She took in a deep breath and let it out before continuing. "We are going to get out for a bit and go to a book club and I can her just take me home after." Looking down at Bailey who didn't look like she wanted to get up, Candi gave the older woman a sleepy smile. "It like sounds like you could use the car lots more than us and we didn't sleep that great." Bailey didn't move but shifted his gaze to see if he could see the girl talking over him, he couldn't but he responded to what she said anyhow. "Because you were snoring." Candi slapped her friend's shoulder lightly with her fingers. "I couldn't help it I was all stuffy like I told you." She said to her friend, before looking back up. "So like I think we will take it easy and can just uber to go up to the mall today, but like we appreciate the offer." Amanda nodded and turned toward the door, stopping in the door way to look at the two. She could see Candi scooting back into bed to get comfortable and smiled at the two, it was cute seeing them snuggling up and she wished she had her phone to show it to Derrick. "Well, you two have a good day then, I will leave a chore list on the table for each of you and Bailey do not forget Candi is in charge."

The door was closed, but not shut all the way and Bailey cared little about the list or who was in charge right now, he just closed his eyes again. Content at getting his way and being allowed to go back to sleep. "I don't snore that loud." Keeping his eyes closed Bailey

ignored the comment. "I said I don't like snore loud." Candi repeated a little louder, not that she needed to with the two being cuddled up next to one another. "You do, now shush." She was right up against him, he could feel the heat from her body as they spooned in the small bed, but suddenly he felt her slap him lightly three times. "Don't you shush me." The blows didn't hurt, but they were annoying when he wanted to sleep. "Candi, I'm trying to sleep shush." With how close they were he could feel her take a deep breath and realized he shouldn't have said shush again. "Oh I see how it is, did you hear Mom. She said I was in charge and maybe I should spank you for being rude." She punctuated the sentence with pulling the bed sheets down and slapping Bailey's exposed ass once. "Candi, please..." Bailey said pulling the covers back up, but instead of her leaving him alone or slapping him again he felt her start to tickle him. "Stop!" Candi smiled as he hands reached under the hoodie her friend was wearing and started to tickle her sides and up to her armpits. "Say you are sorry for being rude to your older sister." She said as she continued her efforts hearing Bailey start to giggle uncontrollably.

Down the hall in her bedroom Amanda was buttoning her blouse as she heard Bailey start to giggle and soon both the girls were at it. She smiled and decided to take a peek at what was going on that had them both laughing so much in the morning when only a few minutes ago they were saying how they wanted to sleep in. With the door not fully closed she was able to peek through the crack and watch the two moving about on the bed tickling one another or using a pillow as a shield or as a thrown object. Her smile only grew witnessing the glee on their faces as they laughed and had fun. Laughter wasn't something often heard in this apartment, and she loved hearing it, but she had to continue to get ready for work and left them to their games. Tonight, she wouldn't try to make Candi sleep on the couch, that didn't work last night, and it looked like no harm was done and she really shouldn't have doubted Bailey. She hoped the two had a good day, at least one better than yesterday for Bailey. It sounded like they were going to go up to the mall and then later watch a movie and order in with the boys, she did need to remember to take the documents out of her purse for them to head up to the DMV to get her ID corrected, she thought as she went about getting ready for work. When the girls came out of the bedroom, they found they were alone with a piece of paper left out on the kitchen table. The house was still cool from the lower temperate overnight and Bailey

could really feel it now that he wasn't wearing the hoodie anymore, taking it off when Candi teased him about wearing her boyfriend's sweater. Picking up the paper Bailey looked at what was expected for him to do around the apartment to earn his allowance.

Bailey - Clean bathroom both bathrooms, that means scrubbing the toilets, the tub/showers, the mirrors, wiping down surfaces, mopping the floors after you sweep. Do not forget to wash your clothes.

Candi - Dust the apartment, use glass cleaner and the can of wood cleaner when doing so.

"Sugar look at this, I have to do like a lot more than you." Bailey said handing the note over to Candi who just shrugged when looking at it. "Well I'm not helping you with your chores today. Unless..." Bailey perked up at that last word. "Unless what?" He saw the girls devilish smile, but still wanted to know what it would cost him to not have to spend most of the scrubbing. "You already owe me a favor for losing to me at the video game before and I like really haven't forgotten and I will call you on it, but you can owe me another one." Touching his index finger to his lip Bailey bit down lightly on his long nail, feeling the glossy slick surface slide off as he pulled his hand away. "Like absolutely you can help me with the chores for a favor, done, deal, no backsies." He said thinking about how he had forgotten about the first owed favor, but he was sure she had too till this moment and not much would come of it before they parted ways. "Yep, no backsies!" Candi replied smiling trying to think what she could make her friend do that she wouldn't already go along with if she urged her. "It is like still early." Candi said looking at the clock. "We have like loads of time to do stuff today, so how about we start with the pool and we can like do some morning exercise there."

While Candi went off to use the bathroom to get ready for the day and change for the pool, Bailey still in his babydoll nightie went into the hallway next to the bathroom and opened the closet door that blocked the view to the washing machine. Still atop it the clothes hamper with half of his clothes, he pulled it down and opened the machine to see the clothes he put in there yesterday before he went to the park. "Sugar... I forgot." Bailey said blowing out a breath before adding some more soap to rewash the clothes now that

they were left in there all day like that. "God like what am I even going to wear today." He knew he didn't have many options left and really didn't want to end up walking around in a club dress or he might give Candi an idea of something they needed to go do. As much as he hated all his girly clothes it was far better to have them then to not. If Mandy had kept them much longer he would have been down to being in just lingerie, he was sure.

He made it back into the bedroom right as Candi exited the bathroom dressed in her red and white striped bikini and the white knit cover up.

"Ok sis the bathrooms all yours! Go ahead and get changed so we can hit the pool. But like I don't know how much hot water is left." Candi said as she came back into the room and started fixing her makeup at the vanity. Bailey grudgingly went over to his dresser to grab his swimsuit but stopped short when he opened the nearly empty drawer finding only a few pairs of panties and a jumble of pink cloth that appeared to be another bikini that he didn't remember buying. It looked like very little fabric and mostly string. "Oh sugar no" he thought as he quickly shut the drawer before Candi could see the scandalous garment that he was not about to let see the light of day. He quickly dashed to the laundry room searching the hamper but no finding neither bikini in it. With dread he stopped and opened the washer only to find both of them inside soaked and covered in soap. Defeated, he turned to go back into the bedroom only to find Candi staring at him from the doorway. "What's the matter sis is like everything ok? I don't think I've ever seen you run that fast." Said a concerned Candi. Bailey just shook his head trying to figure a way out of wearing the bikini that must have been Aunt Megan's sugared work. Suddenly Bailey had a plan he tried to explain to Candi what had happened. "So I like totally messed up. I was trying to do good and start my laundry, but I wasn't thinking and I had both my bikinis in there. So now I like don't have anything to wear to the pool and I have ruined our morning." Said Bailey trying to act upset while inside praying that this would get him out of spending another day at the pool. "Oh silly, the day is totally not ruined. You are so dramatic at times. You can just borrow one of my suits. I swear you are so forgetful sometimes. You know we can share clothes." Candi said as she shook her head at her friend's lack of memory and took Bailey by the hand and pulled him back into the bedroom. Candi searched her suitcase looking up at Bailey every so often until she

finally found what she was looking for. "Oh, this one will be perfect. It's an older one of mine from the beginning of last summer but it's super cute and it should fit you even if it's a little small." She said as she tossed the suit to Bailey. Thinking quickly, Bailey grabbed the breast pads he had been using and moved towards the bathroom before Candi could insist he change right there in front of her. "Totally! It looks super cute and it's so sweet of you to lend it to me sis! I will be right back. I just want to run and tinkle. I'll change and then we can get going."

Stepping into the bathroom, Bailey first went about the process of relieving himself, still disturbed by the strange sensation of going with his member secured in the weird gel. After cleaning the area he stripped out of his nightie and took a moment to examine himself in the mirror. He did not like what he saw, not even a little bit. It was getting harder and harder to see the man he was even now stripped down to nothing; his body just looked far too much like any other teen girl. With his member hidden away so convincingly he could only see the girl he had become. He grimaced as he took stock of just how much he had changed. Mandy had been right about his weight loss. Between his new diet and the use of the corsets his waist was noticeably narrower. He had always been thin but his waist now had a slight dip to it as your hips flared out somewhat. It looked like the corset had forced the little fat you had down on to your hips and upon inspection your ass. The lack of real food had melted away his muscle, not that he had a lot before, but it showed in tone with how skinny he was, but now even that was gone. Turning in the mirror he was further shocked by the way his ass seemed more perky and yet jiggled slightly with each move you made. He thought about Candi's comment the day before, that combined with the aggravating swelling on your chest gave the impression of a more hourglass shaped figure than no man should have. Thinking about his chest drew his gaze over the swollen mass protruding from his chest. They were so sensitive and had ached the last few days and despite the breast forms now being off for a few days his chest had not gotten any smaller if anything he thought it looked like they might be even more swollen than before. He gently cupped one before gasping as his finger moved over his nipple causing a shock of pleasure to course through his body. A sudden knock at the door drew him back to reality. "Hurry up girl, we want to make sure we get a good spot to tan. Early bird gets like the best tanning spot!" Said an impatient Candi outside the door.

"Oh I'm almost ready just give me a sec." He said before quickly grabbing the bikini. He quickly slid the tropical patterned bottoms up his legs, the straps riding high on his hips as they snapped tightly into place. Turning around he saw a lot more of his ass on display than he liked but didn't see that he was spoiled with choices at this point. Candi had said it was an old suit and it apparently was cut in a cheekier style. Trying not to think about it he moved on to the top, noting the tag said it was a 32B. It was a violet bralette style top covered in yellow polka dots. He quickly got the top fastened in place after struggling with it as it seemed rather tight. He then went to put the padding into the cups when he made a horrifying discovery. The cups were already full... and not just full almost too full as the mass of flesh they now contained pressed the top to its limits. Letting the breast pads fall to the counter, Bailey went numb inside as his eyes rested on his chest. All the things that had happened over the last few days settled into place in his mind. From Megan's teasing to the nurse's comments, and finally Mommy's concerns. Something was wrong... dreadfully wrong. He couldn't deny what was right before his own eyes anymore. He had tits. Not just little breasts or swelling but actual tits that filled out this bikini top better than some of the girls he had dated in the past. Here he was wearing what was apparently a full B cup top and his breast only just fit without spilling over. He racked his brain trying to come up with a reason why this was happening when his mind locked on to an old memory he hadn't thought about for about a decade.

Twelve year old Bailey was sitting in a doctor's office waiting while his mother spoke with that doctor out in the hall. Then coming back in and talking to him letting him know that everything was going to be ok. Something was wrong but he didn't really understand it, he just knew all his friends were getting taller and they're voices had changed but he was still so small and stunted. The doctor listed off a bunch of medical stuff with the words hormonal imbalance lodging in his mind. His mother just hugged him and told him everything was fine and that the doctor was going to fix everything. He remembered getting a few shots and having to take some special vitamins that his mom gave him but soon enough he started growing and his voice shifted into a more masculine tone even if it never got deep and he still stayed on the smaller side.

Thinking back on that time now he realized what had been happening and it helped him

make sense of what was happening now. He realized now that he must have had some sort of hormone issues that his mother and doctor took care of. With that new understanding he calmed himself down a bit. He had no idea how or why but what was happening to his body now must be related in some way to whatever happened when he was a kid. He needed to see a doctor as soon as possible. Unfortunately with Candi here for the next few days that might not be possible right away. Then there was the matter of insurance. He hadn't had any for some time but now, according to Miss April, he did. As much as he hated it he would need to ask Mommy or Miss April about that so he could get this fixed. He remembered things turning around pretty quickly for him as a kid so he figured that all these changes having happened so quickly could be just as quickly reversed with the right medicine. Thinking of medicine he made another mental note to ask about getting some more pills from Candi and Aunt Megan before they ran out. Those pills had been a lot of help with keeping his energy up to be with Candi and the other pills, he couldn't imagine how flustered he would be without them or how many times he could have gotten caught if he got to turned on before this stupid cock prison was put on him. Still absolutely in shock at his newly realized breasts he took a deep breath and steeled himself to endure the next few days until he got this all put right. It was a hormone thing or at least it used to be and maybe is now, he wasn't sure, but it was a quick fix before and he was sure it could be now.

The door suddenly popped open and Candi burst in. "What is taking you so long!" She said before pausing with a grin as she took in the sight of Bailey in her bikini with the obvious breast pads left on the counter. It looked like Bailey had been admiring herself in the mirror and Candi couldn't blame her. She looked her friend over, so happy to see how well she was developing. She couldn't believe how much her little pills had helped her friend. She was about to mention what she had done but thought better of it. Best to play it cool for now. She seemed to get so upset last time she had brought up her breast size. She decided that she would just have to work harder to build up her confidence first. Walking up to her friend Candi bumped hips with her before looking into the mirror with her friend. "Girl you look so totally hot in that bikini. It fits you so much better than it ever did me the few times I managed to wear it. Daddy was not a fan of it, he thought it showed too much. But I like think it's just right on you and I am super jealous of that ass.

I wish mine was that big." She said as she reached back and playfully slapped Bailey's ass. "Hey..." Bailey said putting his hand on his rear end and looking at Candi's ass. "Ahh no you are dreaming." And I'm having a nightmare, Bailey mentally added.

Still Bailey blushed as his butt shook in the little bikini bottoms. "I so do not have a big ass" he said as he again tried to check it in the mirror. "Come on sis let's get a move on you'll have plenty of time to primp in front of the mirror later before the boys get here." Candi said as she pulled Bailey back into the bedroom to get some shoes and hit the pool.

Inserting the pink key into the lock to get inside the apartment, Bailey looked back to Candi still trying to get used to how she looked now that she decided to get the same thing done to herself that was forced on Bailey. Her lips looked much more inviting now that they had been plumped, and her eyes looked more alluring with the long lashes. When they went to get that done he had mostly forgotten about the tall Russian woman from his appointment, his mind had felt so foggy that day, but she had recognized him when he walked in with Candi. "Little Bol, you have come back! You come back to maybe go a little bigger, make more inviting, yes?" Bailey touched the pad of his index finger feeling his thick bottom lip. Imagining how horrible this could go, he wasn't suppose to get his lips done at all last time and now she wanted to go bigger. If he went any bigger he thought men might just be emboldened to walk up to him on the street to ask him how much. To the other two standing there it looked like Bailey was considering doing just that before she shook her head and declined with a smile on her face. "The appointment is like for me, I am getting my teeth whitened, lips done and eyelashes like my sister. I'm still a little upset she came to do this without me. Oh and like what does bol mean?" Katya clapped her hands once and smiled like she had figured something out as she looked between the two platinum blondes. "I should have seen, yes I see dvoynyashki." She nodded. "What?" Both Bailey and Candi said at the same time, not sure what she had said. "Yes, umm." Katya took a moment to organize her thoughts before replying. "Bol is baby, dvoynyashki means twins." She emphasized the word twins by pointing each of her index fingers at the girls and then touching the fingers together. "I will make you krasivaya like sister, means beautiful."

Candi had a big grin on her face as she looked at Bailey, loving that she called them twins and how cute it was that Bailey was called a baby in Russian and beautiful. "Oh yes please, I would love to be *krasivaya*!" Candi giggled. Bailey watched the teen go off with Katya as the older woman corrected her on how to pronounce the word just right. Then suddenly like that he was alone at the salon, inside the mall and after going through the same process he knew he had a few hours to kill. Looking out into the mall he considered what he could do to kill the time, each option seemed bad. He already hated walking around in one the last remaining articles of clothing he had, the tight workout pants that hugged his legs and lifted his ass, a shirt he had to borrow from Candi because he was out of tops, the thing a plain peach colored t-shirt that exposed an inch of his stomach and on his feet were his singular pair of sneakers, but sadly they were those type that had a build in wedge heel and he did not want to go around the mall looking that way. If he had money he could spend away the time in the arcade, he could even go pick out a shirt for Derrick so they could just leave when Candi was done, but he had no money and walking around the mall would just encourage people to look at his rear end and God forbid if Leam wasn't at work and was at the mall again. No he wouldn't be doing that so instead he sat down inside the salon, and pulled out his phone and was disgusted to see his wishlist had grown and he had no power to add or delete anything from it. Bored out of his mind Bailey ended up reading through three different magazines before Katya came out with Candi in tow. "*Krasivaya dvoynyashki*!" Candi said walking up to Bailey, saying her understanding of the words beautiful and twins in the forean language. "No, is *krasivyye bliznetsy*. Is different." Candi closed one of her eyes and furrowed her brow for a moment, before showing her head. "I like do bad enough in english class." Katya tended to appear more reserved than Bailey with how often she smiled, but that brought a small smile to her face. "Da, yes english so difficult. You use same word for different things, is *bezumiye*. Hmm, means madness."

Looking at her now all done up he thought about how he would be kissing her later that evening and felt something awaken in him and tried to think if he remembered to take his pills this morning in the rush to get ready for the pool and the horrible discovery and remembering the shots he had gotten when he was younger and how he needed to see a doctor to get this all under control, but just couldn't decide if he had or not and how he

better go take some now before he forgot again. “Ya like now I still can’t believe you made me buy two shirts for your Dad, I like only ripped one.” Bailey said as he took the shirts out of the bag and placed them on the table next to the chore list that was left there for him. “Well, I bought them, and you need to make sure you got him something he would like.” Bailey put his hands on his hips and looked at his friend, not realizing how much he was imitating the Best sisters at that second. “You... said he would love both of them.” Candi nodded at the statement, glancing down at the two checkered button up shirts, one blue checks on white, the other purple checks on white. “Oh yeah, Daddy will def love both of them, but like how would you know that? We may think it is cute, but boys think differently. Oh my god we should totally go to the mall with the boys this weekend and buy them a shirt to wear for our next date. Think how cute it will be to go shopping with them!” Bailey did not want to consider a shopping date where he picked out the clothes for another man to wear on a date with him and stayed focused on the topic that she had just used to attack his ego without knowing. “I KNOW he will LOVE THEM because like you told me, ya know his daughter, having like insight and stuff.” Bailey felt flabbergasted like she was purposely winding him up as she waving her hand in the air like his point had no merit. “He will love that you got him two more than if you got him like just one. Not only does he get two nice shirts, but he will know you took extra care to think of how he would like something. Trust me, I like know how to score points with Daddy and before you know it he will also think of you like a daughter and we both will have insight into OUR Daddy.” She said leaning forward with a beaming smile, as if she had just won some debate. “Ahh, fine, like it matters now.” Looking nervously at Candi, he could see mischief in her eyes. “What?” He watched as her eyes shifted between the shirts and then Bailey. “Like what are you thinking...?”

“Since you like wore his shirt before, what if you put on each of these and like we send a photo to Daddy to see if he likes them and what he likes better?” Taking a step back Bailey shook his head as he waved his hands so she knew he wanted nothing to do with that, he had learned his lesson about putting on his clothes, nothing good would come of it. “Come on... it would be like adorbs!” Bailey looked at the shirts, he would rather wear the oversized button up shirts than the borrowed tight peach shirt he wore now, but it wasn’t worth the embarrassment from being photographed in it, let alone what else

might come of another one of her ideas. “Ya know, you are sooo right that isn’t like good enough. Ok, so like new plan.” She said as she started to take the pins out of the shirts that held it rigid. “You wear the purple one and I will wear the blue and we can like take some photos together. Then Daddy can see the shifts and how umm what did she say we were?” Candi couldn’t remember the russian words even though she practiced them with Katya, but when she saw no recognition in her friend’s face she realized she was asking the wrong person, if she didn’t remember there was no way Bailey had a clue. “I was trying to go for the Russian beautiful twins thing, but forget it. Here put this on.” She said handing over the shirt with the purple pattern. “Could I like wear the blue one?” He asked wanting to at least wear the more masculine color if he was going to be forced into the course of action he had just made clear he didn’t want to do. “Aww! Yeah of course! I was totally trying to be nice and let you wear the prettier one, but I am not going to get into who is nicer war, even if I would absolutely win.” Bailey gave her a genuine smile, she absolutely would, not only was she nicer, but his original opinion of her being like a freight train and anyone getting in her path would have to be pulled along or run over, so he was not going to argue with her. “You are like way nicer, but like if you want when summer is over if you want my clothes you can have them, I like wont need them. I mean, ahh, umm.”

Bailey was just thinking about how nice she was and clothes and how even though everything was dirty or in the wash right now he wouldn’t really need them and hadn’t considered what he would say as to why he wouldn’t. “Look who is getting all confident in how she looks, but like you are not going to get as big in the chest as your Mom overnight and you are NOT going to tell me I win and then try to one up me. I like have so much still at home and one call to Daddy I can double your wardrobe.” Shaking his head Bailey realized he was doing that lot lately and the answer repeatedly kept being yes instead of his emphatic answers of no. He really did not want this to escalate, and was really just trying to do something nice for her when this was all over. “No? You are saying no to more clothes? The girl who literally had to borrow a shirt because she ran out of clothes to wear?” Looking over to the closed closet door where the washer and dryer are, Bailey really wished he remembered to change the clothes over the previous day. “I’m like good on clothes, I just need to like actually wash them. Mommy used to do all the this, but like

its my job now.” With that Bailey started to move to the washing machine to move the clothes over to the dryer with Candi following close behind. “Oh I see, you just rather pick out your own clothes. Yeah, I don’t think I could get Daddy to take pictures of my clothes for you to pick out some stuff. But don’t like try and fib to me little sister, no one is going to buy the line of you thinking you have enough clothes.” Ignoring the barb, Bailey started to move the now clean clothes that had at this point been washed twice into the dryer. “So are we like twins or am I your little sister? You like can’t have it both ways.” Candi shrugged, walking away now that she said what she wanted to say. “Yes I can, and like if we were twins doesn’t mean I couldn’t be older. Wait, do you like think twins are born at the exact same time?” She asked turning around with a look of wonder on her face at the absurdity of what she believed Bailey thought. “No, like of course not that would be stupid.” Candi put her hand over her mouth trying to hold in a laugh, thinking she had answered way to quick for that to be true, but didn’t want to make her feel bad by laughing. One thing her Mom did was make sure Candi never felt bad about not keeping up with others in school, it was something she still struggled with, but she was not going to let Bailey call herself stupid. A warm memory bubbled to the surface of her mind when she had gotten an F on her report card and told her Mom how she really tried, but she was just to stupid for school. She felt small, warm and loved at the memory of her Mom pulling her into her embrace, one hand patting her back as she held of tears as she was told she was not close to being stupid. “Bailey it is okay that you thought that, but like never call yourself stupid. You think differently, everyone has things they are good at and things they are bad at and so long as we keep trying to be better, not only will we be. But like the world will be better because you are not just in it, but doing your best.”

Her eyes watered up a little as the words her Mom once said to her, or at least something close to that came out of her mouth to help build up her friend. “I know we both can be like ditzy and space out at time.” You more often than me Candi mentally added. “But like neather of us are stupid. Most boys cant like color coordinate at all, but like we can put together an outfit. That doesn’t mean they are stupid, we like just think diferently.” Bailey looked over at Candi, hearing her kind words. He hated acting like some brainless bimbo, and he could see her eyes filling with tears. He figured she must be drawing a line

directly from Bailey saying that line was stupid and drawing it right to herself. Walking away from his clothes he wrapped his hands around her to give her a hug. "You are like not stupid, please don't like every think that. You have made money off of Youtube and like literally have been scheming to get our parents to fall in love and get married. Those are like not things someone stupid could like ever do." He felt her arms circle around him and pull him tightly to her. The tight embrace caused his chest to press into her breasts, a feeling that he was not used to, it was odd and slightly erotic. His thoughts went back to the pills that he needed to go take before he finished moving the clothes over, once he was done making his friend feel better. "I promise I wont, if you promise me you wont, and like don't be giving me all the credit with our parents, you have like done plenty and I promise to help you with your video channel, we can like even do another video for you before we get ready for the boys. How does that sound?" Candi said pulling out of the embrace, but leaving her hands on her friend. "Lovely, it sounds like great." It sounds lovely? Bailey asked himself, wondering the last time he heard anyone use the word. He shook his head slightly with his same pasted on smile as he went to go take his pills, wondering what kind of makeup video he was going to have to do, so that he could make her feel better, but considering they hadn't taken photos with the button up shirts, he was sure that embarrassment was still in is future.

Sitting down on the floor Indian style, Bailey looked down at what he held in his all too feminine hands. In one hand was the toy pink Barbie car he got for his birthday, and in the other the Skipper doll that came with it. His new camera was setup on a tripod pointing down to just catch his hands on the toys. Candi had a wonderful idea to continue the video diary with Bailey using the toys as props for the start of the production to tell the internet about how amazing his birthday was. "It is really a shame I didn't think of this earlier, we could have totally bought a Barbie to be me." Bailey rolled his eyes at the idea of basically playing Barbies with Candi and doing so on video, not that what he was about to do was much better. "Don't you roll your eyes at me, it would have been an absolute delight! Could you like imagine if we met when we were little and really got to play with our Barbies together? I had like so many and like you I purged them, but I totally wish I didn't now." Bailey looked the Skipper doll in its lifeless, smiling face and wondered how much better his face looked with the smile he kept on his

face without thinking most of the time. It was a little startling when he first noticed when walking by a mirror the other day to see how happy he looked while dusting the apartment. He sure as heck wasn't happy, but no one would know by just looking at him. Maybe that was what he was at this point, stuck playing the roll of a doll for Aunt Megan and Mommy. He guessed Candi could also be put in that category with how she had him posing for photos in the shirt that he was getting as a gift for Derrick. One pose had them both sitting on the couch with their legs crossed. Bailey twirling his hair with his left hand, while Candi mirrored him. The second was them standing back to back, their hands forming make believe guns like they were part of Charlies Angels. In the first photo Bailey was sure he couldn't look any more like a ditz unless he was making a bubble with bubble gum, the second Candi lamented not having the time to make their hair bigger. Both were sent off her Dad from Bailey's phone. Both photos had been taken with Bailey's new camera that Candi was happy to set up and use, much like she was now with the video.

Bailey: Like Hiiii!

Sitting next to him on the couch Candi let him send the text messages, but she told him what to write, saying she was in charge and part of being in charge was making sure Bailey sent the perfect message to win points he really didn't want to win with her father.

Bailey: So we went 2 the mall and I got u two shirts I really liked and we decided 2 model them for u. Tell me what you think! Do u like them?

Derrick: Aww those are cute photos, I might print one of those out for my desk. Did you send those to your mom too?

Bailey: Just U

"Oh my god that would be like so cute on his desk, and like we really should send them to your Mom, she would like die, they are so adorbs." Bailey didn't even so much as look over at his friend, just looked down at the screen, waiting for the conversation to end.

Derrick: Too good not to share, I bet she will want to do the same as me.

Closing his eyes Bailey wondered if he could die from embarrassment, it was a brief thought, he knew it couldn't happen after what happened with the fudging toddler or however old he was that pulled his hair at the park that afternoon.

Derrick: You didn't have to replace my shirt at all, and you really did not have to get me two.

Bailey: But like I didn't know if u would like them.

Derrick: They both look great, I'm especially fond of the models though, they both look rather pretty.

"Aww, he is so sweet. Tell him that compliments are like always welcome, no wait. Tell him to stop because it is making you blush." This time Bailey looked away from his phone screen and just blinked at Candi for a moment. "It sounds like you are trying to get me to flirt with your Dad." Candi quickly shook her head and gave Bailey a look to show how ridiculous that idea was. "Pfff, not even and ewww. Just like do it, he loves playful banter."

Bailey: Aww, stop making me blush!

Derrick: If I am making you blush then I will tell you the same thing I told your mother. No, I will not stop, but I do wish I was there to see it.

Derrick: Though I understand you have a date with that Gates boy, I don't know much about fashion, but I would suggest changing before he arrives.

"Daddy is so bad with names, you are going to have to tell him your boyfriend's name and like more than once really." Looking up to the ceiling, Bailey took a deep breath and just let his eyes move across the popcorn ceiling in the apartment before he spoke. "He isn't my boyfriend and like you know that." He felt her lean into him at the shoulder. "But you want him to be." She said in a cutesy voice. Giving her a light shove, Bailey went back to talking to Derrick, wishing he could get to making the video. That level of hell would be

superior to this one.

Bailey: Yes his name is August and like of course I'm going to change silly!

Derrick: Well you and Candace have fun, but don't let the boys talk you into something you don't want to do.

His finger was about to turn off the screen when the device vibrated once more, flustered that the older man wanted to keep talking to who he thought was a teen girl he considered ignoring it, but with Candi next to him decided it wouldn't work out for him. Looking back at his messages he saw it wasn't him at all, but a message that said "Mommy" and he wondered if Aunt Megan would be upset or make him change the contact back if he updated it to something less childlike.

Mommy: Hey Pumpkin, those photos of you and Candi are rather cute. Make sure you wash those shirts before you hang them up in the closet.

Bailey: You like don't want me to put them in the suitcase?

Mommy: I will take care of all of that, we do not want them to get wrinkled.

Mommy: Also before I forget, I did not leave your documents on the table this morning like I wanted. Looks like I left your birth certificate at the office when I pulled it out to double check what it had for your date of birth.

Mommy: Sorry, you will just have to hold on a little longer to get your ID corrected.

Mommy: Do not have time to chat, but I love you and have a good day.

Bailey: K, <3 u 2

With everything going on today, from the discovery, the pool, making sure he did the ballerina exercise that Candi seemed happy to do alongside of him at the pool, borrowing a shirt and doing chores, the ID issue had completely slipped his mind. Now that he remembered it bothered him a little, but now that he had time to cool down it wasn't a big deal. He was a twenty five year old, even if his brain initially went to eighteen for the correct answer, what did one more year demotion matter? He contemplated that answer as Candi said something to him and left the couch. Difference was between a minor and an adult, it should matter, he just couldn't work himself up to it at that moment, though he

was sure it would flare up again when he was told he couldn't do something because he was a minor. At the very least he was old enough to go see a rated R movie, something Aunt Megan would tell him he was too young for if she kept him around last weekend. Bailey shuddered at the thought of her threat of putting him a diaper or the little girls bathing suit to play in the sprinklers and was happy to count his blessings that he at least got to be a big girl.

The camera focused on the ground in front of Bailey, just able to his yoga pants encased legs. The pink plastic car rolled into frame, Bailey's hand pushing it forward till it was right in front of him. Opening the little car door he had the skipper doll, that was dressed in a little black sparkly party dress, get out and move it so that its arms were on the roof of the vehicle. With his other hand Bailey tilted the doll's head to the lens of the camera. "Hi, I'm Skipper!" Bailey moved one of the hands to wave at the camera as he spoke in a more chipper voice he imagined Barbie's little sister using, a fact Candi had mentioned. "I'm Bailey's best friend and..." The camera picked up a loud voice yelling off screen. "She is not your best friend!" Bailey pivoted the doll's head to look off to where Candi sat watching from his bed and moved the doll's hand to touch its forehead before making it look back to the camera. None of this was exactly scripted, and he didn't really expect her to try to start a fight with a doll over some imaginary title of bff, but he rolled with it, otherwise he would have to start all over. "I'm one of Bailey's best friends and I'm here to tell you all about Bailey's birthday." The camera picked up Candi still talking to the doll like it was a real person. "And mine!" Bailey moved the doll's arm to top the roof of the plastic car like it was frustrated at how ridiculous his friend was being. "Hi, I'm Skipper, and I'm here today as one of Bailey's best friends to tell you about her and her older sister's eighteenth birthday." Bailey glanced over at Candi to see if she had anything to say about that before he moved on.

Using the doll as the medium to tell the story was an interesting idea, and while he felt stupid playing with dolls it was better than having a camera looking at his face, though the other downside was talking in the extra girly voice that he was sure he wouldn't have been able to pull off a few weeks ago. "Bailey wrote all this down in her diary, and I would just love to tell you all about it. Bailey shifted the doll back away from the car like it was

walking backwards before placing the diary in front of the doll, leaning on the pink car, the book opened to the correct page. Bailey moved the doll's arm like it was tracing the words on the page to get familiar with what it said and giving him a moment to mentally brace himself for what he was about to say. "So, like oh my god so much happened this day, it was Bailey's birthday! But also like not really because it was just being celebrated so Bailey could share a party with her big sis, gosh she is so lucky."

"You see, Miss April who is kinda like my ahh." Bailey paused and turned the doll to look back at him, before having it go back to the camera. "Miss April is like Bailey's Aunt, but not like related because she is best friends with her Mommy and like works for her and has known Bailey since she was little. Oh yeah and get this she is like Auggy's big sister. Oh umm Auggy is someone who I am, I mean Bailey is dating and she gave me advice on how to take things further with him and I totally want to." Bailey paused again, trying to remember to talk as if it was the doll and not himself. "Skipper, I'm dating August, not you." Bailey said in his normal voice, as he pivoted the doll to the side and had it look up at him then back at the camera before whispering in the doll's voice once more. "She is so lucky." Saying it like it was a secret just between the doll and anyone watching. "Well anyhow, Miss April took Bailey to a little dress shop that had the cutest dresses that her Mommy went to who knows when to pick out a dress for her on this totally special day. The dress they picked up was black, and had this short tulle skirt that was just fab. Bailey went on talking as the doll and reading the diary entry from it's perspective. "Well it looks like she had a really full day and I gotta like tell ya I am super jealous, but I at least got my car. I hope everyone out there enjoyed today's Diary Life stories. Tata for now!" Bailey had the doll wave to the camera before bending over to look at the camera sideways and wave the fingers of his free hand to say goodbye and end the video. As Bailey looked up he saw Candi press both her hands together in front of her mouth and the too familiar high pitched sound started as she got excited. "Bailey, Bailey, Bailey that was sooo amazing! Ohmygodifwetagthisforbarbyoucould" Doing a light underhanded toss, Bailey sent the Skipper doll sailing through the air in front of Candi who caught it on reflex and causing her to stop her rambling. "You need to like breath and put spaces between words when you talk. I like don't even know how you talk that fast or how I understand you." Looking down at the doll in her hands she poked it in the stomach.

“She understands me because she is my bff, not yours.” She looked back up to Bailey with a large smile on her face. “I was saying we can tag your video for...” Candi trailed off for a moment before continuing. “Tagging is like so people can search for keywords on youtube, so like if I put in Barbie, people that look for those videos, yours can pop up. I will help you upload it, but then lets like get ready for our date. I am so excited!”

Placing his hand on the door, Bailey took a deep breath looking at his green painted nails trying to mentally prepare himself for his second date with another male. He thought back to this afternoon’s experiences with getting ready. Taking his second shower for the day Bailey let the hot water run across his body, wishing he could just stay in the warm water instead of doing anything that was ahead of him, but also knew if he spent too long Candi would come a knocking. Bailey added some body wash to the pink fluffy sponge thing that he had no idea what the name was. “I miss having to only use one soap.” He said to himself running the pink soapy thing across his body, knowing that when he was done, he was going to have to wash his hair, and then condition it. His hand stopped as he started on one of his legs, feeling the prickly feeling of his hair coming in and let out a sigh as he rested his forehead on the cool shower tiled wall. He needed to shave, just another extra thing that girls had to do that he hated. With his other hand he touched his cheek to check on his stubble, hoping Candi hadn’t noticed, but felt only smooth skin. “At least that is like one less thing I have to do, remember Bailey to stay sane you have to totally count your blessings.” He was hesitant as he moved his hand to wash between his legs, he didn’t like the reminder of what it looked like down there, but as he started to scrub the skin like area his eyes went wide. The scrubbing activated the vibrating device inside the prosthetic and instantly he felt his little man come to life, becoming harder and harder and more uncomfortable in the process as pleasure spiked through him. Bailey was having a hard time stopping himself, he had been so horny lately, the pills had to have been doing their job, but having this thing turn on and not get off was a pain, heck he hadn’t had real sex or had a girls mouth on his cock in way to long. With this kind of dry spell he would have hired someone to come suck him off.

Dropping the pink thing Bailey continued his efforts with the soaped-up area, the middle and ring finger on his right hand rubbing at the spot that caused the device to vibrate on

his dick. He closed his eyes thinking of having his girlfriend down on her knees blowing him, she never liked it but god he loved it when Mommy went down on him. The blonde-haired woman he imagined below him shifted to the platinum hair of Candi, her putting those new puffy lips to work. Who was below him changed and changed again as he imagined Aunt Megan and Miss April in turn, forcing his cock deep in their throats as they gagged for air. He felt his knees go weak and was ready to explode when the bathroom door opening, and he heard the toilet seat open up. "Sorry, I have to tinkle." Bailey put his head on the tile wall again, doing his best to not sound like he was breathing heavily and moved his hand away from between his legs. "You okay in there?" Clenching his hand into a fist, or at least he started to till his longer nails stabbed into him, Bailey tried to regain control of himself. "Totally, I was just about to start shaving. It's like such a pain, wish I didn't have to." It felt awkward to talk to her while she was going to the bathroom, in the men's room it was often a strictly no talking space. The flush of the toilet caused a spike of cold water to hit Bailey and he let out a girlish shriek. "Oh, oh sorry! Eeek.. umm sorry. You know there is a way we could have to shave way less. Want me to set it up for us? Cause I hundred percent agree." Picking up the pink thing from the bottom of the shower Bailey hung it up and reached for the shaving gel. "God yes, that would be amazing." Bailey started to lather one of his legs thinking about how great it would be to not have to do this, wondering if it was a trick to shave differently or some cream that made the hair grow back slower. "I don't think we can get an appointment till next week, Bailey did you hear me?" Realizing he had missed a lot of what he said Bailey picked up the razor and waved it on the other side of the shower curtain. "Sorry, like was concentrating on not cutting myself, but sure that sounds great."

In his room Bailey held his towel tightly to his chest as he looked through a drawer full of panties, wishing he had grabbed things before getting into the bathroom. "Ahh no, I don't think so." Turning his head to look at his friend who stood next to him. She reached into the drawer and pulled out a lacy pair of panties with a little heart cutout section on the rear. "You must be super nervous, here wear these, they are way better for tonight." Soon Bailey was wearing the panties, a matching pushup bra and fifty denier thigh high stay up stockings and looking at his very limited options for outfits for the night. He was left alone while Candi ran to shower and he pulled out a green velvet short dress, it was

either that or an even shorter sparkly thing that would look out of place in anywhere but some dance club. With a little bit of privacy Bailey moved over to his phone and hit call. “Hey Aunt Megan.” Bailey said nervously, feeling embarrassed to have to talk to her about going to the doctors because of his chest. It was either her or Miss April, talking about having breasts to Mandy was just too much. “Well if it isn’t my favorite niece, I’m a little busy at work sweetheart, but tell me what can I do for you?” Touching a finger to his inflated bottom lip Bailey bit down gently on his long nail for just a second, he had already worked up the nerve to call her he had to go through with it now. “Umm well, I kinda noticed my chest and it is umm growing.” She had been teasing him about his chest ever since the fake breasts had left it swollen and he really hoped she didn’t laugh at him, he really did need help. “You have been a bit of a late bloomer, but I’m happy to hear you have noticed changes in your body.” Teasing, always she always had to mess with him Bailey thought and bit back a reply. “Aunt Megan, I’m like totally serious! I need to see a doctor and like I don’t have the insurance information.” Please, please, please for once don’t be such a witch, Bailey pleaded internally. “I suppose I could take you next week, but I don’t think you thought this through dear. The insurance is for Bailey Ann Best, what do you think the doctor will say to you being upset about growing breasts?” Considering that for a second Bailey nodded to himself, happy he had an answer. “Umm well when I was younger, I had a hormone imbalance and got some shots and it got like all better, so like can’t we just say that? That way I get a shot and then I’m like fine again.”

The silence on the other line bothered him, it carried on for almost thirty seconds and he had heard the water turn off in the shower, so he knew his time was limited. He had just revealed something about himself that no one else knew and it made him feel vulnerable and like something was wrong with him for having the problem to begin with and it only felt worse as the seconds dragged on. “Sorry about that, someone was asking me a question here at work. I did not know that, and I’m sorry you had to go through it, that must have been hard, but I do have some good news. The last doctor you saw gave us those shots to help with a hormonal imbalance, so he must have seen something. If you still want to go to another doctor, I would be happy to take you though.” Slapping his forehead at the mention of the shot, Bailey had completely forgotten about that, and with

the revelation felt a weight lifted off his chest. Not the weight he really wanted gone he thought as he looked down at his breasts in the push up bra. "I think..." Bailey paused to think it through, holding the phone to his ear as he looked towards his bedroom door. "Yeah like, let's like talk to another doctor, I'm like super worried." Knowing the last doctor had seen the problem was a relief, but he didn't really talk to him about it and really just wanted to hear it would all be okay. "No problem sweetheart, I will set up an appointment for you, but there is something I would like you to do for me if you could." Pulling the phone away from his ear Bailey looked at the phone like he was able to see her face and rolled his eyes, knowing full well she wasn't really asking. "Well it is more of advice than anything else. I understand that boy from your party is coming over tonight for a date. It looks like you really like him, so what I think you should do is..."

"Earth to Bailey, come on girl did you space out again or are you just concentrating?" Candi said with a giggle teasing her friend. Glancing back at her Bailey gave small smile, his hand sliding down the door to the handle and opening it all the way up. On the other side was Ryan, wearing a gray checkered button up shirt, a tie that was slightly loosened, black work slacks and a pair of black steel toed boots. He looked like he had been dressed for office work, but still prepared to be around the heavy machinery of his job. Looking at him Bailey could see why girl would like him, he was tall and with his soft blue eyes and easy smile he was charming. August wore a dark blue button up shirt, the top button undone, his sleeves rolled up just past his elbows, charcoal gray slacks and a pair of black Converse sneakers. Ryan held his hand up to say hi, while August looked like he was about to say something and lost his entire train of thought when he saw the two girls. He saw Bailey leaning on the door, with her normal happy smile, he could see her green eyes take himself and Ryan in and when the door opened, he was going to open with a compliment. The time between when he knocked and the door opened, he tried to think if he should compliment Bailey's dress, her shoes or just simply say she was beautiful. His mother told him once that a girl likes a compliment to be specific. If they took the time to dress up, then they wanted the effort to be noticed, but when he saw Bailey and Candi his mouth went dry. Candi stood just to the side of Bailey, in full view of the open door, wearing a sleeveless purple dress with a high hemline and a thick black belt. The dress hugged her figure perfectly and Bailey a green velvet dress with three quarter

sleeves, a neckline that showed just a hint of her breasts and showed off her figure enough that his male lizard brain had to take a few seconds to take it in. She also wore stockings that stopped a few inches shorter than the dress, a look that if done wrong could look raunchy like a hooker on the street, but looking at Bailey it simply looked wonderful and inviting. A smaller part of his brain noticed each had done their hair in the same fashion, in a high ponytail that was curled. "What my rude, let's call him friend for now is trying to say is you both look lovey tonight." Ryan said after glancing at August who moved his mouth a few times, but no words came out.

"Hi.. Ry! Notice anything different!?" Candi said, leaning forward, pouting her lips and fluttering her lashes. Candi trying to get attention and flirting reminded Bailey of the command in the form of advice he was given and stepped away from the door, hearing his heels click on the tile that was right in front of the door. Turning to his side so that he was almost facing completely away from the boys he bent just slightly forward and looked back at them. "I like wasn't sure about my dress, does it make my butt look big? I could like go change if it does." He could see both boys' eyebrows go up as they looked at his backside and could feel his cheeks start to turn red as they drank in the sight of him, a sight he was doing on purpose, like a hussy that woman at the DMV accused him of being. "I think that dress looks perfect on you." August said, swallowing as he looked at his date. "Really?! Oh good, I was so worried." Bailey said, straightening out and clapping his hands and bouncing on the balls of his feet like he had seen Candi do on multiple occasions when she was happy. "I agree with August." Ryan said to answer the girl's question, without giving her too much attention so that his date knew where his focus was tonight, even if he did want to keep his eyes lingering. "Different, different. I don't know Candi, every time I have seen you, you look more lovely than the last. Though I can say I have an almost uncontrollable desire to kiss you, a bit forward of me, but I think it is important for you to know my feelings." Candi giggled and moved forward to wrap her arms around her date's shoulders and give him a light kiss on the lips before pulling away and taking his hand in hers to pull him inside. "Ask and you shall receive!" Ryan said, his voice full of joy. Glancing at the kiss his friend got, August smiled a little awkwardly as Bailey. "Umm, I also would like to kiss you, maybe two kisses." Bailey remembered that car ride with Miss April where she told him how he was to not to tell her brother no

unless the secret of what happened on the first date got out, and the text message she had sent earlier that day.

Miss Gates: I know August is coming over to your place for a date tonight.

Miss Gates: Make sure you behave.

Make sure you behave, those words went through Bailey's mind right at that moment, behave, behave like a property girl. I'm Bailey, I like to flirt, I like to tease! I want to show men I know how to please, and sometimes I do it on my knees. On my knees, on my knees... "Smooth Auggy" Bailey said, putting both his palms on August's chest and leaning into him and tilting his head to kiss the boy. The first feeling was the taller man's hands on each of his hips, the slid across the soft material, not something Bailey could hold against him. He had done the same thing to the soft green velvet, he just wished it wasn't him under the dress. The second feeling was the firm lips touching his much softer, fuller ones and the third was the scruff of hair on his face. The kiss was much different than the kiss he had shared with Candi the night before, not nearly as enjoyable, yet it killed Bailey to admit how sensitive his enhanced lips were. "August gave a goofy smile, like he was just happy to be in the room and everything else was just extra. "So, do we talk dinner first or pick what we are going to watch?"

Soon the four were sitting closely together on the couch with the girls in the middle, while Ryan thumbed through his phone throwing out suggestions for food. "How about hamburgers?" Bailey suggested. "That sounds good to me." August quickly agreed. "I heard the Asian place close to here had amazing lettuce wraps, we should totally get those and August she always wants a hamburger, but also knows all that bread and red meat is not on our diet." August watched his date cross her arms, pushing up her chest more and wasn't sure he could ever deny her what she wanted, the way she looked pouting alluring. "A burger from time to time won't hurt will it?" He asked, putting his arm around Bailey. The pout faded from Bailey's face as he glanced at the younger man and gave him a genuine smile, happy he was helping him get what he wanted, the unwanted touching would just have to be considered part of the price of real food. "Okay, lets like do it like this. Ry, put your hand on my leg and like August do the same to

Bailey.” August didn’t have to be told twice and put his hand on Bailey’s thigh, right where her stocking ended. “Our legs feel good right?” She waited for both boys to agree and gave Bailey a wink recognizing the look of confusion on her face, her friend had a will power problem and she was happy to help. “Okay, now like move your hands to our sides, okay good and like now our stomachs.” She said nodding, giving Ryan encouragement as his hand moved with hesitation. “I know you both like the way we feel.” She hadn’t asked a question, but waited for them to confirm before continuing. “Well, this takes work and cheating is okay sometimes, but you both need to know to order us things that are healthier, specially if we aren’t around to tell you what we want, okay?” August pulled Bailey closer, his arm still on his date’s shoulder and the other lingering on her stomach and kissed her on the head. “I know a great burger place we can go to when we are alone sometime.” He said whispering. “I for one love lettuce wraps, sounds like dinner is settled!” Ryan said, giving Candi a wink before leaning closer to her himself and kissing her on the cheek.

The movie was about to start when Bailey stood up and was about to walk over to the kitchen behind them when August put his hand on his wrist, not hard just enough to get his attention. “You okay?” He wasn’t okay, he really didn’t want to sit and watch *Tangled*, he didn’t want to cuddle up to his date, didn’t want to be on a date with a boy at all and just wanted a few seconds of freedom before he had to settle in for a horrible evening. “I like was just going to get a drink.” August shook his head and gently, but firmly sat him back down on the couch. “I will get it, no need for you to trouble yourself when I’m around.” He said with a smile before moving off to the kitchen, to figure out where the glasses were and not even thinking to ask if the others wanted something. A few seconds later Ryan joined him in the kitchen and back on the couch Candi looked over and gave Bailey a huge smile like she knew some secret she was thinking about sharing. “What?” Candi glanced at the boys in the small apartment kitchen. “Umm, like when do you think we should you know, like do it?” The words do it meant more to Bailey and he definitely was not going to have sex with another man, then mentally started to panic as he wondered what he was supposed to do if August said he wanted sex. He didn’t want to have sex with him, but if he did everyone would know he swallowed his cum at the movies. “Bailey!” Candi said in harsh whisper. “I thought kissing me like wasn’t that bad?

Am I bad at kissing? Oh my god, Ryan must hate kissing me.” Bailey’s panic seemed to transfer to Candi when she saw his face and while her blowing this date would be the thing he wanted, it wouldn’t be what he was told to do and he had his future riding on things going right. “No, no like your a good kisser.” Candi gave two shallow nods. “Yeah?” Putting his hand on his friend’s shoulder Bailey nodded looking into her green eyes. “Yeah.”

“What are the two of you talking about?” Ryan said, putting a glass of water down in front of Candi on the coffee table and taking a swallow from his glass as August put a glass in front of Bailey, choosing not to have anything himself. “Kissing.” Candi said happily with way too much candor for Bailey and shocking enough that Ryan spit out a little bit of the water on his chin. She let out a small fit of giggles that was just so pure the Bailey joined in, loving that the one word answer caused such a reaction. When they calmed down Bailey sipped some of the water from his glass, sitting at the edge of the couch, his legs crossed. As he tried to drag out the smallest control he had as the movie started. Sliding back into his spot he felt the familiar arm wrap around his shoulder and when he turned to look at August he found the boys face almost upon his and closed his eyes, waiting for the gut wrenching impact of his lips upon his own. August was hardly ever super aggressive with a hard kiss, and this was no different. Bailey’s stomach turned even as he tilted his head and kissed back, keeping his eyes shut. He arm around his shoulder pulled him ever closer and his other touched his exposed skin on his leg and something unexpected happened, Bailey felt the touch ignite something in him. The vileness of it all didn’t diminish, yet the hand touching the smooth skin on his leg still somehow felt good at the same time. No, no, no, no! Bailey yelled in his mind as he put up no resistance, his mind knew what was what, but his body wanted, no needed the physical contact, he was horny last night, hornier this morning and now he was being touched like a lover would. It mattered little that he didn’t want the person to do it, his body wanted that feeling. Luckily the hand didn’t drift further up, knowing how it felt in the bathroom Bailey knew he would need to stop that from happening, if his own body didn’t rebel to let it happen, but at some point, he wasn’t sure when he had ended up on August’s lap. Sitting so he was facing the other couple and as the passion faded August stopped his assault. He could see Candi laying with her head on Ryan’s shoulder, her eyes

closed as she happily cuddled into her date as he watched the movie. The movie that seemed to be at least a quarter over if he remembered it well enough, but the worst part of his new seat was feeling the warmth and hardness of August's' cock through his pants, making this the worst seat he had ever sat on.



Bailey could feel one of August's hands on his hip and the other was gently rubbing his leg as he sat there in his lap. The rubbing and light touches through his stockinged leg was a constant reminder of deprived of physical attention he was with his body enjoying it, while he wished he could just chop the boy's hand off, but the long and thick thing pressing into his rear was the real issue, telling him how horny his date was. The man child wasn't making a move for things to escalate, and if he never asked or told Bailey to go down on him, or worse then he wouldn't be saying no and hoped things stayed like this. It was still mighty uncomfortable, so he shifted in his seat, hoping that he could get in position where he felt it the least. "God I love your legs." August whispered to his date as his fingertips gently rubbed her stocking covered leg, moving over the top of it to the inner thigh. The kissing had left him so turned on and he knew she was too with how she was squirming and rubbing her butt over his dick. He had never had sex with a girl before and had thought about it with Bailey a lot, especially after she had texted him a picture of herself with a dildo pressed on her cheek next to her mouth, saying she had named it after him. He wished he came from home instead of work so he could have jerked off before he came here, because with her trying to turn him on and tease him he thought he would cum in his pants like the first time a buddy had taken him to a strip club and it wasn't like the two of them could do something right here in front of Ryan and Candi. He wondered if it was okay to ditch part of the movie and ask her if she wants to go to her room or if it was just her intention to drive him wild, while sitting next to their friends.

No matter what he did Bailey couldn't get away from the monster that lurked below him, and August wouldn't stop with running his hands over him. With the other hand on his hip he couldn't just get up and he felt so trapped as he shifted again. Then something changed, August seemed unwilling to accept he wasn't comfortable or that he thought it best to distract him Bailey thought as he felt him kiss his exposed neck. Just like it had the other night it felt incredible, he knew doing this would always get his girlfriend's motor running and if he wasn't so pent up it wouldn't be working on him now. Shifting again, harder this time, not wanting another kiss like that, Bailey went too far, didn't fall to the floor, but slid down August's dress pants. Freedom, the thought rang through his mind as he looked up at August who looked perplexed for a second and immediately

Bailey racked his brain for a good reason why he did that. “Here? In front of them?!” August said in a whisper that was more than loud enough for the two next to them to hear. Bailey wasn’t sure what he meant until he realized he slid down to the floor on his knees and had pushed one of his dates’ legs out so his legs were now spread out. And sometimes I do it on my knees. The last of the saying went through his mind as his mouth fell out and eyes went wide in fright. August thought he was asking permission to do it right here. Candi looked over at her friend ready to go down on her man and pulled away from Ryan and stood up quickly. “Umm we like have to go powder our noses.” She looked down at Bailey and motioned with her head to the hallway. “Right girl?” Happy to have the lifeline, Bailey stood up and was happy to take the girls hand to get away from the situation where he was most def about to blow August with two witnesses. “Yeah, umm, hurry back.” August said, adjusting his pants and only glancing at his friend awkwardly.

Closing the bathroom door Candi took a deep breath and gave her friend a reassuring smile. “Remember, we were like going to do the thing before anything else? Like unless you change your mind.” She felt nervous, she really liked Ryan and really thought this through, but she wasn’t sure if Bailey had forgotten the plan or if there was even a plan. Or if she decided it was too weird to do what some people would call a lesbien act by kissing. “No, like we can totally do that! I just umm...” Bailey trailed off as he looked at the wall that if he could see through it would allow him to look directly at his aggressor that he was incredibly happy to get away from. Even if it was only temporary and what she wanted to do would only encourage what he had in mind, but if it had to be done at least like the opening act would be good. “You just umm? Did you like forget or get too hot and bothered to stop? I saw you grinding into him.” A large blush of embarrassment came to his face, she had not only seen that, but took what he was doing in the worst way. “I will take that non answer as both, I was thinking of doing this after the movie and food, but like seems you were eager tonight, so lets touch up our faces and give the boys a show.” It wasn’t till then that Bailey noticed Candi’s lips only had a hint of her lipstick left and not a trace of her gloss. Last he looked at her, she was just cuddling with Ryan, but that told him something different was happening while he was distracted. He shared the mirror with her as he reapplied his lipstick and gloss as she did the same. “I like look

good right? I can like hardly feel Ry's lips on mine tonight, I should have like asked at the salon if it was okay to make out with a boy tonight, but here we are.

Craning his neck to watch the girls go down the short hallway of the apartment Ryan waited till he heard the door shut before addressing his friend. "I was having some fun there myself, but wow." August nodded. "Yeah, she was grinding on me and I guess when she thought I was hard enough..." Ryan glanced at the carpeted floor in front of the couch as he shook his head. "Was she really going to blow you right here in front of us? I'm your best friend and everything, but I don't want to see your dick." His member was calming down, but it was far from back to its normal size and he adjusted his pants again. "Yeah, I think she was about to do that, I don't know if it turns her on more, heck the first time you saw what she did at the movies." Ryan shook his head at the remark. "I saw her butt in the air and leaning into your lap, four movie theater seats are wider than this couch." The conversation was awkward for August, and he pulled out his phone to check where the food was at and it had been prepared, but no one had picked it up yet. "When they get back I will see about going to her room, I think that would be best, but you can't blame me for not stopping her. You wouldn't be telling Candi no if she started to open your pants." Reaching back and rubbing the back of his neck, Ryan had to agree. He wouldn't tell her no, but he also really didn't like the idea of having a hardon in front of his friend, not that he really had to worry about that. Candi wasn't like Bailey in that regard, and he didn't need her to be, she wasn't some conquest or prize.

Walking back into the room, hand in hand the boys watched the girls come stand in front of the television and face them. They saw an eager smile on Bailey's face and a nervous one on Candi's. It looked like they had practiced it when they turned their heads to look towards one another and look into the others eyes. Their identical ponytail curls bounced from the movement, and they could see them whisper something to each other before they looked back to them. "We were like thinking you both would enjoy this." Candi said, too nervous to look either boy in the face before turning her body to her friends and leaned in closer as Bailey mirrored her. Candi closed her eyes as she put her left hand on Bailey's hip and moved the other to her cheek and the kiss began. It didn't feel as erotic as it did the night before when they were practicing, but that she chalked up to her lips

still being number that she would have liked for the date. It still felt good and some of the wrongness or worry that she was doing something taboo were gone. With how people reacted to their accidental kiss on the video and a search on the internet told her lesbian porn was really popular, one site said men think watching two women make out was the same as foreplay. She tilted her head and opened her mouth, feeling her body press into Bailey, her best friend. She was surprised to feel her friend's nipples hard when her hand moved down from Bailey's neck and slid across her breast. "Mmmm!"

OHMYGODBAILEYISREALLYINTOTHIS! She thought hearing the sound escape from between their lips and had a similar reaction when she felt one of Bailey's hands start to knead into your butt and the other start to rub her chest. "Ohhh, hmmm" The sound to her own ears was like a whimper. Pulling back Candi looked at her friend in the eye, both were breathing heavily, and it wasn't until that moment she noticed the movie was still playing.

Holding her gaze Candi leaned in. "Let's get down." Then started kissing again as they both went down to their knees, hands touching, roaming across their bodies as their tongues swirled, rubbed and pushed. Briefly Candi wondered if she was supposed to feel this way kissing another girl, or if this was just normal for kissing anyone that was a good kisser. Down on his knees but sitting up straight Bailey rubbed both hands into the sexy girl's ass while their bodies pressed into one other. His breasts were so sensitive, and he loved how they rubbed into her larger chest. If his dick hadn't been locked away and so incredibly uncomfortable at that moment the dress would have a tent in it, no tuck kit would have held his dick back with how much he wanted to fuck her at that moment. He pushed harder into her, expecting her to fall backwards so he could be on top of her, but she was pressing into him just as hard. When she pulled back a moment ago he thought she was done and was incredibly happy that this little tryst had continued. God he wanted to fuck her so bad, he wanted to see her black heeled feet kicking in the air in ecstasy, he wanted to feel how tight she was and needed to hear more of those little whimpering noises as she got more and more turned on. His hand slid under her dress, it being pulled up as he started to continue, not satisfied with just feeling her tight body through her purple dress. His finger tracing along the satin thong panties line, wishing he could rip it off her. He had to pull back for a second to catch his breath, fully planning

to continue when Candi rested her forehead against his and he could feel their chests heaving against one another. He felt Candi roll her head to the side to look toward the couch, where the boys were, the people Bailey had somehow forgotten for a brief moment. "Did you like that?" Bailey turned his face as he heard Candi ask the question in a small unsure voice. No reply came from them on the couch, at least no vocal one, only nodding of heads and the sight of both men breathing heavy and pants bulging.

Noticing the air conditioning for the first time since the kissing started, Bailey felt colder and more alone as Candi pulled away. She didn't stand up, she crawled toward Ryan, and he was happy to see her pert ass as she did, but the feeling of doom crept into him as Bailey looked to August. The man he had to move toward, he wasn't Bailey's tormentor, just another pawn in people's schemes. Aunt Megan seemed hell bent on making him pay for cheating and Miss April was upset at how he acted, like it was his fault and made it clear that if Bailey was going to date her brother he was going to be the bimbo he acted like, and wouldn't believe that he had no desire to act this way, or date the guy. Date him he was doing, and now as crawling on all fours in the direction of his crotch. Bailey's eyes locked onto the beast that strained against the pants and tried to think back to just a second ago, his hands touching Candi's soft breast, allowing the fake smile on his face to feel a little more genuine. August was incredibly worked up as he saw the look of desire and hunger on Bailey's face as she crawled to him like a predator ready for her meal. When they first start to make out it was hot, as it continued he had given a look to Ryan who said nothing, but only nodded and mouthed the word "HOT" He hadn't had a chance to ask her if she wanted to go to her room after they were done kissing, but he was thinking of little else other than having her after the display. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Candi on her knees in front of Ryan, rubbing him through his pants one second and pulling his friend's dick out the next. "Wow, this is really happening." August said as he watched and felt Bailey's hand give a light squeeze to his cock through his pants, her long green nails looked so sexy like that, and while he would have put up no resistance to her opening his pants here on the couch next to the others he was so into what was going on he unbuttoned his pants and unzipped them for her.

Wow, this is really happening, the boy's words went through Bailey's mind with a very

different context as he saw for the second time August's cock, this time not in a dark movie theater, but in a well lit living room. He could smell the thing, it disgusted him and was already turning his stomach as he reached out and touched pushed it down with his index finger, watching how it bounced back up. A look to the side showed Candi gripping a cock of her own in two hands, turning each in a different direction and a look of concentration on her face. Bailey couldn't think about her right now, he didn't want to associate the girl he wanted to fuck with this man's dick and knew a bad blowjob could last way longer. A shudder moved through his body as he gripped the rigid cock and leaned closer to the bulbous head thinking about how he had to do a good job to make this go as fast as possible. The better cocksucker he was, the sooner this would be over, but either way he was now a cocksucker, he thought as he kissed the tip of the penis. Sticking out his tongue he used his hand to moved the thing up and down to tap down and over his tongue as it pushed past a few times before he opened his mouth to take it in. His eyes were open, still staring at the veiny thing as mental warning bells went off in his mind. To August it looked like Bailey was savoring the site of his member after tapping it on her tongue a few times, no idea that Bailey was forcing himself to push past every fiber of his being that said he shouldn't be doing this and thinking back to some porn videos of the best blow jobs so he could imitate. Taking the head of August's cock in his mouth Bailey moved his touch from left to right under the tip as he sucked on the smelly piece of flesh. His hand moved down to the base and slide down to cup his balls, girls often ignored his balls when he was getting a blow job and knew just gently handling them drove himself wild and hoped it was the same for this... Bailey looked up from the dick across August's blue shirt covered chest taking in just how much larger he was than him and down on his knees with a dick in his mouth the different felt heightened and hated seeing the content smile on his face as their eyes met. Averting his eyes quickly, Bailey closed them not wanting to look at him or the thing in his mouth any longer. Pulling back so the dick was no longer in his mouth, but still touching his bottom lip, Bailey took a deep breath. Wanting to just breathe for a second and not considering what it felt like for August to feel the hot breath roll over his saliva covered dick, before he put it back into his lipstick covered plump lips.

Hating himself for doing this, hating August for being, hating everything at that second

Bailey started to bob his head, swishing his tongue. “Slurp, slurp, slurp.” The sound came from his mouth as he worked the cock, the sound would disgust Bailey knowing it was from this even if he couldn’t feel the thing in his mouth, in his hand. “Oh.. ahhh, ahhh.” Those noises came from above as he felt August’s hand run over his cheek and to the back of his neck and rub and squeeze the muscle their twice before disappearing. The touch brought another shiver to Bailey afraid he was about to be pulled down onto the cock and be forced to deep throat him, but it was gone quickly and he could already feel the horrible thing in his mouth growing a little larger and twitched as precum filled his mouth and made its way down his throat. The sound of August’s enjoyment did remind him how much he loved hearing girls moan and whimper like with Candi... no he forced his mind away from the girl and back to someone different. A redhead with the same name, but spelled differently. When giving a blowjob Candy moaned like she had ambrosia in her mouth and how much he loved it and decided to do the same if it meant this being over. Already the desire to pull off and go throwup was practically overwhelming with the taste of precum, but he couldn’t stop yet. “Mmmm, mmmm, oommmm.” Pulling off the dick Bailey took a breath, eyes still closed and without looking up at August spoke to him. “Cum for me baby, cum for me.” Then went back down, taking the tip in his mouth and starting the process from the beginning. The next thing he felt wasn’t August’s touch, it was something else that he couldn’t put his finger on. Something warm and slimy had landed on his closed left eye and was dripping down to his cheek. Opening his eyes, the dick still firmly in his mouth as he sucked on it he saw from his left eyes something slimy and white. “Oops.” Came the normally perky voice of Candi from his side.



Pulling back from the thick cock, Bailey touched his cheek where the thick substance moved down his cheek he looked at his fingers in horror, his mouth hung open, quivering at the sight of cum. Part of his vision still obscured by cum he looked toward the other pair to see Candi pointing Ryan's dick off to the side in his direction. Oblivious as to what just happened, August reached forward for his girl, the sexiest girl he had ever dated, he was so close as she pulled off of him. "Not done yet." As he was being pulled forward the cum on his cheek slid down into his open mouth and Bailey could taste Ryan's cum a half second before he was pulled down onto August's dick. The substance was still on his face, but he had to finish this so he could go wipe it down, drink some bleach and just die. I like to please and sometimes I do it down on my knees. The thought came unbidden once more as Bailey bobbed up and down quicker than before, desperate for this to be done. "Mmmm, ommmmm, MMMMM!" Bailey moaned, like the very act of this was allowing him to cum, all in the hopes August would take the cue and by some miracle or curse it had worked. The cock was only part way in Bailey's mouth as he felt it twitch and spurt a glob of the salty gooey substance into his mouth. Bailey was able to taste it before it started to slide down his throat, and without August's hand to hold him down Bailey just couldn't take the feeling of gagging thing and the cum and pulled off and doing so too early caused another spurt of cum to shot onto his face, the glob landing just above the left corner of his mouth slid down to his chin. Something Bailey had completely missed as he was pulled down to finish his task was what both Ryan and Candi had said. "That is like so hot." The blonde girl said watching her dates cum go into Bailey's mouth, her taking the time to drink in the cum on her face before going back down on her own date. "That is hotter than it should be." Ryan said seeing Bailey have his cum on her face and Bailey open her mouth to take it in before going back to what she was doing. Candi had said oops when she pivoted his dick like a joystick in the direction of Bailey, but seeing what happened and thinking about what the girls did before attending to the men, made him wonder if the facial had been part of their plan. He didn't even care that he was watching someone go down on his friend, the thought of it not even twenty minutes ago was weird. Now all he could think of was how he had just gotten a hand job after watching the girls make out and how one of them just swallowed some of both of their cum and took both on her face.

Leaning back Bailey opened her eye, it was still covered the white and partially clear slimy substance and could feel it on his cheek, lips and chin. He was breathing heavily through his nose as he gripped his thin heels with each hand behind him while he sat on his knees. He opened his mouth as a hiccup came forth and as his lips parted a small bubble formed and popped as the air went through the cum. He was in shock and couldn't tell what August said as he looked down at him or what Candi said other than feeling how she was pulling him to his feet and ushering him off into his bedroom. Things started to come more into focus when he saw himself in the tall mirror that hung on the back of his door, his makeup was a mess and his face was covered in cum along with a thick glob that had fallen onto his green velvet dress right where his chest was... where his breasts were. "Okay, okay lets like get you cleaned up and god that was hot right? I didn't mean for that to happen and you just went with it." His mind was reeling as Candi talked and started to clean off his face with some wipes and just nodded along, trying to not think of anything in the hopes of getting the horror of what he just went through out of his mind. "Yeah? Oh my god I was so worried, but you thought it was hot too." Candi kept talking a mile a minute, so happy her friend was on the same wavelength as her. "It was like, like at the water park with the lifeguard and he used my name but you were doing things. That was so good and this was kinda like that... I think I might like watching. Do you think I would like to see you with Ryan if he used my name? Oh my god, I don't know, but Eeeeeeee! I did it Bailey, I did it!" Bailey felt Candi give him a hug that he returned, not feeling the normal well anything from it, he just felt hollow.

He was hardly aware of anything as Candi left the room and came back with his old AC/DC shirt that was in the dryer and helped him into that instead of his now cum covered dress. The thing was like it was last time he wore it, the neck hole being wide enough to expose part of one his shoulders and exposed his belly after Aunt Megan had girllified the thing and he was put in a green green tartan plaid skirt that he knew he didn't own. "Okay, you look like cute. Not dressy like we were before, but your Auggy is still going to love it." Bailey looked at his dress laying on the bed, seeing the spot on the chest where cum had landed on it. "What about my dress?" He asked, thinking about needing to get it clean so that mommy didn't see it. He couldn't let anyone see that... see his shame. "Yeah, like I don't know how to get boys cum out of things and like I know if

you do the wrong thing you can get stains. The dress says dry clean only and I don't like know if that makes things better or worse. So to be safe, lets like just hang it back up in the closet and we will fix it later. Now come on, the food arrived while we were getting cleaned up and I'm STARVING.

"Hey Bailey, love the new outfit." Bailey gave his normal smile at August's compliment and looked down at himself, seeing the band t-shirt, skirt, stockings and heels. It was cute, but he kinda missed the velvet, it felt wonderful on his skin and really hated the reason why he had to change. "Want me to make you a plate? I can put together some of the wraps for you, what sauce do you want on it?" Candi sat down next to Ryan at the table, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "No sauce for me." Bailey looked at the food as he sat down and his stomach turned at the thought of anything else going down. He was in too much shock before to run off to the bathroom and throw up like he had wanted to and now he just wanted to go and close his eyes, not sit her or eat. "I'm like not hungry anymore." Oh, Sugar I can't swallow anything else right now. Bailey thought as he looked at everything on the table. August put his arm around Bailey's shoulder and kissed her cheek. "Aw, come on you were hungry when we were talking about food earlier." Candi looked at her friend and then at August as she remembered a text conversation she had with Bailey. "Umm she isn't hungry ANYMORE." She stressed the last word and when it was clear that August didn't get it she rolled her eyes and let out a giggle as she looked over at Bailey who had her normal smile on her face and she wondered if her friend was here in the moment just happy with the night or if she was reliving what they had just done. "Okay umm, what was it? Bailey tell them what you told me about cum." Bailey looked at her confused. "The video you sent me." It all came back to Bailey and he closed his eyes to think for a second. "Cum is an antipressant and..." August cut her off. "Do you mean antidepressant?"

A familiar blush from embarrassment came to Bailey's face as he averted his eyes, he wasn't some air headed bimbo he just had a lot on his mind and was trying to remember something that while happened not long ago felt like forever ago and... and oh my god I'm opening talking about cum! "Ahh umm, I like don't remember the rest." Bailey felt something hit him and he looked at the duck sauce packet that fell on the table, and

looked up at Candi who he knew through it. "Don't be acting all shy now girl." Bailey shook his head, he was not going to talk about the advantages of swallowing cum to two younger men and the teen girl. "I like..." Bailey made a knocking motion on his head. "I like can't remember." Taking a deep breath Candi blew out some air and ran off to get her phone. "Honestly like I don't either, hold on." Ryan locked eyes with his friend for just a second before he called after Candi who went off to the bedroom door that was close to the small dining room. "You don't have to look it up, we are okay not knowing, I promise." Ignoring him Candi came back into the room, phone in hand, looking down at her screen as she scrolled up in her text conversation with Bailey. "No, like its important and here it is. Semen is an antidepressant, it can relieve stress and has over two hundred proteins in a teaspoon. However much that is, but like that is why Bailey isn't hungry." She said with a smile looking up at the group. "You wanted red meat, at least you got some protein you wanted." Candi giggled at August and added a little to it. "We both got our hands on meat." Not used to opening talking about anything like this Ryan looked at the three and sighed, focusing on his friend. "Could we not?" he said motioning with his hand to the two lettuce wraps on the paper plate in front of him. Bailey was in complete agreement with Ryan, but he wished the statement of could we not, applied to the entire evening, but still he sat there, hands in his lap, smiling because he was a good girl. He had to be, he had to be a good girl and proud or things would get worse, and didn't want to see worse.

The taste was still in his mouth and Bailey moved his tongue around like he would be able to wipe it off, but stopped when he saw Candi watching him, unaware with his plastered on smile it looked like he was savoring, rather than wanting the taste to be gone. "Auggy, could you like please get me my water?" Bailey said, looking across the room to where his original glass of water was, just feeling too drained to get it himself. "Oh, of course!" August said, jumping to his feet to retrieve the glass, and upon seeing it mostly gone he refilled it before returning it to Bailey. "Anything else I can get for you?" Looking at him Bailey thought about how he jumped at the chance to get him water now, made him sit so he could get it for him earlier and how he seemed happy to buy him an amazon gift card he wondered if he could just keep asking for things from him. "When you're done eating, maybe you could like rub my feet for me." His feet were not that sore,

the constant wearing of heels and those exercises were making it not as painful, but still the tall stilts he moved about on were not comfortable. Leaning closer he could feel the boy kiss him on the cheek. "I promised you before I would give you a massage anytime." Had he? Bailey didn't recall that. "Just like you promised to massage something of mine when I do." August said in a low whisper into Bailey's ear so the others wouldn't hear. Feeling his warm breath so close to him caused a shiver to run through Bailey and at that moment he did recall when August had said it. Over the last weekend when he was with Aunt Megan, Aunt Megan had texted for him, saying how he would do such a thing in return.

"I'm feeling pretty full myself, Bailey and I are going to umm, watch videos on my phone in her bedroom." The food on his plate was only partially eaten, but still August got up smiling like an idiot, ignoring how his friend rolled his eyes at him. "The bedroom?" Bailey asked, seeing Candi give him a wink as she latched herself onto her own date's forearm. Looking back over his shoulder Bailey watched as the green eyed girl at the table waved bye at him with her fingers, while she held onto Ryan as he was led away. In the bedroom, August closed the door behind them. The sound of door closing felt like the sound of prison bars closing, trapping him in the room with August who had just told him how he wanted a hand job, could he even get hard again so soon Bailey wondered as he sat down on the edge of the bed, very unsure of what was about to happen and wishing he hadn't pushed for a foot massage. As August stepped closer he thought he might just open his pants right there, but instead he knelt down and unclasped the heels and removed them. "There I bet that feels better, those heels are sexy, I don't know how you wear them all the time." Bailey let loose an uncomfortable giggle wishing he never had to wear them. "Heels are like part of who I am. Can't get enough of them." Still kneeling down Bailey felt the pressure of August's hands on his feet as they pressed in and started to rub. "Oh.. oh that feels amazing." As he said that Bailey watched as August took both his feet in his hands, noticing how small his feet looked being held like that and watched as August stood and moved Bailey so that his feet landed atop the bed and his back was moved to line up with the pillows. "Let's get you more comfortable." He said moving the pillows so Bailey could lean into them sitting up.

Untying and taking off his own sneakers, August walked to the other side of the bed and sat down before shifting Bailey's stocking covered feet into his lap. Feeling the August's strong hands on his feet felt divine. "Sugar that is good." Bailey said, closing his eyes, trying to let the stress of this horrible event expunged from his mind and body with each motion of the fingers pressing into his right foot at that second. "Sugar, is that like saying fuck?" Without opening his eyes Bailey nodded, enjoying the feeling as the hands continued their job and moved up to the calf of his leg. "Yeah... A good girl never uses foul language." Bailey was feeling, the word melty came to mind to describe how he was feeling. He had gotten a massage at the hotel with Candi, but this felt very different and at the second the outside world didn't seem to matter, just focusing on the feeling of the massage. "Is that so, well I think you are a good girl. But what else does a good girl do?" At that second Bailey felt his thumb press down at the base of his toes and it was like little bubbles were popping under his skin that felt amazing. "A good girl always looks her best, a good girl is polite, a good girl is always obedient, a good girl always smiles, a good girl is seen and not heard, a good girl never argues or complains, a good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud." He knew he shouldn't have said that, it just came out, he had to be a good girl, he wasn't allowed to say no to August and that meant... that meant he had to be obedient didn't it? He didn't like that train of thought and pushed it from his mind as August moved to his other foot.

"Well I'm happy you are a good girl too and incredibly happy with that little show with Candi. That was incredibly hot." Bailey nodded at that comment, that truly was incredible. "Hmmm, it was hot." His hands felt so good, Bailey was considering asking him to do this every time he saw him. Getting lost in relaxing and just enjoying the feeling it wasn't noticed how August had stopped massaging his feet and had worked his way up to his thighs. Bailey was thinking about kissing Candi and how their bodies were rubbing against one another and between the touches and reliving the memory Bailey breathing started to get more ragged as he was getting turned on. "You know, I don't mind doing for you what you did to me. You deserve pleasure too." Bailey's eyes opened wide realizing August's hands were under his skirt and were touching the edges of the waist band for his panties. "Awww, I did I mean I got off I orgasimed and all that!" Bailey said hastily. Not wanting August anywhere near his crotch. The thing looked and felt real,

but not only did he not want to risk the truth getting out he really, really didn't like the idea of a man licking him between the legs. August didn't move his hands, just looked Bailey in her wonderful green eyes. "Really? You got off from giving me a blow job?" Nodding vigorously at the question he agreed, he of course got nothing out of it beyond trama and disgust, but it was better than letting this continue. "Yeah, totally, some girls get off on knowing they got their men off." Removing his hands from under her skirt August gave Bailey a smile that just beamed with joy. "Really?! So you think I'm your man?"

That had not been what Bailey meant, but he nodded and smiled stupidly thinking. Sure, why not. "Auggy you are like totally mine and no one else can have you. So long as you keep rubbing my feet that is." Bailey pointed back down to his feet as he wiggled his toes. You are like totally mine? Peaches why did I say that? Bailey's eyes rolled back into his head as August started to massage his feet some more. "Yeah, that's like why." Looking at her confused August watched her relax as he gave her feet attention and wondered with her obsession with wearing heels, demanding he continue the foot rub if she was the type of girl who had a foot fetish, like one of those girls that gave a heel job, or foot job to men, like he had seen in porn. "You know Bailey, I really.." August curbed what he was about to say with how she reacted when he used the love word before. "I mean, I really like you. And I don't know if you know this, but I have never umm been with a girl before like. I'm a virgin." Letting loose a giggle at him admitting he had never slept with a girl before. Like of course you are a virgin it is written all over you! He thought, but Bailey opened his eyes when he felt the foot rub stop and saw a look of hurt on his face. "Aww, I'm sorry Auggy, I was giggling because, umm like I have never been with a man like that." The cover up for the slight was true, but he never wanted to do what he had with a man up to this point let alone go further. "Oh..." The smile returned to August's face as he put down his dates foot and leaned forward on his hand on the bed to brace himself as he gave Bailey a light kiss on the lips before pulling back just a few inches. Seeing her eyes flutter open, those sexy long lashes fluttering gave him butterflies in his stomach. "I was thinking you could be my first, we could be each other's first."

"Our firsts!?" Bailey squeaked, feeling very claustrophobic suddenly with August leaning

over him on the bed. "Yeah, we both obviously like each other." Bailey gulped down air. "Like, obvi." August nodded. "With that video of me jerking off you had me send, to the photos you send and well what we have done. I don't mean tonight and I know you have been thinking about it, us I mean. With you naming your toy after me, you have used it right?" Bailey didn't answer, just laid there as August leaned closer and gave him another soft kiss on the lips before leaning in deeper, letting himself lay on the bed himself to Bailey's side as he kissed his dates neck, once, twice, three times. With everything going on August felt emboldened, he had never been with a girl like Bailey and after what she had said before felt she wanted him to be in charge, otherwise why would she say what she said? He rationalized. "You didn't answer me Bailey, isn't a good girl obedient?" The motto went through Bailey's mind again as he nodded and let out a whimper. "Whmmm. Yes I have used it." Bailey blushed admitting to another man that he had used a dildo on himself. "You using that and thinking of me is so hot." After those words Bailey felt August go back to kissing him on the neck, the feeling was starting to turn him off and with the love bites, Bailey could feel August's free hand move under his shirt. Something needed to happen and quick, Bailey was aware of how sensitive he was and did not need nor want August Gates of all people to be turning him on like this. Grabbing his hand before it could go too far Bailey got his date's attention. "Umm I'm glad you think so, but umm with everything tonight I'm soooo thirsty." Bailey whined in a voice similar to what he used for speaking as the Skipper doll. "Auggy, would you like go get me my water again?" Sitting up on the bed August smiled, ran his hand across Bailey's cheek and through her hair as he looked into her beautiful green eyes. "As you wish."

When he left the room Bailey felt strong relief and went over to take some of his pills. It was bad enough to get turned on seeing hot girls at the water park or Candi in her underwear and get caught with a stiffy, it was another to be getting turned on by a man's touch. When he came back and shut the door Bailey gulped down the water and smiled at the man in front of him. "Like thanks, I was really thirsty. Do you think we could just lay in the bed and cuddle? You could like tell me about your day." August really wanted to do more than just cuddle, but he also got way more tonight then he had on other dates, though it did make him feel really happy she wanted to hear about his day. "Really? You want to hear about my day? It is boring stuff." Bailey shook his head, feeling the big hoop

earrings pull on his ears and the spiral ponytail bounce around. "Hearing about you wont ever make me bored." Both of them climbed back into bed, this time Bailey ended up laying on his side, his head on August's chest with an arm wrapped around him. Bailey let him prattle on about his day, and paid little attention to it other than to give sounds of affirmation like he was paying attention or saying things like. "I like don't know why you said this was boring, tell me more about that." But the long day had taken its toll on him and his eyes were getting heavy, before Bailey knew it he had fallen asleep cuddling up next to another man. It took August a little bit to notice Bailey had passed out, and with how comfortable he was he didn't want to wake up or move. He gave her a kiss to the top of her platinum blonde head and laid there thinking about how lucky he was before sleep overcame him as well.

Stepping out of her car Amanda looked up at the apartment building, seeing the light on in the window to her unit she smiled slightly to herself thinking about her evening. She was only going to go to the book club because her sister didn't want to go by herself, even if she right about both of them not getting out enough, she knew it wasn't the real reason. Megan was strong, always had been, but being alone was getting to her and no matter how much she tried to keep herself busy with taking photography classes, she knew how her sister was really feeling. It was a fun evening, a lot less talk about the book they were supposed to have read than expected, but between the six women they had polished off four bottles of wine. The biggest surprise was when Chriseen, Jeremy's mother, told her about how the girls had come by her shoe store, a place called Shoeholic in the mall, to see her boy. After a few glasses Christeen was saying how her son had been too afraid to talk to anyone in a skirt and how happy she was that he was finally coming out of his shell and having such pretty girls come calling on him. That turned into her asking which one of her daughters was interested in her little Jeremy, she would hate to see sisters fight over her boy and by the third glass Amanda had given up on trying to tell her how they both weren't hers. Waiting for a car to pass in the parking lot Amanda continued on her way proud of what the girls were doing for Jeremy and happy she had agreed to go, but now she had to make the time to read a book from Oprah's book club list back from two thousand and seven called Middlesex.

Opening the door smiled at Candi and Ryan on the couch, heading to hang her purse from a chair by the table. "Good evening Candi, Ryan. I hope you had fun tonight." Candi looked like she put a lot of effort into looking right for the evening, and loved how cute her hair looked. "I will stay out of your way, enjoying watching..." Looking at the television she looked at the two in silence for just half a second. "The Hunchback?" She watched the young man smile back at her along with Candi. "We have been watching Disney movies tonight, and good evening to you too." Nodding, Amanda turned to start heading to her bedroom, but stopped after just two steps. Her brain seemed to have missed something key, and she didn't know if it was because of the wine or it just being a long day. "Say, Candi. Where is your sister?" The look she saw on the girl's face made her think she had done something wrong, and the direction of her eyes told her where she would find Bailey. To the girl's credit she didn't give her friend up on purpose, at least not right away. "She went into her room with a boy and closed the door?" Her voice was firm and she was shocked at how much she reminded herself of her mother at that second. "They were going to watch videos on their phones and didn't want to..." Candi's voice trailed off under Amanda's icy stare from her blue eyes. The only two sounds in the apartment were Amanda's heels as she walked towards Bailey's door and the whisper of Ryan. "I think it might be best if August and I headed out." Smart boy she thought as her hand landed on the door knob.

What would happen if August found out the truth about Bailey, would he understand that the girl he had gone on a date with was really her ex-boyfriend in disguise? Would he tell people at the office? A boy alone in the room with a girl indicated very specific things, she could imagine Bailey not thinking anything of it. Choosing to accept the offer so he wouldn't have to watch Disney movies, not thinking about how she looked and a boy's desires with it until... those thoughts vanished as she opened the door and saw August and Bailey in bed together. They were partially sitting up, propped up by pillows, both sleeping. Of the things her mind expected, Bailey laying with her head on August's chest with his arm wrapped around her was not one of them. Bailey was dressed in what looked like an old rock band shirt of his that she used for a night shirt and it had been modified to hang to expose Bailey's shoulder and stomach, a plaid green tartan skirt and high denier stockings that ended below the skirts hem. Her hair was styled just like

Candi's and she had green eyeshadow to match the skirt. She wasn't dressed up as much as Candi, but the outfit was cute and something she would expect to see a teen girl wear for a date. "Pumpkin, time to wake up." Amanda said as she leaned down slightly to touch Bailey's leg, causing her to startle awake. She watched Bailey flutter his lashes and then sit up and pull away from August, who just took in a deep breath as he opened his eyes. "Mommy it's uh uh not what it looks like!" The voice sounded like it was pleading for her to believe her. "Hmm, Oh hi Miss B. I mean Miss Best."

"We are not at the office August, you do not have to be formal, but at the moment I would suggest maybe relocating back to your home. Unless you would like to have a discussion about your intentions with my daughter and why you are in her room, alone with her with the door closed." She watched as his eyebrows went up and started to get off the bed in a hurry, but just as he was about to get up he stopped and leaned over to give Bailey a kiss on the cheek. "I will text you later." He said getting off the bed in a hurry. Amanda tracked him with her eyes as he grabbed his sneakers and went off into the living room. "Bailey Ann Best, do you understand how dangerous it was for you to be alone in here with a boy?" Bailey nodded ready to tell her it wasn't his fault when he thought about how a good girl is seen and not heard. Mommy wanted to be heard right now, and this didn't feel like a discussion. "What if he found out the truth? What if he wanted to actually have sex with you? What would you do then?" Amanda put her hands on her hips waiting for Bailey to reply, but instead of the bluster and arguing she was used to she got nothing but silence as she looked down at her hands in her lap. Bailey had been a lot less argumentative, but she wished Bailey would say something. She sighed and reached over to tap under Bailey's chin so she would look up at her. "What would have you done if he wanted to do more than just lay there with you?" The shrug she got in return told her all she really needed to know, Bailey had no idea how to handle being with a boy and was completely unaware of how much the feminized man wanted to tell her how he wasn't allowed to tell him no, had no choice other than to date him and how much he didn't want any of it. Looking over her shoulder Amanda watched Candi say goodbye to the boys as they left, and decided she would have to have this talk with her too. Without a mother she doubted her father ever had a discussion about how to handle boys. "I'm not mad, but this was not good decision making on your part, now how about

you and Candi get ready for bed. When you are done, the two of you can come into my room and we will have a chat about boys.” Bailey still hadn’t said anything other than to nod and she wondered if she was just too embarrassed about everything. Leaving them to get ready for bed, she headed off to her own bedroom for the same, stopping on the way to tell Candi that she wasn’t in trouble. “I didn’t explicitly say no boys in the bedroom, or lay out any ground rules. That is my fault, go get ready for bed and the three of us are going to have a conversation about boys.”

“Tonight was so hot, I like sooo...” Candi’s body vibrated as she tensed her muscles and bounced up and down on the balls of her feet. “And I like didn’t think of her being upset about you and August in the bedroom and we like both should have thought of that. I can’t believe I gave me first hand job! Oh and what do you think your Mom wants to talk about? She said it was about boys? Oh my god it was embarrassing when our parents had THE TALK with us, but like it was also super nice to feel like we had more than one parent when it happened right? I think I am going to wear some of your pajamas, it just like totally feels right with how I feel right now.” She wasn’t even letting Bailey answer the questions, or pausing at all between her questions once they were alone in his bedroom. “Yeah, like umm yeah.” Bailey said unconsciously twirling his hair in his hand as he gave the single answer to her numerous questions. He felt hollow, not so broken as he was that night he saw himself in the mirror dressed as some preteen, but the extra mental faculties seemed disappointed that he was better off mentally now after taking a man’s cock in his mouth and another man’s cum, then just dressed like a little girl. He didn’t have the mental energy to be bothered when Candi started to undress right in front of him, he enjoyed what he saw and felt himself physically respond to the sight, but at the second it just didn’t seem to matter and this sight not mattering just added another layer of things he was upset about. “Okay, I’m like going to wear the foam green and white one, you wear the dark green and black one.” Candi said, handing Bailey one of his too many babydoll nighties. Bailey wanted to tell his friend the only thing that was hot tonight is when he got to hold her in his arms and kiss her, sitting on August’s lap was disgusting and everything else was just degrees worse. He couldn’t even tell Mommy how she should have been home so none of this would have happened. A good girl never never argues or complains, just like... just like how his name was Bailey and he liked to tease, and

sometimes do it down on his knees. He felt tears coming to his eyes as he looked down at the thin sexy piece of clothing in his hands.

“Hey, hey don’t be upset. Your Mom isn’t like mad or anything.” Candi said coming closer and sitting next to Bailey on the bed. She had already removed her belt, heels and dress and he felt the now scantily clad hot girl put her arm around his waist to try and comfort him. “It’s.. it’s like not that.” Taking a half a breath, Bailey let it out and did it again this time deeper. “August, he like, said he wanted me to be his first and I... and I...” can’t stand the idea of it, just blew him and wish I could get the image of his cock out of my mind, purge his cum from my body, stop pretending to be a girl were all things he wanted to say, instead his chest heaved as tears came from his eyes. He felt so vulnerable and hated crying, he didn’t know why he had done it so often and if that wasn’t bad enough he hated how he felt his chest moved with each sob. “It will be fine, I promise. I was totally scared with Ryan tonight and you helped me through it, besides if you aren’t ready he will understand and if he doesn’t we can totally dump his ass.” Wiping some tears from his eyes Bailey looked to his friend, she was trying to comfort him, but didn’t really understand the problem. “We?” Candi nodded before putting her forehead against Bailey’s. “We are in this together, your friends are my friends and like my friends are your friends. I keep telling you that you are my sister and sisters have each others backs and if like if your Auggy can’t take no for an answer then we can have Daddy fire him.” She was so often such a kind soul, Bailey wondered what the girl would be like if set on revenge and considering how insistent she got on things she wanted, there was no doubt in his mind August would become an ex employee before a week was out. Now if only he was allowed to say no, or figure out a way to use the ever protective Derrick to make Miss April stay out of his dating life without it blowing up in his face.

Running a brush through her blonde hair Amanda tried to think of things to say to the girls about how to avoid unwanted male attention. She had already changed out of her work clothes and now wore a set of satin cami shorts and camisole shirt. He thoughts were interrupted when she heard a light knocking on her bedroom door. “Time to be a parent.” She said to herself in the mirror before putting down her brush and going out into her bedroom to let the girls in. Opening the door she saw each had changed into a

babydoll nightie and had let their hair down, she motioned them in and climbed into the center of her bed and patted the mattress to either side of her. "Come on up and we can talk." When they were both up she looked between the two trying to think where to start. "Tonight you had some boys over and I should have set some boundaries for you girls to follow, that is on me. But I was thinking how I do not know if either of you understand how to avoid unwanted attention or to not accidentally lead a man on. I know you both have heard how a man often only wants one thing, that is not entirely true, but close enough. I am sure this talk is embarrassing for you both, but I think it is important." Candi nodded her head eager to hear what she had to say, while Bailey looked down at his painted toe nails, wishing he didn't have to hear some speech about men want to fuck girls, you don't have to let them. "Bailey, are you listening?" Begrudgingly he looked up to meet the gaze of the woman he loved, wishing Candi wasn't here right now so he could just tell her... he wasn't sure what he would tell her. He wouldn't be able to tell her the truth, not the whole truth and if not that, what else would he say? He wasn't sure, so he only nodded, sat and listened as she went on.

"There are little things you can do, like turn your head so a boy kisses your cheek instead of on your lips if you do not want to kiss him." Amanda was looking directly at Bailey when she said the first piece of advice she could think of to help Bailey with her continuing to date a boy to help with her cover. "If he reaches for your hand you can pull it away and run your hand through your hair, these are little subtle signs we can do to show we are not interested in things progressing. If, like tonight, you were watching a movie you could sit on another piece of furniture or sit on the ground instead of sitting next to the boy. I have told someone who was interested in me that being around him was like having a brother and when he asked me out I would ask him who else was coming. Of course this is if you want to let him know gently, often men do not pick up on subtle signs. Then you simply have to be firm and tell them no and that you do not want to do something or that you are not interested in them. It can feel cruel, but sometimes a harsh rejection is better than having to deal with a man that is not taking the subtle cues carrying on." Candi nodded, licked her lips as she thought and then looked at Bailey before asking her question. "What if like if they want to do something and it isn't like you don't want to do it, you just don't know if you do or if you are ready?" Amanda was pretty

sure she knew what the girl was talking about and took one of the girl's hands in between both of hers as she made eye contact. "Are you talking about having sex?" She watched as Candi both shrugged and nodded her head to the question. "If you do not know if you are ready, then wait. Never let a boy pressure you into having sex. I would like to say you are too young to think about things like this, but I do remember being your age and what it felt like when my heart beat quicker when say a boy you like held your hand like this. If he likes you enough to want to really be with you like that, then he will understand when you tell him you want to wait. There is nothing wrong with telling someone you want to talk about what you are unsure of, just make sure you do not accept some platitude. A platitude is when someone uses statements that mean little for the purpose of settling someone's unease. Does that make sense?" Amanda wished she could ask them if they she was doing a good job of explaining all this, but she needed to look like she knew what she was talking about, be the leader, and show confidence.

"Okay, but what if we wanted to know how to get a boy's attention or show him that we like them? Is it okay to sit in a boy's lap like Bailey does or do boy's think more into things like that?" Looking over at Candi with pleading doe eyes Bailey tried to will her to not say anything more like that. "Does she now?" Amanda said looking at Bailey with an eyebrow raised wondering why Bailey would do something like that with August, while telling her how she doesn't want to go on a date with him or be alone with him. "Well I would say it depends on the boy and the settings. Hmm how about this, Bailey go get my brush from the bathroom. I am going to brush out your hair tonight, both of you. As we continue this conversation." Amanda smiled at Candi, the girl seemed so eager and happy about talking about this, when she was sure it would have been something she would have avoided growing up. Amanda gave the best advice she could to both of the girls, making sure to keep pointing out they shouldn't do anything until they were ready and to do so responsibly, but even as she did that while having each in turn sit in front of her to brush their hair she kept thinking back to what Candi said about Bailey sitting in August's lap, and how she found her sleeping soundly in his arms, or going to bed in his hoodie the other night. It was like having a piece to a puzzle that you knew didn't match the one you had been looking at. Bailey wasn't interested in boys, maybe if Candi was also sitting in Ryan's lap he would have done that to copy what he saw another girl doing.

But then again there was a lot she hadn't understood about Bailey as of late. Little things taken by themselves that could be dismissed, like seeing the purple dildo in her night stand, how she chose to get her eyelashes extended and lips done, something that apparently Candi mimicked or maybe Candi had said she wanted to get it done so Bailey did it to and just ended up getting it done first. She was unsure, but felt like she needed to test Bailey, see if she could get her to do something girly on her own with no outside pressure.

"You know being young is a good time to experiment with your looks. I noticed you got your lips and eyes lashes done today Candi." Candi nodded happily and bumped her shoulder into Bailey. "When Bailey got them done and didn't tell me I was a little upset, I hadn't even thought about it, but she looks so good right!? Well Bailey made a followup appointment this week, I dunno to maybe get them bigger if she liked it." Candi stopped to look to Bailey for an answer, but cointuned when no quick reply came. "But when I said I like wanted to get it done she gave me her appointment, I was so happy to get it done before the date tonight." Well that gives me some more information Amanda thought. "You both tried goes platinum with your hair and getting it the same length the other week, but what if you had different hairstyles. How about we find a few cute hairstyles for Bailey, maybe something shorter." Candi was really enjoying all the girl talk and attention that she just didn't get at home. "That sounds like fun, but it is totally going to spoil me telling people we are twins." Amanda gave an honest laugh at the idea of a haircut spoiling the girls little fantasy. "You can still tell people that, but maybe we can find something cute for her so that everyone just knows she is your little sister?" Bailey didn't know about all that, but shorter hair would be easier to take care of and after spending so much time looking through the magazines at the salon he actually had a decent idea of things he thought looked good. "But this is important Candi, we are just talking and looking, you can't go and pressure my darling daughter into getting it done. It has to be her decision." And if Bailey decides to go get the girly haircut it will tell me what? That he wants to look that way? Or that she thinks I want her to look that way? It would just be another piece to the puzzle and help me understand her. Amanda took a deep breath looking at Bailey as the three looked up different hairstyles on their phones and compared them and talked. She wondered if most parents wished they could read

their child's mind to know what they were thinking.

Bailey slept fitfully, his dreams seemed to be a jumbled mess of things like Katya from the salon saying Detka, a baby or her saying Krasivaya for beautiful. Bailey was looking in the mirror at the salon the curtain of eyelashes in his view like when he wasn't as used to them. The woman holding out his hair to the side. "How want?" She said as Mandy stood behind him holding up a photo of a hairstyle. Suddenly he was looking up August, he loomed over him like a skyscraper. When he smiled the sun glinted off his teeth, causing a blinding light and before Bailey's eyes could adjust he felt something fleshing pressing on his lips. Opening his eyes Bailey could see a dick, not just any penis, but August's. Bailey turned to run away, but April was standing there. Her arms crossed and looking none too pleased with Bailey. "I don't know why you want to act like a bimbo, but if that is how it is then you will not be telling my brother no. Now hurry up and blow him." She said impatiently. Bailey looked behind him, August was getting closer. A voice called out from the distance, he recognized the voice, it wasn't talking to him, but right now he felt it applied. "It isn't going to suck itself." It was his own voice, but firmer, with confidence and command. Something he had once said to a girl who was reluctant after she had gotten him worked up. Turning away from August, Bailey put his back to him and his sister and tried running, but his steps slowed. Looking down he saw he was in a tight dress and tall heels that made it so he couldn't move nearly as fast. While looking down he bumped into someone, looking up he saw it was Megan, with wolfish smile. The longer Bailey looked at her the taller and taller she got. "You don't look like you are being a good girl. Bailey tell me what it means to you to be a good girl.

"A good girl always looks her best." Bailey looked down feeling his clothes moving around on their own. His heels changed shape to a rounded toe black five inch pump, his tight dress growing shorter and revealing legs covered in sheet hose and the weight of earrings appeared. Bailey felt stunned looking down at himself, dressed a young woman ready for a night out on the town and even stunned his mouth kept moving with his mantra. "A good girl is polite." Clasp his hands together in front of him, Bailey couldn't help but look down at the ground in front Megan, trying to look demure. "A good girl is always obedient." Turning one of his feet, Bailey was ready to head back toward

August, he didn't want to go back to him, but he was told to do so, and he had to listen to April was and adult, and he wasn't. "A good girl always smiles." Still looking at the floor and ready to go do as he was told, Bailey felt his face change from a scowl at how horrible this all was to a smile. He now looked like a demure girl, happy to go do as she was told and give a blow job to a boy and he hated it with every fiber of his being. "A good girl is seen and not heard." As he said those words his voice grew softer. "A good girl never argues or complains." He had to do as he was told and put another man's cock in his mouth, and yet he knew he wouldn't utter one word of protest. "A good girl never uses foul language." Words like Fuck, shit, bitch wouldn't be coming out of his mouth instead Bailey had to replace them with Sugar, Peaches, with the foulist word he was allowed to say, darn. "I am a good girl, happy and proud." Shoulders back, chest out, Bailey's eyes slowly looked up at the towering amazon that was Megan. Who smiled down happily and with a motion of her hand Bailey spun around and moved to do as she was told. One foot in front of the other, hips swaying, arms bent at the elbow and wrists bent to keep her bracelets where they were. She could see August up ahead, through out ever changing dream Bailey paid no notice to how the world behind the people she met changed, and now she only looked to August's cock. "My name is Bailey, I like to tease, I like to please and sometimes I do it down on my knees." She said to the man as she slid down on her knees. Many voices talking all around him at once.. "Krasivaya detaka." "You can't say no to him." "I love having a daughter!" "Bailey are you a good girl?" "It isn't going to suck itself." "You are the best sister ever!" "Hussies like this will take advantage of a good boy like you." "I found your horse Cherry." "Remember you need to act ditzy so that people will ask you less questions." "I can't wait for our third date." The last voice Bailey knew was never heard, it was the last text received from August before she went to bed, yet he was standing in front of her ready for her to get to work. Without freedom of choice, she was obedient, without choice she smiled as the thick member grew closer to her lips.

Bailey opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue ready to receive it when something snapped in him and he bared his teeth like he was ready to bite the thing if it got any closer. His hand released the dock in his hand and he shouted out, not up to August, but to the world. "I AM NOT A GIRL! I'M BAILEY ANDREW SMITH, A GROWN MAN!!" The world itself seemed to shudder and shake as Bailey rose to his feet, the girly clothing

starting to change to something more masculine. He had enough, he was long past his breaking point. His muscles strained as he tensed them all, but then he heard another voice. "You are Bailey Ann Best, my daughter and I love you." Then another voice. "You are my wonderful girly niece, Bailey Ann Best." Then another. "You are my godchild Bailey Ann Best." And another. "I love you like my own daughter Bailey Ann Best and one day you will be my daughter too. Bailey started to turn around, his clothes warping back to how they were a second ago as the people behind the voices came into view. Amanda... Mandy, no his Mommy. Aunt Megan, Miss April, Mr. Connors and then Candi came into view as she ran forward and hugged him. "You are Bailey Ann Best, my best friend and my sister and we all love you." All the righteous anger in him flooded out as he started to cry. He wasn't getting away, He was both Bailey Andrew Smith and Bailey Ann Best, but only one could be in the world at a time and right now no one was going to let him change back, all for their own reasons and not all of them even knew they were doing it. Some did it for love, some for self interest and others cruelty, or somewhere inbetween.

Slowly Bailey opened his eyes, his heavy eyelids fluttering as he felt someone... Candi get out of. He hardly ever worked up before when sharing a bed as the mattress shifted, but under the covers on the small bed there was no way he could lay with Candi without them touching one another and the last few nights they ended up cuddling as they slept, and now as she got up the lack of her warmth was noticeable. Out of habit he smiled over to her as she tried to move through the room sneakily. At least she was trying to let him sleep. He remembered them climbing into bed last night and shortly after she had gotten back up. Dug through her suitcase and pulled out her multi-pronged vibrator. "Time for some self love, because tonight was..." Her face grew red, he could tell she was thinking about everything that happened that night. "Should I do this in here? After everything we did together...? No, forget it." She started toward the bedroom door. Bailey would have loved to see her bring herself to orgasm, but didn't think it would be such a good idea with how pent up he was. "You can like stay if you want." Bailey knew he shouldn't have said that, he had just decided not to... yet his own face had started to blush looking at her in the babydoll nightie, holding that thing. "Should I? Umm.." She wanted to stay, Bailey could tell, he could push her to do what he wanted, like he had done many times over. "You could like show me how to use that thing, it looks like umm

a lot.” Candi looked at her toy and smiled. “Okay, but like another time I gotta like...” Candi looked to the door, scrunching up her face in contemplation before moving back towards the door out out it. “Scared her off, but I guess it is for the best.” Bailey blew some air out of his lungs as he thought of what she was doing in the other room. Closing his eyes his hand reached up to his breast, imagining it was hers as he started to play with it, rub his hands and fingers across his nipples. They seemed to respond to his touch right away and so did his trapped member. “Mmmm, so good, mmm.”

Bailey reached over and opened the drawer on his night standing and looked down at the white applicator, the cream, the purple dildo and his diary. He could get off with them and this stupid thing, he reached for it, but pulled his hand away. He didn’t want that right now and after some practiced had learned that if he touched himself in the right way on the prosthetic some sort of vibrator would activate on his dick. One hand still on his breast, he reached into his panties with the other and started feeling around the slit between his legs. Slipping one finger, then two into himself he felt around, it was moist like he would expect from any woman, but little sensation to himself. “OH... yes..!” His body shuddered as he tweaked his nipple. His own voice turning him on more, if he closed his eyes he could pretend he was fingering another woman. He moved his fingers in and out and rubbed. Listened to his breathing and the short breath things he said. “Oh, that’s good. So good.. Aaahhh. Oh yes, cum for me baby, cum for me.” Bailey tried to pretend it wasn’t his own voice. He was male, but it was still his own voice, softer, and higher, but still him, so he changed it up and used the voice he had for the Skipper doll, while thinking about the different woman he had fingered over the years. He wanted more, and slid some of his fingers up to touch the clitorous. That was the sweet spot and it brought to life the device and soon he had to bite down on one of the pillows as he touched that and his own chest. Quickly, so very quickly he felt his own dick starting to pulse and spasms he erupted. He never had a problem with cumming too quickly for girls, but with how fast he just came he knew no woman would have been satisfied. It felt like he hadn’t cum in decades. Pulling his hand out of his panties, Bailey made a disgusted look at his hand with how much cum was on it, it was like he cumed buckets and he was sure his panties were soaked. He couldn’t go to the bathroom so he went out and washed his hands in the kitchen, even though he wanted nothing more than to close

his eyes now. Candi was still busy and Bailey went back into his room he stripped off his panties and as he took a step to the drawer for another pair felt more of his seed drip from his crotch onto his thigh. Pulling up another pair, Bailey cleaned off his leg with a tissue before rubbing his prosthetic to try and get out any more that might slip out. On girls he had just fucked, or on porn it was like totally hot to see a girl so full of cum it seeped out, but on him it was like, disgusting, even if it was his own seed. The release had felt wonderful and as he put his head back down on the pillow he felt ashamed. He had just gotten off from touching his own chest, playing with himself like a girl and it had felt... His thoughts were interrupted when Candi came back into the room, her face red and breathing a little heavy. "I like really needed that. Like Oh my god, can we talk about tonight?"

Her eyes shifted down to the open nightstand drawer and her smile grew in size like someone had just told her the best secret. "Looks like I wasn't the only one." Glancing at the drawer, Bailey had forgotten to close it, he hadn't used anything in there, but he had still gotten off like a girl and the shame in him grew. "Next time, you should totally try this though." Candi said putting her own toy inside Bailey's nightstand and closed the drawer. "I like don't need that!" Walking around the bed Candi climbed in next to Bailey. "Oh, like don't worry it is totally clean. Besides, this way I don't have to like hide in in my suitcase if we need it again." Three, now Bailey had three female sex toys in his nightstand and he preferred the old number of zero, he wished there was a shooting star so he could wish that he still had zero. "So like with the boys, tonight was, well... wow you know. With you having both of them on your face, Oh my god! So I was like thinking, maybe we could do something like again, but like also how we did it with the life guard." Peaches, this girl wanted Bailey to be her body proxy acting like a slut. Aunt Megan and Miss April were forcing him to do things with August, he was not going to do more because she was randy and was exploring some fetish she just learned she had. "Candi, that like not..." Candi put her arm around Bailey and pulled herself close as she got more comfortable on the small bed. "I know.. I know. You are just like so experienced with this stuff and it still frightens me and with tonight. Nevermind , I don't know what I was thinking."

Closing his eyes tightly Bailey hated that he could hear the rejection in her voice, like she was reprimanding herself. Sugar, now I feel like that bad guy for not doing what she wanted, how does she do that? “Listen, sis. Umm don’t like ever feel bad for liking something, if you like it and like imagine and want to do it, that is like totally fine. Like everyone has things they want to try, you just like think and dream about it and talk to me. Don’t go and like busy it deep down, its totally normal.” What she was talking about was not normal, but he didn’t want her to feel bad. He was in no way going to do what she wanted, but some hot thing talking to him about her sexual fantacys didn’t sound so bad. “You’re the best.” I like don’t know if you are the best Best, but you are without a doubt my best friend.” Rolling over in the bed so that the two were facing one another Bailey put his arm over her like she had him. Opening his eyes just a little he saw her with the light from the nightlight through his thick eyelashes. “You are right, I am like totally the best.” Scrunching up her nose Candi tickled Bailey a little on his side and he let out an uncontrolled giggle from the unexpected assault. “You were supposed to say I am your best friend.” Bailey tried pushing her hand away and to control his laughter so he didn’t wake Mommy up. “No like you said I was the best friend, how can you be the best and me be the best?” Candi scowled at Bailey thinking how she was such a little brat. “We were having a touching moment and you like ruined it.” Bailey shrugged and then tried to scoot away when Candi continued her assault for the nonreply. He attempted to tickle her back and Candi’s laughter joined his own and as he struggled to get beyond her reach on the small bed he tumbled to the floor. Sitting up he looked up at her and stuck his tongue out with the victory of escaping her, when the bedroom door was flung open. Both of them looked to the now open door and saw Amanda with a look of worry on her face, that slowly faded away, leaving her just looking tired. “Bailey, are you girls okay?” Standing up Bailey started to play with his hair feeling nervous like he was in trouble for waking her up and really didn’t want to be punished again. “Yeah we were like playing and I fell.” Amanda’s eyes shifted between the two girls, it was past midnight and they were both up still playing. She was happy they were okay, upset that they had woken her up and yet she was happy that Bailey was truly enjoying herself, having fun. She thought about the conversation she had with her sister and how Bailey asked for these changes as she looked at her in her babydoll nightgown looking like a teen girl who was about to be in trouble. “You girls need to keep it down.” She looked at the clock on the nightstand

and let out a sigh. “No, you both need to get some sleep. If you wake me up again I will turn both of your backsides red. Clear?” Both of them nodded and Bailey climbed back into bed as Amanda closed the door and headed back to her room. Bailey had been much more concerned about doing as he was told to avoid being punished than what she thought of him at that moment. As she closed her own bedroom door she thought about the childlike behavior she had seen from Bailey, and how much it seemed she seemed to enjoy not having the stress of the world’s expectations on her.

“You are like totally not sneaky at all.” Bailey said to Candi as she started to round the bed. “You don’t need to be sneaky when you are adorable.” Bailey rolled over and closed his eyes. “I don’t get away with anything.” He said thinking about the threat from last night. He would rather have the threat than the actual thing, but it didn’t really feel like he got away with them waking Mommy up. She was always an early riser, but hated being woken up in the middle of the night and was always reluctant for sex after she had already fallen a sleep and couldn’t imagine she was too happy with being woken up from laughter and him falling. “Well you should have just said, Mommy I’m so sorry, please we will totally not making any more noise. It would have totally worked last night.” Sitting up on the bed Bailey looked at the girl, his eyes only half open. “You like want me to use baby talk?” Candi gave a few nods of her head. “I didn’t see you telling her that last night.” Candi squatted down to pull some clothes from her suitcase, glancing over her shoulder to answer Bailey. “Well Mom was really angry at you.” Touching the back of his index finger to his thick bottom lip Bailey thought to what Mommy had said the night before, not wanting to argue with Candi if he was wrong. “No, like she said she would spank both of us and I see you are calling her Mom again.” Standing up Candi came over and sat at the foot of the bed on Bailey’s side of the small bed. “Oh yeah she totally did, but I like had the most amazing dream last night.” At least one of us did Bailey thought as the memories of the odd dream, like August being as tall as a skyscraper started to fade from his waking mind. “I was the maid of honor when are parents were getting married and it was so nice, she had the most lovely dress and mine was lavender with white and yours was mostly white with lavender.” Bailey interrupted her, he had been to plenty of weddings and the girls all tended to wear the same thing. “Why was like my dress different?” Putting the clothes she was holding down on the bed, Candi brought her

hands together in a praying motion and brought the tips of her index fingers to her mouth, holding it there for a second as she thought back to her dream. “Well like I think subconsciously I know how you love flowers so you were like the flower girl. You were soooooo cute!”

Bailey groaned and let himself fall backwards on the bed. “I don’t want to be a flower girl.” Getting up from the bed, Candi collected her clothes. “Well like when they get married I doubt I will be the maid of honor either, dreams are just like that sometimes. But it is like totally fun to think about right!? Bailey moved his arm over his eyes as Candi turned the light as she left the room. He was sure she did it so he couldn’t go back to sleep. “Yeah... totally fun.”

Getting out of bed Bailey checked his phone, seeing a bunch of notifications. It looked like his most recent video had been a hit with thirty thousand views in one day. Thinking something was off he clicked over to Youtube to look at his channel and noticed the number of subscribers went up from nineteen to over a thousand. “Oh... my... god...” Bailey said looking at the numbers on the screen, it was absolutely amazing to him that not only did people want to watch him, but subscribe for more of his debasement. Every one of those numbers was a person that had seen him dressed like a girl and playing with a doll. Looking down at the comments he saw such gems as “U should be on camera more, way 2 beautiful 2 B out of frame.” “Have you considered making a channel of you just playing with dolls? I bet it would be a great children's channel.” “BaileyB you are adorbs!” The comments kept going, and hits for his other videos were up, but not to the same levels. He guessed one video led to people watching another. “Hurray for internet popularity.” Bailey said with a tired voice, before clicking over to his text messages.

Bailey: I had so much fun with u on our date :-*

Bailey: I also made an Amazon wishlist, take a look!

Auggy <3: I can imagine you in all of those!

Auggy <3: Very happy with my imagination right now.

Auggy: <3: Okay, you should get those boots you wanted soon.

Auggy: <3: Can’t wait to see you in them :)

Bailey: OMG Really! U are the best Auggy!

The entire time Bailey was reading over his notifications he was standing next to his bed, but seeing the text messages with August, messages that he didn't send caused him to slowly sit back down. He had removed the little heart next to Augustus name in his contacts before and now it was back, with August's name being changed to Auggy. Clicking on the link to the Amazon wishlist Bailey saw all the items Aunt Megan how shown him the other night and more. Clicking over to her contact Bailey hit the call icon. "What did you do? How did you even change things on my phone!?" He said rapidly soon as the phone picked up. "Bailey is that you? Sorry I didn't understand that you are talking a little to fast for me. I'm getting ready for work pumpkin, what can I do for you?" Trying to keep calm Bailey grabbed his sheet with his free hand and tightened his grip on it. "Aunt Megan, I like seem to have texted August a link to an Amazon wishlist that I didn't create." Bailey hadn't even considered what time it was, if Aunt Megan was still getting ready for work, then Mommy might not have left yet. "Well I would imagine you forget a lot of things, but you really should at least keep track of the things you send to a boy you like. It isn't like I am able to use the parent controls I installed on your phone to read and send things from your phone. Far as the wishlist goes I do recall showing you a few items and you saying you loved them. I'm sure whatever you picked out will look lovely on you." Reaching up to his hair, Bailey started to run his nails through it worried about what else she was able to do with the controls. "But, umm I thought you like said you wouldn't send texts for me anymore." He was grasping at straws, she had said that, but it wasn't like he had any leverage to keep her to her word. Not like with the PI, he played the part of Bailey Ann Best and she worked on clearing his name. "I think you are giving me too much credit pumpkin. Now your Mom was telling me how you were thinking about getting your haircut, I think that is a lovely idea. Do you need a few dollars to get it done or did your Mom give you money for it?"

"Mommy said I only have to get my haircut if I want and how did you know about that, we like only talked about it last night?" The first thing Bailey heard instead of a reply was a tisking sound she was making. "You Mom called me last night, she is worried about you Bailey. Failing your test at the DMV because you were flirting and cheating off a boy,

inviting August into your room, so we talked.” Bailey shook his head no in small, tight shakes. “No like I wasn’t flirting, he like wouldn’t leave me alone and then his Mom called me a hussie and like August... Aunt Megan I really didn’t want to do anything with him. You know I didn’t!” His voice wasn’t a quivering or firm, it sounded more like he was whining and begging her to admit the truth, his truth, that no one else could see. “Aww I’m sorry that woman was so mean to you, don’t worry pumpkin, I know that must have been hard. Sometimes woman can be catty, but it is all going to be okay. Tell you what, why don’t you go get your haircut today on me. Wont that cheer you up?” Bailey swallowed, and pulled his hand away from his hair so he would stop playing with it, when he noticed what he was doing subconsciously in his vanity mirror. “Are you like telling me to do it or asking me if I want it?” He could hear movement on the other end of the phone, but she didn’t say anything for about thirty seconds. “Bailey I do have to get going to work, but I think it is a good idea. Before I go why don’t you tell me what it means to be a good girl.” Without hesitation Bailey said the motto that he had practiced over and over again, his motto. “Ah that was the one, a good girl is obedient. Both your Aunt and Mom think you should do it.” Getting his haircut would bring it more in line with how his hair length used to be, but what had been picked out was really girly. “But like I was told only if I want to.”

“A good girl always looks her best, are you telling me you don’t want to look your best? And that sounds a bit like arguing to me. Lets count that as one.” Peaches! Bailey thought when she said one. His mind thinking back to the punishments she had inflicted upon him when he misbehaved. “I like totally do want to look my best.” He should have known better than to think he would truly given an option on if he was going to do something super girly or not. “So, now that you have put some good thought into what you want and don’t. What are you going to tell your best friend and mother?” Bailey touched his hair as he looked at himself, his face and hair specifically in the mirror. He still needed more sun, he was still pale. He never did tan well, his face looked washed out to him without makeup and he needed to run a mascara brush through his eyelashes to fan them out, they were a little clumpy. “That I would love to try something new and get a cute haircut.” Bailey couldn’t see it, but Megan was putting her purse on her shoulder as she headed out the door with a smile on her face. The phone call ended, Bailey let out a long breath

and walked out to the living room in time to see his pretend Mommy adjusting one of the straps on her double ankle strap heels. "Good morning pumpkin, I'm glad I got to see you this morning before I left for work." Moving up to her Bailey hugged the sitting woman, he loved her, but he always considered himself kind of like that song about doing anything for love, but he wouldn't do that and that happened to be a bunch of things, but here he was... "Whoa, not that I am complaining, but where did this come from?" He gave her a tighter squeeze, not wanting to let go, wishing the two of them could just go back to before. He wouldn't argue with her for the sake of arguing because he was mad at something. He wished he could just take her hand and have her miss a morning meeting while they had fun, but instead he had to tell her, he had to be a good girl.

"Mommy, I was like umm thinking and stuff about last night. I would like love to try something new with my hair and get a cute haircut. I was like talking to Aunt Megan and she said she would pay for it." Bailey was happy to feel her return the hug, rocking her body from side to side with him in her arms. You know, with not having to pay for that job assistance program for my ex we have a little extra. If your Aunt is paying for your hair, why don't you and Candi get a mani pedi on me. You just make sure you thank your Aunt for spoiling you. Amanda was shocked that Bailey had decided to get her hair done and even more so that she talked it over with Megan. When once they seemed like enemies, now the two had a real relationship. She thought back to the conversation she had with her sister when the girls left her room last name. "I know you said Bailey asked to get her lips done and that she is happy, but what if that is all just part of the act? Bailey did ask me to help keep her in character and honestly I have to remind myself she isn't what she seems lately.. Bailey feels like a different person now and seems happy almost all of the time." Amanda was looking through photos on her laptop as she spoke to her sister. Her screen had stopped on an image of a young, maybe twelve year old Bailey in a red dress looking upset as she sat on Santa's lap. "That is because Bailey is happier like this, think about how he was before. When did you know him to ever give up control of something? Or choose to do what someone else wanted without being outnumbered? The answer is never or close to it. Bailey now lets everyone lead her around, she doesn't have to worry about anything because the person she has chosen to be is someone who doesn't worry about what to do next, about what is the correct answer, she just lets others decide.

The saying ignorance is bliss and Bailey is choosing to be a ditzy girl so that she can be blissful, instead of a man with the weight of the world because he isn't living up to some expectation that his Napoleon attitude ass can't live up to."

Amanda clicked the laptop over to the next image of Bailey with what she would have looked like going to her eighth grade dance. Hair her natural blonde color, coming down just past her shoulders with a slight curl put to it. Light makeup and wearing a blue dress with lace shoulders coming up over her bodice and being long enough to just touch her knees and a pair of low heel silver heeled sandals. In the image she held a light blue clutch purse between her hands in front of her. "Napoleon? Really Megan." She rolled her eyes. Bailey wasn't like that terror of a friend of his Liam, he seemed to take some of Bailey's bad habits and ramped them up to eleven. "I may have given Bailey a test to see if she... he really wants this. I spoke with him and Candi last night. They both looked like beautiful young woman, that could be sisters wearing matching babydoll nighties and I told Candi to not to push Bailey on this. I wanted to see if Bailey would go and get his haircut like this." She sent the saved image over to her sister. "I think seeing him sleeping in bed with a man should be enough proof when you don't believe me, but it is a cute haircut. Can you afford to send her to the salon?" Pursing her lips she thought for a second at her account balances when she paid the bills. Having a daughter was expensive, but with Bailey no longer trying to use the recruiting service life was more affordable. She hated paying for it before, it was a bad investment, but Bailey wouldn't budge on it. Now it wasn't needed. She wasn't particularly keen on doing the household finances, she looked at numbers all day. The last thing she wants to do is go and pay bills when she gets home, but it wasn't like she could let Bailey keep doing that as her daughter. "It isn't a problem."

Clicking over to another photo Amanda looked at Bailey going to what would be her freshman homecoming. Her hair was still long, no curls, just brushed back with a silver hairpin of hers that looked like a flower with leaves. Her dress was a sleeveless forest green dress with a tiered skirt. Like the last it had some lace near Bailey's bodice, but this one was just a small thing connecting the straps of her dress in the front, the rest was a plunging neckline that just showed off the young teens budding breasts. In the photo she

had one hand on her hip and the other holding a white clutch. Amanda smiled looking at the photos, wishing these were real events. “How about we wait till this weekend and I will take her to the mall to get her hair done.” Her sister was missing the point of the test, not that it would solidly prove anything, just this willingness to feminize himself more for the role. “That isn’t the point Megan, she has to do it on her own.” Amanda could hear her sister let out her breath as she signed. “She is going to do it, I figured I would at least get to spend time with my niece. Bailey has confided in me she is having fun, but she is so much calmer and way easier to deal with than my little one. Don’t tell Bailey, but I’m enjoying myself interacting with her.” Letting out a laugh Amanda thought of Rebecca off at college and how originally the plan was for her to pretend to be her daughter. “Becky is not so little anymore sis and to your point earlier. Bailey has created this character and I know she has no idea how to handle the advances of men, I bet the idea of being stared at did not cross her mind when this was all set up and now she has to just keep up the act. I did give her a few ideas of how to politely tell men she was not interested. It was Amanda’s turn to hear laughter on the other end of the phone. “Act or not, but no one walks the way she does or bends over like that unless their goal is to draw the eye.”

“Are you trying to tell me Bailey likes men? You think Bailey is bi? Because I promise you, I have the experience to tell you that I know what Bailey likes in bed.” Amanda closed her laptop, she didn’t like the way that sounded when looking at images of a freshman high school age girl. She didn’t have a problem with lesbians, but the idea of being physically intimate with another female never sat right with her. “All I am saying is pay attention to who your daughter gives her affection to.” That night Derrick didn’t answer his phone, she had only gotten a text saying he was thinking of her and would be burning the midnight oil to take care of something important that he just found out about. So after a conversation like that, she was incredibly surprised with Bailey.

“Morning hugs, can I join!?” Looking to her side Amanda saw Candi wearing an off the shoulder dress that gave the illusion it was a blouse with a skirt. The top was black, with quarter sleeves and the bottom was white with black polka dots. She gave the girl a smile and pulled one arm away from Bailey to invite her in. When the embrace was over, Amanda stood up and looked down at the girls, being much taller than them with her heels on. “Bailey has said she wants to go get her haircut today, so it sounds like the two

of you need the car.” Amanda brought her phone to life to look at the display. “I have an early meeting, but I can take that on my phone, if you girls think you can be ready in say twenty minutes?” Candi looked over to her friend with a big smile, her excitement clear as the sun on a cloudless day. “You decided!? Yay! And like yeah we can be ready. Come on, lets get you ready sis!” Candi said taking ahold of Bailey’s hand and moving toward the bedroom. “Hmm” Amanda made the sound as she looked in her purse noticing she didn’t have any cash to give Bailey. She looked up and called after the girls. “We will have to stop by an atm so you girls have some money. A debit card would come in handy right now.” She said thinking about Bailey’s now lack of access to the joint account and thought it might have been a little short sighted.



“You can like send the money to my bank account. I’m surprised Bailey doesn’t have one of her own, does like she only having a savings account? For like college?” If she did really have a child she would have a saving account setup and needed an excuse and when she looked at Bailey looking a little sad at the prospect of not getting the haircut that she had brought up it made her feel a little guilty. She figured if Megan was offering to pay, it would be more of a pay you back type of situation, but Candi having an account they could send money to did give her an idea that with why Bailey had to practice math over the summer. “No, she is not great with money, and never took to balancing a checkbook.” Amanda gave a small shrug. “With finances being what they are and her not wanting to go to college, no.” It was more information than she would have honestly given, but she kept talking the more nervous she got about lying. “I’m like totally fine with money!” Bailey added unhelpfully. “Sounds like you are good at spending it like me little sis, but like don’t worry maybe we can like setup a students account for you and Mom can try going over the checkbook thing again with both of us.” Candi never balanced her account before, but she also had never over drafted either, but didn’t want to sound like she was bragging to Bailey who obviously struggled with math more than her. “I bet I’m like waaaay better at math than you.” The idea of this blonde girl putting them on the same level irked Bailey. “I love... bets. Let’s say we both do a page in your workbook and whoever gets the most right answers wins?” Bailey nodded, he was rusty with math he had learned, but there was no way she was smarter than him. “Deal!” Bailey agreed rapidly to the proposed bet. “Winner has to do and say whatever the winner wants for five minutes of their choosing, but like they have to give you a little warning.” When Amanda was younger she would make bets with her sister, but they tended to revolve around the loser doing the winners chores. “Girls, the clock is ticking.”

Sitting in the backseat as Candi drove, Bailey had hooked his phone to the back of the driver’s seat with the forward facing camera on so he could look at himself as he finished his makeup. He had his hair pulled back into a high ponytail, allowing him to easily see his earrings that looked like white daisies. “Can you like drive more carefully?” Bailey called up to the front as he almost poked himself in the eye with his mascara wand.” Amanda looked in the backseat at her daughter, watching as she fanned and enhanced her already long curly lashes. Moving her head from side to side as she fluttered them, to

make sure the look was just right. She was wearing the pink lace off the shoulder top that was worn to the park that first day, it felt like it was forever ago with how much had been going on. To go with it she was wearing her black button up denim skirt and the pink heels she had gotten when she stayed with Megan. To accessorize her outfit she wore her earrings white daisy earrings that never did make it back to her jewelry box after the first time Bailey had worn them. A black lace choker and the engraved dog tag style necklace she had given both the girls for an early birthday present. Amanda couldn't imagine walking around the mall in those tall heels, and it made her think about how Bailey only had two pairs of shoes that weren't high heels. The wedges didn't count, and one of her pairs of sneakers were wedge sneakers, so they didn't count either. That left the pink converse shoes that Bailey had traded Candi for that first day at the park. "You really do love wearing heels everywhere." Bailey looked over to his pretend Mommy, pulling his hand away from his eyes with the brush he was using to apply the light pink eyeshadow. "Like of course, I always have to look my best and like you love them too. Like mother, like daughter." Not like I have a lot of choices, your feet are bigger than mine so I can't borrow some of your flats and that leaves me with exactly zero option other than to wear them. Amanda looked down at Bailey's feet again, the Barbie pink heels were cute and she did enjoy heels, but she didn't always wear them. She made a mental note to order some flats for Bailey online today to see if she would choose them over the heels.

When they pulled up to the front of the large office building Amanda started to say her goodbyes as she grabbed her purse and laptop bag and stopped herself just before shutting the door. "Wait here girls, I have Bailey's birth certificate upstairs, if you have your social card you can go try to take the test again today. Candi do you mind playing chauffeur today for your little sister?" First the comment about ex boyfriend this morning, he knew that was the story, but still it hurt. But Mommy kept playing into this little sister thing more and more and it bugged him. "I'm like older than Candi!" Candi snickering in the front seat to his protest was a bit emasculating, Bailey thought. "Really? Show me your ID, I bet it says you are only seventeen." Adjusting the strap on her shoulder Amanda pointed at Candi. "Try not to tease her too much, and do me a favor and make sure she checks that they fix that mistake this time. Oh and I almost forgot. Bailey, your Aunt Megan also sent some money over to Candi. Make sure to send me a

photo after you get your hair done, enjoy the mani pedi and if you need or want anything else ask your big sister.” That time she had teased Bailey on purpose, she liked to whine about it, but referred to Candi as such when they talked. Amanda waved goodbye to them after coming back down to give them the birth certificate. Bailey seemed to be happy, saying they would go back home after the mall to pick up her social security card so she can show that test who was the boss. Part of her expected to see Bailey with the same head of hair later, or Candi with the same style. Insisting they needed to look like twins and if the excitable teen did it would invalidate the test. Turning back to the building Amanda looked at the Mega Corp name above the door and couldn’t wait for her work day to be over. Tonight Derrick was coming back into town and she was looking forward to seeing him. The anticipation made her smile as she made her way into the building and wished she had already started to pack for the weekend trip. It was unlike her, but she had been so busy with the girls she hadn’t even thought about it.

Looking at himself in the mirror, Bailey sat in the salon chair with the pink came around his neck, blocking the view of his body. His hair was still the same platinum blonde, and it was trimmed so it came to just below his shoulders. The front of his hair seemed to curl in slightly toward his neck at the bottom and now he had bangs. The left and right side of his bangs came down just past his eyes, while the middle came just past his eyebrows. The haircut was something he expected to see on a young teen, it absolutely made him look younger. It wasn’t nearly as bad as what he had experienced before, but this time he would have to deal with it much longer. Worse was the fact he was being treated like a kid with his supposed big sister paying for everything. If he was going to be stuck like this for the summer, he did need to open a bank account. The combination of the haircut and how he was being treated brought a light blush to his cheeks as he looked at himself in the mirror. Slowly he reached up to touch his hair but stopped when he heard Candi talking next to him. “Wow I love it, I don’t know if I like the shorter hair, but I do look super cute.” In the chair next to him was Candi, she had said if Bailey was going to try something new, then so was she. “Bailey, Bailey!” Candi called out to her friend seeing her finished style for herself for the first time. Both of their stylists were up at the front picking up some of the hair products they were happy they were able to talk the two girls into getting. “You love it, you love it! I can tell!” Candi said, seeing the blush on Bailey’s

face. “Mom was sooo right about trying new things, I do like really, really like my hair, but at the same time I like don’t know. What do you think?” Her hairstyle brought her platinum hair down past her ears and to the nape of her neck, much shorter than it was previously and looking at her it felt like a drastic change and made her look more mature. Bailey always liked longer hair on women and that still held true now, especially with one of their haircuts making them look more childlike and the other doing the opposite. “I think you should totally be asking Ryan.” He really didn’t want to tell her that he didn’t like it. “That... is a great idea! We can take some selfies and oh yeah! I saw a photo booth, we can totally do that too.



“Sounds great, but can we like stop by the MAC cosmetic store? There is like a few things I’m running out of.” That was a sentence Bailey never thought he would be uttering, can we go to a make up store. He had been wearing makeup almost constantly and with

applying it and wiping it off and then doing it all over again to practice he had gone through it much faster than he would have expected. "Oh yeah, totally we can do that. We have like gobs of time before our nail appointment, do you know what you are going to get done?" Bailey looked at his long nailed fingers, the glossy pink finish wasn't something he particularly wanted to see on himself. They really weren't that long compared to how some girls got their nails, but they were longer than he liked and while he had gotten a lot better, he still found them getting in the way. "Maybe like going back to my real nails and just a clear coat." Candi raised an eyebrow that could easily be read as "Really?" She looked down at her pink nails, she had seen Bailey with different colored nails almost every day, trimmed back and a clear coat was never going to happen. "Yeah right, you can't go a week without painting your nails three times." Bailey crossed his arms over his chest, but did so under the pink cape to hide his hands. It wasn't his fault, Aunt Megan had said he needed to try and coordinate his nails with his outfit or his lipstick and today he had done both with the pink lipstick, top, nails and shoes. "Can too." Bailey said, now looking away from Candi. "Yeah? Want to make a bet?" This ditzy girl wanted to make a second bet with him in one day. He hoped she wouldn't pout and mope when she realized that Bailey was actually smart and can do simple math, while she struggled. And now all he had to do was not paint his nails, it would be easy. He would paint his nails a neutral color tonight or even get French tips and she would lose. "Same terms?" With a massive grin Candi nodded her head, she felt a little guilty for taking advantage of Bailey like this. She wasn't always the sharpest tool in the shed, but her little sister was a step behind her, but it was only natural the big sister should win. She wasn't sure if that is how it worked in normal households, but when she used to imagine having a little sister, she always followed her around, and Bailey often did. It was like they were made for each other.

The two had been at the mall longer than Bailey would have liked, but that was an easy hurdle to pass. They were standing outside the photo booth waiting for it to print the photos it took. The last time he had done one of these it was with Mommy and he knew she kept it at her desk, the very photo that started all of this. He could picture it now, him smiling with his mouth full of braces and holding onto the stuffed bear he had won her and was now somehow his. He fanned his fingers looking down at the colored claws on

his fingers. Candi had ended up getting the look he wanted with the square cut French tips, she loved it. "Well I am totally getting that done, but youuuuuu cannot, it would invalid... Invalid. Invalidate the bet." Bailey never thought, well he didn't think Candi was stupid, but she would be considered intelligent like him and her forgetting the word invalidate only highlighted why she was going to lose. He still got the square cut nails, but instead of no polish and white tips he had somehow an even pinker set of nails than he started the day with. This one was called Pink or Swim and she made sure to buy a bottle for them to take home. "Can, we like go now? We got makeup, hair done and our nails." The pedicure part was actually nice and really did feel like pampering. Pink toenails at the end weren't a particularly good ending, but of all the not so nice things... Bailey stopped his thoughts like a train hitting its breaks. Not nice things? Really brain? You can't even think the word shitty? "Someone is in a hurry to get to the DMV, well let's swing to see if Jeremy is at work and then we can go home." Bailey nodded, touching the tips of his hair with his fingers, the machine printed one of the sets of photos and he tapped his foot feeling impatient. A driver's permit was a stupid thing for him to be in a hurry to get, but he had been denied it and hated that he failed.

"I'm sorry girls Jeremy isn't working today, but I just know he loves that you two always stop in to see him." The store didn't have any other customers in it and it looked like Christine, Jeremie's mom might be the only employee working the opening shift. "Say Jeremy said the two of you do youtube videos and he showed me a few of them. It is so cute the two of you working on each other's makeup and that one with your grandmother, so sweet. I don't know much about those sorts of things, but I have been considering hiring someone to make my store a webpage. We do okay, but the way of the future is the internet and I was wondering. Well, would the two of you consider doing some of those unboxing videos. I really can't afford to hire you at the same time I'm paying for a web site to be built. I had no idea how much people charge for those sort of things, but if you want something done right as they say." Bailey was getting more and more uncomfortable with what she was saying, he was sure Candi was about to tell her they would do it for nothing just to try on all the shoes in her store. This place was like catnip to her or at least he was pretty sure it was. "Maybe you can like get the page done first." Bailey said like it was obvious that you just don't do both things at once. "I hadn't

even considered videos like this, but Jeremy showed me how many views people get and it would be wonderful if I could put a few up on the page so I don't have to go back and pay the web designer again. Maybe instead of money I could offer store credit?" Candi clapped her hands together and started to bounce up and down. "Eeeeeee! Yes, like oh my god this is a dream come true. We would love, like LOVE to shoot some videos in your store, but like on one condition." Christine wasn't the type of person to get openly excited about things, she liked to be private, but couldn't help smiling as she felt the girl's enthusiasm. "What conditions?" Candi brought her hands together again and brought them up to hide her smile for just a second before she hopped up and down. "You totally have to be in one of the videos with us." That wasn't the type of condition she was expecting, and while she didn't want to be in front of the camera, this was her store, and she was willing to bite the bullet. "I was worried the two of you would say no and I didn't want to take advantage of Jeremie's friends. Thank you so much." She said, giving Candi and then Bailey a quick hug. Bailey didn't come across as this shy in her videos and figured her sister probably coached her, and Candi was excitable, and she figured the two balanced each other out. Getting them together instead of just one was perfect. "This is just perfect." Christine said. "Perfect." Bailey said in a small voice, while Candi said the same in a much happier tone.

After getting home from the mall Bailey put away his new makeup and nail polish and stood in front of his vanity. He smiled at the four picture strip of him and Candi from the photo [booth. In](#) the last one both of them had leaned in close to the camera as they made fish faces. If, well when Mommy saw it she was going to think it was the cutest of pictures. It was pure ridiculousness and in that second he was having fun, not thinking about how he was trapped and what he looked like. The pictures were just going to be a memento for the two of them, not some twisted game Aunt Megan was playing. Bailey pushed the picture up into the right corner of his vanity, there was a lot he would want to forget and repress, but the purity of this girl was something he was happy to encounter. He wished she didn't drag him around so much, or would give him more space. The last thought brought up the memory of last night where she decided to put her head on his pillow and snored directly into his ear and when he tried to wake her she just rolled over and pulled most of the covers with her. She could be annoying, but he liked to think the

world would be better if more people were like her. Not that he was going to go easy on her on the math bet, she still totally wasn't his mental equal, but she had a lot more going for her.



Coming out of his bedroom he saw his friend sitting at the table with a green pen and a blank piece of paper, on the other side of the table was another piece of paper with a pink pen and between them was the stupid mathwork book Aunt Megan had given him.

“Okay, so like here is the deal. You flip to a page randomly, if the page is like already done I flip to a page randomly and we do that one. Then repeat till we see page you haven’t done yet if that one was done. We both take a photo of the page and will use the photo to work off of and do it on our loose paper. We will have fifteen minutes to do as much as we can and like I’m thinking no answer counts as two wrong, but a wrong answer is one wrong. Because like at least this way we tried and trying should always count.” Pulling the chair out Bailey smiled at his friend, more than happy with the terms. When they both had their phones in front of them, screens off, Candi put her finger to her power button. Raising an eyebrow starring her friend in the eye and trying to make the silly bet seem like something much more important. She wished she had setup some music to increase the intensity, but hadn’t thought of that before. “Ready... go!” She said before bringing her phone to life and picking up her pen. The first thing she did was write the number of questions down the side of her sheet. 1, 2, 3... 23, 24, 25 and then wrote the number forty two next to each. Her Daddy loved a book that had a falling whale thinking oh no not again, talking dolphins and the number forty two was the answer to everything. Then back up to the top and started working on the problems. Bailey ignored Candi and tried to focus on the math problems on his sheet. The second one looked almost exactly like a problem he had gotten wrong yesterday and after he looked up the answer it took him still two more tries to get to that answer on his own. He broke the problem down into smaller problems on the blank paper and then scratched it out when he was pretty sure he was doing it wrong, before starting again.

He was positive if he was struggling on some of the problems then his airheaded friend to fur sure totally stumped. A lot of the problems he just had to remember the formulas in geometry he had been working on and the order of operations. “That's time!” Bailey dropped his pen and through his hands up in the air. He didn’t feel as confident now as when he started, he had gotten through seventeen of the twenty five questions. Little less than a minute per question wasn’t so bad. They swapped papers and flipped to the back of the book to check the answers. The very first thing Bailey noticed was Candi had

scratched out an answer to every question up to question nine and in fact looking below that she had a bunch more scratch out, but every spot that didn't have an answer scratched out and replaced had the same answer, forty two. Everyone of those answers were wrong, but she had done something he did not. Wrote down an answer for every problem. He had finished question seventeen, that meant the eight questions he left blank were going to count as sixteen... yeah sixteen wrong answers and that was before any of the ones he actually got wrong! "Ohh sorry sis, looks like you got only got twelve of the answers correct, five wrong and eight were left blank." Candi wrote with her pen a dash and then the number twenty one and circled it. "How did I do?" Bailey still had no idea the workbook was made to reteach him math, but in an incorrect way and Candi's natural poor math skill lined up with how Megan had set the book up. She had taken common mistakes people make with order of operations and made it seem like that was the correct way to do things. So when Bailey looked down at her answers, the things she actually tried to do instead of just writing down forty two, were mostly correct. Writing a dash on the paper, Bailey wrote a twelve next to it. "Looks like I win!"

Glaring at the stupid workbook, Bailey wanted to toss the thing in the trash. Maybe it was because he had been out of school for so long, or maybe he was just distracted with well everything. The pull of the bra straps, the sway of his stupid chest everytime he took a breath, the angle of his feet in his heels. The heels he wasn't even sure why he hadn't kicked off the second he was in the door. "Fine... what do you want me to do?" Looking up to the ceiling, Candi put her index finger to her chin, tapping it a few times. "I got it, I have five minutes of you having to do and say whatever I want right?" Bailey nodded, a bet was a bet, he just wished he had done better. He was so confident in his math skills, he had done his family's books for years and he just couldn't seem to get his head back to where it should be. The statement use it or lose it felt horribly accurate right now. "Then I am going to have you take one minute to tell me how I am the best older sister and you hope to be as smart as me one day." Candi said that after moving her index finger from her chin to pointing at Bailey and then swept that same hand through her short hair as if to fling it back. "Wait... you can't like break up the five minutes. That is totally not fair!" Candi shrugged as she got to her feet. "Try not to be a sore loser little sis. I still only get you for five minutes.. Well until I totally win the second bet." Bailey shook his head, that

wasn't fair and he was definitely not going to paint his nails three times in a week and he needed to think of what he could make Candi do to get back at her. "You are not going to win that other bet." Walking around the table Candi came up behind Bailey and ran her hand through his new haircut. "I could like easily make you add nail polish to each of your fingers with the other four minutes. It is like enough time to make them look good, but it is enough to make them look bad enough that you would have to redo them. That would be twice in one day, a bad start to a week of trying to hold out." Pulling away from Candi he narrowed his eyes while pouting in her direction. Thinking this girl was devious! First she used a loophole for the math bet, one that was like totally obvious and now his. She was going to use her winnings from the first bet just to win the second.

"Pwease... pwease don't wuin my nails, they are like so pwetty and I don't want to wuin them." Bailey pouted at her, using the babytalk she had said he should use earlier to get out of being in trouble. If he had done this so that Mommy or really anyone other than Candi he would feel like crawling into a hole, but it was her idea and he had no problem using her own cards against her. "Aww... that is so cute and I totally see what you are doing, but it is still soooo working. Okay, so just the one minute and I will save the other four like I'm saving the favor you owe me for beating you at Marvel vs Capcom." Bailey thought, and hoped that she had forgotten about that. "Okay, here goes." Bailey cleared his throat to say the line, but Candi held up one finger so she could bring up her camera on her phone. "Wait, you can't video this!" Candi lowered the camera and put both hands on her hips as she looked at Bailey. "Sure I can, nothing in the rules said I couldn't, and I believe Mom put me in charge, but we do need a different setting. Lets do it on your bed with you holding President Bear." Standing up Bailey started to go to his room mumbling a correction. "President Teddy Bear." Candi giggled. "Yes, President Teddy Bear." It was starting to feel like he was being pushed closer to how he was treated at Aunt Megan's over the weekend, and he wasn't not enjoying it. "I named him after President Teddy Rosevelt." Closing one eye as she thought, Candi thought she knew who that was. "That was the one with the mustache and rode that horse in the museum movie right? I think I saw a picture of him riding a moose once." Opening his mouth to correct her, Bailey stopped and just let it go. "Totally that guy

“You are the best older sister I could like have EVER asked for and like one day I am totally going to be as smart as you one day and then one day I will be like way smarter.” Bailey said while sitting on his bed cross legged with the stuffed bear in his lap. He was happy to kick off his heels and figured if she was going to make him act the part of a little sister, he should at least actually act the part. He didn’t know if this was better or worse than that time he lost a bet to Chuck and had to drink an entire bottle of hot sauce, but he did know it would be a lot less painful considering the memories of his time in the bathroom after. Tossing her phone on the bed behind Candi, she jumped forward and tackled her friend on the bed, knocking her backwards. Her laughter being way past inside levels of volume as she jumped at her friend. Candi happily started tickling Bailey and immediately having to fight Bailey off from doing the same thing as they tumbled about, and squirmed on the bed. “You are just the cutest little sister!” She declared thinking about what Bailey said on the video. She hadn’t followed the script and made the end sound more like a challenge than an admission of her being the smarter of the two. She couldn’t help, but be happy with the outcome and the pure spunk of her friend. “Stop, STOP!” Bailey yelled between fits of laughter as he tried to pull away from Candi. He had always spent more time trying to defend himself then attack, it wasn’t fair that he was so much more ticklish than her. “Hmmm” The two of them were laying next to one another, both still trying to contain their laughter, but Candi stopped her assault as she considered Bailey’s request. “I will stop on one of two conditions. One, you have to paint your nails tomorrow morning. Or, you can promise to stop correcting people when they say I’m older.” It wasn’t lost on Bailey that she forgot to say two for the second option and it galled him a little that he had lost to her.

He was not, could not lose a third bet to her and didn’t want to start one foot in the grave for their second bet. She still had those four minutes of control over him and that favor he owed her. He didn’t know if she would just use them all to win another round, but he knew he would if he was feeling petty. When he didn’t answer her right away he flinched and let out a giggle as she tickled his side just a little. “Why would I correct someone when they say you are older?” With a huge smile on her face, Candi got off the bed and held out her hand to Bailey. “That is a good question, little sister.” Taking her hand and getting off the bed a bit of worry crept into his mind. “You like aren’t going to make me

leave my age at seventeen when I get my permit are you?" Candi's eyes went wide and her smile grew along with it and a sense of dread filled Bailey. "I could sooo do that! Oh My God that would be... no that like wouldn't be fair to you, but I like hadn't thought of that. Gah... you are lucky I love you are would so do that." Girls used the word love to freely he thought, he thought of her as a friend and even though she was some teen girly girl she was a better one to him than Chuck had ever been. Sugar was she misguided, but that was kind of the point of this being a disguise. "You like me, you don't like love me." His parents were gone, the only person he really, truly had left was Mommy and she well she wasn't his Mommy, but it was hard to think of her as Mandy from all the training. She was the only one that loved him, the only one he had. Candi was right in front of him. He wasn't alone, but suddenly he felt lonely and couldn't help it when tears came to his eyes. "No." Candi said firmly as he felt her hands touch and hold the sides of his head. "I love you Bailey Ann Best, you are like really my best friend and like back home I have friends, but they like aren't really. I have you and you have me and like no crying. Because if you cry, I'm going to cry." She said, tears coming to her own eyes as she looked into her friends green eyes that glistened with tears ready to come out. "Now tell me how you like feel, cause I know it, but I think we both need to hear it right now, because you are like totally emotional."

He didn't love her, that was crazy, but his heart started to pulse quicker as she talked, and his emotions took more control. She was the one being emotional he thought as he made a sniffing noise. He felt a lot closer to her than he had any friend before, but he also knew he shouldn't. She was an eighteen year old teen girl and he was... he was lonely and really needed her as a friend right now. "How could I like not love my older sister and best friend. But like..." Bailey sniffled again. "Just like remember I'm the Best." He added the little bit of levitivity to try and break the tension and when she laughed he did so in return before they hugged one another. The embrace felt good, and no longer was he feeling like he was being washed away in a wave of stupid emotions. His life was getting way out of hand, but at least there were good things along with all the bad. This ditzzy girl holding him was one of them and before this day was over he was going to destroy one of the things getting in his way and take home a driver's permit.

Moving her body to the beat of the song Rumor Has it, Candi watched video on her phone of a couple using laser pointers around the apartment as their three cats darted around to try and catch the two red dots. She paid no attention to any stares she got as she moved to the music and giggled at the video. Today was such a good day, she won the bet with Bailey and got her to give in on pretending she was the little sister. She was more of a follower and the way she acted fit way more with a little sister, her being born a month before her didn't really matter. Her Mom had even noticed she was more mature than Bailey and put her in charge. Candi's smile grew as she thought about Miss Best, she really did like her. She seemed always ready and happy to give a hug and while her threats of being spanked for punishment frightened her, she was more scared of her disapproval. She doubted her spankings were anything compared to nana's when she made her get a switch. Candi just loved sitting in front of her as she brushed her hair, it felt wonderful and when she was done, she gave her a hug from behind. Bailey was so lucky to have a Mom like her. She felt a jolt of energy flow through her as she thought about their parents going off to a wedding this weekend. It was going to be so romantic, and she wished she could watch it all unfold. Her eyes went wide as an idea hit her and she knew exactly how to use the four minutes she had for Bailey to do what she wanted and she just couldn't wait till tonight to make it happen. A few people walked past her, and Candi noticed people coming out of the testing area. She stood up and smiled when she saw Bailey, but it faded when she saw her friend's posture and head low. Her friend's gait that tended to draw the eye of men wherever was more of a shuffle and she could just feel the despair radiating off of her. "Oh no..." Candi ran over to Bailey and wrapped her arms around her friend.

Coming out of the testing area Bailey looked down at his pink heels as he slowly moved to see Candi. She could see his friend through his bangs, looking like this was looking through a curtain of black from his eyelashes and then another curtain of platinum blonde with his bangs. He felt so tiny, defeated and worthless. The test didn't change, it was the same questions, the same exact test he had passed years ago, and he had years more experience actually driving. Yet when he looked at the test and selected his answers and go on to the next question his eyes would drift back up. He thought he knew the answers, but he also thought he was good at math. Today had proved that he knew less

than he thought and things he was positive were right ended up being wrong. If those questions he was positive on could be wrong, so could these answers. Bailey had clicked a second option on the first question and went down to the next question, but by the time he was at the third he went up and changed his first answer again. His feet didn't hurt him nearly as much as they once did, but standing there doubting himself, feeling a trickle of sweat run down past his bra strap, he noticed them. He noticed everything, the way his hair hung, the weight of his earrings, the choker, the touch of the lace from his shirt, his chest and how it moved when he breathed, the fact his manhood was locked away. All of it, he looked nothing like he did a month ago. He was confident, he was intelligent and had no problems talking to a large group of people or wooing a woman. He wasn't some ditzy bimbo teen girl, yet as he looked at the sixth test answer, he just wasn't sure, the answers might as well have been written in Chinese. When time was called for the test to be over he was relieved that it was over. There was no boy flirting to distract him, no mother about to call him a harlot, he had failed, and it was because he wasn't smart, he was nothing.

The embrace felt wonderful, Bailey leaned into her. He didn't say a word, she had passed this test, why couldn't he? "Its okay, shhh, shhh, shhh, it will be all okay." He heard Candi say in a soothing voice. He stood there with her long enough that his mind started to wonder. What was he going to say to Mommy? That he failed a test again and no he didn't study, yes, I know that was stupid, yes, I know sixteen year olds pass the test all the time. He just wanted to go home, maybe go to sleep. He squeezed Candi a little tighter before letting go, thinking about asking her if they could just play video games. He liked video games and beyond that one night he hadn't played any. It would make him feel like he had some control and do something that wasn't super girly. "Better?" Bailey shrugged to the question. "How about we go sit down and we can like pull up the test and go over the answers together for your next try?" Bailey shook his head, not making eye contact with his friend. "I like don't need my driver's permit, can we go? Maybe play some video games when we get home. Bending her knees a little Candi looked her friend in the eye, she was in a bad way. This was the third time she failed the test and probably at this point thought she was stupid. Candi knew the at feeling, she had failed Algebra twice and had to go to summer school Freshman year. She already had a hard time keep friends

with traveling with her Daddy and losing part of her summer hadn't helped at all. "Hey, hey, look at me." Bailey didn't want to, like looking into her eyes would make her see who he was and what he was really worth. "You are Bailey Ann Best, my best friend. You are not stupid." That got his attention, his eyes went wide as he looked into her green eyes. She knew what he was thinking. He shook his head; he didn't want her to say it out loud. He was smart, everyone used to say so, but if that was true... He felt her hands grip his shoulders. "Do you think I'm a bad judge of character?" Again, Bailey shook his head, but also answered her in a small voice. "No." Candi paused, letting her friend, her sister digest that answer before continuing. "You are an amazing person and I like want to grow up with you, go do those shoes videos, dish about boys and I want both of us to help each other grow to be better people. I have judged you little sister and I decided you are like worth it. Worth whatever it is, you are not worthless, you are worth more than you know to everyone you know. You Bailey Ann Best are worthy. Maybe even worthy enough to pick up Thor's hammer."

Bailey wondered often what he did to deserve the nightmare that was his life, he really hadn't done anything that bad. Nothing most men wouldn't do, but right now he wondered what he did to deserve Candi. He hugged her again, the talk of being worthy felt good. Less the Bailey Ann Best part, and a lot more the worthy to lift Mjolnir. "I also think both of us are hot enough that Hemsworth might let us lift his hammer." With that Bailey ended the and made a disgusted face at Candi. "Chris Hemsworth, shirtless. I knooooow you have thought of that. Don't like even pretend. When that movie came out the other year, wow it made me understand why some girls used to need a fainting couch." Bailey was acting more like her usual self, no longer slouching and smiling like she almost always did. Candi wondered if she should actually use the four minutes, she had to control Bailey to make her study for the test with her. If she felt more confident, she would pass it, she was sure. Still though, Bailey looked like she was nervous and wanted to go. "Are you sure you want to leave?" Bailey nodded, giving her a small smile as he gripped his left forearm. "I like never really wanted to drive, its like also why I never had my permit." Tilting her head to the side at that answer Candi was shocked. "Wait, are you just saying that because you don't want to risk failing again?" Taking a deep breath Bailey knew how to answer this so she would leave him alone, it was manipulative, but

hey so was the trick she pulled on the math bet. “I was like really only acting excited because of how much you wanted this and I didn’t want to let you down.” Bailey gave a small shrug, looking away from Candi again. “One day I’m going to move to New York and like you don’t need a car there.” Moving her hand through her much shorter hair, Candi moved a little of it behind her ear. She believed some of that, but wasn’t going to push her friend on it, at least not today. “Okay, but you still need to like correct your ID, unless you want... to... stay... seventeen!?” Looking past Candi, Bailey saw their purses sitting on the uncomfortable plastic seats in the waiting area. Candi left them both there completely unguarded and her making a ditzy mistake like that made him feel a little better.

“No, no, no, no. We are going to totally fix that.” Bailey said moving past the blonde teen to get their purses. “Let’s go wait in line to get that done and then get out of here.” Feeling a little more like his old self Bailey moved over to get his new id. The elderly lady behind the counter gave him no trouble with correcting it since he had all his documents, but because there was one error she made him go through all of his information. “Your ID says, female, is that correct?” Bailey blushed, while Candi giggled off to the side. “Take off your heels sweetie, we need to see how tall you are.” Bailey frowned, the last person just took his word for it. “Looks like you are five foot six.” Bailey already knew how tall he was and tried to not let it bother him that he was three inches shorter than the average male height. “Oh, oh I want to see how tall I am!” Candi said excitedly as she unzipped her block heel booties and ran up beside Bailey. The elderly woman smiled fondly looking at the two girls. “Looks like you are a half inch taller than your little sister. Go ahead and boot your shoes back on dear, I still need to take a photo for her ID.” Bailey frowned, but with his puffy lips it looked more like he was pouting. “Try smiling dear, you could always have another growth spurt and end up taller than your sister, but keep in mind both of you are already taller than the average woman in the states.” Yeah, that isn’t like my problem and there won’t be any more growing. Bailey wasn’t self-conscious of his height, he sure didn’t like how short he was, but he just didn’t think about it. He ran into more than a few guys that thought being short meant their dating pool was more limited. Liam was like that once, but he taught him it was all about your attitude and confidence, today Bailey didn’t feel like he had any confidence. Putting his heels back on he smiled

for the photo. This time checking the ID when it came out and showed it to Candi before she had the chance to ask. That was one small victory, he was eighteen again. Take the victory Bailey, you almost left without fixing this. You needed this win.

When he flipped the card over to show it to Candi and smiled as he held it up next to his face and made a V for victory with his other. "That picture is so good.. Wait don't move!" He knew exactly what she was going to do, she snapped a photo with her phone. "Mission accomplished, can we like go home now?" Candi nodded, taking her sisters hand as the two walked to the car together. "You know if you like don't want to get your license it means I get to drive us around all summer." Shrugging his shoulders Bailey thought about it not really mattering, a lot of the things he had been obsessing over hadn't mattered. This was just one more, and not having to drive wasn't such a punishment. Other than riding his bike, and he couldn't do that anymore he was always okay with Mommy driving. "Not like a big deal, like I said before." The way Candi looked at him, he wasn't sure if she bought what he was selling, but she wasn't pushing the subject. Climbing into the driver's seat, Candi was thinking about how she really needed to come up with more ideas to boost Bailey's confidence. It was sad to her that today was such an amazing day for her and was going to end with her Daddy coming home and yet for Bailey she was feeling down. "You know, I do like love your new haircut. Ry just gushed over mine when I showed him, what did Auggy say?" Bailey turned on his phone and looked in his photos at the few selfies he had taken today. Most without really considering what he was doing, it was just something he did. "No, umm not like yet." That, that was the root of all this like right there, she was just as worried about her new haircut as I am! Candi thought. "It totally suits you, and you like have to send photos over to Auggy. He is just going to love how you look, with your eyes and lips done and that hair style you are just like the cutest doll ever!" Bailey mimicked a face he saw Candi do and scrunched up his nose to show his distaste. "I'm not a doll." Bailey ignored the side glance he received and flipped through photo after photo he had taken of himself. He was surprised at how many selfies head taken. "Well, you are as cute as a doll." Waiting a few moments as she pulled out into traffic, Candi didn't make a sound till it was clear Bailey wasn't going to respond. "Ahem!" She didn't take her eyes off the road, but when she saw her friend look in her direction she continued. "Gee I wish someone I

knew would complement me like that.”

“All the world knows Candace Ann Connors is as cute as a doll.” Giving Bailey a glance she gave her a huge smile and a wink. “And what about my little sister?” She wasn’t going to let up and he was kind of like Aunt Megan’s doll, dancing to her beat. He let out a sigh, thinking about the ballerina practice he still had to do today, and it was better to do them before he sat down to play videos games. “The world also knows your little sister Bailey is a pretty doll.” Candi put her hand on Bailey’s lap and patted it a few times. “Does my little sister know it is a complement?” Bailey nodded. “I can’t hear you.” Crossing his arms Bailey narrowed his eyes at the pushy girl. “You are like so bossy.” It was no surprise when the comment earned him a light slap, though while the blow was intended for him it missed, thanks to her giving more of her attention to the road. “And you are a brat. A cute little brat that needs to accept she is like both loved and a cute doll.” There was that word again, she used it too often, but it did feel good she thought he was worthy of it. “Thank you.” Focusing on the car ahead of her Candi leaned to her right and pulled her hair away from her ear. “Sorry it totally sounded like you said something.” He wasn’t going to say it any louder, he considered yelling it into her ear, but she was driving. So, he turned his head and leaned in close to whisper in her ear. “Thank you.” Correcting her posture in her chair Candi turned on the radio for the both of them, content in her skills at cheering up others. While Bailey sent one of the selfies he had taken off to August. If he delayed too long Aunt Megan might consider that strike two.

Tapping her pen on a pad of paper as she thought of what to write next April read through what she had already written down for the third time. She was creating a list of jobs to get done around the office for the interns, many of the things to be done were standard, but she wanted to come up with more projects beyond digitize all the paper files. A herculean task by itself, but she wanted to prove she could not only handle being in charge of the interns, but do much more. Movement on her screen caught her attention and saw an email marked urgent with a read receipt. It said she needed to report to conference room 1E right away and to not tell anyone what the meeting was about. “Impossible to do that Max, when you don’t say what the meeting is about.” The email was from Maxamillion White, who oversaw all operations at the Nevada Mega Corp

office and April did not feel good about getting called down to the first floor by him for an unknown meeting. Did things fall apart? Was Amanda in trouble with her scheme unraveling and she was going to go down with her? Was this just some normal macho male bullshit because she turned down, well shot down really. Some man in a suit she didn't know because he wanted to take her out for drinks? Shit, I really should have been softer than telling that guy fuck off. Of course that he hadn't taken the polite no and instead of asking her name he called her honeybuns. God why were there so few decent men!

Her train of thought bounced from station to station, considering checking her latest attempt at using a dating app and then to checking on Amanda who was still on the same conference call that was supposed to end forty minutes ago. Scratching something down on her pad of paper, April ripped the bottom off before quietly going into her boss's office. Coming into the room she saw Amanda looking down into a binder she had created the week before as two voices she didn't recognize tried to talk over one another on the call. On her desk was an open bottle of aspirin, an empty coffee cup and a mostly gone bottle of water. When Amanda looked up to her, April handed her the piece of paper that said I have to run to a meeting with Max, it said urgent.

Hitting the mute button and then turning off the mic itself by raising the mic up so that they would not be heard, Amanda looked at the torn piece of paper again before looking at her friend. "Are you okay? Do you need me to go with you?" The normal calm that surrounded her friend was gone and she was pretty sure her hands were shaking.

"No, I will be fine." I hope April added mentally as the more she thought about a meeting being called for her and marked as urgent and to be on the first floor it made her think more about how she had no idea who the man was and what if he was a prospective client and her verbal bite had caused a problem. "Do you need more coffee, or more water before I head out?"

Amanda pursed her lips and shook her head, she didn't really need anything other than to get off this call. Roger and Stan had been arguing the entire meeting and if they could

get their heads out of their asses they could see they agree on mostly everything, but she couldn't say that. She hadn't seen anything about this meeting, but seeing her friend's demeanor she could tell she was worried. "Forward your phone to Roxie, she can handle the line while you are gone." Amanda paused for a second, looked down at her Best M&M Ever mug. "When you get back she can hold the line a little longer and how about the two of us get lunch together for a change. It has been too long."

If she wasn't clearing out her desk, then that sounded like a good idea. "Absolutely and if we bring back something for Roxie I doubt she will have a problem with a few extra phone calls." With that April left her boss to her extended meeting. Cleared the call forwarding with Roxie and headed off downstairs with her purse, just in case security wouldn't let her go back up. This morning she had been racking her brain about new ideas to help Mega Corp. She wasn't just going to be in charge of a few interns assigned to her department, but for every department. While that opened up a lot for her to be able to help, it also caused her to go around talking to different department heads to see what their needs were. That is when she ran into the man she believed this meeting was about and why she was worried. Taking the stairs to give her an extra minute to clear her head helped, and she let out a long breath as she looked at the frosted glass door to conference room 1E. Opening it up she was surprised to see Derrick Connors sitting in the small conference room and not Mr. White. "Good afternoon Ms. Gates, thank you for coming with such short notice."

"Mr. Connors, I was expecting Mr. White and..." April paused for a second as she remembered a conversation from that morning with Amanda. "I thought you weren't coming in till this evening?"

She watched Derrick laugh and motion for her to take a seat. "Flying in tonight was the plan, but I thought I would come back a little early and surprise Mandy." He motioned to the corner of the room where a thick suitcase, and a clear vase with a dozen roses sat.

"Oh she is going to love that!" April said happy for her friend and a bit jealous.

“I hope so, and to answer your other question. Mr. White sent the meeting request for me to talk about your pending promotion. I would have sent it myself, but last night I seemed to have locked myself out of my email and I find myself without an assistant to help.”

“Pending promotion? Wait so I am not being fired and we have moved from me possibly being promoted to a promotion is pending?” She said, cocking her head at the man. This was not what she was expecting when she came in here. “And one more question, why are we meeting down here?”

Thumbing each of his fingers on the table Derrick thought about how to unpack all of that. “Did the meeting invite not say this was about your promotion?” A shake of her head confirmed that and the way she pushed out her jaw made it clear she wasn’t happy about that and considering she mentioned being fired he could see why. “Okay, let’s start with this, it will help us get out balance I think.” He slid a manila folder across the table to her.

Opening the folder she saw an offer letter for Amanda’s current position, pending her vacating the role and a transition period where she would be handed more and more of the jobs responsibilities till it was fully hers. If she was looking at this, that meant Amanda got her promotion, it made her so happy to know they were both able to fight through the glass ceiling. It wasn’t unheard of for females to move up, but it was much rarer than it should be. Looking up at the man across from her, seeing his warm smile and green eyes looking at her she could understand why some woman swoon. “So no, you are not being fired and I hope you are not looking to leave us. It is hard to find people as talented as yourself and in fact if you take the role Mandy. I mean Ms. Best has you will be starting at a higher salary than she started with. Mr. White and I had a disagreement about where you should start. He said a lot of things about how this was his office and to stay in my lane.” Derrick said rolling his finger in the air like this was an argument that never ended. “In the end we both compromised, neither of us happy. What do you think?”

It wasn't a massive salary, but she did recall Amanda talking about how when she started her position she was paid less than others, specifically the men that also ran departments. It sounded like Mr. White wanted to make that a tradition, it wasn't even a battle she considered she would have to fight. "Is this the final offer or can I negotiate?" She said with a small predatory smile.

Slapping the table Derrick laughed, he loved the shrewdness of this young woman. An old word came to mind, gumption. "You should always try to negotiate, but if you wanted to go that route I would wait till you get that little project you will be working on with the interns. I would love to be able to pull up a client's file on my laptop instead of having to have a paper copy. Something like that could be a real feather in your cap." His smile dwindled a little, he needed to sell this correctly to try and get what he wanted. It would have been easy to not push Max at all so he could have April Gates, but that wouldn't have been fair to her. "That is one route, the other... go to the second page in that folder."

Feeling the paper from the offer letter it wasn't just some regular printed piece of paper, it was much higher quality, something she would have expected to be sent in the mail to welcome some executive to the company. Under it was another such piece of paper with a different job title, this one to be the executive assistant to the West Coast Regional Manager of Mega Corp, Derrick Connors. "I don't understand." The listed pay was a significant raise from what she made now, but not as much as she would make taking the first offer.

Leaning forward in his seat, Derrick looked the young dark haired woman in the eye. "Mandy didn't get the job she applied for." He paused to let that sink in before he continued. "I called in a few favors and honestly gave out a few. After I'm done seeing you, I am going to offer her the position of Director of Finance for the west coast."

April felt many things at once, excitement, confusion and was a bit in awe that he would put her forward for a position like that, let alone get her the job. Mega Corp didn't like employees moving up more than two rungs on the payscale, she knew that her getting Amanda's current position would depend on a lot of things, including office politics.

Amanda had never brought up her going with her when she got the district manager position, but Mr. Connors was asking her to take up the role for him. If she was going to stay in her same role she would rather stay working for her friend. “I have a few questions.”

“I can’t imagine why.” He said with an easy smile.

“In this order. Who is getting the district manager role? I wasn’t even aware Amanda had interviewed for it yet. Why this person over Amanda? Can you give me some good reasons why I would work under you than take this management job, or say continue to work under my best friend?” There seemed to be a lot going on here and even more left unsaid. This was a massive promotion, why would Amanda be turned away for a lesser position and then given the position that was his doing.

“I can’t really go into why she didn’t get the position with you, I hope you understand. When I tell you who got the role, I imagine you will understand why the offer to continue here even as a manager might be less appealing.” He hadn’t had much interaction with the man, but the way he did business on this promotion told him a great deal about what it would be like to work for him. “One of the men that work under Ms. Best got the role. A Gregory Aldrich will be the new District Manager out here starting in three months.”

“Greg Aldrich? Greg Finger guns Aldrich? Mega Corp is passing over Amanda Best for him? They are promoting him over her and she didn’t even get an interview? That man is a sexist...” She trailed off as Derrick motioned with his hands in a hang on, stop now type motion.

“I understand you are upset, but you cannot talk about another employee like that.” He could see the anger poorly concealed on her face. “You are right, it wasn’t fair and was done over my head. That is why we are here talking about these different offers. Ms. Best can stay on here if she wants and will continue to report to Mr. White, but the District Manager still will work out of this office. Or she can take the role I am going to offer her, it will allow her to move up, but she will have to move to California. Personally I would

rather have you come with her and work under me. She has helped you grow a lot, or at least given you what you needed to help yourself grow. If you wanted to continue to work under your friend, I would understand and she will have no problems appointing you to that position. What you have to understand is her new role is going to be narrow, an important lane, but a narrow one. You working under her will meet important people, but if you come to work for me. You will meet people from across the company, in different fields and regions. I see a lot of potential in you April Gates, and I think it would be squandered staying here in Nevada.”

April slumped back in her chair, letting out a slow breath. She could stay here close to her family, have the job she had been hoping for and at a higher pay, but to do so would be to work under that slimeball, maybe not directly under him, but considering the rumors he once tried to spread about Amanda when she wouldn't open her legs for him, she knew he would be trouble. Staying here would also mean her best friend leaving, because she would have to be crazy not to accept a job as a director. If she went with her she would work for Mr. Connors or her. It sounded like he wanted to groom her for something bigger, but she would have to be patient longer. She smirked a little thinking about something he said when this meeting first started. “Are you offering this to me because you want my help getting back into your email?”

“I will have you know that I started working on this long before I was locked out of my email, but also yes. Very much so. I texted Monica and she just replied with three words. On Vacation, NO. The no was in caps and everything. She isn't going on a honeymoon, her boyfriend, well husband to be has something with work, but when she goes for her honeymoon...” She watched Derrick frown and already had a good idea that Monica wouldn't be coming back. “She is abandoning me, and said we had to break up. It wasn't me, but I have been told that is a line girls use to soften the blow.”

As he went on his frown curved up, his smile growing more and more. “If I had something to throw at you I would.”

“Violence is never the answer when it is directed at me, but does that mean you are

willing to come work for me?”

“It means I will consider the offers, and then we can negotiate, but I will put in a ticket with IT so you can get back into your email.” She had a lot to consider with everything he had told her. “Oh, you never said why we had to meet on the first floor? Honestly that was what made me think I was going to be let go.”

“I was told that the office I used upstairs was currently being used to organize old files that had been pulled up from records and that this was the only thing available with zero notice.” April nodded, he had lost his temporary office because of her as she tried to get things organized for her project. “Scheduling an office is easier when you have an assistant I hear, maybe you should get one of those.”

Derrick motioned to the manila folder in front of April, trying to contain a chuckle. Working with her wouldn't be boring. Monica was a great help and she never let him get away with anything. Working with April made him think he would be getting plenty of sass along with her substantial skillset. “Take your time and consider, but if you have to meet with anyone else about moving positions. I highly recommend you stick with calling her Ms. Best and not Amanda. Plenty of guys are happy to promote a friend, but if they think for a second that is happening with you, well. The word hypocrite comes to mind.”

She knew he was talking about Maxamillion White, the man was old and thought dames should be in skirts, mouths closed and typing up memos. Not running departments and she knew Amanda wouldn't have gotten where she did without the help of her old mentor and it seemed the kind, handsome, if a little smug man wanted to do that for her. “When are you going to see her?”

“Soon as her gatekeeper tells me she is available.”

When the office door opened and Derrick Connors walked out with a big smile on his face, it made April smile in return. He wasn't just smiling, but the grown man was blushing and seemed he couldn't help himself when he looked over his shoulder back

into her boss's office. "From your expression, I take it that things went well?"

"Not sure about the offer, but every second with that woman is time well spent. So yeah, things went well. He said moving closer to her desk and glancing back at the door, though unable to see the woman he desired from where he now stood. "She mentioned the two of you are going to White Wolfe Cafe down the street. I won't try to intrude." He said after Mandy had already told him that it was just going to be her and April going. "But do you think you could bring me back something? I haven't eaten since last night."

"Slice of chocolate cake for Roxie and..." She paused for a moment looking the man up and down. "Do you know what you would like?" She watched him shrug, he wasn't from around here and wasn't a frequent patron to the cafe, so he had no idea about the menu.

"I'm easy, maybe just a burger and some fries."

"How much red meat do you eat?" She said raising an eyebrow and when she saw his expression she knew the answer was closer to the category of too much. "Maybe something healthier so all parties involved can keep you around longer. Chicken caesar wrap and I think you will like their vegan curried broccoli and chickpea slaw. I also assume you are going to continue to work while you eat, so I will pay for it out of petty cash and bill it back to your office."

"A burger really would be fine." He hadn't cooked a single meal while he was gone and had survived off of fast food, but it didn't need to come to a caesar wrap and a vegan slaw. Wasn't all slaw vegan?

"A burger would be fine, but what I'm getting you is better." The vegan curried broccoli and chickpeas actually sounded really good and she considered getting that with the spicy bacon wrapped plantains for herself.

"First Candace and now you trying to get me to change how I eat." Derrick rubbed the back of his neck thinking of how his little girl would often tell a waiter to hold one of his

sides in favor of a house salad, but she hadn't been so bad as to decide what he was going to get. Least not yet anyhow.

"If you like we could ask Ms. Best's opinion, if you hold any value to that." At her words Derrick looked at the open door, not sure how much of, if any of the conversation she could hear.

"That sounds wonderful actually and umm if you took my offer would conversations like this be normal?"

"That would all depend on how often you chose to order at least semi healthy options on your own I suppose. Is trying to help you stay healthy a deal breaker?"

"Sas, so much sas. No, it will be fine. Enjoy your break from the office." Derrick said, starting to walk away from the secretary's desk. He thought about her getting a slice of chocolate pie, that sounded really good. Turning around he held up a finger and opened his mouth to add that to his order, but decided against it. Derrick nodded to himself, before turning back around and heading to the elevator to go back to his temporary office on the first floor. "Guess I don't need cake." He thought, now wanting it more because he couldn't have it.

"Okay, I have waited long enough tell me all about it! Everything from the moment you saw it was your boyfriend at the door." April turned her thead to look at the waiter as he refilled her glass of water and added another lemon wedge to the rim. "Thank you." She said to him with a polite smile.

Touching her cheek as she felt a blush come to her face, Amanda did her best to keep control of her face and not show a massive smile. "He is not my..." Her voice trailed off, he actually was. Derrick Connors was her boyfriend, that had happened and she hadn't taken the time to consider what all of that meant. "Well he is, but Bailey."

April had her fork in hand and was ready to stab one of the bacon wrapped plantains,

when she pointed her fork at her blonde friend and talked over her. “Bailey is your ex-boyfriend and you should not be thinking of him right now. Right now is the time to tell me what you and your boyfriend talked about.” She knew that wasn’t fair, Bailey was helping her. Even if she hated how that help came with him acting like a stereotype of a blonde ditzy bimbo. When Bailey first came around Amanda seemed so much happier and full of life. She caught her humming when no one was around, she had fallen in love with him and when they were together they spent more of it with their lips pressed together than not. She was happy for her, she really was, even if she was not okay with the constant public displays of affection. Then she found out he wasn’t working, and Amanda was paying for an expensive headhunter to help him find another job. She always thought the headhunter got paid when they found someone a job, she couldn’t believe Amanda, her financially savvy friend would accept that, let alone let it go on. Then came the news about the district manager retiring, Amanda and her spent more and more time at the office and from what Amanda told her things at home were getting worse. Bailey wouldn’t do any chores and would constantly complain she wasn’t around. She was not a big fan of Bailey.

“Bailey does matter, we have an open relationship and apparently Derrick is my boyfriend. It is all complicated” Amanda took a bite of her Roasted Garlic, basil potatoes with arugula, not just because she was hungry, but also to think about what to say next.

“He, Derrick. Came through the door with those flowers I found giddy. It sounds ridiculous, and I do not like the comparison. It was like when you come home and your dog is overjoyed to see you, even if you were not gone long. I was the dog in that scenario, there I said it.” She felt herself blush again thinking about him coming into her office, his smile, his eyes. “You have to understand, he was going to come in tonight, so seeing him came as a complete surprise.”

“Oh I understand and knowing you like I do. What happened over the two of you made kissy faces and made out like teenagers?” Seeing her friend look away like some demure girl instead of the mature confident woman she was did more than amuse April.

Especially when poking at her made her blush like that.

“Yes, we did do that.” Amanda looked down at her food and took a deep breath, that was nice, but their conversation after was a lot to unpack and she wasn’t sure what she was going to do at all.

“Oh I’m aware, our regional manager went in looking put together, and left with his tie loose and askew, his hair a bit messier.” She could have let him know to go look in a mirror, but she liked the idea of him seeing himself later and realizing how he had been walking around.

“Would you stop teasing me?” Amanda said, putting her fork down and glaring at her spirited friend. The shrug she got in response wasn’t encouraging. Teasing like this didn’t usually get to her, but she had never made out with Bailey in her office before either. “Moving on...” She said in a flatter voice so April wouldn’t ask an inane question like asking if he had used a breath mint before they kissed. He did, but she did not need to know that. “He told me that I did not get the district manager position, that Greg in my department had gotten it.” Just saying it out loud upset her all over again and she had to hold up her hand to keep April from asking more questions. First she needed a drink of her water.

“That vacation Greg went on last month, we went to go play in a golf tournament. One you have to pay to join and he just so happened to be in the same group as Mega Corps Chief Operations Officer. Apparently they went off to a gentlemen’s club together later that night. I do not know how exactly he convinced him to give him the role, but I do know that weasel painted a picture about me being incompetent, and I think the phrase he used was making decisions when I was emotional, like how women get.”

April leaned back in her seat, considering breaking the asshole’s nose. “Do you want me to...”

Amanda shook her head and picked her fork back up. “Please, do not do anything to

antagonize him. He was a nobody, but now. Now he will be another petty man with power.” She said taking a bite of her food harder than she intended, causing a little pain when she bit hard onto the metal object. “Derrick gave me another option though, and it is a good one. I can stay on in my current role and he will try and help me find something better when it opens up. Or he can, well did. Offer me the position of Director of Finance for the West Coast.”

That was the news April was waiting for her to spill. “A director position? Did you tell him yes, or are you going to make him sweat it out a little before you say yes? Ooooooo, how much does a position like that even pay?” She was so excited for her friend, still wanted to break Grag’s nose, but it was tempered by the fact Amanda would still be above him.

Looking down at her bowl, Amanda took a few more bites. She wasn’t sure she was going to accept the position, she wanted it. It was something she never even considered she had a chance at achieving, she had known the position was vacant, but there was zero chance of her getting it, so she never bothered applying. “I do not know if I will take it at all.” She let out a tired sigh, this afternoon was a rollercoaster of emotions. “Also I know Derrick told you about this first, so no acting surprised.”

“To be fair, I had no idea what shitbag did to get that job, but how can you not know if you want this job? Also if you turn it down, can I have it?” She said the last part in jest, but couldn’t understand why Amanda would not be jumping up and down excited about this role. She had clawed her way up through the company to get where she was and even with how valuable she had shown herself to be she would often get pushed aside by the boys club.

“A few reasons.” She signed. “I do not feel like I earned something like this, I want to earn what I have, not have it handed to me. Derrick also told me one of the ways he was able to sell it to his boss was because Mega Corp and I mean all of Mega Corp. Not just the West Coast offices, does not have a single female above the position of Vice President for a department and from what I understand.” Amanda paused with how to word this

correctly. “She works over in the New York office and she is a fierce woman, Derrick’s words not my own. She is VP of Acquisitions and she is fantastic at her job and knows how to keep people in check, but she is also sleeping with her current boss, the man who gave her the role. That might have nothing to do with it all, as I said she is good at her job or so I am told, but I do not want people thinking about me like that. Then there is Bailey to consider.” She put down her fork, not hungry any longer.

Reaching across the tiny table, April took her friend’s hand and gave it a little squeeze. “Those are valid reasons and I would be happy to talk through everything with you. Maybe we can make one of those pros and cons tables we used to make.” She said thinking about the last time they did it was trying to figure out which restaurant they wanted to order food from when they were working late. “If you want to take this position, I do have a plan, a scheme if you will for Bailey Ann Best to have an exit so all of this.” She motioned with her hands in the air as if something was floating around them. “Doesn’t just blow up in our faces.”

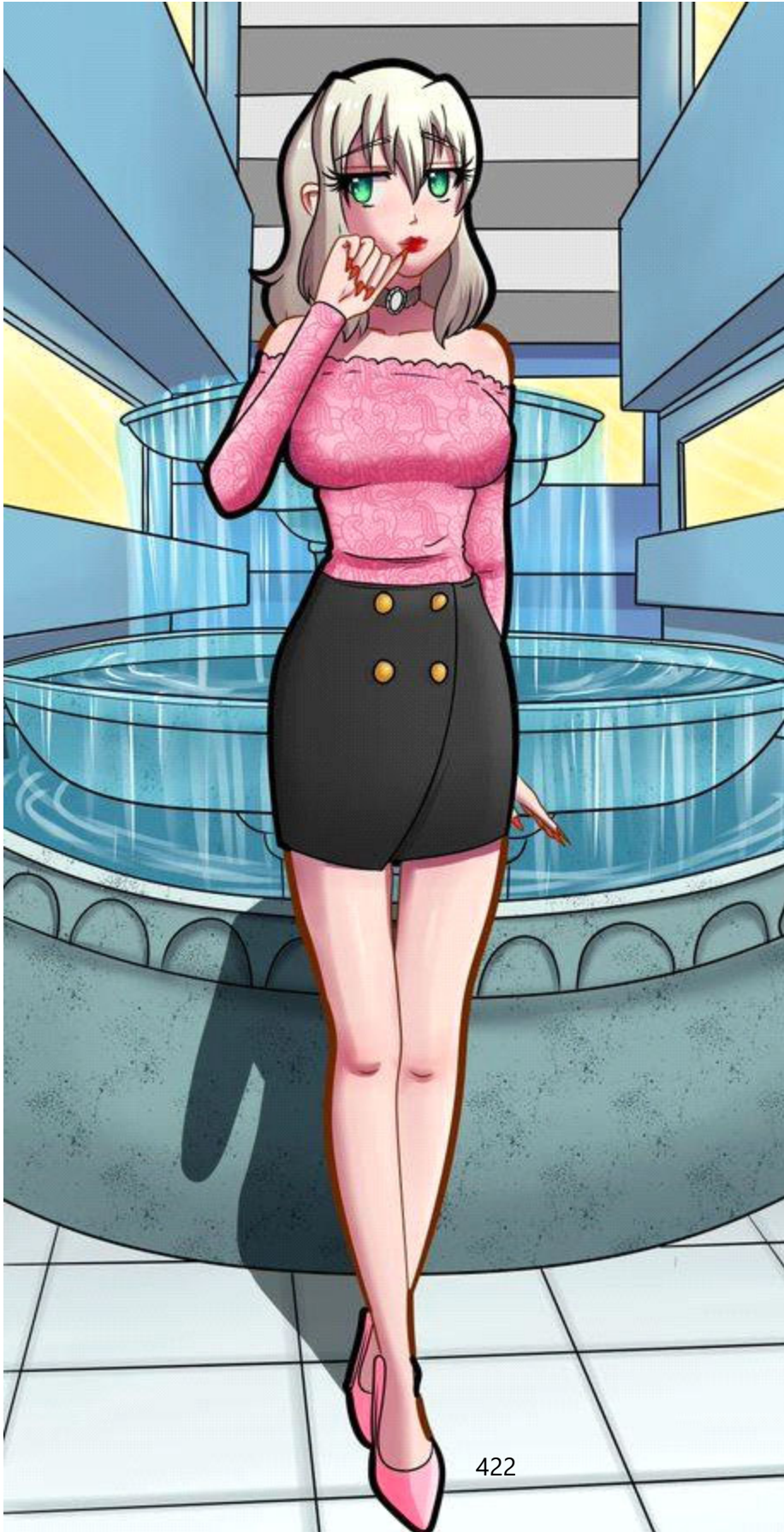
Giving the offered hand a squeeze back, Amanda was conflicted on many fronts. She wanted this position, but did not want it to look like she was sleeping her way to the top. She had worked so hard for what she had. She also knew she loved Bailey, how could she abandon Bailey after she had done so much for her. Was she even willing to give Bailey up for a job? Men at the office thought of her as an ice queen, with no heart, but that wasn’t true at all and the very idea of giving up on someone that had been in her life for so long, someone she loved for a job, felt shattering. “I do not want Bailey to exit, but I do want the job, and yet do not know if I want it on these terms. This is hard, and I need more time to think all of this through.”

Amanda gave April another squeeze of her hand and gave her a sad smile. “Derrick and I are getting on a flight tomorrow for his assistant’s wedding. Maybe with the weekend to think this over I will have some more answers. For now though, please do not talk to anyone about this. I do not want Bailey freaking out over something that might not come to pass. I should listen to your scheme though, we can make it part of the pros and cons table. And I am sorry... I know you have some decisions to make with all of this too and

my choice affects yours. Do you know what you want to do?”

April hadn't let go of Amanda's hand and for a second wondered if it would be rude to put another bacon wrapped plantain in her mouth. "You want one?" She motioned to the plate before putting one in her mouth, making the decision that it wouldn't be rude if she offered to share. She waited for Amanda to take the offered morsel of food before she gave an answer. "I knew what I wanted this morning, now I have no idea. Maybe we can make a pros and cons table for me too."

Today had been a lot, between meetings, the surprise early arrival of Derrick and the rollercoaster of news he brought. It all felt like a mixture of good and bad that couldn't be pulled apart to tell what was what. On her desk were a dozen roses that in the light of the sun through her large window behind her desk had already started to open and fill the room with their scent. That was one massive clue to something wonderful that happened today and as she looked at her phone she wasn't sure what the pictures meant to her other than that both Bailey and Candi were adorable. The first image was of Bailey that she must have gotten Candi to take, because she was standing by the fountain at the mall. She stood with her pink heeled feet together, standing up straight and her head tilted off to the left just slightly. The back of her right hand was facing the camera, she held it up next to her cheek to show off her newly painted long pink nails and the other hand flung to the side as if asking everyone to look at her. The new haircut looked so very cute on her, Amanda thought. Though she didn't consider how it would make Bailey look a little younger. She was not going to like that, but she did choose to get the haircut so maybe she would.



The haircut was a test to see if what Meg said was true, that she chose to get her lips and eyelashes done. That could still have been true, Bailey thinking she didn't look girly enough and wanted to make sure she didn't get caught. Though the next image seeing Candi with a shorter haircut, made her wonder if the young Miss Connors had a hand in how Bailey looked. Bailey was an adult, even if she didn't look like it, or act like it really. But if Candi insisted on getting her own hair done, she might have done hers too. The test didn't seem to prove anything, other than how cute her daughter was. For Candi's picture she was much closer to the camera, touching her cheeks with her index fingers, one hand upside down as she smiled making the cutesy face. Her own haircut was much shorter than her hair before and she looked a little older. The part that made her really smile was seeing she was wearing the necklace she had gotten her for her birthday. Thumbing back to Bailey, she saw Bailey was wearing hers as well. "Precious."

With Derrick back already, she had already texted the girls telling them to park the car and come inside. She was looking forward to seeing Candi's expression when she saw her father and she would be happy with their destination for dinner. When she had asked April to get a reservation for them she had come back ten minutes later. "No reservation needed, tonight the four of you are going to Sweet Tomatoes."

"The salad buffet?"

"Mr. Connors mentioned how he hasn't eaten well while he was gone, and you enjoyed it when it was just you and I." Amanda had also mentioned that she was taking them out to dinner and knew this place wouldn't break her pocketbook. "Also next door is a place to play mini golf for the family, and in the plaza behind Sweet Tomatoes is a nice bar called the Chilled Mug. Just in case you want to send the girls off to play while you and Derrick have some alone time."

"I am not going to go out on a date with Derrick and leave the girls like that." Everyone seemed to have the same opinion, an opinion they were happy to push on her about who she should be with. Derrick was... well he was amazing, but it couldn't last with him. Unless she picked up the job he offered, but after lunch he had told her if she wanted the

job or not. She should attention the week long executive training, it already had to be paid for with the short notice. If she stayed put having that under her belt would make her much more desirable to the company. She wasn't going to split off from the girls when she would have to be out of town for the next week on such short notice. She was leaving tomorrow for the wedding and then wouldn't be able to be back home to attend the training. She still felt nowhere near ready to say if she would take the position or not, but it would be foolish to pass up the executive training.

April shrugged at the rejection. "Whatever you do, try not to worry about deciding anything today. It will wait and you deserve to enjoy yourself." April knew Amanda worked well under pressure, but she seemed reluctant to separate herself from the leach named Bailey. Taking the director position would be more than she knew her friend ever dreamed of, and she would be able to pursue her other dream. Amanda deserved to have a career and a family. That and she knew if Amanda did not take the position she would have to choose between staying here with her friend, or getting more connection and pay with Derrick. She knew it was a selfish feeling, but she was allowed to want good things for her friend and herself.

"OOOHMYGODDADDY!" Candi yelled when she saw her father standing in the lobby. She ran as fast as she could in her blocky heeled booties, throwing herself at him to give him a hug.

"OOF" Derrick let out an involuntary breath as his daughter crashed into him. "It is good to see you too, Candace. Mind letting your old man breathe a little?"

Bailey watched on as Candi squeezed him tighter, shaking her head no to the question. He was a good father or at least was in this moment Bailey thought, seeing him hug her back with a large smile on his face. He looked a little tired, but holding her seemed to bring a little more life into him. "Welcome back Mr. Connors. I umm wasn't expecting you till like later."

"Yeah, I thought I would come back early so I could spend the evening with three

beautiful princesses. Though I think I'm the one more surprised with seeing the two of you." Pulling himself out of the hug Derrick held his daughter at arms length to get a good look at her. "Candace you look..."

"Beautiful, mature, ready to take on the world?" She said with a large toothy grin as she moved from one foot to the other, hardly able to contain her excitement.

"I wasn't going to say mind reader, but maybe that should have been on the list." He laughed happy to see her again and held her in his arms. Her haircut reminded him of how her mother looked when they first met and he knew she would be so happy seeing their princess now. So confident and genuinely happy. On the flight to Nevada she was smiling, but he knew her heart was in it, but her now. Like this, he knew the memories she forged would stick with her for the rest of her life.

"Now look at you Bailey! How is it you look more like a princess every time I see you? Do you think I could get a hug from you too? Maybe something a little less suffocating." He said, giving a wink to his daughter.

A princess, why is it always with the princess stuff! Bailey's mind raged like a creature stuck in a cage. He didn't want to give dErRiCk... a hug, but it was an opportunity he wasn't to pass up, but still couldn't help mocking his name mentally. With a sweet smile Bailey strode up to him, leaping the last few steps as he thought. Request Denied! Before wrapping his arms around the mans chest and squeezing with every muscle as tight as he could. This man would crush him handedly in a fight and that was before he had lost muscle mass, but he wouldn't do anything to a sweet girl who just wanted to hug.

Letting out a gasp of air Derrick had to take a step back as the teen girl latched on to him. "Wow, maybe instead of getting ballet lesions we should have you try out for football." He laughed, looking up to catch Mandy's eye. Bailey transitioned from the proper Mr. Connors, to Derrick and calling him Daddy like his little girl. He couldn't have a relationship with Mandy without one with Bailey. She seemed to take to him like a duck to water and ever since he protected her and promised to keep her secret he couldn't

help, but feel the same connection to her. He wanted to protect the girl and part of it really might be because her and Candace looked so much like they could be sisters. Candace had the same blonde hair as her mother and his green eyes, traits both the girls shared and it reminded him so much of his deceased wife. It didn't hurt him, but it made him happy.

He thought about that a lot when the girls sent him the photos of them in his new shirts Bailey had gotten him and it made him happy. Then it made him wonder if he liked Mandy because she looked similar to his past wife. If he was with her just because of the resemblance he would have to call this off, it wouldn't have been fair. Though while he thought of what he had when he looked at the girls, the more he thought about it. He had never thought of her while looking at Mandy, she was her own person. A strong and wonderful woman. He truly hoped she would decided to take him up on her offer.

"Maybe you can like let go and we can go?" Derrick released the girl who had just assaulted him with a hug, giving her a wink as he straightened himself back up to his full height.

"Im told there are plans for dinner, and while I was not a part of this plan. I do approve of the subject." Derrick looked over at the tall blonde still standing by the door. She looked wonderful in her low cut, sleeveless black blouse, burgundy skirt and tall black heels. He had wrapped her in his arms and kissed her hungrily when he arrived and couldn't wait till he had a private moment with her to do it again.

"It was decided we are eating at Sweet Tomatoes and then going to play a little mini golf." The smirk on her face and raised eyebrow told Derrick she was waiting to see if she argued, but after the conversation with April it wasn't a battle he wanted to take up. At least the place had endless soup along with the endless sadness.

The responses were as she expected them more or less. Candi smiled and clapped her hands together rapidly to show her approval. Bailey made a face and stuck out her tongue and Derrick shrugged his shoulders in surrender. "What's with the face? How can you

not like playing putt putt golf!?” Candi asked while poking Bailey in the side. The assault causing Bailey to slap her hand away with both of his in case she was going to continue her tickling attack.

“You like know I didn’t do that for the golf. Salad is not dinner, I used to have a shirt that said so.” Candi waved her hand dismissing the argument as not being valid.

Derrick leaned closer to Bailey, putting his hand on her shoulder and leaned closer to her ear. She had her back to him after he had let her go for the hug. “I have not forgotten about my promise of the Brazilian steak house, we must bide our time.”

“Bide your time for what?” Amanda asked, hearing only part of what Derrick had said to Bailey.

“Victory, bide our time for victory. After dinner I think it will be us omnivores vs you herbivores.” Reaching up, Bailey touched Derrick's hand, his instinct was to push it off. Fighting off that instinct he left his hand on his for longer than he would have liked.

“No one wants to talk about Dinosaurs Daddy.” Candi said in a voice that made it apparent this was not the first time she had said such a thing to him.

“Team T-Rex vs Stegosaurus. Roar!” Derrick said making imaginary claw attacks in the air while he showed his teeth and bit an an imaginary foe.

“Did you just say roar instead of roaring?” Amanda’s laughter filled the small room not able to contain herself with his ridiculousness.

Picking up his suitcase Derrick took in her beauty one more time. “I didn’t think you spoke dinosaur, so I wanted to make sure you understood.” He couldn’t see Bailey’s reaction, but he noticed Candace rolling her eyes at him, even if she was smiling. She claimed to have outgrown her love of Dinosaurs, but he knew better. No one outgrows

Dinosaurs.

“Why don’t you girls run ahead and pick us out some clubs. We will catch up in a minute or two.” The group had just finished eating dinner and were standing by the car before they decided to just walk across the crosswalk to play some putt putt at Pirate’s Booty Golf. Bailey saw the older man holding his lover's hand and wished he could club him, but was quickly pulled away by Candi as she took his hand and happily skipped across the street. Internally he winced as he skipped along with her to keep up, he could have just picked up his pace, but instead found himself following suit and it would look odd to start and then suddenly change.

The two stood there, leaning on the car and into each other as they watched the girls skip across the crosswalk. It wasn’t until the girls made it to the sidewalk that they looked away and towards one another. Cupping Amanda’s chin he pressed himself into her, shifting so that her back was still to the car and he was standing in front of her. Pushing himself into her as she kissed him back, opened her mouth and tilted her head to kiss him deeper. “Mhhh” The small sound of pleasure escaped her mouth as they pressed and rolled their tongues. During dinner Derrick had sat next to her and kept his hand either on her back or her leg. At one point she had crossed her leg in a way to press his hand between her legs before starting to rock her top appendage. The two stood there under a street light, making out like a pair of teenagers that didn’t want to separate for the night.

He wanted to go further, his pants felt much tighter than they should with how much she had turned him on and as he pulled away from their passionate kiss he could see in her eyes she wanted the same. If he asked her she might even be willing to climb into the back seat of the car with him, but they weren’t teenagers with no place to go. They were adults with children and this was a family night, so it couldn’t go any further. Derrick felt like he had gotten just a sip of water when he was dying of thirst, but it would have to do till this weekend. “We better catch up to the girls, but you might want to fix umm.” He tapped his own lip.

“I figure we can play a round of golf and then you can drop me off at the hotel.”

Her back still pressed into the car, Amanda had her hands pressed into his chest as she looked him in his wonderful green eyes. She looked over her shoulder towards the mini golf course, knowing they would need to go catch up, but wishing this moment could go on. “You know...” Amanda trailed off for a second reconsidering her offer to let him stay the night. That wouldn’t be fair to Bailey would it? Bailey had given her permission, and it wasn’t like she hadn’t been with Derrick already. Right now Bailey was her daughter and the decision was fully hers. She slid one of her hands up from his chest, up his neck and into the hair on the back of his head. “All of Candi’s clothes are still at my place, and some of yours. Why not stay the night?”

Derrick kissed her again, but this time didn’t let himself get dragged into it too deep by his lust. “Staying over together with the girls? Are you sure?”

She shook her head twice slowly, but her smile never faded. “No, but we both want too and the girls seem keen to keep us together. Do you think Candi would have a problem with it? Or are you not ready? She was about to spend the weekend with him alone, yet she still felt guilty like she was doing something wrong. Bailey wanted her to be happy and with everything going on Bailey couldn’t be with her, nor would she have Bailey that way looking the way she did. No Bailey wanted an open relationship before to just fill a physical need, that is what was said when she started working a lot of extra hours. She had been so angry, but now Bailey was letting her do what she wouldn’t accept before.

“I am more than ready, I just didn’t want to pressure you into anything.”

She smirked at him, he was still pressing his body into hers. Making it so she pushed into her car and was not able to move unless he stepped back. “You did not seem to have trouble putting pressure onto me when we just kissed.”

He laughed and stepped back, holding his hand out so they could follow after the girls together. The air tonight didn’t have the biting chill from Monday, making it much more

pleasant as the two walked across the street together with the sound of her heels on the pavement and the distant sound of traffic.

“Can you believe what is happening!?” Candi said excitedly as they waited in line to pay for a round of golf.

Rolling his eyes at the thought of it Bailey kept his thoughts on the matter to himself. Not only was Mommy going off to spend time with dErRiCk this weekend for the wedding. He was much more okay with the idea when the man was leaving town, than now that he could see him making goggly eyes at her. Now though, now she was going to go off and not be gone for just the weekend, but all of next week. Sure the executive training program was what they were working for, he wouldn't be dressed like this, acting like this without that. But he wasn't even allowed to be on his own!

It had taken a lot of self control, he didn't need a babysitter. He was eightee... an adult! Mommy and Derrick were going to be flying out tomorrow morning, then in the afternoon Nana Connors was coming back from her vacation early to watch Candi and him. Just the way Mommy said it made him feel like she suddenly didn't trust him on his own. “Derrick's mother was kind enough to come back early from her vacation to watch over you girls. She will be arriving sometime in the afternoon Friday and will be taking you back to the hotel. Bailey, sweetie you will be with her till after church on Sunday. She was excited to take you both to mass and after that your Aunt Megan will be picking you up. You will stay with her till I get back.”

Church, he was going to be forced to go to church, not something he was going to look forward too. Though listening to some lecture on why he was going to hell for this reason and that sounded a lot better than spending time with Aunt Megan. Escapelly when he knew what was in store that night. He had tried not to think about it, but he was trapped going on a double date with her. Aunt Megan with his old best friend chuck and him with... Liam. He felt like he could pass out at the thought, he had spent so much time with he younger man that there was no way he wasn't going to see past the disguise. Heck he was going to be near Chuck for an extended period of time! It was fooled before, but

now he was going to get a good look at him. Bailey needed to move and get away and quickly excused himself from the table. "Excuse me, I have to go tinkle."

In the bathroom Bailey stood with his hands on the fake stone countertop, looking at himself in the mirror, trying to see what was going to give him away first come Sunday. As he looked he couldn't help notice some of his lipstick rubbed off on his straw and pulled out his lipstick to repair it. "Are you okay pumpkin?"

Looking to the side in the mirror Bailey noticed Mommy had come into the bathroom. She was leaning on the wall next to the sink and mirrors. He didn't feel okay, though a piece of his anxiety left him as he touched up his lips. It was ridiculous that it would, but his makeup being messed up was something he could fix, something he had the power to correct, so it felt good when so much was out of his control. "Your like, going away and... well I'm happy for you and stuff. But like I don't want to be alone." Oh sugar he didn't want to be alone with Auntie Megan.

Amanda wondered if Bailey was saddened a little that this was all coming to an end, if what Meg was saying was true that would track. "We have plenty to discuss about my potential new job, but you will not be alone. You enjoyed yourself at Aunt Megan's last weekend did you not?"

He had not in fact enjoyed the torture she put him through, but he couldn't say that. "Yeah, a little."

"Have you read more of the book she let you borrow? I bet she would love to discuss it with you." Bailey nodded his head a little, turning to give her his full attention now that he was done fixing his face.

"Yeah, like a little." He shrugged his shoulders slightly, wishing he didn't enjoy the book as much as he did. "Its like okay I guess."

"I know today has been a hard day for you, Candi told me what happened at the DMV."

The news Bailey had failed the test again was tiring and she wondered what excuse Bailey would give for it this time instead of owning up to it, but in Candi's text she said Bailey was so broken up about it that she refused to admit she even wanted to get a permit.

"She, she.. She told on me?!" She wasn't actually his big sister, why did she need to go and tell Mommy about that! Peaches... Mommy got upset last time, what if she wants to punish me before she goes? Was this why she didn't trust him to be on his own?

Stepping forward Amanda touched Bailey's cheek, looking her in the eye before giving her a hug. "She was only worried about you, and do not fret. I am not upset, if you tell me you tried your best, then it is okay."

He was alone with her, he could tell her so much about what was bothering him and yet there was so much more he couldn't say. Instead he thought of what Candi was making him do with the rest of her earnings from the bet. They had no idea Derrick would be back when they headed to pick Mommy up from work, but on the way he was given the directive to give the man a big hug. Call him Daddy and tell him the ring size for the woman he loved. He would have done it already, but while he had gotten her necklaces, bracelets, earrings, he had never bought her a ring. It was too much of a suggestion of marriage, and he stayed away from it, so he didn't even know her ring size. "Can I like ask you a question?"

"Always. I hope you always feel comfortable to come talk with me." Amanda hoped Bailey wasn't about to ask about her promotion. It was a massive promotion, but she wasn't sure it was right for her.

"Umm what's your ring size?" Amanda cocked her head to the side, that question seemed to come out of left field.

"Why do you ask?" She wore a few rings on her fingers and looked down at them.

"Umm... I like don't have any and like. Our hands look similar and stuff." That was the

best lie Bailey could come up with on the spot. He hadn't even considered her questioning his question.

"Here, let us see. Hold up your hand." Bailey did as instructed, not sure why she couldn't just answer the question so he could get this over with.

Slipping the ring off of her ring finger on her right hand Amanda inspected Bailey's fingers. "You chose a pretty color for your nails today, that with your haircut. You look adorable, you know that right?"

Adorable, yay...! Just the thing he wanted to hear, "Thank you, Candi helped me." Bailey said with a smile on his face playing his part, anything else would just make them get off the subject and he needed to have this bet over with. If he didn't do what she said then how could he expect her to do what he wanted when he won the next one.

With a smile and a nod Amanda moved her ring over Bailey's hand and slipped it onto her middle finger, where she thought it would fit the best. Bailey's hands were a little smaller than hers and the ring finger looked to be about the same thickness as her ring finger. The comment about Candi helping all but confirmed Bailey hadn't made the choice about her hair alone. That girl was a force of nature when she wanted something. If she was to ever become a politician she might be able to enact real change. "I am a size six and it looks like you are a five and a half, but this fits your middle finger perfectly. It looks wonderful with your nails, keep it on."

"Earth to Bailey, hello!" Bailey's eyes refocused on the world around him, it was their turn to grab golf clubs and pay and the man behind the counter wearing a bandana over his head and an eyepatch was squinting at him.

"Is she okay?" His voice was raspy, like he had smoked too many cigarettes over the years. "Oh yeah, totally. My little sis spaces out sometimes, but I think she was actually looking at a snack or two." Candi took a step back next to Bailey and away from the counter and pointed off to a group of four men about college age who were at the top of

the course who kept yelling the word “Booty.”

“I was not looking at a snack!” Bailey said protesting as he looked up to where she was pointing. They looked like a bunch of frat bros who pre-partied to go play mini golf.

“Oh yeah? Are you like telling me you couldn’t tell me what color hair some of them have or what they are wearing?”

Bailey frowned, scrunching up his face. “Well yeah, because like you pointed at them and I looked.” She always thought he was checking out boys, but that was supposed to be part of who he was, or at least what people were supposed to think he was boy crazy. So it was good, but peaches did he hate it.

“Sure, sure. We all totally believe you. Right Ben?” Candi said turning back towards the employee running the cash register.

“Captain Ben and..” The older man shrugged trying to make it clear he didn’t care one way or the other about who the teen girls were checking out. It wasn’t him, so he cared nothing for it. “Yes, no, it matters little. The real question is Arrrrr... are you bonnie lasses going to try and find the pirates hidden booty!?” The middle aged man jumped into character when he saw his manager, someone almost half his age come out of the stock room.

“Bonnie lass, Oh my god I LOVE THAT!” The older man couldn’t help but look at the girl’s chest as she bounced up and down with excitement. The other one smiled at him or was just happily smiling in general and while he enjoyed the show, he wished both sisters were as excitable. “Our parents are like on the way, so four of us are going to get...” Candi leaned closer on the counter, talking to the man as if it was a secret. “The pirate booty.”

She was so happy to be going out as a group again, like a family. Tomorrow their parents would be gone again, off to more romantic settings. Tonight thought, tonight she was going to enjoy the time she had with them. Picking up a putter off the counter felt it for

balance and smirked at Bailey. “Hey sis, wanna make a bet?”

Glaring at the pink golf ball in his hand, that almost matched his nailed fingers that wrapped around it Bailey was trying to make sure it wasn’t dented or something. He was good at mini golf, not as good as Mommy, but the ball just wasn’t going where he wanted it to. “You are doing great and I think that color ball was a great choice, I love how you got it to match your hands.” Derrick said, putting his hand on Bailey’s shoulder.

He hadn’t picked it out, the semi professional mini golf pirate man had handed them a pink, purple, yellow and green ball and he had ended up with the pink one. “It like totally does.” Bailey said with his normal smile. Bailey had considered throwing the game just so he would lose the team match, but now that there was a wager on the line he could do no such thing. Yet his entire game was off, the last time he came here he wasn’t wearing four inch pumps and he chest wasn’t trying to do an impression of a girl with tits. At least Mr Connors was doing well, though he seemed to be the only one.

Mommy went first and put the ball nowhere near the hole, a surprise to Bailey, but a pleasant one considering Candi was on the same time as her. Next was Mr Connors who ended with the ball just shy of getting it in on the first shot. Bailey held his breath when Candi went up, he had no idea how proficient she was at the game and when he considered his lack of knowledge there and knowing how good Mommy was he knew it was a fools bet. Yet when she hit the ball with too much power it went off the first course completely. She laughed at her own misfortune, and while he didn’t want to give her a mulligan he was outvoted. The next swing was just a fraction lighter in the swing causing the ball to bounce off the walls and end closer to the T than the hole. “I’m really not good at this.” She laughed again.

The second hole was much the same and even with playing poorly Bailey could safely say he was still better than Candi who seemed to have no clue how to play at all. At the third hole though he watched Mommy remove her heels before taking her stroke. The ball moved smoothly and moved around a bend, passed the hole. Then it bounced off the wall and went right in, giving her a hole in one. “See I told you it was because I was playing in

my heels.” Amanda said with a wide smile looking at Derrick.

“So you did, so you did. Candi are you going to remove your heels too?” Candi shook her head looking down at her heeled boots. They were a thick block heel, not that tall and she already understood her skill level. “What about you Bailey?”

Slipping one foot out of his pink heeled shoe, Bailey was more than happy about the option. When something ran through his mind. A good girl always looks her best. “I like, think I will leave them on.” He said slipping his foot back into the heel. Wishing he didn’t have to be a good girl.

“I think she would sleep in her heels if she was allowed.” Candi said thinking about how her friend hadn’t even taken her shoes off when everyone else did at the birthday party.

“Shut up, I would not!” Bailey was truly grateful at that second that Aunt Megan wasn’t here or he was sure that could start to become a thing. He did his best to ignore his friends’ giggling at his expense.

When Candi went up to putt, Amanda stopped her and started to show her a few things about ball control. “Hey, how do you know so much about this?” Derrick asked, never hearing anyone not on the green talk like she was.

“Oh, did I not tell you?” Amanda said with a coy smile. “Back in school I may not have been any good at softball, but golf. That I was great at, though my skills have had to be regulated down games such as this. Not a lot of executives invite a pretty blonde out to play golf if they think she can beat them.”

Taking a few steps closer Derrick gave a kiss on the lips. “I would love to take you, not just because you are a pretty blonde. That does play a part though, the rest is me wanting to see the faces on some of my peers as they lose.” Derrick looked over at his partner on team omnivore. “Bailey isn’t so bad, ever thought of teaching her? A mother daughter team at one of the tournaments Mega Corp sponsors could be great for the donations to

the charities.”

Amanda looked over at Bailey who was making sleeping motion, like her hands were pillows and pretended to snore. “No, she thinks playing golf is less entertaining than watching grass grow.”

While her Daddy was talking, Candi was taking a couple test swings with the advice she was given, but when she looked behind her hearing the snoring sounds she puffed out one of her cheeks. “Bailey I do not snore!” She said in that could almost be considered a yell. Bailey had complained about her snoring, but she was sure she was just making things up. “You can wait your turn without that thank you!”

By the fifth hole the scores were tied, much to Bailey’s annoyance. Candi was still doing a little worse than himself, but Mommy was kicking Mr Connors butt and he was doing better than himself. Bailey really wished he could slip off his heels to do better, but with the pull on his chest he still wasn’t sure if he could play like he had a month ago, the last time he played mini golf. He really hoped he could get his chest fixed before too long, the last thing he wanted was them to feel normal and have to adjust to not having breasts on his chest. “Hey girl, nice ass!”

Bailey was bent over, lining up his shot when the male voice called out. Causing him to stand up straight and look in the direction. Behind them were the same group of frat boys that he had seen playing earlier on the course. They had apparently decided to play another round and caught up. He was the last to play, so he just needed to get this over quick. If they got a hole or two ahead of them, the college drunks wouldn’t be close enough to leer at him. He hated having men look at him like... well like they were. Bending over again Bailey lined up his shot, but as he scooted closer he wiggled his butt, much like many people do before they putt. “Yeah, shake that ass!” Another voice filled Bailey’s ears, causing his shot to go much wider than he expected.

“Try to ignore them honey, but also maybe give them less of a reason.” Her words stung,

the woman he loved practically accused him of flirting with guys catcalling him.

Looking at the guys Bailey chewed on his inner cheek, he was having a little fun but that was all gone now. "Could, could we like maybe just go home?" This was still the same day his hair was butchered into this cutesy style, failed at the dmv and lost in a test of intellect against Candi. He just wanted it all to be over.

Locking eyes with Amanda, Derrick gave her a lopsided grin before putting his hand on Bailey's shoulder. Hoping it would help her feel more secure and protected like back at the waterpark. "I will go talk to them, don't worry princess. I will never let anything happen to you."

Putting his long nailed fingers around Derrick's hand, Bailey shook his head. He really didn't want to be protected, and hated that he was so willing to do so. If the roles were reversed, Bailey didn't think he would go confront a group of drunk frat boys, one... maybe. This man was too nice and Bailey hated it, he hated that he could count on Derrick to be dependable. "Please no... can we like just go?"

"Bailey you are a beautiful young woman, sometimes men are going to be jerks and you will have to get some thicker skin. Sometimes those jerks don't understand they are making the pretty girl they like uncomfortable and sometimes they really are just jerks. I will be okay, I promise. No need to worry about me princess." Removing his hand from Bailey, Derrick walked toward the group with purpose.

While he was over there Bailey felt another hand on him from behind. Looking over he saw the beautiful kind blue eyes looking past him over to Derrick, while she held him. They couldn't hear what they were saying, but the frat bros seemed to keep their level of drunken swagger when Derrick came back. "Well if we step aside they are willing to play past us." Derrick said leaving out the attempts they made to have the girls play with them instead so that he could have time with his woman, as they put it. "Honestly though, I think there is a chance they just might hang around. We could let the manager know or

call the police about them being drunk in public.” He paused looking at everyone's faces.

“We could do that, but what I think we should really go do is finish this hole and then go get some ice cream. We can figure out who the winners are and the winners get to choose the ice cream the losers have tonight.”

Amanda crossed her arms, the putter hanging freely as she looked at him. “High stakes, you sure you don’t want to just call it a draw. Unless you like something like pistachio ice cream that I will make you eat.”

“I loooove pistachio ice cream.” He said drawing out the word.

“Daddy is lying, he hates a lot of flavors and always tastes like almost all of them when we go get ice cream. The flavors aren’t changing Daddy, you don’t have to keep trying the same flavors every time we go.”

Looking at his daughter and then to Amanda he shook his head. “My own flesh and blood betrayed me.” He let out a long dramatic sigh. “And I will have you know, samples of ice cream are free and just because I know what cookies n cream ice cream taste like, doesn’t mean I wouldn’t like a taste from time to time.” He gave all three girls a large smile that Amanda thought made him look years younger in that moment.

Candi looked at the men behind them, two of them having open beer bottles they were drinking out of at that second. She thought it was incredibly unfair that they were going to ruin her family night, she had an urge to go over there and give them a piece of her mind. Bailey and her Mom seemed okay with her Daddy’s proposal though so she left it alone. She didn’t think her going over there would make them behave better, but she couldn’t stand people being bullies. She looked to her father who was distracted and decided to do just that. She stomped over them and was already there before the rest of the group noticed. “Be right back.” Derrick said, moving at a brisk jog to join his daughter who looked like she was giving them a lecture with how she was pointing her finger and wagging it around. As Derrick caught up to his daughter when she was in the

middle of going off, not yelling at them, just talking in a stern voice. “And this is like my last night with my Daddy before he leaves again, when he just got back. You all are ruining my family night! Bailey and I.” Her hand waved back in the direction behind her. “Daddy is almost always traveling and Mom is always working. We don’t get nights like this and you... you... are making it so we get less time with them. Everything can be like so unfair sometimes and I wish.. I just wanted you to know what your behavior has cost others.” Turning on her heel she almost bumped into her father, hadn’t noticed him following her.

With her back to the group, one of them called out to her. “Hey, umm MIss? We’re sorry. We were just trying to have a good time and..” The man stopped talking when one of his friends elbowed him, whispering something about him acting like a pussy, but he kept going. “We are going to head out, we already played a round anyhow. You all have fun.”

“Like hell we are.” Another called out loudly before the first frat bro looked him in the eye. “We are, I can’t make you go. But they don’t deserve this, how about I buy a round at the bar and we forget about this place?”

Seeing them walk away Candi smiled to her father. “Sometimes they are good people that like forgot to think about others. And SOMETIMES we.” She stopped motioning to herself, him and the Bests’. “Are just people that need to finish their game so they can actually win their bet.”

Laying in bed Bailey gazed up at the ceiling of his room that was bathed in the soft light from the nightlight, thinking about the day and how he was going to write about it in his diary. He lifted his left hand up, looking at the ring the Mommy had given him. She had been so nice about it giving it to him, when all he was asking about was her ring size. Him and Mr. Connors ended up winning by a single stroke, and thanks to Candi hitting her ball into Mommy’s on the tenth hole and pushing it into the water those two had lost. He would rather have been able to control what Candi did for a few minutes, but the sweet taste of victory ice cream tasted extra delicious.

Derrick had pulled him aside for his plan when they went to get ice cream. He had team herbivore take the time to pick three flavors they wanted, getting a free sample of each, but instead of giving them one of those flavors they were going to get vanilla. It was when he was pulled to the side that Bailey did what he had to do and it felt like a fitting time considering their team omnivore was declared the winner thanks to him. So he gave Derrick a large hug, took a deep breath and wished he didn't have to say this or smell the man's cologne. "Thank you Daddy for tonight and I like wanted to tell you a secret incase you wanted to know, Mommy's ring size is a six if well..." Bailey couldn't even bring himself to complete the sentence.

At that moment he hoped he wasn't giving Derrick too much hope, he was nice. Even if Bailey didn't want to really admit that he was a good man most of the time and he didn't want to see him buy a ring and then get turned away because he was just temporary. The poor guy didn't deserve to have his heart broken from that kind of rejection. "Do you want me to buy a special ring for your Mom?"

His smug smile, Bailey hated looking at that, he was so annoyingly nice asking him something like this when he thought he was really the daughter. "I like just wanted you to know her ring size." He didn't want this conversation to go on any longer and scampered off to join Candi and was looking forward to taking a little revenge on her. In the end though she did get a vanilla cone like he wanted, but he caved in on sprinkles. He got a bowl of vanilla cream with smashed up bits of butterfinger ice cream and a light chocolate drizzle on top, it was like heaven.

That victory felt tiny, now he let his one free hand plop down to his side as his other was clutched in Candi's embrace along with President Bear. Lying there knowing the man he had felt a little sorry for earlier that evening was sleeping in the same room as the woman he loved. Heck he had been the one that bought that mattress for them when he moved in and now another man was in there with her. He was ready to raise a fuss, forbid it when his mind for once considered consequences before he opened his mouth. What would Mommy do? Would she do as he demanded or punish him for acting like a spoiled child. She would absolutely tell her sister regardless if she listened or not and part of the deal

for the PI was he had to be a good girl. A good girl is seen and not heard. She could be spiteful and ruin his life, more than it felt like now. This was all temporary and he knew she wasn't going to choose him, she always did little things to make sure he knew she cared.

Like on the way back to the house she sat in the backseat with him, while Candi drove. He moved over to the middle seat and leaned into her, she put her arm around him and told him how she loved him. Sure she teased him about his hair, saying how she thought it was cute and he played along considering the company they were with, but all of that just proved to him that he mattered.

Bailey knew he couldn't be in that bedroom with her fucking Mommy's... Mandy's brains out. Filling her with his cum as she panted. He wanted her and right now that couldn't happen so she was seeking comfort in the arms of another. Bailey knew he of all people should understand that, he had done the same when she was too busy for him, but it still felt horrible. Pulling his arm free from Candi was easier thought than done, but he padded his way through the house walking on the balls of his feet to go tinkle. Having the prosthetic made it so he was not going to get caught, but it was a massive adjustment.

Sitting there on the toilet with his purple panties bunched up around his knees Bailey wished he had his phone. He had been getting texts from August all night and even a few from Liam, while he started responding to August when he saw the first message from Liam he just turned off the device. Now though he wanted to see what was sent and maybe reply despite the hour, because if he didn't he was sure Aunt Megan would. With a sigh he flushed the toilet after cleaning himself and washed his hands before going back out into the dark hallway.

"Eee, EEEEE, eeeEEE!" Bailey stopped in his tracks, he knew that sound. Turning around he faced the master bedroom door, and saw it was open just a crack. Slowly inches his way closer the sounds got louder and clearer. Bailey could hear the wet smacking sound, the squeals of lust and joy. Along with grunts that made him want to turn away, but still he pressed forward, looking into the room. In the bedroom, on the

bed was Derrick with his woman! Both of them naked and fucking. Bailey's jaw hung open as he watched on in horror like someone might to an active train wreck. From his vantage he could see both of their asses as Derrick fucked Mommy from behind doggy style. The wet slapping told him how wet she was and her moaning how much she was loving it and as Derrick pulled his cock free of her Bailey got a good look at what the older man was playing with before he pushed himself back into her hard. "GggggOD!" He heard her squeal in delight as she was pounded while on her knees, her large breasts swinging freely.



Bile started to rise up in Bailey's stomach and he thought he might be sick, when he felt someone tap him on his shoulder. Behind him was a sleepy looking Candi who held her finger to her mouth and pulled Bailey away from the door and back to his bedroom, his teenage girl bedroom. "I like can't believe you were spying on them!"

Bailey looked away from the girl and at the wall, knowing on the other side of that wall and a few feet down the hallway it was still happening. "Wait like oh my god, Bailey do you like watching? I haven't like really watched porn, but it turned me on when I watched you and it made me think something might be wrong with me, but oh my god. You like it too! But also that is our Mom and Daddy in there, eww."

He might die from a brain aneurysm, the pounding headache he was suddenly feeling could just be an aneurysm. Looking away from the wall and focusing on Candi he shook his head. "There is like nothing wrong with you Candi and like our Mom and Daddy?"

Candi jumped up to land on the bed, sitting down with her legs to the side. "Well maybe not yet, but I can correct myself. You already call him Daddy, so maybe I should call her Mommy too. What do you think?"

His head was pounding now and even the light from the nightlight was bothering him. "I'm like trying not to think, it hurts."

"Oh don't you be trying that card on me, just because we aren't going to be astronauts doesn't mean we can't think."

"Candi, please run to the bathroom and get me some aspirin, my head is pounding and maybe an ice pack from the freeze, please..." He said sitting besides her before curling into a ball as the sounds of sex still filled his mind and the sight of it. The sight of that man's dick as he pushed it into her pussy and knowing it was still happening. It was one thing to rationalize it as her needing just something while he was out of commission, but seeing it was completely different. He wasn't angry, he was just making himself sick as he played it over and over and over again in his mind. Bailey happily drank down the entire

glass of water with the pills and closed his eyes as Candi put the ice pack on his forehead.

Watching her Candi wasn't sure now if what she said was true, Bailey hadn't denied enjoying watching them, but the way she was acting. She thought Bailey might have gone to their parents because she wasn't feeling well and stopped when she saw what they were doing. She climbed into bed and cuddled up behind her, she would help her sister feel better. If she woke up needing anything she would be right here for her. She smiled to herself thinking about how that was what big sisters did.

"Good morning pumpkin." Bailey's eyes fluttered open as he felt soft lips kiss his forehead. Sitting on the side of the bed and leaning over him was Mommy with a big smile on her face. Waking up to look into her beautiful blue eyes was something he really missed. Not that he would often get up when she did for work, but still he missed it.

"Good morning Mommy." It felt later than he expected and Candi wasn't in bed with him. Peaches, not only did he not remember her getting up, but he hardly remembered falling a sleep last night.

"Candi tells me you were not feeling well last night, how are you this morning?" Her saying that brought the images of Derrick behind her, his hands around her hips as he thrust himself into her pussy as she pulled her back came to mind. Bailey's face contorted to show his disgust at the thought.

"That bad huh? I wish I could take care of you today, you are always the biggest baby when you do not feel well, but I have a flight to catch. Maybe your big sister can take care of you today, the two of you can rest." She swept her hand through Bailey's hair, feeling her forehead. She didn't feel warm, but if Bailey didn't feel well then she was going to want soup and then something else, and then something else. Playing nursemaid to Bailey might feel a little different now, but she wasn't going to have the chance to find out.

"Do, do you have to go? Maybe you could stay home." Bailey took her hand in his own

and gave it a squeeze. He was a lot more okay with her going to the wedding before he saw her fucking that man in their bed. He knew it was just her needing a fuck he couldn't give her right now and he had fucked a few girls in that bed and some of them like that red headed escort Candy in it a few times, but this felt different and it only made Bailey feel worse for being a hypocrit.

"I cannot stay pumpkin, I know you do not feel well. It is early, but how about I make you some chicken noodle soup. Would you like that?" He was happy when she leaned down and gave him another kiss on the forehead before leaving the room. It wasn't the lips to lips with their tongues rolling around in one another's mouths like he would have liked, but it still showed how much she cared. He just had to hold on and keep being the best daughter for her he could, so that Aunt Megan would hold up her end of the bargain. If it broke now just because she did once what he did multiple times could he really call himself a man? Wiping some sleep from his eyes as he sat up in bed, Bailey looked at his long pink nails. "Some man I am though."

With a sigh he pulled his phone off the charger and turned it back on, thinking about the messages he missed. When he looked at his notification he saw a bunch more for his youtube channel and when he looked at his text messages his heart sank. He had already responded apparently and considering the time stamps he knew it wasn't just a case of him forgetting he had done it.

Auggy <3: I was looking up these get to know you questions and thought they might be fun.

Auggy <3: I play it aloof, but I do want to get to know the pretty girl behind that smile of yours.

Auggy <3: Okay, here is the first one. Name three things you couldn't live without.

Auggy <3: I don't mean water and food, be specific. I will even go first!

Auggy <3: My mom, she is my rock and to me a super hero.

Auggy <3: A good pair of blue jeans, I hate not being able to wear them for work.

Auggy <3: Dogs, I have two at home named Harrison and Ryan.

Auggy <3: When Ryan is over at my house I like to call him Human Ryan and my dog just

Ryan.

Auggy <3: It really gets him going.

Bailey: OMG that is like 2 funny, u r funny!

Bailey: Sad I didn't make the list though :(

Auggy <3: It is that aloofness I talked about. Do I love you? Like you? Am I indifferent?
Who knows.

Bailey: I like to think u might have some feelings <3

Bailey: Okay, so here is mine

Bailey: Heels!

Bailey: Lipstick and lipgloss, that is like 2 but they both go on my lips.

Auggy <3: I can allow that to be one, I do like your lips.

Bailey: I was like sooo happy when I got them done, did u say you liked them?! I like
don't remember

Auggy <3: I love them for so many reasons

Bailey: :)

Bailey: It is super cute what u said about your Mom, I like feel totally the same.

Bailey: But about my Mommy not yours lol

Bailey: and 4 like 3 a really I mean like really good salad.

Bailey: I totally had 1 that was cut up strawberries, apple pieces and grapes

Bailey: All cut up because yeah an apple is 2 big 4 a salad

Bailey add some sunflower seeds on top of that and the lettuce and stir in some greek
yogurt.

Bailey: YUM!

Auggy <3: That was five, not three though I let you get away with the lipstick and
lipgloss.

Bailey: Was not!

Auggy <3: Want me to count again?

Bailey: Want me to make u this salad sometime?! It is super yummy!

Auggy <3: I thought you would have said a steak or a hamburger before a salad.

Bailey: This is so much better Auggy

Auggy <3: Sure I like the idea of you making me dinner, even if it is a salad.

Bailey: U will love it! I could totally sit in your lap and feed it 2 U :)

Auggy <3: That sounds like a plan

Bailey felt disgusted, well more disgusted than he already felt... somehow. All the cutey flirting and a salad!? Sugar, he didn't want to eat what the text described let alone sit in his lap and feed it to him. With great tribulation Bailey clicked up to Liam's text messages, trying to prepare himself for the worst.

Liam: Hey there pretty girl!

Liam: Can't wait till Sunday, what about U?

Liam: No answer, playing hard to get or should I expect to be the third wheel for the double date?

Bailey: OMG I'm soooo sorry I'm totally not playing hard 2 get!

Liam: If your hard to get, will you be easy?

Bailey: OMG u r like so BAD!

Liam: Listen my brother is planning on taking your Aunt to an orchestra or something after dinner.

Liam: She said something about liking violins, is that something. That sound good to you or...

Liam: I know a great party at Theta Chi

Bailey: I totally love music, but I also love parties.

Bailey: This is totally our first date, u should pick.

Bailey: Really u should always pick, I will just be happy 2 be with U :)

Liam: Yeah? Right on

Liam: When you aren't out shopping at the mall with your hot friend, what do you like to do.

Bailey: Depends who I am with

The next text Bailey saw a picture of a pair of handcuffs and a red ball gag, much like he had used on Mommy on more than one occasion. He really did like using those things, it

was so hot, but not in the way it was being presented here.

Liam: Wow, you sure know how to umm. How do I say this?

Bailey: U totally talked about being hard earlier. R U hard now?

Liam: shit.. Yeah!

Liam: You are completely different now than when I met you at the mall.

Bailey: Oh I will be totally different on the date.

Bailey: Pulling away from u, or like acting like I don't want...

Liam: My cock, because I'm tempted to show you what you are doing to me.

Bailey: I'm a good girl Liam and if u want something u r going 2 have 2 be a man about it ;)

Bailey: Also buy me presents! Here is a link 2 my amazon wish list

Liam: absolutely!.

On Bailey's first date he ended up with a cock in his mouth, he wouldn't say he sucked the cock, but it didn't matter with the end result. Especially when on the second date he knelt before August and did just that and after looking at the text messages with Liam.. Sugar, he was in trouble. Scooting back lower on the bed Bailey pulled the sheet up higher to cover his bare arms and the shoulder straps of the purple babydoll nightie. Aunt Megan was like helping him in the long run, but in the short term she wanted him to totally suffer. This was his fault, he needed to stay on top of his text messages, if he had Liam wouldn't think he was some girl that wanted to be tied up and liked to tease him to make him hard. My name is Bailey, I like to tease, I like to please and sometimes I do it down on my knees. He shut his eyes tight, wishing that just didn't come to mind.

A knock at the door made Bailey open his eyes and shifted his head to the left to see Derrick coming into the room. He was wearing gray slacks and a yellow button up collared shirt, but Bailey still saw a flash of him being naked. "Hey there princess, I'm sorry you aren't feeling too good." He said as she sat down on the edge of the bed, the same place Mommy had earlier when she was waking him up. "We are getting ready to head out and I wanted to see if there was anything I could do for you before we left."

Reaching up over the the covers Bailey pulled President Bear closer to him. It was a gift he gave Mommy and it felt good to hold it tight. Mommy belonged to him, not this man he thought as he looked at the man setting on his bed. Bailey looked away, not wanting to see his expression, that expression that said he was actually worried about him for not feeling well. "Candi said you like would do anything for her and..." Bailey swallowed it was a long shot, but he was going to try the baby talk like she said.

"I would for you too princess." Derrick said, patting the teen girl's leg through the covers. He smiled when she jerked her leg away. "Someone is ticklish."

He was ticklish more than he would like, but Bailey did that on reflex. Thinking about that had held Mommy's hip and pulled her down onto his cock last night. "Umm yeah? Would you pwease stway here inswtead of weaving Candi and I?" Now Bailey felt like he needed to go soak in the tub and wash off the feeling of this moment.

"Hmmm, sit up for me." Derrick beckoned Bailey up and when she did he wrapped his arms around her to give her a big hug. This girl wasn't his daughter, but he felt much closer to her than he ever expected too. "Candace something just like this to me on more than one occasion. She hated me leaving and it seems that is something else the two of you share. I would love to take both of you girls with us, but I tell what. How about when I get back the two of us go to that steak house I was talking about? Would you like that?"

You can go you dummy I just want Mommy to stay. Bailey thought as he pouted, but he knew he wasn't going to get his way and the steak house sounded extra good after the text messages about salad and how he can't live without it. "Yeah... that sounds good."

"Sick or not, didn't expect you to sound so disappointed. I mean if you don't want to go you could just say so." Derrick said raising an eyebrow.

"No, no, no I like totally want to go. Don't listen to anyone that says I don't want to go and have steak, not Mommy, Candi, Aunt Megan or like if I text you that I don't want to go. Because I do!" Derrick was teasing him, but him saying it made Bailey think of the

text messages or how Candi wouldn't wouldn't let him order what he wanted. If he was stuck being Bailey Ann he was at least going to get that trip to the steak house.

"Okay, if you promise to be good for my Mom and your Aunt while we are gone you will get yourself an all you can eat trip."

Bailey nodded as his mouth watered thinking about the trays of meat they bring out at the Brazilian Steak House. If it was a type of meat they walked around with, then they also had a bacon wrapped version of it. The entire good girl motto went through Bailey's mind and he gave a big smile to the man sitting on the bed with him. "I am a good girl and proud."

"That is what I like to hear." Derrick gave Bailey another hug and kiss on the top of his head. "Feel well enough to come and wish us goodbye or should I send your Mom in again?"

"I will totally be right there." Bailey said feeling his phone buzz from a text message. He was going to be glued to this phone and answer everything he could as it came in to prevent another disaster.

Amanda sat down in the seat just outside the boarding area for her plane and took in a deep breath. Trying to come to terms with everything that was happening. She was getting ready to board a plane with Derrick Connors Regional Manager for Mega Corp, a man she had been semi dating... and sleeping with and somewhere along the way he became her boyfriend... and now they were going to a wedding together for his admin. Then because of his connections she is going to an executive training seminar for a week and she has a chance to rise to a director. Her thoughts were like a run on sentences, a train that just kept getting longer and longer. She let out the breath she had been holding slowly with her eyes closed to try and compose herself.

"Are you okay?" Amanda opened her eyes when she felt Derrick's hand enclose around

her own and gave him a small smile.

“Everything is going just so fast and all at once. This morning Bailey is not feeling well, and she asked me to stay. I know part of it is just how she is, always wanting to be babied when not feeling well. Part of me wonders if she was not really okay with the two of us going away together for the wedding.” She seemed okay with it before, but this was not exactly a normal situation, she added mentally.

“Would you like me to just listen, or do you want my opinion?” IT had been a long time since he dated, but he remembered his wife just needing to vent and wanted little more than his presence, a smile and his reassurance she wasn’t crazy. Well crazier than normal.

“Both.” Amanda looked away from him, and pushed her bottom lip out with her tongue. She felt unsure of things, with so many changes coming so quickly. She had known of Derrick for a long time, but he had only been in her realm for two weeks or there about. Even as she looked away she gave his hand a little squeeze. The man was a rock in an ocean that she could use to steady herself, unfortunately the rock's appearance seemed to be what caused all the recent chaos.

“Just listen, say nothing and also give you my opinion. Hmmm” He pulled his hand away from hers, moved his arm around her shoulder, then retook her hand with his others as he pulled her closer. Both pressed near one another with the uncomfortable airport chair’s armrests pressing between them. “Everything will be okay, you are an amazing woman and not crazy at all.” He said kissing her forehead at the hairline and giving her a tighter squeeze for just a second.

She didn’t pull away, just breathed in the scent of his cologne and enjoyed the comfort he was bringing her. “What do you mean I am not crazy at all?”

“Trap, that question is a trap. I do not see how it is sprung, but I am not going to walk into it. Instead I will say this about everything that is happening. You taking this

promotion is not sudden, you have been working for it for a long time. You are overshooting your target, though in the best possible way, but again you have worked for this. The reward for everything you have done that you thought no one noticed was not in vain. Us? I don't know how to describe it. It hasn't been long and yet I feel like... it sounds silly, but like when I hold you like this that it is like two puzzle pieces fitting together."

"I would not call that silly, a bit cheesy, but very sweet." Amanda broke the embrace, mostly to stop the metal of the armrest from digging into her side, but gave him a pick on the cheek for being so sweet.

"Cheesy and sweet, the perfect snack!" Derrick said beaming.

"Are you talking about something to eat or a snack like how the girls use it?"

"Hmm, well I don't like to blown my own horn, but I have been told that I'm at least okay to look at. Even heard I was handsome once or twice." Puffing his chest out, Derrick pointed at the center of his chest with his thumb.

"Who could possibly describe you like that?" Amanda couldn't hold back her smile, but could keep herself from laughing at his mock performance.

"My mother and daughter, but I think they still count." His face sobered a little as he looked away from the beautiful blonde sitting next to him for just a second. "I don't think Bailey wanted you to stay because she didn't want us to go off to a wedding together or because she doesn't want us together. This morning she asked me to stay as well. Even took a page out of Candace's book to try and guilt me into staying. In fact, and I am no sleuth, but I have reason to believe she wants me to see about making you my bride."

Him saying that wasn't as surprising as say if she told him who Bailey truly was, but it was awfully close. "What makes you think something like that? As the surprise faded she felt blood going to her face and knew her cheeks had to have a natural light pink cast to

them at that second as she thought about him asking for her hand in marriage. It wasn't like she was some love sick girl, but she had given up on marriage and the possibility relit that candle of hope deep in her.

"This morning again, Bailey held me tight and said.." Derrick coughed a little and pitched his voice in a mock high pitched girls voice. "Daddy, I wanted you to know what Mommy's ring size was." He gave a shrug of his shoulders. "It was either the fact that this wasn't the first time that she referred to me as such or something else that I just can't put my finger on that tipped me off. Hmmm, it will come to me." He tapped his left ring finger to his chin as he pretended to think.

The memory of the previous night with being asked out her ring size came to mind and she found it astounding Bailey would not only tell Derrick that information, but with the timing it had to have been the purpose of the question. She was trying to test Bailey if she really was enjoying herself as a teenager, and while she wracked herself with guilt before about being intimate with Derrick, Bailey had been the one to say it was okay. Now this... it was like Bailey was letting go of her old life in favor of one where she had a family. She truly needed to have a conversation with her about all of this. "Still I should give her a call, make sure she is feeling okay and all that."

Derrick shook his head as he pulled out his phone. "Let the girl rest, I can understand the need to want to check up on your teenage daughter when you are leaving town, but let me show you this. It will help you feel connected with her, at least it does for me." Derrick pulled up youtube on his phone and went to one of the channels he had recently subscribed to by the name of BaBest. He thought it might have had a different name before, but he wasn't sure. Clicking on her most recent uploads he handed the phone over to Amanda, and leaned in close to rewatch it with her.

The video started with a pink plastic barbie sized car rolled to the center of the frame. A girls hand with long painted nails opened the car door and moved the blonde doll out of the vehicle. The Skipper doll was dressed in a little black sparkly party dress and was posed so it was leaning on the roof of the car. It's head tilted as it look directly at the

camera and a cutesy voice spoke “Hi, I’m Skipper!” The doll was then moved to wave as continued in the chipper voice.

“I’m Bailey’s best friend and...” The talking doll was cut off as the familiar voice of Candi could be heard off camera.

“She is not your best friend!” The interruption made Amanda chuckle as the doll seemingly looked off to where the voice came from and tapped its own forehead, or was posed to do so as if to say my mistake or oh bother, before it started over it’s introduction.

The doll got positioned in front of Bailey’s pink book that Amanda had seen her writing in from time to time. She realized this was an online video about what was written in her diary. Bailey was putting online her inner thoughts and it amazed her. The Bailey she knew kept all of that locked away, keeping it all bottled up and while she had been curious about what was in the book, she would never have brought herself to invite Bailey’s privacy. Yet, here she was telling the world about what was in her diary for the day of her eighteenth birthday party.

She listened to Bailey call April, her Auntie April and how April had given her tips to take things further with August. No not August, Bailey had called him Auggy and stressed how she wanted to take things further with him. Amanda’s eyes widened and she felt her head was going to spin right off. Bailey loved woman, he didn’t have some of the best views for woman at times, but she never had a single doubt about where the sexual preference was. Now, hearing that she also liked men was just crazy, yet it was Bailey herself saying it. Her Bailey was Bi, and that was okay, but she just had a hard time believing it. The next spark of surprise when Skipper mentioned in a mock whisper that Bailey was jealous of how she looked the night of the birthday.

If she had any doubt of Bailey liking boys as the video went on they were laid to rest. “Bailey was dancing with Auggy, so wish I could.” The doll often interrupted the flow of the story with its own commentary. “She tried to not step on his feet, and was totally

surprised when he kissed her. Kissed her on the lips folks, while dancing. Totally romantic! Well Bailey thought she shouldn't be surprised as they have kissed before, but and I'm quoting here... he is the best kisser. Though she does claim to not have a lot of practice with other boys, but she totally still thinks he is the best at it. She could tell how her Auggy wanted more, but others started to come out to the dancing area so she had to be a good girl and not go behind the bush and do more like she wanted." The doll turned slightly to look at it's handler. "Seems a little fast, I hope she knows there are rooms for that."

Amanda had learned more in this video than she had in a long time about the inner thoughts of her Bailey. The video continued going over the gifts she had gotten and when it came to after the party she learned more.

"So there my girl Bailey was leaving the party when my Mommy's boyfriend, I mean Bailey's Mom's boyfriend. I gotta totally remember I am skipper not Bailey." A light giggle was added to the end before Skipper continued. He asked her if she wanted him to be her Daddy, like for realz! You have to totally understand because like Bailey wished right then that she didn't like him or that he was a huge jerk. But she totally couldn't because he was so nice, he found her pony Cherry! She just doesn't think she could ever repay him for that one thing alone, but he says he has fallen in love like I have... Bailey has with Auggy. Thought he did totally say the love Bailey felt for Auggy was real, but different than what he was feeling. I will totally note Bailey has not ever said she loves Auggy, so if you are watching this don't like get any ideas."

In a more solemn tone the doll added. "If Mommy, Bailey's Mommy gets married she is worried that she wont have any time for her any more. That she is already almost always working and is afraid what little time she has with her will go to him and that she feels like a well she doesn't say a bad word here." The dolls head looked down at the book. "Bailey feels bad for not saying yes to him, like she is being selfish."

The doll moved and used both hands to close the Diary that was about the same size as it. "That is all we have for now, Bailey has to run and do some of her homework. I hope you

all enjoyed today's story! Until next time! OH and like if you want to see more of me, let Bailey know in the comments!

Reached over Derrick tapped the screen to stop the video and took back his phone, aware of the shock on Amanda's face. He hadn't told her he loved her, but he was sure she was aware, he just didn't want to scare her off. She needed to know, deserved to know his feelings and hoped it delivered this way be okay. "She is happy, and her telling me about your ring size. Well I took that as the answer to the question."

"Derrick are you asking me too.."

He shook his head, and reached out to put his hand on her cheek before leaning in to give her a light kiss on the lips. "I'm not asking anything, I just want you to know how I feel, how I know." He tapped his chest just over his heart. "That you are the puzzle piece I fit with, but I'm also patient. So when I tell you this, I want you to listen and feel no need to respond. "Amanda Rose Best, I love you."

Her hand came up to cover her mouth as her face started to turn red, she looked into his soft green eyes and felt any words she might say freeze, even as her brain threw about fireworks in celebration and sounded the alarms in warning. "You love... me?"

For of his fingers touched gently to her neck as he ran his thumb across the back of her jawline. Derrick looked into her blue eyes as his smile increased in volume. "I will say it again, and again so long as I can draw breath. Amanda Rose Best, I am in love with you."

Sitting cross legged on his bed Bailey looked down at the mostly empty bowl of chicken noodle soup. He wasn't sick, he was just feeling bad for himself. He knew he couldn't lay in here all day, he had things to do, even if he didn't want to do them. He had some chores to do, the math work book, his ballerina exercises, a video for his being a good girl. All of that was in addition to making himself look presentable, he couldn't go about anything until he looked his best and he was sure Candi would want to do something.

Doubly so with her Nana coming at some point today to pick them up.

Climbing out of bed he stretched and could feel the soft tissue on his chest move discerningly. He also needed to check with Aunt Megan about that doctor's appointment. "Hey look who is up!" Candi called from the living room, looking over the back of the couch. Easily able to see into the bedroom with the door open. "Yeah I'm like feeling better." Bailey's eyes lingered on the front door, wishing their parents would come back instead of going.

"You sure? Because if you are... I found a groupon. Like remember when I said there was a way to shave less? Now we can do it for like way cheaper!" Of the shitty things happening to him right now, that actually sounded good. If there was one thing he hated about being a girl was the constant need to shave.

"Let me like get ready and we can do that!" He didn't want her grandmother to show up and put an end to something good because she wanted to go play shuffleboard or whatever.

"I have to call them first silly." Candi giggled at her friend's excitement for laser hair removal. It would take multiple trips to do the job, but everything she saw online said it worked great.

"Yeah... I like have things to do first too." Bailey said disappointed, before going off to get ready.

Sitting at his vanity Bailey wore a deep blue V-neck sleeveless blouse, his short pleated black skirt. He bounced his foot, while he taped the nail of his index finger on the cover of his diary. He had done everything minus the work book, but he took long enough that Candi started doing things for her social media and he had to wait on her. Looking down at his foot he grimaced when looking down at his toe nails. A good girl always looks her best. With a small shake of his head he pulled out the nail polish remover, it was okay if his nails didn't match his outfit at least if he wasn't going anywhere or with anyone

special, but at some point he must have hit his foot on something because a few of his toes had scratches through the paint.

Sitting there in concentration as he slid the brush of paint across his toenails was how Candi found him. “Oooo pretty. Want to do mine when we get back from our appointment?”

Bailey looked up at her and then back to his foot and gave a little shrug. “Sure, do you want to use one of mine or should we pick something up?” This time a few weeks ago Bailey have never considered saying yes to a request like that, let alone the idea of shopping for more options. Now it didn’t seem out of place at all for him to do that for his friend.

“Lets see what options they have while we are out, but here scootch your feet so I can help.” Candi said, sitting on the bed and taking Bailey's foot in her hand to finish the job. “You also know this counts as you painting your nails right?”

Bailey held up the back of his hand to her and splayed his fingers. “Nah ah! See haven't painted them at all.”

Without looking up Candi smiled as she slid the brush across the pinkie toe. “The bet was about painting your nails, these are still nails and this is still paint.”

“That... that isn’t fair! I totally wouldn’t have done this if I knew!” Bailey wasn’t sure how true that statement was, with the paint chipped on his toes he knew that wouldn’t be looking his best. As it was he was constantly checking his makeup and hair for anything out of place, he couldn’t give Aunt Megan a single reason to say he wasn’t holding up his end of the bargain.

“Nothing is fair in love and war little sister, a bet is war and I love you. So like nothing will be fair. If you have a complaint, bring it up to your older sibling in writing for it to be reviewed.” Bailey stuck his tongue out at her, not sure if she could see him do it while she

was looking down at his foot. He would need to be more careful, when he won the bet all he got was to pick her ice cream thanks to Derrick... Bailey also knew he only won because of him too. Still when Candi won the last bet she made him tell her father what size ring Mommy wore. He could have just lied or pretended to do it, why did he even listen to this girl.

He felt her blowing on his toes, if he had any hair on his legs they would have stood up feeling her warm breath. Seeing her smile at that second reminded him why, it was because this girl was so pure. She wasn't exactly innocent, but something about her. The way she smiled genuinely about the smallest thing made him want to help her hold onto that spark of pureness let alone be the one to take it from her. Sure he would still like to push himself into her and hear her call his name, but that was different. He wanted to do that with most females, with Candi though most of the time he didn't even see her as a sexual object, she was just his friend. Most of the time, he mind added thinking back to them kissing.

"Hey umm, do you like want to talk about the other night?" Bailey asked now that his mind was on the subject of their soft pillowy lips touching.

"When are parents were having sex? Ewww no, I mean good for them, but still eww." Candi fluttered her hands and fingers around her face, like she was trying to chase off a bug that was giving her the mental image.

"No, I like the other night with us..." Candi reached out and took Bailey's hands in her own as she leaned into her personal space. "Oh my god yes! I totally forgot! I was saying what we did was sooo freaking hot and I was thinking like maybe we have just Ry come over first and have him sit on the couch. I sit with him and make out and then I get up and turn off the lights or like put a blind fold on him. Oh I like the blind fold better, yeah that is perfect. Then you can give him a blow job and I can like watch. I can see what you're doing and he will call my name while you have him in your mouth. Gooooaad that sounds so hot. What do you think!?"

“You want me to give Ryan a blow job and him think it is you? Oh Sugar.” Bailey started to breathe more rapidly, he wasn’t sure what a panic attack felt like, but this could be it. His eyes widened and his lips quivered. “A blow job, too Ryan? Oh Sugar, oh Sugar.”

“Oh sugar is right, its so hot right? Wait, is it supposed to taste like sugar?”

Girls swapping out when pleasing a man sounded like something he may have watched in porn, and he did not want to be part of that. “Look, umm Candi it absolutely doesn’t taste like sugar and you see...” Candi’s phone beeped interrupting him as he tried to tell her he wasn’t into that kind of thing. “Yikes, we have to get going to make it to our appointment. Go get your shoes and lets head to the car. I can’t believe Mom trusted me enough to leave the keys with me while they went away. She is like the best Mom ever!” Candi said darting from the room, leaving Bailey sitting on the bench for his vanity. Turning around to look at himself to make sure everything was in place he let out a long sigh and stood up with his normal smile plaster to his face. At least he had the good fortune of having to shave his legs less after today.

Laying in bed with Candi next to him even though the bed at the hotel was much larger she still treated him like a body pillow. It wouldn’t be so bad if she wasn’t currently snoring in his ear, not that she snored loudly, but this close to him it felt like she was bragging about being asleep while actively preventing him from doing so. The day had gone by so quickly after they had left his apartment.

Bailey remembered hurrying along behind Candi after putting on his blue heeled gladiator sandals and taking the very last of his pills, hating how it felt as he moved so quickly. The dangling earrings moving about, the sway of his chest, how he kept his elbows in as he ran. That was the other thing, he was proficient enough in high heels that he could run in them. Bailey closed his eyes tight thinking about how to write this all down in his diary.

They hadn’t gone to the usual salon at the mall, instead went to a shopping plaza, the small location looked brand new and had put out the groupons to get some new

customers. He had gotten comfortable going to the place in the mall, seeing the same faces and knew who to repeat himself too now after some failed communication. Now he was trying someplace new, it shouldn't matter but it was also odd to know he had a regular salon. They tried to upsell them to getting their nails done, or eyebrow threading, and luckily Candi hadn't agreed to any of that. "How about it sis, do you want your nails done? My treat." She said with a devilish smile.

"We totally got them done the other day, I'm totally fine. Super tempting with you paying though." Bailey smirked back in a way to say I know what your game is and you aren't going to win.

"We just got them done yesterday, but my little sis is never always changing her nail color, but I guess we will have to come back another time." Bailey blinked at his friend for a second, it really had just been yesterday he got his haircut and nails done. This summer was dragging on, it felt like it had happened a while ago. All of this was getting to him, either that or he was becoming an air headed ditz.

"So just laser treatment for the two of you today, okay." The middle aged asian woman said before sending them off to disrobe.

"Wait, umm isn't laser permanent? Like my hair will never grow back?!" Candi nodded yes happily.

"Isn't it like amazing what they can do right!?"

Bailey licked his lips, he needed to back out of this and do it now. He just didn't want to shave as often, not make it so he would never have hair! Peaches, what do I do!? Suddenly Bailey felt another headache coming on. "No, no you need seven treatments, then no more hair. This just one, we schedule you for more."

"Seven? So umm just a few would leave patches of hair or I just have to shave less?" The anxiety that started to build up in his shoulders released hearing that he wasn't dooming

himself.

“You need seven, not one. We will get you more, you can come back next week. Coupon good for first three visits, you will like how it feels.” Bailey nodded, less shaving was exactly what he was after so a few treatments would be fine. Then if it took a little longer for his hair to grow back, not a big deal, it wasn’t like he was going to ever shave his legs again after this summer was over anyhow.

When they left the salon Bailey’s skin was red, they had even hit his chest and face, something they didn’t have to do to Candi for obvious reasons and it made him worry they would say something about him being a man in disguise. Instead Candi only made a single comment about Bailey inheriting some viking blood from her ancestors. The entire process hadn’t hurt like he was expecting either, at worst it felt like someone snapping him with a rubber band. Not comfortable, and only slightly painful stings. “I can’t wait for Tuesday for the next appointment. Do you think we should try some of their other services?”

“Ahh they are expensive, I don’t think Mommy left me much money.” It occurred to him that he wasn’t handed any money, but she did give it to Candi to control before. “Did she?”

Candi gave a small shrug as she moved to the driver's seat. “Not too much, but she did make me promise to not let you spend all your money on drugs, alcohol and that crazy rock music you kids are listening to.” Candi gave her friend a little wink and a smile, even though she felt bad for Bailey. She was sure Bailey had to have done something to warrant not having a bank account and not trusting her with money, and it did feel good to be trusted to look over her little sister. Still it bothered her a little. “Say, how about we go to the bank and set up a savings account for you. That way you can show Mom you are responsible, though the trick is you have to be responsible.”

He already had a fake ID, no a real ID for a fake person, a fake birth certificate and social security card, the last thing he wanted was to extend the paper trail. “No, like it’s totally

okay for you to have the money, that way I don't spend the money on sex, drugs and rock and roll and like all that."

Candi slapped her hand on the wheel as she laughed. "You know, she nor Daddy said anything about sex and we are eighteen and this is Nevada."

His eyes went wide as he looked at Candi, who was in complete control of where they went and how they spent their money. "CANDI NO!" Candi burst into laughter again, wishing she knew where one of the brothels were just to see the look on Bailey's face when they pulled into one. She would never have the courage to walk into one, but the parking lot for a joke, absolutely.

"Candi, yes! Now I don't know my way around, could you be a good little sister and tell me how to get to one of those sexy houses?" Peaches no, no, no, no, no! "The look on your face tells me you aren't going to help, and if we can't go do that. I think instead we are going to the store to play a game."

Anything sounded better than what she had in mind before, he was almost certain she was messing with him, but he didn't want to go anywhere near a place like that the way he looked. It was something Aunt Megan had threatened him with before and right now it scared him more than it did before. Not just for himself, but Candi had no idea the types of guys that hung around places like that. "I do like games, what kind of game and are we making a bet?"

"Nope, no bet. You have to go into the store and get one item from the baby section. Pick something that you have a story for that happened to you and then something else from the store that you have a story for about what you want to be when you get older. We aren't like going to buy anything, accept maybe some icees when we are done. I could totally go for a cherry icee right now." It was kind of like what they did at the mall with Aunt Megan that day and seemed like as good a way to spend the afternoon as any. Especially considering the options of a brothel or going back to the salon.

Heading into the store the two went their separate ways, one of the first times Bailey had been by himself in a while. It felt good to have the freedom, but it wasn't real freedom. He couldn't take off his heels or makeup, couldn't drive off on his own. He had the freedom to play the game and talk like a ditzy girl on the phone. He added mentally as his phone beeped to indicate a message.

Mommy: I just wanted you to know that I love you Bailey.

Mommy: I accept you and love seeing how happy you have been.

Mommy: You are a wonderful daughter.

Bailey: I gave you that best Mom mug for a reasons <3

Bailey: Love you too Mommy!

Bailey: It is like super easy to be happy with a Mommy like you!

"Bleh" Bailey made the sound as he slid the phone into his purse. He wasn't sure what that was about, but if Derrick was sending a similar message to Candi as that second she might have done it so he didn't think anything was odd. "Time to go shopping." The voice lacked any enthusiasm, so he took a deep breath and tried again. "Time to go shopping, I totally love shopping." Bailey's voice much more bubbly as he minced off through the store.

When he was done Bailey met up with Candi at the little coffee bar and slid his items onto the table. "What do we have here?" Candi asked looked at the items Bailey just put down.

Pointing to the pink pacifier he picked up in the baby isle he started in on his story. "So like a pacifier, I did not want to give it up. I mean at all... my Mom, Mommy would take it away and I would kick and scream till I got it back. Or like so I'm told, but one day we

were in the car and I threw it out the windows. Like little kids do, always throwing things, but the garbage truck was picking up our trash and my Mommy said that it was all gone. I threw it away and the trash man took it away because I gave it to them. She said I cried, but instead of being upset at her I was mad at the trash men and for years I just didn't like them. I would take my favorite toy and hide it if I saw them outside." Bailey shrugged his shoulders, it was a true story or at least the one he was told about himself.

"Are you still afraid of the garbage truck?" Bailey glowered at her at the ridiculous question. "No, I'm not afraid of the truck, the men or anything."

"Are you sure you aren't afraid of anything?" Candi said with a smirk.

"It's your turn, what do you have." He said motioning to her plastic bag, a little surprised she bought what she picked out when she had said the opposite earlier.

She pulled out a pink and white baby bib that said Feed the Princess on it with a little crown. "When I was a baby princess I wasn't exactly a messy eater. Mostly because the word messing doesn't like describe how much of a mess I made. I have seen photos of me when I was little with most of whatever my parents were trying to give me ended up on them instead of myself. They said if I didn't like something then I wouldn't swallow and just spit it up. If they tried again, and of course they did I would fling the food as far as I could. So I picked out a bib." She waved her hands over it in a tada gesture. "I see what you have there, but what is the story."

Bailey looked down at the ballet slippers, he didn't think they were nearly as bad as the heels he wore now. Still he disliked the idea of telling people he liked to dance or ballet, but that was part of the story already set for Bailey Ann Best and when he saw them it just fit for the game. "It probably will never happen, but I always wanted to be a ballerina. I always thought they were like so pretty." And flexible Bailey added thinking about the one time he took one to bed, she wasn't a professional or anything, but she was really limber.

“Awww, it could totally still happen. Even if it doesn’t though, you are a way better dancer than me.” She giggled before pulling out a toy plane from her bag. “I want to be like a lot of things, sooooo many, but one of them I wanted to fly around the world and be a stewardess. A few years ago they had this show called Pan Am and I lovvved it. When we graduate highschool we could totally take a year off before college to fly around the world together. Wouldn’t that be so fun!? We could fall in love in Paris or see some of those scary castles in London.”

“Flying around the world does sound super fun, but I think I like would rather be a pilot.” Candi tapped her finger to her lip and then took Bailey’s hand.

“Being a pilot is like a lot of work and like you have to take a lot of super hard tests and I would sooo rather have you with me, but we both could totally get some of those avatar sunglasses and rock that look.” He was sure he could pass a pilots test after some studying, he absolutely didn’t want to be some stewardess joining the mile high club. Bailey looked away from Candi, thinking about the drivers test he failed and the math workbook, suddenly a lot less sure of himself. If he couldn’t pass a road rules test how was he going to pass a test on elevation and pitch... what if the test required him to do math to know how long it would take before he hit the ground based on his speed. It was fine, he didn’t really want to be a pilot anyways.

Everyone always said growing up that you needed to know what you wanted to be, but Bailey was happy running his parents' store and in his free time spending time with girls and riding horses. He always figured he would get some other manager role running a department or a business, but he never really considered what he wanted to do other than be in charge. He held onto Candi’s hand and looked over at the ballet slippers in annoyance, their presence annoying him even more now that he selected something more girly than Candi. “Yeah, maybe... you did say something about an icee right? I like to mix the blue and red one together.”

Candi smiled, glad Bailey didn’t take what she said as a personal attack. If she wanted to be a pilot she would do her best to help her sister study for the test when that day came,

but she remembered seeing her face when she failed the drivers test and no matter what she said, Candi knew the look of disappointment and didn't want to see it on her face anymore. "Mixing them together, yeah I think I will do that too! Let's do that then buy your stuff. It shouldn't be too long before Nana is in town."

"We totally don't need to buy any of this, I don't need a pacifier or ballet slippers." She specifically said they weren't going to buy anything, he wouldn't have picked either of these if he knew he was going to have to go home with them.

"Sure we do, and I think you knew that otherwise why would you have gotten a pair of slippers your size?" Bailey looked down at the slippers, already knowing they would show his shoe size. He had picked out the correct size, because that is just what you do when getting a pair of shoes.

"But, but..." Candi wagged her index finger. "We all know you have a nice butt, BUUUUT we are not talking about that right now. Let's go, we don't want to make Nana wait."

When they got home Bailey hung the slippers from his bedpost and tossed the pink pacifier on his dresser next to the little horses he got the last time they played a similar game and sat down to do his math workbook. This time Candi deciding to not participate and turned on his gaming system. It irked him that she got to play videogames while he did stupid grade school math and in his attempt to hurry to join her he kept himself from over thinking any of the problems and was pleasantly surprised to see he got more right then wrong for once. Still a far cry from what he expected himself to be able to do, but this workbook was teaching him a lot about himself. Now done though he was able to join in for a few rounds before a knocking came to the door.

With the kind of excitement a child might have to get a new puppy Candi dashed to the door. "Nana your here...." Candi frowned at the mail man who held a package. "You are not my Nana." Candi said bitterly to the man.

"True, but I did bring a Ms. Bailey Ann Best a present. Does that help?" Candi took the

package for the man and smiled down at it and quickly signed for it.

“Presents always make things better. Thank you much!” She said holding the box up to her ear and giving it a shake and coming inside. “Bailey you got a present!”

Not sure what it was or who it was from with no name on the package, Bailey opened it and inside found a pair of boots with a protective covering. They were leather knee high boots with a four inch heel, the same boots Aunt Megan had asked Bailey’s opinion on and he said he loved them. Though at the time he was thinking of her wearing them, not him and now he was the not so proud owner of an according to the card inside it was from August.

“So much on your list I want to get you, but I know how you love shoes. Wear these in good health and think of me when you do, because I will be thinking of you.” - August

“Awww that is sooo cute! And the boots are super sexy!” Candi said picking one up and looking it over. “They can totally go with your outfit, you should put them on and send your Auggy a photo. He will just die seeing you in them and you need to break them in so i can wear them.”

Bailey frowned at the heels and handed Candi the other boot. “Oh you can totally wear them if you want. You know me always willing to share the things I love.” Candi gave her a hug before pulling away with her gaze on the pair of boots. Candi thrust her hands with the boots back at Bailey and turned her head away., “No, they are yours and it wouldn’t be fair, and we need a photo for your man.”

“He totally isn’t my anything.” Bailey took the boots and started to head towards his bedroom to put them in the closet with his other shoes and hopefully forget they existed.

“Where are you going?” Bailey looked over his shoulder. “To put them away, I totally like the shoes I have on for this outfit.” Candi shook her head and stepped forward, hands on her hips. “August gave you a give and I know you love them and they will totally go with

what your wearing, so put them on.”

Hanging his head Bailey sat down on the couch and swapped over to the heeled boots, wishing he wasn't putting on the sexy footwear and then posted with them. One shot was him just sitting on the couch with his legs crossed, another he was standing behind the couch, leaning on it with one hand while kicking back one leg. That pose is when the next knock came to the door, this time it was Nana Connors.

“NANA!” Candi yelled as she hugged the older woman. “It is good to see you, Candace and you Bailey. Are you girls ready to go?”

Bailey noticed she didn't have a suitcase in her hands or out in the hallways between apartments. “Umm where are we going?”

“Didn't your parents tell you child? You both are coming to stay with me at the hotel we stayed at before. Go pack a bag so we can be on our way.” When Bailey didn't immediately move to do as she said the elder Connors motioned with her index finger over to the bedroom. “Quickly now girl, so we can be on our way and start enjoying ourselves.”

Bailey started to feel sleep take him as he lay there with Candi in the hotel, after spending the rest of the day playing cards, ordering room service and listening to each other talk about their time apart. It was amusing to hear how much gambling Nana did, it seemed a need to make wagers ran in the family.

“I now pronounce you man and wife.” The crowd cheered as the now married couple embraced one another and kissed. Monica was tipped back by her new husband, flashes from cameras went off from the crowd and photographers. When the two pulled back from one another the pastor spoke up again. “I want to introduce you all for the first time Mr. Christopher Bryne and Mrs. Monica Bryne.”

Soon the wedding party went back down the aisle and all the guests were left to

themselves for the cocktail hour. “You know, I only brought enough of these for myself, I did not expect to be sharing.” Amanda said, handing Derrick a tissue. He waved off the offered tissue and wiped his with the heel of his hands.

“No need, I’m not crying, it’s the pollen from the cheer.” Amand elbowed him lightly in the side and gave him a half serious stern look. “Okay, okay. It isn’t juuuust my allergies. It might have something to do with seeing someone I care about and mentored for years find someone she wants to spend the rest of her life with. Even if he does have an odd hobby.”

“You think photography is a weird hobby?” Derrick looked around the area where the ceremony just took place. It had taken place under a 120 year old oak tree that was surrounded by a blueberry vineyard and behind each row of chairs when you came in was a display of antique cameras. “I said odd, not weird, but I admit to the lack of difference in this context. Photography is fine, but doing so with old cameras that can only take one picture at a time... well so long as it makes him happy.” He amended the end of his statement seeing his date look at him sterning with a raised eyebrow.

“I think they make a cute couple, she looked so beautiful in her wedding dress and I just loved how she had that green string to look like a vine on her updo to the hair pin with three small blue berries. It fit with the location...” Amanda looked out across one of the blueberry fields when she paused for half a heart beat. “Just perfectly. Though I do wish you told me this was an outdoor wedding.”

“This place is nice, if I recall Monica met him when she went blueberry picking, so I bet they appreciated the symmetry of it all.” Derrick looked up to the sky the sun wasn’t beating down on them with the decent cloud cover. “I didn’t think to mention it, it is such a nice day and you look absolutely beautiful out here in this light, well any light.” He took in the image of her smiling, he was so happy to have her with him and felt the edges of his lips curl up to match her smile. She had her blonde hair pulled back and coiled behind her head. Her makeup was subtle, her lips were just slightly pinker than their natural shade, but the gloss made them remain glistening and inviting to the point he

kept wanting to give in to their invitation. She wore a powder blue mermaid style dress with pearl buttons going from her left shoulder down to almost the bottom of her dress that ended a little pleated at the center of her calves. On her feet were a pair of white four inch sling back pointed toe heels and she accessorized her outfit with a pair of pearl earrings, a pearl necklace tight to her throat that she double wrapped and a single gold bracelet on her left wrist.

“Flattery will get a little wiggle room, but outside means my thin heels sink in the grass. If I had known ahead of time I could have worn shoes with a thicker heel.” Amanda pivoted and kicked back one of her feet to show him.

Derrick blew out a breath of air looking down at her heeled foot. “Worse part is I already had that little bit of knowledge tucked away and hadn’t thought about it. Maybe I can just carry you around in my arms till the reception hall opens. Least I could do really.”

Stretching his arms to the side Derrick tilted his body so that he could pick Amanda up from under her knees and support her back he felt her slap him on the shoulder lightly. “Derrick Connors, do not dare to do that!” He stepped back and held his hands up in mock surrender.

The cocktail hour turned into more of a cocktail hour and forty minutes before people were let into the large barn that was well lit with lights made to look like old lanterns. The wooden pillars that helped support the structure were wrapped one way with strips of white cloth and then wrapped the other with ivy. Putting down her drink, a moscow mule, Amanda smiled, picking up the tiny potted plant that had leaves in the shape of hearts. A small chalkboard, the kind that once were handed out to school children, sat at the center of the table where the plants were placed around, on it was written Let Love Grow. “Aww, that is a perfect little gift for all the guests.”

Picking up the small plant at his seat Derrick smiled and snapped a photo of it, sending the image off to Candace and Bailey along with the chalk sign. “This is a good idea. You

know I was a big influence on her life.”

Placing the plant down Amanda squinted her eyes at him and stepped closer, her hand lightly touching the knot of his tie and lipping it a little lower before grasping the tie lightly. “Mr. Connors, you are not trying to say you get credit for the wedding planning are you?” He gave a little shrug, his smiling not fading. “If you like something, I want to take credit for it.” He leaned forward to give her a kiss, but Amanda pulled back, but didn’t let go of his tie.

“You want it enough to take credit for someone else’s work?” She asked, raising an eyebrow at him. “Have I told you today how beautiful you are? “

The mock stern look turned into a smile as a small blush came into her cheeks. “Flatterer.” Amanda stepped in closer and pulled on his tie as she gave him one long lingering kiss, followed by two short ones before they took their seats. Sitting down waiting for the reception to start Derrick showed Amanda his phone, so she could see the responses from the girls after showing them the images of the ferns.

Candace: THEY ARE LITTLE HEARTS!!!!

Candace: I want them, bring them home!

Bailey: That is like a great idea! U can take both of their plants and like plant them around your front door.

Candace: OMG that is a great idea! That way we can show everyone we are letting their love grow!

Candace: Moving in together is totally a big step, but that is what I was thinking too

Bailey!

Derrick: Are you girls sitting next to one another right now as you talk to each other in this group chat?

Bailey:...

Candace: We are just trying to include you Daddy!

“The two of them really do seem to take every chance they can to push us together.”

Amanda said, looking down at Derrick's phone screen. She picked up on a little of it before, but now that she had watched the videos on Bailey's channel all of her actions had become much clearer. "If it wasn't so cute I would tell them they don't have to push so hard." Derrick took Amanda's hand in his own, giving it a light squeeze.

"So about all the dancing here tonight." Amanda shook her head. "You will dance every time I want to go out on the floor, you promised." Derrick tilted his head away from her and squinted one of his eyes. "Even after all the flattery?"

"Why Derrick Connors, are you saying that not only do you not want to spend time with me, but you are going to go back on your word?" He put one hand over his heart like he had been attacked. "You wound me, I was just making sure you still wanted to dance tonight. After I joined you in the shower this morning I thought you would have realized I don't want you out of my sight." The blush on her face deepened as she thought back to the shower. Movies always made sex in the shower seem a lot better than it was with the cold tile cold air when they weren't under the water. It was still... her eyes dilated a little thinking of how his manhood swelled at her touch when she asked him if he needed help getting to those hard to reach places. She didn't reply to him, her blush growing to much so she looked away and hid her face behind her drink, but never let go of his hand.

The reception drew on, the bridal party was introduced, speeches were made and dinner was served. It wasn't something fancy or even something expected. Each table was called in turn to go stand in line to get what they wanted from a breakfast bar. The DJ had handed the microphone to the bride before the first group was brought up. "Hey everyone, the white dress and how I look oddly like the person you all came to see get married might have tipped you off, but I'm Monica Bryne. I wanted to first thank you all for coming out and sharing this perfect day with Chris and I, but I wanted to tell you a small story about dinner tonight, and it is short I promise. Back when we first started dating Chris could not accept having breakfast for dinner, it was a line in the sand. Well here is the thing, sometimes Monica wants pancakes or even cornbread pancakes for dinner. From that moment forward our entire relationship was a lie so that I could manipulate him into accepting that it is not only perfectly okay to have breakfast for

dinner, but it is a fantastic option. In the end the joke was on me and I fell in love with my prey. I hope all of you enjoy the taste of my victory in convincing Chris and continue to help us celebrate not only falling in love, but deciding to spend the rest of our days together.”

The guests clapped and cheered, a few clanked glasses so the groom came over and gave his new bride a kiss. While the DJ started letting know what table was able to go get their food. Derrick turned to his companion after the brides speech. “Thoughts on breakfast?” She considered the question and eyed her now empty glass. “Waffles are superior to pancakes in every way.”

Derrick blew out some air as he leaned back and raised his eyebrows. “That is a big declaration, what about these cornbread pancakes she talks about?” While he leaned back she leaned forward, tapping one of her nails on the table. “You can put brownie mix in a waffle iron and make a brownie waffle.” Derrick opened his mouth to retort, but then closed it again and scratched his bearded chin. “Before I try to argue this further, how many more points do you have to back up this claim?”

“Nine” She replied quickly with a flat even voice. Pressing his lips together Derrick nodded slowly. “I was always on the side of waffles in the great waffle pancake war, I was just testing you to see where your loyalties were, but I do have to confess though.” Derrick leaned in close to Amanda who was already doing the same and whispered to her like it was a secret. “My daughter is a traitor and I just don’t know what to do with her.” Amanda leaned back in her chair away from Derrick and laughed.

“I know exactly how to handle this.” She placed her purse in her lap and then pulled out her cell phone to text Bailey.

Amanda: Hey pumpkin, I wanted to let you know we are having a lot of fun here.

Amanda: They are serving breakfast for dinner.

Bailey: Like at a wedding!?

Amanda: Monida, the bride thinks pancakes are better than waffles.

Bailey: Does the groom know?

Amanda: He does, but I did learn Derrick knows better.

Bailey: Of course he does

Amanda: I want you to know I love you pumpkin, and it makes me so happy you like Derrick.

Bailey: I love U 2 Mommy

Amanda: Listen, I have a challenge for you, if you can convince Candi waffles are better than pancakes I will taking you out dress shopping and out for a steak dinner when I get home.

Bailey: REALLY!?

Amanda: This is important to both myself and Derrick. Do you think you can do it for the both of us?

Bailey: She will like totally learn the truth!

“I don’t know, Candace can be stubborn and dig in.” Amanda put away her phone and looked over at another table as they got called over to line up for dinner. “Have you met my sister yet? She might be one of the most stubborn people on the planet and I once got her to root against her favorite baseball team. Do not doubt the power of a little sister.”

Derrick tilted his head slightly inferring that baseball was important to her sister and wondered how exactly one goes about doing that. “How did you convince her to cheer on the team playing against her favorite team?” Amanda gave him a devilish grin and he could have sworn he saw the light glisten off her blue eyes. “Simply, I lied. I told her more and more stories about the teams coach cheating on his wife and how the starting pitcher had multiple DUIs.”

“Next question, why did you do it?”

“We were at a superbowl party and this was before Bailey.” Derrick held up his hand to stop the story.”

“This was before your daughter or before your ex-boyfriend Bailey?” Amanda pressed her

lips together, she was so comfortable with him that she had slipped up. “I do kind of feel sorry for the guy having the same name as your daughter.”

“Oh, you found out his name.” Amanda swallowed, today was going so well and now she felt like she was a breath away from everything falling apart.

“It has come up in conversation, not a big deal and I can easily see you are not a fan of talking about your past relationships. So you know, I don’t feel threatened by the idea of you being with other people before me and I don’t feel like you judge me based on your past relationships. If you ever want to talk about things I am happy to listen, but I will never push.” She gave him a smile and took a deep breath before continuing her story.

“Thank you, well.” Shook took another second to collect herself. “A past boyfriend who was big on football asked me who I thought was going to win and when I chose Meg told me that if I do not know anything about a team, that I should not be cheering for them. That made me feel embarrassed, so I got a little revenge.”

“Wow, a woman scorned. What would you do if someone actually hurt you?” Amanda narrowed her eyes at him and looked into his green eyes. She held the gaze for a moment, even as she slowly stood up as she heard their table number be called. “I would not want to say, words like premeditated could then be thrown around.” She was acting serious, but Derrick slapped his leg and smiled up at her for a few heartbeats before he stood up and kissed her. “If I constantly think about kissing you, does that count as premeditated?”

Giving him a quick kiss back she cocked her head to the side slightly. “Do you think a line like that is going to work?” The two started to follow the rest of their table to get food. “I think I was still able to kiss you after I said it.” Giving him a side glance Amanda paused for a second. “Fair.”

The evening was passing quickly with the cake cutting, and many more drinks. Amanda kept Derrick on the dance floor much more than she was sure he would have liked, but

never once did he complain. Though after a short water break he did request for an elderly gentleman to save him. "Save me!" The older man patted Derrick on the shoulder. "Son, I could do that and take your place, but think how bad you would feel if I made her fall in love with me." The comment earned the elderly man a smack from his wife's purse. "You have a hard enough time getting people to like you let alone love you, ya big grouch." While they danced Amanda watched the older couple talking animatedly and then glanced into Derrick's green eyes, taking the time to appreciate the playful banter he enjoyed engaging her in.

"Penny for your thoughts." Derrick asked seeing the far away look in her blue long eyelash-covered eyes. "Hmmm? Oh, umm. A penny? Seems like a low cost." His smile showed just a hint of his teeth. "I do enjoy negotiations, do you think we need a lawyer to help with the terms, or do you think we can handle this our selves?"

"I thinking two things. One that I do not know the last time I could say I was so relaxed and happy." The night seemed wonderful, so much of her life seemed to be going so well. Unexpected in many ways, but going well. She was enjoying the company of Derrick more and more and she hadn't drinken this much in one sitting in a long time. "Two, I will just send you a bill instead of negotiations."

Derrick was ready to ask Amanda if he could pay in kisses, when the DJ stopped the music and asked all the single ladies to gather up on one side of the dance floor and for everyone else to vacate the area. It was time for the bouquet toss. "Good luck." Derrick said, giving her a kiss on the cheek before heading back to the table. He watched as a small number of ladies gathered together, some excited and ready others only standing there because they had to. Amanda seemed to be somewhere in the middle for her participation, though chose to linger closer to the back of the pack.

When the flowers, a small amount of white flowers, with a few red ones mixed in that were bound in a white cloth, went soaring through the air Monica had thrown it way too high in her enthusiasm causing them to hit one of the rafters near the top of the barn and come tumbling down. Landing on Amanda's right shoulder, she reflexively reached up to

grab them before they fell and looked at what she held in her hands. Surprise was written on her face, she hadn't even had her hands up ready to catch anything, but there in her hands was the bridal bouquet.

The bridal party opted out of doing the garter toss and everyone started back to their seats, but Derrick met Amanda part way. She held up the flowers in one hand and gave him a sheepish smile. He didn't say a word, just wrapped his arms around her, one pressing into her middle back as he pressed into her. He could feel her breasts pressing into his chest as he turned his head and kissed her. Not a quick kiss, or an aggressive one, he simply held her close and kissed the woman he knew he had fallen in love with as tenderly as he could. The world around Amanda felt like it grew silent, the only people in this moment in time was her and Derrick. A shifter ran up her spine and couldn't help it as she bent one of her legs back and dropped the bouquet of flowers. Them being completely forgotten, along with the rest of the world as she melted into the embrace.



Laying in bed with her forearm covering her eyes Amanda tried to get to sleep. All the activity at the wedding and the time with Derrick when they got back to the hotel had left her more than tired, yet sleep eluded her. Moving her arm she looked over to the man sleeping soundly beside her, he had his back to her as he slept on his side. She reached over placing her on his back, feeling his warm body, he was sound asleep enough that her touch didn't register. Amanda smiled to herself thinking about how he protested dancing, yet when she sat down to rest her feet he stayed. He acted like a fool as he pulled off his tie and twirled it around. Gone was his calm and smooth self, he was just a man dancing around for no other reason than to amuse her and it was at that second she knew what he meant to her. She wasn't sure when it happened, but it was clear as day for her to pinpoint when her brain let her know.

Sliding out of bed Amanda slunk into the living room section of the suite they had rented, after grabbing the soft bathrobe with the hotel's name on it. She fingered the embroidered name Ahuva Bahyeet in the blocky letters with the cursive script below reading Beloved Home before she tied it around her waist. Pulling her phone out of her purse she moved to the balcony, not wanting to wake Derrick up with her phone call. The phone rang three times before the tired voice of Bailey answered.

"Mommy, are you like okay?" Knowing what she did now hearing Bailey call her Mommy made her smile. It had felt good to be called that before, but now it seemed extra special.

"I am doing fine pumpkin, I just wanted to hear your voice."

Bailey had stepped out of the shared bedroom and away from his snoring friend. She didn't snore loud, it could even be considered cute, but less so when it was directly in his ear. "It's like really late." He said looking over at the clock on the hotel's microwave that read one thirty in the morning. It was super sweet his girlfriend would want to reach out to him like this after spending the day with Derrick at a wedding and only showed him more that he was overreacting when he asked them not to go. "I love you, but like..."

"But you want to go back to bed. I get it, I am sorry to wake you pumpkin. I just wanted

to hear your voice and maybe hear about your day.” Bailey leaned his head against the glass window looking out to the dark world outside. A single light still illuminated the empty pool area below. He closed his eyes wishing he could go back to sleep, but if Mommy missed him, then he wasn’t going to ignore her. Things like that can send a girl looking for another man and he was already getting plenty of that. “I can like totally tell you about my day.”

Stepping back from the window Bailey stretched his arms and his back and then moved up and down a few times to the balls of his feet. He used to stay up till two to close a bar all the time, he didn’t exactly have a bedtime now, but he felt like he always needed the extra sleep. “Okay, okay where do I start? OH yeah I know. So Nana made us scrambled eggs and bacon... the hotel will totally send that up to the room, but she asked for it all raw so she could make it for us. She added a little milk to the eggs, making them super fluffy and then we went down to the pool and, and...” Bailey sat down at the couch thinking about the twin boys that started flirting with him and Candi and how he did not want to mention much of that. “A pair of twins started to flirt with Candi, but their older sister came up behind them and flicked their ears telling them we didn’t want to be bothered.”

“Were they flirting with you too, or just Candi?” Bailey pursed his lips. He had just said how they flirted with her and then mentioned how their sister told them to leave both of them alone. “Yeah, I mean like maybe a little.” Bailey said thinking about how the blonde, brown eyed young man had offered to rub some suntan oil into his back.

“Did you flirt back?” Bailey frowned at the question, he was not trying to pick up anyone looking like this let alone another dude. “No way, I like ignored him.”

“Hmm, did you tell him you were not interested or did you just smile and look away?” He thought about how the events played out and yes he was smiling, but that was because he almost always was. He looked away because he didn’t the way he was being eyed up and down and with how nervous that made him he was playing with his braid. He wasn’t flirting, but he had hit on plenty of girls that had acted like that when he went

to pick them up. “I umm smiled and played with my hair and umm then looked away, but Candi told them no thank you so they wouldn’t think we wanted them to apply suntan lotion.”

“Sounds like between their sister and yours it was handled, but pumpkin you have to understand to some boys it looks like you are interested, but are just playing hard to get. You have to make it clear when you do not like a boy. That is how you got into trouble at the DMV. Now if you want them to continue to pursue you, you can do exactly what you just did, but hold their gaze for a second before you look away. It is how many women signal a man they are interested in when they are out somewhere.”

Bailey truly didn’t want to encourage anyone, no way was he going to do that, but he figured Derrick might be near that is why she was talking like that. She had to play her part just like he did, even if he hated it. “I will totally do that, but like he and his twin brother were not someone I like was interested in. Who can have like a relationship with someone here on vacation.”

“That would present several problems.” He heard her say after several seconds of silence, that Bailey was happy to have rather than her give him more tips on how to pick up boys.

“Well like after that we talked to the boys sister for a while and swam, her name was Britley and was like super nice. Their family is from Alaska and like they weren’t really here for vacation, but their Mom was in town for a meeting and they came too before flying out so they could go to Disney while they were in the lower forty eight. Britley said right now the sun doesn’t go down where she lives. I heard about the staying dark thing, but can you imagine the sun always being up?”

“Sounds like you made a new friend, how old is she?”

“Oh she is like a little older in her twenties and like yeah I guess so, but that is more Candi. She made Britley promise to send her a picture of a moose to her on social media. When she had to go we went inside and played cards with Nana for a bit and she offered

to take us some place fun.” Bailey twisted some of his hair around on his long nailed finger. When he pulled his hand away he looked down at his red nails that he had painted before they went to bed. Tomorrow they were going to church and Candi let him borrow some clothes so he painted them to match what they picked out for his skirt and heels. It wasn’t until after that Candi reminded him about their bet. He hadn’t lost yet and he did get her today.

“That sounds nice of her, where did she take the two of you?”

On the sofa next to him was a forearm sized stuffed shark from the aquarium. Picking up the plush blue shark that was Candi’s and put it next to his that was pink with blue strikes, looking nothing like a real tiger shark. “She took us to the aquarium.”

“You used to have a pass to go there whenever you wanted right?” Bailey nodded his head and smiled widely. It was an amazing place to take a date, part of it is outside so you are in the heat and then he could take who he was with into one of the theaters playing educational videos on the different sea life. “Yeah, and like I totally made a bet with Candi on how many sharks they have there! I ended up being wrong because one of the older nurse sharks died, but they also like got two new ones in. They were like so tiny, they were called pygmy sharks. Well like I ended up still winning the bet because I was way closer. You will never guess what I won!”

He could hear a little chuckle on the other end of the phone. “What did you win?”

“I got Candi to admit waffles are waaaaaaay better than pancakes. And, and.. Like that isn’t all. I got her to post a video saying as much. She does say she lost a bet with me and had to say it, because I didn’t think to tell her she couldn’t do that, but I won and like she almost always wins our bets.”

“Sounds like the two of you have a lot of fun with each other.” Bailey nodded to himself in agreement, Candi was always just so full of energy and she got excited over the littlest things. She was like a ball of sunshine and he just couldn’t help being lifted up by her

attitude. “Yeah we like have so much fun, but like you have to watch her because she totally cheats at cards! Leaning closer to see what you have, but tomorrow she will be eating her defeat. We are going to church tomorrow and after Nana is taking us out for waffles.”

“Really!? You are going to church?”

“Candi and Nana are going and like they invited Aunt Megan so I can go home with her after breakfast.” Bailey was not looking forward to church, everyone their was always so judgy. His parents took him to services when he was younger, but after he got baptized they left it up to him to go or not and he always chose not to. Tomorrow morning they would be going to the same Catholic church Amanda and Megan were part of and at this point he didn’t expect a single person to see through his disguise, it still added just another reason why he didn’t want to go.

“I do not think Megan has been there in over a year, but she has been trying to push herself more. Say, does Mrs. Connors know Candi prefers pancakes?”

Bailey’s smile grew in volume. “She totally knows Candi only admitted to waffles being better because of the bet, but she like said Candi isn’t really admitting anything till she eats them. Its not l ike Candi hates them or anything, she is going to get it with nuts, bananas and carmel.”

Leaning over Bailey poked one of the sharks on the nose, it was fun going to one of his old stomping grounds. Though he wished he wasn’t wearing his super skin tight jeans, heels and a shirt that exposed his stomach there. He let out a large yawn, a little more happened today, but he was starting to fade. He wanted to tell her about how they had opened the stingray petting area, and even allowed people to wade in the water with them, but it looked like he may have gotten too animated and loud while talking as Candi came out of the bedroom sleeping annoyed and sleepy.

“You can talk to Auggy tomorrow, lets like go back to bed.” Bailey wanted to point out she

could go back to bed on her own, but that argument wasn't going to hold water.

"I'm talking to Mommy, not Auggy. I was telling her about our day." Candi nodded slightly and walked closer, holding out her hand and making grasping motions. "I think Candi wants to talk to you." Bailey said handing the phone over to her.

"I hope you had a like wonderful time at the wedding and we both love you, but like.... Sleeeeeeep." Candi handed the phone back to Bailey, then moved to glaring at him sleepily while putting her hands on her hips. Taking the phone Bailey could hear her trying to talk to Candi who apparently handed the phone back before any reply could come. "She like already handed the phone back to me. What were you saying to her?"

"Bailey, pumpkin. Thank you for talking to me and telling me about your day. I hope we can keep talking like this. Just know I love you for who you are, not who you think you had to pretend to be. Sweet dreams honey." Bailey smiled, he enjoyed hearing her voice too and the reassurance she loved him for who he was, not the act he had to keep up.

"I love you too Mommy, sweet dreams." No sooner had Bailey hit end on the phone call when Candi wrapped her fingers around his wrist and pulled him to his feet and back into the bedroom. "You know you could totally have gone back to bed on your own."

Candi started to wiggle herself into the covers and have a small shake of her head. "No more talking, shhh." Getting into bed Candi handed him his stuffed bear that she insisted they bring here. Saying how she had her night light and he had his bear and it was okay. Holding that bear now Bailey gave it a squeeze thinking of Mommy as Candi shifted in the bed so that he was the little spoon.

Leaning close to the mirror Bailey finished moving the red lipstick over his lips. Pursuing his lips together he reached over for a tissue and put it between his lips. Checking again he gave himself a nod, his inflated lips looked a creamy kissable red, matching his nails that he painted the night before, the skirt and heels. Stepping back he checked out himself in the mirror, turning from one side to the other. He had borrowed the outfit

from Candi, something he saw her wear the week before when the Connors came over for dinner. He had on red three inch pumps, white pantyhose, a red pleated skirt. It had a built in bow at his left hip, the skirt looked cute on Candi, but he was less thrilled with wearing a cute skirt himself. His blouse was white, with long sleeves, but scooped down to show the top of his chest without going low enough to show his breasts. Lastly he wore red button earrings and a cross necklace.

Picking up his cellphone Bailey took another step back from the mirror, turned to the side and bent back one his legs, while tilting his head slightly to the side while he smiled. Snapping a quick picture before looking poking his head out the bedroom door to check on Candi. She was wearing the same blue flower patterned dress when he first met her, she was even wearing the same shoes with the white ribbon. The only difference was the cross necklace she wore and how she had changed over the last few weeks. With the change in her hair, how she got her lips and eyelashes done she looked much less a teen girl and more of a young woman. They looked less like they could be twins now and more the part of younger and older sister. He found her still in conversation with Nana like she had been for the last twenty minutes. So hit looked back into the mirror, smiled and hit record.

“A good girl always looks her best.” Bailey tilted his head to the side moving his hand through his hair to look at the red button earring in his ear. He saw them in Candi’s small jewelry box and knew they would go perfectly with the outfit. “A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles.” That had been getting more and more true, some people had resting meanie face, but he had resting happy face. “A good girl is seen and not heard.” Candi spoke plenty for the both of them really. “A good girl never argues or complains.” Nana had threatened to put soap in his mouth the previous night when she said it was bedtime, but he wasn’t ready to go to sleep. She was not a fan of being talked back to. Candi told him after all he needed to do was pout and ask to stay up later and she would have caved. “A good girl never uses foul language.” Aunt Megan knew so much about what he did, he didn’t even know the last time he thought a bad word, let alone spoke one. “I am a good girl, happy and proud.” At the end of the mantra he gave a much bigger smile before ending the recording and sending it off to Aunt

Megan.

He had worn the jeans he begged Aunt Megan for twice now, it felt like he got the wrong end of the deal. Not just because they weren't what he expected, but also because he used to wear the same pair of jeans for a few days, now it felt like he changed outfits two or three times a day depending on what he had to do. Maybe he could talk her into letting stop the recordings, she had to have gotten her fill of this by now. "Bailey honey are you done primping in there?" The elder Connors called out. Bailey took one last look at himself, picked up the red purse with the short strap and put it in the crook of his arm and came out of the bedroom.

"Nana, we are never done primping, what if we see a cute boy there?" The older woman looked over to see Bailey coming closer before answering her granddaughter. "I would tell you that is not the purpose of going to church, but I'm not so old that I don't remember what it was like to be a young woman. At least at church the two of you could meet someone nice."

"What if like Candi already met someone who is nice?" Candi raised her eyebrow at Bailey, adding to the question before it could be answered. "Yeah Nana, what if Bailey already met someone who is nice?"

Picking up her purse Edna smiled at the two, doing her best to contain a chuckle. "Then I would ask why they aren't coming with us to service?" Bailey wasn't looking forward to going to church and really didn't need it to turn into another location for males to flirt with him.

"What if Ry is jewish, then he couldn't come to a Catholic service?" The group started to walk out of the hotel room and through the hall toward the elevator as they talked. "Ry... is that the Ryan that came out to set up for your birthday and then had to go off to work?" Candi almost started to skip as she nodded thinking about him. "He came out to help and then was responsible enough to go do what he needed to do, he does seem like he has a good head on his shoulders. It is okay if that boy or any boy is Jewish. Have you

considered going to synagogue with him?”

As the doors to the elevator closed Candi opened her own mouth to reply and then stopped, thinking for a second. “I like don’t actually know if he is Jewish or anything.” Edna put one hand on her granddaughter's shoulder and the other on Bailey’s.

“Girls, many people say you should not talk about politics, religion, and money. That is a lot of bullshit, if you want to know someone, then you ask the hard questions. Your Ryan or your August could vote for a political party you do not like, but these things are not black and white. You need to find out what your partner or potential partner stands for. Nothing in life is simple, but never be afraid to tell someone you don’t know enough about something to form an opinion. That way you can ask questions if you don’t understand something.” She gave a light squeeze to each of their shoulders. She found far too often in life people formed strong opinions on something without ever really knowing the details, and these two girls were both wonderful in so many ways, but she feared they could be taken advantage of with where they fell short.

Looking into the reflective surface in the elevator Bailey saw two similar looking young women with an elderly woman, their similar green eyes giving the impression each was related. It made Bailey think back to the last time he had a grandparent. His grandpa and grandma had taken him and his mother on a small vacation, he couldn’t have been more than ten at the time. They were going to California to go to Disney, but along the way their gray station wagon had broken down. Bailey loved sitting in the far back so he could look out at the other cars, but when they pulled over to the side of the road steam was coming out from under the hood. Now he knew it was something to do with the radiator, but at the time he acted out, being mad about them not being able to make it to the theme park. He thought it was so unfair and he felt ashamed now that he was older, knowing it wasn’t because they had to stop to get the car fixed, but because they weren’t able to afford to fix the vehicle and go to the expensive park. Instead they went to a tourist spot that played on perception in different rooms to make one person look tiny and another large depending on where you stood. He bet the place still could have been a lot of fun if he had given it a chance, but the entire time he had acted like a brat. That trip

was the last time he saw them and it made him sad he didn't appreciate what he had.

Nana Connors was a stern woman, but it was clear she loved her granddaughter and she never looked at him any differently than she did her. On one hand it was bothersome to be treated like a teen, on another it was nice to be treated like he was family. She didn't just make eggs for Candi and him yesterday, she asked them how they wanted them made and her smile when he dug into the fluffy eggs wasn't lost on him. Her threats to make sure Candi and him would turn out to be proper women wasn't great, but it came from a place of love. He lost what she was saying, but the way she put her hand on his shoulder and leaned in to give advice or tease made him happy. So much of his life right now he despised, but her... he wanted to make sure he wasn't that brat, he was a good girl and would appreciate her.

"We will remember Nana." Candi gave Bailey a side glance. "Well I will remember, Bailey might have checked out."

"I was totally listening and will totally remember." He said defensively. He had just thought how he was going to make sure he appreciated the older women and now Candi was calling him out for not listening to her.

"Oh yeah? What were we talking about? Hmmm?" Candi was giving him a knowing look.

"I ahh umm." He thought back to the last thing he remembered. Boys going to church and Ryan being Jewish." That happened before she put her hand on his shoulder and he knew he was wrong before he saw Candi shaking her head.

"So what were you thinking about?" Candi said, her voice going up an octave when she said about. He didn't want to get into the memory and tried to quickly come up with a believable lie. Boys? August? No, bad subject. Clothes? Shoes? He loved heels. "Your cute shoe I'm borrowing and like how I don't have a red pair of my own." Bailey mentally kicked himself, he didn't love shoes that was just a character. Even as he thought that his

mind went over the red three in pumps he was wearing, with their rounded toe and how the stitching was done with just a slightly different shade of red.

“You can totally borrow them whenever you want, but like we should talk to Jeremy’s mom about doing the shoe videos so we can get discounts and stuff.” The girl’s smile was almost as bright as the morning sun Bailey thought as they made their way to the car. Enda gave a small shake of her head, thinking about how Bailey might need a little more looking out for than Candace. “Sit in the back with Bailey, if this church is anything like the one I go to back home seeing a teenager behind the wheel is going to scare off all the old fogies.”

“Old fogies? Really Nana?” Edna gave Candace a hard look to see if she wanted to push that any further, but she quickly moved to get into the backseat. “As a compromise we can listen to some of your pop music on the way. Unless you rather I put on one of those Christian stations?”

Leaning between the front two seats Candi quickly moved the rental cars radio to a local station playing some Britney Spears. Lip syncing the first few lines before it turned into her singing along, as the chorus started she leaned closer to Bailey and poked him in the side where he was ticklish, then did it again. Bailey tried jerking to the side, but when the second assault came he gave in and started to sing along with her. He thought it was a tragedy that he knew the lyrics, but he sang along with his friend in the impromptu karaoke. By the end of the song he was moving his body and hands to the music like Candi was, her energy and enthusiasm catching on once he got over the fact no one was going to judge him for this other than himself.

As they pulled into the parking spot the three sang along to Taylor Swift, Edna joining in the best she could. “All you had to do was stay. All you had to do was stay.” As she turned the car off she smiled back at the girls, letting the song finish before they got out. “I bet a road trip with you girls would be enjoyable.”

As the three started walking up to the church Candi took her grandmother’s hand. “And I

bet I would win the road trip games. I am super good at them!” Edna held out her other hand for Bailey when Candace had taken hers. Seeing what Candi was doing and the open hand Bailey took the offered hand, walking side by side with them till they came to a stop in front of Aung Megan. She wore a white blouse, light blue skirt that went down just past her knees, with some white slingback pumps. “Good morning Aunt Megan.”

“Good morning pumpkin. Good morning Candi and good morning Mrs. Connors, I am so happy the three of you could come and attend my church.” Bailey watched as she opened her arms up for a hug, he stepped forward, but was beaten to it by Candi so she ended up hugging the both of them at the same time. “Oh someone is excited this morning.”

Candi nodded her head quickly, her eyes wide and a smile on her face as she gave the taller woman a second hug. “I love seeing you, Daddy doesn’t have any sisters and you said I could call you Aunt Megan and I love having an Aunt. When do you think we can do those cooking classes you signed us up for?”

“The first class isn’t till the week after this one, but if you are excited to learn, maybe we could get together before that and do a little baking?” Candi nodded with enthusiasm, giving her a third hug. “Bailey would you like that?”

He did not like the idea of spending any minutes with the sugar coated not so nice woman, but he couldn’t say that. “Auntie, you like know I always want to spend time with you.” Bailey looked away from her, and pulled his cell phone out from his purse that was in the crook of his arm. He wanted to make himself busy so she wouldn’t ask him any more questions and so long as he did something girly he knew she would leave him alone. So he turned on his camera, pulled out his lipstick and touched himself up. He didn’t really need to, but it sure beat whatever she would pull next.

“Mrs. Connors, if you will still be in town maybe you could join us?” Bailey looked up from the camera screen to see the elderly woman nod and agree. “Only if I can show you how I make chocolate chip cookies, one of the tricks is to add a little salt to enhance the

sweetness.”

The group talked a little more when a middle aged man with dark hair, except for the gray at his temples approached. He wore a bunch of robes, just another thing Bailey hated about coming here, all the church folk acted like this was still the middle ages with how they dressed to conduct service. “Welcome, welcome. I see some new faces and a familiar one. How are you doing Mrs. Best?”

“Oh father Thomas you know you can call me by my first name and it is Miss, but I do appreciate you remembering I did get divorced and changed my name back.”

“Of course, of course, many people feel strongly about divorce, but I was here with you when you tried to make it work. Now tell me who did you bring to the flock today?” Bailey knew the man, not well, his little beedy brown eyes seemed nice now, but he knew he was judging everyone. He was the type to say one thing to your face and then condemn you from the altar as being a sinner and how hell was the destination for you if you didn’t come and repent.

“You remember my sister Amanda right? This is her daughter Bailey Ann, this is her best friend Candace and her grandmother Edna Connors.”

Candi smile at the paster and took his hand when he offered it. “My middle name is Ann too!”

“Well if I didn’t know any better I would have thought you were sisters. It is a pleasure to meet you both.” His attention moved to the last member of the group. “It is also a pleasure to meet you, Miss Connors. I would not have taken you for a grandmother if I wasn’t told.”

Edna blushed a little as he took her hand in both of his as he smiled. “You can call me Edna, but flattery will not get you anywhere.”

“Flattery is just empty words, I walk the path the lord has set out for me and only speak the truth. So you know my words have true meaning when I tell you Edna that you are beautiful and I will be looking out to you when I give my sermon this morning.” Bailey watched as Nana put her free hand to her cheek and blush, while Candi’s smile grew several degrees. A bell rang in the distance and it drew the pastors attention away from them.

“It seems it is time for everyone to take their seats, maybe we can talk more in the fellowship hall after service while the girls go to bible study.” Someone called his name to get his attention and he had to depart.

“He seemed nice.” Candi said, giving a beaming smile to her grandmother. “He did.” Edna said in agreement before the four made their way inside to take their seats.

Please stand, please read along, please sing, please kneel, please stand, you may be seated... the service was like every other one he had been to before, but this time he did sing along. He didn’t at first, but when he caught Aunt Megan looking his way part of the mantra went through his mind, telling him to be obedient. He was a good girl and proud, he was not going to get in trouble.

When the sermon started Bailey pulled out one of the bibles that was provided to follow along with the scripture as pastor Thomas read from the Bible before starting in on her sermon. There was no condemnation, today was talking about the Samaritan woman at the well.

“To Jesus, to God himself it did not matter that this woman was considered an other.. A Samaritan woman could not share a drink with Jew, but he told her if she knew who she spoke to and asked upon him for a drink she would be given living water. He saw her for who she was, she had five husbands in her time and if you think people would judge you now for such a thing, back then it was much worse. Yet Jesus called upon her and she went back to the people who she had met and to ask them to come see the Messiah.”

The pastor paused and looked around the room, Bailey getting more annoyed everyone he looked in his direction. “All of us can ask for a drink of living water, all of us can know our Lord. It doesn’t matter how you have sinned, the type of life you have led. We are all his children and welcome. Not everyone is called to go out into the world and sing his praises, but everyone has a calling and I believe the more of us that kept our Lord in our hearts as we went about our lives could do a better job of showing the world what it meant to be a Catholic or a Christian. Keep him in your hearts and your minds as you act and others can know him through your actions. There is no need to post on social media a bible verse or condemn someone for their actions, for they will be judged in the end and none of our opinions will hold sway. “



The pastor paused again, this time to take a drink of water. “One of my best friends doesn’t believe in God. Let that sink in, me a pastor for... well I’m older than I once was. I have never tried to convert him, but when he asks me questions I am open to him. He asked me once about how some people think without the bible people wouldn’t know how to be good. Now I’m quoting someone on this one, maybe not well, but lets see if you catch it. I say when trouble is happening, when things look the worst. Look out into the world and look for the helpers. I don’t think I got that right, but most people know who Mr. Rogers is. He was a man of the cloth, but without knowing that everyone can see the character of the man. I used to see people wearing bracelets saying what would Jesus do? Not so much now and that is okay. If any of you have a friend that isn’t religious, you don’t have to read them scripture. SIMply ask them to try and live a life they think would make Mr. Rogers proud.

He went on for almost an hour before he stopped and the rest of the service could conclude. Sitting there that long had Bailey needing to use the bathroom, but unlike any other time he was here. He wasn’t able to just get in and out he had to stand in line with all the girls. “That was an excellent sermon, don’t you think girls?” Bailey nodded to Nana’s question even if he didn’t agree.

“I wonder what he has in store for us next week.” Bailey blinked a few times looking at the older woman as she said that to herself. He thought this was a one time deal, he did not want there to be another week of this. “Nana, you umm want to come back here again?”

Edna smiled at Bailey, she was smiling, but she thought she could see a little worry on her face. “Don’t worry Bailey, I’m not going home any time soon, you will be able to come along with us when we come here. I think I even heard someone talking about a youth group that meets one of the nights during the week. Wouldn’t that be fun for you girls.”

Moving his head slightly to the left and down so that some of his platinum hair covered one of his eyes, Bailey raised his phone in his right hand to take a selfie as the world zoomed past as the SUV drove down the road. “Your Mom asked you to get Candi to

admit waffles are the best and not only did you do it, but she is going to do it on her youtube channel?" Megan asked as she glanced to the side seeing Bailey take a selfie. It made her wonder how much of Bailey's behavior was the feminized man activating deciding to do something and how much was automatic.

"Oh like yeah, I won a bet so she had to say and do whatever I wanted for like five minutes." Bailey folded his hands in his lap, still holding onto his cell phone as he looked at the woman who started him down this road to torment. His suitcase was in the back of the vehicle and they were on the way back to her place. The last time he was there she had made him dress and look more like a preteen girl and he was going to try and not give her a reason to revisit that well. "I bet we are like going to have so much fun together while Mommy is out of town!"

Raising an eyebrow at the enthusiasm Bailey was showing, she was sure where that was coming from, but the idea of Bailey having five minutes to get Candi to do anything and it was chosen on admitting one food was superior to another was a surprise. "I have a few things in mind that a girly girl like you will enjoy. It looked like you have been having fun with Candi, especially with how the two of you were whispering and giggling over brunch."

"Yeah she is my bff, we do all sorts of things together, that is why she was upset when she couldn't stay over tonight. I wish we could have like done a slumber party tonight." Sitting in pajamas doing each other's hair and watching another hallmark movie sounded a lot better than going on a double date, let alone one where he would be the date for Liam.

"Well your bff, can stay over another night. I know how much you are looking forward to this evening with Liam and since we are going out to dinner together, if you are a good girl for the rest of the day I will get you a glass of wine."

It wasn't till she repeated back bff did Bailey realize he had said it and it felt odd that he really did consider her such a close friend. She was pushy, always wanted to have things

her way, she seemed to love making him more and more girly and she had a habit of stealing the covers in bed when she wasn't snoring in his ear and using him as a body pillow. Candi was also one of the most caring people he had ever met, even when she was trying to be deceitful she was more genuine than most. Her pushing their parents together bothered him, but she talked about it like it was a Hollywood romance. She also always followed up with how amazing it would be that they would actually be sisters. He had seen on shows how a family friend would be treated like family or invited over for the holidays because they were like family, but he had never had a friend like that, let alone one activating trying to make them family. The nicest thing Chuck ever did was float him for a few beers when he was broke or maybe it was when he reported him missing.

Bailey was not only going to see his old best friend tonight, but sit down for dinner with him, while he was sure Liam would be trying to put his arm around his shoulder. Beer was much more Bailey's speed then wine, but getting to have alcohol was like seeing light at the end of a dark tunnel, and if he knew his old protege like he thought he did, he was going to need that glass of wine. "That sounds like amazing and like you know I always try to be a good girl!"

When they got inside Megan's house Bailey dropped his suitcase off in Becky's room. He looked in the mirror at himself wearing one of Candi's outfits, they had borrowed clothes from one another before, but he was wearing exactly what she had worn on a previous day, minus his bra and panties. It felt like he was wearing hand me downs with him being the younger sister. "You can do this Bailey, you are Bailey Ann Best and you are just staying at your loving Aunts house." His words were not very convincing, but at least she couldn't make him jerk off to a picture of one of his friends again. Taking a deep breath he shook his long nailed hands before slapping them to his cheeks and heading back out to the living room with a large smile on his face. "What are we doing this afternoon, Aunt Megan?" he had his hands clasped together behind his back and rocked forward and back again trying to act excited for whatever she had in mind.

"You do have a lot to get done before our date tonight, you still need to do your ballerina exercises, you need to do a page in your workbook. If you run along and get your laptop

from your bag I can also install a new game for you.”

“A video game?” Bailey tried to add some excitement to his voice, but it still came out as apprehensive. He imagined it was some paper doll fashion game or a dating sim.

“I know you are a slow reader and considering you are supposed to have already taken multiple years of childcare development I found an educational game that some schools use in those classes. In the game you are in charge of three different women, each having anywhere from one to four children of different ages. You have to try and raise the children and take care of their needs. Along the way you will hear some of the lessons they would have taught you in class. It will not teach you everything you should have learned, but it should give you a good idea how to take care of children just like you want.”

“Just like I want?”

“I imagine you took multiple years of this class because you wanted a baby of your own to take care of, or maybe you were thinking of going into childcare for a career. What girl doesn’t love holding and playing with a baby after all.”

While the educational game was installed on his laptop Bailey slipped off his heels and went to the back porch to do the leg lifts, he did more than he normally would do, mostly to stay outside and out of Aunt Megan’s sight, but eventually she called him in. She had him sit on the floor and use the coffee table to do his math workbook while his feet were under the couch held in a pointed fashion. When he was finished he was surprised Aunt Megan took the book from him to check the answers for herself. “You are doing so good Bailey, you got almost all of the answers correct. I think it is time that I gave you a new book, you are almost done with this one.”

Handing over the new math workbook Megan smiled, she had spent a good amount of time to make this one. Unlike the first book where every math problem would show his answers wrong if he did the equations correctly and teach him to do things like PEMDAS

in the wrong order, this one had some correct answers mixed in so that each page would have anywhere from thirty percent to fifty percent of the answers show the true correct answers. She hoped with Bailey getting so many of the questions correct in the first book that Bailey learned or re-learned how to do the equations incorrectly. Then with this second workbook to learn to accept that she was just bad at math. “You can start on this book tomorrow, but for now I bet you are excited to play your new video game. I want you to promise me you will spend as much of your free time as you can playing this. You and Candi babysat before if I recall, what would have happened if she asked you about things you should have learned in class? No need answer pumpkin, because we are taking care of that gap now.”

Turning on the game Bailey found that he was basically in charge of multiple women on a street, he had the main family. He got to customize the avatar, or well he would have if Aunt Megan was standing behind him and telling him what to do so that it would be perfect. The Bailey in the game ended up being a blonde with long hair down her back and dressed like someone out of the nineteen fifties. The other characters were present, except he was able to name the children. Video game Bailey had a single baby girl that was one years old, the others ranged from two to three children from ages two to five.

The game told him information about baby formula and breastfeeding and had to decide how his baby girl, named Anne, would be fed. Everytime the game stopped to ask a question it had already gone over the answers previously, but had a little help icon in the upper right, that when he clicked on it a female voice came through his speakers reading the information back to him, like an instructor reading from a textbook. Bailey sat there on the floor playing the game for three hours, while Aunt Megan encouraged him to talk to children like they could hear him. So when little baby Anne would cry with WHAAA WHAAA bubble above her head and a little crying baby noise coming out of the speak Bailey spoke to the pixel baby. “Shhh shhh it's okay pumpkin, Mommys here, shhh shhh.” Aunt Megand and Mommy called him pumpkin, so he hoped it would buy him points.

Bailey was thrilled when Aunt Megan said he could stop playing and he closed his laptop,

but he closed his laptop quickly hearing her words, not processes till it was too late that she added “If you want to.” At the end. “After playing a game like that and going on a date tonight I know what would be fun.” Bailey watched as she put a blank piece of paper down on the table with a purple pen.

“Why don’t you write down your full name, but instead of your last name Best. You can replace it with August’s last name or Liam’s. Just write down Mrs. Bailey Ann and then their last name and then below that describe what you think your children would look like. Take your time to describe having a girl and a boy and if you want you can think of names you might want to name them.”

Writing my name like I’m marrying them... writing out how I hope our children would look! SUGAR! I don’t want to do that! Bailey focused his eyes and face down at the blank piece of paper, hoping the angle from her standing, him sitting on the floor and his long hair would hide his face. “That sounds like a lot of fun, that is a good idea Auntie. Did you do this when you were younger?”

Megan started to walk away, heading into the kitchen. “I doodled my name with a boys more than once, but I never fantasized about having a baby. My Rebecca was a God send, I love her more than she knows, but I never did what you are doing now. Now my little sister, I once caught her doing this very thing when she was a sophomore. It is nice to see the two of you being so similar. I’m going to get a drink, would you like water or diet coke?”

“A diet coke would be wonderful, thank you.” A diet coke was not going to be wonderful, but all he ever really got to drink was water, vitamin water or something else that was supposed to be healthy like those meal shakes. The diet coke would be a nice change of pace and would taste a lot better than one of those kale shakes.

Megan stopped before going into the kitchen, watching as Bailey started to write and she wondered what Amanda was going to say when she told her what she found Bailey writing. The smile on her face increased as she went to get Bailey a can of diet coke.

Bailey had acted like he was the one for her sister and knowing how much she wanted to have a child he went and got fixed. Giving her a vague promise of if she got pregnant then it was meant to be, all while he was also sticking his dick in prostitutes that he paid for with her money. She was enjoying having her revenge, especially knowing Amanda was off with a real man. The relationship with Derrick was never part of her plan, but it made her so happy listening to her sister gush about how much fun she had at the wedding. To her it sounded like she was in love with Derrick Connors and she wasn't going to let Bailey get in the way of that. Her sister deserved to be happy and at this point if that meant Bailey needed to stick around as her daughter, then so be it. Though she still was planning his exit where he can fuck off to someplace else and try to be a male again.

Coming back into the living room she placed the can of coke on a coaster. "Take you time with that pumpkin, but when you are done I will show you what you are wearing on your date tonight. I promise you it will get Liam's attention. It is an outfit that belonged to Rebecca, but I was too uptight with her and never let her wear it out. Not that she didn't, I just didn't let her. I think both you and Liam will agree just how good it will look on you." She started to head towards the bedroom to get the outfit ready when she stopped and turned around. "Oh, and we need to do another douching to make sure you are nice and clean for night."

"Now I am only going to do this once for you pumpkin, but as you know it takes a few times to make sure you are clean down there." Bailey did his best to not whimper at the feeling of the tubing going into his ass as he bent over the side of the bathtub on his knees with his ass in the air. His panties were on the floor next to him, his borrowed red skirt was pushed up and his rear end was on full display. When he was marched to the bathroom and told to take off his panties he didn't even hesitate to do what Aunt Megan told him, his panties and white tights were quickly removed but as he stood there watching her fill the rubber bladder with warm water, soap and a few drops of perfume he considered telling her he wasn't going to do that. Not again, the last time was terrible. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl never argues or complains. His mind reminded him of his place and some of the consequences of being a bad girl.

So he said nothing as Aunt Megan started to fill his bowels with the soapy perfumed water. "I have a few things to take care of, but you redo this yourself until everything comes out nice and clean." With that he was left alone, feeling himself getting more and more bloated. It was uncomfortable from the start and worked its way up to pain before he was able to sit down on the toilet and release everything that was held inside of him. He didn't have to look in the bowl to know he wasn't clean, the little bit of perfume in the soapy water did nothing to hide the smell of what came out of his bowels. So he had to refill the bladder and do it at least one more time. Aunt Megan used this as punishment before, and it felt worse that she had left him to do this himself and he was doing it without even the hint of a threat from her. Though he could imagine plenty, like if he refused she would do it anyways and instead of letting him vacate his bowels she would shove a tampon in his ass and send him outside to play with a jump rope.

He felt wiped when coming out of the bathroom, he hadn't even bothered to put his panties back on knowing he had to get changed for his date and he was going over what he had in his suitcase that he could wear and how to style his makeup. "All clean pumpkin?"

Aunt Megan was walking out of her daughter's room, the room he was staying in. She was wearing a silk robe that went to only halfway down her thighs, her hair was done up with a braid around the crown of her head, her bangs teased out with long strands to frame her face, while in the back she had added a mild curl to all of her hair that came down. She had smokey eyeshadow and had used her eyeliner to give herself a cats eye look. She wasn't wearing lip gloss or lipstick so Bailey knew she wasn't done getting ready, but she looked incredible. The robe hardly held in her large chest and he could feel his trapped member letting him know of its approval. "I am and you like look very pretty Aunt Megan." Bailey hated that he was attracted to this woman.

"Aww that is sweet of you to say pumpkin. I would say it is time to start getting you ready, but I was going through your suitcase and I noticed you didn't bring your applicator or your cream." The raised eye let him know this was a question. "Ahh umm yeah, I like didn't think I would need it." Megan smirked and nodded her head before she

turned and headed back into the room. The suitcase was open and on top was a three pronged vibrator toy in a new packaging. Bailey's jaw fell open as his eyes went wide, it was the same thing Candi had, but this one was pink. "Didn't think you would need it because you got yourself something new you wanted to try out?"

That thing was not there when he pulled out underwear to wear this morning, but then again he didn't remember closing it up either and when he went to grab it this morning to put in the car it was sitting ready for him on the bed. "No, ahh umm I think Candi must have put that in there." Watching Bailey this once macho in your face man who despite his small size would look everyone in the eye to try and stare them down, now look like an embarrassed teen girl shuffling her feet and trying to look everywhere but at her made Megan smile.

"Well that seems kind of her, but you shouldn't leave what the doctor gave you behind like that missy. I recall the instructions saying you needed to use the cream with it once daily." She lied knowing it said once every other day.

"I don't need it... or want it." Bailey into Aunt Megan's blue eyes something in him told him to die on this hill. That he would not use a dildo to fuck himself, what was going to happen if he didn't? At worst this thing would have to come off and that was a good... no, sugar a great thing! "Are you a doctor?"

"No, but..."

"Bailey with your grades and IQ you would be lucky to be accepted into nursing school. I'm sorry that was a bit harsh, but you have to understand that your doctor knows what he is talking about. We can pick up your cream tomorrow, but for now I think it best we at least use what your big sister got for you. Why don't you go grab your phone so you can take a photo of it and tell her thank you."

As he walked out of the bedroom, Megan stepped into the doorway to watch Bailey move down the hallway into the living room. She wasn't sure at first, but Bailey was walking on

the balls of her feet. “Isn’t that interesting.” She said to herself. So much for dying on that hill Bailey, you didn’t even fight back. He mentally grumbled to himself as he picked up his phone that sat next to the piece of paper he had been writing on.

Bailey Ann Best marries August Gates, Bailey Ann Best-Gates, Bailey Ann Gates

Our children - If we had a boy he would have like brown or blonde hair, maybe light brown when they mix? But totally have green eyes and he would be slim but strong and tall like his Daddy!

Names, umm Noah, Andrew, oh oh August he could totally have his Daddy's name and be a junior! No one wants to be a junior but like when he grows up he can name his son the same and he would be August the Third and that would be so cool!

A little girl!!!! I would put her little blonde hair in pigtails and she would also have green eyes like her Mommy, she would like totally be a mini me. It would be okay if she had her Daddy’s eyes though.

For names maybe I would use my middle name for her first Ann or like name her after my Mommy or Aunt using their middle names Lilly or Rose. Oh I really like Lilly, I could have a little girl name Lilly Gates!

Bailey Ann Best marries Liam Summers, Bailey Ann Best-Summers, bailey Ann Summers

Our children I’m like a blonde and Liam has brown hair, but it has like a hint of red in it and he has these big blue eyes. I could totally think of us having little ones that have blue eyes and my blonde hair. Oh could you like imagine if we had a little girl and she had blonde hair, but one blue eye and one green one!

For names I like still like Noah and Andrew and I’m really thinking about naming my first baby girl Lily Ann, it is just so pretty!

Looking down at the letter Bailey felt a little disgust, not how his handwriting looked so girly with hearts over letters or how it flowed. Not even the pure ditziness of how he wrote, all of that was normal to him after writing in his diary everyday, but at the thought of walking down the aisle in a white dress to those men, or any men let alone spreading his legs to let them try and impregnate him. With how realistic this thing was on him he really hoped they didn't have some upgraded model that would allow him to get pregnant or some sci fi thing like that.

On his phone were a few messages and he clicked through them, doing his best to delay what he knew was coming.

Auggy <3 : You looked beautiful in your church outfit, always appreciate you sending me pictures of you.

Auggy <3 : Just wanted you to know I was thinking of you.

Bailey: Aww, I was just like writing about u

Auggy <3 : Writing about me!? Anything good?

Bailey: What do u think of like rainbows and unicorns?

Auggy <3 : Sounds like something I might want to read

Bailey: Maybe if your good

Auggy <3 : I'm always good! Well, maybe that is for you to tell me ;)

Bailey: I will tell u about the story later :)

Liam: Excited to see you tonight

Bailey: Aww that is sweet

Liam: Yeah that too, but I'm EXCITED to see you tonight

Bailey: Oh oh, oh!

Liam: Can't help it thinking about your hot body

Liam: If you are upset maybe you could hold it against me

Closing his eyes Bailey put his hand on the wall as he let out a long sigh. Glancing down at his feet he frowned for a moment lowering himself down off the balls of his feet. He had just douched himself clean, after writing a girly love letter about a figure marrying two different men, currently stood in the hallway flirting with those same men over text

and was about to use a vibrator. How had his life come to this? “Bailey honey, are you coming?” He heard Aunt Megan’s voice and started moving once again. It was her doing, Aunt Megan had blackmailed him and force him into all of this and he couldn’t even say it was one step at a time, it felt like he was pushed into the deep end, while slowly learning how deep it really was over time. “Coming Auntie!”

Looking into the mirror over the dresser Bailey shook his head as he looked at himself, but more lost in thought at what had just happened. He had shot off a text to Candi with a picture of the vibrator she had bought him, he had been with her almost all the day and wasn't sure exactly when she had to the time to slip that into his bag. He knew she got a package and said it was something for self care, but he hadn’t even seen her open it. When he opened the package Aunt Megan made him strip naked and lay on the bed, the way she looked at him reminded him of being in the doctor's office. “I want you to start off by picking a picture on your phone of one of the men you like. Maybe it is Derrick, Charles, August, Liam, that nice boy Jeremy or even that police officer that called you. What was it? A gun bunny or a badge bunny?”

“I like don’t have any pictures of him.” He was already blushing as she named off men in his life and thankfully she didn’t know about the lifeguard, but when he replied he knew he errored. “Aww that is too bad pumpkin, you will just have to choose on your own. What hunk in your life are you going to look at while you pleasure yourself?”

Just like with the douching she was making him do it and he thought it was worse, but he wasn’t sure if it really was. Some things she had chosen in the past were much worse and he didn’t want that, but at the same time he didn’t want to pick what image to look at while he used a vibrator on himself, he didn’t even want to do that part. Derrick, August, Chuck, Liam, Jeremy... Jeremy was still wasn’t eighteen and the idea of a boy let alone a minor was not going to happen. He already knew was August dick looked like and the last thing he wanted to do was picture it while he touched himself. Chuck was his oldest friend and he had seen his equipment in passing at the gym, the man was his oldest friend and Liam was his little brother, he had practically trained the kid so he could pick up tail. That left Derrick... he had seen him kissing Mommy so many times now. Bailey

shook his head not wanting to follow that train of thought any longer, all the options were just so bad.

“No? You don’t want any of them? How about a celebrity you have a crush on? If you can’t decide I will play some porn for you. I know that will get you in the mood, maybe something with a shirtless fireman.”

He thought of his favorite movie P.S. I love you and how Holly was in love with Gerry. Gerry was Gerald Butler. It wasn’t really his favorite movie he reminded himself, but he had watched it at least ten times since this ordeal started, he felt like he could play the part of Holly at this point. Move over Hilary Swank, Bailey Ann Best is gunning for the part you already played. Bailey rolled his eyes before pulling up an image of Gerald Butler on his phone, the first image coming up was him from three hundred, shirtless. “Mr. Butler, good call Bailey, you have good taste in men.”

“Now pumpkin, remember, one hand on one of your breasts. Start to rub them around and across your nipple, it is okay to touch yourself and to find pleasure in it. Then move your other hand down and start to feel around, touch yourself, see what feels good, what you enjoy. Then and only then do you bring in your new toy.” He did as she said and wished his chest wasn’t so sensitive as the shock of pleasure ran through his body. Bailey knew it shouldn’t feel like this, this is what girls felt and he was a man. It was just some hormonal problem, yet just touching his chest was making him so turned on. His dick started to swell, it didn’t really have anywhere to go and every time this happened it felt uncomfortable, but that was only a small distraction from the pleasure.

Then when his hand went down to the fake pussy he had attached to himself he felt only the pressure from his finger as he inserted it into himself. As he felt inside he could tell the top of the tunnel pushed down as his trapped dick that was getting harder and harder tried to to move from pushed back to standing straight up, but if he didn’t know better it was like the vagina was doing its best to welcome and hold this finger. Being inside of himself added nothing to the experience for pleasure, but when his thumb moved up to

the false clitoris the vibrator wrapped around the head of his dick came to life right away.

The thing glued to him was supposed to be for transgender people, but with how sensitive it was and how high the vibrator went it felt more like the thing was meant to just pleasure yourself. It felt so good, and Bailey closed his eyes to enjoy it when he felt a light smack on his calf, reminding him Aunt Megan was standing right there and he was supposed to be looking at the image on his phone. She let him, more like made him continue for another minute before she motioned to the pink three pronged vibrator. The thing would insert a little into his ass, the fake pussy and to his oh so sensitive clitoris.

Bailey shook his head again the idea that he was getting off on touching his chest and using that thing was baffling to him, but it had felt so good, like incredibly so. Part of his mind told him he shouldn't even admit to such a thing, but if Aunt Megan hadn't stopped him from continuing he would have cum. For a moment he was mad at her, but he dared not ignore her command. With a flushed face she helped him up from the bed and showed him what he was going to be wearing for the date tonight. A pair of thong lace panties a tiny leather black skirt, a white halter top with thin straps and lace just under his bust. It looked like something he might wear to bed, not as a blouse.

He now wore them along with the almost knee high black heeled leather boots. She gave him no bra to wear and to accessorize gold earrings, they were small hoops, but were thick. On his right wrist he had twin thin gold bracelets and one thick one on the other wrist. Bailey wished he could wear the green dress he wore on his last date, not that it was an option with the stain he still needed to ask Aunt Megan how to get out. In this outfit he felt like he was dressed like some slut. "You are looking lovely tonight Bailey, I'm sure that outfit will get your date's attention. You know I never let my daughter wear that, I think I might have told you that already, but I think it suits you. "

Looking away from the mirror Bailey looked at his Auntie, she was wearing a maroon dress, with three quarter sleeves, that showed off her impressive bust, the skirt was tight and long enough to be just a few inches above her knee. While he wasn't sure if it was part of the dress or something she added, around his middle was a black wrap that

secured in the front with a little bow. On her feet were a pair of black patent leather rounded toe heels with a thick ankle strap. After looking at so many shoes on pinterest with Candi he instinctively thought how cute they were. The woman was dressed to kill and after coming so close to getting off but being denied he felt it revving his engine. "Wow Aunt Megan you look gorgeous!"

"I appreciate you saying that, and I hope Charles feels the same. As you get older it becomes harder to keep a man looking at you like you are a present for him to unwrap." Earlier she stopped Bailey, watching her eyes focus on the picture of the shirtless man, while touching herself and using the vibrator and her little moans had gotten herself worked up too and she couldn't stay in the room any longer. She wanted to make sure her date was as excited about the after date time as much as she was. Her little sister was with the right man now, but for a little fling having a younger man in the bedroom, she had the right idea of that, she just let it go on too long. She couldn't wait to tell Amanda about the letter she found Bailey writing after church today, it would be another nail in a long line of nails she had been working on to seal the coffin of her ex boyfriend.

"Honey, the men should be here before we know it, but why don't you go sit at the kitchen table with your laptop and play your game for a little bit while you wait."

Bailey truly didn't want to play that game, but he would sit there and play it all through the night if it meant he didn't have to go on a date with Liam, not that would ever be allowed. "Umm Auntie, I have been meaning to ask this and umm." Bailey already felt his cheeks blushing, he could have looked it up online but the dress was dry clean only so he was afraid he would end up having to ask her to take him anyways. "On my date with August, I got something on my dress and I wanted to know if you knew how we could like get it off, but also like the dress might say dry clean only and if that is.."

Megan held up her hand to stop Bailey's rambling. "You got something on your dress, but it is dry clean only. I imagine you can take it to the dry cleaner and they will take care of it. Wasn't your mom still in town after your date? Why didn't you just ask her?"

She watched as Bailey's almost constant smile faltered a little, though didn't vanish as she acted sheepish looking at the ground. "Umm well I didn't want her to see what I got on it and with everything."

"Sit it out girl, I can't help if you don't tell me everything."

"I got cum on the dress." Bailey said in a small voice.

"You got August's cum on your dress?"

"Peaches I umm no, umm yes I mean some might be his."

"Bailey Ann, look me in the eye this instant and tell me what happened." He slowly slid his eyes up to her, his face felt like it was on fire with how embarrassed he was. Just talking about it made him remember the incident. He really didn't want to, but ended up telling Aunt Megan about everything that happened.

"You shouldn't be embarrassed, I experimented with a girl in college myself. That doesn't make you a lesbien, especially when you clearly like men so much. I know you got caught giving a boy a blow job on the way home from school last year, but it sounds like I was right to make sure you cleaned yourself out for tonight."

"Aunt Megan I like don't want to have sex with Liam!" He put his hand over his mouth, he hadn't meant to raise his voice and was afraid at what she might do for that or for saying he wasn't going to have sex. He was sure she wasn't going to be happy till it happened.

"Aww." Megan wrapped her arms around Bailey. The idea of the piece of trash having to suck a few dicks after how often he cheated on Amanda was a delight and hearing it from Bailey's own lips, that was the best thing she had heard all day. It beat the letter about marrying and children by so much, yet she never really expected things to truly go so far. The douching was because she knew he would hate it and to see how far she could push

him to do things on his own, but he was considering actually having sex. That was a dream, she wasn't sure how well the prosthetic would really work for that, though it looked real enough in practice. "Bailey honey, listen to me well. You never have to have sex with a boy because he takes you on a date or does something for you. If you don't want to have sex simply do what you love and give him a blow job."

"I...I don't like have to have sex with Liam?!" The hug and the little pep talk about not having to have sex came at a complete surprise to Bailey, he thought she was making him do it. She never threatened him with have sex with Liam or you will get punished, but with everything it just felt like that was where she was going. That meant that was all his thinking, he had thought about having sex with Liam on his own. Peaches, peaches, PEACHES! What was wrong with him? With the new information and beating himself up it took a few seconds for him to realize what she had said at the end.

"Of course not pumpkin, you can wait to have sex when you are ready. I'm not silly enough to tell an eighteen year old girl she can't have sex, I'm just advising you to make sure you really want it first."

"But.. like I do have to give him a blow job?" If she was not pushing him to have sex he wanted to know, no needed to know if she was actually going to make him give a blow job. With what happened with August he had little choice with Miss April's threat, but he wasn't sure if Aunt Megan had ever said the same. "Bailey, of course not. I would never tell my niece she had to put a man's cock in her mouth, that would be crossing a line. Tomorrow we can go pick up your cream, dildo and your dress and drop it off at the dry cleaner. If are too embarrassed I will even talk to them for you."

Bailey let out a breath he didn't know he was holding as relief ran through his mind and body. "It isn't like you are my little sisters ex boyfriend who cheated on her constantly. If you were him I would say you had to suck on Liam's dick, while moaning like it was the best thing you have ever tasted. If he didn't do what I said who knows what I would do, he definitely wouldn't be a good girl. So tell me pumpkin, what do you plan to do

tonight?”

She was evil, like the mythology about punishment in hell was nothing compared to her. Sure she wasn't going to force him to have sex, but she set him up perfectly to believe she wasn't going to make him do anything with a dick and then turned it around so he had to admit he wanted to do it or else. Or else could mean taking her niece to one of the brothels to try out a few men or invite someone over. “Well like I was thinking about making sure Liam knew I liked him and I did tease him with the picture of handcuffs and the gag.”

“Don't worry pumpkin, I won't tell your mom, just make sure you swallow tonight so we can have one less thing to drop off at the dry cleaners.”

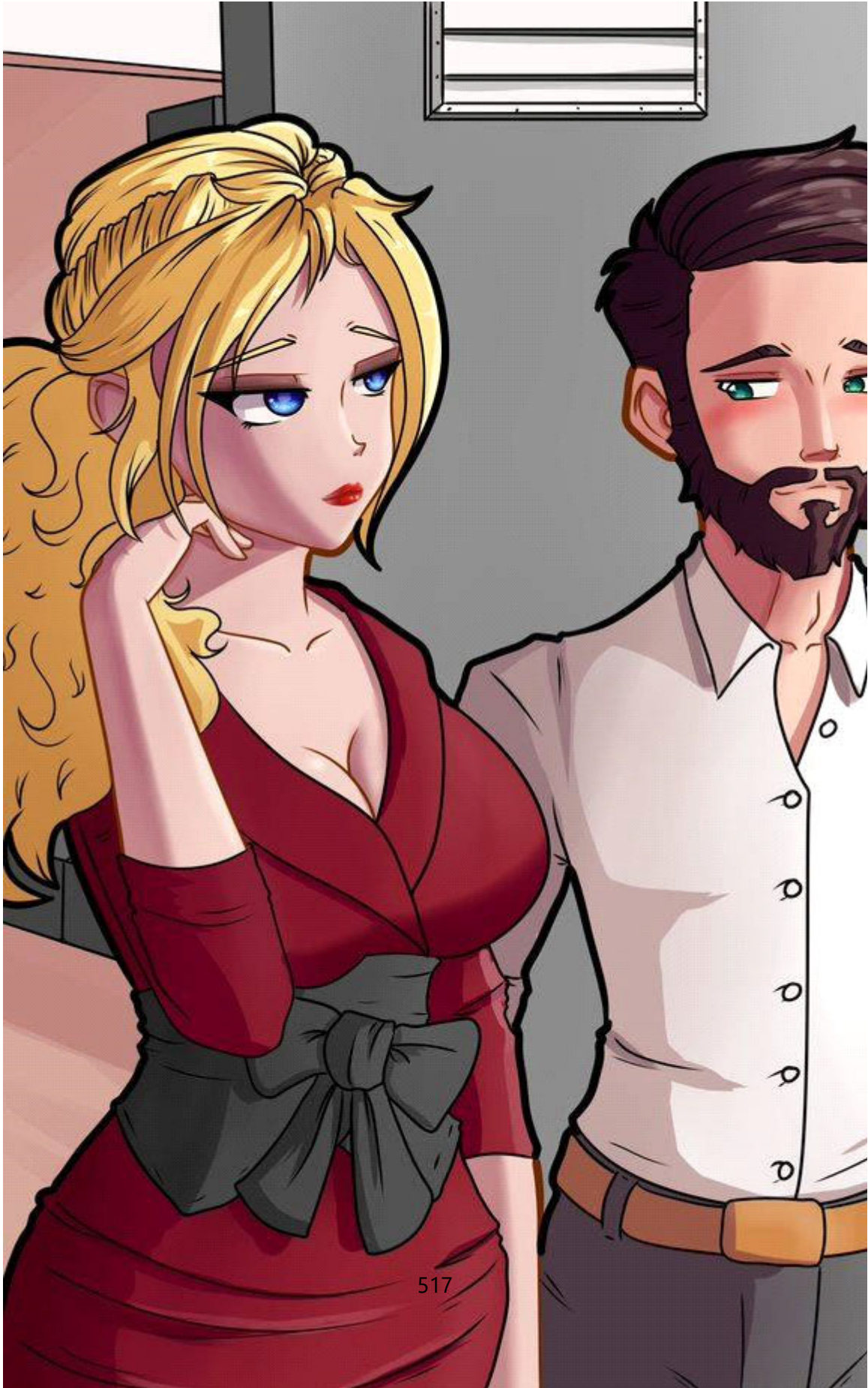
Sitting at the table Bailey's reading was interrupted by the sound of a motorcycle near the house. He wasn't sure if it was Liam pulling up and stopping or just someone passing by, but he held still like it would save him. When one minute turned into two and no knock came to the door Bailey let out a sigh and went back to the childhood development game. Currently he was working with a new mother suffering from postpartum depression and he needed to get the new mother to form a secure bond with her baby to get emotional bonding to happen. The game gave information like postpartum hormones could affect a mother for up to six months and how it is not uncommon for a mother to have emotional outbursts like crying during this time.

It made Bailey think about how he at first told Mommy no about having kids and then told her if it is God's will. Having sex without condoms was always so much better, but at that point he had gotten surgery to make sure he never put a bun in her oven. If he got her pregnant she would be in her fifties by the time that child was ready to learn to drive and heck he had heard of how much riskier it was to have a baby as women got older. Those thoughts were on his mind as he got himself fixed, but as he looked at the little baby on the screen with the scenario mother not wanting to hold it he thought of what really bothered him. One day your parents die, that was true for everyone, but his family it happened much younger than others. If he had a baby then more than likely he would

die before it hit thirty, everyone dies, but the Smiths seemed to have a history of doing it earlier than others. “Like come on Marleene just pick up your baby, he wont stop crying.” Bailey begged the new mother on the screen to do what he wanted, refocusing his attention to the game instead of thinking about his parents and how they mostly left him to his own devices his entire life before leaving him.

“Pumpkin, our dates are here!” Bailey heard Aunt Megan call from the living room. Hitting save on the screen he knew he was going to have to read more into postpartum depression before he figured out how to pass this level, then closed the laptop. Standing up he took a deep breath, checked his makeup with his phone before coming out into the living room.

Opening the front door Megan let Charles and Liam past her, taking notice of how both younger men looked at her. She gave them both a small smile, especially as she noticed Charles’s eyes lingering on her chest. “Hello boys.”



“Hello yourself beautiful.” Chuck said, giving her a kiss on the cheek as he brother gave her a respectful nod and looked upon his date. He saw the pretty platinum blonde girl looking back at him with her green eyes, she seemed to flutter her long eyelashes at him as he took his date in. She wore this white cami top that was all lace below her breasts, it showed off a good deal of her assets and while they weren’t nearly as large as her Aunts, she had plenty for him to touch, and it looked like she was wearing no bra.. Most of her belly was exposed with the small top and tight short black leather skirt. On her feet were a pair of black heeled boots that came up just below her knees. He nodded at her with a big smile, she looked like she was ready to party.

“Hey pretty girl, tonight we are going to have some dinner, some fun and then some fun. You ready?” It was hard for Bailey to look at Liam; he had known him for so long and he really didn’t want to speak up. It would only draw more attention to him, Bailey could just imagine as he spoke up Chuck would snap his fingers and say “Bailey is that you?” So instead he looked away from Liam and nodded his head. A good girl is seen and not heard. The second reason he didn’t want to look at Liam was because the way he was dressed made him look like some anime protagonist. Tight jeans tucked into his mid calf boots, an untucked white button up shirt that had a little chain going across the shirt color on skull pins. He was even wearing leather bracers.

When they stepped outside Bailey was unhappily led by Liam who seemed to immediately take possession of him by putting his hand on his lower back. Aunt Megan locked the house while he was taken to Chuck’s four door Silverado truck. Bailey noted Liam’s... his old motorcycle was nowhere in sight. “Like where is your motorcycle?”

Liam gave his date a little wink as he helped her step up into the back seat of his brother’s truck that he recently cleaned out for him. “We swung by the restaurant first and dropped it off, that way we can leave directly from there to the party. Don’t worry baby, I have thought of everything.” One of us has to, a ditzy girl like you probably doesn’t think of much. He thought to himself noticing she hadn’t brought a purse, and that meant she was ditzier than he thought or had already expected him to take care of everything.

When everyone was in the car Megan looked in the back seat and gave Bailey a smile, seeing Liam sitting in the middle so he could be up against the feminized man. She frowned for a second, not at seeing Liam have one arm draped around Bailey's shoulder and the other sitting on the smooth skin of her thigh. No it was how her niece had forgotten to get her purse when she came to greet the boys. "Pumpkin." She curled her finger beckoning Bailey closer so that she could whisper. "You forgot your purse, go get it and while you are in there put a few condoms in there just in case. You will find a box I bought on my dresser." She loved seeing Bailey's eyes go wide, but she didn't say another word other than to hand Bailey the house key.

"She will be right back, she just forgets things now and then." Megan could see Liam smile as he watched her strut back up to the house, both men were close enough to hear her whisper to Bailey. She could imagine Liam trying to talk Bailey into sex, pushing her like Bailey pushed others and having to actively try to convince Liam that what she really wanted to do was blow him. Tonight Bailey was going to suck her old friends cock. Before this summer was over she was going to make sure Bailey could deepthroat a banana and suck it right out of the peel and even still she bet Bailey would have had his dick sucked more more often then he sucked one with how often Bailey cheated on her sister.

In the house Bailey picked up his small black leather purse with the fake gold chain strap and moved to Aunt Megan's bedroom. Sure enough a box of brand new condoms was sitting there, he really didn't want to grab them, but if he didn't he wouldn't be following directions. A good girl is always obedient. He thought as he ripped open the box and pulled two free. It was odd looking at them in his hand, with the long nails it looked so much like a girl's hand and if a girl was holding condoms where he could see it that meant only one thing and that one thing caused his manhood to start to get a little chubby. "Simmer down, no one is using these." Instead of putting them into his purse he dropped them into the trash can in the kitchen and slid a paper plate over them. The last thing he wanted was Liam to see them when he was touching up his makeup and giving him any ideas. Aunt Megan wasn't going to find out and even if she did it would be worth the consequences. Bailey gave one last look at the trash can before he walked away, second guessing himself. A good girl is always obedient. Despite himself he took them

back out of the trash can and put them into his purse, making sure they were under his cell phone in the small container.

“Get everything you need?” Liam asked as Bailey climbed back into the backseat. Bailey glanced at his Aunt in the front. “I like can’t believe I almost forgot my purse, I would like totally forget my head if it wasn’t attached. Gosh I hope you don’t like think I’m one of those girls that they make those blonde jokes about.” He needed to play in character, the more he acted like this the less likely they were to see a connection to himself and how he looked now.

“I would never make a joke at your expense, I know you aren’t one of those dumb blondes. After all you were smart enough to go on a date with me.” Liam couldn’t see the eyeroll of both his brother and Megan. “I will tell you one of my favorites though. Why can’t a blonde dial 911?” With Liam looking at him intently Bailey shifted his gaze down to his lap, where one of his hands rested while the other was playing with the end of his hair. He hadn’t heard this one before, but he was sure it wasn’t any better than the scratch and sniff sticker at the bottom of a pool. He was ready to tell Liam that everyone can dial that number, but the moment had passed. With him looking away Liam figured she didn’t have an answer to the question.

“Because they can’t find the eleven key.” Without thinking about it Bailey retorted. “Like there is no eleven key.” Liam started laughing, not loudly, but still laughing at his date’s response and he could hear her Aunt getting a kick out of the joke or at least how Bailey reacted to it. “I know.. We all know, you have to hit the one key twice babe.”

“Blonde jokes.” Megan’s words caught Liam’s attention and when he looked at her she was pointing to her own hair. He held up his hands in a placating manner to let her know he heard her. “I have more jokes than those.” Liam gave a squeeze to Bailey’s shoulder.

“A lady had been taking golf lessons and was playing her very first round of golf when she was attacked by a bee. In pain she couldn’t play anymore and went back to the clubhouse to see a medic. Coming inside she saw her instructor and he asked her why she was back

so soon. The woman said how she was stung by a bee and when he asked her where, she told him between the first and second hole. He told her Sounds like your stance was too wide.”

Stance was too wide, Bailey let out a giggle at the silly joke, but Megan did not. “How about you Charles, do you have any jokes?” Chuck looked in the rear view mirror at his brother and then glanced to his beautiful date. “I like to think of myself as the strong silent type, I like to leave putting one’s foot in the mouth to my brother.”

“Bailey liked it, she has good taste.” Liam said as he tickled his date's side, happy to hear her giggle at his touch. “I have a little joke for you, see how you like it.” Liam motioned for Megan to continue.

Megan looked Liam dead in the eye, smiling as she talked. “What are the four words which are a sure fire way to demolish a man's ego?”

“What’s that?” Megan’s smile grew just slightly. “Close and I would say the same ballpark. Imagine if Bailey said to you, Is... it... in... yet...” Chuck burst out laughing, only for a second before he tried to cover it up with coughing. He knew his brother was not endowed, not that he had his brother hard, but it is hard not to see things in the shower at the gym, but Megan had no real way of knowing that other then guessing from his brothers short stature.

“Hahaha.” Liam gave the older women a mock laugh, while Bailey sat quietly thinking how that was a little mean spirited. He wasn’t the biggest guy in the world, and while boys could be mean in the locker room, no girl had ever said something like that, still it cut him. Especially with how his dick was for all purposes nonexistent if someone looked right now. “I will have you know most women don’t actually like those huge dicks people say they like.”

“Oh? Have a lot of experience with big dicks? Or just talking about them?” Megan said

raising her eyebrow.

“Peace, peace. I think Liam has learned his lesson, let's not embarrass him in front of his date.” Chuck said reaching over to take Megan’s hand in his own. “Bailey, my brother has a good heart, he just hasn’t had enough experience with a girl who won't take his shit. If you take after your beautiful and amazing aunt you can whip him into shape and find a good man there.” Upset at both the people in the front seat Liam already knew Bailey was nothing like the older woman other than them both being sexy. Bailey was timid, submissive even and if any whipping got done it was him to her, maybe he would even slap her face a little with his dick before he let her have what she wanted. Liam gave Bailey a little wink before leaning in and pressing his lips to hers. Thrilled at the first of many, many kisses to come.

For the third time in the last few minutes Bailey pushed Liam’s hand off his knee and wished he chose the seat next to Aunt Megan. If August touching him intimately made his skin crawl, Liam’s touch made him want to take sandpaper to where he touched to rid any trace of the experience. He didn’t even have any alcohol to help him through tonight. Aunt Megan and Chuck were drinking red wine, while Liam had a beer. Getting a beer was never going to work, but he had to try at least a little.

“Aunt Megan, could I have a glass of your red wine? Or maybe a white one, like that sweet tasting one?” Megan looked up at the waitress taking their drink orders before shaking her head. “They can’t serve alcohol to anyone under the age of twenty one, you know that pumpkin. If your good maybe you can have a glass of Riesling, that is the sweet wine you are talking about, with dinner tomorrow night.” Turning back to the waitress she ordered for Bailey. “She will have a diet coke.”

She watched as Liam said something to Bailey, she was already smiling. Bailey almost always was, but more life came into it as she nodded at whatever the boy said. It was remarkable the changes that had happened in Bailey. Bailey didn’t try ordering what he wanted, he asked permission and didn’t rebuke her when she told him no. He didn’t even fight when she ordered him a diet coke, she knew he didn’t like the taste of the drink. At

home that was all there was beyond water, but here he had other options. This agreeable girl was so much better than the sexist loud mouth.

The group looked over the menu as Chuck told a story about how he was let go from a company when they came under new management and how they ended up begging him to come back when they realized they would have to pay five people to replace him. “I told them, no I am not going to tell you what I want for a salary. You let me go, if you want me back, give me an offer and then the first two times I rejected it to see how high they would go. It was a cathartic experience.”

Leaning a little closer to her date Megan whispered, but loud enough for the rest of the table to still hear. If the restaurant was louder it might not have carried. “Charles, try not to use big words like cathartic.” She then motioned with her eyes towards Bailey.

“Oh.” Chuck nodded, then gave his best reassuring smile he could looking at the younger blonde. “Cathartic means.. A psychological relief... it is like when you do or say something and it feels good after.” Bailey nodded his understanding, his friend of many years was giving him a vocab lesson. Demeaning, that was the vocab word of the day with everything happening.

“Yeah, so it is cathartic when I remind my brother that little stunt almost lost you the job and we had been living off unemployment for two months.” Liam said his mouth was partially full of a piece of bread he ate with a large smear of the garlic infused butter on the table.

“It all worked out, I got the job back with a much higher salary and you realized it was best if you started to work too. Now we are better off, and that is especially true tonight.” Chuck moved his hand to touch Megan’s shoulder. “Tonight means a lot to me, not only do I have your wonderful company, but you also introduced me to some of your family.”

“I am surprised you hadn’t run into my Bailey before, I know she has heard all about you.” Leaning his head away from Megan and squinting an eye Chuck tried to remember

his friend ever mentioning the woman he was dating having a daughter with the same name as him for the hundredth time. It was possible, but they mostly talked about people they were sleeping with, wanted to sleep with or their next trip to Vegas. The girl had just recently turned eighteen, so he might not have even considered her worth thinking about. That and with his ego it would have been embarrassing to know a ditzzy girly girl had the same name as him and they lived under the same roof. He could just imagine Bailey's face turning scarlet when he woke up on the couch after a bender to find the teen girl had braided his hair or put makeup on his face. "We really didn't talk a lot about our personal lives other than who we were seeing."

"You were best friends and didn't talk about your personal lives?" Chuck shrugged at the question as the waitress came back up to the table to hand out the drinks. "Guys really don't do that."

The conversation was more than distracting to Bailey and he started looking at the menu again when the waitress came back over. It was true, his best friend... his old best friend that couldn't even recognize him when he sat across from him. They didn't ever really get into deep conversations or feelings, when the first of his parents passed Chuck took him out for a drink and asked him how he was feeling and said he was there for him if he needed him. It made Bailey wonder how he would have responded if he told him the truth of how he felt. Candi would hold him and cry with him and then probably ask about some of his favorite memories. If he cried, Chuck probably would have just ordered him a stronger drink to help him get through it.

"Hey babe, do you want chicken, fish or steak?" Liam's touch brought Bailey back into the moment. He was sure tonight he would have a nightmare about his touch. He wasn't really sure what Aunt Megan would let him get away with, so Liam offering up steak as a suggestion was like someone asking him if he would like a thousand dollars. "Steak, yes, steak please!" Bailey's mouth was watering, picturing cutting into a medium rare steak.

"She will have the Grilled steak salad. Babe are you okay with everything else in the salad? Tomatoes, gorgonzola, mushrooms, spicy candied pecans, some creamy

horseradish sauce and balsamic?”

Closing the menu Bailey passed it to the waitress. “Sounds yummy.” At the mention of steak he had looked down to see the new york strip and porterhouse options. It was still going to be steak, he told himself. Count it as a victory, every victory counts. “And I will have the Center cut filet mignon, cook it closer to rare. Have the cook take the cow, show it the oven and feel the heat for a bit, then bring it to the table.

“I will have a cup of lobster bisque to start, then the grilled salmon salad and if you would, please add a touch more balsamic vinaigrette.” Chuck looked at his date and nodded. “That sounds like a really good idea, can I get a bowl of that soup and then for dinner the sausage, mushroom ravioli please.”

When the waitress left Chuck took command of the table again. “Where were we? We talked about my job a little and that is boring so I think we all agree to move on from that. Then we were talking about Bailey here. Bailey, why don’t you tell us what you like to do for fun?” It felt like a spotlight has been moved, blinding him while making everyone else focus on him. The restaurant didn’t actually go silent so everyone could hear him speak, but it felt like it.

“Umm like I dunno. Me and my bestie go to the mall to get our nails done, or buy clothes and shoes.”

“My bestie and I.” Megan corrected Bailey. He felt a small blush come to his cheeks the poor grammar was totally in character, but he hadn’t done it on purpose either. “My bestie and I like to go to the mall, but like you don’t want to hear me talk about clothes and the upcoming fall fashion. I would totally rather hear Liam tell me about himself.” That’s it Bailey, just a little information and deflect.

Chuck was ready to wave his hand at that and say how his brother was the boring one, but this was a date for him too, so he thought he would throw him a bone. “Most people call him Lee now, I know I get corrected all the time.” Liam gave a small glare at his

brother.

“Look like her and you can call me what you want.”

“Best not interrupted your big brother Liam when he is trying to talk you up. You see Liam donates some of his time to charity. He goes down to a shelter and helps them pass out food to the needy.” Liam’s glare grew harder. Megan could tell the tension in the air went up and she wasn’t sure why. That was actually a very admirable act and thinking about someone like him doing that when she didn’t made her want to do more.

“That is a wonderful thing to do, don’t you think so Bailey?” Bailey was sure that was bullshit, Liam would never do charity work, but he couldn’t say that. “Oh my god, you like really do that? Wow, you are like so kind.”

Chuck gave a wink to his brother, it was true he did that, but it was more community service ordered by a judge after more than a few run-ins with the police for public intoxication. Public intoxication was a stupid charge to begin with, but he also hoped having to do the community service taught his brother a lesson on moderation or where it was he drank. “That is just me, I’m a giver.” Liam said, moving his hand up to Bailey’s cheek and leaning in for a soft kiss. He loved kissing this girl’s pouty lips, the way they looked made them irresistible and he couldn’t wait to do much more with them. The way she whimpered at the kiss told him how much she wanted him.

When the hand touched his face Bailey closed his eyes, trying to keep any revulsion from his face. Then when he felt Liam’s lips press into his he let out a tiny whimper. Like why does he keep kissing me! Bailey screamed mentally. Aunt Megan was getting exactly what she wanted, Bailey was sure of it and things were going to get worse tonight. He tried not to focus on that, he was about to have some steak, it was in a salad, but it was steak and at the party Laim said he could drink as much beer as he wanted. Small victories Bailey, take the small victories, you can do this girl.

When dinner was over the group said their goodbyes, Bailey was shocked when Aunt

Megan didn't threaten him, or remind him of what he was supposed to do in the bathroom or when she hugged him goodbye. She did look a bit tipsy from the three glasses of wine, if only he could keep her on that so she stayed in the mood she was in. He had never seen her like this before, she was smiling, flirting and down right bubbly with how she giggled. Bailey had been seeing her as a force of nature that he couldn't stop, but Aunt Megan was a happy drunk. As Bailey walked away from her he looked over his shoulder thinking Chuck was going to be happy tonight.

"Here, I got this when someone is riding with me." Liam held out a pink visorless helmet, but there didn't seem to be one for himself. He reached into a satchel on the bike and put on some sunglasses to help him with the setting sun and his gloves. "This thing goes pretty fast, so make sure you hold on tight babe."

Clipping the strap under his chin Bailey looked at Liam sitting on the bike, his old bike. He was about to ride pillion and hold onto another man like he was some biker's old lady. Getting on the tight leather skirt rode up an inconvenience Bailey could do nothing about and as Liam took off much faster than Bailey was expecting he latched onto him. Wrapping his arms around his chest to keep from falling off and unfortunately pressing his sensitive chest that didn't even have the protection of a bra into Liam's back.

The wind whipped around them as Liam moved through traffic, the old feeling of the motorcycle vibrating under him was different than before, it seemed... more. It felt wonderful, it felt... Bailey suddenly realized the vibrations that were running up from the bike were causing the vibrator wrapped around the head of his dick to come to life. The prosthetic was sensitive enough that when Liam picked up speed the thing took it as stimulation and responded by turning on. "Ahhh, ahhh." Bailey wanted it to stop, but he was literally trapped with nowhere to go. He tightened his hold on Liam as his imprisoned cock thickened and pressed on the walls of the false vagina. "Mmmm, mmmmm, maaaaa." It felt so good, so incredibly good and with not getting off earlier today Bailey found himself rocking his hips to the pleasure. "Mmmm, maaaaeeriee, eee, eee, eee, eeeee, AHHHHH!"



Liam smiled, he had heard of something like this happening before, but thought it was an urban legend, but Bailey was really getting off on this. So instead of taking the direct route he moved up an interstate ramp so he could add some more speed for the girl and let her have her fun. Hearing her though made him consider taking her right to the bathroom so she could blow him. Her cries and moans were making him hard, but unlike her. Just traveling wasn't going to get him off.

Bailey's vision swam, so he closed his eyes, letting the pleasure overtake him. It was pointless to fight this and why should he? It wasn't like he was some girl getting off, no he literally had a vibrator around his dick. The order and speed of his thoughts were all over the place and soon gone completely as he felt himself cum. It felt like an explosion of pleasure, he wasn't sure when the last time he got off was, but it was way longer than he ever went before. "Ahhhhhhh, oh god, oh god." He wanted to loosen his grip and go crawl into a bed, but the night was nowhere near over.

Unmounting the motorcycle Bailey felt his legs unsteady on his high heeled boots and accepted Liam's hand. "Enjoy the ride babe?" Liam asked with a knowing smile. Even over the roar of the engine he could hear the girl moaning in his ear, and it had left with a hard on.

"Umm yeah totally, motorcycles are fun." I can't believe I just got off on that, but wow did that feel good. Bailey needed that orgasm and wondered if every girl had a reaction like that when they rode like that. Lost in thought he hardly noticed when Liam took his hand and pressed it to his own crotch, the way Liam moved Bailey's hand he ended up gripping the member through the pants. "I know you got your baby, only fair to give what you got."

Bailey blinked rapidly at his long time friend, shocked he would do something like this out in the open. They were parked in front of a large house, the street was packed with cars. The only reason they were able to find a spot at all was because of the small footprint of the motorcycle. "Now? Out here?" Bailey both felt and heard his voice squeak. Aunt Megan had been clear about what was expected of him. A good girl is

obedient.

Liam blinked back at the girl, pulling her closer with his free hand and kissed her. She must like what she felt because when his member twitched she opened her mouth so he could use his tongue. “Mmmm, ya I was talking about a quick blow job in the bathroom, but...” Liam looked around the area. The sun had just set and if they stayed between the two cars like they were a blow job out in public would be incredibly hot. “Yeah, let’s do it out here. Wow Bailey you are just the perfect little nympho.”

When Liam let go of his hand Bailey touched the long nail of his right index finger to his lip, just looking at the younger man lean on his bike. He had come a long way in confidence, hell he never would have asked Mommy for something like this ever. “I’m not a nympho...” Bailey said in a small voice, hating what he was about to do. They were about to go into a frat party and there they would have no privacy and while it had been a long time since he was at Frat party, he did recall a drunk couple getting it on where others could see. He did not want to be giving Liam a blowjob in the middle of a crowd. Out here was dark, so maybe no one would see.

Not wanting to scrape his knees on the asphalt, Bailey squatted down on his heeled feet and reached for Liam’s crotch. “No? Then tell me babe, you obviously want my cock. So what are you?”

“A good girl and proud.” The answer came automatically to his lips, followed by the memory of him saying how he liked to please and tease and sometimes did it on his knees. It made him feel like dinner was going to come back for revenge.

“Hey Li! Glad you could make it man!” Bailey’s hand had just grasped his dates zipper when the voice came from the other side of the car. Not wanting to get caught Bailey popped back up, seeing a taller asian young man approaching. Liam put his arm around Bailey’s waist, trying his best to hide his annoyance.

“Hey Lucas, thanks for the invite, we were just about to head inside.” Liam could see his

friend eyeing his date up. He wished he had stayed inside for a while longer, but now the hot public blow job couldn't happen.

"This her? Hey girl, I heard you know how to party." Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god he knows what I was about to do. Thank the heavens I don't have to do it, but he knows!

"Bailey? Oh yeah my girlfriend knows how to party. She was just telling me how happy she was to be brought here." Liam gave his date a kiss on her exposed shoulder, she was about to blow him the least he could do is throw out the word girlfriend. Girls always seemed to be really big on titles like that, and while he didn't know how long he would keep her around, the fact she was into so much kinky stuff like public sex and bondage told him she would keep in interested for a while. "Nice, nice, yeah bro come on in we just got a keg setup!"

Stepping into the house with music blaring, Bailey saw a ton of people and while it wasn't possible for them to know every person that looked at him he wondered if they knew he was just about to suck a cock outside. Feeling insecure Bailey wrapped his arms around his stomach as he was led through the small crowd of people. "That was my mate Lucas, he is the treasurer of the fraternity. I think they gave him the job because he is asian, some racism there. He is on the university's baseball team, ball players aren't exactly known for their money handling skills."

The always present smile was on Bailey's face, he moved a strand of hair that got caught on his lipstick and just nodded to Liam. "You okay babe? You seem a little out of it?" Girl must be upset she didn't get to swallow me up like she was hoping to. "Hey, stay here for a second and I will get us some beers. How does that sound?" Liam asked before Bailey could answer his first question. Bailey's eyes went wide with excitement, much of the fear leaving him for the second thinking about finally being able to drink alcohol again. "Oh my god I would love a beer!"

When Liam returned Bailey was more than happy to hold the little green bottle in his hands. Touching a few fingers to his mouth he could feel his taste buds salivating at the

thought of imbibing beer again. His eyes practically sparkled with excitement, he once took it for granted he could drink whenever he wanted. He had been getting beer on his own before he was even allowed to drink legally. “Liam, you have like no idea how happy this makes me, I sooo miss drinking!”

Liam gave his date an odd look, the way she was talking made it clear the girl hadn’t been an experienced drinker, and this might even be her first time holding a beer considering she was happy to be drinking the cheap stuff. It was a frat party after all and it wasn’t like they could afford better, they were more about quantity over quality. After this bottle he would be getting his beer from the keg, that at least wasn’t the cheapest beer on the market.



As the first sip of beer ran over Bailey tongue he tasted the aggressive malty flavor, letting it linger for just a second before swallowing. “Mmm that is what I wanted.” Bailey said bringing the bottle back to his lips and tilting his head back, swallowing the beer in one go. Gulp after gulp it went down til the bottle was empty. “Liam, can I please have another!?” Bailey asked looking around behind Liam to see if he could spot a cooler. The beer was cheap, it wasn’t that good, but that wasn’t the point. The point was he was free to drink like he used to and he was going to take advantage of that and maybe, just maybe if he drank enough he wouldn’t remember what he had to do come morning.

“Experienced drinker are you?” Liam asked, chuckling to himself seeing the girl have what he thought might have been her first beer. He wondered what she would think when he introduced her to something that actually tastes good. “Like yeah kind of, I have had lots, but not like in a while.”

“You should drink that a little slower, the party is just starting. I will get you another one when I need a fresh one.” Liam took a sip of his beer, thinking he needed to swap over to the keg sooner rather than later, but before he could tell Bailey that now seemed like a good time she stomped her foot and gave him a pouty face. “But like I want another one now! Just tell me where you got it and I will take care of it.”

He gave her a smirk, she was a bit of a spoiled brat, but he could live with that considering what else she brought to the table. “You know what, sure. Come with me to the kitchen I saw someone mixing drinks, maybe you would like something they are making.”

With drinks in hand the couple sat on the couch in one of the side rooms where some of the guys were yelling and cheering on a pair of guys playing a football video game on the big screen television. “Are you comfortable? How is your drink?” Bailey looked down at the purple drink in the red solo cup. It was nothing but cran-grape juice and whipped cream vodka and if Bailey didn’t watch it be made he would have sworn the thing was just grape juice, but with the way his head was starting to feel he knew it was strong,

either that or he wasn't able to hold his liquor like he used to.

"I'm comfy and It taste like grapes... it's good. Do you want some!?" With the strength of the drink Bailey thought maybe if he started to give things like this to Liam nothing would happen tonight. Aunt Megan couldn't fault him for Liam getting too drunk to perform.

"I bet you would be more comfortable in my lap, why don't you hop on up." Taking a sip of his drink Bailey shook his head. He did not want to be sitting in another man's lap, every time that has happened so far ended up badly, the very fact he ended up in August's lap was enough reason to think so. "I'm good here, but you should drink my drink." Bailey pressed his half drunken cocktail into Liam's free hand, his smile growing wider that it had worked.

"I will go like get another, you stay here and drink that!" Bailey hopped up to his feet, took a second to get steady on his heels, giggled and then moved off back to the kitchen. Happy he finally had a plan to save himself, from the horror of what he almost did right outside this frat house. He had to wait in line and tell a few men that he was with Liam before he was able to get another of the concoctions. When he came out of the kitchen and spotted Liam sipping on the red solo cup he wanted to pump his arms, but instead he gave his date a little wave of his fingers when they made eye contact across the room. Yes Liam, drink up, drink up tonight you are the one going to be the one black out drunk.

The girl was just so incredibly hot and cute at the same time, Liam thought as Bailey waved at him. He would rather be drinking whiskey, but if she wanted to play a miniature game of hostess with him he was fine playing along. She had been a little stiff and more than a little tease with how she would bend over so he could look down her top, or how she bent over at the waist to pick up her purse when it fell on the floor. The girl had practically thrust her ass into his face, making him want to keep her bent over right there and have her, but that would have to wait. As she sat down again he put his arm around her.

His date pulled away at first before letting herself lean into him. New experiences like a frat party, the crowd had her a bit on edge. The alcohol would help, but he knew exactly what he could do to speed this along. He had a little cocktail he liked to use in situations like this: a little rohypnol would relax her. He knew it was often called the date rape drug, but he wasn't going to use it for that. It was obvious that this night was going to end in sex, he didn't need the help with that, but if you mixed it with ecstasy it cut down on some of the side effects of both drugs. She would be relaxed, ease her tensions and bring their sexual adventures to new heights. He didn't know how experienced she was in that department, but with a little help from the drugs she was going to have a hard time topping this with another man. He just needed to wait till she was ready for another drink.

When he saw she was now just sipping her drink, a big change to that first beer he gave her, Liam figured he had to take action himself instead of being passive. Nothing good came to those that waited, good things came to those that acted. Tilting back the cup she gave him Liam finished the grape drink off, giving Bailey a large smile. "Babe, I'm going to get another one of these, be right back." The quick kiss Bailey endured as Liam went off was worth it, with how strong they were making these drinks Liam was going to be passed out here on the couch before long. Waiting for Liam Bailey pulled out his cell phone and texted Candi. He was so happy that he was finally feeling like his old self, drinking again and being clever to get his way.

Bailey: Hey girl!!!

Candi: Someone is in a good mood :)

Bailey: I'm at a party

Candi: I thought you were on a date

Bailey: Liam took me 2 a frat party!

Candi: I take it the date is going well then?

Bailey: He tries 2 kiss me a lot more than Auggy

Bailey: Like lots more!

Bailey giggled to himself looking at his phone screen, thinking it was funny he had called

him Auggy like his phone contact.

Candi: Sounds like it is going very good then.

Bailey: I got 2 ride on my old motorcycle and it was... wow.

Candi: Your old motorcycle?

Bailey: His old motorcycle

Candi: Ah, so my little sister is dating a bad boy

Bailey: He is coming back!

Candi: Lol you have fun sis

Holding the new drink in his hand Liam held out his hand to Bailey. "Give me your drink." With thinking much of it Bailey handed over his drink, but unsure why even as he watched Liam put both drinks down on the nightstand next to the couch. "Good now stand up." Taking Liam's hands, again Bailey did as requested. "Good, now give me a kiss."

One arm snaked around his waist while the other was on the back of his head pulling him closer to his old friend. As their lips met Bailey wished he didn't keep ending up in situations like this. Liam's kiss was different than when he kissed August. August's face was scratchy sometimes from his light beard, while Liam's face was smooth. Both had an intensity, but with Liam it was more like he had something to prove, something to claim. At least now as they kissed his mouth tasted like the grape drink, Bailey thought. As the kiss ended Liam sat down, pulling Bailey down with him so that he ended up sitting exactly where he was avoiding earlier, in his lap. "Best seat in the house." Liam said putting his hand on his dates stomach as he reached for one of the cups.

One was a little emptier than the other, so grabbing the more full cup, the one he just got he handed it to Bailey before taking her cup as his own. "How about a toast. To good dates, and promise for more adventures in the future."

After kissing Liam and sitting in his lap Bailey knew he would never be able to hang out with him again after this was all over. No matter what happened this friendship was over.

Every touch brought shame, and while he mentioned him before having those same moves used on him felt horrible. With Liam's hand on his exposed stomach, Liam putting the moves on him. It was like he gave a roadmap to him for his own destruction. "To the future!" He tried to sound excited to encourage him to drink up. Bailey was betting this one and one more would pretty much do it for Liam, one more might even be pushing it before he got sloshed. Taking a gulp of the mixed drink Bailey savored the sweet grape drink, it was going to be his last for the night and probably for a while with how this summer was shaping up.

Bailey wasn't sure how much longer he was on Liam's lap, but the world started to feel kind of fuzzy and slow. The thin material of his top felt so nice on his skin as the house's air conditioner blew over his body, even Liam's touch felt different... better like it was electricity with how it sent tingles through him. When he was kissed next Bailey found himself wrapping his arms around him, melting into his body. His white button up shirt was so much scratchier than his own shirt, but the way it pressed and rubbed into him with the warmth of Liam's body behind it felt amazing. Like holding your hands over a fire on a cold night and his lips... his lips they... they were so good. They shouldn't be, but Bailey couldn't help himself kiss him back hungrily.

Being slid off his lap should be exactly what he wanted, but being moved to the couch deprived him of feeling the warmth of Liam's lap. He wanted that, but oh... the couch cushion felt so soft too. Then it was gone and Bailey had a vague awareness he was moving through the house, up some stairs. He was taller than everyone up here, he could look down over them! "Like what are we... I mean where."

Bailey felt Liam's finger press to his lips as he brought him into a dirty bedroom upstairs. Taking Liam's hand Bailey kissed the finger giggling, everything felt so... so new. "That little cocktail I gave you seems to be doing wonders for you." Liam said, popping a pill of ecstasy himself. He didn't need the relaxation like Bailey did, just the pure fun of ecstasy. Coming up behind Bailey he wrapped his hands around her back, touching her exposed stomach, kissing her neck gently. "Ahhh that feels waaaaay better than it should." Bailey

said mostly mumbling.

“You will love this babe.” Moving his hands up Liam moved her shirt up, exposing her breasts. Kissing her neck he started to run his hands over her chest, giving little squeezes as he massaged her. “Ah, no, no don’t do that... ahhhh.” The touch vanished, Bailey thought he felt something tightening around one of his ankles and then the next. The tightness remained, but before he could inspect what happened the hands and kissing was back. Bailey’s body wanted to press back into Liam, give in to the euphoria, but this wasn’t right. With all his will power he took one step forward, before he felt his arms being pulled behind his back. “Wha... what are you doing Liam?”

He was wrapping his belt around her wrists, binding the girl just like she enjoyed, like he had told her. Well she said handcuffs, but those didn’t arrive in time. “You said you liked bondage right?” Liam watched as she tried to look behind her, she almost stumbled forward with the metal bar strapped between her legs, keeping them apart. The girl was either a pure ditz trying to walk with that on or he let her have too much to drink. Holding her up with one hand he ran the other over her exposed chest again, giving a tweek to her nipple. “Yeah, I like do... but...” Bailey wanted to tell him how he liked tying a girl up, not being tied up, but he pulled his head to the side and pressed his lips to his own, again.

Bailey was powerless to stop the kiss, but it still felt incredible. “I just can’t resist you any longer, your ass is amazing.” Bailey felt a slap to his ass, the pain felt different, different in a very sensual way. His hidden member was already trying to break free from its prison after the touching, the kissing the fondling of his sensitive... everything, but with the smack he felt himself twitch. The world still felt so off, it was like he was half a sleep, but one thought came though to him the feeling of something warm and stiff pressing into him from behind. The alarm bells started to ring and ring loudly, he couldn’t move but if he didn’t do something he wouldn’t be giving a blow job. Liam was about to fuck him... and then he would find out about the prosthetic, then he would find out who he really was and... his mind had a hard time focusing with everything running through his

system and Liam's caresses.

"My ass.." Pulling Bailey up against his now naked form, minus his socks, Liam's dick twitched against Bailey's ass cheek. He had pulled her little leather skirt up and loved the sight of what he saw. "Your ass? You want to do anal!?" The girl was truly kinky, he had never done anal and loved that she was into so much.

"No, stop... .ahhh, ohhhh ahhh, ah, ah, LIAM... LIAM... AH, AH, ohhh....." He was groping his chest again, it felt incredible, but it needed to stop. A blow job was one thing.. But this was something completely different. Liam loved hearing her go as his lips left her lips and moved to her nipples. He moved his fingers around and pinched the nipples on her left breast while he took the right in his mouth. When he had given one enough attention he swapped, her breasts were a good handful, and while he liked a girl with a bigger chest he was more than happy with hers.

When he knew her motor must be running he moved around behind her and pulled up her leather skirt and bent her forward. He could literally feel her trembling in anticipation, trying to say something between her panting, but he could literally feel how wet she was when he moved his dick to her pussy. She was in desperate need of a good fucking and he enjoyed every second of it. The anal sounded nice, but this was just the warm up. Even with how drunk she was and the little helper pill he could feel her squeezing his cock inside of her as he fucked her from behind.



Bailey couldn't feel the dick inside of him, but he could feel Liam's body slapping into him from behind as he was bent over, his chest swaying with each thrust. The device around his dick vibrating away, it somehow was better than before. Better than it ever had been, Bailey could feel everything, the vibrator, the gell around his dick. The sway of his chest, the drool coming out of his mouth. This was bad on a level he couldn't think of, but at the same time it was the best experience of his life.

At some point it had ended, Bailey had stumbled forward and lay on the bed in the room, ass still exposed, feet held open, hands held behind his back and something dropping down his leg. He vaguely heard the door open to the room. "Looks like you started without me." The voice was familiar, but Bailey's eyes were starting to feel so heavy. His body felt so spent and so sweaty, he was on a bed, all he had to do was close his eyes and let sleep take him. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god." Bailey started to repeat as realization hit him what was running down his leg, a mixture of Liam's cum and his own.

"She always like this?" Bailey paid no mind to the voice, his thoughts only for what had just happened and why he was still tied up.

"Oh my god? Yeah she says that all the time, just stick it in and she will take care of you." Stick it in? Bailey wasn't sure what Liam meant till he was slid off the bed, held up by the large asian man he saw earlier. Then it happened, a dick was in his face again, but he was too slow to do anything or even react to it before the large dick was shoved into his mouth. "MMMMMMMM!" The dick in his mouth wasn't the end because a second later he felt hands on his hips, Liam's hands. Then the vibrator came to life once again as he felt Liam's skin start to smack against his own causing his body to move and bounce.

Facing a new direction while being fucked from behind by Liam and his face fucked by Lucas, Bailey was able to see when the door opened and in the doorway was Chuck.

"Mmm! UHHH... UHHH..!" Bailey tried screaming when he saw his friend, his friend could save him. Lucas stopped thrusting into his mouth, but hadn't taken his member out. "Hey.. ahh Chuck, we are kinda in the middle of something. Unless you are going to

join in and if you did I hoped you brought along your date... please fuck off.”

Bailey wiggled the best he could, trying to pull his face back to get the dick out of his mouth now that Lucus wasn't holding on. The hard slap on his ass sent a small wave of pain and still surprising pleasure through his body, but it had caused him to buck enough that the cock came out of his mouth with a pop. Bailey met eyes with Chuck, his lip quivering as he looked at him. It was an odd mix of feelings to have gotten off once, close to getting off again and feeling so helpless, so used. “Help.”

The voice was small, but a second later the thick member was back in his mouth. “I got what you want right here, no need to beg for it. The thick cock slid into Bailey's mouth, it wasn't as long as August's, but it was a little thicker. He just hoped Chuck stopped this quickly.

“Came to give you this, wouldn't have but Megan said you might get in trouble without it.” Chuck had tossed his wallet to the floor in the room. “The offer is tempting, but I left Megan in the car and as it is we are missing the opening. Also Liam... put a fucking sock on the door.”

With that Bailey watched Chuck leave, closing the door behind him, leaving him alone with the two men spit roasting him like some porn video he had seen. It was horrible, disgusting and at the same time felt erotic, electric and so good. Making it all the much worse.

Waking up Bailey's head was pounding; his shoulders and jaw was sore and as sleep fully started to fade he realized he was in an unfamiliar room with an arm around him. Things from the previous night started to come back to him, it was like a bad dream, the world felt like it was moving through molasses, while his sense of touch was enhanced to the point that what happened had felt beyond amazing.

Bits and piece of the evening were missing, making his memories feel jumbled, but his feelings were clear. He had been afraid, turned on, angry. Betrayed and helpless. Looking

down at the arm he could tell at a glance it was Liam and even the thought of him caused a shiver to run down his spine. He had gotten really drunk last night, so it was possible much of what he thought he remembered was just part of some nightmare, like the time he was in bed with Derrick and Mommy. Whatever it was, he was still in bed with the man now and he needed to get away.

Slipping free of the bed Bailey was afraid it would wake Liam, but he didn't even so much as roll over. Checking himself over Bailey could tell he needed to clean up in the bathroom, but he had fallen asleep fully dressed... almost it seemed his panties were on the floor, but he had even slept in the heeled boots. Spotting his purse Bailey picked it up and then bent over for his panties, but before he touched them he heard Liam stirring in the bed. Not wanting to be here when he woke up Bailey hurried off out of the room, leaving the soiled garment where it had been left the night before.

The frat house was mostly quiet, with no one away that Bailey could see. Taking the time to use the bathroom downstairs he could see how bad he looked. Mascara had run, lipstick was smeared, something more than just drool had dried at the corner of his mouth. "Bailey you look like shit..." Touching his chin, seeing and feeling what was dried there he let out a long sigh. "Not all a nightmare then..." Cleaning himself up the best he could Bailey pulled out his phone about to reach out to Candi to come get him. It wasn't like he was going to wake Liam up for a ride back to Aunt Megan's place, but he hesitated.

Bailey was unsure what he was going to tell her. Hey could you come get me now that Liam and some other guy fucked me last night? Just thinking about that Bailey feel weak in the knees and slowly moved to sitting on the floor in the unfamiliar bathroom. He didn't just have sex, it was sex with another man... and a second man. Part of his mind knew it was the same guy... Lucas that he felt so thankful for when he interrupted the public blowjob, but he just couldn't picture his face. Just his dick, the way it looked, the way it felt. It wasn't just sex, he was raped. "No... no it wasn't that. I just got too drunk, I hadn't had alcohol in a few weeks and I have lost so much weight. If I hadn't gotten so

drunk that wouldn't have happened, Liam was just... just...

Tears came to Bailey's eyes, it didn't feel like he was just being overly emotional, he felt violated. His mind wanted to justify away what he remembered last night. It was the alcohol, the way he flirted with Liam, how he almost gave him a blow job. What as Liam to think other than he wanted to have sex... Aunt Megan had sent him messages how he loved bondage. It was true, but not like that... not like that. It was just something that happened, it wasn't rape. It was just sex... it was something that happened to him that he didn't want. It couldn't be rape, because that would mean he let another man rape him. It had to just be sex, because he enjoyed it...

Wiping the tears from his cheeks Bailey looked back down at his phone, deciding what he was going to tell his best friend. It was a bad date, he needed a lift home. He didn't want to go to Aunt Megan's place. Going to see her she might ask him what happened and he didn't want to think about it anymore. He didn't want to explore those thoughts about why it happened, or why it felt so good. He just wanted to go home, get in bed and have a good sleep.

Bailey: I like know it is early, but do u think u could come give me a lift home?

Candi: Well good morning! :)

Candi: Of course I can come pick you up!

Candi: That said how come your bad boy date can't give you a lift home?

Bailey: Candi, please we can like talk later.

Bailey: Please come get me.

Candi: Im like putting my shoes on now, gimmie the address. OMW!

The door handle rattled more than once while Bailey sat on the floor, hugging his legs to his chest. He called out occupied each time, he was not going to leave the safety of the locked room till Candi was outside. Soon as she texted him that she was there he bolted out of the house, ignoring everyone that so much as looked at him, let alone said anything. It wasn't till he got inside his Mommy's car that Candi had used that Bailey let

out a long breath, slumping his shoulders, able to relax for the first time.

It was rare that Candi didn't see her friend smiling, she wasn't always here in the moment, but she more often than not was smiling. It was her default expression and attitude to just be happy and at times she could tell it was just a mask. The face she used to brave and handle the world, but even that was gone. "I'm not taking you home."

Bailey looked up at Candi in shock, her voice was soft, but not playful. "Wh... why?" His emotions were still running high and just being told that made him feel like he was going to cry again.

"Because my little sister shouldn't be alone right now. She is going to come back to the hotel with Nana and myself. She is going to get a shower, a change of clothes, an ear to listen when she is ready to tell her big loving sister what happened and as many hugs as she can handle. Maybe a few more than she can handle. Does that sound okay?" Candi's soft friendly voice got gentler when she asked the question at the end. It seemed like to hard of a push and her best friend might break and she really needed to help her.

"Yeah..." Bailey nodded a little, reaching over to give Candi a hug, to thank her and because the idea of being hugged sounded wonderful. "Great, you just leave everything to your big sis." Candi said wrapping both arms around her friend, making sure to apply enough pressure and hold on long enough. Her Daddy told her once a long hug can release endo... edorph, something that made people feel better and Bailey needed that right now, she needed her right now.

After getting a shower and borrowing clothes from Candi, a white thin strapped crop top, short pink cotton shorts, matching socks and some underwear. Bailey felt a lot better, a lot cleaner. He didn't even take the time to consider that he was wearing a pair of an eighteen year old girl's panties or that the bra he had borrowed fit. As he slid the tube of lipstick across his lips he just knew it felt good to be clean and put together. The smile on the girl in the mirror didn't reflect the shifting emotions and thoughts he was trying to keep at bay, but he couldn't think about that now. A good girl always looks her best. A

good girl always smiles. Bailey opened the bathroom door, feeling more composed to face Candi.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Candi asked from the other side of the couch. She often sat next to her friend, but Bailey had chosen to create space between them with where she sat, and she was going to respect that. For a short time at least. When Bailey walked into the living room of the hotel suite Candi was sitting on the couch watching a reality tv show about some minor celebrity that a camera followed around in their everyday lives. It was trash tv, but tv he had watched a little of with her. It was a distraction and one he was happy to have, but as she asked the question Bailey looked at her questioning himself if he should admit anything. His first reaction was no, he could handle it, but he didn’t feel like he could. After spending time with her he didn’t think bottling things up before was the right way to go, he just didn’t have a friend like to release upon. Mommy was there, but he had to be strong for her, the only thing he had to be for Candi is to be there for her and let her be there for him.

With it just being Candi in the room he could let it out... let some of it out. Nana was in one of the suites' bedrooms watching a rerun of Wheel of Fortune. “So like... I went on a double date with Aunt Megan, but only for dinner. Then Liam took me to a party at a frat house.” Candi put her hand up to stop her. She wasn’t sure if she should just let Bailey tell her story or stop her to ask questions, but if she was going to help her she wanted to know everything she could.

“Where did Aunt Megan and her date go?”

“They umm went to like an orchestra or play or something.” Things would have like been sooo different if we just went with them. A nice, but boring evening would have been so much better.

“That sounds like it could have been fun, how come you didn’t go to? Oh no tickets I guess?” Bailey shook his head, Liam had brought up the frat party before the night and he had made the choice then to go. A night of drinking and games seemed like so much

more fun, and those parts of the night were fun. At one point they played a drinking game called ring of fire, always one of his favorites.

“Umm I like wanted to go to the party.” Bailey looked away from his friend, feeling embarrassed about his bad decision. Candi nodded to her friend seeing wha she was pretty sure was shame on her face. Parties were always fun, and she imagined she would be attending more than a few at a frat house or sorority house when she went off to college, but considering the look on Bailey’s face she didn’t want to comment. So instead she waited for her to resume where she had left off.

“I ended up drinking, we played games.”

“How much did you drink?” Candi asked interrupting again.

“Too much, not enough...” If I had more maybe I wouldn’t remember, Bailey mentally finished the sentence.

“Okay, so you drank not enough, but also too much and then played some games. What else?” She still want’ sure if something bad happened or just something super embarrassing. She could imagine going to party and having one to many wine coolers and saying something people thought was stupid. She learned when she was younger that when people say no question is stupid, they meant they didn’t want to hear a question they thought was stupid, so she often didn’t bring things up she didn’t understand in the moment.

“We went up to a bedroom and...”

“Stop! You didn’t!?” Candi said with excitement in her voice, moving from sitting on the couch to getting up on her knees.

“Shhhh, not so loud.” Bailey held his index finger to his lips, shushing his friend. The last thing he wanted was Nana to come out here. He didn’t want to admit any of this, but he

had to get it out.

“We umm had sex and I was drunk, maybe we were drunk and he...” Tears were starting to come to Bailey’s eyes. Just saying this made him start to feel vulnerable all over again. He was a man, he shouldn’t be with another man, he shouldn’t have felt so helpless, it shouldn’t have felt good. He shouldn’t have felt like there was no choice.

“Liam, he what?” Candi said in a stern voice, her hackles starting to rise. She didn’t see any bruises on Bailey, she didn’t want to believe Liam who looked and acted like he was some bad boy would hurt a girl, but Bailey had also said they were drunk. Then something clicked in her mind. “Wait, was being with Liam your first time!?”

Tears welling up in his eyes, Bailey nodded. It was not his first time, but it was his first time with another man, something that should never have happened. “It... it was bad.”

“The sex was bad? Like it didn’t feel good or like he hurt you?” Bailey shook his head, wishing he didn’t have to admit this, but he couldn’t lock it up inside.

“No....” His voice came out in a whine. “It felt good, like him kissing my neck, touching my chest felt incredible,” Bailey had a flash of memory where Liam held his hands back behind him, his legs held apart as he thrust inside of him. He could only feel the pressure from his dick, but the vibrator around his own member felt so much better than it ever had. It was like the sensitivity on his skin had been turned up. Bailey had pressed back into Liam’s crotch as he was fucked, he had not only been fucked, but at participated.

“But like... I didn’t want it, not with him, but it also felt good.” Scooting over on the couch, Candi wrapped her arms around Bailey. “You said you drank too much, did he take advantage of you? Did he ra...” Bailey pulled back and shook his head, not wanting to hear the word.

“We were both drunk.” He had always been able to outdrink Liam and even with losing some weight no way could Liam not have been drunk if he had. Bailey knew he had made

sure Liam drank more than him.

“Still...” Candi said, looking at her friend in the eye, trying to see if there was something she wasn’t telling her. “So this was your first time, and it didn’t go the way you expected? You said not with him, so you wanted your first time to be with someone else and more special?” Bailey didn’t feel like any of her questions were an accusation, or had any judgment behind them.

Bailey gave her a small nod and a tiny smile as he looked at her. She had such pretty green eyes, she was a beautiful young woman. It felt nice to have someone like her, but part of him wished he was looking into the large blue eyes of Mommy and hugging her right now. The hug Candi was giving him still felt good and he appreciated it. Mommy was just out of town and at this moment he missed her, missed her constant stability. Getting that off his chest felt good, it wasn’t everything, he wasn’t sure he wanted to unpack everything ever. He also knew he really needed a drink.

After the hugging, and sitting next to Candi, both leaning into each other was they rotted their brains away on reality tv the itch to have a drink only grew. “Candi, do you umm know if your Dad has anything to drink here?”

“Yeah he always orders a bottle from the bar so he can enjoy a glass at night, why?” Bailey sat up from the couch, moving towards the tiny hotel kitchen in the suite. “Because I had a really bad night and need a drink like sooo bad.”

“I dunno, I don’t think Daddy would like that.”

“Please, pretty please with a cherry on top!” Bailey put his hands together like he was begging, while sticking out his bottom lip. He really needed a drink and knew there was nothing at his place.

“Okay... only because of what happened though. So only a little.”

Edna had gotten up to use the bathroom and when she came out she could hear the girls rooting around in the cupboard. It was getting close to lunch time, so she figured it was time to come out and check on the girls and see what they would like to do for lunch. Coming out of her bedroom she was surprised at what she saw. The girls had a bottle of whiskey on the counter, both brining the dark liquid to their lips in glasses. "This taste, like so bad!" Candi said sticking her tongue out and wishing she had not taken a drink with Bailey. She had no idea how her Daddy drank this stuff, it was terrible.

"Getting into your fathers liquor while I'm just in the other room. Bold Candace, very bold." Candi quickly emptied the rest of her glass in the sink more on instinct to try and save herself than think it through.

"Nana, ahhh, it isn't what it looks like!"

"It looks like my granddaughter and my recently adopted granddaughter are drinking my son's alcohol without his permission. I could be mistaken though, did either of you call him and get permission?" Edna strode forward, holding her hand out for Bailey to hand over the glass.

"Drinking before noon, stealing, and drinking when underage." Edna shook her head, trying to look stern as she looked at the girls. She had drunk plenty at their age, but she hadn't been caught. At least they had the good sense to do it here instead of asking someone of age to buy it for them or doing it out at a party. She needed to be firm so they knew this wasn't acceptable, but also show them they had other avenues so they wont just try to hide it better next time. "Girls, if you wanted to try drinking something you could have talked to me about it first. Bailey honey, I bet your aunt or mother would rather the same. You are not old enough to drink yet, but are definitely old enough to want to. This..." Edna held up the bottle on the counter. "This is not where to start, a lot of people never enjoy the taste of whiskey. If you came to me first I could have gotten us some wine coolers that we could have enjoyed here in the room and then spent some time at the pool, or had some wine. Instead you chose this path."

Bailey watched the bottle of whiskey being taken away, he had hardly had any from his glass and was hoping to have more than just one, but even that seemed like too much to ask.

Still holding the bottle in hand Edna went and put it back where it was supposed to be. "In the future, that is the path to take. You shouldn't be in such a hurry to grow up, I promise you will miss this time when you are older. Candice, Bailey do you understand?"

"Yes Nanna." She heard them say almost in unison. "Good, but that is for going forward. Now you did wrong and have to be punished. Candace do you want to tell Bailey how you will be punished?"

"I have to go find a switch?" Candi frowned thinking about going out to find a stick for her Nana to smack her rear with. It had to be just right too or she would make her go find another or worse she would get it herself.

"Close, both of you would. I can't be punishing just one of you, but we also can't be going around breaking branches off the bushes and trees at a hotel. So I will be using my cane, don't worry though I won't be hitting you nearly as hard as I would with a switch."

"You.. you are umm going to hit me..." Bailey's voice trailed off as he looked over at Candi who would be getting the same thing. The old woman shouldn't be allowed to hit him, he wasn't going to let that happen, and Candi shouldn't be punished, he had talked her into it. "It was my idea Nanna, Candi wouldn't have if I didn't make her and umm you can't spank me."

Edna rocked her head back appraising Bailey. "It is nice of you to stand up for Candace, but she made her own decisions. I promise you dear you didn't make your friend do anything. Now that comment about not able to spank you. Let me ask you something, what do you think would happen if I called my son, or your mother? Do you think they would agree with you?"

“No...” Bailey hated to admit, knowing it had been him to tell Mommy that she should spank him when he did something wrong. A mistake he was living with, over and over again.

“I didn’t think so, now how about you girls take hold of those chairs, pull down your shorts so we can get this over with.”



“I just can’t believe Candace and Bailey would do this.” Derrick said pacing behind the large gray sectional couch that Amanda sat on. He only had another hour or so with Amanda before he had to get to the airport and head back to Nevada and his mother had called him to tell him how the girls got into his whiskey. She had gotten to them before they got drunk and while he didn’t endorse corporal punishment at least they were taught a lesson.

“Come sit down before the hotel makes us pay for the rut you are going to wear into the carpet.” Amanda patted the couch seat next to her. In her lap was her laptop with the image of April on it, they were going over a few things that turned into more things. Just because she was going to this training seminar didn’t mean the tasks from her job stopped.

“It is hard for me to wrap my brain around Candace and Bailey doing this. It is so unlike them.” Derrick said as he sat down on the couch close enough to Amanda that he came into the camera frame for April to see.

“I can.” Amanda said before her mouth had a chance to check in with her brain.

“What do you mean?” Derrick looked at the beautiful blond next to him a little confused.

Her eyes focused on the screen Amanda’s eyes went wide in a little panic. It wasn’t like she could say Bailey until recently drank often and while Bailey knew to stay away from it. It was much harder for her to remind Bailey of that being so far away. “Candi is the type of girl that if she wants to try something or do something little to no one can stop her. But I think it is more like her than you think considering what I have seen of her.”

“What do you mean?” Derrick shifted in his seat a little to face his girlfriend more.

“Just from what we have seen, she talked back and argued with a security guard at the water park, she helped Bailey unpack your suitcase into my dresser and she tried to give those college boys what for. I am not saying Candi did not have her reasons or that any of

it happened in a vacuum, but I am saying your daughter is willful and is prone to acting on impulse.”

“Hmmm, what of Bailey?” What of Bailey indeed Amanda thought. When she saw April was about to say something she shook her head and was happy to see her friend not answer his question.

“Candace has been acting out more lately, or maybe it is that I just hadn’t noticed. What you bring up she either did for Bailey or with Bailey. Your daughter isn’t exactly the ringleader type, but if she talked out loud about my whiskey that could have started all of this. Regardless Bailey didn’t stop Candace and went along with it. Maybe we could make the girls get a summer job, something to keep them out of trouble, keep them busy and teach them more about responsibility.

“Bailey being responsible, funny.” Amanda gave her friend a glare trying to convey the words ‘You are not helping!’ While narrowed his eyes for a moment thinking about what that statement meant. Amanda had said she wished he had more time to spend with Bailey and everything he had heard showed him that Bailey had either not earned trust or broke it. Not having a bank account, not being allowed to get a learners permit, heck Amanda didn’t let her date again till recently.

Amanda was mad, not like Derrick was, but still. Bailey had done something she knew shouldn’t have been done. She had just punished her for not respecting her personal space, and here she was doing it again with Derrick’s things. A small part of her mind connected that both times Bailey had done this was actually touching Derrick’s things and wondered about the connection there. If it was just acting out Bailey wouldn’t have put Derrick’s things into her drawer. Still Bailey had gotten her friend into trouble again, the last thing she needed was Bailey teaching Candi bad habits.

“A summer job? It is too late to sign up for the summer intern program, but if my god daughter needed a summer job to learn about responsibility I could get her and Candace in. Perk of running the program.” April said with a smile, imagining having Bailey under

her thumb. He wanted to portray a bimbo stereotype than can do it answering phones and fetching coffee. She was sure if he had to keep up the act around the office and the repercussions for that would have him stop that nonsense.

“Hmm, that isn’t a bad idea and it would allow me to check in on them from time to time. What do you think?” He asked as he put his arm around Amanda. Mega Corp would look a lot better on a resume than working at a kiosk in the mall or at that water park and the corporate structure could really do both of them some good. “This could also help them both career wise getting experience at Mega Corp and might do the same for their college applications.”

“I am not sure...” He was right on both counts, but she wasn’t sure how Bailey’s background would hold up to the strict background check Mega Corp used, everything could fall apart. Those thoughts were derailed when she remembered that they used Sterling Backgrounds, the same company her sister worked at and it was through them that Bailey Ann Best existed on paper. “You know what, we should do it. It is about time Bailey had another job.”

Derrick raised an eyebrow at the statement. “Another job? What was her first job?” He expected her to say working at a fast food place or at the mall. A lot of kids got jobs when they were around sixteen, he just hadn’t let Candace do it so she had more time to focus on her school studies. School was hard enough for her without adding more distractions.

“If you asked Bailey she would tell you her current job is being my daughter and that it was a full time position.”

“Bailey is a lucky girl to have you as her mother, I have seen the way she looks at you and hugs you. That girl loves you, and I would imagine most girls would feel lucky to have a mother like you.” It was a touching thing to say, it made Amanda smile, but the moment was also undercut by April snickering.

“Sorry, sorry. Something I just overheard someone say outside my office. I will get the

paperwork started for both of them.”

Looking back to the screen Amanda pursed her lips looking at April. “You don’t have an office.”

“Oh no, of course not, but I’m best friends with my current boss and when she is out of town I sometimes use her office. Oh look at the time, I have another meeting I have to run to... talk to you soon!” With that the video feed cut off, leaving Amanda shaking her head.

The intern program was supposed to start on Wednesday for a three day orientation. That meant she would be back in time before the real first day of work for Bailey and until then she would have both April and Derrick for guidance in the office. “I know this is supposed to be a punishment, but when Candi is sent out shopping, I doubt she will see it that way, at least at first.”

“Why would she need to go shopping?”

“I doubt Candi has clothes for the office, I know Bailey does not. That means a shopping trip for the girls. I can get my sister to take them, but I am sure the three of them would enjoy your company. I know I do.” Amanda closed her laptop, moving it to the coffee table in front of them as she cuddled up closer to Derrick. Knowing both of them would be leaving in less than an hour, him to catch a plane and her to use the rental car to drive to a hotel closer to the California west coast regional Mega Corp office.

“I hadn’t thought of that, but I’m sure Megan will be enough, Candace has taken a strong liking to her, just like she has with you.” Derrick looked into Amanda’s blue eyes, running his thumb just over her cheekbone. “Much like I have.” He whispered as he brought his lips to hers for a sweet gentle kiss. Wrapping her arms around his shoulders Amanda kissed him back, turning up the heat the longer they held the embrace. She had only been able to do this with Derrick for a short time, but knowing she wouldn’t see him for a week

made her want to not let him go.

Standing outside the car while the engine ran Candi gave another hug to Bailey, squeezing her tight. "I'm sorry Nana said you had to go home after well... we shouldn't have done that."

Bailey nodded, still holding onto his friend. A sip of whiskey for five strikes with a cane on not just his behind, but to Candi as well. She was so nice to him and peaches he had gotten her in trouble, it was not worth the price. "I'm like really sorry I got you in trouble, that wasn't like..."

Pulling away Candi looked her friend in the eye pointing at her. "I had been curious what Daddy's whiskey tasted like for a while, you just the one that acted on it first. Now that we know we can avoid the stuff, it was so gross. I have no idea how anyone can drink the stuff, ick. Trying new things is how we grow, and now we both know it is horrible."

"Right, horrible." Bailey said wishing he had downed his glass before it was taken away, if he was punished anyways he wished he actually got more than just a taste of the top shelf alcohol. "Thanks for like." Bailey shrugged. "Being there and stuff. I'm going to go inside and take a nap, I'm like soooo tired."

"I bet you are." Candi said giggling and earning a brief scowl from Bailey. "You sure you want me to drop you off here instead of at Aunt Megan's place?" She knew Aunt Megan was supposed to be watching over Bailey, but she wasn't sure what arrangements had been made.

"Totally, no place like home." Bailey smiled at Candi knowing Aunt Megan was going to be mad he hadn't texted her back all day, but he did not want to face her right now. He wasn't sure he could hold in his rage, and letting it loose would only make things worse for him. "I will text you later." He said with a wave before heading into the apartment building and moving up the stairs. Bailey could hear someone knocking on a door in his hallway and hoped it wasn't someone trying to sell something. He had done enough

interacting with people.

When he got to the top of the stairs what he saw surprised him and froze him in place. “LIAM!” Small flashes from the night before passed through Bailey’s mind, thoughts that frightened him and turned him on. Liam for his part shifted to lean against the wall next to the door with a wide predatory smile.

“Hey there yourself, beautiful.” He had been ready to leave, but fate smiled upon him seeing his girl coming to him.

“Wha... wha like what are you doing here?” Bailey could see his old friend eyeing him up and down like he was about to be a snack. The outfit wasn’t meant for anything other than comfort, thin strapped cami top, short pink shorts, socks and the shoes he started all of this with, the pink converse. That felt incredibly uncomfortable to walk in for some reason.

“Oh you know, I was in the area. I had a slight hangover and didn’t feel like going to work today, so I called in. Figured I would come see my girl, now come over here and give me a kiss.”

Bailey did not take a step closer from his spot at the top of the stairs, he could feel the cold metal of the pink house key in his hand. He looked from the door to Liam and back to the door. Bailey considered bolting for the door, but that would never work with Liam standing next to it or... Bailey’s eyes widened as Liam strode toward him. Right away Bailey’s pulse started to race, the impulse for fight or flight went through him, but he was too slow to act. Liam had crossed the short distance to the stairs and had wrapped one hand around him, coming in contact with the small of his back, just as he started to take a step backwards. As Liam pressed his lips to his own a familiar warmth went through Bailey, as part of his mind realized his foot was dangling behind him. If Liam had been a little slower he would have fallen backwards, forgetting his surroundings.

“Come on, show me your place. I would love to see it.” Bailey found himself being guided

to his door. He didn't want Liam to come in, he didn't want to see him at all. He could... he could tell him no one was allowed over and... Bailey shuddered thinking about making out with him outside the door so he wouldn't push to come in.

"Ahh, Liam I can't have anyone over, my umm Mommy is out of town. We could kiss and stuff out here, but like..." Liam shook his head thinking how cute it was that she was so nervous to show him her place.

"We will make it quick and I promise not to tell your... Mommy. So long as you promise to be a good girl for me." Liam figured he wasn't planning on hanging out with her anyhow, a quickie sounded perfect.

"I am a good girl and proud." The words slipped from his lips without a second thought. Thought saying them out loud to Liam brought a blush to his cheeks. "Okay, but like real quick." Bailey said inserting the key into the door. Peaches what am I doing!? Why can't I just tell him no or to sugar off!

Stepping inside, Bailey closed the door behind them and flicked the lights on beside the door. Stepping into the apartment the kitchen was immediately to the left, the dining room table just on the other side of that and on the right was the living room. "This is umm like the kitchen and the dining room and the living room." Bailey said motioning around the area. "Small apartment ya know? But like that is pretty much it for the tour."

Putting his hand up on top of the couch Bailey tapped his long nailed fingers along with as he shifted from one foot to the other. Liam eyed the girl seeing her subtle hint where she wanted him to take her and while bending her over the arm of the couch sounded fun he had a much better idea. "We both know there are two bedrooms, let me just take a quick peek."

Bailey was ready to head to his bedroom anyhow, the shoes really did need to come off and what did it matter at this point if Liam saw his super girly room. Flipping his hair over his shoulder Bailey looked back at Liam, hoping he wouldn't be asking for

something to drink after seeing the bedrooms. Coming into his bedroom Bailey plopped down on the bed before starting to remove the pink converse shoes. "Sorry, like just a sec I need to take these off. They are totally hurting my feet for some reason."

Glancing around the room, seeing a vanity with a mirror framed by lights, a white dresser with little horse figurines or something on it. Her bed even had a pair of ballet slippers hanging from the bedpost. It all told the story of Bailey being the girliest girl he had ever slept with. Looking over at Bailey as she took off her shoes he noticed her give him a sheepish smile, a contrast between how she was so much more outgoing once she had a beer in her. Liam thought how he was a good bit like her before her Mom's old boyfriend helped him out, but if she thought they were going to do it here in her bedroom she was wrong. Well wrong today at least. He was going to have her in the master bedroom. "You have a cute bedroom." Her blush only encouraged him more. I just thought how it didn't matter if he saw the room, why am I so embarrassed it isn't like he knows who I really am, Bailey thought feeling the warmth in his cheeks. He knew the answer of course, no grown man should have a room looking like this let alone having ballet slippers hanging from the bedpost.

"Show me your Mom's room real quick, then I want to show you something." Bailey tilted his head slightly, blinking a few times as he thought about what that could be. August had bought him those heeled boots online, and after what they did it wouldn't be a stretch to think Liam would buy something for him too. He didn't want it, but he would totally take it if it meant Liam left.

"Like real quick though right? Cause like, then you have to leave." Bailey smiled happy he worked up the nerve to make it clear what had to happen. He wasn't why he felt so timid around Liam, once upon a time he would have decked him, but right now it felt so hard to tell him no.

Moving his hand in an X motion over his heart Liam smiled. "Cross my heart, when I leave the master bedroom I will be on my way and I will leave you happy as can be." You leaving would do exactly that Bailey thought as he nodded before walking past him and

moving down the hall, past the bathroom and to the closed door to the master bedroom.

Liam's eyes moved to Bailey's rear as she moved down the hallway, noting that she walled on the balls of her feet now that she was shoeless. He wanted to reach out and give her ass a good slap, but he would control himself for at least another minute. "So like here it is... like what is it you wanted to show me?"

Stepping into the room Bailey spun around his smile already increasing in size thinking about sending him on his way. "Something I know you will like." Liam said as he picked Bailey up and moved her to the bed, dropping her on it.

"Eeep!" Bailey cried out feeling himself being lifted off the ground and being dropped on the soft surface of the mattress. Liam wanted to toss her on the bed, she was small, but even she was an inch taller than him. Something he noticed when he stood next to her today, the first time he had seen her not wearing heels. He was never the strongest guy around and tossing her was out of the question. "No, stop, let me down!" Bailey said despite always being on the bed, his mind just now catching up on what happened.

"You are down." Liam said with a smirk looking down at the girl. "I wanted to show you a good time." He said kicking off his boots and lowering his pants.

"Liam, no.. no please we can't do this this, like you don't understand." Fear ran through Bailey as Liam pulled his shirt off over his head and climbed on the bed, looming over her as she crawled backwards toward the headboard. "I understand plenty, and I love how you always play hard to get when we both know you can't wait for my cock."

"NMMMMMM!" Bailey tried to say no, yell no as Liam grabbed the back of his hair, pulling him hard so their lips could meet. Liam's tongue slid into his mouth, pushing up against and around his own tongue. Bailey's body shivered in fear as he pushed up on Liam's chest, trying to ignore the deep kiss that was happening, but as he pushed on Liam's chest his hands slid off from sweat. Bailey was getting ready to try and pull him to the side when he felt Liam's hand go under his thin shirt and start to play with his

breasts. Right away a shock ran through Bailey's body from Liam's touch, Bailey could feel his nipples growing harder and his imprisoned dick coming to life. The hands that were once going to be used to try and pull Liam to the side instead gripped into his shoulders.

Pleasure, the first time Aunt Megan had touched his chest he had felt it, felt that alien feeling that made his body feel immediate desire. It didn't matter what he mind said, his body knew it felt good and now Liam was pressing that button. Bailey didn't even fight as he felt his shorts being pulled down, he even wrapped his legs around Liam. Bailey felt so horny he could hardly control himself.

Feeling her legs wrap around him Liam knew Bailey wanted this just as much as he did, she loved playing hard to get, but always melted into him in the end. He wanted a quickly and it seemed she was in a hurry for at least things to really get going. When the deep overly long kiss end Bailey moved to sit up, if he could just get Liam to stop touching him like that maybe he could think. "Hold on there, beautiful, just getting a condom."

With the massaging of the breast stopping, Bailey tried catching his breath. Without the assault of pleasure he could think a little clearer, though he very much still felt the need. "No...you don't need it.."Bailey panted between words. "We are..." Bailey's words were cut off not for the first time by another kiss. He was trying to tell him they didn't need it because this was going to stop.

Liam couldn't believe this girl, he was never a fan of condoms. They cut off some pleasure and because of his size most didn't fit right. If she felt okay with just her birth control then he was too. Slipping two of his fingers into her pussy it felt dryer than the night before, but this time they hadn't had foreplay. She didn't react to the insertion, but when he used his thumb to touch her clitoris the girl started to buck her hips.

The fingers moving inside the prosthetic weren't notice by Bailey at all, but the second the vibrator came to life on his already hardening member most of his thoughts were pushed to the side. "Eh, eh, eh, eh... Please..." Bailey was trying to ask him to stop, it was

taking all of his will power to fight through the pleasure. “Eh, eh, eh... oh my god... oh my god... Sto...Ah, eh, eh ahhh!” One hand was between his open legs and another playing with his all to sensitive chest again. Bailey closed his eyes, bucking his hips against the hand between his legs like some wanton slut, but he couldn’t help himself. It all felt wrong, but also so incredibly good.

“You are loving this. Want me to stop and move on?” Bailey nodded his head, the intent to just try and indicate yes this should stop even though he a large part of him wanted to shake his head to let this continue. Liam smiled, seeing how rapidly she was breathing, her breasts rising and falling, her face red from the ecstasy of all this, she wanted to move on to the main event and he couldn’t blame her. Pulling his hand free he lined up his dick and pressed his head slowly into her pussy. It didn’t matter that he wasn’t the biggest man around, in her he felt her tight pussy squeezing him, inviting him inside. He knew some girls did kegels, but he never felt it like this. “Oh god, it shouldn’t feel this good!”

Hearing her say something like that and how she seemed to have no idea what to do with her arms he figured she wasn’t that experienced. So he took hold of them and held them over her head. “Tell me you want it. Tell me you want my cock hard and fast!” Soon as the command left his lips Liam leaned down licking one of her erect nipples before taking it in his mouth as he bucked his hips.



“Eh, eh, eh, eh, ahhhh... I eh, I want it. Ah, ah, I want your cock hard and fasssst.” The pleasure was incredible, Bailey couldn’t believe he had just said that, but he was long past being able to deny what he was feeling at that second. Suddenly Liam’s thrusting stopped as he press his hips hard into Bailey, it wasn’t like he could feel Liam cumming, but the stiff body and the facial pression made it clear. Yet Bailey kept moving his hips, grinding his body up into Liam’s. He wasn’t there yet, he was so close. “Wow that was fantastic, Bailey you are an amazing fuck. Can’t wait to do this again, I will hit you up.”

Sudden the weight and warmth of Liam was gone and without looking up he could tell Liam was putting on his clothes and heading out. After he had proclaimed he wanted Liam’s cock he knew the man had said something, he had even kissed him, but Bailey had been lost in the pleasure and now was left feeling wanting. “Oh my god...” Bailey said in a small voice as he brought his own hand between his legs, rubbing himself to keep the vibrator going. All the while feeling the goopy mess that was left behind as he slid his fingers around to finish himself.

When he came, the release felt wonderful and slowly Bailey raised his hand up seeing the cum on his hand, now a mix of Liam’s and his own. “What did I do? Like.. peaches what did I do? Why did I do that?! Bailey didn’t feel violated like he did the night before, he felt betrayed. He had told Liam no, but in the end Bailey knew he could have ended it. He could have rolled to the side and got off the man, could have clawed him in the face if he didn’t let go, but instead.... Instead Bailey has pressed himself into the younger man and proclaimed he wanted him. He didn’t feel violated, he felt disgusted with himself and afraid of what would happen the next time Liam came calling. “I’m a man... I don’t want sex with another man. It was just because of the vibrator. Just the vibrator, just the vibrator.” Bailey repeated to himself, feeling the tears building up.

He was all alone, Candi had gone back to her hotel with Nana, Mommy was in California. Bailey couldn't even go to Derrick because he was on a plane by now. If all he did was just hold him and let him cry Bailey would have even accepted August right now. He felt so alone and before he even took the time to clean up what was dripping between his legs he sent a text to Aunt Megan.

Bailey: I'm at home

Bailey: Please come fast, I need you

Megan: It is about time! I had to ask Charles to get ahold of his brother to find out you weren't even with him any more.

Megan: Where have you been!?

Bailey: Please Aunt Megan... Liam and I...

Bailey: Please come.

Bailey couldn't put thought to text, it would make everything feel so much more real. As horrible as everything was, talking with Candi helped, but he couldn't tell her everything. The only person in his life who knew everything was Aunt Megan. She was the only person she could talk to about what had happened last night and this afternoon.

Opening up the apartment door Megan was surprised it wasn't locked, she wondered what was going on with Bailey. It was unlike her to not immediately do what she was told lately, but she hadn't so much as responded to her till fifteen minutes ago with some cryptic text messages. Maybe Bailey was truly upset from sucking down his old friends cum and too embarrassed to show his face. She already knew it wasn't the first time he had to suck a cock, that was more than confirmed from seeing the green velvet dress.

Moving into the apartment Megan could hear the shower running and shook her head. Bailey had asked her to come over and was in the shower instead of ready for her. Turning the knob on the door she barged in without bothering to knock. Inside she found Bailey sitting in the tub naked, knees up pressing into her breasts as she wrapped her arms around her legs, holding herself tight. The shower still ran, filling the tub up enough to come past her waist. She came into the room ready to give Bailey what for, but

instead looking down at Bailey with her mascara running and looking very much like a sad, broken teen girl. Her heart broke, in that instant Megan found tears coming to her eyes, matching that of Bailey's.



Dropping her purpose to the ground Megan moved to the side of the tub she turned off the shower and then dropped to her knees. Wrapping her arms around Bailey she just held on and rocked back and forth, unsure of what happened. Bailey had asked her to come here, had even said please. Her instinct told her this girl in front of her needed comfort, and had asked her for it. “Shhh, shhh, shhh it will be okay Bailey, it will be okay.” Megan felt Bailey grab onto her blue and white checkered shirt, soaking it more with water as the simple tears turned to sobbing. “Shhhhh, shhh, I’m here, I’m here.”

She held Bailey like that for ten minutes before Bailey had said a single word. “Thank you Aunt Megan.” The words came out small and Bailey still hadn’t let go. It was the type of thing any Aunt would love to hear from their niece, but instead of joy she was feeling guilt. It had been harder to separate Bailey Ann from Bailey Andrew as time went on. She had more than enough wrath for the latter, but if she let herself just stay in the moment with Bailey it was fun to have a niece she could be with. That time in the mall when they were dress shopping together and Bailey got her to try on a dress. That might have been the first moment she really found herself caring for this girl Bailey Ann that she had created. This person in her arms looked almost nothing like Bailey Andrew Smith. The smooth delicate skin is a contrast to someone who never used moisturizer in their life, the muscle mass which wasn’t large before had melted away. The smaller, tighter stomach, the breasts and lack of a male appendage. This person was just Bailey Ann Best, her niece who needed her right now. And whatever happened to her to cause her to be like this was probably her fault.

Sniffling once Bailey let go of his Aunt and gave her a weak smile. Right after he texted her he felt like he needed to get clean, he needed the remains of Liam to be gone, but as soon as he felt the warm water hit his body, Bailey found himself crumpling to his knees and crying. He had no control over his life, he was just whoever everyone wanted him to be. A slutty girl, a loving ditzy daughter, a little sister, none of it was him. He was a different person completely, but at the same time all of that was him too. He flirted with boys, he had given a blow job, had sex multiple times with a man. His concept of how smart was, had been shattered. He had learned his best friend had hardly been a friend at all and that no matter how much he told himself he was fine on his own... he hadn’t been.

People acting loving towards him, caring for him, letting him open up and the hugs... how had he gone so long in life without hugging as much as he did now.

"I'm umm, I would like to get dressed." Megan stood up, held one hand out for Bailey to take to help her from the tub and with the other grabbed a towel that was hanging nearby. She could see Bailey was shivering, when she turned the water off it had all run cold, so it was no wonder Bailey was freezing. "After I umm get dressed can we talk?"

"Of course pumpkin." She watched Bailey move from the room, walking on the balls of her feet, not even bothering to try and dry off before heading to her room. She followed Bailey out, but stopped when she went into her room. Seeing the door to her sister's room open she walked down the short hallway to close it, but as she got close she saw the bed was a mess. Not just the comforter and pillows, but on it were a few wet spots. She of course knew what they were right away, but still she moved closer to inspect and the closer she got to the bed the easier it was to smell sex in the air. They could have been left by Bailey giving a blow job to Liam here in the master bedroom and not swallowing. That happening here in the bed Bailey once shared with Amanda and with more than a few escorts could be the reason Bailey snapped, but she figured she would let Bailey tell her.

Waiting on the couch, Megan found herself waiting for forty minutes before Bailey's door opened. Bailey had put herself back together, her makeup was back in order, her hair had been brushed out. Megan couldn't tell everything she was wearing with her wearing a gray sweater with wooden toggles much too large for her. From under it she could see a pleated khaki a-line skirt and a pair of three inch purple heels with a few butterflies on them. Even though the sleeves covered her wrists and most of her hands, Megan could hear the tinkling of bracelets underneath. It was a bit surprising to see Bailey like this compared to how she was not long ago. "You didn't have to get dressed up just for us to talk."

Sitting down next to Aunt Megan Bailey gave a small shrug. "I wanted to look my best." Megan nodded having a good idea where that came from. "And the sweater?"

"It like belongs to August, I was cold and don't have any sweaters. Should I take it off?"

Bailey asked hugging himself.

“No, no it looks cute on you. Keep it on.” Bailey nodded his acceptance, but didn’t say anything in return. The silence seemed to drag out, he knew he needed to talk, but wasn’t sure what he should say or where to begin. He couldn’t tell her how much he enjoyed it, how he had opened his legs for Liam, how he had wrapped them around the man. Without that fact, it would make a darker story, but he didn’t care. Sugar Liam... he never was a good person. Bailey could see that before, but he had hung on every word he said, looking up to him like he was an idol. So he told him of his exploits, he hadn’t even batted an eye when he embellished. Bailey wasn’t sure how things would have been if their roles were reversed, but he had said no... and Liam didn’t listen. He had asked Chuck for help and he just looked away, they were not his friends. Chuck could have saved him... Liam could have not done what he did... they felt more like enemies than old friends.

“He... he raped me.” He still didn’t think that was entirely true, and he had kept himself from thinking that phrase. Let alone saying it out loud, doing that made it feel more real, like it was the truth. Stead of a crushing weight like Bailey expected, just saying out loud made him feel lighter.

“That son of a bitch did what?! I will rip his dick off and make him eat it.”

“Liam raped me.” Bailey said, his voice still small, but this time it came out louder than the whisper from before.

“I am going to kill him.” There wasn’t rage in Megan’s voice, it was closer to steel with how firm it was. The crime he committed often went unreported, unpunished, but Liam was going to feel her wrath. She had felt that powerless once from her ex-husband when he came home drunk one night, wanting her when she was already asleep. She was married to him, she was his wife, but she wasn’t his to use. It was the last straw and she had filed for divorce within the week. She hadn’t told anyone what the straw was that pushed her over the edge for the already broken marriage. Megan found that same fire

welling up from within her again. It didn't matter the deeds Bailey did before, Bailey did not deserve this while serving out his own time. Liam had to pay.

"You can't..." Bailey put his hand on top of his Aunt's, a bit afraid she might just try something like that. He did not get along with her, but he couldn't have her going to prison for murder because of him, for him... It wasn't the type of thought anyone would ever think to cross their mind, would this person kill? But Aunt Megan was the type of woman that did what she said, something Bailey had learned the hard way.

"I can't...." Megan said back to Bailey, knowing the truth in the statement. "Would you like to talk to the police?"

Bailey shook his head vigorously. "No, no. Peachers, not the police." Getting the police involved was a can of worms that could make his life so much worse. "But.. umm there's more. A lot more." Bailey began telling the blue eyed woman next to him about the party, about the drinking and how it made him feel.

"Bailey, he drugged you. Alcohol doesn't do that."

"No, I would totally know if..." Bailey's words hung in the air as realization finally hit him as he went over his broken memories from that night. He couldn't ever remember feeling like he did from drinking, his mind so foggy, the electric feeling from just a simple touch. The sheets on the bed were scratchy and a bad fiber counter, but he still had rubbed his cheek on them, enjoying how they felt on his skin. Bailey swallowed hard before continuing the story.

Hearing how that happened in the frat house, the one she sat outside of in Charles's truck. It was her idea to head back to drop off Liam's wallet. She couldn't imagine having her sister's wallet in hand and not bringing it to her right away, so she had insisted Charles drive over so he could give it to his brother. She had sat in that truck annoyed to be missing the opening for the orchestra. If she had just walked in with Charles things would have been different. If she had not made Bailey go on a date with Liam, someone

she knew was a piece of trash this wouldn't have happened. Megan pulled Bailey into her embrace, holding the green eyed blonde tight. "I am so sorry Bailey, I am so sorry. Is there anything, anything at all I can do to make this right?"

It wasn't till she said it, that she realized Bailey could ask for all of this to end. She had no intention of Bailey Andrew coming back into her sister's life, but at that second she knew if that was what Bailey asked for she would do it.

When Bailey pulled away she didn't see any hint of tears in those green eyes like she had on her own, she only saw determination. That combined with the always present smile made her look down right mischievous. "I want Liam to feel what I feel... Can we make him into a girl?"