

# Girlfriend's Daughter Book 3



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## Chapter 1

The last few days had been incredibly tough for Bailey with all he experienced. Aunt Megan was never someone he would ever have expected to really confide in, but she had been there for him. Listening when he could bring himself to talk about what happened, a co-conspirator in plans for revenge and just physically there when all he could do was cry as the memories of feeling powerless as he was used returned. She had taken him back to her place to watch over him and instead of forcing him on a date like the previous day she was just there for him. When he was in the shower the night before, hair up in a shower cap, he had slid down the tiled wall to sit on the floor. Bailey had brought his knees up to his chest... the chest that was a big part of the problem. He wrapped his arms around his legs, holding himself as he cried again. Not only had he felt powerless, his oldest friend had left him there to be fucked, to be spit roasted and... and... Bailey sobbed thinking how much he enjoyed it, how he had cum more than once that night.

Sex was supposed to be enjoyable, Peaches he loved sex! Yet this was different, his dick was locked away behind some new age prosthetic that had a built in vibrator around his dick. It had come to life when he was on the motorcycle, he had cum from riding on the back of his old motorcycle because of the thing trapping his manhood and then it happened again when Liam's dick was inside of him. Bailey kept telling himself it wasn't his fault, of course it felt good, it didn't make him any less of a man... he had cried harder at that thought. He wasn't much of a man, the horrible hormone issue he had as a child had caused tits to grow on his chest! To anyone looking it appeared he had a pussy instead of a cock. No one would mistake him for a man right now and he hardly felt like one. He had to be Bailey Ann Best... at least if he was Bailey Ann Best it was more okay that this happened to him... she wasn't real, it would be better if it just happened to her. Bailey shook his head, nothing would make what happened okay. No woman should have to go through what he had, yet... he thought it was more understandable then it happening to a man. A small blush came to his cheeks along with a wave of shame thinking about the pleasure he had felt. It was wrong... Bailey took a deep breath, holding it in as he felt his eyes water. Holding his breath wasn't going to make him not cry, it just felt like something he could control at that moment, something he couldn't say for his emotions.

Waking up the next day after a nightmare, Bailey looked over at the bedside clock. It was a little after four in the morning and he felt wide awake. Thoughts of everything danced around in his mind and he felt like he was going to break again. "Sugar! I can't keep doing this!" Rolling over to his stomach Bailey clutched the pillow to his face and screamed into it. Doing so felt good enough that he did so again. Rolling back over, Bailey sat up in the bed, looking around the dark room that once belonged to Becky. It made him wonder if he should go

talk to Aunt Megan again, it had helped him feel better before. Though he didn't think he would be free of it till Liam paid for what he did. It still struck him as odd that he thought about Aunt Megan as a person to go to for comfort, when she for so long had been a problem for him. Sitting there in the dark a small giggle escaped his lips as he just realized she was the perfect person to speak to. She knew everything... She knew who he really was, she knew all of his misdeeds and had already set him on a course for absolution. It was a course he hated, but in the end things would be better. The conversation with Mommy the other night showed him how much she loved him and how she accepted him and Aunt Megan was going to take care of the law problem. All he had to do was hold out. He had made it this far, he could make it further.

Feeling an itch Bailey moved his hand down and used his long nails to sooth the feeling on his thigh. Looking down, he ran the pad of his thumb across his smooth skin. Only now remembering how even with everything going on he had taken the time to do his moisturizing routine, and had done it without thinking about it. Bailey tilted his head to the side, smiling as a giggle escaped his lips. "A good girl always looks her best." Bailey whispered to himself, running his hand down his smooth leg, not feeling any patches of dry skin or hair. The idea that he had kept to his routine without even thinking about it gave him comfort. The act of shaving his legs like a girl still was not a pleasant thought, but the idea that he had followed the structure when he felt like his life was falling apart gave him hope that he could get through it. "One step at a time girl, just do like you do everyday and things will be fine... better than fine once Liam gets what he deserves."

With a sigh, Bailey reached over to take his phone before getting back under the covers. It took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust to the light of the screen after turning it on, but there waiting for him were multiple messages that he had been ignoring. "Auggy, Candi, Mommy, an unknown number and then a message from Liam." Bailey hovered his finger over the screen, feeling indecisive on what to click on. "Eny, meeny, miny, moe..." Bailey clicked on the message from Liam. "Eh." Bailey clicked the back button before he could read anything, he just couldn't bring himself to face any of that right now. He let go of the phone, letting it fall to his lap, squeezing his eyes closed tight for a few seconds. He could feel a migraine coming on, he wasn't sure if it had already been there and he hadn't noticed, or if it was the light of the screen that triggered it or the sudden flood of emotions.

Sitting there in the dark for a minute while he composed himself, Bailey picked the phone back up. This time clicking on the message from the woman he loved.

Mommy: Hey pumpkin, I am told you are not feeling well.

Mommy: Get some rest honey, I love you

Mommy: Looking forward to spending time with you and having that steak I promised you.

The emotional rollercoaster that Bailey was living through took a turn as Bailey wiped a single tear from his left eye with a knuckle. The smile that was often on his face increased in volume as he read the message. Even if it wasn't the middle of the night there was no way he could tell her what happened. If she knew what Liam had done she would never be able to see him as a man again. Bailey looked down at his chest... his breasts, it was already going to be difficult for her as it was, but at least these could be taken care of when he saw the doctor. Making a mental note to text her in the morning, Bailey clicked over to the message from Auggy to get it out of the way.

Auggy <3: Sis is out with my mom, wanted to see if you wanted to chat

Auggy <3: Or if you wanted to meet up

Auggy <3: Guess you are busy, I will take your lack of response as a "raincheck"

Auggy <3: Hey my sis said you are going to come work the intern program at Mega Corp!

Auggy <3: That is great news! I can show you where the best break rooms are lol

Auggy <3: And we get to see each other more :)

Auggy <3: I hope that is a good thing lol

Auggy <3: Guess you are still busy, ttyl

Auggy <3: Well I'm calling it a night, sweet dreams beautiful

Rolling his eyes at the wall of texts, Bailey clicked out of his messages, wanting nothing to do with him or men in general right now, let alone one who was being super needy. "You like don't keep sending texts when a girl doesn't respond." Bailey said, giving advice that the young man couldn't hear. Bailey almost clicked over to the texts from Candi, he hadn't really spoken to her since she dropped him off. After Nana had taken her cane to both of their behinds, he was sure there was more than just a handful of messages waiting, so he clicked on the one from the unknown number.

Unknown: Reminder of your upcoming doctor visit at Nevada Family Health. Please arrive fifteen minutes before your appointment to fill out paperwork and remember to bring your insurance information.

The message gave Bailey a small dose of happiness. Not only had Aunt Megan



set up a doctor's appointment for him like he had asked, but she had it sent to him instead of her controlling it. It wouldn't be long before he could tell his doctor about the hormonal problem he had as a child and ask him to fix it now like they did before so the feminine assets could fade away. "Peaches, maybe he can like totally double up the medicine so they go away faster." Bailey bit his bottom lip as he wiggled in the bed happily, but regretted it almost right away as his headache reminded him of its presence. He winced and pulled himself from his bed, walking over to the bedroom door on the balls of his feet, bringing the phone with him for a bit of light. Slowly he opened the door, afraid of waking up Aunt Megan. With caution he moved to the bathroom, he turned the light off immediately after turning it. "Sugar!" He said louder than he would have liked as the light assaulted his eyes.

After the outburst he held his breath for a few heartbeats, listening to see if he had woken up the sleeping woman. When he didn't hear any footsteps or yelling he continued on with his quest, using the much dimmer light from his phone to look for something to help with the seemingly ever growing migraine. It didn't take long for him to down the pills after he got a glass of water from the kitchen and an ice pack from the freezer before returning to bed. After getting comfortable under the covers, Bailey moved the ice pack from his forehead to the back of his neck as he looked back to his phone to see what his best friend had said.

Candi: Totally sorry about Nana, she can b totally old school

Candi: Getting like a real job at Mega Corp is kinda cool though right?!

Candi: I mean like we will get real paychecks, and we can totally brag about working 4 Mega Corp in FBLA when school starts up!

Candi: cause like we will totally b going 2 the same school once our parents get married and FBLA is like a great club to be part of and you get out of class early to go to meetings and like we sell cookies in the mornings 2 raise funds 4 trips.

Candi: I haven't been on any of the trips yet, but they like go to New York or DC like every year and this year I am totally going to make sure my grades are good enough to go!

Candi: R U like listening 2 me?!

Candi: Bailey Ann Connors Best you respond 2 your older sister!

The messages kept going, but he was sure Candi had been giggling to herself when she slipped her own last name in the message. He recalled the FBLA, future business leaders... something. Bailey thought they were just a bunch of nerds, but if people like Candi were in their group it made him wish he gave the club a shot when he was growing up.

Candi: Hey

Candi: Hi  
Candi: Hello?  
Candi: Answer me!!!!!!  
Candi: !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
Candi: R U like ok?  
Candi: Im getting worried about u  
Candi: If u dont answer I am totally coming over  
Candi: Daddy says I cant tonight so I will come over in the am  
Candi: R U mad at me?

Taking a deep breath, Bailey frowned a little at that last message that had come in just before midnight. He hadn't felt like talking to anyone, let alone telling Candi what happened on the date and that she would definitely be asking more questions about everything, so he just didn't respond to her at all when his phone buzzed. Now he felt sad and a bit like crap that he made the girl who was so kind feel like anything was her fault. He wished he could be more like her, so caring and open to people. Bailey was positive she would pay for a family's groceries if their card was declined and she saw it, while his first thought would be he just wished the line would hurry up. The woman he had fallen in love with was an amazing person, but Candi was the nicest person he had ever met. A hint of an idea that he might be making her sad was enough for him to text her back right then, middle of the night or not.

Bailey: I could like never b mad at u!  
Bailey: Well not 4 long  
Bailey: U do get bossy and cheat at cards

The light from the phone illuminated Bailey's face, while no one was looking in on him in bed, if someone had they would see a big smile on his face as he thought about calling Candi out for cheating at cards when they played with Nana.

Bailey: Sorry I have like not been feeling good  
Bailey: I got like a big headache and umm didnt have a good date  
Bailey: I wont b seeing Liam again

Looking through all the messages, the medicine and icepack driving back the worst of the migraine, Bailey once again started to feel sleepy. All the adrenaline from the nightmare having run its course, he slid down the pillow and started to close his eyes when he felt his phone vibrating. Not considering that sending six text messages in a row might catch the sleeping Candi's attention.

Candi: SHE LIVES!!!!

Candi: OMG I was so worried!

Candi: U promise u r not mad at me!?

Bailey: I totally promise and like u should be sleeping

Candi: Im like soooo sorry about Liam guess that just leaves your Auggy

Bailey: eh no... like not now or ever I am totally done with boys

Smirking to himself Bailey congratulated himself, Aunt Megan said she wasn't going to make him do anything like that ever again and that meant freedom. Then the smile on his face faltered as he thought of Miss April and her demand of not telling her brother no.

Candi: Shut up! Like from the girl that told me how healthy cum is 2 eat is just done with men?!

Bailey: Well...

Candi: Yeah like I didnt think so

Candi: Liam was just some bad boy fling I know how u feel about Auggy <3

Bailey: I like do not love him!

Candi: Sure... I bet he loves u and the 2 of u like make the cutest couple!

Bailey: And Liam was like not a fling! Flings mean sex and we like well just forget it

Candi: OMG did the 2 of u hook up!?

Candi: WAIT! U said u r not going to see him again. Was it bad?

Bailey: Candi... please

Candi: OMG my brain isnt thinking, u said you r like a virgin and...

Candi: oh no, I am so sorry! I should have just shut up.

Candi: no wonder you are in the dumps I wish I could just hug you!

Candi: tomorrow I am going to just make it the best day 4 u

Bailey: thanks but like can we not talk about this?

Candi: The only thing we r going to talk about tomorrow is shopping, u need some retail therapy 2 help u feel better.

Bailey: Candi I like dont need to go shopping

Candi: Yea but u totally want 2, so I will be over tomorrow 2 pick you up!

Bailey pursed his lips together, the conversation had taken a bad turn. He could practically feel the energy coming off Candi through his phone, an odd thing when he considered how groggy and grumpy she was when she was woken up in the middle of night.

Bailey: Thank u 4 like being there 4 me

Candi: Always! That is what family does!

Candi: Oh and like let me know what u r going 2 wear tomorrow!  
Bailey: If I say yes will u let me go 2 sleep?  
Candi: Im not the 1 sending texts at 4 30 in the morning  
Bailey: U totally R!  
Candi: Only cause u started it!  
Bailey: Im going back 2 bed  
Candi: What if I say no?  
Bailey: Shhhh sleepy  
Candi: Thank u 4r txtng me  
Bailey: sleep talk when the sun is up  
Candi: K  
Bailey: I mean like hours after the sun is up not like when it first comes up  
Candi: :-p

## Chapter 2

Megan walked down the hallway in her house, headed back to her bedroom to grab her phone that she had left on the charger. Walking past her daughter's old room she stopped, hearing Bailey talking. A small smile dared to appear on her face, thinking Bailey was being responsive. When she first came upon Bailey at her sister's place, sitting on the floor in the shower Bailey was a mess and spent more time crying and wailing than telling her what was going on. They talked about where to go from there, but after that something in her sister's pretend daughter just seemed to turn off. Bailey was hardly there, hadn't wanted to talk more than a minute at a time and often she could hear Bailey crying. The previous day the only thing she could get Bailey to eat was half a bowl of soup and she hoped to entice the feminized man with something homemade this morning, but hearing Bailey actually talking brought hope to her.

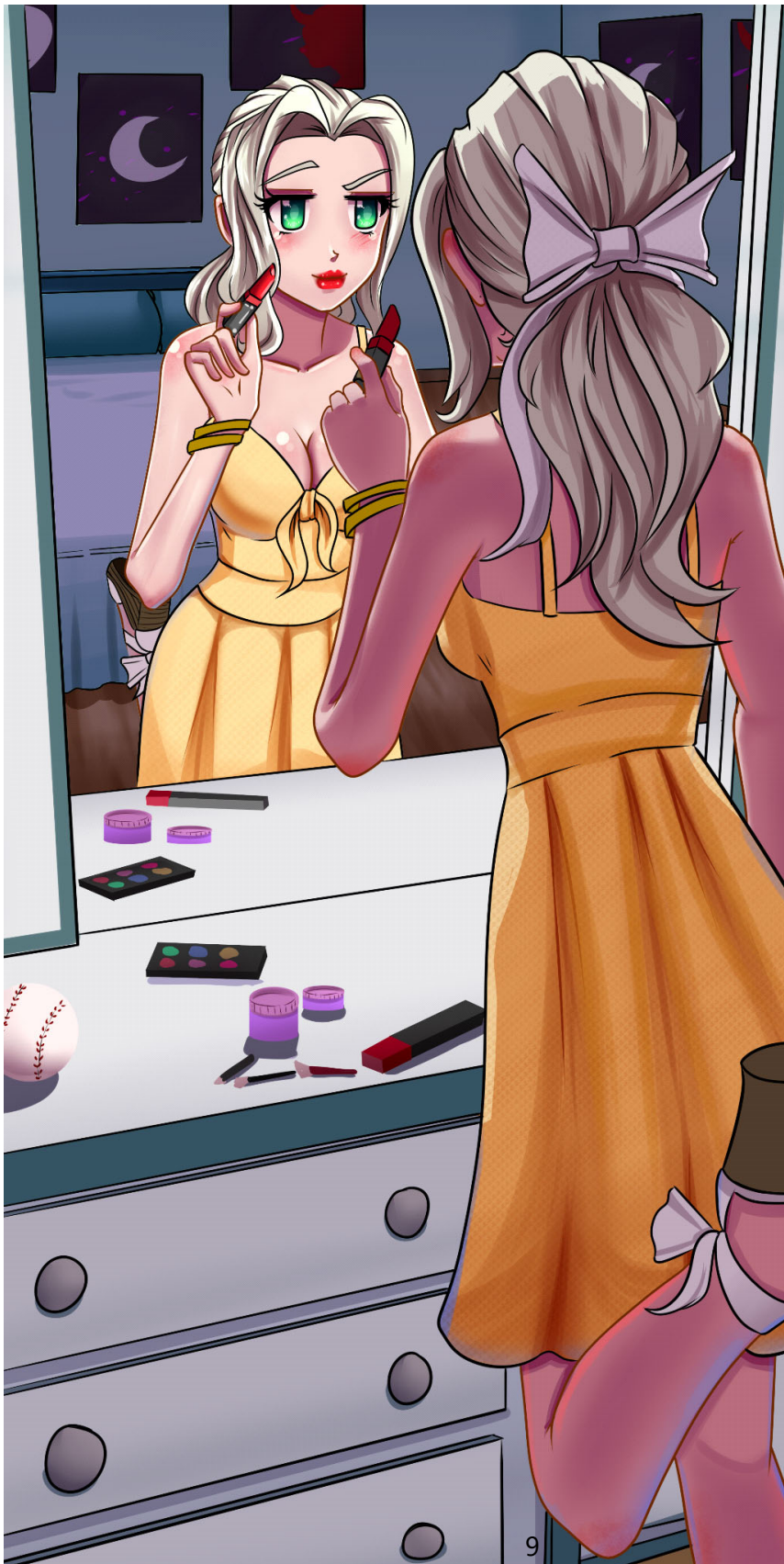
It had really hit home that Bailey had been raped because of the situation she forced Bailey into. It was still the fault of Liam... and he was going to get what was coming to him. Bailey had said that the police shouldn't get involved, it was a shame. A prison uniform would suit Liam just fine, she thought, but Bailey wanted revenge and for him to know what it feels like to be a boy trapped acting and living like a girl. With some soul searching Megan knew things could have gone vastly differently. She could have reached out to Becky to see if she would have played the role of Amanda's daughter or she could have pushed for her little sister to confess the truth, that it was all a misunderstanding before that day at the park. But that would have also left her little sister being taken advantage of by Bailey, who was cheating on her, stealing from her, heck stealing from her so he could afford to cheat on her. Bailey had to go, but she didn't need to make him send sexual texts to boys, or make him go out on that double date. Even the

smallest change of going inside the frat house with Charles could have prevented the worst from happening. She held some of the blame and for that she was going to help Bailey get revenge on both Charles and Liam. Megan let out a soft sigh, she had never thought of herself as a bad person before, but now she had to accept that it was part of her and so was the enjoyment she got from turning someone macho into something feminine. She did everything for a reason, but with Bailey things had gotten out of control... no she had control the entire time she corrected. Things had just gotten out of hand and she was going to see if she could correct that. Bailey still had to stay in the role as her niece for now, but she was going to need to actually hire that private investigator instead of it just being an empty promise.

Placing one hand on the door knob, Megan stopped to listen closer to see if she could hear what Bailey was saying. She didn't want to interrupt if it was something important, but what she heard was both odd and very familiar. Cracking open the door she peaked in, seeing Bailey lean forward towards the mirror that was attached to the dresser. Kicking back one of her legs as she finished up putting on makeup.

"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 was surprising to hear Bailey repeating the motto, over and over again. No appearance of the despondent person she had seen just the day before, Bailey looked more than just content. By all appearances and even tone of voice the teen girl she was looking at appeared to be happy. She was dressed in a yellow spaghetti strapped, low cut yellow cotton dress that came down to mid thigh. Her hair was pulled back and tied with a white ribbon into a cute bow, the ribbon matching the white ribboned tall wedge shoes. Bailey had even put on jewelry, a few gold bracelets on her left wrist and small gold earrings in the shape of white daisies.



Earlier that morning standing in the bedroom in a pair of white and yellow checkered cheeky panties and a white plunge bra Bailey had laid out a light cotton yellow spaghetti strap yellow dress on the now neatly made bed. He thought it was cute how the fabric was tied in a little knot at the center of the chest. It would show a lot of his breasts, the reason why he wore the plunge bra. He felt uneasy showing off the assets he wished he didn't have. Snapping his fingers in front of his face, Bailey forced his smile to increase in volume. "Peaches, I like need to get it together." He said reminding himself this was exactly the type of outfit Bailey Ann would love to wear. Bailey was always a happy girl and if she was happy that had to mean things were okay. If she was happy, then nothing bad could have happened to her... Bailey wanted to be happy, he needed to not feel like his life should be over. Right now, at least for now that mean he just needed to be Bailey Ann, she was happy.

Tilting his head from left to right while pursing his lips, Bailey picked up the three and a half inch tall wedge shoes with a white ribbon that he had swapped shoes for that first day he met Candi. It felt like so long ago that he was forced to wear the shoes, tying the ribbon into a cute bow and now here he was choosing them to go with his outfit for the day. Knowing that it would put a smile on his friend's face seeing him wearing them. Putting the shoes at the foot of the bed, below the dress he moved his left arm behind his back, reaching over to grab onto his other hand as he pivoted from side to side, thinking about what else should go with the outfit for the day. Candi had promised him a day to make him happy and she wanted to dress to match. He always thought most girls didn't want to go somewhere when a friend dressed similarly to them, or at least on tv it showed that with the girl wanting to take longer to go change, but he was sure if Candi had her way they would dress similar or the same everyday. After taking another ten minutes to get everything just right he took a photo, sending it over to Candi.

Bailey: Time 2b awake!

Candi: I have totally been up, I was like letting you sleep in

Bailey: I have been up 2 and like this is what Im going to wear

Candi: Super cute!

Candi: U should have like told me u were up I could have totally been over by now

Bailey: I was picking out my outfit

Candi: U did a good job :)

Bailey: I did the Best job!

Candi: the best job would have a matching purse

Bailey: I didn't bring any extra purses with me 2 Aunt Megans

Candi: r u going 2 borrow 1 from her or want me 2 bring something?

Candi: Best job, with a capital B ok now I get it

Bailey: :-p

Bailey: I will ask Aunt Megan  
Candi: K c ya soon!

After getting dressed, Bailey stood in front of the long dresser that stood opposite the bed in the room. Looking in the mirror, humming a bit to himself as he started to put on his face for the day. His features grew softer, his eyes stood out more as he applied the makeup, losing himself in the familiar routine. His mind went almost completely blank as he focused on his task, the world fading away. The long lashes that had been put on his face didn't need mascara, but as he rolled the spoolie over them he thought how pretty his green eyes were. Being pretty... the thought triggered something in his mind. "A good girl always..." He began to say, looking in the mirror and not even considering the mantra he was repeating. When he was done outlining his enhanced lips and then filling them in with some red lipstick Bailey smiled at the girl in the mirror that was somehow both adorable and hot at the same time.

"Look at you, Bailey, you look wonderful today. How are you feeling pumpkin?"

Capping the lipstick, Bailey pivoted on one foot, almost twirling. "Good morning Aunt Megan! I'm feeling splendid." Megan was more than a little surprised to hear how chipper Bailey was. Sure the only thing she could see was a happy teen girl, but the change from yesterday was so drastic it could have given her whiplash.

"That is great to hear, are you sure? If you like we could talk some more, I know you said you didn't want to see a therapist, but I'm here for you if you need."

Bailey's smile faltered for just a few heartbeats before it was plastered back on his face. 'Bailey Ann is happy, I'm happy, I am Bailey Ann.' He mentally repeated to himself. "I like super appreciate you Aunt Megan, but like unless we are going to talk spec... specif.. Specifics about you know who I like rather not talk about it. Is that like okay?" He hadn't tried to sound like a complete ditz, Bailey repeated the word he stumbled on a few times in his mind. 'Specifics, specifics, specifics... okay everyone stumbles on words sometimes, get it together Bailey you are just on the edge and need everyone to stop pushing.'

Reaching out Megan lightly gripped Bailey's forearm, rubbing her thumb over the soft skin, hardly feeling any of the muscle that was once there. "Okay, but just remember I'm here or just a phone call away."

"Thank you Auntie and thank you for the compliment, you look totally fab today. I



love your outfit, are you like going somewhere?" She looked down at herself seeing the white off the shoulder white sweater, a long pleated skirt that went just below her knees and a pair of white pointed toe, ankle strap heels with a blocky heel. She had a lunch date with Charles today, it had already been set up and while she was livid with the man. She didn't want to let on that something was off or risk her plan for him and his younger brother. "Oh, just some errands later this afternoon. Say, I was going to make some breakfast this morning. How would you like some cornbread pancakes and a few sausage links?"

The smile almost cracked again at the mention of sausage, the memory of the greasy taste flirted with his taste buds, but was quickly replaced with the memory of something musky, followed by a creamy salty flavor as Bailey pictured the last dick that went into his mouth. "Pancakes sound delicious! But like no sausage for me, eating carbs is enough of a cheat for me thanks. Oh and like Candi is coming over sometime umm soonish? We are going to do some retail therapy and she like promised me the best day."

"She is a good person." Megan couldn't help smiling in a way that touched her eyes as she thought of the girl. "You really do think of her as your friend, don't you?"

Bailey nodded eagerly. "She is my best friend and somehow I'm a month older than her, but also her little sister." A month older... the words floated through Megan's mind, amazed at how easily Bailey said that like it was the truth, not a hint of his real age seemed to even run through her... his mind, she corrected herself.

"Friends are important and so is family and speaking of family. How would you like to help me cook this morning?"

"Totally! But like if Candi shows up before we are done I'm going to tell her we are only having pancakes cause like waffles weren't an option." Megan thought that was such an odd thing to say, causing her to laugh a little.

"Why ever would you say that?"

"Because like, waffles are way better than pancakes and Candi doesn't think so, but I won a bet and made her say so and I just know she will bring it up if she knows we made pancakes." The wrinkles at the corners of Megan's eyes showed

as she grinned, hearing Bailey speed talk like she once had as a young girl.

"What if I agree with Candi?" Bailey squinted at the older woman. Sure people can have their own opinions about food, but waffles have a little bit of crispness and somehow fluffy at the same time when made right and when you pour syrup on the food it held them in little pockets instead of splattering it everywhere. Pancakes were just... flat and sometimes fluffy. "Do you?" Megan shrugged her shoulders before turning to leave the bedroom. "How about we see how you feel about my cornbread pancakes."

### **Chapter 3**

Opening the door a big smile crossed Bailey's face as he Candi standing outside, wearing a muted yellow sundress with barley there small polka dots, a sweetheart neckline, three thin shoulder straps at each shoulder and a tiny little knot tied into a bow at the center of her bodice. While the neckline showed less of her cleavage than what Bailey wore, her dress was a little shorter and puffed out more thanks to a petticoat Bailey assumed. She had paired the dress with a yellow hairband, a white plastic bracelet, matching white plastic hoop earrings and a pair of white ballerina flats that had an ankle strap. Making Bailey taller than Candi by two and half inches for once instead of her being half an inch taller, thanks to the shoes he was wearing. He had avoided her like he had everyone or tried to, but looking at her now in a matching outfit it came back to him that she was the one he called when he needed a ride away from the fraternity house, it was with her. Now she stood there smiling at him like he was at her, and holding two purses. One black leather with bold bright yellow stitching and the other a crocheted white satchel purse, the second she held out for him.

"Good morning sis!" Candi declared when she saw her friend open the door. She wasn't expecting Bailey to lurch forward, wrapping her arms around her, holding them tightly together. It was often her that glomped onto someone excitedly, having it done to her by her best friend was a great way to start a day she thought.

"I'm so sorry I didn't like text you back and didn't answer when you face timed me!" This was someone who instinctively was there for him. Candi didn't ask for favors in return or anything, when Bailey needed someone she was there. The purse... her just bringing an extra purse so he could have something to match his outfit was the smallest of things and him ignoring her when he was feeling low, just made him feel like a heel. Candi pulled back, keeping her hands on Bailey, but holding her at arm's length.

"Well it sounds like someone totally learned a lesson. You do it again and you will get no hugs for a week." She gave her friend a bright smile as she teased her. Bailey smiled back, the girl always had the most infectious smile. Looking over his shoulder at the open door, he motioned for her to follow him inside.

"If you are hungry Aunt Megan and I like made some breakfast, if you were like later I wouldn't have even brought it up." Candi stopped just inside the door, cocking her head to the side.

"Why? OH! OH! Yeah like before I forget Daddy says he needs to talk to Aunt Megan about our shopping and... the best part is Daddy gave me his credit card. Here, this one is for you." Candi put the crochet white purse into Bailey's hands before digging into her purse, pulling out a black metal credit card. "He totally gave me the metal one without a limit for us today!"

"OH MY GOD! I always wished I could afford to have one of those!" Bailey reached for the card that he coveted. The thing was a sign that you had truly made it in the world, for a creditor to trust you to buy whatever you wanted, no matter the cost because they knew you could afford it. He didn't ever think he would get one, but dreams of it and winning the lottery went mostly hand in hand for him. Candi pulled her hand back, moving the card out of her friend's reach.

"You can hold it if you tell me why you thought about keeping what you made for breakfast a secret? You should not be keeping secrets from your big sis."

"Pancakes, we made cornbread pancakes." Bailey said as he made grasping motions for the card. Candi handed it over, starting to walk past her friend, stopping just long enough to bounce her hip into hers as she walked through the living room and into the closed off kitchen. Bailey followed along, the purse in the crook of his elbow as he held the black metal card in both hands, running his thumb across the white indents of the name of the card holder.

"Good morning Aunt Megan, I was told you and Bailey made..." Candi gave the older woman a big smile, watching her hang up an apron and taking in her outfit. "Wow, you look amazing!"

"You are just the sweetest thing and look at you. I swear you are more beautiful by the day, I'm surprised your father lets you out of the house at all." Candi

giggled happily at the compliment.

"He threatened me once that he was going to buy a shed to lock me away till I was like, no longer a teenager, but I think that was more because I was being more emotional that day and he was being like super not sensitive. OH! And he said he needed to talk to you about our shopping today!"

"I will give him a call shortly, hopefully he isn't being insensitive today," she said hoping the girl took in the word. She knew from experience she could be smart as a whip, but didn't often give off that impression. "For now why don't the two of you sit down for breakfast."

When they sat down to eat, Megan got the phone number for Derrick before leaving the room, deciding to get the phone call out of the way before eating. It was a short phone call, coming back into the room to see Candi pointing a fork, still heavily laden with pieces of a double stack of pancakes. "Eees are ooo uch..." Candi said unintelligibly with her mouth full. Stopping and chewing her food a few more times she swallowed before continuing. "These are so much better than the waffles we had the other day! You like did such a good job! I tried to make Daddy some pancakes like a week before we came here and I swear I almost started the house on fire. The fire alarm was going off, he had to open the back glass door and wave a towel around to get it to stop. I am terrible and I think when we take that cooking class together you will have to keep me from starting another fire."

"No like, it was all Aunt Megan, I just helped a little. Stirring the batter and pouring. She is such a good cook, like you have no idea!" In the past Bailey had learned he needed to perfect or come close to perfecting six meals, two for each to be able to impress a girl. It had worked with Mommy, but he wasn't going to take credit for someone else's work, but he was going to try and remember her recipe so he could recreate this later. Megan came up, giving a kiss to the side of Bailey's forehead, just after her hairline. It felt good to be appreciated, it was one thing for someone to give you a compliment, it was another to overhear one that someone gave when speaking about you.

"Thank you pumpkin, but don't sell yourself short and Candi it just sounds like you need more practice, though when you say another fire it makes me wonder how many fires you have started." Candi used her fork to cut another piece off her double stack of pancakes.

"It like, isn't important," she said before stuffing her mouth full of the not so bite size portion of pancakes she cut off. A lilting giggle escaped Bailey's mouth as he thought about her antics and picturing panicking in the kitchen as she started a fire after she poured milk into a bowl of cereal.

"Well, I'm glad you are enjoying what WE." Megan pointedly nodded at Bailey. "Made. Now I just got off the phone with your father and I do see he gave you his card. It seems the two of you actually do need to go shopping today. I'm going to rearrange my schedule a bit to go with you, so we can update your wardrobe with things for the two of you to wear around an office." Glancing at the two yellow dress wearing girls that had their mouths full of food she didn't see any confusion on Candi's face, but Bailey didn't look to understand and considering everything Bailey had gone through she didn't expect a lot of retention right now.

"He told me about the two of you getting into his liquor and wanting to teach you some life lessons about responsibility." She knew it happened after Bailey left Liam's company and she wouldn't blame anyone needing a stiff drink after that experience, but she couldn't speak to that openly. "If you are going to do that sort of thing girls, I'm happy you did it somewhere safe, but you both knew that you shouldn't have done that. You are both adults now and if you are curious about that sort of thing, maybe talk to someone so everyone can make sure you experiment the right way."

"So like." Candi made eye contact with Bailey. She didn't want to try it, and it tasted awful, but she wanted to know more. "If we asked you, could we have like tasted it over here with you?" Candi said, looking back to Megan. The question made her think for a handful of seconds.

"Yes, but I still would have done it with your fathers permission. If he said it was okay, I would have also introduced you to a few drinks that actually taste good."

"Good, cause like it was horrible, I don't know how Daddy drinks it, it's like, umm almost like how gasoline smells." Bailey shoved the last mouthful of pancakes in his mouth, mentally grumbling, he liked whiskey, but he would admit things like honey whiskey tasted a lot better. Megan laughed at the girls' comparison.

"I don't think it is that bad, nothing impresses a man more than a woman who drinks a glass of whiskey, while smoking a cigar with him. So long as the patriarchy is in charge we have to do things we don't like to get ahead."

"Ahead." Bailey laughed, after finishing his bite of food. Taking in the older woman sitting next to him with her low cut top, showing off his large chest. It made him think of one girl... he couldn't for the life of him remember her name, but he did remember how stacked she was and how appreciative she was when he started her off at his parents' store with a higher starting wage than was normal.

"No, not like that." Megan looked between Bailey and Candi, shaking her head at Bailey's one word that sent Candi into a fit of giggles. "How about the two of you wash your plates while I get something in my stomach before we head out." With nothing left on her plate other than syrup, Candi got up from the table, walking around to give Megan a hug from behind.

"I'm happy you are coming with us, it was fun shopping with you before. I wish I had an aunt like you." Megan put her hand over the teenager's arms, giving it a little squeeze, the comment didn't make her tear up, but it had definitely struck a cord that improved her day. Candi hugged her tight, closing her eyes, hoping and wishing her Daddy would work up the courage to propose so she could have the family she always dreamed of.

When they were getting ready to head out Candi excused herself to use the restroom, and as soon as she closed the door Megan took one of Bailey's hands between both of hers. "Pumpkin, I don't want to force you into anything, but I need you to remember who you are, who Bailey Ann Best is and how she dresses."

"Okay... like, why? Is something wrong with how I look? Should I change?" Bailey looked down at his outfit, taking the hem of his dress between his index finger and thumb, pulling on the garment slightly. Wondering if he had done something wrong and if Candi had noticed. Him not realizing how much he sounded like a worried teen girl.

"You look pretty as a picture pumpkin, but you can't suddenly start dressing differently so some of the things we buy today won't be say... conservative. You understand?"

"Yeah like, I guess." It wasn't lost on Bailey that the complement, pretty as a picture wasn't something a guy would ever want to hear, but it brought a tiny bit of joy to him. He had pictured the outfit out to be both cute and a bit sexy at the

same time and hearing the compliment filled him with a bit of pride.

"A good girl always looks her best and like I'm a good girl, happy and proud!" He felt a mental twinge, his stray thought about the girl at the shop giving him a blow job, how it made him wonder if Aunt Megan had ever done something like that and now her talking about him dressing sexy to the office. Before those thoughts picked up speed he picked up the borrowed purse, pulling out the compact mirror to make sure his face didn't need any touch ups, to give himself something to focus on.

## **Chapter 4**

The trio walked through the mall parking lot, Bailey noticing how Candi kept glancing his way with a small smile on her face. He knew the girl well enough to know that meant she had something she wanted to talk about, but wanted someone else, in this case him, to bring it up. He glanced up to the sky, the sun was still climbing and there was hardly a cloud in the sky as he tried to think of what would be on her mind. He didn't see any cute boys around so that wasn't it. They were about to do a shopping trip on her Dad's dime... deciding that was the topic, or more specifically he more than likely wondering if he had an idea of what to pick up. "I was thinking, like... what do you think you want to like, get to wear to your first job?" Bailey said, taking his friend's hand in his own, pulling her a little closer as they walked, and pressing his shoulder into her. Bailey enjoyed the idea of turning her own question back on her and not considering how very much like Candi he was acting in his physical affection.

Moving her hand so that her fingers intertwined with Bailey's, Candi brought her other hand up, pressing her index finger to her lips as she thought for a moment. "Hmmm, okay, okay. I have like a tonnnnnnn of ideas, but I like was also wondering how you liked being the taller sister for a change?"

"Huh? I'm like half an inch shorter, you like, always say you are the big sister because you are taller." Candi bit her bottom lip, tilting her head from left to right happily.

"That is because I am, but today I'm not wearing heels. See?" Candi stopped walking, holding one foot out, twisting her ankle around to show off her white, heeless shoe with a thin ankle strap. "Aren't they cute!?"

"Well, yeah like they are close to like the cutest." They seemed a good balance

of practical and stylish to Bailey, and definitely went with his friend's outfit. He also didn't remember seeing them in her closet the last time he was over, so they had to be new.

"Let me guess, you wanted to say buuuuut they would be cuter if they had a stiletto heel. I know you girl, and the world like doesn't revolve around high heels. I am totally going to get you one of those signs that says keep calm and buy me heels."

"I was like not going to say that and like, I don't like need people to buy me heels." The last pair that had been bought for him, the sexy leather heeled knee high boots he had thought would look incredible on Aunt Megan, but unfortunately it was him wearing them.

"No, but you want them to, unless you don't want me to get you any shoes today?" Bailey had been thinking of clothes to buy, things he loved seeing Mommy in and Aunt Megan.

"Hey! That isn't fair!" He didn't know exactly what he was going to get today, but he knew there was no way he had all the right shoes to go with every work outfit.

The girl's banter always brightened Megan's day, the exchange made it seem like Bailey wasn't weighed down by the recent events at all. Not just that, but she couldn't see a single shred of the man Bailey once was. Her pretend niece had on a flirty little dress, walking like she wanted men to pay attention to her. Megan thought back to when she and her little sister were younger and how they interacted. They were close, not just sisters but friends. A good thing considering they shared a room for most of their childhood, she couldn't even imagine her Rebecca wanting to share a room. Her daughter had only a handful of friends, and only one... Megan's thoughts paused for a second as she tried to remember the hispanic girl's name. Gaby, she was the only friend that had been invited to stay over. Yet here was Candi and Bailey acting as if they had a bond closer to a pair of twins, then just sisters, let alone friends.

It made her consider something her sister once told her about Bailey, how growing up he didn't have any friends, none at least close enough for him to stay in contact with. He had his parents, their store and coworkers, him spending much of his time helping out there from an early age. Now he was getting the chance to not just relive a piece of his life he never had, but to bond with someone. The goal far as she could recall was to be polite and make friends with



Candi, she didn't think there was even a small chance that what the two of them had could be faked. Megan's eyes drifted down to their intertwined hands as they prattled on, right now she was sure Candi... their friendship was exactly what Bailey needed, but it also made her a little sad. Knowing that when the summer was over, when she took that money out of her retirement fund so she could give Bailey the money she promised Bailey going their own way, losing this connection would be painful. It also made her want to go pay her daughter a visit, even if it was just for a day so she could take her out for dinner and hug her.

Getting close to the automatic doors, Candi pulled free of Bailey, skipping forward at a rapid pace, before twirling around, causing her skirt to flare out just in the entrance. Candi clapped her hands together at chin level, leaving them pressed together, giving both Bailey and Megan a big smile. "Okay, so, okay. Last time we were here we played the getting to know you game and I had like sooo much fun. Today we are going to try a different game, where we each find two things that remind us of each other. So like, I will get two things, one for you Bailey and one for Aunt Megan and we will like, tell each other why it reminds us of them and like if there is a story behind it all the better. K!?"

"That sounds fun for the two of you, are you sure you want me to participate?" She had enjoyed the little shopping game last time, but she wanted to give Candi an out so she didn't feel like she needed to include the adult with them, just because she was with them. Candi pursed her lips as she tilted her head and squinted her eyes.

"It WILL BE FUN!" She said adding much more emphasis than needed after she started the sentence. "Did you have fun with our last game Aunt Megan?"

"I did, but..." Megan's rebuttal died in her throat when the girl stepped forward, wrapping her arms around her in a tight embrace for a few heartbeats. While the tightness of the hug only lasted a short time, the girl remained in place. She could see Candi's comforting smile looking up at her.

"Good because I like having you around and I like, hope you really don't mind me calling you aunt, it makes me happy to think of you that way." Megan had just been thinking about her estranged relationship with her daughter and how she wanted to see her, to have that contact and then to have this sweet teen girl so openly show her affection, show her love. It melted her heart and made all of her worries just seem so much less important. The cynical part of her mind also understood why her father spoiled her so much. Moving her arms, Megan

hugged the girl back.

"It would make me happy to think of you as another niece, just as it makes me happy to hear you call me Aunt Megan. Now about your game, does it have to be something we buy? Or can it just be something we can point out?" Candi again pursed her lips as she considered the question.

"It has to be in the mall at least." Candi said with a little shrug, ending the embrace. "We can like split up now and get together in say like, ummm... twenty minutes by the fountain and then like... yeah. Then at the end after we show each other what we found or like a photo if it isn't something you got we can all throw a quarter in the fountain to make a wish. I'm really good at wishes, my last one is soooo going to come true."

"Spit up? Like go alone?" Bailey unconsciously wrung his hands together, feeling a small spike of anxiety at the idea of being alone. Being alone didn't bother him, or at least it never did before and yet here at the mall with all these people he felt uncertain. It wasn't long ago that here, at this mall he had seen Liam for the first time since becoming Bailey Ann and he didn't know and didn't want to run into him again.

"Yes silly, don't pretend you don't know what splitting up means. I mean come on girl, no one is going to believe either of us is that dumb." Candi giggled, making Bailey feel just a little better hearing the laughter. She was so full of joy, that Bailey didn't want to lose sight of her now, doubly so with the anxiety building in him. He really wished he could be more like her, seeing the world and people in such a better way. Bailey didn't even consider what she said other than the confirmation to his question, while Candi looked over at Megan, rolling her eyes.

"Sometimes I like think she plays dumb to get extra attention." Bailey put both his fists, or the closet thing he could make without stabbing himself with his nails as he put them on his hips. Giving Candi a hard look as he stuck out his bottom lip.

"Hey! I am like not dumb!" He once thought of Candi as much less than an intellectual giant. He had learned that she was lacking in some areas that would give many people that initial impression, but she was far from the dumb blonde stereotype that he had been acting the part of.

"Bailey." Candi faced her friend, giving Bailey her full attention. "I know you aren't

dumb, that is like exactly what I was saying."

"You were?" He replayed what she said to Aunt Megan in his head, a small blush coming to his cheeks as he realized he had responded to the single word that he had heard her say instead of really listening. "Peaches... umm. Sorry." Candi held her arms forward, motioning for Bailey to come closer.

"No apologies accepted without a hug tax. Sorry, like, not my rules, I just follow them." Bailey snickered, stepping closer to give his friend a hug. He knew he acted like a twit at times, it wasn't his fault it was like how he had to act or like he was distracted by things so he wasn't paying attention. The pull of his bra straps or the feeling of a thong between his butt cheeks no longer pulled his attention away, but there always just seemed to be something that pulled his attention away from the here and now.

"Okay umm, I guess I will see you in twenty." Candi pulled away from the hug smirking at Bailey.

"See you in four fives." Candi said holding up one hand, fingers splayed apart. "Not five, fives, or three fives." Bailey rolled his eyes as she teased him.

"I like, know how to do math, five fours also totally makes twenty." Bailey said matter of factly, like turning the multiplication around made it a different equation.

Megan watched the two bring themselves into a small fit of giggles, she was just happy Bailey got the multiplication correct. It had surprised her before how much her little math books had changed and reinforced Bailey's perception, but now that she really was planning to give him money so he could make his way it made her feel a little guilty. It was still something that helped Bailey fit into character, she reasoned to try and help ease the feeling, choosing to not acknowledge the ditzy girl persona was her doing too.

Soon the three split up to find objects for Candi's shopping game. Megan mused about how Candi had turned what was obviously the girls favorite activity to pass time into a game to include others. The first time she said it was her fathers idea and how he used it on a date, but the girl had definitely taken it as a lesson that she could and should use to bring more people into her world. Her father was a leader, her sister seemed to think he was good at his job, but she considered that if his daughter was any reflection of him, that she was going to make a great leader in whatever field she decided to work in too. Her own style of leadership at

Sterling Backgrounds was one of built respect. She would do everything she asked someone else to do, she would do it with them and make sure they knew they could come to her with any barriers for the job so she could make things easier.

Working alongside those that worked under her made for longer hours some days, having many separate tasks assigned to her as a manager. It didn't mean she treated them as coworkers, she was still their boss and had to be firm with them. As people they were equals, but as workers she was their superior. That meant over the years she had made few friends, but it was enough to garner the respect of those she led. She felt she was more structured than her little sister, who she knew had an open door policy with those she managed. Amanda always had a bigger heart than her. "Always listen, and if you can not do that, make sure your employee at least feels like they were heard. Everyone if not understands a no, they can respect it. If they feel they have a voice." It had been good advice Amanda had given her, considering she had said it after paying out of her own pocket to go to a leadership training seminar, Megan wasn't sure if it was something she had heard or came up with on her own. It also made her remember her little sister had always been more of a nerd than her. Sure she took some college courses to get out of the house and maybe better herself a little after the divorce, but she never would have went to a leadership seminar for a week, after work that she was paying for and work hadn't sent her to. She had been thinking of her sister a lot today, especially when she looked at Bailey and Candi, reminding her a lot of their own youth and giving her an idea of something to get for the game, if she could find it.

More than twenty minutes later, Bailey stood with arms crossed under his bosom as he glowered at Candi as she approached with a plastic bag in one hand, and a rectangle cardboard box that read Cinnabon in the other. "More like four times..." Bailey stopped for just a second as he thought to make sure he wasn't going to be wrong and embarrass himself. "Six!"

Coming closer Candi tilted her head to the side like she often did when considering something. "What?"

"Minutes! You are totally late!" Bailey said, annoyed she hadn't followed his train of thought.

"Ignore her, she was already impatient when I showed up well before the time you set for the game." Bailey looked to the side at Aunt Megan, who was sitting on a bench that faced the fountain. He wasn't able to say she was wrong, but

how long could it really take. Sure he only got cards for them, but he had another idea that he was excited to do that fit with what Candi wanted so perfectly he couldn't wait for his turn, but he would have to go last.

"Oh, yeah I umm..." Candi looked down at the box in her hand. "I got distracted cause like it smelled sooooo good. I know we eat before we came and like it will totally ruin my diet, but I brought some to share so I wouldn't be alone in my guilt. And to umm... share how good it is." She then opened up the box to show a caramel pecan cinnamon roll, that had a few pieces already pulled off.

Bailey's impatience for what he wanted to do was completely lost at the sight of the sugary treat. "That looks yummy!"

Holding out the box to her friend, Candi smiled brightly. "I KNOW, RIGHT!?" Handing over the box, Candi pulled out a few plastic forks for everyone and with it the three sat on the bench, passing the box between them between bites. When it was all gone Candi cleared her throat. "So who wants to go first?"

"It is your game, so I think you should take that honor sweetheart." Megan said looking past Bailey, over to the blonde with the yellow hairband.

"Yeah? Okay, so like first I have this." Candi said reaching into the plastic bag, pulling out a silver picture frame that had flours along the top left corner and silvery vines reaching out across the top and left side. She placed it in Bailey's lap, bumping her shoulder into her friend hoping she would like the gift.

"This looks like, expensive, I like thought this was suppose to be little things? I like only had a few dollars and... and..." Candi always had more money than him and today she was using her, well her Dad's money, but their last game they had been at a cheap store, not buying things that were silver.

"Relax, it isn't like, real silver, but it did take me a little extra time to get this done." Candi said pointing to a flat spot on the bottom part of the frame where it was engraved with a word.

"Sisters?" Bailey said, running the pad of his index finger across it.

"I know we like aren't blood or anything, but I feel like..." Candi shrugged her

shoulders. "I was maybe thinking about Aunt Megan and well her saying I can call her that and saying how she would love to think of me as a niece and, umm." Bailey wrapped one arm around Candi's shoulder, it was unlike her to less than confident.

"We are totally sisters and I love it, do you know what picture you are going to put in there?" Leaning into the side hug, Candi took a few moments to enjoy it. She was here for the summer, and could have never imagined finding someone she could be this close with. Her birthday wish was for her fathers happiness, for her own happiness to have a complete family. She was confident or at least was confident most of the time that her Daddy would ask Bailey's mom to marry him. He should, she knew he loved her and she thought she would make an amazing mom, but standing there in the Things Remembered store she saw in the case a wedding cake topper. She had taken a photo of it and sent it to her Daddy wanting his opinion, but he had told her she was being presumptuous. Making her wonder, and fear what she had found here in Nevada, a place she didn't want to come to, was fleeting. So she got the picture frame with the engraving so if the worst came true, that Bailey would have something to remember their time together. Candi flicked away a stray tear that came to her eye, trying to cover it up with a pretend yawn.

"That is like something you will have to decide, it is yours and I got it because it made me think of all the selfies you take and the ones of us together and like figured you could put one of those in it."

Megan put her hand over her mouth at the sweet gesture. The girl had turned a game into a chance to give a gift. "That is sweet of you Candi."

"Thank you, now here is my second gift." Bailey ran his finger over the word sisters again, not looking up as he spoke.

"This was like not supposed to be about giving gifts." Candi had already reached into her bag, she glanced over at the two sitting on the bench with her, keeping her hand and what she was about to pull out of it out of sight.

"Rules didn't say it couldn't be a gift." She stuck her tongue out at Bailey. "I know Bailey has like bored some of your jewelry and at our birthday party you had on the most dazzling pair of earrings, so I like thought of this for you. I hope you like it." Pulling her hand out of the bag, Candi pulled out a round black jewelry box, that said a small engraving plate on top that read Megan Lilly Best.

Taking the offered gift, Megan smiled looking down at her name. Slowly she opened the case, it had a soft ivory lining, a place to insert rings in the center and two small open areas for other things. It was the type of case one would bring with them on a trip. "Like it? Candi I love it!"

Tilting her head up, Candi gave a beaming smile. "Well then I guess you might like what is under that little piece of tape. Bailey totally gave me the idea." Megan had noticed on the top of the inside of the case was a mirror, with a piece of brown tape over it, she hadn't considered it to be anything special, maybe something to make sure the mirror stayed in place while it sat on a shelf. Peeling it off her breath was caught in her throat. The mirror itself wasn't glass, but a highly polished piece of metal that had also been engraved. "To an Aunt who touched others & who will always be loved." Megan read out loud.

Closing the case, she reached to her side, one arm pulling Bailey close and the other reaching over to Candi's shoulder she gave them both a hug, an awkward one as she tried to contain the burst of emotion she felt. "Girls this is perfect!" Bailey had no idea what Candi meant by giving her the idea, but he was happy for the hug. He hadn't been that much of a hugger before, but he had learned their value and right now he wanted as many as he could get.

Pulling back, Megan wiped the heel of her hand across her cheeks to wipe away a few loose tears, she sniffled trying to gain her composure. "Alright, Bailey, do you want to go next?" Bailey shook his head, causing his ponytail to swing side to side.

"I'm going to go last."

"Well, guess it is my turn then and I may have gotten you a gift too Candi." Candi sat up a little straighter, she always loved getting gifts almost as much as she loved seeing people's faces when she gave them something. Like when she swapped shoes with Bailey when they first met, most wouldn't consider swapping a gift, but trading her ribbon wedges for a pair of pink converse was a one sided deal. Bailey had been much more closed off than she was now, hesitant and trying to hide away her emotions. Nothing like who she was now, their time together she had really come out of her shell and she hoped part of it was because of her and a little help from the pills she gave her friend so that her chest could grow out and give her the confidence she thought she should have. She also knew it was a good gift considering how Bailey was wearing them now

and they looked so good on her.

"Here you go." Megan said, handing over a bright yellow shirt. "There used to be a show called carebears, little teddy bear like people that had symbols on their stomachs and..."

"Aunt Megan, we know who the carebears are." Candi said unfolding the shirt to see a carebear like symbol on the shirt of a heart with a crown hung around the top left portion. Candi said she knew who the carebears were, but she didn't understand the symbol on the shirt. "Umm, what does it mean though?"

"That is from one of the carebears cousins, I think his name was Braveheart Lion. He was always boisterous and at times a bit overbearing as he took charge. He was always willing to dive in head first to any situation. He would yell Chaaaargge!" Megan smiled at the memory of the cartoon. "It reminded me of you and I can certainly see you yelling that considering how I heard you spoke to that security guard when the two of you got in trouble at the water park."

Bailey considered how that wasn't the only time she stood up to confirmation, like how she did when they were playing minigolf and that the comparison was closer than Aunt Megan knew with Candi's use of a night light, and the fictional characters' fear of the dark. He kept it to himself though as he saw his friend hug the shirt to her chest.

"I love it and I would totally yell charge." Candi wiggled in her seat, holding the bright yellow shirt against her, considering putting it on over her dress.

"For you Bailey I got you a rock." Megan said, pulling out a spherical rock.

"Is it because you wanted her to have a pet rock or like because you think she rocks!?" Candi asked, just as confused as Bailey looked. Megan gave a wink to Candi, turning the rock around in her hand. It was only half spherical, as it was broken open revealing a purple geode that had been filled with red resin at its center in the shape of a heart.

"It made me think of her, she can be eternally stubborn like a rock, but..." Megan pointed to the resin heart at the center. "Deep down she feels things just like everyone else."



"Why is everything so mushy..." Bailey asked rubbing his forearm with one hand, his voice betraying the swelling of his own emotions. "I like it but like no more crying."

"You don't like it." Candi teased as Bailey took the rock, looking at the little heart as he held it in his hands.

"Yes I do!"

"No you don't, because I know you loooooove it!" Bailey stuck his tongue out at her like she had to him earlier.

"Well I like have an idea for like something we all love, but like first. Here." Bailey pulled out two cards from the small bag he had, handing one to each of the people sitting on either side him. Megan opened the orange envelope, reading the card.

"If Aunties were like flowers I'd pick you every time." She then opened the card that had a handwritten note that she read to herself. "Megan Lilly is said to be pretty, a flower once seen has everyone say she is ohhhh soooo pretty!" The card was a far cry from when Bailey used to call her the Wicked Bitch of the West she mused, loving the little addition of the heart floating over the i in the handwritten note.

Reading her own card after pulling it out of a plain brown envelope, Candi smiled. "Friends are the family you choose." Opening the card she too found something written inside, but she read it out loud instead of to herself. "Sisters make the perfect best friend, my best friend makes the perfect sister."

"You said there would be no more crying and then you like, give me this?" Candi pouted, she could both feel and see her eyes filling with tears. It was a great card, not in the spirit of the game at all, but it was something she wouldn't trade and it was just the thing she needed with the feelings of uncertainty that plagued her after her father's text.

"Ummm, yes?" Bailey answered the question sheepishly with a semi question of his own. "Umm wanna hear my idea?" Sniffing Candi nodded, gripping the card

tight enough to leave a crease.

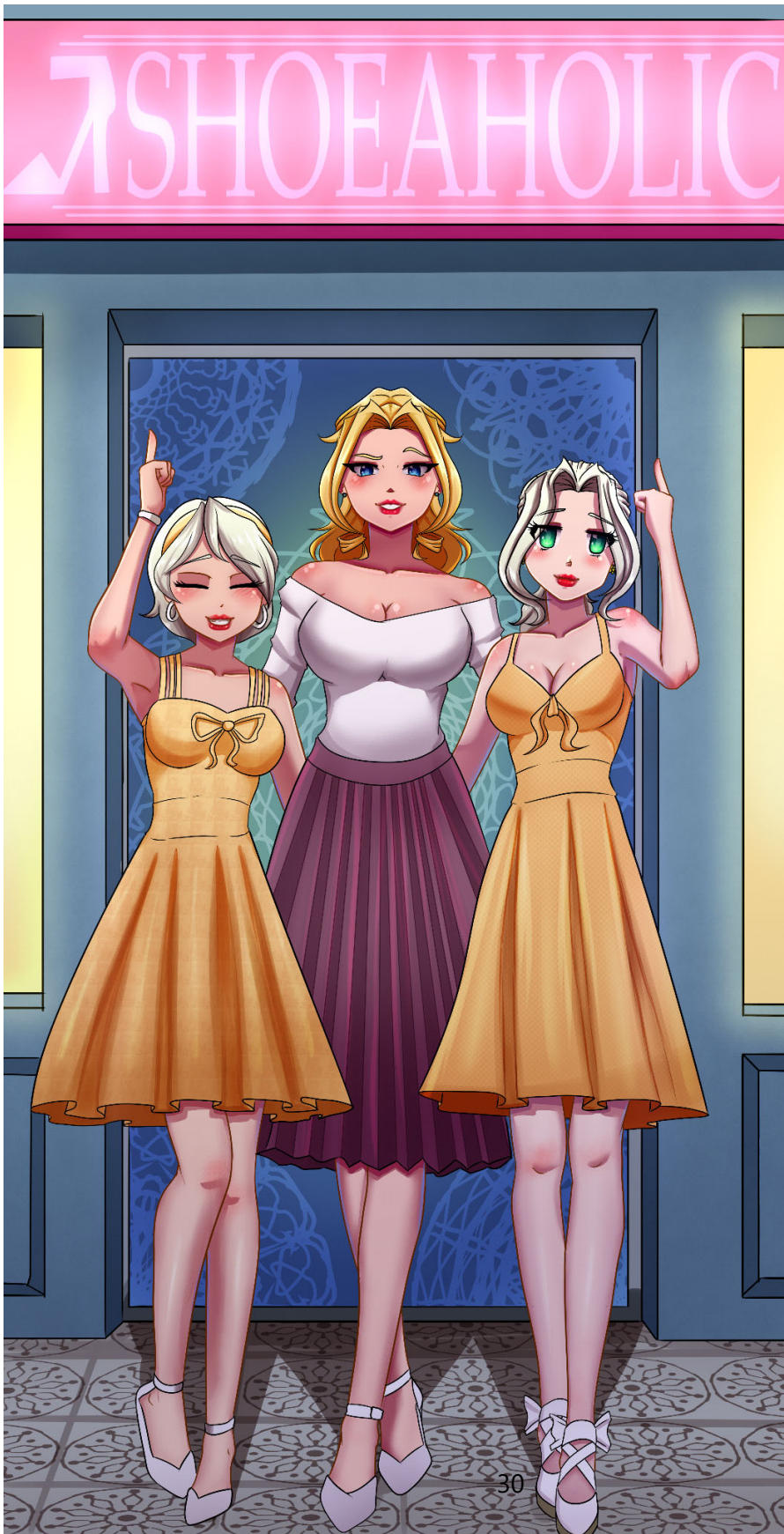
"Well umm, Aunt Megan has a lot of shoes, she like borrows from Mommy all the time." Bailey said thinking how she had borrowed and not really returned a few expensive pairs of shoes he had given as gifts. "And like you like shoes."

Megan didn't feel the need to interject, she wasn't obsessed with shoes, but the entire existence of Bailey Ann Best had started because she was going over to her sisters place to take a pair.

Candi interrupted, pointing her finger at Bailey. "Says the girl that put up a wishlist of shoes on amazon to have her boyfriend buy them for her." Bailey hesitated when she mentioned the amazing wish list.

"So like I thought we could like go over to the store where Jeremy works and take a photo outside. The name is kinda like perfect, right?"

"YES!" Candi replied excitedly, loving the idea of them taking a photo together outside a store called Shoeaholic. Making her wish she engraved the picture frame with the word family so she could put that photo in there instead.



## Chapter 5

Rubbing the fabric between his fingers, Bailey absentmindedly played with the bow at the front of the high waisted cream knit pencil skirt that hung on the rack in front of the feminized man. He was bored of the days activity, this was the third department store they had been in and he had long lost count of how much they were spending. Candi would say something was cute, or would bounce up and down at finding something just perfect on the discount rack. Once upon a time he liked picking up something nice. The pencil skirt he held on to now he could just picture Mommy in it, he loved seeing her dressed up, but now even when he pictured the lovely woman wearing it his mind would drift to different blouses he owned and how many outfit combinations he could wear with it.

His eyes slid away from the skirt to a pair of men standing in the walkway between departments, both wearing jeans and Raiders jerseys. Bailey didn't pay particular attention to the men themselves, but it made him wonder when the last time he sat down and watched a football game. A memory of sitting on some bench seats flirting with a waitress at the Wing House came to mind. Bailey had struck out with getting a waitresses phone number, but Chuck was at the top of his game. The pretty blonde girl had literally sat in his lap when she asked him intimately what he would like for dessert. The thought of his old friend brought back the memory of him closing the door behind him as he left Bailey, leaving him to Liam.

"Bailey, are you still with us?" Bailey blinked a few times, snapping his attention over to the older blonde woman, who was holding up a wrap-around mini leather skirt.

"Hmm? What?!" Bailey could practically feel his blood pressure rising as pieces of that night bubbled to the surface of his mind. 'No, no, no, no! I am like, Bailey Ann Best, I am Bailey Ann Best, it was just totally a bad date night, that was all it was. I am a normal teen girl, just a normal teen girl doing her favorite thing. Just think of the picture frame Candi got us, today is a good... today is a day you get to spend shopping, you got this girl, you go this.'

Seeing Bailey's attention snap away from the two twenty something young men made Megan smile, especially with how those two simple words sounded like she was guilty of something. "I was asking what you thought of this for work? It isn't something I would wear to the office, but I might have when I was your age."

"Daddy would kill me if he caught me wearing that to the office, but then again..."

Candi looked between the skirt, Bailey and the older men. "Maybe we should ask one of them their opinion? Tell me sis, which one would you like to talk to and see about getting his opinion. I like the one with glasses, he looks a little nerdy in a super cute way." Bailey waved his hands in Candi's direction like he was trying to shoo a gnat away.

"I was not checking anyone out!" Candi stepped away giggling, bobbing her head from side to side with a small lip biting smile on her face.

Moving her arms behind her back, Candi leaned forward at the waist. "I didn't say you were, someone is telling on themselves." Bailey squinted one eye at the green eyed girl as he thought of what he had said.

"I umm, noooo I was like just looking at their jerseys, I mean who is a Raiders fan?" Candi shrugged at the question, her father watched a little sports, but he wasn't a die hard fan of any team that she knew, so it wasn't ever something she ever paid much attention to.

"I like really don't know anything about them, and I'm betting you don't either. Wanna tell big sis what you were really thinking about?" Bailey pursed his lips together for a second, he wanted to tell her about the team's current quarterback.

"The Raiders current quarterback is like Derek... Derek... sugar, it has something to do with a car or truck or something and, and... Bailey could easily picture the man playing on the field, he had watched many games with him in it, but he also didn't pay close attention to football, other than a time to go out and drink and flirt.

"If you are going to make up a name, you should pick one that isn't so obvious." Candi giggled, thinking her friend picked the name after her own father. Bailey glanced back at the men, seeing them now walking away, done with whatever they were doing, hoping to see the name he wanted on the back of their jerseys or a name that would job his memory. He stomped his wedge heeled foot, looking back at Candi with a sullen look.

"Only thing I'm like going to admit to is loving this skirt." Bailey said, taking a few steps closer to take the mini leather skirt in his hands. Wrapping it around himself, covering part of the yellow dress he tilted his head to the side considering it. The skirt was much shorter than the dress he currently wore, something no one should be wearing to the office. Bailey twisted his waist from

side to side, holding it in place as he bounced his head from side to side. 'It does scream Bailey Ann doesn't it? It is totally something she... something I would wear.'

"Candi, I'm totally going to get this skirt. Are you going to pick one up too?" Candi gave her friend a weak smile, shaking her head.

"I am like suuuuure it will look hot on you, but Daddy would have steam coming out of his ears if I wore it. I could like imagine me bending down to pick something up and him just firing anyone who looked at my butt in it. He might fire anyone looking at you in it too, I'm like not sure why but he seems to like totally think of you as another daughter. You know you should just lean into that and call him Daddy too."

"I am not like calling him Daddy!" Candi rolled her eyes.

"Fine, we can like compromise if you like. You win, you can call him Dad." Bailey folded the skirt, pressing it to his friends chest till she took hold of the garment.

"Clothes, we are here for clothes. Focus girly." Candi placed the article of clothing in the shopping cart with their other soon to be purchases as she laughed to herself thinking at first how she could have a one track mind at times and then thinking about how just now Bailey went from thinking about clothes, to boys and then back to clothes.

"What is so funny?" Bailey asked, looking back at Candi. Hoping she didn't have mischievous idea about catching back up to the boys.

"Oh, I was like just thinking of some blonde jokes and..." Candi's attention went to a skirt on a nearby rack as they started to walk. "This! We can both get this skirt!" Candi held up a speckled gray wrap around skirt with three pearl white buttons. Its color had bits of black and white in the pattern across it.

Megan looked at the skirt, admitting to herself it was cute. She hadn't worn a mini skirt in a long time, but knew the kind of reaction Charles would give her if she showed up wearing it. The man would instantly want to unwrap it from her waist like she was a present. "The skirt is cute, but wouldn't you run into the same problem with your father?"

Holding the gray fabric between her hands, Candi held it up to her waist. "Maybe... but like it isn't leather or like fake leather so I think it will be an easier sell. Besides, like who lets their Daddy tell them how to dress?" Bailey tilted his head as he looked at the girl, baffled by what she just said, considering the conversation they just had.'

"But like you said..." Candi spoke quickly and loudly to talk over Bailey. "I SAID BOTH OF US ARE GOING TO GET THIS SKIRT!" Bailey worked his jaw from side to side, some people might think she was acting like a spoiled child, wanting to get the article of clothing she wanted and not liking her own objections being thrown back at her, and he thought that could be a part of it, but mostly it was just her being her own brand of forceful and playful at the same time.

"Oh yeah?" Bailey said, cocking his head to the side as he placed his hand on his hip. He didn't even think about how he was posing there in the store in his little yellow dress, giving his friend a sassy reply.

"Oh yeah, we are like getting them."

"Fine!" Bailey took his phone out of his purse, snapping a photo of the skirt. "I'm just going to send a text to DADDY! Lets see what he says when I tell him you are making us get super short skirts." Bailey added more emphasis on the daddy then was needed since it was Candi who kept making him call him by a fatherly title.

"Don't you dare!" Bailey started moving away from the shopping cart, typing into his phone. He wasn't planning on actually sending the text off, he just wanted to see her squirm like she had made him earlier with the football guys, but then he saw Candi coming towards him at a rapid pace.

"Eeep!" Bailey picked up the pace, causing Candi to do the same. Megan looked on as the exchange turned into a game of chase through the store, the type of behavior she would expect from children and not teenagers.

"Girls! No running in the store!" Megan yelled after them, but she didn't try to catch up. Instead she moved the shopping cart off to the side, looking over its contents. Seeing it mostly full, she was sure they should make a run out to her vehicle after finishing up here if they wanted to have any hands free to carry more bags. Knowing the girls wanted to make a stop to pick up some more

shoes, that and Candi had said something about wanting to go to Victoria's Secret for a few things. Hearing people running towards her, Megan watched as Candi ran in her direction, followed by Bailey, a reverse of when they had left.

Holding her arm out she stopped Bailey in her tracks after Candi had come by giggling and running much faster in her flats than Bailey could in the tall wedges. "What is going on now?" She demanded. Taking a few breaths, Bailey looked around the woman in front of him to see where Candi had gone off to. "She... she..."

"Breathe pumpkin, breathe and then talk." Bailey nodded his head, his chest rising and falling with each heavy breath, unaware how much he was making the day of the middle aged cashier nearby as he watched what he thought was a girl's well rounded chest moving along with the little bow between her breasts on her little yellow dress.

"She totally took my phone and said she was going to tell him I was in love with him." Megan nodded, finding it funny that Bailey thought she could run fast enough in her shoes to stay ahead of Candi to begin with and how the other girl turned the game around.

"She shouldn't be able to do that from your phone unless it was unlocked, so you don't have anything to worry about." Bailey pursed his lips together, looking away from the blue eyed woman.

"Ummm...."

"If you left it unlocked then this is partially your own fault, you know that right?" After she had agreed to not send messages as Bailey, she was surprised Bailey would be so thoughtless.

"No, like umm, I changed my phone to use face verification and like it totally opens up for her and hers does for me." He had heard over and over again how Candi thought they could be twins, but he never really considered how much alike they really were if the device thought they were the same person. Same eye color, same hair color sure, but that was as far as it went or so he thought.

"Here you go! Your Auggy says he loves you too!" Bailey's eyes got big with freight as he heard Candi speak. She had circled around them to come up



behind, making her appearance be a surprise.

"You didn't!" Bailey said, taking his phone back, flicking open his text messages to see the damage the chaos beast known as Candi Ann Connors had caused.

Bailey: What do u think of this skirt?

Auggy<3: Can you try it on for me?

Bailey: NRN, do u think I should get it?

Auggy<3: I will buy it for you later if you don't

Bailey: Candi isnt sure so I like wanted ur thoughts

Auggy<3: That doesn't sound like her

Bailey: I know right? She is like the best!

Auggy<3: A close second

Bailey: Awwwww you are the sweetest!

Bailey glowered at the girl as he looked up from his phone, still sitting in the white and pink flower case that was given to him on his first day as a pretend girl. "You didn't." He said flatly.

"I didn't! But I did get you a second opinion on the matching skirts. You are soooo welcome!" Candi gave a big toothy smile to her friend, positive she had her heart beating with what she threatened to do. With such a bad date, and Bailey giving her away her virginity to the wrong person Candi knew her friend was a mess. She had considered going all the way with Ryan, but she wasn't there yet, and hearing how Bailey had a bad experience it made her more wary, but she also had seen how good August was to her and for her. The two were a cute couple and when she considered how August's sister was Bailey's God mother and her Mom's best friend it made the two of them fit just soooo well together. She just knew she had to make sure Bailey didn't push him away when she was in a funk. Today was about Bailey feeling better and hearing from a guy you like saying he would buy you clothing seemed like a great way to help her friend's mood.

Bailey looked down at the texts again, focusing on the text Candi had sent as him to talk herself up. It brought a smile to his face, the girl had him worried with what she said she was going to do, but really the only thing she was trying to pull was being a good friend. He didn't feel like he deserved a good friend, but her warmth and her teasing really did make him feel like he missed out being an only child. It made part of him wish this was real, that he was Bailey Ann Best and Candi some long lost sister. "You are a good sister Candi, thank you."

"I'm trying to be the best sister, and it is really unfair you have that as your name. When our parents get married, then, then! Then we will be on an even playing field." Candi said, her large smile never slipping from her face.

## **Chapter 6**

"Derrick, it won't be a problem at all. Honestly I love hearing the sound of their laughter in the house. Besides, I'm really considering how to broach the topic with you of just keeping her myself. Your daughter bought Bailey and myself gifts today when we were playing a shopping game."

"A shopping game? It sounds like my Candace to turn shopping into a game." Megan nodded along to Derrick's deep voice, agreeing with him. It wasn't something she had done before, nor her own daughter.

"Well she went and bought me a jewelry case that had an engraving, To an Aunt who touched others & who will always be loved." Derrick blew out a whistle into the phone.

"Sounds touching, not sure where she would have picked up a trait like that. But I don't think I could let go of her, at least not for a good price. Thanks again for watching her tonight, but let her know I expect to see her at the office after she helps Bailey get to and from her doctors appointment tomorrow. Can't believe I'm letting my daughter show up late for her first day at the office."

"It is for a good cause, I would do it if I didn't have back to back meetings tomorrow. Thank you for loaning out your daughter's newly acquired driving privileges." Megan heard the deep mirthful laugh on the other end of the phone.

"If Mandy was in town she would take care of it, so it is the least I could do. I would do it myself if I was free, so it is the best option available. I'm going to jump off the phone, going to get some more work done while Candace is away. She can't be mad at me for brining work home from the office if she isn't around to see it after all."

"Should I pass that on to her?" Derrick paused on the other end of the line, leaving silence on the line for a few seconds.

"Leave that part out and I tell you what. The next time she gets all super moody I will sell her to you for a good price if you leave that last part out."

Megan had been sitting on the recliner in her living room, her shoes kicked off as she spoke to her sister's boyfriend on the phone about his daughter. She had more than a few things to get done herself, but she wanted to just relax for a little bit before letting the weight of her job bring her back down to earth after enjoying the morning and early afternoon out shopping. The trip was supposed to be just for the girls to get things for their internship at Mega Corp, but both Candi and Bailey at one point had insisted she try on a dress here, a skirt there and a few pairs of shoes. In the end she hadn't gotten much, but putting on a salmon colored accordion skirt and having two teen girls tell her how pretty she was felt good, felt wonderful in fact. Most of the time she just ordered something offline and hoped it was sized correctly, but moments like that reminded her why she did enjoy actually going out to shop.

"Keep your secrets and I get a discount on one moody teenager, sounds like a good deal. Try not to let work consume you and have a nice night Derrick." After his goodbye in return Megan ended the call, and lowered the leg rest to go in and let the girls know it was okay for Candi to stay the night. Picking her shoes up she moved down the hall, easily hearing Candi telling a joke before she saw her. Both of them had changed clothes into something they had bought today. They each wore a red overbust corset with black lace at the top and a black rose pattern across the entire corset, a short black pleated skirt, dark thigh high stockings with a lace pattern at the top that the skirt was just short enough to show and a pair of glossy red six inch heels with an inch platform. Bailey stood in the middle of the room practicing some sort of dance, where she went from standing with her legs together, to taking a step to the side with just one leg while trying to move her hips like a metronome. While Candi sat on the bed, a big smile on her face as she focused on what she was reading on her phone.

"If a plane crashed on the border of America and Canada, where would they bury the survivors?" Candi said, reading from a list of blonde jokes she had pulled up.

"Hmm, probably like America because... no wait! You don't bury survivors!" Candi nodded, scrolling her thumb across the screen to find a better one.

"Okay, you like got that one. See I told you I knew you weren't always a dumb blonde." Bailey harrumphed, moving back into place with his legs together before stepping to the side to start moving his hips to the rhythm of the music that came

from his phone, it on a low volume and held to his ear.

"I have one! What do you call two blondes on the bottom of a pool?"

"Is this a wet joke?" Candi asked looking up at her friend.

"Noooooooo. They are air pockets, get it cause like their airheads?!"

"Well... speaking of heads." Candi said, looking back down at her phone to make sure she was getting it right before looking back up to make eye contact. "If you were in a room with one hundred cocks, how many would you choke on?"

Bailey's jaw fell open that Candi would ask a question like that, it sounded like something he would ask her... well Aunt Megan would ask her on his phone pretending to be him... but that meant it still was suppose to be him and that mean it was. Bailey closed his eyes tight as the thought went around his mind, reminding him more of who he was supposed to be... who he was. "None, like NONE! I wouldn't choke on any cocks Candi!"

Candi let few seconds go by while she kept eye contact with Bailey, her doing her best to keep from breaking into a fit of laughter. "None? Sounds like you are a pro!" Bailey scowled at the girl as she fell over backwards on the bed laughing as she kicked her heeled feet in the air.

"Not funny!" Bailey declared.

"It sounds like the two of you are having fun. What are you two up to all dressed up like that?" Candi looked up from her prone position to see the owner of the house leaning in the doorway.

"We are going to shoot a video out back in a few and like Bailey is practicing because she doesn't have the natural rhythm I have." Bailey turned around, crossing his arms under his chest as he rolled his eyes.

"She keeps losing the beat, so I am making sure I have it right so she can just follow my lead." Megan blinked a few times at Bailey, seeing what appeared to be a teen girl with a lot of cleavage thanks to her natural assets and the corset,

that bounced around as she moved.

"You want to shoot a video for others to see looking like that?" She asked cautiously.

"Yeah, like why not?" Bailey's words were less of a question with the tone of voice it came out pleading. She was Bailey Ann Best and this was something she would do, something she wouldn't have any problem with. When the older woman asked him a question like that it reminded him of the mental storm he was trying to ride out, clutching onto this persona to be safe.

"Don't you get uptight with us Aunt Megan, you are supposed to be the fun Aunt." Candi said, getting to her heeled feet. Megan threw up her hands in mock surrender.

"I am or I try to be. I didn't say anything about my niece not choking did I?" Bailey's cheeks immediately grew warm from the blush coming to his face. Aghast that she had heard that joke and how he had walked right into it.

"Oh, ummm... you heard that." Candi said sheepishly.

"It was just a joke about blow jobs, no need for either of you to be embarrassed about. I promise you the boys love the topic." Megan chuckled a little to help ease the tension in the room. Both Candi and Bailey giggled along with Megan, but more out of nervousness than anything else.

"Umm, I have a question or questions about..." Candi sat down on the edge of the bed, giving Bailey an uncomfortable look, before she reached out pulling her friend by the hand to sit down next to her. Bailey sat down close enough that their legs were touching, not resisting his friend at all as he wondered what she had questions about as she halted her words.

"Questions about what, honey?" Megan took a few steps into the bedroom, putting her lower back against the dresser, leaning her palms on the edge as she leaned against it.

Candi made eye contact with Megan for a moment before looking away and towards the ground. Her cheeks were burning and she felt incredibly

embarrassed to be asking these kind of questions. She knew Bailey knew more than her, but with her having such a bad experience she knew her friend didn't have the answers she wanted and she didn't have anywhere else to get them, except her Daddy, that wasn't going to happen and the internet and that wasn't going to be that helpful. "Its like embarrassing, its like about... umm sex." Candi's normally confident voice trailed off, getting quieter with each word. Her hand reaching out to hold Bailey's, entwining their fingers together.

"Oh!" Megan's eyes grew wide realizing the scope of what the girl wanted to know about. She remembered trying to have the conversation about sex, and babies when Rebecca had her first period. It hadn't been that bad, but her daughter looked like she might die of embarrassment the entire time. While both Candi and Bailey looked like they weren't far off it was different them coming to her with questions about sex. Candi was coming to her about questions she corrected herself, she was sure Bailey wanted to die from embarrassment for a different reason. Still it felt surreal for teen girls to be coming to her for answers and doing so dressed like they were very much ready to enact the topic of their discussion. "What exactly do you want to know? Wait, hold on." Megan held up one finger, before stepping out of the room to grab her computer chair from her home office and wheel it into her daughter's old bedroom so she could be to down eye level with the girls.

As soon as she left the room, Bailey leaned into Candi. "You can like talk to me if you want." Candi gave her friend a small smile and squeezed her hand. She was doing this for both of them, and knew it was probably more uncomfortable for Bailey than her, but that was why she was going to be the one asking questions. The school system didn't much go into the topic other than this is what things look like this is how you put on a condom, you wont need a condom if you don't have sex, that is the safest option. Her Daddy's entire face would turn red before he sputtered something about her never having sex and that would be the end of the conversation, so she needed, and wanted someone to talk to. "I know and like, we do and like we will. Promise, but like..." Candi shrugged and Bailey nodded in acknowledgement. He was experienced in having sex, how to get sex and... his mind went blank thinking of his legs in his knee high heeled leather boots, a leg spreader holding them apart and the feeling of the vibrator bringing him pleasure. Bailey pressed his lips together, not saying a word as he watched Aunt Megan wheel her brown leather office chair into the room, his eyes focusing on the patches of leather that were creased or ripped from age and use.

Sitting down Megan leaned forward, her arms crossed at her waist as she tried to remember to not to laugh at any questions and to try and talk to Candi like she was an adult and not someone to talk down to. The girl was wise enough and brave enough to ask questions and it meant the world to her that this sweet girl

would come to her with them. She didn't know if she would have gone to her little sister if she was around, but it didn't matter. Here in this moment she had someone that put their trust in her and she needed to be there for her. "Take your time honey, tell me. What would you like to know or to talk about?"

"Ummm... well." Candi glanced at Bailey first before beginning. "We found an article and it said that cum... the article we found online, well Bailey sent it to me and I was wondering if it was true? And..." Megan instantly knew exactly what article the girl was talking about, she was the one that had Bailey send it, but she couldn't let on about that... she mentally paused for a second. 'Or could i?' she asked herself, wondering about how open of a relationship between Bailey and her Aunt should be. Megan held up her hand for Candi to stop, the girl was clearly nervous and this was just the first question.

"I think I know the article you are talking about, the one about how healthy cum is?" Candi nodded, biting her bottom lip. Megan tapped her chin, thinking how to answer.

"Cum does have nutritional value like the article said, but if I remember it correctly it can also be misleading. For example to get enough protean to replace just a single meal would take a lot and I mean maybe more than a dozen men worth if not more. I have had a wild time here or there when I was younger, but I can't say I have ever sat down." Megan stopped smiling to herself. "Or knelt down long enough to have a full meal."

"It doesn't look good I mean... I tasted it a little once with umm... Ryan. he said it was just precum and I started to gag." Megan raised her eyebrows, hearing the confession.

"It is okay if you didn't like the taste, it isn't even something you have to do. You should never let someone pressure you into doing something you don't want to do." Candi shook her head rapidly.

"When I..." Again Candi looked at Bailey, not letting go of her friend's hand. "When we were with our boyfriends, I like was giving him a hand job and I just umm wanted to put it in my mouth, I knew he would like it, or I hoped he would, but I just kind of freaked out. I don't even know if I hated the taste or even if I liked it, I just kind of... I don't know."

"Honey, Candi dear. Look at me please." Candi looked up to meet Megan's blue

eyes. "You need to know it is okay if you are not ready for something, even if you are with someone that is ready. Bailey, how do you know if you are ready for something like that?" Megan asked, hoping Bailey would have a positive insight after what she had gone through.

Thinking of the night Candi and him were kneeling on the carpeted floor and then he had felt Ryan's cum land on his cheek, his eye, in his mouth and over his velvet green dress and the reactions of both the men seeing him, Bailey felt a chill run down his spine. "If he is turned on and you want.. Ummm." August at the movie theater, August sitting on the couch while he knelt in front of him, Liam with his tongue down his mouth while the man's hand massaged his chest, Liam bending him over. All these moments ran through Bailey's mind, each time Bailey wanting nothing more than the moment to be over and the fastest way for that to happen was to please them, make them cum faster. Shame washed over Bailey, not just because of how many dicks he had seen, dicks that were hard for him, but because he actively worked to make the men cum and cum quickly, like he was sure the red haired, green eyed Candy had done... he was like an unpaid whore...

Bailey shook his head, he wasn't a whore... those were just dates. Dates boys got excited on being with Bailey Ann, being with her had turned them on and Bailey Ann would feel proud, not ashamed. If she was turning someone on then she had the power, if she was making them cum that meant she was in control. She was in control, she was in control. Bailey repeated trying to force reality to align. "Once he like turned on." Bailey giggled. "Then you are in control, so like you get to do what you want."

Nodding at Bailey's statement, Megan took a few seconds. The answer wasn't anything she expected from Bailey. The words rang true to her, men liked to be in control and doubly so in the bedroom, but the truth was once they got hard and she had her hand around them the boys would do anything she wanted them to do in order to get release. "Bailey is right, some girls..." Megan motion towards Candi. "Woman do feel a sense of power or control knowing the man is having a physical reaction to them, but it is important you know and remember the you have the power to say no and to stop at anytime. It will upset whoever you are with, but if they respect you, then they will understand. If they don't understand, then they didn't respect you and it isn't any real loss for you. Okay?"

Candi gave Megan a little smile, nodding, thinking over both of their words. "How, how do you know if you are ready for something more? Like how do you make sure you are with the right person?" Candi asked the question, holding on tight to



Bailey's hand.

"That is a tough question, sometimes who we want to be with is just our libido. I mean David Beckham looks yummy." Megan stopped wondering if she used the right word, it felt right to her. "But that doesn't mean he would be a good person to be with."

"I don't like, know about that, he is a snack." Candi said giggling

"My point is, just because someone is attractive, doesn't mean we should jump in bed with them. It isn't bad, in fact if you it isn't exactly healthy to be a prude, you just have to be picky who you are with. It is okay to have high standards and I for one encourage it."

"So umm you shouldn't wait for it to be with someone you love?" Megan thought again, weighing the girls question.

"If it was up to your father I am pretty sure the answer would be, not till your married. Having sex with someone you are in love with can make it different, more... not real, but just there is more to it, something deeper. If you want to wait till you are in love, then that is okay, but try not to build it up in your head. Sex can be an amazing thing, but sometimes it can also be disappointing, but it like most things we do gets better when you know what you want, what you enjoy and what you don't. Some lucky woman actually find a man that is willing to talk about each other like in the bedroom with each other." Megan said, thinking of the girl's father and how she couldn't believe that he was so open to discuss things with Amanda.

"Was your ex like that?" Megan pursed her lips, this question was different from the others and she wasn't sure how comfortable she was with sharing her personal experiences.

"My ex was gifted in the bedroom, he wasn't much of a listener, but he also had a really good idea of what he was doing. It was about the only place in his life where he enjoyed giving." Megan's eyes widened at that last comment as she looked between the two sitting in front of her in their little corsets, realizing she said too much. "I rather not talk about him, do you have any other questions?"

Shaking her head Candi smiled at Megan. "No, thank you for listening and if

umm I... we have any more questions, is it okay if we ask you?"

"Yes dear, absolutely. Even if I'm not around you can call me. Now why don't the two of you go shoot your video before you lose the sun."

When the two got set up outside Megan watched them make their video. They used both one of Candi's camcorders and the one she got for Bailey. One was set on the railing of her porch pointing at them on the grass and the other on a tripod just off to the side to catch them at an angle. They had music playing, but Candi had told her the recording itself wasn't recording sound, that she would add music to the video on her computer. The song that played started as a simple beat and moved into something that she might describe as techno. Each of the girls stood at each other's side, as the music started they took a half step to the side to have a wider stance. It took a few tries to get the shot right as they hadn't prepared for stepping in the grass in the tall stiletto heels. Then they each moved their hips to the music, moving them from side to side. She was able to see that Bailey was more right than Candi when it came to which of the two knew how to keep a beat, but in the end they seemed to piece together something they liked. She didn't understand the idea of making a video that was only thirty seconds long, but with what they were wearing if their audience had something between their legs, she was sure they would get plenty of views.

Megan turned to go inside, but then turned back around, realizing she forgot the reason she had originally went to go check on the girls to begin with. "Girls, I forgot to tell you, that your father said it was okay if Candi stays over."

"Her Daddy, not mine!" Megan gave Bailey a flat look.

"Yes pumpkin, I know he isn't your father." She paused for a moment making eyes contact. "Yet. But he did say he would sell me Candi for a good price if she gets too moody."

Candi scrunched up her face. "If I'm trading where I live you can't buy me unless you buy Bailey too." Megan laughed, turning to leave the girls to clean up. When Candi saw Megan head inside to make supper they cleaned up and she took the time to broach the subject with Bailey about what they talked about. "So about what we were talking about in there about, waiting or doing it with umm someone. How are you feeling?" Candi asked.

"Its umm just sex, ya know?" Candi nodded, giving her friend a hug.

Candi wrapped her arm around Bailey's waist, holding her camera in the other hand as they both stepped carefully on the green lawn in their heels. "Yeah, its just sex and Aunt Megan said it can be amazing right?! So you had a bad experience, things get better and you just need the right person." The normal smile Bailey wore like an accessory widened, becoming something brighter. As thoughts of the beautiful blue eyed woman he loved being underneath him, her letting out her soft little squeaky moans as he rocked his hips. Bailey knew it got better, it was just a bad experience.

"Yeah, it totally can be better." Bailey said smiling.

"Bet you would have more fun with Auggy." Candi said hip bumping Bailey.

"Candi!"

"Could also try my idea of you blowing Ryan while he thinks its me, him calling my name. It would be super hot!"

"Candi!"

"What?!" Candi asked, trying to act innocent, but being unable to keep herself from falling into a fit of giggles.

## **Chapter 7**

Spearing the piece of food in the bowl in front of him, Bailey grimaced looking at the unappetizing morsel of food. Pressing his red painted lips together he blew on the food to try and cool it down, delaying the step to eat it as long as he could. "Why?" Bailey bit his bottom lip. "Like, why are you yellow, ravioli isn't supposed to be yellow?" The question that was said more as an accusation and was really for the table, Bailey just inherently distrusted any food that someone used the word tofu with. Megan finished swallowing the riesling in her mouth, she had poured both Bailey and Candi a glass when she served them dinner.

"That is just the turmeric, sweetheart. Now stop making faces, be a good girl and

eat your dinner. Just because the ravioli is tofu and spinach doesn't mean you get to dismiss the food without trying it." Bailey nodded, as soon as Megan said the phrase good girl part of the motto ran through his mind. 'A good girl is always obedient.'

Candi wiggled and bounced a little in her seat as she sipped on the sweet white wine happily. "I think it is delicious! Thank you for making something healthy, Daddy just keeps wanting to order pizza. He isn't much of a cook." Biting the proverbial bullet, Bailey put the stuffed pasta in his mouth. Biting into the ravioli he could taste the little seeds that had covered its top, the flavor of the dough, he couldn't even really tell anything about the tofu, it was all fine. The problem was the slimy spinach. Bailey always hated cooked spinach, the very flavor brought back memories from when he was little. Bailey remembered when he was little sitting at the dinner table and refusing to take a single bite of cooked spinach. At first his father told him he wasn't going to get up from the table till he eat it, his mom later told him he only needed to eat a little when his father was out of the room, but by the time it was bedtime he had a sore ass and was crying himself to sleep.

"You don't like it?" Candi said seeing her friend's normal smile move to a grimace as she chewed and swallowed her food. 'A good girl never argues or complains.' Bailey thought, giving a little shake of his head as he glanced over at the older woman at the table before looking back to Candi.

"No, like it is just... different, but super yummy." Bailey demonstrated that he meant what he said by popping another ravioli in his mouth, that and to cover up the fact he was lying. Soon as he swallowed the second bite of food he washed it down with a large swallow of the sweet wine. A genuine smile came to his face as he savored the taste of the alcoholic beverage. Bailey closed his eyes for a second, moving his tongue around in his mouth, savoring the taste of the wine. He wasn't much of a wine drinker, but he would take any alcohol he could get his hands on.

"See you just had to give it a chance, I'm glad both of you girls like what I cooked." Megan began eating, happy to see what she worked on was appreciated, even by Bailey. "Tell me about your movie the two of you are making." Candi put down her fork, clapping her hands together once.

"It's like not a movie, it is just a short clip, but I was thinking we could do a bunch of little videos like this, maybe adding a little more each time. Bailey is like soooo much better at dancing and like coordination and stuff, so she is going to our

chore... chore... choreography, but I'm like going to figure out what videos we should do and what to wear well... we both will work on what we wear. And, and well..." Candi explained her thoughts with enthusiasm, her hands animated as she continued to talk. "That is on top of the makeup videos I am making, Bailey's journal entries and we talked about her doing some unboxing videos for shoes." Megan nodded along, smiling as she listened to Candi talk. She always loved listening to people talk about something they were passionate about, even when her little sister Amanda went on about the changes she wanted to make in the Nevada office of Mega Corp if she ever got the promotion she wanted. Megan didn't understand everything she talked about, but the fact that Amanda, like Candi just now, was so excited about it made her want to listen.

"Sounds like the two of you have a lot planned. I didn't know you were interested in doing choreography, pumpkin?" Bailey finished off his glass of wine, reaching for the bottom to refill his glass, while giving a small shrug. He knew about Candi and Jeremy's mom being all for the shoe videos and the idea of getting discounts at the store sounded handy. He didn't want to wear heels, but he had to be Bailey Ann and she loved heels so it was something that needed to be done, but him coming up with the dance routines for future videos that he didn't know about was news to him.

"I think one glass is enough for the two of you with dinner, I know my sister would be okay with one glass, but two might be pushing it."

"Oh I think Daddy would agree, but he would never have offered the first glass. Thank you Aunt Megan!" Candi said with a chipper smile before a thought occurred to her.

"Oh, oh and Bailey what you did while we were shooting by looking at the camera and raising one eyebrow and then winking with the other eye... just wow. Our viewers are going to love it! It was so cute!" Bailey looked away from his friend, he wasn't sure why he had done that it just had felt... it felt like something Bailey Ann would do, flirt with the camera. Candi was always so carefree and the closet he could get to that was being and trying to think like Bailey Ann... he had to be Bailey Ann Best in order to not think about Liam. So that was just what he was doing. Getting up from the table Megan put her hand on Bailey's shoulder. It was had been getting harder and harder to see Bailey as the little bastard that dated his sister, and seeing him sitting there at the table wearing a corset like a shirt, cleavage on display and acting shy after being called out for flirting with the camera wasn't making it any easier.

"You girls can run along, I will wash up," she said, collecting the plates.

"Thank you Aunt Megan, I'm like going to get some aspirin." Candi tilted her head to the side, giving a small pout as she reached out touching her friend.

"You have another headache?" Bailey nodded.

"Yeah, I like keep getting them. Maybe I should tell the doctor tomorrow."

After leaving the kitchen and Bailey getting some aspirin he ended up stopping in the hallway at the mirror, pursing his lips together, turning his head from left to right checking how he looked. Knowing he would need to touch up his lips after dinner, having some of the red lipstick rubbed off just put off the entire look, something he wasn't pleased about. When he got the aspirin in the bathroom, seeing his reflection he couldn't help it when he checked out how he looked once again, his training telling him to check himself in every reflection. This time the feeling to fix his face became slightly more intense, making him feel like something about him was just off. Then stepping back into the bedroom where he was staying he stopped as he opened the door, seeing Candi sitting on the bed, her legs together and off to the side and most importantly she wasn't wearing her black pleated skirt. Allowing him to see the black lace panties she was wearing underneath it, the same pair he was wearing. "Why did you take off your skirt?" He couldn't imagine she was taking it off to get ready for bed, she was still wearing her heels, the same glossy red heels he was wearing.

"For our next photos silly girl, I told you we were going to take some more photos tonight. Now come in and shut the door." Bailey followed her instructions, unable to help himself from looking at her beautiful legs. He loved a girl wearing stockings, the little pudge of fat at the top, where he wanted to run his hands had always been a big turn on and here was a sexy girl sitting on his bed, looking just like that. He swallowed hard looking at her, feeling guilty for being attracted to Candi, his best friend like this, but unable to help himself. "What are you staring at? Take off your skirt and come join me on the bed!"

He gave a few micro nods of his head, reaching behind himself to unclasp the skirt and pull down the hidden zipper. Bailey felt the woosh of the cloth as it fell down his stocking covered legs. He took a step towards the bed, his tongue coming out to touch his top lip. The act reminding him to touch up his lips. "One second!" He said, stepping over to the dresser to pickup his lipstick, noticing for

the first time the camera that had been set up in front of it.

"I think we will do a few shots of each of us and then some of us together. I mean we didn't dress like this and not have our boys drool all over us." Candi giggled at the thought of Ryan looking down at his phone, his mouth open and a pool of saliva at his feet as he looked at pictures of her laying in the bed wearing the corset, panties, stockings and heels on.

"The boys? August is going to see me like this?!"

"I promise you I'm just as excited as you!" Anxiety started to rise in Bailely's chest, he could feel his heart beating faster. The idea of another man, August seeing him looking like a sex object causing it to crank up more and more. That thought brining back the memory of August kissing his neck that night at the party, the feeling that ran through his body that caused his toes to curl. That same type of feeling of excitement and desire as when he was being fucked. 'No, no, no... calm down girl, calm down. It is fine for you to feel that way, it would be wrong for Bailey Andrew Smith, but you aren't him. Just Bailey Ann Best, this is exactly the type of thing you would like. See how happy and excited Candi is... you are like her, you are happy, a happy girl. A happy girl.'

"Super excited!" Bailey said pushing down everything that caused his mind to race, 'There wasn't anything to think about. Bailey didn't spend time thinking things, she just does what she is told, she is... she is me.' Bailey went first, the first pose he laid down on his stomach, leaning his head on his knuckles as he made a partial fist, his body putting its weight up on his elbows as he arched his back, legs bent at the knee and up in the air. He kicked his feet slowly as he looked over at the camera smiling, blinking slowly. He had long ago stopped noticing how his eyelashes acted as curtains, there presence long ago becoming normal.

"Ooooo I like that, arch your back a little more, it makes your butt pop! And cross your legs at the ankle. Oh you look sexy girl!" Candi said, standing off to the side, remote in hand for the camera as she snapped away.



Rubbing his legs together, feeling the stockings rub against his smooth skin Bailey felt sexy. It was a new feeling, he had felt attractive before, he had felt desired, but he knew what he looked like. Much like the girl standing off to the side of the bed and she looked incredibly sexy. He would have loved to live in



that feeling, but his head was also pounding and even though it was still early he felt incredibly tired.

"Ok, like you scoot off the bed, it is my turn!" Candi said, jumping on the the bed and slapping Bailey on his panty covered ass. "I said scoot!" When it was Bailey's turn to stand off to the side he pressed the button on the remote control as Candi layed on her back, head on the pillow and her arms as she crossed them behind her head. Laying there she at her legs up, crossing them like she was sitting down. Watching her was enough for him to feel his trapped member twitch. "Mmm" Candi giggled at the sound he made.

"Ryan better be making sounds like that when he gets this! Him and your Auggy are just going to be so surprised! Now come over here and let's take a few together."

"Okay, but like not many cause like I'm not feeling that great and want to get to bed early." Candi waved him over, but soon as Bailey put his knee on the bed she held her hand up.

"Wait, wait, let's change the bed sheets. That way the boys think we do this more often," she said with a titter.

"Why would they like, think that?" Sitting up on the bed Candi moved over to the side.

"Think about it, if you saw two photos in the same room, but the bed looked different. Wouldn't you think it was from a different day?"

"Okay, but like whats the point?"

"Because boys have dirty minds and think all sorts of things." Bailey narrowed his eyes at her, feeling the pounding in his head.

"And like how do you know that? He asked.

Standing up Candi wrapped her arms around Bailey's shoulders, so that her forearms were resting on her shoulders, their faces inches from one another.

"Tell me I'm wrong." Pursing his lips together, Bailey moved his hands to Candi's hips without thinking about it. Smelling her perfume, the same scent he wore but somehow it being more intense as he looked into the girls green eyes.

"I umm I can't."

"Exactly and if they were here now they would think we were about to kiss, because that is how boys think." Candi said, just before leaning in and giving Bailey a peck on the lips. Their red lips touching briefly, the small sound of the kiss seemingly lingering there for a second to Bailey as the feeling of the momentary contact caused as small firework to go off in his mind. "Come on, let's change the sheets, I think I saw some cute ones with butterflies on them in the closet."

Soon as the sheets were changed on the bed the two resumed their posing. Bailey unable to think of much else other than the kiss. It was something a flirty girl would do to her boyfriend to get him to do what she wanted and yet he knew Candi only saw him as her friend. Thoughts of them continued in his mind as he lay on the bed posing and Candi kneeling on the bed behind him. He could feel her nylon covered leg brushing up against the back of his knee, the feel driving him wild. With his head pounding and the feeling of excitement only rising he wondered briefly if this was what Mommy felt like when she told him she had a headache and wasn't in the mood. She of course was in the mood, much like he was now, but it was way too distracting.



"Hey!" Bailey looked up at the platinum blonde girl calling for his attention. He had tried to ignore the fact he was at eye level with her crotch, her kneeling on the bed, legs spread. Practically inviting him to use his mouth to pleasure her. It wasn't something he did often, he loved it when a girl went down on him, but he hadn't always been keen to do so in return. Sure he had done it and enjoyed it, specially because it left the girls mouth open to make all sorts of pleasurable sounds, but right now he knew it was wrong, even as his mind refused to let go of the thought. 'I'm Bailey Ann Best, I like boys, I don't like girls, I like boys like August. August is my boyfriend, I don't want Candi...' He told himself even as he looked up seeing the smile pretty enough to brighten the room. "I was thinking about how like when we kissed in front of the boys how hot it was and... and they loved it and these photos are for them so like..."

"Yeah?" Bailey asked, mesmerized as Candi leaned down pressing her lips to his own. He had no idea she was clicking the button on the remote as their lips met, as they parted and their tongues touched one another. Candi moving down more as Bailey used one hand to push his body up more into her own so that they pressed into one another. He could feel her move to straddle him, their stocking covered legs sliding against one another, sending a wave of pleasure through his body. He shifted his feet feeling his heels dig into the bed as he held the girl closer as the intensity of their kisses grew. His head still pounded, but he tried to ignore that as their chests pressed into one another, their shifting causing the material to rub on his nipples, sending a similar wave of pleasure through his body as before, but this one much stronger.

"Mmmm." He declared while their lips were pressed together, before they opened and him inserting his tongue into Candi's mouth. Her warm wet mouth, their tongues colliding together, his hand sliding down from her lower back to her ass and squeezing. Each moment of their makeout session having another picture to remember that moment. When he felt Candi's hand move up to his chest rubbing over it a spike of pleasure moving through his chest and down to his toes he was close to losing it more and more with every flick of the girl's fingers. He wasn't even sure when she had pulled down the top of the corset to expose his breasts, he just knew his member was aching to be freed and that if she kept it up he was coming cum.

When Candi pulled back, lowering her head, Bailey let out a whimper as his head pounded more, he could hardly focus on what Candi was doing as she went to wrap her lips around his nipple. His nipple that he could see was hard, his chest was hard from making out with his friend... Bailey put his hand on Candi's chest, pushing her a little. "No, no we have to stop." He had forgotten completely about the camera, he just knew he couldn't do this with Candi. She was his best friend,

the sweetest person he knew, he couldn't take advantage of her when he had... he had Mommy. He swallowed hard again, remembering in that instant he had given her permission to be with Derick. Bailey didn't want her to be fucking the man, but he couldn't say anything about that when he had slept with so many girls... but Candi wasn't going to be one of them.

"What's wrong? Did... did I do something wrong?" He could hear the uncertainty in Candi's voice, a healthy glow already on her cheeks from their time. Bailey took a second to compose himself, he could feel the cold air of the house across his exposed nipples, the two still holding one another.

"We shouldn't be like doing this... we have like boyfriends right?" Candi nodded, sliding off of Bailey.

"Yeah, true, but like it felt good right?" When Bailey nodded she smiled, it was genuine even if a small one. "I like Ryan, we talked about what I'm thinking about doing with him." Candi giggled nervously. "But like I also have never thought about kissing a girl before and we did it and well... like you said you liked it too."

"I like did, I mean totally but..." Bailey wanted to say he couldn't do something like this with her, that he couldn't damage her and that he had done this too often and had regretted it, but with his head pounding he wasn't thinking fast enough to give her an answer.

"But it isn't right to be a lesbian? I know I'm like not one, I like boys. Men! Chris Evans, Chris Hemsworth, mmmm oh and Ryan. " She laughed again. "And you well we both know you like dick."

"That's me. I'm Bailey Ann Best, I like to tease and please and sometimes down on my knees." He said the little song Aunt Megan had him repeat more than a few times coming to mind. If that was what Candi needed to hear then it was fine, it wasn't anything new. Even if he would much rather be on top of her, the girl's legs wrapped around him than even think about a dick being near him.

Candi laughed, plopping herself down on the bed next to Bailey, putting an arm around her waist. "You made up a little song huh? It sounds catchy, but I think Daddy would have a fit if we uploaded you singing that to youtube. I can't even imagine what your mom. I mean my future mom would say if she heard you sing that." Bailey sighed, thinking about the story that was made up about him blowing

a classmate for giving him rides home from school.

"She like totally knows." Bailey felt Candi hug him tightly from behind.

"I really wish I was like so relaxed about this kinda stuff and free like you are. The idea of putting Ryan's dick in my mouth is frightening, but I like also know he would love it. Well if I didn't screw up." Facing away from Candi, Bailey rolled his eyes. He wasn't someone for her to emulate, he wanted to emulate her.

"Trust me, he will love it even if you think you did a bad job. It is like anything the more you do it..." Bailey trailed off thinking of when he was a teen getting a blow job from a girl in the managers office at his parents store and how much faster he blew his load from her mouth before she left than when she started.

"The better you get." Candi said, finishing Bailey's sentence. She could tell her pretend sister had zoned about probably thinking about a few times she had done it. "So are you good, or are you like really good?" Bailey frowned, rolling over in the bed so the two were facing one another.

"Candi, stop that!" He couldn't help giggled seeing her mischievous smile, her laughing along with him.

"Your the one that said you wouldn't choke on any of the one hundred cocks in a room." Bailey didn't like being reminded of him walking right into that joke earlier.

"That isn't what I meant and you know it!" Candi's smile faded a few shakes.

"Is it wrong that all of this has me like really turned on? I didn't even bring my vibrator. Hmmm... I'm going to send Ryan the pictures and pretend he is coming to drive out here and sneak in." Bailey didn't want to admit he was incredibly turned on too, the girl's mention of her vibrator made him think of the dildo and cream he was supposed to use daily with the thing coving his crotch, but he hadn't done it in a few days. He didn't want anything that resembled a dick coming close to him it felt, felt... so wrong and way too soon. 'Bailey Ann Best wouldn't have a problem with this.' Part of his mind told him. He didn't consider that the persona wasn't supposed to be some slutty girl, but who he thought of as Bailey Ann had changed to that over time with how Aunt Megan made him act, how Miss April insisted he couldn't say no to August or else.

Bailey reached down between his legs, fingers slipping into his black lace panties and touching the prosthetic in the place that caused the vibrator band around his dick to come to life. The thing was way too sensitive and set way too high, it sent instant waves of pleasure.

"Ohhh, someone likes the idea of Ryan coming over, or are you thinking about your Auggy instead?" Bailey opened his eyes, not reeling he had closed them as he was laying in the bed, head on the pillow and still facing Candi as he touched himself. He quickly pulled his hand out from his underwear and sat up, the rapid movement causing his head to feel dizzy with the ever increasing headache.

"Yeah, I mean no I mean... shut up!" Bailey got up out of the bed, standing in his heels as he minced across the bedroom, ass swaying with each step as he moved to the bedroom door. "I'm going to get an ice pack for my head."

"Good idea! Get me one too that will be almost as good as a cold shower." As Bailey stepped out of the bedroom Candi called after her friend. "I will send the photos for you too, okay?" When no reply came Candi sent off some messages with pictures to her summer boyfriend and to Bailey's. With only a single word with the images.

Candi:/Bailey: Thoughts?

## **Chapter 8**

Bailey came back into the bedroom to find Candi was getting ready for bed, her red heels were on the floor, along with her stockings and the corset. Leaving the girl in only her black lace panties, her pert breasts on full display. The sight causing Bailey to swallow hard as his animal instincts told him to pickup where they had left off. Candi slid an orange cami over her body, covering her chest as she looked over to Bailey, holding her hand out. Bailey frozen stiff as he gazed into the pretty girls green eyes didn't respond to the held out hand.

"The ice pack? You did not just walk in this room and like forget what is in your hand. Did you?" Candi's voice went up an octave when she changed the acquisition into a question. Bailey looked down at his hands, in each one was a wrap icepack with an elastic strap.

"Umm, no?" Bailey said, putting one of the two ice packs in her hand. Candi took

it, wrapping it around her head, wearing it like a necklace with the cold substance resting on the back of her neck.

"You did... and I love even though you are a ditz." Bailey opened his mouth to reply when he heard his phone vibrate, over and over again. Putting the ice pack so it rested on his forehead Bailey stepped around his friend, trying to ignore the fact he could easily see her nipples through the thin material of her cami he went and picked up his phone to see messages from August and that he had apparently sent more than a few images to him first.

"Candi, did you like send him those photos!?"

"I told you I was going to. Ryan hasn't responded yet, what did your Auggy say!?" Bailey looked sat down on the edge of the bed, crossing his legs without thinking about it and stared at his phone, afraid of what he was about to read. Candi narrowed her eyes before snatching the phone from Bailey.

"Hey!"

"You are taking to long, I want to see!" She didn't run off with the phone like she had done earlier in the day, instead she sat down on the bed cross legged facing Bailey, reading the messages out loud.

Auggy<3: Wow

Auggy<3: Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!

Auggy<3: You are so beautiful Bailey!

Auggy<3: I mean, wow you are sexy! And those photos with Candi!

Auggy<3: You have no idea what you are doing to me...

Auggy<3: Or maybe you do!

Auggy<3: You do, both of you do. Did Candi send these to Ryan too?

Auggy<3: Forget I asked about him, what are you doing now?

Auggy<3: You are still at your Aunts place right? Do you think she would mind if I came over?

"Someone likes what you sent him." Candi gave a big toothy smile.

"What you sent him!" Candi shrugged.



"What we sent them. Do you think they will touch themselves looking at these?!" Bailey pressed the ice pack to his forehead, he was feeling really run down at it wasn't even nine at night yet and he really didn't want to think about August or Ryan jerking off, something he couldn't do right now.

"I really just want to crawl into bed, I'm not feeling well." Bailey whined. Candi sighed as she looked at her friend, she still thought Bailey looked good enough to eat but there was a haggardness to her as well.

"Yeah we can go to bed I guess."

"You umm you don't have to go to bed yet, it is early I know, but I'm like soooo beat." Candi took Bailey's hand and put her phone into her palm.

"You text your man before he is beating down the door and if you are going to bed early, then so am I, cuddling is better when both people are awake. Bailey gave her a small smile, there had never been a night that they shared a bed when the girl didn't hold onto him. It was cute, while once annoying it had become a comfort to have someone so close. He had many nights all alone when Mo... Mandy had to go on a business trip and he always tried to make sure he paid for company those nights, but now with Candi he was sleeping better when she was over than he had when the woman he loved. Bailey smiled to himself, thinking how much better things could have been if he was just more open to cuddling at night, instead of Mommy... Mandy stealing the covers. Bailey scooted closer to Candi, bumping his shoulder into hers.

"Okay, sounds good." Bailey kicked off his heels, frowning as they now laid scattered with Candi's pair. They wore the same shoe size and the shoes were exactly the same, but now there was a good chance they would be mixed up. Ignoring the mix up he moved his attention back to his phone as it vibrated again.

Auggy<3: Still looking at the photos, god your mouth open as you are french kissing!

Auggy<3: So hot!

Bailey: Yes Im like still at Aunts house and no u cant cum over

Auggy<3: I could sneak in through your bedroom window

Bailey: Candi is staying over

Auggy<3: Even better!

Bailey: We like r not doing what u think we r doing

Auggy<3: Hopefully not without me there

Bailey: Auggy no!

Soon as Bailey hit send he felt something cold grip his heart, remembering a conversation in the car with Miss April and how he wasn't allowed to say no to him. He didn't even remember what the or else was, only that he knew he didn't want it to happen no matter what.

Bailey: I mean like Im feeling sick another night?

Auggy<3: Wait, for real? Yeah sure whenever is good.

Auggy<3: God you are the best thing that has ever happened to me

Bailey: u r sweet

Auggy<3: Anything good you see in me is just a reflection of how you make me feel.

Auggy<3: Now if you are not feeling well, I could go buy you some chicken soup.

Auggy<3: It wont be as good as what my mom makes... how about I get her to make you some and I will bring it over tomorrow?

Bailey: Ur mom is not going 2 make me soup

Auggy<3: I know she would if I told her my girlfriend was sick

Bailey: It is just a migraine I like dont need soup.

Auggy<3: Okay, then you get some rest

Bailey: gnight

Auggy<3: sleep well, feel better

Bailey hit the power button on his phone, looking over at Candi. Deciding not tell her he had just told Auggy how he could come over when she stayed over some night in the future. It wasn't something he wanted to talk about right now or ever. Instead he crawled into bed with her, enjoying the feeling of his stockinged legs rubbing on the cool silk sheets and being more concerned with actually getting to sleep and less with the fact he was still wearing the corset. Every extra second with his eyes open and the light from the room streaming in was another second with his head pounding and he wanted it to all end.

Laying behind Bailey as they spooned, Candi had one hand resting on her friends hip under the sheets and the other in front of her holding her phone as she texted with her boyfriend for the next few hours, their conversation making the purpose of the ice pack she wanted utterly worthless, its power to cool her off wasn't close to being up to the task.

The room was different, Bailey was in his bedroom, the pink dresser complete with the little horse figurines on it and his bed with the ballet slippers hanging from the bedpost, but nothing about being there seemed odd to him in the way

nothing seems odd in a dream till you know it is. Bailey sat on the bench by the vanity, he was facing the bed and watching the most amazing sight. It hardly occurred to him that he was sitting there naked, his hair back to its natural golden color, no breasts and the twenty pounds he had lost so far this summer all back on his body along with his body hair.

On the bed were two gorgeous girl, rolling around kissing one another. One of them, Candi would be fully naked if it wasn't for the white thigh high stockings and pink heels and the other Bailey, but not him... this was the teenage girl, his girlfriend's daughter. She wore a short pleated light blue skirt, a pink lacy top that hung off of one shoulder and she wore a pair of wedges with white ribbons that he knew she had gotten from Candi. In fact she was dressed just like the day the two had met, but she looked much better to him then he knew she did that day. Her skin was softer, her lips larger, poutier, she had long lashes that when combined with her makeup made it easy to describe them as bedroom eyes. Her nails were long ovals painted pink and her hair was platinum blonde with a silky texture.

Bailey reached between his legs, wrapping his fingers around his already hard member as he watched Candi take Bailey's nipple in her mouth, the girl calling in an unexpected way considering what he was watching.

"No Candi, you can't... you shouldn't... oh, oh.... AHHHH! Sugar! Stop, stop, ohhhh! Don't stop, but... oh god you should not be... ah ah ah ah, EEEEEEEEE!"

He sat there watching, moving his hand, feeling himself getting harder and harder, he could feel a slickness to his hand and knew that meant his hand was already covered in his precum, but he couldn't tear his eyes away as Bailey told the girl to stop, but was clearly loving every second of it as she moved her hand to the back of Candi's head to encourage her to continue, even as her words said otherwise. Bailey wanted to get up and join them, give the two girls something to work with, something to play with, something to suck on, but he also knew they didn't know he was there and that would change if he moved from the seat.

"God I want to be on that bed, god I'm so turned on." He bit his lip as his eyes slid off the girls moving breasts, moving down their bodies to the sexy exposed ass of Candi. He closed his eyes wishing he could squeeze that peach. That was when he felt his hand reaching up and touching the smooth supple skin of the girl's ass, he gave it a squeeze just as the most incredible feeling ran through his body like electricity that started at his chest.

Opening his eyes, Bailey could see Candi sucking on his breast, she scooted her body, making it so he could no longer reach her pert bottom even if it was still in the air asking for it. It was then his eyes bulged as he realized he had tits and it felt incredible as the girl sucked on one, her other hand massaging the other. He knew he shouldn't have breasts, something was wrong even if everything felt so so so... right. Bailey turned his head towards the vanity but didn't see himself looking back like he expected, just the reflection of the two in the mirror.

"Give it to me, I want it." He heard Candi whisper as her head moved off his chest, moving to loom over him, her short platinum hair hanging down.

"Give you what?"

"It, you know what I want, what you want." That was when her hand tweaked his nipple sending a spike of pleasure and pain through him before sliding down slowly across the of his exposed belly. The disparity between him wearing the lacy pink long sleeve shirt and also not didn't register to him. Not much of anything registered to him as the girl's hand slid under the skirt to free his cock, he wasn't even wearing panties. It didn't make sense to him why it wasn't poking up through the skirt a second or but he also knew something else was wrong in the back of his mind. He didn't own a skirt like this, they were skorts, but that didn't matter now as he felt the girl's long nails slide down his shaft and lightly graze over his balls. He wanted to cum so bad, he wanted to cum on her, he was sure her hand had to be slick with his cum already as she touched him. He was going to call out to her, tell her to suck him or to get on him so he could fuck her, but to his surprise that wasn't what came out of his mouth.

"I can't... Candi you are my sister, we can't!" The green-eyed girl didn't look angry as she pulled her hand away from his dick, she did look sad though as she pouted at him, giving him a puppy dog look.

"Sisters sometimes share... we can do something else." Bailey knew that Ryan was about to come into the room, that Candi wanted to share her man but he didn't want any part of that, so he pulled himself away from the girl, and fell to the floor.

Falling hadn't hurt at all, but as Bailey sat up he heard Candi behind him. "If you don't want to share my man, then I know what it is you want. You want your men, you want your boys dicks and I'm okay watching that too."

Turning his head to look behind him, Bailey had to crane his neck up, the top of the bed where Candi looked down at him looked impossibly far away, he wasn't going to be able to get back up there and as he turned his head back he saw the naked forms of two men in front of him, both Auggy and Liam stood there, one hand on their privates, pointing their erect members in his direction. Bailey wasn't sure why he was doing it, but his hands reached out to take each in one and the other. He didn't want this, so he let go and stood up, throwing open the door and ran down the hallway.

Bailey was no longer wearing the outfit from the park, instead he had on a tight mini leather skirt, a white lacy cami and tall leather knee high heeled boots, the outfit he wore out on the date with Liam. He wanted to get away from them, opening the closest door in the hallway, that of the bathroom, but as he opened it all he saw was Aunt Megan wearing a tight red dress that showed off her figure as she worked a hot roller through her hair. She turned to Bailey as the door opened, giving him a wicked smile. "Pumpkin, you know you have to make sure you give Liam a good time tonight right?" Bailey hated that she was right, hated that he had to do what she said and wanted to just run away, run away from the problem so he wouldn't have to face it and so he ran to the next door.

These doors were a set of double folding doors, they just went to the washer and dryer, he wasn't even sure why he was opening them, but when he did he saw Miss April sitting in the drivers seat of her car, looking over at him with a stern expression. "Bailey, you can never tell my brother August no!" Bailey whimpered before turning to flee to the end of the hallway in his apartment, opening the door to the master bedroom. Hoping to find comfort, but instead all he saw was Derrick fucking his girlfriend, the woman he loved doggy style. The room seemed to shift so he could look his Mommy in the face instead of watching Dericks thick member thrust into her. Making eye contact with her beautiful deep blue eyes, wishing he didn't see drool in the corner of her mouth as she panted. "Eh, eh, eee, Ee, Ee, EEeeee! OH! Yeah... oh...!"

Her moans of pleasure seemed to just disappear as she noticed him in the doorway. "Bailey honey, shut the door, this isn't a place for little girls and don't look at me that way. You told me it was okay, you told me to have sex with him, you wanted me to have sex with him." The bedroom door moved unbidden to him, closing and cutting off the view that hurt him so much. He would watch a porn video with her in it any day of the week, but it not being him causing her to make those sounds felt painful. With the door closed Bailey turned on his heeled feet to make his way back down the hall and head for the front door, but as he did he saw Auggy, Liam and Ryan all behind there blocking his path, all of them naked and all of them erect. Falling to his knees, Bailey looked at the three men,

one he had to please because Aunt Megan said so, one because Miss April said so, one because Candi wanted it. He wanted nothing to do with any of the three dicks, but he also couldn't let them find out who he really was... that he was... that she was just Bailey Ann Best and the cocks looked like the best of times.

Bailey smiled, reaching out to two of the cocks in front of her, opening her mouth with her tongue hanging out for the third. She was going to please and do it down on her knees and if she was lucky she would get to swallow more of the yummy salty cum then she would be wearing. She would hate it if she ruined another outfit.

## **Chapter 9**

Smacking his lips together Bailey slowly opened his eyes, fluttering his long lashes. He could feel the dried caked on drool in the corner of his mouth, the warm body he was pressed against. Most of the time when he slept with Candi he was the little spoon, but with his arm wrapped around her, resting under her own made him aware who was spooning who had changed at least for the night. Bailey groaned, his waking mind reporting in that his palm was resting on his best friend's chest, that his muscles were achy, his stomach was upset and most importantly his bladder was overly full. Making sure he was no longer groping the eighteen year old girl in her sleep, Bailey pulled his arm free and slipped from the bed to the balls of his feet.

"Mmmmm. Good morning, did the alarm go off?" Candi said sleepily as she rolled over to face Bailey, her eyes only half open.

"No." Bailey said in a small voice, with a shake of his head. Not only had he not heard an alarm, but it didn't feel like a good morning. He really wanted to just slip back into bed, but that was something for later, right now he needed the bathroom before Aunt Megan got in her head that he needed more time as a little girl, this time with a diaper, so he scurried off as quickly as he could.

Coming into the small room he flicked the light on, closing the door behind him, pulling down the black lacy panties as quickly as he could. He didn't even need to make an effort to start peeing; his body did it on its own. Sitting on the toilet with his panties around his knees, Bailey closed his eyes, rubbing his hands along his bare forearms. He didn't feel well, the migraine from the previous night had muted itself down to just a normal headache, but it seemed to have opened the defensive gates to the rest of his body. He groaned again, long ago stopped considering how weird it was to pee with the prosthetic. Able to feel the pee

leaving his penis, but nothing as it passed through the canal that was his fake vagina. Moving one hand over his stomach Bailey let out a sigh, happy to feel the relief, not so happy to feel the overbust corset still wrapped around him. This wasn't the first time he had slept in a corset, but he really hoped it would be the last.

Looking down to pull his panties back into place, Bailey's face moved from its resting smile to a frown. Recognizing what was dried to the fabric of his sexy underwear right away. Last night he had dreamed of something that he vaguely remembered was about sex and had more than a few people in the dream, he just couldn't remember much of it. He remembered Candi and the smile on his own face as they touched, he could remember running, the love of his life naked and... not just her, but Auggy and Liam naked. He wasn't sure if they were all together, but the end result of the dream was going to leave a stain in his panties. The stain there reminded him of his face, Bailey reached up and wiped at his chin, happy it was just tried drool and not something else. "Shower... like, a hot shower would be good." Bailey thought it would help with how he suddenly felt dirty and maybe make him feel physically better.

Naked in the shower, Bailey held his head under the hot water as steam filled the small area. The warm shower felt wonderful on his smooth supple skin, he stood there head bowed, watching the water fall around him and dripping from his long blonder than blonde hair. He had one hand on his stomach, feeling his insides squirm like some upset eel and held his other hand between the all too large globes on his chest, his hand squeezing the light blue ball luffa that had the soap already washed out of it as he held it in place. Bailey wasn't reflecting on his dreams or his life, just wishing he felt better and thinking about his day. Today was the day he was going to finally get to see a doctor about these... breasts. He wasn't even sure when he had fully admitted to himself the puffiness in his chest was because he was growing the female attribute. The little buds under his nipples would have been the first clue if he knew anything about female puberty, all he knew was that he had some hormonal problem when he was young and the doctor was able to solve it with a few shots. He just wished he had talked to his mother more about it, then he would at least have known more about why he was as short as he was. Bailey slowly moved his hand into a loose fist so that he didn't stab himself with his nails. Pressing his fist into a white tile as hard as he could. "I don't want to be a girl, I don't want to be a girl." He whispered out loud twice, and a few more times in his mind.

Taking a deep breath Bailey added more of the strawberry and cream scented to the luffa before rubbing it on his ribs and sides, the resting smile on his face increasing in volume a little as he closed his eyes, tilting his head to the side, the thought from before bubbling back up. "At least that means I can share clothes

with my bestie." His eyes opened just a little as he squinted, looking at the tiled wall, though the look was meant for himself. The words had slipped out when he thought of one of Candi's white blouses that had only a single frilly shoulder strap and how it would look with the four button black skirt he had or the patterned gray skirt they both had with the three pearl buttons they had just bought. Instinctually Bailey knew he shouldn't be thinking that way, he never did like being short and fitting in the same size clothes as an eighteen year old girl was not a benefit. Or it wouldn't have been if he didn't need to be Bailey Ann Best. Soon the doctor would take care of the issue with his hormones or whatever it was, it wouldn't be a change overnight, but till the private investigator got him free he needed to be that teen girl. So for now... Bailey's thoughts drifted to the last time he had opened Candi's closet, looking through everything. His mind would have stayed there for a while, when flood of cold water came from the showerhead and the sound of a flushing toilet could be heard from just the other side of the shower curtain. The cold water reminded Bailey how his body didn't feel well. All previous thoughts forgotten, Bailey turned off the shower, he stuck his head outside the curtain. Seeing Candi giving him a sheepish smile and mouthing the word sorry.

Biting his bottom lip, Bailey huffed. Candi wasn't making a move to leave the bathroom and he really didn't want to step out of the shower naked or semi naked the prosthetic technically covered him, but it hardly counted. The other thing was he had no chance of reaching the towel on the wall without stepping out either. So instead he reached his hand out, motioning for it. "Can, can you like get the thing for me?"

Candi pointed to the towel, the towel? When Bailey nodded she almost grabbed it to hand it over, but instead she looked at her hands and wrinkled her nose. "I need to wash my hands first, just get out. You are always so shy, it isn't like he hasn't used the same changing room before or you know... with that lifeguard that one time or well..." Candi ran her tongue over her top lip as she looked up and to the side revisiting a memory. "In your apartment with our boyfriends." She gave a tittering laugh before turning on the faucet to wash her hands. Alarm bells went off in his head, everything she said was true even if this was different. "Bailey Ann Best." he said whispering the name before stepping out, water dripping from his feminized body down to the small towel on the floor.

Glancing over, Candi continued to wash her hands but took in her friend's form. She had lost a good amount of weight thanks to her. That brought a smile to her face, that and the fact her best friend had so much less to be embarrassed about now. No longer needing to use anything to stuff her bra with her C-cup breasts, just like her own. She wasn't sure if it was the pills or the weight loss or a combination but it helped define the rest of her body too. The pills hadn't worked so quickly on herself, but considering Bailey's mothers and Aunts proportions she



was sure Bailey was still growing and eventually she would have something to be jealous about instead of the other way around. She moved on to washing her face as Bailey wrapped her hair in a towel and patted herself dry.

"Awww, pffff" Bailey made the noise as he bent over trying to both move to the side out of view of Candi unsuccessfully and move the towel down to his toes.

"You, umm like okay?" Without saying a word Bailey shook his head, moving the towel up and wrapping it around his chest.

"Words little sis, use your words." Candi said turning off the faucet, considering getting in the shower herself, but not wanting to waste all the hot water if Bailey's Aunt needed to shower before work.

Bailey blew some air through his nose with some extra force, he wanted to go back to bed, but he needed to go to the doctors and if you aren't feeling well it was the right place to be, but at the same time he didn't even get any peace and time to himself in the bathroom. Being alone wasn't something he enjoyed, it had almost crushed him when both of his parents passed. Mommy was there for him, he so loved her, but she had also made it a habit of working past ten in the evening most nights, leaving him alone and making him feel stupidly he knew, but still it made him feel like he couldn't lean on her, because who knew when she wouldn't be home when he needed her, or off on some work trip like she was now. Candi was here for him, she was literally here for him right now, but she was going to go away soon and, and... Bailey felt his eyes fill with tears, his emotions out of control and thoughts that had no right coming to the surface. His aching body started to shake as he failed to hold in his tears and he started to cry, his only control allowing him to not wail.

"Shhhh, shhhh, shhhh. It's okay, it's like okay, I promise. Just tell big sis what is wrong." Bailey wasn't sure when he had sat on the floor or when Candi had wrapped her arms around him, but he was happy she had. Mommy... Mandy had told him more than once that he was a big baby when he wasn't feeling well, just like every other man, but he didn't feel like a man. He felt like a little girl as he failed to say anything till his third try as he sucked in air between sobs. "I." Sniff, sniff. "I don't feel good, my body... and, and..." Bailey put his hand over his stomach as he looked to his friend like she could understand what he was going through with so little words. It made him feel even smaller that the real reason for the outburst was because suddenly he felt lonely when he already wasn't feeling well. His mind told him to toughen up, that a man wouldn't cry about something like this and at the same time saying it was fine. She was a girl, Bailey Ann Best

was allowed to cry. While his heightened hormones in his system just pressed on his emotions, not carrying one way or the other what the brain thought of its activity.

"Your body and..." Candi looked down to where her friend's hand was, nodding in understanding. "Some bad cramps today?" Bailey shrugged his shoulders, feeling his stomach gurgle and then nodded. Cramps and gas or an upset tummy weren't the same thing, but there wasn't anything she could do for him that he couldn't do for himself. He should have taken something before he got in the shower. "Okay, like let me help you stand up. I'm totally sorry you aren't feeling good, but like look at the bright side." Candi said, holding both of Bailey's hands lightly in her own as she smiled, looking her friend in the eye.

"You are seeing your doctor today, so the timing is like perfect. My little sister is so smart she only gets sick when she is already going to see the doctor and timed her period to all happen on the same day. Not a fun day, sure, but like better to get it all over with at once. Right?" Bailey frowned, averting his eyes when she said the word period. The idea of him having a period made his stomach feel worse and for him to notice the headache he had more or that the idea alone made it worse. He let Candi guide him to sit on the toilet as she handed him a small cup of water and a handful of pills. He swallowed them all without complaint or question, and then the cherry flavored medicine she gave him next, washing it all down with a second glass of water in the small glass.

When Candi opened the bathroom door and saw Bailey hadn't moved, she put one hand on her hip, speaking to her friend in a sweet voice. "The medicine should help, do you think you are feeling well enough to get ready for today or do you need more time? I can go get Aunt Megan if you like." Bailey sat up a little straighter, for the most part his posture was impeccable now after all his lessons a far cry from how he stood or sat a month ago, but at the thought of Aunt Megan coming over to help him get ready for the day made him feel like his feet were put to the fire. She was being much nicer to him, but he didn't want to hear her say that. "If you are acting like a baby, then maybe that is how you should look." She had promised that she would make Liam feel what he had, including wearing little girly overalls, but he wouldn't put it past her to make him do it again. Candi had made sweet comments and said how adorable Bailey was when she was a little girl when she saw the photos of him that had been put up around the tent for their shared birthday, he did not want her to see him like that in person. So he stood up, swallowed the rest of the water so that he could get ready for the day.

Bailey didn't have much energy, as he got ready he felt like he had less and less like whatever virus was running through his body was unplugging things that

should be left alone. He wanted to look cute and look his best, a good girl always looked her best, but he was having trouble focusing. So he slipped on a pair of seamless pink thong panties that had a pattern of tiny green and red flowers. He didn't think twice as he felt the back slip just between his butt cheeks, moving to cover his chest with white bra with pink lace that would match the panties, if not exactly. "Soon." he said with a whine as he pressed his hands to his feminine assets to make sure they sat comfortably in the bra, before putting on the first shirt he saw instead of trying to find the right blouse. Pulling it over his head he saw it was a shirt he had worn twice before, it was the my little pony shirt that he had first gotten when forced to dress like a little girl. Like his thoughts from before had summoned it, he didn't even remember packing it to come to Aunt Megan's. The shirt was pink, with big blue eyes for the pony with long eyelashes to the side and the design of a tuft of hair coming down along with the outline of the pony's ears near his shoulders. The thing wasn't even long enough to cover his belly button, he moved both hands to the bottom of the shirt, crossing his arms as he did to pull it back over his head when he heard Candi's voice from behind.

"Pink, pink with some more pink. Putting on your favorite color to try and feel a little better? Hopefully the midol and nyquil will help you feel better soon." Bailey had forgotten she was in the room, but seeing her made him think the world was moving a little slower than it should. He let go of the bottom of his shirt, seeing her in a pair of faded blue jeans with manufactured rips in it and the very top he had thought about earlier in the shower. The single ruffled strap white cami top. She was wearing jeans, pants... he wanted to wear pants too, but her outfit looked wrong with how cold it was.

"Aren't you like going to be cold?" He asked slowly, furrowing his brow. Candi tilted her head to the side.

"Do you feel cold?" She asked walking up to her friend who was doing something close to a Winnie the Pooh impression with only wearing something on top and just panties on the bottom. She put her hand to Bailey's forehead, pressing her lips together. "I think you might have a fever, I'm not sure though. Does, umm is there like something to take your temperature with here?" Bailey shrugged, causing Candi to give her friend a hard look before leaving the bedroom to go ask.

When she left the room, Bailey blinked a few times, watching her go. He felt like he had a fever, but she hadn't answered his question either. Opening the drawer with his stockings and pantyhose he reached for one, stopping. They felt good on his skin and would help him stay warm, but he didn't have a lot of energy and wasn't sure he would put a run in one and if he did that... he let out another

groan, then he would have to put on another pair and then he would have to shop for more. He slapped the drawer hard enough for it to close, moving to another to pull out one of the few pairs of pants he had. They were supposed to be for when he exercised, but Candi was wearing pants and he didn't want to wear a skirt and still feel cold. So he pulled out the black leggings that had a pink square pattern going down each leg starting just below his hip, stopping at the knee and then wrapping around his calf in a tilt vertical pattern. The leggings were made to hug the wearer and lift their rear, something Bailey knew from loving the view from behind of girls wearing them, but nothing he considered now. When he had it pulled all the way up he put some small white socks on with pink tips at the toes and stopped below his ankle and found the single pair of sneakers he had here. White sneakers where the laces hardly did anything as it had a side zipper due to them having a hidden three inch heel.

Fully dressed he looked at himself in the mirror, pulled the towel from his head, tossing it on the bed. Bailey determined the outfit looked cute, the leggings came up high enough that only a hint of skin was showing between it an the shirt, any one seeing what he wore would just think he was a fashionable girl going for a workout that was more concerned about the way she looked then the workout itself or that she just wanted people to think that is where she had been. What bothered him was his face and hair. The hair would be settled quickly, but his face looked a little pale to him and the dark circles under his eyes gave the impression he hadn't slept. He reached for for his concealer when movement in the corner of his eye caught his attention. Both Candi and Aunt Megan walked into the room.



"I hear you aren't feeling well, pumpkin?" Megan said, pressing her lips to Bailey's forehead to feel her temperature and give her comfort as she wrapped one arm around her. "I'm not sure where my thermometer is, but you don't feel like you have a fever. Just make sure you tell the doctor today how you are feeling, okay?" Bailey blinked at her slowly, nodding after a few seconds. He felt so tired and really at this point just wanted to go back to bed and reschedule. "I'm sorry I can't take you, but today my schedule just has too much I can't move. You are going to be in good hands."

"With her big sister!" Megan gave Candi a small amused smile, loving how some little inside joke between the two had blown up so much.

"Yes, well your little sister has some important things to talk to the doctor about. Thank you again for taking her." Megan looked back over at Bailey who seemed

to have lost interest in the conversation and was starting to apply concealer to her face.

"No problem Auntie!"

Soon Bailey had his face on and his hair pulled into the familiar side braid. He looked in the mirror seeing the girl in it looking back at him with a smile on her face. The repetitive nature of his routine putting on his makeup soothing some of his anxiety. Bailey looked back towards the bed thinking about laying back down, but knew he wouldn't be getting back up so he made his way to the living room, sitting on the couch. Bailey looked over to his book he had been reading, the tv remote sitting on top of it and then over to his laptop sitting on the coffee table. All of that just seemed like too much work and he didn't think he looked cute enough to take any selfies today, though the urge to pull out his phone went through his mind twice before he stood back up, walking back into the bedroom where Candi was putting on her face.

"You okay?" Candi asked, looking at Bailey through the mirror, pausing her application of her mascara.

"I'm just... cold and bored and..." Bailey pouted, not finishing his sentence, his mind feeling sluggish. "You have me nyquil?"

"Yep! Also some excedrin for your head and midol for your cramps. Is it helping?"

"CANDIIIIIIII!" The green eyed girl turned from the mirror to look at her friend when she said her name in a shrill voice.

"What? Are you okay?" She could see Bailey holding her forearms with both hands, clearly looking a little cold.

"I'm like suuuuper tired because like nyquil!" Candi's eyes opened wider, her lips forming a circle as it sinks in that she had not given her dayquil.

"Ooooooooo." Bailey huffed, sitting down on the bed.

"Oops, I'm sorry. I like wasn't thinking." Bailey bit off his first thought of 'you never

do' his mind running sluggish right now was still wise enough to not throw out an insult because he was upset and that he shouldn't be throwing rocks in a glass house with how he had to act. Candi went over to the closet, opening it up before coming back to Bailey with a gray sweater with a fur lined hood and toggles instead of front buttons.

Bailey took the offered warmer article of clothing without complaint, slipping it on, but leaving the toggles undone. Bailey pulled the sweater closed, as he did the familiar scent of August's cologne wafted up to his nose, causing a vivid memory of the end of the night of his eighteenth birthday party. Standing there in a black dress, a tiara on his head, feet together in the high heels Candi had bought for him, still feeling warm despite the nighttime breeze from the jacket and Auggy's arms wrapped around him and the explosive feeling he felt as the young man kissed his neck. The memory brought a whimper to his lips, one hand reaching up to touch the side of his neck near the back. Even the memory bringing a blush to his cheeks, causing his other hand to pull the two sides of the sweater together more tightly, feeling a strange comfort.

"Better" Bailey heard Candi ask. He shook his head, even though the sweater did make him feel warmer. 'I don't want to feel that way, but, but... it's okay. Bailey Ann Best would, that would be a good memory and I'm her. I'm her, I'm her. Not... not...' Bailey closed his eyes, he felt so fatigued he didn't even feel comfortable putting his thoughts in order, let alone what came forward. Like the time he had the flu years ago and kept dreaming about someone putting bricks on his chest because he was so congested, no matter how much he told himself that wasn't happening when he woke up to cough.

"I'm like okay, thank you." Bailey said in a small voice, happy to get a hug from her before she went back to getting ready.

## **Chapter 10**

Taking a deep inhale of breath Bailey woke up as the car stopped. He didn't remember falling asleep in the vehicle or any of the drive, but he did know his eyes felt incredibly heavy, it was hard for him to not close them and just go back to sleep. He started to do just that when he felt himself being shaken.

"Bailey, we are here. Come on, wakey, wakey." Opening his eyes halfway he turned his head away from the window he was leaning on with a pout to his lips.

"Oh...k." If his purse hadn't still been strung over his shoulder he wouldn't have

even considered needing to look for it as he got out. Things around him felt sluggish for himself and somehow also hyperactive for others, like everyone was moving at a different pace than him

"I didn't act this way when I was sick." Bailey blinked heavily at her for a few seconds.

"Yes you did, but I also read the medicine bottle before I gave it to you and like I think you gave me more than one dose." Candi bit her bottom lip, in addition to not reading the bottle she also hadn't measured anything. She knew she hadn't acted like Bailey was, but her friend was right about that, but she wasn't going to admit it.

"It isn't my fault you can't handle medication, now come on. Leave everything to me, okay?" Bailey nodded, following her inside. Taking a seat where Candi told him to, it only occurred to him that he had to tell the doctor about the hormone imbalance and Candi couldn't know about that. Could she?

"Are you able to fill this out?" Bailey leaned his head back to look up at Candi, surprised that she had snuck up on him when she had just left a second ago, but somehow had a clipboard with a pen tethered to it with a few pieces of paper clipped on in her hand.

"Yeah..." Bailey took it, opening his purse to pull out his wallet to get the insurance card that he had been given. It of course was the same insurance card that Miss April had given over to the doctors when she had taken him to get the infernal contraption glued to him. He held it in one hand and the pen in the other starting to fill out the paperwork starting with his name. Bailey Ann Best, Age eighteen, Birthday... His eyes stayed on the clipboard as his half lidded eyes tried to focus on what was in front of him, the eyelids getting heavier and heavier. Till he felt the clipboard being taken from him gently, causing his eyes to fully open. Bailey wasn't sure when they had closed or had long they had been that way, but now Candi had the paperwork and was filling it out. He took either side of the sweater, pulling it tighter to himself, the medicine made it so he could hardly stay awake at all. Making him feel helpless.

"Sorrrrry." His eyes were already half closed again as he looked over to his friend. Who only flashed him a smile, she had said something, but he missed it as he closed his eyes again. Suddenly he opened them again, his body jerking awake.



"I need to... I need." Bailey smacked his lips together, his mouth felt dry and his mind was foggy in the same way it had if he stayed up for longer than a day. "To talk to the doctor." Only half awake he noticed the clipboard was gone when she put her hand on his, giving it a little squeeze.

"I know, we are already at the doctor's office. Remember?" Bailey nodded, of course he knew that.

"You don't... you can't... the doctor to know." Bailey scrunched up his nose, the words weren't coming out right. "I need to tell him." Candi nodded, still holding her best friend's hand, giving it a few pats and feeling much guiltier now than she had even as they pulled up to the office. She wasn't planning on going into the visit with Bailey, but she was positive now that she would need to.

"I can tell the doctor anything you need."

"Buuuuuuut."

"Do you trust me?" Bailey nodded, leaning closer to the girl. His head felt so heavy on his neck for some reason. The girl was sunshine incarn... incor? She was sunshine and he could trust her.

"Yeeee...ah" Candi gave a small squeeze to Bailey's hand. She had seen some people sloshed at corporate parties she went to with her father and Bailey seemed to be close to that with how she was reacting to however much of the nyquil she had given her.

"Then tell me and I will make sure he knows." Bailey let out a whimper, closing his eyes tight, forcing himself to open them back up.

"My hormones are... bad. Bad? I like need a shot to fix." Bailey pulled his hand away, reaching up with both hands to cup his chest. Candi gave her an uncomfortably large smile. 'She noticed... of course she noticed! Be cool, be cool, you only helped her. She probably is just worried with how fast her chest had grown, the boob fairy didn't tend to work that fast.'

"I will tell him, I promise." Bailey, still leaning closer to her tried to not, but instead

just rested his head on her shoulder.

"Ohhh....k." He said before closing his eyes again.

He woke up when they took him into the back, checking his height and weight, his blood pressure before being escorted into the familiar room. All doctors' offices seemed to set up their patient rooms the same. Candi had been talking to the nurse, he wasn't sure what she had said and as he climbed up on the exam room table he couldn't even picture the nurses face or gender that had just a moment ago checked his vitals.

"Lets get that off you so the doctor can do his thing and hey maybe if we are lucky he will be cute." Bailey nodded his head as Candi helped take the sweater from him, his eyes following it the entire time as she sat in a small chair in the corner with it in her lap.

Sitting there he pulled his knees up to his chest, wrapping his arms around his legs, leaning his head down and to the side so he could try and stay awake for when the doctor came in.

"Bailey did you tell your Mom you aren't feeling good?" He hadn't, but it didn't matter she wasn't here.

"No."

"Do you want me to tell her?" Bailey moved his head to look away from the door and to his friend, giving his head a few shakes before moving back to how he was. He slipped back to sleep, vaguely hearing her talking, but it felt so far away that he couldn't catch a single word. Candi had just kept on talking and talking and someone was talking back to her in a deeper voice, Bailey wanted to reach out and touch his lips wondering if it was him, but his voice didn't sound like that. It felt like it took multiple tries, but he was able to open his eyes and was able to see a tall bald man with a thick brown beard and soft blue eyes looking between Candi and himself.

"So you are saying she made the appointment believing she has a hormonal balance issue because her breasts grew too quickly and today she is sick with a cold, but is also on her period with bad cramps?" Candi's eyes flicked to Bailey,

giving her a weak smile seeing that she was now awake.

"Yeah, and the pills we talked about, is... is she going to be okay?" The tone of the man's voice as they talked had started out friendly, but it seemed to change more and more to one of annoyance. The man seeing where the girl in front of him was looking turned to notice the actual patient was awake now.

"I hear you were taking some pills you didn't know about, that is never a smart thing to do." Bailey shook his head, he hadn't taken anything he didn't know... then he thought of this morning. He hadn't asked Candi about the pills or the nyquil he had just taken it. The man was probably mad that Candi had to come back here to help him.

"Sorrrrry."

"Yeah, I'm sure you are. Teen girls aren't exactly known for their judgment or patience. I had a sixteen year old in here just yesterday asking for a referral so she could get implants. Sixteen, can you believe that?" The man rolled his eyes.

Moving his hands, Bailey touched his breasts, he didn't want implants that sounded crazy he wanted what he had gone, that girl should have his chest, he didn't need it. He found himself giggling a little, it didn't work that way, but he would gladly let her just have them. "I don't need implants..." Bailey was going to continue his thought, but when he paused the doctor picked back up talking.

"No, no you do not Miss Best. Honestly look a little worse for wear, but that is just a virus and will pass. I do not give out antibiotics for viruses, that is how we get super viruses and other than that you seem healthy." Bailey shook his head, reaching out with both hands to take the doctor's hand in his own, pulling it to his chest, he needed him to understand.

"My chest... it." The doctor gave the girl a tight smile, soon as she had pressed his hand to her chest he pulled it back. He did not need a sick girl with moon eyes wanting his attention and doubly so when there was someone else in the room to witness.

"I'm well aware of your chest, we talked about that. Remember?" Bailey blinked a few times, looking over at Candi then nodding slowly. "So is there anything else?"

Candi hopped to her feet, this wasn't the first time a doctor had blown her off. The man had just given her a lecture on the dangers of taking pills or giving pills to someone that they didn't know what they did. She did know, she had taken them herself, but Bailey had also taken more than her and in a shorter amount of time. It had the same results, but with things laid out like they were, it also now made her worried of what harm it would do. The man had said something about organs or kidneys. "What about her organs and stuff?! Oh, oh and can you give her something to help with her cramps? They seem like really bad."

Bailey hadn't even caught the man's name, but he seemed in a hurry to leave when he grunted, sitting down in the little stool as he faced him. "I'm going to send the nurse in to take some blood, we some quick tests we can run here in just twenty minutes. The rest would have to be sent off to the labs. Then when we see what is going on we can do something or nothing..." He shook his head. "As for your cramps. Do you normally have them this bad?"

Swallowing hard Bailey shook his head, he had never had a period and would never. "Okay, are your periods regular?" Again Bailey shook his head, really wanting him to leave and get the nurse for the bloodwork.

"Can we like umm do the test?" Bailey tried to look at him sweetly, but he was struggling to just stay awake. The doctor closed the folder he had in his hands, slapping it lightly on Bailey's leg, it was obvious to him she felt uncomfortable talking about the subject with someone outside of her OBGYN.

"Okay, sure. Last question, what birth control are you on?" He asked as whatever she had been given wasn't doing its job if she wasn't regular.

"None, I like can't get preggo." Bailey smirked before resting his head against his knees. The doctor let out a long sigh.



"Of course you think that. Okay, I'm going to get you something prescribed for now. Follow the directions, it is important. Okay? OKAY?!" He asked a little harsher when Bailey didn't respond. It caused Bailey to pull his legs closer to himself and nod. He wasn't going to take birth control, no matter how much of a meanie the bald man wanted to be. "Good, the nurse will be in shortly and then I will come in to discuss the findings when we get the results. For now, just hang out here." Watching the man go Bailey stuck his tongue out at the closed door before looking over his friend.

"He was not cute or nice."

It didn't take long for the nurse to come into the room, Bailey knew right away it was the same person before. A younger man that looked to be almost thirty, clean shaven with wild eyebrows and a look of someone from the middle east. Like with the doctor Bailey didn't know his name and considering he probably already introduced himself he didn't want to ask. His visit was short, taking five vials of blood with him as he went. Reaching down to touch the bandage around his elbow, Bailey frowned. "Did they like need that much or like are they also vampires?"

"Oooooo doctor vampires! That sounds like a fun story, instead of saying I want to suck your blood!" Candi said in a bad imitation of someone from Transylvania. "They can be all lets get bloodwork done, it will be... delicious, I mean helpful." Despite not feeling well Bailey giggled along with his friend as she climbed up on the exam table with him. He was happy she was here to help him, but the doctor was sure going to be in for a surprise when he found out Bailey was a guy by looking at his blood. He was going to need to force himself to stay awake when he came back in and ask her to let him hear the results alone so she wouldn't find out that he was a fraud. He really was her friend, she was the best person like ever, but when she heard who he really was, she wouldn't understand. He didn't understand anymore, and she would leave him. Just like everyone left him. The thoughts brought tears to his eyes and before he knew it he was leaning on the very girl he knew would abandon him when she found out she had been lied to.

Candi held her emotional friend, she understood. She had bad months before and to find out Bailey wasn't taking birth control was a surprise to her. She had seen what Bailey had packed before in bags and she had just been in her medicine cabinet, but she just hadn't thought about it. That and with her not feeling well of course she was an emotional mess. So she just held her till she fell back to sleep, a light snore filling the room as they sat there together. She did

consider recorder her to show her that it wasn't her who snored, and Bailey had just been projecting.

The two waited for an hour before the doctor came back into the room, she gently shook Bailey to wake her up. "Okay, we have the results here." Bailey blinked a few times at the man holding a folder in his hand. He turned his head to whisper into Candi's ear.

"Can, could umm can you wait outside, I umm just in case its bad." Candi took a deep breath, she was not going to let her friend face bad news by herself, but she also didn't want to get into an argument in front of the man who had already been stern with her. So she would go stand outside, but she was not going to let Bailey keep whatever news it was to herself. She was going to be there for her friend, if she liked it or not. Candi nodded, hopping off the table and leaving the room.

"I will be right outside."

The man in the room with Bailey watched her go a bit perplexed, but carried on. He really didn't care what crazy things young girls thought. "Okay, yeah. As I was saying, I have your results right here. There is some abnormalities..." Bailey swayed slightly, his eyes half open as he tried to focus on what he was saying. The word abnormalities caught his attention, but he was also using words he didn't understand.

"What? I like don't know what you mean?"

"You have a hormonal imbalance, the migraines you listed on the paperwork when you made the appointment could be caused by them. Along with a few other things, but don't you worry we will get all of that under control and you will be back to feeling like your old self before you know it." Bailey smiled at the man in the white coat happily, that was exactly what he wanted to hear.

"So like what do I have to do? Are you going to inject me or like what?"

"No, no need for any injections." He looked back down to the file, the girls estrogen was higher than he would like, her testosterone level was much higher than he would like though and he figured the extra testosterone caused her body to try and fight it with extra estrogen so as soon as he got one under control the

other would do so naturally. He didn't want to over prescribe to his patients. "I will give you a prescription for something to block the bad hormones." He said dumbing things down the ditzy girl. He rocked his head from side to side mentally correcting himself, the girl might be an airhead, but it could just as easily be because her and her sister took too much of the... no he corrected himself again. They were both airheads, who took too much nyquil when they wanted to take dayquil. "You will take that and your birth control and nothing else that isn't over the counter or prescribed by myself or another doctor. Got it?"

Bailey groaned, kicking one of his feet so that it hit the exam room table. "No, I like don't need birth control I'm like not having sex! Like at least not right now and... and..." He could see the girl was clearly frustrated.

"Hey, hey it's okay. Think of it this way, you aren't feel well right now and the pills I'm going to give you will help you feel better. One you will have to take for a short time and the other for ahhh longer. You do want to feel better right?" Bailey squinted at him, nodding once slowly, then again a bit quicker. There was an episode of house where he had told someone to smoke cigarettes when everyone knew they were bad, but it was because as bad as it was the other medicine for it... Bailey was pretty sure he was remembering it correctly. That the medicine would be worse for the man than the cigarettes and this man had seen his blood work so had to know the truth. So the birth control had to be like the cigarettes.

"The pills will help me be myself again? I will be a man?" The doctor was looking down at his paperwork, making some notes for her file when he looked up at her. Pretty sure she had asked if the pills were going to make her a man. He shook his head, deciding he had heard wrong or in her state she had meant to say woman. If the girl wanted to see being on the pill as the gateway to womanhood he wasn't going to saying anything about it.

"Absolutely, you take your medicine and you will be the person you want to be." Bailey hopped off the table, wrapping his arms around the man, who seemed much taller now that he was standing on the ground, three extra inches of height from his shoes or not.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" Before he could respond Bailey let go opening the door. "I'M GOOD! I'M HEALTHY! LET LIKE GO HOME!" Bailey yelled into the hallway. He knew the burst of energy wasn't going to last, but soon as he got back he was going to have the best sleep ever. No more worries about the future, his body taken care of and Aunt Megan taking care of things with her..



Her.. investigator. Things were going to be fine! He thought happily for a moment before Candi half tackled him with a hug as he stepped out of the exam room. Those two things happening would mean no more of her and that very thought hurt, so much that when he hugged her back he didn't want to let go. If he had known someone even half as good as she was growing up his entire life would have been different. He hoped the world never crushed her like it did him.

## Chapter 11

The night time, help you sleep medication that Bailey had taken more than once dose of was still kicking his butt. He had a huge burst of energy hearing the good news, but it dwindled quickly once him and Candi got back onto the road. Candi's time behind the wheel of this car was going to come to an end soon with his M... his Mandy coming home, but he also no longer felt bitter about being driven around by the girl. It wasn't her fault and he really should have studied, course he was sure he would have made it to the actual driving test if that boy hadn't been flirting with him and... and... Bailey's mind started thinking of the boy's mother and how he insulted him. He didn't remember her exact words anymore, but he did not like being called a slut. The word slut was repeated a few more times as he tried to keep his mind on track, only to realize that itself was a tangent. He felt himself start to give up the fight to sleep even as he held up his hand looking at his pale skin. "Tangent... I should get a tan." He giggled, closing his eyes.

Looking to her side Candi smiled at her friend, reaching over and giving her a shake as she looked back to the road. "We can go to the water park soon, but not today. Not with you sick and ya know we or at least I today have to start our internship." Candi took in a deep breath. "I really should have dressed to go to the office, I just wasn't thinking and you." Candi shoved Bailey again. "You can sleep when you get to your Aunts. Right now you need to tell me what the doctor said. I know, like he didn't just say you are healthy. Well... he was like a little mean so he could have, but that is besides the point. Spill!"

Opening one eye as he felt himself being shoved on the shoulder, Bailey reached out and moved the air vents so they weren't blowing on him and pulled his hands inside the sleeves of the sweater. "He said I have to take the pills he is prescribe, prescribe... that is such a funny word. Ya know?" Candi snapped a few times.

"Focus girl, stay with me." She quirked the corner of her mouth up. "Per Scribe, Per is like to and scribe is to like to write.' She closed one eye for a second as she thought, making it look like she was winking at a nearby car. 'Yeah like to write doesn't make any sense.' She giggled,

"He said... he said I'm like okay, but I have to take all of the pills. Even the stupid birth control ones, but it is okay because they will help... I guess." Bailey said, his head lulling to the side to look out the window. He put his face into both of his sweater covered hands, covering his mouth as he looked out to see a little girl who was maybe five wearing a little red dress holding onto a husky puppy. Not the type of dog one should have with how hot some days could get in their state, but it didn't change the fact that the baby dog was so cute. Their family had a few dogs that ran around the stables, a few cats, but none of them were ever really pets and all of them had been grown by the time he was this girl's age. "Awww... look at that!"

Looking past Bailey Candi saw the little girl with the puppy. "Aww, that girl is adorbs!"

"I was talking about the puppy, but yeah... I guess." He said sleepily. Sitting at the red light, Candi reached over, running her hand over Bailey's side braid, giving her friend a small pout, wishing she could make her feel better.

"So that is good news." Bailey closed his eyes again.

"Yeah, puppies are always good news." He murmured.

"No, I meant what the doctor said. But... umm Bailey we both know you are like, sexually active. Why aren't you already on birth control or well and. Why did you tell the doctor you don't need it?" Rolling his head to face Candi, Bailey pressed his lips together. He couldn't say because i'm a boy, he wasn't sure what to say, but it seemed his lips hadn't fully checked in with his brain.

"Cause like I can't have any babies, doctor said so." He held up his hand making a scissor motion that was covered up by the sleeves of the sweater as he thought about the vasectomy he had. Something about what he had just said didn't sound right, something was off or so Bailey's clouded mind felt. "I mean like... pfpfpfpf" He blew air through his lips causing them to flap a bit, making noise. Candi pulled off to the side of the road hearing her friend so casually say she was infertile, she couldn't imagine how devastating that news was. She knew Bailey took early childhood classes, heck she even showed her the little video game that was made to help students understand how to take care of children. She had been so great with the little boy when they watched him at the pool and just now she had called out the adorable little girl, then deflecting to the puppy when she was thinking about this very topic and how she had just dredged it

back up.

"I am so, so, so sorry Bailey! I didn't know! Of course I didn't know but I shouldn't have... oh god I'm so sorry you have to go through this." She unbuckled her seatbelt, leaning over to hold her friend in her arms. Bailey felt her hug him, he really did like hugs and he shouldn't have gotten more up to this point he thought as he wrapped his arms around his friend to hug her back. He wasn't sure what she was going on about, the baby thing was nothing. Wasn't it? Yeah, did he say something he shouldn't?

"Ohhh...k. Did I say something wrong?" He squeezed his eyes tight. 'God I want to go to sleep, did I say something I shouldn't. She is hugging me, is this a good hug or a...'

"No, no, of course not. I feel like so bad about brining something up like that I would be, oh wow like a total mess. I can like only imagine what you are going through, went through?" Still holding her friend tight she nodded her head. "Going through, and now you don't have to go through it alone. I'm here for you little sis, maybe umm when you find the right man." Candi pulled back from the hug looking into Bailey's green eyes. "I could help, ya know?"

"No." Bailey shook his head, he didn't understand.

"You... you don't want me to help." The topic had been lost to Bailey, his mind firing on too few cylinders. 'Does she want to help him find the right guy? Why are we talking about dating, I have had enough of that. Oh my god I said something wrong she looks hurt!'

"No, no, no. I always want your help with like..." Bailey fluttered his sleeve covered hand in the air. "Things and what not. I just like I'm confused." Candi bit her bottom lip, nodding her head in small rapid nods.

"Yeah, yeah, like this is a lot and like I don't know anything about this... but I will." She gripped her friend's shoulders. "I promise I will find out and I will be there for you. Okay? Like promise."

"You are like such a good person, you don't even know." Bailey said, still not sure what she was talking about but still it felt good that she was offering to help. He would talk to her more about whatever this was later. Those were his last

thoughts before he awoke sitting in the car out front of Aunt Megan's place.

"Okay, you go inside and get some sleep, sorry I can't wait around to get your meds, can't imagine it looked good to take a half day on my first day of work or you not working at all, but doctors visits are important." She said with a small smile, while Bailey looked back at her with confusion.

"You are going to work?"

"Yes silly, don't you remember Daddy talked to Miss Gates so I could take you? We both were going to work a half day, but you like obvi can't go in."

"Oh, yeah... I knew that." Bailey said, not recalling any of that.

"Yeah, so like let Aunt Megan know about your drugs so she can pick them up for you and you get some rest okay little sis." Bailey nodded, pulling out his phone to send the texts.

"I love you sis, but I really need to get moving and you are moving like a little baby sloth. Cute as a button, but soooooo slow." Bailey nodded again, reaching for the door handle to get out of the car.

"Yeah... sloths." Candi squinted at her friend letting out a small series of giggles. She wasn't sure if that was on purpose or not, on one hand Bailey seemed to like playing to people's expectations of her. She could be a ditz at times, but she didn't think her bestie was nearly as bad as she let on. Then on the other hand the medication had made her incredibly loopy.

"Get rest, text my future Aunt!" Candi said, after rolling down her window as she backed up out of the driveway.

Standing there Bailey shot off a text asking Aunt Megan to pick up the medication, before slipping the phone into his purse. Pulling out the paperwork the doctor had given him when he left to look at it as he went inside. He saw the word testosterone and didn't understand what the numbers meant, but it brought a smile to his face. 'I'm going to be a man again, no more boobs for this dude!'

Walking to the bedroom he stopped to look at his face in the mirror before moving on to the bedroom. The sweater was incredibly comfortable, but he was going to bed and wouldn't be needing it. So he tossed it on the bottom corner of the bed, before stripping off his shoes, the leggings and the pink shirt, leaving them all just on the floor about the room. Bailey glanced back over to the paperwork happily. He pumped his arms in the air, wiggled his hips from side to side, not paying any attention to his reflection in the mirror that showed a girl in her underwear bouncing her hips side to side, thrusting one fist into the air and then the other, causing her chest to act similarly to her rear. "I'm gonna be a man, I'm gonna be a man, no more girl, no more girl."

Hopping to the side started to move his legs, bending one and the other as he danced excitedly. Seeing the stuffed bear that he had gotten long ago now for the love of his life he picked it up high in the air, holding it by its arms, Bailey gave the stuffed animal an open mouthed smile. "You hear that President Bear? The doctor is going to make a man out of meeee!" Bailey sang trying to bring the register of his voice down to a baritone, but coming nowhere close with his soprano voice. The Disney song from Mulan starting to go through his mind about making a man out of someone. "No more girl..." He plopped down to the bed, much of his energy spent, pulling the bear closer to his chest as thoughts of being a man brought a memory of being bent over, a man... a real man's dick being inside of him.... The song going through his mind switched over to being a barbie girl. Bailey Ann was a Barbie girl. Bailey wore the resting smile on his face. "Bailey girl, living in a Bailey world." He quietly sang to himself, holding the bear tighter.

Bailey still felt tired, but a small spike of anxiety was keeping him from closing his eyes, afraid of what he might see when he went to sleep. So he pulled out the little pink diary, he hadn't written in it since before that date... 'We should like, write in our diary, it would totally help.' Bailey nodded getting comfortable.

## **Chapter 12**

Dear diary. Like, first off im Sorry I havnt ritten in like forever. So much has happened i totally dont even know where to start!

I guess to start with. I'm sick. Yuck! I just feel so like icky!!! Candi says its good timing cuz like i had a doctor apoi appoy I had to go to the doctor any way. But gah he was such a meany. I bet hes just jelly cuz hes so totally old and were not

hehe.

Anyway! Yesterday was like the best! Even if we had to start the day with pancakes. Blegh! x( But like aunt megan some how made them taste good! Idk wut she did but like it was like eating corn bread with honey and syrup, SO GOOD! Just dont tell candi I can't let her no or like Candi will think shes right and I am not going to lose a war I already totally won!!!

My big sister Candi came over and it has been like too long since i saw her!! we like txtd and decided to totally match yesterday to celebrate :) so I wore this super cute yellow spaghetti strapped low cut yellow cotton dress that came down to my mid thigh and Candi wore a totally adorable soft yellow sundress with small polka dots, but like u had to squint to see them, with a sweetheart neckline with three thin shoulder straps at each shoulder and a tiny little knot tied into a bow at the center of her bodice to match my dress! Well...kinda hehe.

It wasnt like exx egg totally the same but close enough. Down to our axessories. She wore a yellow hairband a white plastic bracelet matching white plastic hoop earrings and a pair of white ballerina flats that had an ankle strap and my hair was pulled back and tied with a too cute white ribbon i tied into a cute bow to match my white wedges that had these cute white tie up ribbons. Aunt Megan said I looked totally pretty.

Hehe like I don't own a mirror? hehe

But like i said Candi had on her cute ballet flats and of course it looked so totally cute on her but of course she had to like tease me for being short shorter than her and like OMG I luv her but she can be such a lil brat some times! Like teasing me cuz shes like slitley taller but she like isnt taller when im wearing heels and she wasnt and OMG I love these wedges they are so cute and like the first thing Candi gave me. Making her like my BFF right then and there!!! Like teasing me cuz shes only KINDA better than me at math? Like i dont know how much 5 times 4 is? Or how much 4 times 5 is? Pfft i bet she doesnt know what...7 times 9 is. Like duh its

72

69

5 times 7 is ....like 35 and 7 is 2 more than that so...45 but like NO ONE knows the 7 times tables by heart and like ugh im to sick and tired to get my math book.

But like my point was she was teasing me about it cuz she thought id be late to meet back up with her an SHE was totally the one who was late! But i forgave her cuz she got us the most delish caramel pecan sinamon roll from cinnabon. She had this idea we get each other things that made us think of each other. Kinda like the first game we did where we got things that said stuff about us? Its silly but actually kinda fun to.

Even tho...I dont think i under stood the game cuz i only got her and Aunty Megan cards and they both got super awesome gifts for me and them. But like they both hav money! Candi even had daddy her daddy's money!!

Aunt megan even did better than me :( she gave candi this really sweet carebare top. I used to love watching that show. And Aunt Megan is so right. Candi might be scared of the dark a bit but shes fierce when it comes to what she wants and protecting ...me. I could so see Candi totally yelling CHAAAAARGE!!! lol She may be a brat at times but shes still my best sister ever. ...pun totally intended i guess! hehe.

Aunt Megan gave me a rock cuz she says im stubborn as a rock. x(

lol no not just a rock tho!! I thot the same thing to when she first gave it too me. She totally tricked me hehe. Its this special rock called a geo that looks like a totally normal rock but on the inside its really beautiful!

As much as I looooooved Aunt Megans gift Candi got me just like my favorite gift ever. She got me a silver picture frame that had flours along the top and silver vines reaching out acrossed it. She said its not real sivler but who cares?! Is just so sweet of her. But thats just so totally her. And I already have the BEST pic to put in it! Cuz after the game we like went to shoeaholic where jeremy works and took a selfie together!

So like after all that totally mushy stuf was done we finally got to go shopping for clothes! All my clothes are like super totally cute obvi but like probs not gud for an ofice. And I dont wanna emberase mommy!

Oh yeah! Thats like y we had to go out cuz we like totally have jobs now!!!

We were supposed to start this summer in turn ship thingy today but since I'm like so totally groddy I had to miss my first day. And I had such a cute outfit picked out for my first day today too!

U wud think the pretty clothes wud like destract candi from teasing me but she totally kept teasing me again! Cuz she like thinks caught me staring at cute boys but shes tha 1 that said the older boy in glasses wuz totally cute not me!! wanted to like get there opin say on what we shud get. But like there boys and no way they wud pick some thing apr appro ok for work!

Daddy wud totally be fumin if we wore something they picked! Lol

And she totally stol my fone!!! Just cuz i was gonna tell her daddy about her trying to get skirts that would totally be bad for work! And it totally wuznt fair cuz i was in wedges and she had on flats and thats tha only raisin i cudnt catch her!!

Aunt Megan said she shudnt even be able to open my fone but like fones now use fa fasial go by how u look and i guess we look more a like than she thot and then like she thretund to wuz gonna txt auggy as me and like tell him im like in love with him!!!

But like i shud have nown shes not that mean cuz she really just asked him about a skirt.

Shes still a meany for like scaring me like that tho!!

When we got home Candi said we shud make this video of us dancing to boost up our channels. But so like i guess candi cant dance as gud as me so i show her wut to do. It was totally fun!! even if i did all the work lol. But like we still totally had fun and me and candi looked up blonde jokes to tell each other! Hehe i didnt know there wuz so many.

Aunt megan totally busted us tho!! She just haaaaad to walk in when i said i wudnt choke on like on a hundred dicks x( ugh i wanted to jus curl up and die!! Like of course i wudnt but aunt megan didnt need to no that. What if she tells



mommy?!!!?

She already gave me us that look cuz how we were dressed. But like I like like looking ya know, cute and literally adorbs but some times I just wanna look sexy! Iz that so totally wrong?

But like god bless Candi talked her into letting us still shoot our video. And we totally had tons of fun but lol i guess the blonde jokes were right cuz we totally didnt think about the grass and trying to dance in our stilettos so it took us a couple takes to get it juuuuuust right!

But who cares cuz we looked like so totally hot in matching red overbust corset with black lace fringe on top and a black rose pattern across the entire corset and a matching short black pleated skirt dark thigh highs with a lace pattern at the top and sexy glossy red six inch heels with an inch platform!!!

But ugh like we had to talk with aunt megan about sex before that and OMG i was so embarased!! Cuz like candi had questions and but like i cud tell candi wuz scared to ask. I luv aunt megan but shes gud to talk to about sex and stuff. If shes not UR aunt lol x(

Candi asked a lot but mostly like how do u no ur ready? Aunt megans right. Her daddy would say wait til shes married but thats just so old fashioned! Aunt megan says so too! Sum girls just jump in to bed with any body and like it can be grate or disapointing so idk but she said like its better if we no the person cuz theres more? Idk.

After a super yummy dinner (aunt megan totally let us have wine so dont tell nobody hehe) Candi had this like super totally awsum idea to take sexy selfies to send to the boys our boyfriends since like we dont get to dress like this often! I WAS SO TOTALLY EXSITED!! i STILL cant believe aunt megan didnt make us change lol

We took a couple selfies by ourselves first then we took some together...and like candi suggested suggest said since it was for them it wud be totally hot if we sent them pics of us kissing and like Shes so pretty and sweet and when she played with my booby and kissed my nipple i cud feel my panties get so we she wuz right! The boys OUR BOYFRIENDS totally thought it wuz super hawt!

Doesnt matter how much i liked it. Shes my sister and im with auggy. And I'm with auggy but like ugggg!! She is just like a totally great kisser and like i cant stop thinking about it even tho i totally need to!!! Ryan is like so totally lucky im not gay!

ANYWAYZ im like so totally ex tired now so like Thanks for listening. It feels good to write again.

## **Chapter 13**

Rolling over in bed Bailey pulled the sheet closer to himself, trying to ignore the sound he heard, his weary mind not making an effort figure out what it was or what caused it, but when it came again Bailey sat up in bed, aware of what annoying sound had woken him up from the perfect nap. Sound one was pounding on the front door, it couldn't be Aunt Megan and he didn't know why the mailman just couldn't leave whatever it was at the door. "I'M LIKE COMING!" He screamed while cupping his hands to his face, completely irritated that the pounding just kept coming.

Getting out of bed in just a pair of panties and bra Bailey grabbed the sweater at the end of the bed to cover himself. It did a great job of covering his upper body, but if he so much as slightly bent over his panties would be on display, it would do for the mailman. Dashing out of the room Bailey moved on the balls of his feet while his hips swayed with each step as he made his way down the hallway, stopping at the hallway mirror partway down to look at his face. Turning it from right to left Bailey frowned and made a move for the bathroom to fix himself before someone saw him not looking his best, but stopped when the sound of the front door being banged on was joined by repeated sounds of the doorbell. "PEACHES! JUST LIKE HOLD ON!" He was incredibly cross, being woken from his nap and not even giving him a chance to look good, Bailey swung the front door open almost mad enough at whoever it was to not smile.

"Oh!" Bailey touched his left hand to his chin, covering his mouth with his fingers. "I'm like sorry for yelling, Miss April." Bailey hadn't expected her to be at the door and by the expression on her face she didn't seem too happy.

"I brought your medication." April said holding up a small brown paper bag, stepping forward to come inside before Bailey had made room, forcing the feminized man to take a step back and open the door more. Once inside, April took a glance at the living room before focusing her attention on Bailey, who

stood there barefoot in front of her only wearing a sweater she recognized as her brothers. "Your Aunt asked me to pick up your medication for you, I'm not sure what Nilandron is, but I was surprised to see my god daughter getting a prescription for birth control. Are you worried someone might knock you up when you open your legs?" April twirled her finger in the air, pointing at Bailey, specifically the sweater being worn when she said someone. It hadn't been a problem to swing by the pharmacy to pick up the medication after work, she would have picked up meds for Bailey before the feminized man was listed as her god daughter, but that would have been for Amanda's sake. It had bothered her when Bailey couldn't be bothered to answer her phone when she called or when she knocked on the door. Now standing there watching Bailey hold closed the toggle button sweater with one hand she felt down right annoyed. 'What is he playing at wearing that to answer the door for me!?'"

"Umm well like the bir... birth... those pills were just cause like the doctor was a meanie and wouldn't listen, saying I had to have them, but like the other is to help me feel better and stop a umm issue I'm having." April ran her eyes from the top of Bailey's head, looking at the platinum blonde hair mussed up from sleep, down the body where Bailey held closed the sweater like the boy had someone to hide, down further across the hairless lets and down to the painted toes.

"Are you naked under there? Are you wearing that naked!? You know what I don't want to know. It would be just like you to go around naked."

"I'm not naked." Bailey shook his head.

"It doesn't matter, just tomorrow when you show up to the office wear a dress or skirt slightly longer." Bailey looked down to his bare legs, the sweater doing little to cover them and then back to the dark haired woman in front of him. She had on a white blouse, an aqua blue blazer and a calf length black loose skirt that had a top layer of sheer black material that went down past the other fabric by about a quarter of an inch and a pair of black peep toe slingbacks. The corner of Bailey's mouth went up seeing that her toe nails had been painted to match her blazer.

"I will I like promise, yesterday my bestie and I went shopping for clothes for work, but she like picked out a miniskirt and I told her..." April held up her hand, it bothering her more and more as Bailey insisted on continuing to talk like some girly bimbo, even talking at the rapid pace a teen girl might when speaking about something they were excited about.

"Sure, wear that."

"To like the office? But..."

"No butts Bailey! You bought clothes for the office and you can't show up in jeans and a t-shirt like you once did when going out for lunch with Amanda." She wasn't sure what Bailey had purchased for work clothes when out shopping with Candace, but it pleased her to know whatever it was that was picked out he didn't like. The younger Connors had shown up today after assisting Bailey wearing a houndstooth knee length pencil skirt, a collarless white blouse and a pair of black three inch heels. She hoped Bailey looked as presentable the following day when he showed up. This was her first run at manager duties with running the intern program, while she was going to use this opportunity to take Bailey down a peg with his view of how a girl should act, she still needed the bastard to reflect well on her and Amanda. "I don't want to hear anymore of your complaints, isn't that one of your good girl things you say? Just wear what Megan and Candace picked out for you so you can be a good girl or whatever. Or I swear to whatever celestial powers that you believe in that I will make you rue the day if you make myself or your... mother." April had almost said girlfriend, but considering where her best friend was right now and the trip she went on with Derrick Connors, Bailey being in a relationship with her felt laughable. Bailey looked much more like a girl and a girl would be dating... April grunted a little, her thoughts bringing her back to Bailey dating her brother and wearing his sweater. She was going to use this chance to pair Candace up with him as much as she could, make him see what a good match they would make and maybe she would force Bailey to turn up the dial on the ditzy act. Even if it bothered her, she didn't think there was anyway her brother, as thick as he could be at times, would even want to be near a girl that thought the book green eggs and ham was a good read.

"Yes, yes ma'am." After her last threat Bailey understood how devilish the woman could be, but as mean as she was. The dark haired woman had a point that Bailey hadn't considered. With him having to work as an intern at Mega Corp he would be there known as Mommy's daughter and everything he did would reflect back on her. He hadn't considered being found out in a while, but if it did happen and it happened there things would be so much worse for the woman he loved. It was another reason he needed to think, breathe and live as Bailey Ann Best, if someone found out the truth not only would everything fall apart, Momm... Mandy would end up losing her job completely. "I will be the bestest girl I can for you and Mommy!"

Rolling her eyes, April let out a sigh. "Fine, good. See that you do and..." She

took half a step closer to Bailey, reaching out and pulling the front of the sweater open. "Why are you hiding yourself? It isn't like..." April let go of the fabric, taking two steps back. Her eyes wide, her mouth open as she saw Bailey's chest. She had expected to see the same chest she had seen when she had attended the pool party at Amanda's apartment, or that same chest when Bailey came out of the bedroom without a shirt to look through the dryer for something to wear when she was over. Or even him wearing a bra, it could have been stuffed, but she didn't expect to see Bailey with breasts.



Bailey pulled the sweater closed the rapid movement causing some of its scent, August's smell to fill his nose as he glanced around the room rapidly for something he hadn't seen. He wasn't sure why she was acting so shocked seeing him in his underwear, but the reaction made him want to be more covered up.

When April got over the shock of what she had seen or at least not to be paralyzed by it she tried to rationalize it. That it was fake, not real, but she had seen the way the fleshed moved in those full bra cups. Bailey didn't have just a little bit of fat pushed up into the cups... the idea of fat made her realize just how skinny Bailey had been as well, but Bailey's chest had been the biggest change. Bailey had full breasts, and not pubescent breasts either, it looked like Bailey had breasts larger than a B-cup. "Bailey... what happened to your chest?"

Looking down at the mounds hidden under the sweater, Bailey shook his head. He didn't want to talk about it, he didn't want to talk about being a male that had that condition where he grew girls tits on his chest. He didn't want to tell her that is why he had to go to the doctors, he didn't want to admit to being a man or even a boy. A man that had gone on a date with Liam and... and... Bailey could feel his eyes tearing up. He couldn't be a boy, he was a girl, he was Bailey Ann Best and it was okay for girls to have breasts. Her Mommy was larger than her, she was also taller but that didn't mean she was any less of a girl because they were smaller.

"They... they grew. I mean like I blossomed this summer, Candis, all the boob fairy was late. Do, do you think they will grow more like Mommy's, Miss April?" Bailey asked, letting go of the sweater so that it hung open just enough for anyone to see what was underneath. A part of Bailey's mind, a big part told him that would never happen, the opposite was going to take place with the doctors pills, but it was pushed back by the bubbly laugh of Bailey Ann. That part of his mind telling him the truth backed away knowing that if it, if the truth of who he was ran free, then so would the darker thoughts, the thoughts that had crippled him for days.

"No." April closed her eyes, shaking her head slowly from left to right just once before opening them again. "We... I'm not going to talk about this with you." She shook her head slightly again. "I'm just... not, no." She turned to walk towards the door, turning her head to see the hint of cleavage on Bailey's chest. Deciding right then that is why he had taken so long to get to the door. He had been using makeup to make some breast forms look more real, it was just something like what she had found to cover his little dick. He was just trying to get a rise out of

her.

"Ya know what Bailey, they might if you are really lucky, but I noticed you are wearing August's sweater, I hope things are going well between the two of you. In fact I know exactly how you could make things better. Tomorrow when you see your boyfriend I want you to act extra clingy to him, he just loves a girl who always wants his attention and if I know my brother, and I like to think I do. He likes a girl who doesn't have much going on up top, so make sure you lean extra hard into being the airhead we both know you love to be."

April smirked remembering the conversation she overheard between her brother and her mother. While she didn't live at home anymore like he did, her mother. Bless her soul. Insisted on family dinner at least twice a week. It had bothered her when he had said it then, but now it was perfect.

"Mom, so I met a girl and..." August said, holding a fork with spaghetti that dripped with sauce over his plate.

"Telling your dear old mother about a girl, it must be serious." The elder Gates said.

"Mom..." August felt a small blush coming to his cheeks. "She is beautiful, I think you would just love her! You actually have met her mom before." April remembered him looking across the table at her. She remembered the feeling of agitation that her brother liked another man. She wouldn't care if he was gay, but she knew better. He was falling for a man who was pretending to not just be a girl but a caricature of one. She never thought of her brother as a pig, a brat, someone who wasn't nearly as mature as he should be. Someone who looked a lot like their father when he was younger but with only an ounce of the man's wisdom, but not a pig to like how Bailey was acting.

"Amanda Best is her Mom." The elder Gates turned her head towards her daughter.

"Isn't that your friend?" April had nodded to the question. She was much more than that to her.

"Aww isn't that nice!" Her mother had sounded so happy, of course she did. She thought her beloved baby boy had found someone he could cherish and that she



was of good stock. She was being fooled by Bailey and whatever sick game for fetish he was playing at without ever meeting the sexist man man in drag.

"Her name is Bailey, I'm... well that is where I'm going tomorrow night. Over to her place for our second date. Well umm a double date really. You remember my friend Ryan? He is dating her friend. She is almost perfect Mom, I mean I have never met anyone like her before."

"It is cute seeing my baby boy gushing over a girl. No one is perfect dear, some people are just perfect for each other, but if she does something you don't like just imagine that being magnified by ten, because that is how you will feel years down the road. I swear I almost suffocated your father in his sleep more than once when he snored like a freight train."

"Mom she doesn't snore... well she might I don't know. She is just umm a little dim." A little dim was the phrase that made April's blood boil at the time. Bailey wasn't stupid, he was acting that way. Amanda had said that was what they had come up with to keep people from asking Bailey too many questions, but the man had taken that and ran, not walked his way into acting like a Bimbo who couldn't count pennies into a dollar if she had all day.

"Baby, that isn't nice to say, I'm betting you are just focused on other things. You boys are all the same I think."

April had told her mom she was just under a lot of extra stress at work, and of course she turned that around to ask her about her love life, making her even more upset. Now though, now she had a hand on the wheel. She wasn't going to let Bailey destroy Amanda's career, her own career or mess with her brother. The shit might even be doing it to jab at her, but not anymore. By the end of next week August was going to be complaining about his brain dead girlfriend and looking towards her to see if it was okay to break up with the girl and not hurt her own relationship with Amanda. August was kind like that and when he wasn't trying to get under her skin like all little brothers did, he knew the importance of family.

"I will Miss April." April's smirk grew into a more devilish one as she looked at Bailey. She could not just see, but feel the hesitation in him.

"You started acting like that so people would ask you fewer questions right? You will be around a lot of people at the office, so if everyone sees a girl like you with

a low IQ, who clings to her boyfriend. They would be less likely to think you are a twenty five year old man?" The question felt odd to Bailey, his very first thought was wondering why someone would think she was twenty five. It was only for a partial second before he remembered he wasn't an eighteen year old girl. A mental stumble, he was like those method actors he told himself.

Acting like a brain dead girl running around the office might help, but clinging to a man put a bad taste in Bailey's mouth. This was just like when Miss April told him he couldn't say no to her brother. She wasn't really after helping him pass more, or at least that wasn't the only thing she wanted. The girl was pimping him out to her brother in relation to what she knew about his past relations outside of Momm... Mandy. Miss April knew about what he had done to her brother in the movie theater and she talked a lot to Aunt Megan... like before she was being nicer. This was a form of payback that he had to accept or he would be feeling the fallout. She wouldn't sabotage things by outing him, that would hurt her too he thought, but she could make it so Mommy hated him and found comfort in Derrick's stupid strong arms.

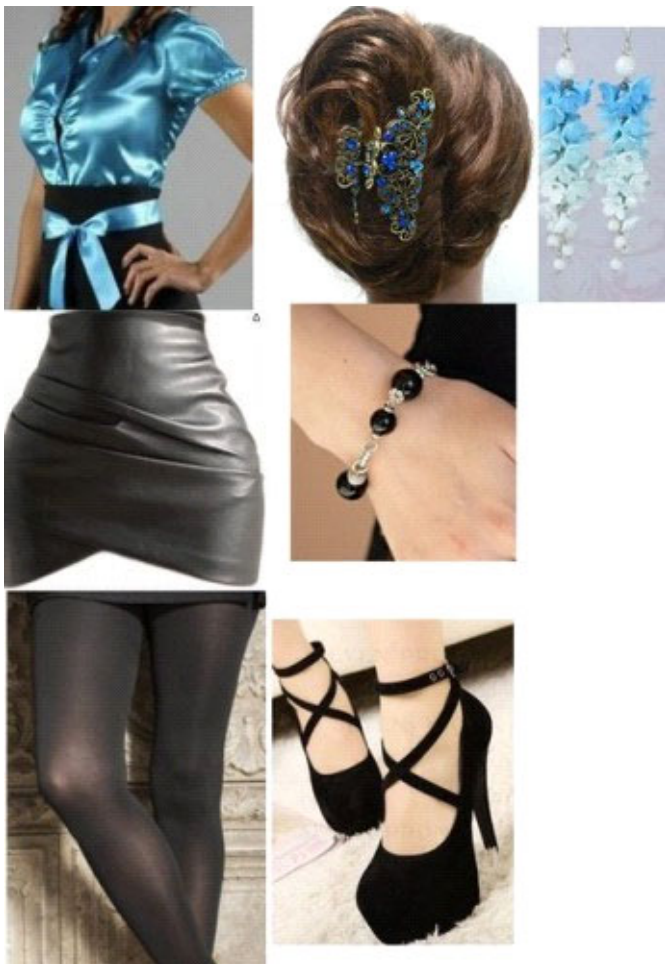
"I will, like do what you want Miss April, I just... please don't tell Mommy what I did when she gets back." April pressed her lips together, the smirk slowly fading. She wasn't sure what he was talking about, till it hit her that he had to be talking about how she saw them kiss back at the picnic. She of course had already told her best friend all about and had even teased her about her daughter marrying her brother and them becoming family. Reflecting on that joke made her saliva taste sour to her. The only way they would be family is if she tied the knot with the correct man and she was able to get her brother to move his focus to his daughter. In a perfect world they both would have the positions they deserved, have loving men in their lives and if that could happen and she was able to be a sister in law to her best friend. The person who helped shape her career on a path to success, then all the better.

"Just make sure you behave yourself." April said before leaving Megan's house, feeling much more in control than she had when Bailey had thrown her for a loop by wearing her brother's sweater and pretending to have some female anatomy.

## **Chapter 14**

Bailey popped his knee forward slightly, loving the feeling of his nylon covered legs rubbing against one another as he posed in front of the tall mirror suspended between the thin wooden pillars of the four and a half foot tall vertical mirror in Aunt Megan's room. He couldn't help but smile as his brain released endorphins as the sight of the pretty platinum blonde, green eyed girl. Turning his

head slightly to see the metal claw clip that had little blue fake gems in it holding the girl's hair up, he moved one arm up touching the side of his hair with his elbow up in the air. The girl in the mirror did the same. Bailey gave a wink to his reflection before snapping a picture with the other hand. In his reflection he saw the dangling flower earrings, each flower tiny and bunched together, getting thinner and thinner as they went down, going from blue to white. He hadn't chosen a necklace today, but he did have a black and silver bead bracelet to match his outfit. A satin aqua blue blouse that had little tassels that hung down so he could tie it in a little cute bow in front like it was a belt. The blouse was tucked into the black faux leather wrap mini skirt that the satin bow hung over. In the short skirt and tall black strappy heels gave the impression his twenty denier black pantyhose covered legs were longer. Leaning forward he blew a kiss at his reflection, snapping another photo.



"You seem to be in a good mood this morning, pumpkin." Bailey giggled, turning

a spin on the ball of his heeled foot before giving a bright smile to Aunt Megan.

"I'm in the Best mood!" Bailey giggled again, giving the blonde woman in front of him a chance to giggle along at his joke. He gave the woman in front of him a bright smile showing his teeth to show her just how happy he was. It was draining, the day had just started and acting overly bubbly already felt like a chore. The amount of effort reminded him of how hard it was to pretend to be a teen girl that first day at the park and thanks to Miss April he had ramp things up.

Earlier that morning when Bailey added eyeliner to his eyelids, looking in the mirror he took note how happy he looked in the mirror. He was always smiling, a good girl always smiles, but he never really took the time to see what others saw. Everyone saw a happy girl, it took effort on his part so that everyone saw that instead of the man he was and now at work he had to do that and more... 'I'm already happy and ditzy and stuff... well like I act like it so maybe I just need to act like that as if I'm like having my best day.' "Best day... I love it! Candi always acts like that and like just need to be more like her and like no way Miss April can be mad at me!"

"Are you that excited to start your first day of work?" Megan asked, ignoring how Bailey used her last name as a pun.

"Well..." Bailey placed his index finger to the corner of his lips as he looked up and off to the left, eyes wide as he pretended to think. "Why wouldn't I be! I mean I like get to make money and that means more cute skirts and shoes." He giggled before continuing. "I mean I think I'm going to buy a bookshelf with my first paycheck, but not for like books. I think it would look totally cute in my room at home if I used it for my shoes. Oh, oh and like OMG how can I forget that I get to do all this with my bestie!" 'That was too much, tone it down girl or Aunt Megan is going to get suspic... suspicious, gah I know that word!'

Narrowing her eyes Megan appraised Bailey some more, she had been in her bathroom getting ready for the day and had come out to slip on her heels before heading out for work when she saw Bailey in her room taking photos of herself in the mirror. Ever since she got home the previous night after doing some shopping Bailey had been acting a little odd. Bailey had still been run down the previous night, but had seemed incredibly excited. She had just taken that at face value considering the reason she had come home late was because she had went shopping for clothes for Liam, for when she brought the young man down. Originally she had wanted to bring Bailey along for the shopping trip, but with Bailey feeling ill, Megan had just done it alone. "Are you sure that is all that is

going on?" She asked gently.

"Oh yeah, like totes! Well okay, okay, like also because those purple overalls are just so cute and I can't wait to see Liam in them. He is going to be just suuuper cute! He is going to hate it!"

"If everything goes according to plan he will, but remember you have to do your part. You don't have to see him, but I need you to really sell him on the idea of seeing you again."

"I promise, like super promise Aunt Megan, I will do my part!" Bailey really did feel motivated when Aunt Megan had come back the previous night with a cap sleeved pink shirt and the overalls along with the cutest little girl panties, all for Liam. Thinking of Aunt Megan slapping his ass till he put on the panties had filled him with glee. The normal creeping fear at the thought of the twenty three year old man hadn't come, just a quiet joy that rose in strength the more he thought about it.

"Okay, so long as you are happy I suppose." Megan knew Bailey was acting strangely, she had ignored it when Bailey had thrown themselves forward acting like nothing was the matter after what they experienced. She wasn't making Bailey do any recordings as they repeated the good girl motto, she wasn't evening brining up the math workbook or the child care video game, but Bailey was doing all of that. She wasn't a therapist, but she thought Bailey could use one. It made her wonder about who she could get Bailey to see with the insurance that now covered the feminized man and how long it would take to get Bailey in. Selling it to her sister wouldn't be a problem, Amanda knew Bailey was going through a lot. It was just another thing on her to do list, but she was happy to do it.

"Why don't you go get your purse, I imagine Candi will be here soon." Bailey nodded before mincing up to her.

"You're like the best! I will text Liam shortly." Bailey grinned, taking note that he was just over an inch taller than the older woman thanks to her being barefoot and him wearing the strappy black four and a half inch heels. Moving out of the room Bailey grabbed his phone from his purse out in the living room, crossing his legs as he sat down on the couch, waiting for his ride to work. The idea of going to Mega Corp still had him on edge, his thoughts circling back to that first day at the park, a feeling of deja vu with how much he felt similar to that day.

Bailey: I have waited long enough, I need 2 see u Liam.  
Li: Oh? You ready to have it again?  
Bailey: When is like the next time u have your house 2 yourself?  
Li: If you tell me you want my cock I will tell you when you can come over for it.  
Bailey: What like if I don't want it?  
Li: You want it, admit it  
Bailey: Not like smooth  
Li: Kinda busy here babe, I will talk to you later  
Bailey: No.. like I want it... I want your cock.  
Li: I knew you did, silly girl always playing hard to get.  
Li: I will cut out of work early tomorrow, take a half day.  
Li: Be at my place at one, we will have the place to ourselves. Can you get here on your own?  
Bailey: I can take an uber.  
Li: See you then

"As if." Bailey rolled his eyes, tossing his phone into his purse. He wasn't going to be anywhere near that house, after all he had work to do. Sitting there on the couch happily thinking about Liam falling down as he tried to walk in heels for the first time like a baby gazelle he was ready to pull out his phone again and brows pinterst for some cute outfits she would love to see the shorter man in when he heard a car pull up outside. Hopping to his heeled feet he moved over to the front door, opening it before yelling back into the house. "Bye Aunt Megan! Have a good day!"

"Oh my god! You wore it! You wore the skirt you were complaining about!" Candi said walking up the little path from the driveway up to the house when she saw her best friend. Bailey smiled at her, then looked down at the skirt and his legs coming out from under it. He could admit it was too short for an office, he had said as much the other day, but Miss April had been clear when she said for him to wear a something only a little longer than Auggy's.... August's sweater and he really couldn't afford to call her bluff.

"Well, yeah! Have you like seen how I look in it?" Candi gave her friend a half grin.

"Not yet, but I'm sure you will look amazing in it and make the impression you want on your Auggy when he sees you in it." She laid on the sarcasm on thick before transitioning to teasing her about wanting to look sexy for her man. She didn't think Daddy would approve when he saw her, but he had said that he

wasn't in charge of the day to day stuff at the branch.

"Enough about me though, I mean..." Bailey stepped back a little to take in Candi, she had also worn satin today, but more than himself. She had on this soft gold satin blouse that was about two shakes shy of being considered gaudy, it was tucked into an ivory satin skirt that went a few inches past her knees, the skirt itself benign loose around the legs, tapering in more as it got to her waist, her legs bare till her feet that were perched in a pair of just over three inch yellow heeled sandals. "Girl, you look divine I mean like a goddess."

"I get goddess?" Candi said with a bright smile.

"Totally, but don't let it go to your head Miss Connors. That outfit makes it look like you are going to an engagement party or like, umm..." Bailey snapped his fingers a few times, trying to remember the venue he was thinking of slipping from his mind. "Oh! That is like something I would think to wear at like a yacht club." Candi grasped her skirt on both sides between her thumb and index finger, twirling about slightly as she looked down.

"I just wanted to look nice and I thought it made me look mature, you though... Let's take a picture today, but don't send it to anyone." Bailey had no trouble taking a few more selfies or posing, taking photos of himself at this point was nearly as normal as breathing with the thousand or so photos on his phone at this point. "Good, now like again. No sharing, especially with August. I want to show him the pictures when we are working today and tease him about how you wanted to look nice for him."

"Don't you dare!" Bailey cried out, the two now standing in front of the house for close to ten minutes with the impromptu photo session. "Besides I bet we will see him before you get a chance to show him the photos." Candi smirked, moving her shoulders forwards and backwards opposite of one another so that when her left shoulder was back, her right one was forward as she tried to hold in the urge to bounce.

"I know something you don't know! I know something you don't know! And I am a hundred percent taking that bet."

"What bet?" Bailey asked confused as his friend taunted him, while looking like she was trying to hold in the urge to dance.

"You just said you bet. So we are totally betting, you already owe me a forfeit because you kept painting your nails. Don't think I didn't notice little sis."

"Okay, but umm maybe you can give me the four one one?" Bailey asked, looking at Candi who held her tight lipped smirk. Candi wanted to draw it out as long as she could. It wasn't some big secret, she was sure Bailey was going to be super jealous of her.

"Well yesterday I started working, Miss Gates asked me too... no wait backup. So I was late going in yesterday cause like I was helping you and then had to go change because I didn't think ahead." Candi lightly smacked the palm of her hand to her head. "Duh, right? Well she showed me where we were sitting, but didn't have time to give me a tour with all the other interns starting earlier that morning and isn't it so like weird for people to start on a Wednesday? They said it was because of paperwork or something, but Daddy already did that for us or he had Miss Gates do it, I don't know, but we are going to get our badges tomorrow so we will be official. You know at first I was like bummed about having to get a job, because like I already have income and..." Bailey was nodding along, the speed of the nods picking up pace slowly as Candi talked faster and faster, seemingly more every time she veered more off topic.

"Don't we get like discounts with our badges at a few places?" Bailey asked interrupting the girl as he vaguely recalled his mom mentioning it in the past. The way Candi reacted and with the energy she had done it, didn't give Bailey a chance to notice his one time girlfriend was thought of as his mom, while he had called her Mom or Mommy in the past he hadn't fully put her in that position mentally till now.

"OH MY GOD YES!" Candi Candi hopped up and down twice, her smile large enough to threaten taking over her entire face. "There is a nail salon that I found out Miss Gates goes to that is half a block away and they give a discount if you have your ID because like so many people come there just to get pedicures on their lunch breaks and August was telling me some restaurants give discounts or just like reduced cost on some appetizers... well that is like the same thing, but it is only on the apps, ya know?!" Bailey knew the word discount, coupon, sale elicited a reaction from Candy when it was added to the word clothes, but this was the first he had seen her act that way about nails and food. Where Bailey once would have just smiled and nodded or said how great that sounded, today he found himself reaching out, holding his friends hands in his own, hopping along with her, the girl's energy was light a contagion.



"And, and." Candi took a deep breath in through her nose, calming herself, remembering what she was trying to say before when she mentioned the young man's name. "So don't be jealous, but I get to work with August at the office." Bailey's eyes slid from Candi, over to the car she was driving and then back to her.

"Yeah!?" Candi nodded.

"Yeah! But like not at first, I was told to corral, umm correlate some paperwork into binders. You know like punch holes in them, put them all in the same order and have little fun colored tabs, but I may have got distracted and things were maybe not put all in the same order. They wanted the blue tab in the front and then like the next one was a yellow tab, but that didn't look right so I used different colors, but Miss Gates said they had to be all the same. Yellow was for where signatures go and... well she gave work to Josh. OH! He is also an intern, he is nice, but a little creepy. One of those guys that never learned not to stare, ya know? Yeah, so anyways... Miss Gates said she has the perfect project for me, even though I know I could have done that one fine now that she explained the colors had meaning, I was just trying to make it look nice." Candi blew out some air through her nose, Bailey understanding it was frustrating for her for someone to think she wasn't able to do something.

"Sooo then she told me to go to a different floor where people worked doing like data entry and that is where August works! It is really cramped, I think our cubicles are actually bigger, but that isn't the point. She had me tell the manager down there her name is Mrs. Cool. Like that is her legit name! Well she is super nice and I told her I needed someone to help with an intern project for getting files to be digital. I could not believe that they have a basement that is just like all furling cabinets with stuff in them or shelves with boxes. Mrs. Cool told me I could call her Kathy and said she had the perfect person to help. She assigned August to help! Saying he just got out of the intern program and she would be happy to lend him out. Can you believe it!"

"Sounds like you had a fun day yesterday." Bailey said, wondering how she was able to say so much without taking deeper and repeated breaths.

"I did! They have free coffee in some places, but not all. August says it is for the departments that bring in money, but no one like really stops someone from going to get it and I found you can get a mocha latte with the little coffee cups!"

"Sounds delish! How many did you drink?" Candi gave her friend a big smile, she knew she shouldn't drink a lot of it. They was a lot of empty calories, but they tasted so good and drinking coffee at work made her feel like she was a real woman of business like Bailey's mom.

"Umm only like two, but I also may have had one this morning... taking one of the cups home with me. I figured they are for work and I would need the energy to start my day, so it was like the thing right!?" Bailey was about to respond when the front door opened, Megan stepping out, purse over her shoulder, a light sweater draped over one arm.

"Girls? I thought you had already left." Megan glanced down at her watch. "Is something wrong with Amanda's car? Do you need a lift?"

"OH MY GOD WE ARE GOING TO BE LATE!" Candi said, now moving with a purpose towards the car. Bailey swallowed hard, imagining Miss April's stern glare with her dark eyes.

"I can't be late!" Bailey said, his voice squeaking as he minced off down the path to get to the passenger side of the car.

Hitting the button on the door, Candi rolled down the window, waving her hand at Megan. "Thank you! We totally lost track of time! Have like an amazing day!"

## **Chapter 15**

Taking small steps in the restrictive mini skirt Bailey walked with Candi towards the skyscraper building, humming a tune for a song he had just been singing along with on the car ride to his first day at work. Briefly on the trip to the office he had started to think how odd it was to be going back to work after so much time unemployed, going from a manager position to that of an intern, he wasn't even sure what an intern did, other than the knowledge that people talked about it as an unpaid position. Luckily this internship wasn't one of those, but he also wasn't sure how much it did pay. Bailey had a vague memory of Candi's father mentioning it, but at the time he had been distracted with other things. The thought of Derrick made him think of Mommy and how she wasn't around and thinking of her reminded Bailey of what Miss April had told him. Those thoughts made way for another distraction when he saw Candi turn up the volume to a song that was coming over the radio, We Are Young. Bailey automatically returned the warm smile she gave him, and when she started to sing along, he

followed along.

With the tune repeating itself in his mind Bailey hardly registered what Candi was saying, he started to cock his head to the side as he spoke to her, something in the corner of his eye made him look from her back to the front of the building. "Like what did you..." Bailey's eyebrows rose as his eyes went wide and a large smile came to his face seeing August standing near the front door checking out something on his phone. He was wearing a dark button up shirt with a brown sweater vest, black jeans and dark leather squared shoes. "Auggy!" Bailey cried out, getting the man's attention.

Turning his head back to Candi with the wide smile showing his glee, Bailey looked in his friends eye, excited to have won the bet against her handily. Not realizing how he looked like a love sick girl thrilled to see her boyfriend. "I win!" Bailey proclaimed before running off to the man, arms swinging moved forward in his strappy heels. Getting to him Bailey wrapped his arms around his chest, feeling the man's larger arms wrap around him. "Clingy, she said to be clingy. That is what she said right?' Bailey asked himself, taking a deep breath, smelling that same aroma he had smelled the previous day when he had put on August's sweater when not feeling well. Even with his mind reminding him of what Miss April wanted he couldn't help feeling a small sense of peace and warmth smelling the man's cologne.

Seeing Bailey trot up to him so happily made August's heart swell, he wrapped his arms around her as soon as she was close enough, loving the feeling of her small warm body and breasts pressing against him. It felt like forever since they had gone out together, really they hadn't gone out that much when he thought about it. Each time they had it had been an amazing experience, not that he had a lot to compare it to, but he doubted most guys had what he had. Even when they weren't together she was always talking to him, or sending him selfies, the last photos she sent of her and Candi together had him wishing he could have snuck in her window so she could know what she was doing for him, but right now he felt content to just hold the girl in his arms. "Good morning, beautiful." He said running his hand down her back, stopping just shy of her ass despite what his lower brain wanted him to do.

"Stop it... or don't." Bailey giggled scrunching up his nose, he wanted to tell him to cut that sort of thing out. 'Did I just giggle?' Bailey asked himself, not being selfware enough to know how often he did that very thing after being around Candi for so long. He could no longer deny how he looked, but he didn't like being reminded by another man, a man who he had... Bailey shook his head giving August a quick squeeze with his arms before stepping back. He didn't

want to go down that path in his mind.

"I can stop hugging you for now, but I don't think anyone could keep from complimenting you." He gave his girlfriend a smirk trying to act more confident than he felt. 'God seeing her smile makes me wonder why anyone does drugs to get high. Why is someone like this even with me?' He wasn't sure how he got so lucky and he didn't care what his sister said, he felt like this girl was everything. August's eyes flicked up to see his girlfriend's best friend walking up, with their different hairstyles they looked more like sisters than twins like he first thought. The two couldn't pass one another, but considering they weren't even related it amazed him how similar they looked.

"Good morning!" With Candi giving him a warm smile and Bailey's own to August it felt like he was feeling the sun on both sides of his face at the same time, it brought the image that was sent to him from the other night to mind.

"Good morning Candi, ready for day two?" Candi pursed her pillowy lips together, looking off to the left and to the ground before shaking her head.

"Seeing a cute boy give my little sister a complement like that makes me a little jealous. Got one for me?" Her pout was quickly replaced with a dazzling smile, showing much of her well cared for teeth.

August looked at his girlfriend in her leather wrap mini skirt, the same one that she had sent to him in an image when she was out shopping, the satin blouse that had a little fabric wrapping around her tied in front like a belt and then to Candi. "I was going to save all of them for Bailey, but I suppose for her best friend I can spare one or two. You look very nice today."

"Niiice!?" Both Candi and Bailey said at the same time, making August put up his hands at chest level in surrender. Bailey gave the young man a hard look, nice was something you said to your Aunt, not someone like Candi.

"Awww, I thought we were friends to." Candi said holding her hands together in a way that her forearms pressed her breasts together as she batted her eyelashes at him.

"Ummmm, ahh. No, we are, we are. I meant to say." August's eyes flicked to Bailey, then back to Candi, his mind giving him rapid ideas of what to say like

someone holding up queue cards, each one rejected. "You look nice enough that I bet Ryan will be jealous that I got to see you first today." Candi narrowed her eyes at the man in front of her, all three ignoring anyone else walking by to enter the building. She then met Bailey's eyes and both started laughing, their laughter devolving into a fit of giggles.

"What? What did I say?" Bailey reached over, taking his arm, pulling it between his breasts.

"The right thing, she is just teasing you."

"Oh." He said, raising an eyebrow in Candi's direction, seeing her nod in agreement.

"Also, Ry has already seen me this morning. I sent him a quick photo or two and we talked on the phone while I drove to pick Bailey up.

August looked to the girl holding his arm in a way to stake her claim on him. She hadn't needed to do so to keep the females that were walking in away, but he wasn't going to tell her that he was actually smooth as sandpaper when talking to girls. "A morning phone call, think I could get that too?" Bailey resisted the urge to roll his eyes, forcing his smile to grow as he looked at the man next to him like some love sick girl. 'Candi does it, so we can do it, remember Bailey. Be like Candi! That and we aren't allowed to tell the doofus no... what kind of guy likes talking on the phone?!'

"Of course, I like always want to talk to you. This morning I was like thinking about you."

"You were?!" August asked failing to temper down his excitement.

"Yeah I was thinking if you would like my lipstick and then I was thinking about how I only have like some of the tube left and how I needed to get to Ulta to get more and when I was there I should pickup some more mascara and then..." Bailey took a breath before continuing. 'Ditzy Miss April said clingy and ditzy.' I like thought about how I need to check what they have or sale or on clearance and that had me thinking about this one brand I found on clearance once that I loved but that also means they might not be getting more and..."

"I'm happy you thought of me, but I think it would be best to have conversations like that with Candi. How about if you just send me a selfie in the morning so that I can never forget what a beauty like you looks like."

'So he doesn't forget what I look like, real smooth Auggy.' Bailey thought, happy to be avoiding any extra conversations. 'Heck I already take a selfie... a few and it would be easy to send them to him.'

"I hate to break the two of you up, but I have to take your girl away from you Casanova, it maybe my second day, but it is my little sis's first and we are already running late." August nodded before shifting his body so he could give his pretty blonde girl a quick kiss on the lips. As his pressed into hers he felt a deep desire to pull her into his arms and kiss her deeper. To kiss her till the world fell away, but when it lingered for just past half a second he was reminded that would have to wait."

"Ahem, I said we had to go. Bailey will play kissy face with you later." As August let go, stepping back Bailey took in a deep breath through his nose. He should have been expecting a kiss, kissing was what couples did when they said hello or goodbye. Yet he had gotten away with just a hug, so he wasn't prepared for it and while he wanted to wipe his mouth off the deep breath carried without more of that scent from the sweater, keeping him so much as tensing his muscles. A heartbeat after the thought of wiping his mouth came to his mind, Bailey pulled out his compact mirror from his purse to check his lips.

"You look fine sis, we need to go." Candi urged, reaching over to take Bailey's wrist in her hand to pull her friend along to head inside the building. August pressed his lips together trying to relive the sensation as he gave the pair a little wave. He had already shown up to his desk that morning so he could make an appearance before coming out here, but he was sure someone would be missing him by now.

The elevator dinged as the double metal door slid open to the accounting floor, it looked much as it did the last time Bailey had visited. Some glass walls with black metal frames, most of them frosted over, the big ones on either side of the elevator he knew were conference rooms setup for easy access and beyond them either way were two more smaller ones and then laid out in front of him was mostly a cubicle farm, with real offices setup along the far side, at its center would be Mommy's office. Something didn't sit right with what he just thought, but

it was lost when Candi pulled him along in a familiar direction.

It seemed to take a thousand or so heartbeats to arrive in front of Miss April's desk as the organ beat faster and faster the closer he got. It was exactly how he remembered it, other than the metal tray at the side of her desk being much fuller with paper than before. Standing on the other side of the desk was Miss April, who seemed to have only gotten there shortly before them as she was in the middle of putting down a mug of coffee and taking off her black bolero jacket. Under it she wore a beige tank top style blouse that was tucked into a high waisted ribbed leather pencil skirt, nylons a few shades darker than her skin and a pair of stiletto heeled ankle peep toe boots, that looked to be maybe four and a half to five inches tall with a half inch platform. The heels had straps with toggles instead of laces or a zipper, she often wore ankle boots, but Bailey had never seen a pair like this before and couldn't help wondering if Shoeaholic stocked them.



"Miss Connors, Miss Best. I see you decided to make it to the office today." April glanced at the time on the chunky gold watch on her wrist.

"It was totally my fault Miss April, you see outside Auggy was there and..." April held up one finger in the air.

"I don't care for excuses, if you are going to be late you will let me know. Call me, email me, text me." Her eyes shifted between both the blondes in front of her.

Candace looked well put together this morning as she did the previous day and she was sure every man that Bailey walked past would say the same about Bailey. She had run into Bailey yesterday wearing nothing but her brother's sweater and she had specifically told her... him that he needed to wear something longer and today he showed up in a mini skirt. It was only ten minutes into the day and she was already feeling aggravated. "Also a reminder, just because we know each other outside of work doesn't mean you get to be familiar with me. This is a business and I am your boss, it doesn't matter who your mother is." Bailey felt her dark eyes settle on him for half a heartbeat, it felt almost like a physical pressure. "Or who your father is. So long as you are in the intern program you will call me Miss Gates. Understood?"

"Yes Ma'am, I mean yes Miss Gates." Bailey nodded, his eyes looking down past his dark nylon covered legs, to the rounded toe strappy heels on his feet. It occurred to him that he had worn the same heels on the first date with August. He had just hugged and kissed August in the same shoes he had for his first date... he had worn them for his first day at work as Bailey Ann, it was a pattern he didn't wish to continue. He heard Candi echo something similar, but she seemed much chipper about it, reminding him he needed to perk up.

"Good, now Miss Connors if you would please go to your desk. You will find today's assignments in your email and you Miss Best, follow me. I will show you around before you get your assignments." Candi bumped her hip into her friends, giving her a wink.

"See you later, sis." Her eyes looked at her boss. "I mean. See you later Miss Best." She covered her mouth with one hand as she giggled, walking away.

"Now that we are alone, I remind you again of your place here. No one can find out..." April walked around her desk speaking softer as she got closer to the feminized man. "Who or what you really are, at this point it would be detrimental to my career. Along with your mothers." She made air quotes as she continued to whisper. "And Mr Connors. You started this little act to help Amanda and at this point I am going to make sure you don't sink everyone's careers while you act like some little bimbo. I can't believe you still walk around like a cat in heat."

Bailey looked down at his smooth pantyhose covered legs, down to his heeled feet. "That is how I just walk, I don't..." April shook her head not buying the innocent act in the slightest.



"Yes, yes, that is just who you are I get it and since you kept the little sexpot bimbo act up all this time, you will continue it now so that no one suspects something different, but I assure you Bailey." He felt like she said his name like it was an insult. "That you won't appreciate the attention you get here acting that way, let it be a lesson to you."

He looked away from her dark eyes, if he was sitting across from her or laying next to her in bed he could easily get lost in them, but right now with that intensity he wanted to be anywhere other than in her field of vision. "You.. you told me to act..."

"I know how I told you to act." She took a deep breath in through her nose before letting it out her mouth. She gave Bailey another hard look before taking a sip of her coffee. "One thing I will prepare you for, some people in this department will love you just because of who your mother is and how she runs things. Some men will dislike you for the same reason, you will treat all of them the same, with a smile. Now follow along, I don't have a lot of time for a guided tour, it would have been better if you started yesterday, but I suppose allowances can be made. You did take your pills right?"

"Umm, yes?" He had taken the medicine the doctor told him too, he felt odd doing it, but without it he couldn't get back to who he was. Bailey expected her to say something else about the topic, but instead she just started to walk off and he had to move quickly to catch up. A small blush came to his face when a man with a darker complexion looked at him with desire, making Bailey take note of his assets bouncing as he hurried along.

"Behind us are some of the managerial offices, team leads, along this area." April motioned to her left towards all the cubicles. "Is the farm, they are divided up by smaller departments. The ones here are for adjusters that do audits, if we continue past the elevators down this hallway here you will find two restrooms." She stopped walking, giving Bailey a hard look. "Make sure you use the correct one." She hated the idea of the pervert going into the women's restroom, but she couldn't send him into the men's bathroom like he was. Man or not she was sure only bad things could come of it, for him... but mostly for her. Bailey was a headache on so many levels, at first she reveled in the idea of doing what she wanted to him as his boss, him a lowly intern, but she honestly thought he was just more trouble than he was worth. When he nodded she turned back around, motioning across from the two bathrooms to a small break room with a single small table with three chairs, a fridge, and a pair of coffee pots on either side of

the small room.

"This is the closet breakroom to my desk, if you can't find me there, check here. There are two other break rooms on this floor and another set of bathrooms, but these have more stalls. Now come on, keep up." She said walking out of the hallway where the floor opened up to more cubicles. Instead of heading into them she took a sharp left going fifty or so paces before motioning towards an open area that Bailey figured was just on the other side of the men's bathroom.

"This is the copy room, you will spend more time than I'm sure you would like in here. Making copies of files, collating them into binders."

As the little tour continued Bailey pursed his lips together, wishing she wasn't so mad at him because he was late. Sure he didn't always get along with her, but she was Mommy's best friend and had agreed to pretend to be his godmother, heck it had been her idea! He just needed to smooth things out, he figured. Looking at her and the way she was dressed caused him to smile. She had always been a good looking woman and fashionable, but today they had something in common.

"Miss April, I mean." Bailey stopped and started again. "Miss Gates, I love your skirt! I wore a leather skirt too today! It is like so funny because Candi picked it out and I said it wouldn't be good for work and then she texted it to Auggy and he loved it and then you told me to wear a short skirt so it ended up like perfect for today! April took a few more steps, not stopping to engage with Bailey.



"Hilarious." She took another turn through the cubicle before stopping outside of thirty five C where she motioned inside. In the cubicle was a long desk divided in two with two computers and two chairs, in one was Candi who had a word document open and email. The other seat was empty, but hanging on the wall was a small framed picture with the image of a red platformed six inch heel and the words. Keep your Heels, head & Standards High. Candi gave a little wave and a wink when she saw Bailey saw the decoration she put up for her.

KEEP YOUR  
HEELS, HEAD &  
*standards*  
HIGH



"This is your desk, everyday you will come here first and find your assignments. If you are done with a task and have time before the next one you are to use the messaging service to contact me and I will find you something to do. This isn't like sitting around unemployed where your time is your own, this is a business and I expect you to earn your paycheck." April turned her gaze to look at Candace. "Miss Connors, try not to dawdle." She then started walking again, Bailey looked from her to Candi and then his own desk in the cramped area. Not sure if he was suppose to stay or continue to follow her.

"Miss Best, do keep up." Bailey gave Candi a small smile, about to walk off before turning his head to look at her.

"I think she likes my skirt, she said the story for it was hilarious!"

"Miss Best!" Both heard their new bosses voice pick up in volume.

"See you later!" Bailey minced off to try and catch up to the woman who had moved to an intersection in the cubicles. Moving with her they came up to another row of offices, on the opposite side of the floor. It seemed to have open windows for the people in the cubicles to look out on two sides, and offices on the other, with the elevator at the center. Bailey had to move quickly to keep up, not having much of a chance to catch the names on the doors till she got to one that read George Brannon - Accounts Payable. April stopped at the door, knowing on it once before opening it.

"Yes!" The voice of an older man called out just as April opened the door. Inside Bailey saw a man that could be anywhere from mid fifties to mid sixties, bald on top with graying brown hair on the sides that went down into a beard along his jaw and a mustache, the beard having more gray than the hair on the sides of his head. He wore a button gray button up shirt, that Bailey thought looked similar to what Auggy wore, but this man looked much worse in it. George Brannon had a suit jacket and his tie hanging from a coat rack and looked more than a little annoyed that his door had been opened before he actually answered.

"George I wanted to introduce you to..."

"Mr. Brannon if you would Miss Gates." Bailey could hear the hard tone to his voice.

"Yes, as I was saying." She took a small intake of air through her nose trying to keep her composure. Still having a hard time believing this was the man that was going to be in charge of this branch office, a position Amanda had worked her ass off for and he got it because he played golf with some executives from time to time. She wasn't actually sure if he was good enough at his job to be in charge of accounts payable, or if he got that through politics too, but one thing she was sure of. This man did not like Amanda and was one of the biggest sexist pigs here, or at least on the accounting floor. She had sent emails to HR and had gone in person to complain about him just from personal experiences, it wasn't till Amanda spoke to her that she realized he was protected and that each time she went to HR about her it just made the target on her own back bigger. They weren't going to do anything about him, but at least she could use him to take Bailey down a peg or two. "This is one of our new interns, I know how busy you

get and..."

"I don't need some baby girl around, even if..." Bailey looked away from the man, still feeling his gaze look him up and down. 'Be happy, Candi would be happy, so Bailey would be happy.' He reminded himself, finally looking up with a big smile, that he had to force himself to keep in place seeing the man's gaze had stopped at his chest. "She is easy on the eyes. If you want her to stand in the corner for me to look at from time to time I suppose she would be good for morale, but I don't have any use for her."

April blinked slowly, she hated being interrupted and she was also aware the jerk knew that after the last few times she has tried asking him politely to not do just that. "George..."

"Mr Brannon, if you please."

"Yes, Mr. Brannon." April could feel the bile in her stomach rolling around. If Amanda stayed here they would both be working under this man, if Amanda took the promotion that she should that Mr. Connors offered it would be her turn to decide her future. Take Amanda's spot and report this this creep or go off to work for Mr. Connors, but still be stuck in the role of an administrative assistant, even if she would garner the title senior. "You can do what you will with your intern, as the head of Accounts Payable I thought it best that you had a chance to get assistance from the intern program."

George light blue eyes took in the woman as he leaned back in his chair. He didn't think much of her, she always seemed to have too much ego for some secretary, but now that she was talking he realized dismissing what she was offering wasn't the right move. She wasn't some bimbo, pretty enough, but not stupid. No, the girl was calculating and understood the direction the wind was blowing and was trying to get on his good side. He nodded slightly to the offer, looking at the pretty girl in the leather mini skirt and tall stiletto heels, fully understanding the offering she was giving him. "Miss Gates, I appreciate you considering me. In fact I think I can use an intern, what is your name girl?" George asked, turning his attention to the pretty intern in his office.

"Bailey Ann Best sir, a like pleasure to meet you!" George cocked his head to the side, looked over to April and then back to Bailey. He thought he had a firm grasp on the officer, but hearing the girls last name a wolfish smile came to his face. He couldn't believe April Gates would offer up her own boss's daughter or niece to

him like this unless she was picking sides.

"Bailey... Ann.. Best..." George said the name like his was tasting each letter. "Are you related to Amanda Best by chance?" Bailey nodded, reminding himself of his role. 'Chipper, be happy, be ditzy, be a good girl!'

"Yes sir, Mr Brannon sir, she is like my Mommy, umm Mom sir." George's eyebrows went up at the use of the word mommy, the girl was a momma's girl.

"Happy to meet you as well Miss Best, happy to work with you indeed." Bailey swallowed hard, not liking the way he was being looked at, but he also remembered some of the complains he heard sitting on the couch at night. His love saying how she had to write up someone for pinching her behind, at the time he thought it was funny that someone she was superior too would do that. He knew he loved looking at her ass, but also knew better than to spank or pinch it unless she was in the mood. He had told her then that she should take it as a compliment, he just wished the heel wasn't on the other foot now.

"Well, Mr. Brannon. I will leave her here with you, but I do have to let you know she isn't solely yours. Miss Best here has many duties, like when she gets back to her desk she will see she is scheduled to help set up conference room A for a meeting at two today, clean up after around three. Since she will be working with you, I will forward you her schedule. I would also ask you to help keep her to it, afraid she can be a bit ditzy at times. Isn't that right Miss Best?"

Shifting his weight onto one foot after taking a step back Bailey gave the woman a big smile and a small shrug of his shoulders. "Sorry, I do try, I swear." April nodded.

"I'm sure you do." April said to the blonde before looking back to the creep already seeing him eyeing Bailey up like prey. "Have a good day Mr. Brannon, I will leave you to it." As she left Bailey couldn't help doing exactly what George was doing, take a good look at her backside as she walked away. He wasn't too keen on being around this guy, but considering how he said he had no need for anyone it could be one of the best places to work. Candi said how she had to make binders and scan documents, move file boxes around and all he had to do was clean up a conference room and hang out with a guy that didn't need him. Seemed like Miss April was taking with one hand with Auggy and giving with the other with this George Brannon guy.

"Close the door sweetheart, we need to go over a few things." George said, rubbing his hands together.

## Chapter 16

Bailey gave the older bald man two barely perceptible nods, still smiling at the thought of this punishment ending up easier than he thought. Turning around to face the door he took a few steps thinking about how he would have to clean a conference room or two, taking maybe five minutes at most and then spend the rest of his time sitting in the office with this guy. He wasn't keen on the way the man looked at him, but some old bald guy looked at him while he played around on his phone all day. 'Hmmm he is like a far cry from handsome, but he would totally look better if he shaved his head. Being in here with him isn't like the best and definitely not like when I got a blow job at work or went into the back room with... whatever her name was that one time, but like almost no work and get paid is a super plus!'

Reaching for the door the little purse hanging from Bailey's shoulder slid off, falling to the floor. Looking down at it Bailey pouted. "Sugar." He pushed the office door closed, put his feet together and bent at the waist to pick it up, with no real thought to how he looked, only doing what he had been trained to do through repetition. 'I should have like really dropped this off at my desk.' Bailey thought, picking up his dropped possession.

Sitting at his desk George felt a need arise as the teen girl bent over in a way to really show her tight leather coated ass. If he had been standing up he wasn't sure he could have resisted taking a feel, but considering how she bent over the idea of asking her to hold on to her ankles or just bending her over his desk so he could have his way with her... his mind started to wonder with the possibilities. When she stood up straight, putting her purse back on her shoulder without even mentioning anything made him think the little Best girl was a cock tease. She was more overt than her mother, but that woman knew what she was doing when she stood over him bending over to show him her breasts. Sure she acted like she had ice in her veins, but he was positive she got off on making the men under her horny and it seemed like the apple didn't fall far from the tree, but in this girl's case he wasn't going to be teased. "Little Best, Let's talk about your place here."

"Little Best? Sir?"



George went to shrug one shoulder, but ended up rolling it slightly to try and work out a kink he just felt. "It seemed fitting, but I can understand not liking the being called little. I assure you that I don't think anything is little about you." George nodded his head in the girl's direction, his eyes lingering on her chest for a few seconds. "How about sweetcheeks?"

"What!? I mean sir my name is..." George waved his hand in the air, considering the display she just put on sweetcheeks was perfect for the girl. She wanted him to notice her ass and he very much appreciated it. "I'm aware, I'm aware of what your name is. Now as I was saying." George slid his chair back from his desk before standing up. The girl was taller than him in her heels and he was pretty sure without them he would only stand a little over her at his five foot eight height, still he leaned forward, knuckles pressing on his desk as he looked at her.

"Let me ask you something. Do you love your mother?" Bailey blinked his eyes for a few seconds, fiddled with his purse strap with one hand as processed the odd question. It was a weird thing to ask, immediately he thought of her deep blue eyes, long flowing golden hair and how the front part of her hair always wanted to hang down. He could remember her complaining how she had to use mousse or hairspray to get it under control, but it was just the way it wanted to be, it was her look. It was a silly, but happy memory, he wasn't sure why that one bubbled to the surface and it didn't occur to him at all that he thought of her first over the woman who had birthed him.

"Umm like... yeah. Everyone loves their Mommy, right?" George raised an eyebrow at the use of the term. Telling him the little Best was a momma's girl.

"Mommy?" Bailey nodded it dawning on him a second after why he had repeated the word back to him.

"I mean like I love my mom, she is like the Best!" He tittered at the running gag.

"Hmmm, yes I'm sure she is. What do you think she does here?" He shook his head when he saw the girl move her eyes around his office and then turn her head back towards the door. 'Not the brightest.' He thought.

Bailey scrunched up his nose, he was rethinking it not being so bad hanging out with the guy in his office. 'She is like his boss, why is he asking me this stuff? Does he like mean what she does with him specif... pacific... with him? God he is

like just staring at my legs!' Standing there Bailey shifted one leg over the other so his legs crossed over one another.

"She is like the boss I mean well the boss of the floor, she umm... you do the payable stuff and someone else does the umm." Bailey knew what she did, the man just made him feel so uncomfortable and flustered. The way he looked at him wasn't like how Auggy looked at him, it was similar yet completely different.

"Yes, I'm in charge of accounts payable and Williams is accounts receivable, she is over both of us and..." George squinted at the left wall in his office as he thought, before shaking his head and motioning in the wall's direction. "Someone with a name that escapes me does auditing and all three of us report up to her."

"Yeah, I know. See like I said she is the boss of like the floor, and like soon the building. Or like almost all of the building?" George nodded, giving the girl a smirk.

"Ahh yes, the promotion. That is where I wanted to take this discussion. Are you excited about her rise to power?" Bailey went to shrug, but quickly nodded his head a few times. The conversation was innocent enough, it just felt like something was looming over it the way he talked. 'She gets the promotion, the reason all of this started... Aunt Megan gets the PI to clear my name, the medication stops my hormone problem. Like yeah buddy, I'm super excited.'

"I have some mixed news for you sweetcheeks, your mother isn't getting that position. I am." George continued on seeing the confused look on her face, an expression he imagined he was going to see a lot of throughout her internship or until he stepped into his new role.

"She is like off getting training and stuff now." Bailey rolled his index finger around the purse strap, feeling lost. 'Things are like going great, Derrick is like over the entire west region or whatever so he would know something was wrong or... yeah maybe there is like two positions opening, but like what is he telling me?'

"That is what I heard she was off doing, but really she shouldn't have bothered. You might think she is getting the promotion because she worked hard and she is off fucking Connors, but that man believes people should earn everything they get."

"She isn't!" Bailey instinctively replied before the memory of him looking through the gap in the unclosed door seeing Derrick fucking his love.

"Trust me, she is. That is what women do to get ahead, they give head and they sleep their way to the top." The smile on Bailey's face cracked, forming into a frown, a bad taste forming in his mouth. Bailey wanted to say Mommy didn't do that, but he knew she was sleeping with Derrick. He didn't really think about it as her sleeping with him to get the promotion. She had needs... needs he couldn't meet right, but the way this man was phrasing it made Bailey think she might actually be doing this because she thought she needed to, she was sacrificing like he was. He didn't like to think about her cheating on him, it didn't matter if he gave permission or if he had slept around, but at that second this creep gave him hope. A fragile thing, but hope nonetheless. "The problem is, she shacked up with the wrong guy. Connors believes people should earn everything, sure I know he might have greased the wheels a little by mentioning her name a time or two, but that isn't how the game is played. A lesson you should take to heart girly is that it is who you know, not what you know that gets you into a job."

Bailey swallowed hard, he already knew that lesson, the problem was the more this man talked the more he was unsure about the reason he had started all this. Everything that was done was for a promotion, and it was sounding more and more like he was saying she wasn't going to get it. "Are you umm saying she isn't like going to be promoted?" Bailey's voice in a pleading tone, he was pleading with the man to tell him that isn't what he was hearing. George narrowed his eyes at the girl, taking in a breath while he pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Yes, that is exactly what I'm saying. I am saying she backed the wrong horse, while I know how to actually network. There are plenty of people above Connors and I happen to know them. They know me and were happy to offer me the position, so no she isn't getting promoted, I am. Your mother will be reporting to me, the real problem is." He paused for dramatic effect as he bobbed his head from side to side. "I don't like your mother. I was considering demoting her down to receptionist. She is easy on the eyes, I think she would do well in a job like that."

'No, no, no, no,nonononono!' Bailey shook his head hard enough that his earrings bounced about in his ears and the clip holding his hair up threatened to come loose. "Sir, Mr. Brannon! Please you can't do that! She, she, she works real hard like really really hard. She even like missed my birthday because she was working and and..." Panic started to over take Bailey, in that instant things started to feel like they were falling apart. His mind flashed through all the long

nights she was out at work, the weekends, the days she continued to work while at home and how it all was because she was working towards something. She had sacrificed so much, he had sacrificed for her!

"Calm down, you are acting hysterical." Bailey felt the man's arms around his forearms, he didn't even realize he had stepped closer, stepped around the man's desk when he was begging him. "She also could be more trouble still here, would you have me fire her instead?"

With a deep intake of breath Bailey shook his head again, eyes wide in fright of that situation. He had been a little bitter that she put her career before him, he was even more bitter that she put it before herself and hearing that it was all about to be taken away because some cream and sugar man didn't like her was insane. "Here is where the good news comes in." George's hands slid down the girl's arms till he was holding her hands in his own. "You working here, Gates assigning you to me, all that can change the future. You little Best can know me like I know the executives. If you make me happy, I see no reason why your mother can't stay where she is. What would you do in order to keep your mother from being fired?"

Bailey felt like his mouth, his lips, his tongue all went dry. Running his tongue around his lips he tried to think and wasn't liking where anything was going. George's smile grew seeing the girl lick her lips, she seemed to instinctively know how to play the game to her strengths.

"Wha... what would you make me do?" George shook his head slowly.

"No sweetcheeks, I won't make you do anything. That would be wrong, the question is what would you offer?" Bailey looked at the man with wide eyes, he wasn't blinking as he looked at him, trying to wrap his mind around what was happening. He felt his hands being tugged slightly as the man walked backwards, Bailey followed, not sure what to do. When he sat down in his chair, Bailey found himself mechanically taking a position in his lap as he gently tugged at his arms to follow. His mind felt numb as he felt the creep's hand wrap around his waist, the other resting just above his knee on his nylon covered leg.

"I would like it if everyday after you check your schedule you would bring me a coffee, black. I don't like sugar or anything in it. You get that for me, put it on my desk and come and sit in my lap, just like this. You don't have to, but I would like it. Could you do that for me sweetheart?" George felt a growing need to have the

young thing sitting with him like this.

"I... I could." There were no shackles, the man wasn't even really holding him down, Bailey knew he could run away right now and yet he felt powerless, he felt stuck in place.

"Good, good." George said, running his fingers over her thigh. "You do that and stay your normal happy eager self and I think we will get along just swell." Bailey's green eyes watched the man's hand touch his leg.

"That's it?"

"That is it honey, that is all I'm going to ask of you. Anything and everything else is up to you." George tilted his head forward slightly taking in the girl's scent.

"I... I can do that." Bailey paused for a second after saying that, then slid off the man's lap and out of his light grip. Not quickly he didn't want the sugar man to be insulted, but still he felt a great deal of relief. "I ahh thought you might make me..."

Leaning back in his chair George put his arms behind his head as he smirked at the girl. "No, I would never." He lied. "I do suggest you don't try to do a lot of thinking, it doesn't seem to be one of your strengths. You have a lot more going for you, in fact I have something you can do for me." Even though he had just said he would never, it felt to Bailey like he was dancing around or trying to be coy about what he really wanted, dread filled him as he looked at the man's crotch and then shame when the man laughed at him for it. "HAHAHA, no, no. Nothing like that. You see I have something I need to get done, an important task, something given to me by one of those executives and I want you to help me with it. I help them, they help me with the position and you want to help me and keep me happy don't you cupcake?"

"Help you! SUGAR! No, I want to claw your eyes out!" Bailey clasped his hands together in front of him trying to push down his anger. "Yes, yes sir."

"Wonderful." George got to his feet, stepping closer to the girl, putting one hand on her satin covered shoulder. "One of the projects Gates is doing, well having the interns do is digitizing files. Boring stuff, but bringing us into the modern age and all that, I'm sure she will get some kudos when she finishes. I might even

offer her a position under me." He paused, smirking. "As an admin when I take over. What I need you to do is distract her younger brother who somehow got a minor leadership role on this project. Nepotism I would imagine, but that is neither here nor there. Today I got word that he checked out some file folders that were locked away to be preserved, I need those files and you are going to get him away from his work area so I can get them. Do you think you can do that for me?"

"Yeah..." Bailey said hesitantly, not really sure why the guy was being so cloak and dagger about just wanting the files. "Do I like need to make copies or anything for you?" He asked, thinking about what interns or secretaries would do with files. Imagining the guy sneaking off with the files, him making copies and having to sneak them back into the box before anyone noticed they were gone. It didn't make much sense if they were going to be on a computer after they were scanned though.

"No, no my dear. Just do what I ask, I like that you are willing to help, but all you have to do now or ever is just do as I ask." George put his other hand up on the girl's other shoulder, turning her to face the door before giving her ass a light smack. "You just go off and do what you do best, distract the boys."

## **Chapter 17**

Stepping out of the office Bailey closed the door behind him he walked slowly through the rows of cubicles, if it wasn't for the numbers on them and the occasional name tag everything would feel exactly like a maze. Not a difficult one to get out of when you can see over them enough to see the walls or windows, but plenty difficult when trying to find a specific cubicle, his own and doubly so when his mind was distracted as he tried to process everything that had just happened.

'Was Mr. Brannon being like real real? Did he want me to do things... to him? Was everything a lie to get me to do those things? He said he wasn't going to make like doing anything but like the way he looks at me and...' Bailey shivered and stopped to try and figure out where he was. With a huff he realized he wasn't even on the correct side of the floor or at least he didn't think so. 'What is with him wanting those files and wanting to play mission impossible? I could just ask Auggy for them, but... I guess he wants to do that part. Whatever! I just... I just can't. I need... OH MY GOD! I won the bet!' Bailey's smile came back to his face as he took in a deep breath centering himself. "Come lunch time I am soooo getting a burger!" Bailey said, pumping his arm. "Okay, I need to like drop off my purse and then I need to find Candi and I guess Auggy."

On the other side of the floor August opened up the top left drawer on his older sister's desk pulling out the red wrapped chocolate bar. Opening it up he took a bite of the brownie, peanut butter bar. No sooner had he closed her drawer than his sister seemed to appear as if some magical alarm had gone off after her dragon's hoard had been violated.

"What do you think you are doing!?" August continued to chew, holding up and waving the chocolate in front of him to show her exactly what he was doing. "Did you just take that out of my desk drawer!?" April asked, already knowing the answer to her own question, while her brother answered with a shrug before finishing the bite he had taken.

"Yeah, my blood sugar was low so I needed something to pick me up." April tensed her shoulders as she glared at her little shit of a brother.

"You did not have low blood sugar." She said in an even tone.

"Well, no, but I was hungry and it is a few hours before lunch."

"So you stole from me? Do you know what would happen if I reported you to your boss or HR? Fired, you are still new here and have no protections for your little... hijinks." August took another bite, this time a small one as he nodded at her.

"Yeah, I can imagine that wouldn't be a great conversation with mom." He said finishing a bite of his food before giving her a knowing smirk. She didn't live at home like he did, but she did come by at least twice a week for dinner, something their mom insisted upon. He knew she didn't even like the fact his older sister had moved out at all before she was married. "Gee Mom, I don't know why April had me fired. I was really hungry and only wanted one of her candy bars to get me through the day. I was the one who bought them for her earlier that week, I didn't know she would get so upset. I apologized and everything, I just can't believe how cruel she is." He gave his older sister a wink.

"Yeah and it was nice of you to get them for me when you saw them on sale, but after you give someone something it then belongs to them numbnu..." April trailed off forgetting where she was for a second, fully intending to call him numbnuts and then knee him in the groin like she did when they were younger and he was being an intolerable little shit. "I'm not going to report you for theft, maybe just let your boss know you were being insubordinate to me when you

should be working on the project you were assigned to."

"Sis... April. You know I love you, but you haven't been in charge of me for a long time. Not at home, and not here. You are maybe in charge of the interns, but I'm not one of them anymore. Can't be insubordinate." He had fully intended to get her some more or something else she liked when he went out for lunch, he just needed something in his stomach other than coffee after being in such a rush to get to the office a little early to wait for Bailey. August also knew telling her that would help calm her down, but he just loved riling her up. She was snarky and calm here in the office, but growing up with her. August knew that fiery temper was just beneath the surface, something that happens when you grow up he supposed. You push down the parts of you that you don't like, something he always thought was a shame. He knew she had drive and ambition, he just missed seeing some of the passion in her. Though that had little to do with messing with her, that was just fun.

August peeled off the rest of the wrapper, tossing it in the trash as he slowly moved the candy bar to his lips. "Mmmm this is so good, do you want a bite?" April made claw like motions with her hands reaching to grab the rest of the bar. She wasn't hungry, she just would rather it be thrown away than her pesky brother having it, but she didn't get anywhere near it. August stepped back, holding his hand out to keep her at bay, his longer reach making the grab impossible for her. Finishing the last bite of the bar he smirked at her while she glared at him.





"Thank you." He said, before swallowing. "I will get you some more as an apology and a thank you. I didn't eat breakfast this morning."

"You will do that! You will also stay out of my desk!" August cocked his head to the side appraising his older sister.

"You know, you are always saying men are stupid and seeing how angry you are and honestly sis how cute you are when you are angry. I'm not sure how you are single." April took in a deep breath when he mentioned the subject. She didn't feel like she needed a man in her life, she would like someone, but didn't need one and it was a constant topic her mother brought up around the dinner table.

"I will have you know I have a date tomorrow night." Calming down she was able to speak without clenching her jaw or giving in to her desire to show her younger brother that with the right kick it didn't matter how much taller he was than her.

"Yeah? That is awesome, I hope you have a good time. We were having family dinner, have you told Mom you aren't going to make it?" April pursed her lips, giving a single shake to her head. Her mother didn't like texting and any phone call would last for a minimum of forty minutes, saying she wasn't going to come to family dinner would exacerbate that and if she mentioned a date it would only go longer. "No? Don't worry, I will cover for you."

"Wait. You will? What is the catch?" Her brothers shift from being an ass to being helpful made her suspicious.

"No catch, you have a lot on your plate and you don't need stress from Mom on top of it. Like I said earlier, I love you, and want you to be happy." April bit the inside of her cheek listening to him, but still she looked at her taller sibling with suspicion.

"Okay, thank you... but what do you want for the help with Mom?" Crossing his arms, August smiled at her.

"Sis, I'm happy, I mean. I am really happy. Do you remember what happened when I was in middle school, the one single time I asked a girl out?"

April gave her brother a genuine smile as she remembered what happened. He had asked the girl out at the bus stop, she had been close enough to see it happen, but not close enough to hear what either had said. "Yeah, Sarah... something or other, little Asian girl gave you a black eye." August reached out touching just below his left eye with a finger, remembering the physical and emotional pain of not only being punched by a girl, but having to go to school like that.

"Yeah... I have never been exactly good with the ladies, but I have someone now. I don't need Bailey to be happy, but having her in my life makes things just... better. I want that for you, you are amazing on your own. Seeing you happier would just be... nice I guess.

"Ah." April nodded, wishing her was still being a jerk, it was easier to hate him when he wasn't being nice. She just wished he could open his eyes, but that was what big sisters were for, to help guide their doofus little brothers. "I'm glad you are happy. How are you enjoying working with Candace?"

August looked off towards the elevators, he had set her up with some things to do, but he still needed to check out another batch of documents from the secured storage. "Going great, honestly I think you were a little hard on her about the making binders thing, but then again she is a good partner to hit this project."

"I think she is a good partner for you too, one of the reasons I requested your boss assign you to this." Originally she had planned on putting more people on the project, they had more scanners they could move to the file room, but this opportunity was too good to pass up.

"You asked for me to do this? Makes sense, take me away from the job I earned to make me do work with the interns." He playfully stuck his tongue out at his sister.

"Say, what are you doing for lunch? I have a gift card to the White Wolf cafe down the street if you wanted to take Candace out. Being in that windowless room all day, I'm sure the two of you would like to spend some time out in the sun. Hmm, but you might want to take that sweater vest off first, looks like you got something on it." She said ignoring the accusation he had levied at her.

Slipping his hands into his pockets August gave a few shakes of his head before

looking down at himself. At a quick glance he wasn't sure if he had smeared some of the brownie off himself when playing with his sister or if he got ink smudged on himself when moving boxes before coming up here. "Hmm, thanks. I have a blazer in the car I can toss on and umm thanks for the offer, but I was planning on taking Bailey out."

'Bailey, Bailey, Bailey!' April thought in annoyance. "I think her schedule might be a little different, her lunch is half an hour later than Candace's, you know we have to stagger the breaks." August nodded for a second before shrugging his shoulders.

"Not a big deal, I'm sure she can swap with someone else, we used to do it all the time. Anyhow, I have to get back to it." August gave his sister a wave before heading off to the elevators.

April watched him go wanting to tell him that no Bailey could not swap lunch schedules, but it wasn't against the rules and at that moment she couldn't come up with a reasonable excuse without showing her hand.

Down in the concrete walled basement Candi sat at a folding table, one of a few that had been set up between the rows and rows of shelves and filing cabinets. The basement really only had two areas, one was the open file area. Some of the shelves had cranks on them to press them together or open them up to save space, one of those spaces being used by a large scanner and a computer deemed too old to be used for anyone for real productive use. The second area was a locked area that always had a guard assigned, their job just to make sure files got signed out before being taken from the room. The employees had created a semi third space, moving a shelf a few feet back and some filing cabinets to give the illusion of privacy where someone had managed to fit a couch for a hidden break area.

Sitting there Candi sat not in front of the scanner or the computer, but off to the side, carefully pulled out staples in the paperwork inside files or rubbing a black crayon over any indented seals imprinted on documents. She hummed to herself as she did the boring work, wishing she was allowed to have her phone with her so she could at least listen to music. Rubbing the crayon on a piece of paper she stuck out her lower lip. "Totally unfair, music totally can make people work faster and help them concentrate." The tenuous concentration she did have for her task was broken when she heard the familiar sound of heels, someone walking across the uncarpeted floor. People were always coming down here to get something, but the sound of the footsteps getting closer drew her attention. Standing up, a

big smile came to her face when she saw her best friend coming closer. She really hoped Bailey would be working with her, the job seemed way, way, way too big for just her and August to do.

"Hey sis! Are you coming to help?" Candi said, the big smile on her face only growing as Bailey came closer.

"Umm... no, I mean like I can, but I wasn't. I'm assigned to a manager to help him."

"Lucky! That sounds so much better than this." Bailey shook his head.

"Not really, he is like umm..." Bailey had considered telling her all about what Mr. Brannon had said and what he wanted, but it also felt like a conversation that if he wasn't lying could blow up if the man found out he spoke about it. "He doesn't have anything for me to do at the moment, but like when I left he smacked my butt."

Candi crossed her arms, pushing up on her breasts. The happy expression on her face falling away. "Who is he? We can go find human resources and have them cut off his hand."

"What?! No, and like they don't do that." Candi pursed her lips, shrugging.

"It was like from a sermon at church about plucking an eye out because it made you sin or something like that. The pastor was talking about how men have to take responsibility instead of blaming us for how we dress. Or at least that was what Nana said I really didn't like paying attention really." Bailey blinked at her a few times.

"Umm, yeah I was there." Candi leaned her head back, the sour expression becoming something much lighter.

"Oh yeah! Well no hand chopping, but we can still tell them." Bailey shook his head, waving his hands in the air in front of him to indicate that wasn't going to happen.

"No, we are or like I am not going to do that."

"Bailey, you can't let him get away with stuff like that. If you don't, he will think it is okay." Bailey broke eye contact with his friend, a small pang of guilt for things he had done in the past and shame for much more recent events.

"No, like... think about it. Both our parents are like in charge of people here and if we run off and tell on people it will like I dunno look bad on them. What would happen if Mr. Brannon said he didn't do it? If nothing happened or if he got in trouble after saying that, people would think it was because of who are parents are."

"Brannon, and he is on the same floor as your Mom?" Bailey gave Candi a hard look when she asked the question.

"Did you like not hear what I said?" With a big inhale Candi puffed her cheeks out for a second.

"That we can't chop his hand off and that we can't get him in trouble either." She said with a sour tone. "Fine... well you are here now you can help me out." Candi went to go sit back down, when an idea struck her, her eyes flicking back to her friend.

"I'm sorry you had someone touch you, but I know something that can cheer you up!"

"Yeah!?" Bailey didn't mind helping her with her work, but it also didn't look like something he wanted to do either.

"Yep! Back over there!" Candi went upon her tip toes and pointed back towards a back wall. "We have a hidden break area and it is like mostly me and August down here. So you could borrow him for a little bit and at least be touched by someone you love."

"I don't love him." Bailey glowered at the girl.

"Sure you do, love at first kiss when the two of you went tumbling to the grass within the first few minutes of meeting."

"Candi, no." The blonde girl smirked at her friend.

"Incorrect! Candi yes! In fact... I can make you do whatever I want for five minutes after you lost the bet by painting your nails." Bailey looked at his long nails, scrunching up his nose.

"Totally unfair that you counted my toes too."

"Anyhow..." Candi ignored her and kept talking. "I use my power only for good, you need to be cheered up. You are going to take the love of your life, your Auggy, back over there and ask him if you can swallow his kids."

"What!? We are not going to blow him here!" Candi raised both her eyebrows, and gave Bailey an opened mouth smile.

"I didn't say anything about we, but it sounds fun." She said teasingly, but glanced back down at the work she had to do. She had never actually did something like that before, but doing it in a hidden area where they could get caught with Bailey sounded hot.

"No, if you want to give him a blow job you can."

"You would let me give a blow job to your boyfriend?"

"Sis... Candi, no. I just like... Gah you can be like impossible sometimes you know that! You aren't like going to blow Auggy and you aren't going to do it with me either. What about Ryan? Haven't you like thought about him?"

Touching her hand to her mouth Candi nodded. "Oh My God! Yes! You, me and Ryan?" A shiver ran down Candi's spine at the thought. "I don't know if I'm like ready for that, but wow!"

"Candi... that like isn't..." Bailey's words cut off when he heard footsteps coming

closer, he could already see August coming around a file cabinet corridor. Unlike when he walked on concrete the young man's rubber soled shoes made much less noise.

"This is a wonderful surprise!" August said seeing his girlfriend. Candi looked over at her work partner before leaning in close to her best friend.

"Five minutes, the two of you just go cuddle. I promise you will feel better."

Bailey looked into his friend's green eyes. "Cuddle for five minutes? That's like it? That is what you are spending your win on?" Candi nodded.

"Cuddle and anything else you feel like doing at the moment." She smirked thinking back to their first double date and what happened in the theater.

## **Chapter 18**

Bailey puffed up his cheeks full of air before blowing it out as he looked at the young man a few years younger than himself that was supposed to be his boyfriend, his normal smile plastered on his face. 'Mr. Brannon said to like distract him, so Candi is totally wasting her win. Going to go sit with Auggy on that back couch for a few minutes is like nothing. He is nice enough, but it isn't going to like, change how bad today is.' August was about to get back to work when he noticed his girlfriend just standing there smiling at him.

"Penny for your thoughts?" He asked, putting his hand on the girl's shoulder, gently caressing his fingers over the satin blouse she wore. Bailey blinked a few times as he snapped back to reality after his mind went back and forth between thinking about the bad things that happened that day and trying to look on the bright side like Candi would do.

"Oh, umm I was like just thinking about how you changed." August looked down at himself as he nodded.

"Yeah I got something on the sweater vest so I changed it out for the blazer. If I had a tie I think I would look down right professional, what do you think?" Bailey hadn't even really considered the sweater vest he was wearing before, he always considered them nerdy. Reaching out Bailey took hold of either side of the



blazer, smoothing out a wrinkle. Standing so close to the August and pulling on the jacket allowed Bailey to take another whiff of his cologne.

"I think you look better like this." Bailey gave the young man a genuine smile, a small sense of peace coming over him. "Also like way less nerdy than the sweater vest." He added rolling his eyes.

"Nerdy? It sounds like you have been talking to my sister about my hobbies in highschool and no matter what she tells you, they are collectable action figures, not dolls. They are worth money." Bailey raised an eyebrow not believing a word he was saying.

"April didn't say anything, did she?" August asked grimacing. Off to his side Candi snickered at his confession. "Hate it when I tell on myself."

"Aww." Candi said, seeing how cute her friend's boyfriend was when vulnerable. "Don't be like, hard on yourself August. My Daddy has said he wished he kept his baseball cards from when he was younger, say how like they would be worth a lot. Besides, we like you for who you are. Don't we sis?"

Bailey reached out touching August's forearm, sliding his hand down till he held his hand. "Come on, we can go sit on the couch and you can like tell me all about your toys." August squeezed her hand, giving her a smile. He appreciated that she wanted to make him feel better, but he also knew from experience that no girl wanted to hear about his collection. Many of the things he had were still in perfect condition in the box and one day soon he was going to make some real money from them, but for now he was happy to be surrounded by that small piece of his childhood before he gave in to being an adult.

"You don't want to hear about that, and we both have work to get back too." Bailey gave him a lopsided smile. 'I really don't want to hear about your toys, but sitting off with you is my job right now and fulfills a bet. Unless I could get out of it for now...' Bailey glanced over towards Candi who was making a shooing motion behind August. So he decided to try something he had seen Candi use on her father, he went from holding August's hand in one hand to holding in two, sticking out his bottom lip, tilting his head up while looking up into his eyes through his eyelashes.

"Auggy, pweeease! I just want to sit down with you for a wittle bit." Seeing that stupid grin on his face made Bailey know the baby talk had worked, so he started

to take a few steps backwards pulling him along before he even said a word.

"I really can't say no to you, okay. Yeah just for a little bit." Bailey tried to give him a sincere smile, while he saw Candi from the corner of her eye waving goodbye before he turned around and led the man by hand over to the beat up couch that was hidden away for a small break area.

The area itself looked like it had been created when someone had snuck a couch to the back of the floor, moved around some shelves and filing cabinets till there was enough room for it and a pair of folding chairs. It wasn't much, but it did offer some privacy and Bailey preferred it that way. He knew no one would think anything of him sitting up alongside another man, but he knew the truth and the less people that saw it, the better he would feel. When he sat down on the brown couch he immediately felt the younger man's arm wrap around his shoulders as he sat down close enough for their bodies to press against one another.

"Are you okay? How is your first day going?" August asked, rubbing his thumb along Bailey's shoulder. Closing his eyes for a second Bailey considered venting, just getting it off his chest. 'I could tell him about Mr. Brannon and Miss April... but when I started to talk to her about fashion she seemed a lot happier and Mr. Brannon. OMG I do not want to talk about that man.' So instead Bailey just leaned more into the taller man, putting his head on his chest, taking a breath in.

"Mmmm no talking." August gave his girl a little squeeze with his arm, breathing in the scent of her shampoo as he kissed her forehead. He was just thinking of how content he would be to sit like this with her for hours when she looked up at him. 'She has the most beautiful eyes.' August thought smiling at her.

Bailey hearing the sniff and feeling the kiss looked up. 'Did he just sniff my hair?' He thought, ignoring how he had just done something similar. That was when he realized his mistake as the boy's face dipped closer to his own. 'No, no, no, no, no! This wasn't supposed to happen!' Bailey felt August's lips on his own, it wasn't the first time they had kissed, far from it, but that didn't mean he wanted anything to do with the activity. Pulling back from him, Bailey just wanted to get back to sitting there in peace, that was all he really had to do.

"Mmm I was thinking how I could just stay sitting with you for hours, but kissing you. I think I could do that for forever." August said, before leaning in to kiss his girlfriend again. 'Peaches!' Bailey screamed in his mind, this time kissing the man back. 'The last thing I need is Auggy telling Miss April I didn't want to kiss him!'

He thought as the memory of her telling him how he can't tell her brother no, echoed in his mind.

Bailey continued to kiss him, tilting his head to the side and opening his mouth when he felt August's mouth open, the man's tongue lightly touching his own lips before slightly in, swirling around, rubbing up against his tongue. The kissing got deeper as the two pressed their bodies together. Bailey's mind reeled at the experience, being touched by a male had always disgusted him from the very first time it happened, but now it felt much more extreme. His heart started to pound rapidly, his body started to get hot and the urge to just run away and hide grew by the second. Despite that the feeling of another person's lips on his own puffy lips, his tongue swirling around and the feeling of his chest pressing into someone else was more than just a little erotic. It felt like his fight or flight response thought flight was a good idea, reminding him of being tied up, reminding him of Liam. While his fight response was replaced with more of a fuck response as his body responded to the contact in a way that reminded Bailey of just how long it had been since he actually had real action.

The war within him paused as Bailey's eyes crossed, when he was able to take a breath of air as the kissing stopped, or at least stopped on his end as the younger man's lips moved down to his neck. A shiver ran down Bailey's spine on the first kiss and then the second and third. "Ohhhh, ohhh." The words slipped from Bailey's lips when August's hand cupped, his right breast, caressing it through the satin shirt and the lace bra. On instinct Bailey leaned more into the hand touching him in an incredible way. Closing his eyes the world seemed to vanish, the only thing that seemed to exist in that moment was a kiss, a touch of pin from a nibble and an electric feeling running from his chest throughout his body. His manhood had come to life pressing against the confines of it's prison.

With his eyes closed and lost in the pleasure Bailey took in a gasp of air through his teeth as he felt the weight on his shoulders from his bra straps go slack and a sense of cold air running across his chest. August continued to kiss his girl, untying the wrap that held it closed so he could kiss down her neck and to her shoulder. With the blouse open he ran his hand across her breasts, only the bra separating her flesh from his own, that only lasted twenty or so seconds before he reached behind her to unclasp the bra. He was loving every second with Bailey and had expected her to stop him but the way she pushed herself into him and with her labored breathing he could tell she wanted this just as much as he did. He wanted to make love to her so bad, he wanted, he felt like he needed to be inside of her, but this wasn't the place for their first time.

Rubbing his thumb across her erect nipple he gave it a small pinch before

moving his mouth from the nape of her neck, down to her chest, pulling her up more onto her knees so he could give her beautiful breasts the attention they deserved. 'They look so perfect, her small frame, supple skin and bouncing perfect... god yes so perfect tits!' August took her nipple into his mouth sucking as he flicked his tongue across eraser size nipples. "OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD! AH, AH, ah, ah, eh, eh, eh!" Bailey cried out as the world that had faded away to please, became nothing but pleasure. Sitting up on his knees, Bailey wasn't even sure when he had gotten up he slid his hand down the leather wrap skirt planning to reach under to give himself some attention, wanting to start that vibrator around his member so badly, he felt like he was so close to the edge and he needed to cum, but his hand was moved away.

That was when he felt the fleshy object, right away by touch Bailey knew he was touching a dick. 'God yes I need to get off!' Another wave of electricity flowed through his body down to the tips of his toes, causing them to curl and squeeze lightly on the member in his hand. "OH yes!" Bailey cried out, his red painted lips hanging open as he pumped his hand up and down, needing to get off. With his other hand he ran it up August's back till his was gripping the back of his hair, pushing him harder into his own chest the second the suction stopped. Slowly he opened his eyes halfway, part of his mind knew right away what he was holding and that it wasn't his own. He wanted to jerk off, he wanted to fuck the nearest girl, but he couldn't move, not from that spot and he couldn't let August stop unless he was going to go to his other breast.

With little thought Bailey kept moving his hand up and down the shaft, feeling his bracelet slide about his wrist with every movement. "Fu.. Fuc... SUGAR!" Bailey squeezed the cock in his hand around the head as he felt a small bite on his nipple, sending a mixture of pain and pleasure. Squeezing the head of the cock as his hand and arm shook as Bailey tensed his muscles he hardly noticed the slimy feeling on his hand as he went back to jerking the man off. 'Come on, come on Auggy, cum for me so I can stop this... OHMYGOD!' Bailey's train of thought derailed when August's right hand slid up his nylon clad leg, under his skirt and gripped his ass. The extra stimuli being just enough to push him over the edge, sending his seed down and out of the vagina prosthetic and coating his panties. With his own release the love hormone, oxytocin filled his mind, washing away all the stress he had felt. While the wonderful feeling ran through his mind, Bailey still felt the pleasure from August's lips on his chest. It didn't feel as powerful as it had a few seconds ago, but he felt in no rush to get him to stop. While the other part of his mind wanted August to get off so he could stop holding his dick. It was only fair that he got off like he did. 'Come on... cum on, cum on!' In the middle of the pleasure Bailey let out a series of giggles as the words in his mind changed from come on, to cum on as he tried to get the man to spill his seed.

That was when it happened, Bailey felt the girthy member pulse in his hand, he didn't have time to consider what to do, nor could he move as the hand on his ass pulled him close enough that his stomach was pushing into August's shoulder. Cum shot out covering Bailey's hand and parts of the concrete floor as August let out a long breath. He continued to hold his girl there for a few seconds, running his fingers across her pantyhose covered ass, taking in her lovely chest and her look of contentment. He had watched porn of people getting it on at the office and he had heard people talk about it, but he never thought he would have experienced something like this. His girlfriend had just jerked him off at work on her first day as an intern, he knew he was going to love having her around more.

## **Chapter 19**

Sitting at the small table Candi pressed her hand down firmly on a piece of paper trying to smooth out some of the wrinkles before taking a black crayon and rubbing it over the raised seal on the bottom of the document. She peeked over her shoulder, looking back in the direction of the small break area for a few seconds. Trying to resist the urge to go see what her best friend was up to she took a deep breath, looking down at her work. She had piles and piles of things in the area and this was only a fraction of what her and August had been tasked with. Both piles of file boxes on the floor behind her and to the left were things she needed to remove staples from, run the dark crayon over the seals and generally make them ready for scanning. One pile was documents from the shelves, the other had been checked out of secure storage by August. On the desk she had two stacks, to be worked on and ready to be scanned and then behind her and off to the right were three stacks of boxes. To be put back on shelves, to be checked back into storage and to be shredded.

Looking at everything she had to do for today and what she had already done Candi blew out some air from her lungs as she pursed her lips causing them to make a sound as they flapped. She wasn't sure why some boxes were going back on shelves and why some were being shredded, the ones that had to be locked away made a little more sense. She had read a few things, but it didn't make it clear to her why one thing was to be locked away or why one thing was to be shredded, so she just carried on with the task. Taking another piece of paper out of a folder she ran the thin letter opener up and over the staple in the upper left pulling it out. She pulled the papers apart, smoothing out the rips and started to sing to help pass the time.

"I heard that you're settled down, that you found a girl and you're married now. I

heard that your dreams came true... Guess she gave you things, I didn't give you..."

Coming around a bend in the file covenant and file box maze George could hear someone singing off key. After a phone call down to the secure records room and getting verification of what had been checked out by Gates's little team he headed down, figuring he could see where they were at so he could send little Best down to distract Gates's sibling, but seeing the lone girl at the table he smiled to himself. "Pretty song." He lied, giving the platinum blonde girl a smile.

Stopping what she was doing, Candi looked up, surprised to see someone had come so close without her noticing. She didn't think much of it with how distracted she was, but she really hoped the bald man wasn't planning on sticking around, just in case her little sis didn't remember to use her inside voice or August. "Thanks, it's Someone like you by Adele!" She said as she stood up, glancing over her shoulder once. "Can I umm like help you with something?"

"No, I don't think so. Well... maybe. I was looking for my intern, I seem to have misplaced her. Blonde girl, green eyes like yourself. I don't recall her first name, but her last name is Best."

Hearing he was looking for Bailey, Candi resisted the urge to look in her direction and after a few heartbeats she narrowed her eyes remembering what she had heard about this man and what he thought was appropriate. She bit down with her back teeth on her tongue, wanting to tell him exactly what she thought of him. She could hear her Daddy's words saying a time and place for everything ran through her mind as she slowly nodded to him. Knowing she needed to get the man out of the area before he heard something he would want to investigate. She didn't really know for a fact Bailey and August were going to do more than cuddle, but she was also pretty sure she had a good idea of how her friend would react.

"Sorry, Bailey isn't here right now, but like if I see her I will tell her you were looking for her." Brannon bit the corner of his mouth, feeling his facial hair touch his lips as he looked at the girl. She was dressed more conservatively than his intern, but there was something remarkably familiar about her.

"Bailey... yes that is it. Green eyes, blonde... the two of you wouldn't happen to be cousins would you? Are you related to Amanda Best?" His eyes flicked down the girl's heeled feet before they rose slowly over her body as he considered

what he could do with a gaggle of Best girls.

"No, well... I hope soon, but..." Candi cocked her head to the side stopping herself from going down the mental rabbit hole. "Can I like, walk you to the elevator?" He smirked as he stared into her green eyes.

"I am truly flattered that a pretty little thing like yourself would want to spend more time with me, but if she isn't here I can at least help you a little. You shouldn't have to move all this by yourself." George stepped past the girl picking up two boxes, one stacked on the other from the to be shredded pile. "At least let me help you bring some of these to the shredder."

Candi opened her mouth to tell the man she was fine on her own even if she knew that she would struggle to carry two of the boxes at once, that was what carts were for. Glancing at the boxes in his arms and then the ones on the floor she was ready to actually accept the help as it would get the jerk away from the area, but the way he spoke to her and the way he had treated Bailey was just too much for her to keep inside. "You can take those to the shredder and then maybe jump in with the rest of the trash!"

"Excuse me?!" George was unprepared for the girl's turn in mood, one second she wanted to hold his hand and go with him to the elevator, the next she was insulting him because he offered to help. Of course he wasn't really there to help, but the little bitch didn't know that.

"I heard what you did to Bailey and it is disgusting that you think that is okay." Candi moved both her hands to her hips, standing with her legs slightly apart.

"What I did to Bailey." George said the word slowly like he was tasting each word. He squinted for a second, whoever this girl was he could see a fire in her eyes, a vast difference in attitude than how his intern acted. She didn't sound like she thought she was better than him like his current boss, more that she was angry and offended. He let out a sigh, he apparently hadn't made things clear enough for little Best if she went off and told her cousin or whatever this girl was. "What exactly do you think I did, may I ask?" George put down the two boxes he was holding next to the stack of boxes in the check out and to be worked on pile.

"Do you sexually harass enough women that you can't even remember what you did?" Candi stalked closer to the man, pointing her finger in his direction as she

spoke. Taking a step back George held up both hands in surrender.





"I'm sorry Miss, but I really don't know what you are referring to. Miss Best was just assigned to me this morning, in fact maybe only twenty minutes ago. The only thing we have done is talk about how I didn't have much use for her, but I would do my best to teach her what we did here."

Candi was ready to keep walking towards the man wagging her finger in his direction as he backed up, but she stopped and narrowed her eyes. "You are lying."

George gave the upset girl in front of him a sad smile while shaking his head, trying to make himself look sad. "You obviously know her more than I do, but I took her for a young woman that enjoyed getting attention."

"So? And?! You think that gives you the right to touch someone that doesn't want to be touched!?"

"Touched? Umm, no. My dear, I don't know what she told you, but I would never do such a thing. The girl's mother is my boss, sure that won't be the case shortly from now, but I'm not about to commit career suicide because of a pretty girl. No and I'm happy to clear this up between the three of us or..." George held up his hands, palm forward. "We can head over to HR and get this all worked out."

The man's offer to head to human resources put out much of the fire Candi felt. It didn't make sense that he was willing to get himself in trouble or even fired, but it also didn't make sense why Bailey would lie. This wasn't some hot shot guy that acted like he was God's gift to women, he wasn't old enough to be a grandfather... she wasn't positive about that, but the way he spoke made her feel like he was a bit grandfather-like. Coming down looking for Bailey instead of calling. He hadn't been mean to her, hadn't raised his voice, he had only offered to help and she could have taken his comment from before wrong. "But... like why would Bailey lie?"

"I can't say why, but perhaps she didn't lie and just misinterpreted something. I know I didn't... well..." George pretended to think. "She did go to sit down on my desk and I quickly moved a few paper tacks so she wouldn't get hurt. I know in my haste I touched her skirt, but... well I must have touched her by accident." He let out a long sigh, giving the girl in front of him a lopsided smile, while he thought about what he was going to do with his intern. "I didn't realize, I will speak with her and apologize and if she wants to go to HR after then we can work things out

that way. If you see her before I do, please let her know I apologize."

"Oh... umm, okay." Candi wasn't really sure what to say, there was definitely something she didn't like about the older man, but he seemed earnest. George looked down at his watch, taking in a deep breath.

"Seems I have run out of time, again if you see her before I do let her know what I said and I know she has a few things to do for the conference rooms up on my floor, but other than that. She can stay down here and help you today. A concrete basement with fluorescent lights doesn't seem like a good place to be by yourself. Sadly I do have to put these boxes back, sorry I wasn't able to assist like I wanted." George motioned towards the pile of boxes with his hand.

"Oh umm, no problem."

George gave the once fierce girl a tight lipped smile as he stepped around her picking up two different boxes from the pile moving them over to be shredded pile, leaving the boxes from the to be shredded pile in their place. George left the area with his smile creeping up his face. He didn't like the idea that his intern was telling stories she shouldn't, but a little gaslighting could keep the other girl from being too suspicious. Besides, it wasn't like HR would do anything about it if they went down there, he could just lie and say he didn't do it, but in the end, they wouldn't do anything anyhow. Their job was to protect the company, not the employees and he was way too valuable for them to take offensive action against. That was taken care of and so was his actual goal, those files would be destroyed before they were ever scanned into that computer, and along with it whatever proof that would hurt his benefactor.

With the man gone Candi sat back down at her station, drumming her nails along its surface, feeling bad for laying into the man over a misunderstanding and hoped he wouldn't turn around and let Miss Gates know what she had done. She couldn't imagine an intern raising her voice to a manager was a good way to keep a job and her Daddy had sent her to learn more responsibility. Candi pouted, hoping he wouldn't be too upset at her. She sat that way just tapping her nails as she fretted about what would come of the conversation when she heard footsteps along the concrete floor behind her. Turning her head Candi saw August with a smug grin on his face, holding hands with Bailey who looked to be moving about in a daze.

"Sooooo. How did your break go?" Candi asked, her mood improving almost

instantly seeing how blissful Bailey was. No matter what really happened in her new boss's office the stress her friend felt was real.

"It was goooood." Bailey responded in a soft voice, taking in a deep breath and letting it out. 'I can't believe how good that felt, god I shouldn't feel so... so gosh dar... peaching happy. I'm a man, a man with breasts... and oh wow.' Bailey instantly lost track of things around him for a few seconds as his mind reminded him of how he felt when he had orgasmed. "Mmmm"

August's smug grin stayed firmly in place on his face as he kissed his girlfriend's cheek before looking at his green-eyed friend.

"I can reasonably say we are both happy." August said, giving Bailey's hand a squeeze before letting go. He still couldn't believe he had gotten a hand job at the office and felt like he could just walk on top of a cloud with how happy he was.

Candi gave him a big smile, she always got a little warmth inside of her when her actions caused others to be happy, it was similar to her memory of the first time she helped her mother in the kitchen when she was little. She knew now that her mother wasn't a good cook, but that wasn't even a little important to the memory and how it made her feel. "I'm like super glad, buuuuuuuut." She motioned to the mountain of work the two had. "We have things to do, but I have good news."

Glancing at what she was motioning to August nodded at the girl once, knowing this job wasn't nearly done. "I do like good news."

"Me too, and this one I think all of us will like. Bailey's new direct report came down and like offered to help, but ran out of time. He said Bailey has some stuff to do in conference rooms later, but for now she can stay and help us!"

Bailey slowly turned his head in Candi's direction. "Mr. Brannon came down here!?"

Candi nodded, giving her friend a smile that she hoped reassured her. "He also said he like wanted to talk to you later, but that he was sorry."

"Sorry!?" Bailey spat, as much of the bliss left his mind. Pulling out one of the

metal folding chairs by the table, Bailey sat down, crossing his arms across his chest just under his breasts as he crossed one leg over the other, letting out a harrumph.

August looked from her to Candi, raising an eyebrow. "Sorry for what? Did I miss something?"

Bailey shook his head. "No, I don't want to talk about him. Lets umm, is it time for lunch yet?" After sex Bailey often found himself both sleepy and hungry and depending on what the person he was with wanted he would either sleep or order food. Or order a pizza and take a nap till it arrived when Mommy was out of town and someone came over, but right now there was nowhere for a nap, except the couch where he had just come from. Thinking about that couch made Bailey reflect on what had just happened, what he had wrapped his hand around and Auggy taking his nipple into his mouth. It felt wonderful, it felt better than that time Aunt Megan was playing with his chest, but he knew it was wrong, so so... wrong. 'My chest... my breasts will get smaller and go away with the medication before I know it. I love breasts... not on me, but, but I like them. Why not enjoy them before they are gone. I like always wondered how girls ever left their room when they had... does Candi play with her breasts? Should I ask? No, no that would be weird. Right?'

"Bailey, Bailey!"

Bailey looked over at Candi after she said his name for a second time, realizing he had zoned out after asking about lunch. Candi raised an eyebrow to her friend who had zoned out looking at her boyfriend. She gave her a wicked little smile, having an idea of what she was thinking about when she thought of lunch and him together.

"I was saying it isn't lunch time yet, but like Miss Gates was telling me about this place close by that has like a salad that sounded like sooooo good. Apricots over arugula, some feta cheese crumbled with some almond halves and a balsamic glaze. Mmm... my mouth is like watering just thinking about it."

August quirked up the corner of his mouth, he was happy Bailey was joining them, but he wasn't sure she would make the work go faster. "I'm not sure who has that, but April." He motioned in Candi's direction. "Miss Gates to you. Did say she had a coupon or gift certificate or something to a place. Maybe that is it, we can check it out for lunch."

Bailey moved his tongue around his mouth before shaking his head. "No, veto."

August raised an eyebrow. "Veto?"

Bailey nodded, lightly touching the hem of his wrap leather mini skirt before running the pads of his fingers across his nylon clad thigh till he got to his knee. "Yeah like voting, veto because we are going to have burgers."

Candi tilted her head back, eating a greasy burger didn't sound appetizing to her at all. "Then I'm going to veto your veto."

Bailey shook his head twice pressing his puffy lips together. "That like isn't how that works!"

Candi shrugged, not verbally responding.

"I think we are!" Bailey had been really looking forward to having a burger today and felt upset that she was just going to ignore the fact he was cashing in his win from that morning. 'If she isn't going to like honor the bet then like what is the point!?'"

"Well you can like, think that if you like, but I'm betting you are wrong." Candi said smugly wondering what her friend was thinking when she saw her face light up like she had just realized something.

August felt a little lost, wondering if the two were talking about some inside joke. "Do I get a say in this or am I just along for the ride?"

Bailey turned his head to look up at the younger man who was standing near him. Bailey's eyes flicked in his friend's direction. "I totally accept that bet!" He then stood up, pressing himself to August's side, one hand reaching up to press on his chest.

"Auggy, would you pweese buy me a burger for lunch?" Bailey stuck out his bottom lip, doing his best to give August puppy dog eyes. Bailey knew he was stuck with the younger gates, he was also told to act more clingy and ditzier... if

that was the case why not get something out of him.

"Umm, sure." August gave the platinum blonde girl large smile, happy to feel her pressing into him.

Bailey batted his lashes a few times, squeezing the man in his slim arms before looking back to Candi. "Auggy is going to buy us burgers for lunch and you are going to love it! Or at least pretend to because I'm like using my win from this morning!" Bailey said with a chipper voice. He had been so set on thinking about what he wanted from the bet that morning that he hadn't bothered to actually vocalize his desire.

It was Candi's turn to cross her arms across her chest. "That isn't fair! You can't like, use a win from a bet to win another bet!"

"Can too!" Bailey stuck his tongue out at her, before stepping back from August and giving him a smile. He saw from their discrete time together the younger man's hair had gotten a little out of place. Bailey had made sure his hair, clothes and makeup were perfect before they came back, but he had neglected to take a look at his partner. Reaching over to the taller man Bailey ran his nails through his hair to fix a few stray hairs. "You are a mess, I can't like take you anywhere."

When lunch time came the trio went off to a nearby bistro, getting a booth together. Candi sat a bit glumly, she really didn't want to eat anything greasy, but she wasn't about to not make good on her end of the bet. She didn't even want to look at the menu, it wasn't like she didn't like eating a cheeseburger or even a bacon cheeseburger. She just knew red meat should be eaten sparingly and there were so many other yummy options that allowed her to be healthy. While she wanted to be sour about her friend winning the way she did, she also was proud of her to be forward thinking, that and she couldn't help but smile looking across the booth seeing her wiggle her shoulders and bounce in her seat with excitement as she looked over the menu.

"See something you like?" Candi asked?

"YES!" Bailey bent down the top of the menu so he could see his friend. "Bacon... Spicy Ranch... Pepper Jack Cheese all on two angus patties! Oh my god that sounds good! And, and! A bison burger!" Bailey swiftly turned his head to the larger man sitting with him on his side of the booth. "Auggy, Can I get two

burgers!?" August laughed at the girl's excitement.

"Are you hungry enough for that?" Bailey nodded vigorously.

"I could like eat a whole cow!"

"How about you pick one and if you are still hungry we can order another one to go. I would love to sit here with you all day." August gave Candi a sheepish smile. "With the both of you all day, but we do have to get back to the office." Candi giggled seeing Bailey's expression went from sad when told no, to lightly up at the compromise of getting another burger to go. 'It will be fine, we can work off the extra calories later.' Candi thought as she turned her attention back to the menu, grinning to herself when she saw they had an impossible burger. 'The bet said I had to eat a burger and be happy about it, I think this fits!'

When lunch was served Bailey reached up touching his own cheek as the explosion of flavors mixed in his mouth after the first bite of the burger. He had always loved bison, but the meat was easy to dry out, but his one was cooked to perfection. 'This is the best burger of my life! Well maybe not the best, but like close. We will have to come back to check for umm like science!' Bailey giggled to himself as he looked at the burger in his hand like it was his first love, completely oblivious to the man next to him. August ignored his food watching his girlfriend look at her food like it was a newborn puppy. 'She is so cute.' August felt a light blush come to his face as he reveled in the joy he saw on Bailey's face. 'God I love this girl!'





## Chapter 20

Getting back to Mega Corp, Bailey opened the styrofoam box to once again look at his left overs. Inside was half of the meal he had been served, seasoned fries and half a burger. Closing the lid he placed it on a shelf inside one of the break room refrigerators. Placing one hand over his stomach, still feeling stuffed and would love to just burp out the gas inside of him. 'A good girl always looks her best.' he thought tilting his head when he saw his reflection on the toaster on the counter. "Can't like, believe I couldn't finish, but like..." Bailey pressed one finger to just below the corner of his mouth as he smiled, seeing the happy girl in the reflective surface his smile grew wider. "I can have it tomorrow too!" Closing the fridge door Bailey left the breakroom glancing down the hallway in the direction of the elevators and then the other way in the direction of Brannon's office. 'What time did I have to set up the conference room? Sugar...'

Bailey wanted to head down to the basement with Candi and Auggy, but without remembering when he was supposed to do the other tasks Miss April gave him he hesitated. He could imagine going to her to ask what time he was supposed to do the task and getting a lecture about not paying attention, of course she had told Mr. Brannon to keep her... him on task and the fact she was right bothered him. 'Peaches, just because I like don't want to be here doesn't mean I shouldn't pay attention.' With that Bailey headed off to Brannon. Finding his way there wasn't difficult with it being against the wall, making traversing the cubicle maze much easier.

Hearing a soft knock at his already slightly ajar door George looked up to see his new intern walk in swaying her hips suggestively with each step. 'This girl is a much bigger tease than her mother.' He couldn't help smiling looking at her nylon covered legs, up across her leather mini skirt, his eyes lingering at her satin blouse covered chest. "Ah, there you are sweetheart! Do be a doll and close the door so we can talk in private."

Turning to just that Bailey could swear he could feel the man's eyes on him. An involuntary shudder ran through his body as the door clicked shut, but he just needed a quick answer to a question before he could be free. "Mr. Brannon... I was like..." Bailey paused for a second, he was about to reword what he wanted to not sound like some ditzy girl, but recalled that was exactly who he was supposed to be. "Well, do you like remember when I was supposed to set up the conference room?"

Brannon watched the girl as she looked up and away from him as she paused, trying to collect her scattered thoughts. "Yes, at two. Now have a seat." He said as he got up from his desk, waving his hand in the direction of the chairs in front

of his desk, his eyes staying on the young thing in his office as she took the seat. "Your actions were superlative." George paused for a second as he walked behind the girl.

"I didn't..." Bailey stopped talking when he felt the older man's hands land on his shoulders, giving them a light squeeze.

"My apologies, superlative, it means you did an excellent job with the Gates boy. Getting him away from the documents was exactly what I needed and you did it so quickly. I think the two of us will work together..." He paused before he used another word the girl wouldn't understand. "Famously."

Getting should have felt good, but just having the man's hands on his shoulders made Bailey's stomach turn, feeling more and more uncomfortable by the second. "I umm like didn't really do anything and I should get going." Bailey swallowed hard when his efforts to get up from the seat were rebuffed by the hands holding onto his shoulders.

"Relax, relax you have plenty of time and deserve a little reward. A girl like you knew exactly how to get and keep a young man's attention."

"A girl like me?" Bailey said in a small voice, a flash of heat going through his body as he thought back to Auggy's hand squeezing one of his breasts, his thumb rolling over his nipple as the young man's mouth sucked on his other.

"Yes a girl like you, just keep being the little office slut and I promise your mother's job will be safe."

Turning his head to the side, Bailey looked out of the corner of his eye to see the man standing behind him, the man rubbing his shoulders. "I'm like not ahhhhh, I'm not a slut." Bailey said whimpering a little thinking about this man rising to power and firing everyone he didn't like, making mommy and himself homeless. She would be devastated, and everything he had done for her would be for nothing.

"Oh my dear, don't take it so negatively, you being promiscuous, slutty." He added with a firm squeeze to her shoulders before moving his fingers up to rub at the tense muscles in the back of her neck. "Has helped me and when you help

me, it helps you."

"Mmm" Bailey kinked his head to the side hearing and feeling the pop of his bones in his neck. "I umm Mr. Brannon I really have to go." He hated this feeling, not just the touch of the creepy man, it was the feeling of being powerless. 'I shouldn't even like be here! I shouldn't be sitting here in this cute skirt... Sugar if Aunt Megan didn't catch me with that escort. OMG! If she didn't catch me I wouldn't be here and Mr. Brannon really would fire Mommy!' Looking up to the tiled ceiling, Bailey bit his bottom lip thinking back to one of this things the pastor said at church. How the Lord moves in mysterious ways. He didn't buy into any of that, but somehow he ended up in a position where he was punished and only because he accepted that punishment was he in a position to keep the woman he loved safe. The feminized man took in a deep breath as more things started to line up in his mind, not only would mommy have been fired by this man without him being here, but with Candy the escort going missing and all the trouble with the police he might have also been in jail.

"There, you seem better now, all those knots and tense muscles gone. I wanted to show you I can be not so bad, but you need to remember to be a good girl and good girls don't go and tell their cousins about what happens here in this office. You play your part, do as you are told. You got that Little Best?" George leaned in close to say the nickname in whisper next to the girl's ear.

"Yes... yes sir."

"Good! Then you run along. I hate to see you go, but I will love to watch you walk away. Now off with you. Oh and tomorrow, maybe wear something a little lower cut. You are a pretty girl, why not show off what your mother gave you."

Getting up from the chair Bailey hurried out, not daring to even look back when he felt a light smack to his rear. He had something to go do, but felt it was more important to tell someone about the man, someone that could help. So he made his way across the floor to find Miss April.

April had a pen between her lips, biting down on it gently as she concentrated on her task. She was trying to compile a group of reports, but one of them that she was referencing was breaking the formulas making it give out garbage numbers. That was until a soft timid voice calling her name broke her train of thought.

"Umm Miss April." Bailey said, wishing he had come at another time when he

saw the scowl on the dark haired woman's face when she looked at her screen.

Turning her head April pulled the pen from her mouth to look at Bailey standing in front of her desk. Just looking at him in the rounded toe stiletto heels, dark nylons, the wrap mini leather skirt and satin blouse with the little bow it irked her. "I know you don't pick things up quickly, but you will remember to refer to me as Miss Gates."

Clasping his hands together in front of him Bailey kept himself from making a sound, but couldn't help looking away from her. When Aunt Megan looked at him when she was mad her blue eyes seemed to have a fire behind them that would burn him alive if she could, but Miss April. Her dark eyes felt just as intense, but somehow colder. The gaze felt as if there was less emotion behind it, like she would cut him, or someone and say it was just business. "Yes Miss Gates, I'm like um sorry Miss Gates, but I wanted to..."

"What you want is less important than what you should be doing. You need to run along to prepare the conference room, make a pot of coffee, a pot of tea and have the bottles of water ready and have the binders that were prepped set up at each seat. Or maybe I am jumping to conclusions and being too harsh, have you already completed this task?"

"Well... umm no but..."

"No?! Then turn around and get moving."

Bailey started to turn and do as she said, but stopped just one step away. Taking a deep breath, pushing his shoulders back and chest out he turned back around to face the woman just a few years older than him. "I needed to talk to you about Mr. Brannon."

Tilting her head back, one of the corners of April's lips curled up. "Oh? Has he done something inappropriate?" She asked positive the weasel had said something or done something in direct opposition to what those sexual harassment videos Hr made everyone watch.

"Can... can we like." Bailey motioned towards the office behind the woman. April turned her head to look at the office of her boss Amanda best.

"Sure." She said getting up from her chair, feeling no small amount of glee that Bailey was getting exactly what he deserved for pretending to be some caricature of a woman. When Bailey had followed her into the office she closed the door. "It is just us now Miss Best. Tell me, is there a problem with who I assigned you to work with?"

Squeezing his fingers against his palms, careful not to stab himself with his nails, Bailey tensed the muscles along his arms at just the thought of Brannon's hand's lingering on his shoulders. "Didyoulike knowhewasgoingtobelike thebossoftheentirebuilding!? Mommyisn'tlike gettingthepromotionheis! And..."

"Slow down, I have no idea what you just said." April held her palms up parallel to one another to indicate she wanted Bailey to put spaces between his words.

"I said... well I was like asking if you knew Mr. Brannon was going to be promoted to be in charge of the building and that Mommy going off for training was for like nothing because she isn't getting the job and that he wants to fire her like as soon as he gets the job."

April pursed her lips as she looked away from Bailey and out the floor to ceiling windows at the back of her bosses office before letting out a sigh. "Bastard." She said mostly under her breath. "I knew some of that, but you do not have to worry about Amanda. In fact you should talk to her about her promotion."

The clip holding Bailey's hair threatened to come loose with how hard he shook his head. "No, like that is what I'm trying to like say! He is getting it because he liked talked to someone high up and said I have to do whatever he wants or he will fire her! He like already has slapped my rear twice now!"

Turning her head to the side April covered her mouth to hide the smile and that she had to stifle a laugh. She knew many girls here had been through much worse, some had chosen to do worse in order to keep their jobs, get raises or promotions. The idea of Bailey coming to run to her to say he was done, that he quit because the man asked for a blow job didn't feel like some idle dream. Brannon was never going to have the power to fire Amanda, that is if she took the promotion to director of finance for the west coast, but hearing his plans for her best friend did help make up her mind on what she was going to do for her future. If she took Amanda's place that weasel of a man would be over her, leaving the job opportunity to work under Derrick Connors as a better move, even

if it wouldn't get her the manager title she wanted. "Turn around for me."

"What?"

"I told you to turn around for me, you were pointing out your skirt this morning and I hadn't had a chance to really see it. Do a little spin for me."

"Oh, like okay!" Bailey picked up one of his feet, spinning around on the ball of his other heeled foot. "Wait, like we don't have time to talk about..."

"Yes, yes. I was just having a good look at you and the way you decided to dress. A little slap to your rear isn't going to kill you Bailey and if." April stopped talking, nodding to herself not to figure out what she was going to say but to take a second to appreciate what she was about to do. She wasn't exactly sure on the timing of any of the position changes and figured if Brannon got his before anyone else, then why not play it safe and use the little chauvinist playing at being a female. "It sounds like you are in a trough position, and it looks like I put you there, but it might be for the best. Bailey I'm going to need you... Amanda and I are going to need you to help us out. We will be just fine in the long run, but until the red tape clears here you just might be the only person keeping us safe. Could you do that? Would you do that for Amanda?"

Bailey felt his skin crawl at the idea of sitting through another reward form the man. Closing his eyes for a few seconds Bailey dry swallowed before opening his eyes and looking into April's dark eyes and giving her a nod. "I like don't want to, but I will. I like um think I was meant to help her."

"That is wonderful to hear Bailey, just what a boyfriend should do for his girlfriend, well in your case I guess it would be more what a daughter should do. Hmm that isn't right... speaking of boyfriends. How are you and my pest of a brother?"

"Umm we like just had lunch and oh wow Miss April... Miss Gates, it was so good and before that we... umm well." A blush came to Bailey's face thinking about the pleasure he felt earlier. "I haven't told him no like you said so like please don't tell Mommy about anything. Bailey placed one palm to his warm cheek imagining Mandy being furious that he would cheat on her, saying how much worse it was that he did things with a man and how she wasted so much of her life with a man who was secretly gay.

"I wasn't planning on... what do you mean you haven't told him no?" April asked just as the office door swung open without so much as a knock. Both her and Bailey turned to look at the plus sized man in the tan suit who stood in the doorway.

"Gates, there you are. Why isn't conference room A setup for us? You do understand how your poor actions make others look?"

April glanced away from the overweight man in Bailey's direction about to tell Bailey to scurry along to get it done on the double, but the intruder in the office hadn't had the patience for her to answer the question.

"You girls can gossip another time, you were only put in charge of the interns at the instance of your supervisor. Just because she is on a business trip doesn't mean you get a free pass. Now how about you and..." The man pressed his lips into a line looking at the platinum haired girl standing next to Best's secretary. "Both of you come along, in fact Gates after the two of you get things ready for us you can stay to take dictation. You don't seem to be busy and my secretary is out today."

"Mr..." April stopped talking when the man turned and left, expecting his orders to be followed.

"Oh my god that guy was like so rude! Who is he?" Bailey asked, shaking his head, letting out a huff of air.

'One, two, three, four...' April counted in her head before acknowledging Bailey. She knew that she had ordered Bailey to act like a ditz, something she regretted when he acted that way to her. "No one I report to, but someone important enough that you shouldn't have kept waiting. Now come along, I will help you do the job I assigned you and then it would be best if you just got out of my sight till tomorrow."

With a nod Bailey started to follow along till he almost bumped into the woman as she stopped suddenly in the doorway before she spun around to face him. Bailey took a half step back when she put her index finger in his face.

"I have too much on my plate to also have to do the tasks I assigned you or any



of the interns. With Amanda gone I told her I would take care of one of the monthly reports and I really do not have time to sit and take meeting notes. In the future you will do your job before coming to talk. What you had to say was important, but taking five minutes to put some tea and coffee on a table wasn't going to change a thing!" April left the office, striding over to the break room closest to the conference room to get things that were needed, moving with a purpose. She was mad and while she would love to put the blame on Bailey, she also knew she shouldn't have snapped. She was in charge and could have fixed this before it became a problem, so she resolved to do better in the future. She wasn't going to apologize to Bailey, the man sat around Amanda's apartment not cleaning, not cooking, not working in any way for too long. Being told to hop up off his ass and do what he was told wasn't just the right thing, it was needed as far as she was concerned.

## Chapter 21

Bailey sat on the wood patio in the backyard of Megan's house looking up at the stars in the night. He took a sip of the hot tea before putting the mug down next to him and looked at his phone for the hundredth time rereading the last few text messages from yesterday and today.

**Mommy:** I swear if it was not for coffee I would have fallen asleep today in my last seminar.

**Mommy:** Are you still feeling run down or are you feeling better?

**Bailey:** Feelin like a lot better after rest n takin like the medication miz april dropped off

**Mommy:** Happy to hear you are feeling better pumpkin. Are you ready for your first day of work?

**Bailey:** I hav totes worked b4 n like yeah but also nervus

**Mommy:** You will be fine, just do what April asks.

**Mommy:** I am positive she will be happy to have you to help, she has been stressing about running the intern project. So having someone she knows there will be a big help.

**Bailey:** Yeah she seemed like a lil upset 2day she even told me 2 wear a short skirt

**Mommy:** Did she now?

**Bailey:** Yep!

**Mommy:** Well I am going to let you go, sleep well pumpkin. Love you.

**Bailey:** Love u 2

**Bailey:** 2day was like wow

**Bailey:** Call me when u r free!

A shiver ran through Bailey as a small breeze ran through the trees and the yard. He tightened the gray sweater to his body, covering more of the satin red night gown with white lace over the cups and the bottom hem that he had put on for bed. One hand held tight to the phone and the other held the sweater jacket closed as his exposed legs felt the lack of warmth in the night air. The mule heels on his feet did nothing to keep his feet cold. Picking up the mug again Bailey looked over his shoulder to the closed back door and the lit porch light keeping the darkness at bay. 'Aunt Megan has been like super nice lately, but she is preparing to see Liam tomorrow and I don't want to distract her.

Bailey sat outside for another half hour sipping on his tea and flipping through a few pinterest boards before his phone started to buzz just before the music started to play.

"It's just another night, and I'm staring at the moon. I saw a shooting star and thought of you. I sang a lullaby by the waterside and knew if you were here, I'd sing to you. You're on the other side as the skyline splits in two. Miles away from seeing you. But I can see the stars from America. I wonder, do you see them too?"

Sliding the green phone icon to the side Bailey placed the small device to his ear with a big smile on his face. "Hi Mommy!" Letting go of the jacket Bailey no longer held it closed as he reached up and patted the side of his head, touching one of the rollers to make sure it was still secure after another gust of wind came by.

"Hey pumpkin! You sound like you are in a good mood."

The smile on his face didn't budge an inch as he looked out into the night sky. "I am now after like hearing your voice. I miss you."



"I miss you too, but we only have one more day before I get home. You make it through Friday and then you can meet me at the airport on Saturday."

Bailey used his free hand to rub his legs, trying to get some warmth into them, wishing he had decided to sit inside till she called. "Yeah... but like." He took in a deep breath before blowing it out. "Today has been like so so so much!"

"Yeah? Today was your first day at Mega Corp. I know running coffee orders and filing is not something you are used to. A far cry from running your parents store, but at least it isn't difficult."

Swapping the phone to his other hand and his other ear Bailey used the now free hand to rub his other leg. 'A like super far cry from my old job!' He told himself. "Yeah it like isn't hard, but... Miss Gates. Miss April makes me call her that at work and she told Candi that she isn't allowed to like coordinate the folders anymore because she messed up a few times."

"Coordinate folders? Do you collate?" On the other end of the phone Amanda sat in her hotel sweet on the couch nearest to the window in heavy cotton plaid pajama pants and an old band t-shirt that once belonged to Bailey.

Kicking his shoes off Bailey stood up before stepping off the wooden patio and onto the thick green grass of the yard, feeling it between his toes as took a few more steps on the balls of his feet. "Yeah, I totes mean collate! Well so she is working with Auggy in the basement and oh my god is there a lot of files and junk down there!"

Amanda curled her feet up onto the couch with her as she leaned on a small stack of pillows. "Auggy? Oh, yeah August. That poor boy."

"Mommy he isn't a boy." Bailey corrected, scrunching his nose up after, unsure why he jumped to defend him. Unconsciously Bailey held a breath thinking that defending him would suddenly out him for what the two had done together. The breath came out as Bailey relaxed hearing the happy laughter on the other side of the phone.

"No, I suppose August is not a boy anymore. I just meant I made you go out on that date with him and one date led to another. Maybe April, you and I should

figure out a way to let him down gently now before he gets hurt when my pretty daughter goes away."

Biting his bottom lip Bailey squeezed his toes, pulling on the grass thinking back to Miss April's commands. "Umm Miss April like I think, already has a plan and said she wants me to keep dating him." Bailey took both sides of the opening of the sweater jacket up near the collar, pulling up over his mouth for a second, taking a deep breath before letting go. 'Mommy can't find out about me like blowing him or about today. OMG he better not tell her about what we did!' The spike of anxiety floating away as he took the breath and heard the woman he loved relent.

"If the two of you have it in hand that is fine. I just hope she isn't teasing you about becoming Mrs. Bailey Ann Gates like she did me back at the company picnic." Amanda said laughing at the memory.

"Umm, no she hasn't said that to me." Bailey said thinking back to when he was writing that exact name down and what he liked about August for one of Aunt Megan's assignments.

Holding the phone with her shoulder Amanda used both of her hands to move her hair into a ponytail as she imagined seeing Bailey in a white wedding dress. Bailey acted so naturally like a girl, she still wasn't fully seeing it or at least grasping what she was seeing even after her sister had told her Bailey was actually happy this way. It wasn't until Derrick had shown her Bailey's youtube channel that everything came into focus. Bailey had done so much for her, but the reality of it was that no man would ever pretend to be a girl, let alone one seven years younger just for their girlfriend to get a job, no matter how good of one it was. The last video she saw Bailey post was one of her and Candi dancing in provocative outfits, she had watched it over a dozen times, amazed at the girl she saw. "Well if you ever need to go shopping for a wedding dress you just let me know, pumpkin."

"Anyways... I wanted to like talk about my day." Bailey said desperately wanting to change the subject.

"I would love to hear about it. Tell me everything." Amanda said as stifled a yawn and shifted on the couch so that she was laying on her back instead of sitting up on it.

"Well like today the best thing happened!" Bailey giggled, spinning in place in the yard thinking about the delicious lunch he had. "At lunch..."

"Just going to skip over what happened before lunch?" Amanda chuckled at how Bailey skipped over half the day when she had told him to tell her everything. 'Him? Her? Her.'

"OH My GOD! Who told you about what happened before lunch!?" Bailey said, feeling panic strike him. 'Did Candi tell her Daddy and then he told Mommy? Was it Auggy who told Miss April who told her, but she like said she wouldn't say anything!'

"No, no honey. So far the only thing I know about your day is that apparently the best thing happened at lunch." She couldn't help laughing again, this time at how excitable Bailey was this evening.

"Oh, okay umm good because I was going to tell you. I have to assist someone but he like, said he didn't need me, but would show me how things are done so I could learn and then he let me go down and help Candi with the scanning and she got like two papercuts! But not then, it was later that happened." With his heart starting to slow down Bailey walked back to the porch telling her about what happened in the morning, working his way up to the amazing burger and then how Miss April and him got in trouble by someone because they were talking instead of getting things ready in the conference room and how Miss April cleaned up after so he could spend more time with Auggy and Candi.

"So it was like in the afternoon that Candi got a papercut, well like two and both on the same finger, can you like believe that!"

Laying on the couch Amanda closed her eyes, she was mentally exhausted before she left the west coast headquarters for Mega Corp, now she was struggling once again to not drift off to sleep, wanting to keep talking to Bailey. Intellectually she knew she shouldn't feel bad for being with Derrick while Bailey pretended to be a girl, because that was what he wanted, Bailey was loving being a girl, just wasn't able to say it. So with every verbal exclamation mark Bailey used made her a little happier, and soothed her worries. "Mmm yeah I can, she has to be careful. It sounds like you helped a lot, I hope they thanked you."

"Yeah, totally! Of course they did! Candi said tomorrow after work we are going to get so froyo!" Slitting on the patio Bailey leaned back, plopping down onto his back so he could look up into the sky.

"I never knew how food motivated you are."

Bailey rolled his eyes. "Yeah well like... that is because I don't get much. Breakfast shakes, sometimes one for lunch and then like green noodles or vegan ravioli, ick." Bailey punctuated his statement by sticking his tongue out in disgust, selectively forgetting the actual taste of the healthy meals.

"You could eat more, you do not need to starve yourself to look pretty." She had noticed before how much weight Bailey had lost, it wasn't just him getting skinnier, but what little muscle on his body seemed to have softened.

"Umm no, you have like no idea what Candi would say if I gained an inch by the next time we went to the water park. And like I did help a lot but those boxes are like soooo heavy! I took some with a cart over to get shredded and some of the boxes fell off and there really was only room on the top of other boxes for the cart and well umm well I like my arms were tired so I put them on some shelves. Tomorrow I will move them to the shredder." Bailey giggled imagining the Shredder from Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles was standing in a corner just attacking boxes full of files.

"Bailey Ann we do not do things by half measure."

"I know, but they are just like going to be shredded so I figured..."

"You figured no one would know you didn't finish what you were asked to do and I believe you just told me your friend was going to take you out for frozen yogurt to thank you for helping. So what do you think you should do?"

Still laying there looking up at the stars Bailey pursed his lips. "Tell Candi what I did, fix it and like tell her I wont do it again." He said much to his chagrin.

Hearing the tone of Bailey's voice Amanda let out a sigh. "I suppose there was no harm done, how about tomorrow you just move those boxes to where they are

supposed to be. So long as you promise me in the future you will ask for help if you are too tired to lift something heavy." She imagined after living a life where men needed to look strong and seen as weak if they asked for help the idea of needing help to just move some files boxes was something she was still getting used to. Amanda knew the boxes could get heavy, but Bailey always did have an ego, and the fact she was willing to accept fault right away when confronted was a massive step in a better direction.

"I can totally do that! I don't have to tell Candi or Auggy?!"

"I suppose not." Amanda yawned once more. "Listen, I have loved talking with you tonight." She pulled the phone away from her face to see the conversation had gone on for longer than an hour. An amazing feat when in the past she could hardly get Bailey to be on the phone for twenty minutes. "I am going to let you go so the both of us can get some sleep."

"I love you Mommy!" Bailey said happily. He hadn't told her about Mr. Brannon and what he wanted, but he was a man and it was his duty to protect her.

"I love you too pumpkin, sweet dreams."

With the phone call over Bailey got up, slid his feet back into his mules before bending over at the waist to pick up the mug with the now cold tea inside. Just as he reached for the door handle it hit him. "I totally forgot to like ask her about what Miss April meant about her promotion."

## **Chapter 22**

Biting his bottom lip Bailey looked at himself in the bedroom mirror in Becky's old room. His head tilted to the side as he moved the flat iron through his long platinum blonde hair. He had put his hair up in curlers the night before after Candi had shown him a pinterest board with different hairstyles. Sleeping with curlers pulling his hair tightly to his scalp hadn't made for the best night of sleep and after getting dressed he just didn't like the hairstyle. So he had to take more time out of his morning to get everything right. 'A good girl always looks her best.'

When he couldn't get comfortable the previous night Bailey had thought back to the events of the day, his mind focusing on the private time with August. The corners of his lips tugged up as both of his hands cupped the feminine mounds of



his chest, while his mind played back the events of the time on the couch, he could feel phantom touches on his soft pliable flesh. His own hand and fingers touched and caressed his nipples, moving along with the recent memory. Bailey found himself taking small shallow breaths, each coming quicker as a deep blush came to his face. "Mmmm." Bailey moved one hand to fan his face while the other continued, rolling the nipple of his left breast between two fingers and through the satin of his lingerie top. Much like it had earlier in the day Bailey felt his arousal rising as he pictured Auggy suckling on his nipples.

The air conditioned air soon stopped being fanned to Bailey's face with his hand, as it sunk down to between his legs. Bailey could feel his male member twitching behind the secured prosthetic, he had no way to take his dick in hand like he wanted, but touching the slit of the synthetic skin, right where a woman's clitoris would be he was able to activate the vibrator strapped around his hidden member. It wasn't the first time the device had stimulated him, but it wasn't something he often did. So much of his life had given way to femininity, that he had gone from getting off one way or another everyday to hardly ever. Making events like what happened with August earlier in the day much more explosive.

Shifting his legs Bailey squeezed his eyes closed as one hand moved on his chest, rolling one of his nipples between his fingers, while his other hand slid across the part of his fake feminine crotch that kept the vibrator going. He never understood why the thing always seemed to act like it was set on high, just the vibrations from being on his old motorcycle had been a sexual experience that he was powerless to clamp down . Now he had been so worked up that the thought of stopping hadn't even crossed his mind. How he rubbed himself, the speed of his fingers didn't change how things felt, at least not for his crotch. Sliding a finger into his vagina didn't cause any stimulation, the vibrator was simply on or off, but it combined with the erotic feeling coming from the pleasure in his chest had him ready to burst before a few minutes had passed. "Eee, eee, eeee, ah, ah, EEEEE, AH!" Bailey gasped for air, pulling his hand out of his panties, able to feel the sticky mess that now covered his hand. In the dark he couldn't see what his hand looked like or his cum covering it.

Reaching over to the bedside table he wiped his hand off with a few tissues, the thought of getting out of bed had been dismissed quickly with how tired he felt from the late hour and the post ejaculation release of melatonin, allowing him to finally get to sleep. Now the morning Bailey smiled at himself, it had been a while since he had gotten off just before bed.

"Owie!" Bailey said, pulling the flat iron away from him, glaring at it like it was the object's fault his eyes had glazed over thinking about the night before. "Like, get

it together girl." Bailey said slapping one of his cheeks before getting back to work so he wouldn't be late for the office like the day before.

Before long Bailey was turning to the side to check out his profile in the mirror. Today he wore a black button up blouse with sleeves having a folded design stopping shy of his elbows and left unbuttoned enough to show his cleavage like Brannon had indicated he wanted. 'A good girl is always obedient.' The blouse was tucked into a high waisted white ribbed pencil skirt that came down to mid thigh. On his feet were a pair of white rounded toe, hidden platform feels that easily added four and a half inches to his height. On his right wrist he wore two chunky gold bangles and a pair of diamond shaped dangling gold earrings, both more costume jewelry than worth anything. Satisfied with how everything looked Bailey took his phone in hand, holding it up in the air at an angle before snapping a few photos.



Like the day before Megan stepped out of the front door, this time not on her way to work, but still had to remind the two standing on her driveway that they should get going instead of standing around talking. "Girls, you are going to be late if you don't get a move on." Megan smiled at the two, she already knew Bailey was so happy to be down right hyper with their plans, well her plans to pay Liam a visit later in the day, and it seemed that kind of energy was contagious with how the Connors girl was acting. Today she had been dressed in a light coral red ruffled just below knee length skirt with a wrap white blouse with three quarter sleeves and a pair of nude glossy three inch rounded toe heels. She looked pretty, a much more toned down than Bailey's tight workoutfit, while still being eye-catching.



"Thank you Aunt Megan!" Candi said excitedly, waving her hand in the older woman's direction before she watched the two get into her sister's car and drive

away.

The morning hadn't been perfect for Bailey, it had been annoying to change his hair after he spent all night in curlers, but it just didn't look right so it had to be changed he reasoned. Still he was sure the day would be great, by the end of the work day Liam would feel the first stroke of his revenge. The arrogant smaller man would get to feel what it was like to wear his first pair of heels. That thought kept Bailey's smile brighter than normal, up until the group of interns were standing in front of Miss April. Even as he heard the bad news he couldn't help looking at his peers in the program, how they were dressed. Overall there were twelve of them gathered around the space just in front of his fake god mother's desk.

Not all of the boys wore full suits, some wore collared polo shirts with khakis, some didn't bother to wear a tie, while some didn't bother to wear a blazer. One of them got Miss April's full attention, Bailey didn't wish to be in his shoes, knowing exactly how it felt to have her dark eyes bearing down on him like gravity itself. 'Shoes... her shoes are cute!' Bailey thought, his mind losing focus on what she was saying as he looked her outfit over. She wore a tan pencil skirt with white buttons down the front, what he assumed was a flap for a fake pocket, with a black three quarter sleeve, collarless blouse that had brass buttons going down in almost the same line as the white ones on the skirt and she had paired with with a cute pair of skin tone rounded toe four inch heels with a half inch hidden platform, that had a black seam around the top of the shoe that ended in a tiny black bow on the front. Bailey's smile stayed in place unsure of what was going on as the woman only a few years his senior wagged her finger in the boy's direction.



April wasn't mad, some of these kids were just out of highschool, she knew one girl wasn't actually turning eighteen and actually be old enough for the program till near the end of it, but her father, like some of the others had pulled strings to get their kids in for what was considered a prestigious summer intern program. Still she had to be stern or they would try to walk all over her, something she had already had to put a stop to more than once with the more entitled of the group. "You do not see any of your colleagues wearing a t-shirt. I don't care if you wore it with slacks and a blazer over it. You are not some tech bro CEO who gets to look the way they want. You..." She paused for just a heartbeat, poking her finger in his direction, close enough to almost press into his chest as she grasped for the blonde curly haired boy's name. "Hugh, you are an intern and were told what was acceptable to wear to the office before day one. Did I tell you to dress differently?"

"This isn't a big deal, and I look good." Hugh said, not bothering to even look

slightly ashamed that he was getting a tongue lashing, as he turned his head to the green eyed girl next to him with short platinum blonde locks. "You agree with me right? I'm Hugh, Hugh Astor. Your father is Derrick Connors right? He works with my mother..." Candi looked at the clothes the boy who was about a year older than her was wearing. She tilted her head almost agreeing with him, his outfit was well put together, he was well groomed, but she also really didn't like his dismissive attitude, but before she could say anything one way or the other April lowered the register of her voice, while not lowering her volume.

"Mega Corp isn't a dating show." She said, snapping her fingers in front of his face to grab his attention back to her. You are here to learn, you will follow directions. I don't care if your great grandpa started the company. Here. Right now. I am who you report to. So I ask you again, did I tell you to dress differently?"

For his part Hugh made eye contact with the beautiful girl next to him, giving her a half smile before shrugging his shoulders and looking back at the pushy woman in front of him. He could tell from others' body language that she intimidated them, but he knew she was nothing but a secretary with an over inflated ego that was thrown a bone to run this program. "No, you did not." he responded, proud of himself that he kept himself from rolling his eyes.

"I also put you under Cherry Geller in administration operations. Did she tell you to dress like this?" April had put the arrogant man child with them to learn to accept humble pie. She knew the boy grew up with a silver spoon in his mouth and having him intern to a secretarial pool would just eat at his ego. She had at first considered sending Bailey down there too, having Hugh work with Bailey would accomplish a lot, but Brannon seemed like such a worse position.

"No, but..." Hugh said after starting his sentence with a sigh, but not getting far before April cut him off again.

"There is no but, except yours that will be walking out of the building this morning, heading home and changing before coming back. Mr. Astor, what I expect from you is the same thing I expect from everyone. To be a good little worker ant, do as you are told. If you have a problem you are free to quit, we are early enough in the program that I have no problem replacing you with someone from the waiting list. Now, go home, get changed, come back and if I hear one word of complaint I will move you to assisting someone from the janitorial staff, I'm sure they would love to have the help. Am. I. Clear?"

April could see him practically boiling from the inside from anger, but when he hung his head she knew he would do exactly as she wanted. Though there was more than a good chance he would be going to tell his parent about the mean admin who made him feel bad and threatened to make him touch a trash can. Her eyes drifted past him as he slinked off to Candace Connors who was standing next to him and made a mental note to speak to her father to see if he would be willing to give her some cover from those on high. She could call Amanda, and bless her friend she would go to bat for her even knowing she didn't have the pull to stop the elder Astor from coming down on her if the woman wanted.

"Okay folks." April said moving back to the center of the group, a crisp snap coming from her left hand as she looked across the young faces around her. The dark eyed woman's gaze stopped seeing the startled expression on Bailey's face when she snapped her fingers. 'Did he wear that blouse just to mess with me!? I just made a point about Hugh wearing a t-shirt and Bailey decided to make himself somehow look more like an office tart.' She took three quick steps near the feminized man, shaking her head, hating that she had mentally given him credit for at least wearing a skirt that's name didn't start with the word mini. "Bailey, what are you wearing?" She said in a harsh whisper, loud enough that Candi on Bailey's left and an asian boy Bailey didn't know on his right could hear.

"Umm like..." Bailey looked down, pinching his black blouse, not sure what the problem was for a few seconds that felt like they drew out for minutes. "Oh, Mr. Brannon." Bailey whispered back with a pout on plump lips. Aunt Amanda had told him that Bailey was already expected to dress a certain way, Miss April had told him that he needed to ramp things up and then Mr. Brannon was more specific. He wasn't sure why she had a problem when she had pushed him in this direction.

"Did he? Well, never mind then." She said, stepping back with a predatory smile on her face. 'One chauvinist making another dress up to please them is exactly the kind of thing I wanted.' Controlling herself, April let the smile go, forcing herself to regain her sterner demeanor. "Well with that all out of the way, I expect everyone here to continue to be professional as we continue on. We do have some changes on the agenda, going forward all of you will have your lunches split up. All of you will be split up into three groups for when your lunches happen so that we have some interns around at all times."

Splitting up when employees go to lunch was just normal business, Bailey had no idea she hadn't already done just that. The problem came when he was put into a

different group than the only other person he knew here, his best friend. When the group was split up he approached the woman, positive it was just an oversight. "Miss April." Bailey said before taking half a step back, feeling the glare press into him like a physical force. "I mean... Miss Gates. You accidentally put me and Candi on different times for like lunch."

'Me and Candi? Did he put himself first because of his ego? Or because he is following my direction to be a ditz?' April pressed her lips together in a line, holding her gaze with the feminized man. "Miss Connors is doing project work and is on the same schedule as others doing project work, while you are for all purposes taking up the role as an administrative assistant and will be taking lunch at the same time as those in similar roles. As your internship goes on you will be moved around to expand your knowledge and skill set. Perhaps in the future the two of you will be on the same lunch schedule. You are here to work, Miss Best, not hang out with a friend."

Moving around to sit at her desk, April crossed her legs before scooting her chair closer and looking up into Bailey's green eyes. "Is there something else I can help you with? April said while she reveled at how easy it was to separate her little brother from Bailey so he would spend more time around Candace.

While April was trying to take some control over her brothers life, in a different part of the building August was sitting in one of the small conference rooms with three others, one from human resources that he had only seen in passing, a stern woman who looked like she could play the part of Skeletor from He-Man if Skeletor had frown lines. A man with dark hair that was just starting to turn gray from age, it not yet touching his mustache. The older man reminded of Tom Selleck, and other than knowing he was one of those people with a V.P. in front of his job title he wasn't sure exactly who he was and then the last was a middle aged middle eastern man in a suit that he was sure was more expensive than his beat up car. Being told by his boss to go to a small conference room full of three people he didn't know, one of them being a V.P. and the other someone from HR caused him to feel sweat go down his back. "Good morning" He greeted them, doing his best to project confidence that he did not possess.

"Mr. Gates, do you know why you were called here this morning?" August heard the elderly woman say in a voice that felt sharp enough to cut through a well done steak.

"Because..." He said hesitating. "You have seen how good of a job I'm doing and want to promote me?" The flat expressions on two of their faces told August his



little joke to lighten the tension hadn't worked and the eye roll from the man in the expensive suit told him he was way off the mark, making him start to really worry. He opened his mouth to ask them their names, but the hard glare from the meaner version of Skeletor told him it would be best if he didn't speak unless spoken too.

"This is not a time to be sardonic." The executive said harshly.

August watched the man sitting in the middle, the man in the expensive suit look to the people on either side of him, wondering what was going on. It felt like the air conditioning was no longer working, the air was stifling.

"Mr. Gates, do you mind if I call you August?" The middle eastern man asked with a hint of a smile trying to show its way through. He waited for the young man who was clearly over his head to nod before continuing. "August, yesterday we have logs... no wait. I think we started off on the wrong foot. My name is Anas, I am one of the many lawyers Mega Corp retains, to my left is Mary." Anas paused seeing the sour expression somehow deepen on the older woman's face. "To my right is Preston, we are here to help both you and Mega Corp." He continued, using first names for everyone to try and make the tense situation feel more casual.

"Yesterday we have records showing you checked out some records."

Eager to tell the three what he believed they wanted to know, August spoke up. "I was helping the intern program to scan hard file documents, converting them to images. I was working with..." August stopped talking when Anas held up his hand, but the well spoken man didn't get a chance to sooth the fast talking August, Preston Girton speaking up first.

"Where exactly are those documents you checked out now?!" As the man leaned forward August leaned back in his chair. He wasn't sure what was going on, he would gladly tell them anything they wanted to know. An executive, human resources and a lawyer were asking him questions, this was not a good meeting to be in.

"Calm yourself Preston, we will get to that. No need to make the lad worry about getting in trouble." Preston glared at the lawyer for using his first name.

"Do you know who I am?" Preston asked both August and Anas.

"I do..." Anas said calmly, holding up a hand so August knew not to say anything. "August Preston here is the CDO, or the Chief Data Officer of this branch of Mega Corp. Please forgive him, he is just worried about what might have happened to some of the files you checked out yesterday. It seems they never made it back in and looking over the area where you worked, they were not found."

A bead of sweat slid down August's forehead. The lawyer was clearly trying to keep things calm, and the executive who he thought was a VP, was actually someone higher and he had apparently not checked in a box. "I ahh... I thought I got everything. We put everything into piles and then put them back after we scan them."

The group interrogated him about almost every minute of his day as they sat in the small conference room for an hour. Each of them having their own tact and manner of presenting themselves. The CDO acted as if it was below him to even speak to the still newly hired man doing data entry most days. Mary mostly being silent, while her face let August know just how disappointed she was in him and probably still would be if he figured out a faster way to get to the moon. The only one that seemed to be on his side was the lawyer, and August, as nervous as he was, still wasn't stupid enough to think that was true.

Tapping his finger on the desk Anas glanced around the room, hoping something that was said here would help them find the document boxes. In them were files they were required to hold onto by law, they were to be handed over to the court system for a current class action lawsuit, or they would be soon as Mega Corp ran out of resources to delay the proceedings. "Mr. Gates." He switched to being more formal, wanting to show the gravity of what he was about to say. "The three of us thank you for your time today, we will use it to further our investigation into the documents whereabouts. We will meet again at another time, but for now you need to know if we cannot produce those documents, or worse if they were destroyed, Mega Corp." He patted his hand on the table. "Could be charged with tampering a third degree felony and I'm afraid that you would be the face of those charges."

## **Chapter 23**

Walking down a row of cubicles Bailey glanced down at the post-it note with a list

of names that Brannon had given him and then looked back up to a name plate near the opening of one of the cubicles. "Knock knock, Mr. Caddel!" Bailey said, sticking his head into the cubicle with a big smile on his face. "I'm like just coming around to pick up a report for..." Bailey looked back down to the post-it note again. "Account... Teaten? Sorry, it is a little hard to read. Oh and I'm Bailey, one of the new interns! I will be around for a bit helping Mr. Brannon and... Is that a video for TitanFall!? It looks totally fun! I have only seen the trailer but it looks... I mean OMG you get to get in a giant robot!" Bailey said with genuine excitement. He didn't often buy video games when they first came out, never wanting to have to wait in line or deal with places being out of stock and waiting always allowed him to look something up if he ran into trouble. This was one of those games he had been excited about, just hadn't had the opportunity to pick up and had been forgotten till this moment.

Swiveling in his chair the twenty three year old Caleb Caddel moved his attention away from his phone where he was watching some game play from a youtuber to the overly excited green eyed girl. Once seeing her a smile spread across his face as he took her in, much of his focus being on her low cut top. "It is." He said clicking the power button on the side of his phone to turn off the screen. "You said your name is Bailey?"

"Yep!" the feminized man said cheerfully, not picking up on where the seated man in front of him was looking as he made a mental note to pick up the game with his first paycheck. The thought of buying TitanFall reminded him how he also would need to also hit Sephora to resupply some of the products he used daily.

"You don't need to call me Mr. Caddel, that sounds so formal. You can call me Caleb, it is nice to meet you. Honestly not a lot of people around here with good taste like yours. If you like after work you could come over to my place and we could play and maybe order a pizza."

"Hmm?" Bailey made the sound blinking a few times to refocus and come back into the moment after his mind went down the rabbit hole of makeup products he would need to get. "I'm sorry I like umm space out sometimes, I can be a bit of a ditz. What was it you said?" Being left to his own devices growing up Bailey often would zone out to consider something, it had gotten worse when he had to pretend to be something he was not. Asking himself what a girl would do in a situation, what she would say, would it be different if said girl had less than a hundred IQ. He was aware of what others thought about him when he did it, but as Bailey Ann it played into the role and over the course of the last few weeks he had gotten worse about doing it. As time passed he had to contemplate how to

act as a girl less and less, but letting his mind wonder so often from what was happening had conditioned himself to keep doing it.

"I was just asking if you maybe wanted to come by my apartment to play TitanFall after work?" Celeb asked, knowing the game only allowed multiplayer online.

The image of a giant robot crashing down to the earth and climbing inside to shoot rockets around filled Bailey's mind filling him with an excited glee. It didn't just sound fun, but also an escape from his current feminine life. He had doubled his efforts to submerge himself into being Bailey Ann, but new game gave him a different avenue of escapism. The joy that came over him showed in his body, acting to the offer much like Candi would to something she was excited to do. Bailey Bounced on the balls of his feet, a large smile coming to his lips. The movement causing his feminine chest to bounce, something Caleb was happy to see.

"Oh my god! I would love to!" Bailey said before a pout came to his face as he blew some air out heavily through his nostrils. The sad expression stayed only for a second before moving back to its normal resting grin. "But, I like can't. I already have plans." Playing the game sounded fun, but tonight was Bailey's last night at Aunt Megan's house and when she came home she would be not just telling him all about what she did to Liam, she would show him with the video camera she was going to set up and he just couldn't wait to see his revenge come to life.

With a shrug and a nod Caleb accepted the rejection, turning in his chair slightly to pick up a stack of files that the hot girl had been asking for. "I get it." He had been so excited, his hopes soaring when he saw how excited she had gotten at his offer, but he should have known better than to get his hopes up. "Can't blame a guy for trying to ask someone as pretty as you out when he gets the chance." The young man said, holding out the stack of his work. He felt a small pang in his heart as he saw the girl smile at him as she tilted her head to the side and flutter her lashes.

'He was asking me out!? No, no, no, no I'm not going on a date with another guy! I have enough... oh it would be so funny if I set Liam up with a date with another man. That would be perfect!' Bailey thought, as he took the paperwork. "I'm like sorry Caleb, but I have a boyfriend. You seem like a great guy though, maybe I can set you up with a friend sometime." Mentally Bailey pumped his arm, happy that Auggy was coming in handy. He wasn't sure if setting this guy up with Liam would really work or even if the smaller man would be passable, but it seemed

like a good way to let him down easy.

"Really? Yeah that would be great and I get it, no way someone like you wouldn't have your pick up guys and beating off the rest with a stick."

"I would rather use a robot titan!" Bailey said, giving the guy a wink and wishing he really could just bash guys in the head with a two by four. "Well, I like have to get going. I was like super nice meeting you."

The conversation with Caleb had Bailey imagining the things he could try and do with Liam. Make him paint his fingernails and toe nails, watch a few rom coms, but not the good ones that he had watched with Candi. Walking into the office to deliver the files a big smile crossed Bailey's lips, thinking about how his aunt had made him jerk off while looking at a picture of Chuck and sucking on a dildo. That was the exact right type of punishment he wanted to give to Liam, that and maybe use his first paycheck to buy one of those dildos on a piston and leave him tried up while the machine fucked him for a few hours. 'Do I make enough to buy that?'

Not focusing on anything around him, Bailey's heeled foot hit the wooden leg of one of the chairs in front of Brannon's desk. The minor collision caused Bailey to lose his balance, toppling off his heeled feet and down onto his knees at the side of the desk he was trying to walk around. The tumble didn't hurt, but it had caused all the files to be scattered across the floor, their contents both spilling out and mixing. "Oops!"

Jumping to his feet George slammed both of his palms down atop his wooden desk, as he looked down at the girl on the floor that was now covered in a mess. "Oops!? Look at what you did, you silly bimbo! Do you have any idea how long this is going to take to get sorted!?" Brannon practically growled at his inept intern. Stomping his feet he moved around to the side of his desk, grabbing the girl by her forearm to pull her up to her feet.

"I'm sorry... I... tripped. It was an accident." Bailey only glanced at his face, looking away from the hard angry expression. Biting his plump lower lip he looked around, he would have immediately started putting things back in order, but Bailey had no idea where to begin, or what should go where. 'No, no, no, no, no.' The word echoed in his mind as his eyes darted from one piece of paper to the next, hoping to see something with page number, a title page, anything to start sorting things out. Brannon was upset, down right furious if the grip on his

arm told him anything and he was the one that held the future in his hands.

"An accident... wipe that smile off your face... in fact I know exactly how bimbo's like you learn their lesson." His hand still gripping the girl's arm he pulled her over to his desk, having no problem pushing her down onto it, bending her over the side of the desk, her practically tripping in her heels from the sudden movement.

"What are you..? Oof!" The air was pushed out of Bailey's lungs as he was thrown down onto the desk, his breasts pressing hard onto the wooden surface as the balding man's hand pressed firmly on the small of his back to hold him in place. "Let go." The words coming out hardly audible when Bailey tried to talk after getting the air knocked out of him. That was when he learned exactly what the man meant by learning a lesson as a sharp pain came to his rear.

SMACK

SMACK



After the second slap to the girls white skirt covered ass George leaned in closer. "Girls like you need to be spanked to understand how naughty they are."

Bailey's eyes had gone wide when he felt the first attack to his rear, he gritted his teeth feeling the second, his legs kicked in the air and into the side of the desk as the man held him in place. While being disciplined in this manner hadn't really been done to him growing up, Bailey Ann had experienced it a few times from her aunt and mother, but having this done by another man and done in an office was something new, something worse. "Stop!, Stop, Please!"

SMACK

"You want me to stop? Then tell me you will be a good little bimbo from now on." George left his hand on the girl's ass after the last slap, cupping it with his hand.

"What?!" Bailey asked, shocked by what the creep wanted him to say.

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

"Ow, Ow, ow, PEACHES! Please..." Bailey begged, feeling tears coming to his eyes.

"Just tell me what I want to hear, little Best. You are sorry aren't you?" George smirked, he had done plenty of things to and with girls under him in the past, but this was the first time he spanked a girl, or at least the first time he wasn't paying someone for the privilege. The girl represented her mother, a smug woman that didn't understand her place. She would soon, but first her daughter would learn.

"Yes, yes! I'm sorry! I just fell down, I swear like I didn't mean to!" The thin fabric of his panties and skirt did little to protect him from the man's hand. The blows were more painful than what aunt Megan gave individually, leaving his rear throbbing after each blow. While it did hurt the pain wasn't anything normally tear



inducing, the act of him feeling powerless again had sent his mind into a tailspin.

SMACK

SMACK

"What you meant doesn't matter girl, what you did and do in the future matter. Now tell me you know that you are a little blonde bimbo."

Bailey's bottom lip quivered, but quickly it changed as he grit his teeth once more as another slap came to his rear. "I'm a little blonde bimbo, please stop!"

"A little bimbo that likes to tease me, don't you?" When Brannon said that a rhyme came to Bailey's mind that he hadn't said in a while about liking to tease and getting down on his knees to please. When Bailey didn't answer right away he felt the ninth slap to his rear.

"Y... yes, yes I'm a bimbo that likes to tease you."

"See that wasn't so hard was it, little Best? In fact I'm betting getting that out in the open feels pretty good. Now tell me you will be a good girl for me from now on." George commanded.

"I.. I..." Bailey swallowed the saliva in his mouth. "I will be a good girl for you from now on." Soon as the words escaped Bailey's lips he was helped back to his feet, though it was an awkward position. Looking down Bailey slipped his foot into one of his white heels that had fallen off when he was kicking his feet about.

"You look a mess girl, why don't you scamper off and make yourself look presentable and then you can come back here and clean up your mess."

The man didn't need to tell Bailey twice, quickly as he could he pulled open the door and rushed off to first his cubicle to get his purse and then the ladies room. Standing in front of the mirror Bailey used some wipes to clean up his face, washing it. He felt like curling up in a ball and crying, the throbbing from his rear was mind compared to what he felt inside. Being bent over like that, powerless brought back the hazy memory of his legs being held apart by a metal bar, while

his hands were tied behind his back by a belt while he was fucked... fucked by another man, someone he once counted as a friend.

Ragged breaths came to Bailey, his chest heaving and even though he was wearing such a low cut top and was looking in a mirror he took no notice of how his breasts moved. All of his focus on his own face, his own eyes. Calm came slowly, but as Bailey started to reapply makeup, things settled. After fully cleaning his face Bailey started with primer, then foundation, adding concealing and by the time he was adding blush his breathing was back to normal. The simple routine calming his mind. The sight of himself when he came into the bathroom had somehow made him feel worse. Adding eyeliner and eyeshadow he started to feel more like himself and then by the time he was putting the cap back on his lipstick he was back to smiling.

The routine didn't change what happened, it didn't fix anything, but it did allow him time to think. Time to move on to his next steps, to remind himself he needed to be happy, a happy girl had less to worry about.

Now looking in the mirror Bailey turned his head to the side, pulling out his phone for a bathroom selfie, not really thinking about what he was doing. Only what he was about to do, he was going to have to go talk to Miss April. This guy couldn't get away with what he just did, he couldn't believe the balding creep had the nerve to do it. The nerve to make him say he was a bimbo that wanted to tease him. The man had to be stopped.

## **Chapter 24**

Sitting at her desk April finished filling out a form for one of the interns that had quit. Closing her eyes she pinched the bridge of her nose in aggravation. She had gotten a phone call from HR about one of her male interns Christos Nikolaou, a twenty year old that she currently had assisting in their information technology department. He had apparently gone to them to claim the manager there, Camila Rodriguez had sexually harassed him. April only knew the woman in passing and without Christos coming to her about the issue she had no way of knowing if the woman was just as bad as the men around the building or if the young man was crying wolf.

"Miss April."

April opened her eyes after hearing her name spoken in a soft feminine voice.

Standing in front of her desk she saw Bailey with a determined look on their face. "What did I tell you about using my first name at the office?" She asked with a little more vitreal than she intended.

Pressing his lips together Bailey could feel the lipstick on his pouty lips as they slid against one another. He didn't want to play politics with her, but he also didn't want to have her mad at him. Not just because she knew he had been with her younger brother sexually and how she could easily tell people, but also because he needed her help to deal with Brannon. The man had made him feel so helpless, he had firmed his resolve to come to her. Yet now that he felt the dark pools of her eyes on him and hearing the tone of her voice it started to crack and he could feel the tears wanting to flood his eyes. He hardly ever cried, pressing things down to be stoic like his father. When his emotions first started to be all over the place he hated it, but when he was held and told to let it all out he had and felt better for it. Now standing here in the office he wished he could go back to pushing it all down, or at least have someone to tell him everything was going to be okay while holding him.

Blinking a few times to try and fight off the tears Bailey took a deep breath in looking at April Gates, wishing he was talking to someone else that would tell him everything was all right. "Miss Gates..."

Seeing Bailey's green eyes well up with tears, April quickly hit complete on the form before standing up from her desk to stand closer to the feminized man. "Miss best." April glanced around them before talking in a gentler voice. "Bailey, are you okay?" She asked, suddenly feeling bad for biting his head off the second he came to her. He aggravated her to no end, wasn't close to good enough for her friend, yet standing there dressed as he was and looking like he was on the verge of crying. Bailey deserved a lot, but he didn't need to pay for her own frustrations.

Hearing the question Bailey instinctually nodded, the normal smile starting to creep back up his face before faltering. 'Like get it together! You are totally stronger than this!'

The facial expressions of Bailey seemed so genuine to April, Bailey looking like they were about to burst into tears and trying to put on a brave face at the same time. It made her want to help, to leap into action, but she cooled her emotions with logic. She always knew Bailey was good at manipulating Amanda, her friend would tell her how young he made her feel, but she just never understood how she could put up with a man that was a leech. Now she was wondering if acts

like this were how he manipulated her into allowing him to stay around. "Well if you are okay, then what can I do for you?" She spoke in the same gentle tone she had just used, but was feel much more worry.

"Its... umm like about Mr. Brannon."

"What about him?" April cocked her head to the side, now feeling like she had a better handle on what Bailey was after. Act sad, turn on some water works so he could be moved to work with someone else. He hadn't even done a proper job of setting up a conference room the previous day, she didn't feel even a little inclined to move him away from the position she put him in.

Dry swallowing Bailey nodded, mostly to himself as he tried to bring back the resolve he had as he walked up to her desk. Admitting what happened felt wrong, he shouldn't be vulnerable, that wasn't something men were... yet he did. The heels changing his balance, the restrictive skirt and exposed legs all fed into how he felt, not that he was self aware enough to put it together. "He... he like, umm." Seeing April's eyebrow go up as he stumbled on his words only made things harder. As he tried to tell her what happened he relived the feeling of being pressed down on the desk, a firm hand spanking him.

"He what, Bailey? When I told you to ramp up the ditzy act you have going on, I did not mean with me. Tell me what is going on or get back to work."

Giving her a weak smile Bailey gave her a few micro nods of his head, feeling his earrings and hair moving he just wished she wouldn't make this so hard. "Mr. Brannon spanked me when I spilled paperwork and made me.. Made me say things he wanted." He wanted to tell her what the man had made him say, but just admitting he let the balding man put his hands on him was emasculating enough.

"He spanked you? Like pulled you over his lap or slapped your rear as you walked by?"

"Umm... he umm like, he had me over his desk and did it." Bailey said in a small voice.

A torrent of emotions flooded April, many of them conflicting with one another. She had always despised George Brannon, the way he treated everyone, the

way he treated women especially stoked the fire of her anger. The man was a creep, and yet someone wormed his way to the top of this branch, or he would soon as the appointment took place. She had known of more than one girl that had reported him for his behavior, heck she knew of one man under him that reported him for cursing at him. Amanda had told her how she was in charge of some people, yet had her hands tied to discipline some people and even though she didn't say his name, April knew she meant the bald weasel. Yet she had chosen him specifically so that Bailey could understand what women in the workplace would go through. She wanted to report him, she wanted to punch him so hard his jaw would dislocate. Bailey getting spanked like a misbehaving child wasn't specifically what she had in mind, but she also thought it was fitting. Hearing Bailey's confession, one that she was sure he was exaggerating on considering it was coming from him both upset her and brought a small amount of joy. 'They are perfect for each other. One chauvinist acting out things with another, better Bailey than any of the girls I am in charge of.'

"He shouldn't be touching you or anyone. I will walk with you down to human resources and you can fill out a report. It wouldn't be the first one today."

Bailey's eyes went wider at the idea of telling someone else. Part of him knew she couldn't make someone happen and that it would have to go further, April wasn't just an admin really. 'If I go with her then everyone will know... Mommy will know I let that happen.'

"Can't... umm can't you just go talk to him or..."

April cut Bailey off, moving a little closer. "No, I cannot just go and talk to him. What would I say? Hey, would you please stop spanking your intern because she doesn't like it? We can go down to HR, tell them what happened. They are the only ones we can go to for this, not that they will do anything about him, but you. You, they will fire and before you go thinking that would be for the best, I want you to really think about what that means." April leaned just a little closer, pointing her finger in the platinum blonde's direction.

Moving his right hand Bailey felt the thick cheap gold bangle on his wrist shift as he gripped his other arm just above the elbow, his eyes shifting away from the women pointing at him and to the floor. Shame flooded his mind as he did exactly as she said. 'A good girl is always obedient.' He thought of what the man had said about being in charge soon, how he was getting the promotion mommy was supposed to get because of who he knew and how if he did exactly as he was told then she would be safe. "I... I want to protect her, but... this is like too

much!"



"Protect her?" April asked, confused, but continued on before Bailey could respond, irking her that he said it was too much. It really was too much, the man had crossed a line, but so had Bailey with the caricature he chose to portray. "No Bailey, that isn't too much. Women around here..." She leaned in closer. "Real women go through so much worse. What you are going to do is go back to him and apologize for making a mess or making a scene or whatever."

"But..."

"No buts Miss Best." As she cut Bailey off an idea popped into her mind on how she could still teach Bailey a thing or two and maybe have the leverage she needed to protect more people from the ambitious asshole. One of her goals was to get Bailey to quit, not just Mega Corp but the whole act, she just didn't know how to fully do that and still save her friends career and her own. While her idea wasn't profound it could be a step in the right direction for her own career if she could pull it off. "I get that what happened was hard on you, but let me ask you something. I think if someone has to suffer so many others will never have to then it is worth the price. Ends and means and all that." The hard expression on April's face faded away as she smiled, putting her hand on fake teen's shoulder.

"Yeah?"

"Everyone knows you are less than smart, or at least everyone does after you talk to them. Girls like you break the rules all the time. Carrying their phones around with them instead of keeping them at their desks, so no one would think twice if you did. Now this is the question. What would happen if you had your phone with you and recorded how he treated you? Have on record you asking him to stop, have on record him not just violating company policy but breaking the law?"

"I'll tell you what will happen." April continued without waiting for an answer. "You would be protecting everyone at this company from that man." She latched on to what Bailey said earlier about protecting her, thinking he meant Candi. "You would be a hero, at least I would think of you that way."

Blinking a few times the normal smile on Bailey's face returned as he looked back to the women in front of him, making eye contact once more. "A hero? You would?"



April nodded. 'You would be more like an informant than a hero.' She thought, but didn't dare bring the thought to voice. "The man treats everyone like they are beneath them, except those he sucks up to and those people not only protect him, but raise him up. How do you think Amanda would feel if the man that used back channels to steal the promotion that she worked hard for suddenly had justice come upon him."

Bailey had spent many hours sitting on the couch with his golden haired girlfriend as she watched shows like How to Catch a Killer and knew exactly how she would feel about someone like Brannon succumbing to the weight of his sins. Just as he knew how bad it would be for him if she found out about what he had done behind her back. "It would be good."

The lilt in Bailey's voice gave April the impression the disguised man was asking a question rather than just answering her. She repressed the urge to roll her eyes, wishing he would have at least dropped the act while they were having a serious conversation. "Yes Bailey, it would be good. Some might even call it great. Now how about you run along, get your phone and..." She glanced at the slim watch on her right wrist. "How about instead you take an early lunch. Give you time to calm down and practice with recording on your phone. Then you can go back to George, give him that apologetic innocent act that men love."

"Then you can get him fired?" Bailey asked, imagining his girlfriend hugging him, giving him a kiss on the cheek as she thanked him before pulling him off to the bedroom.

"Honestly, I'm hoping we can have him arrested." April said, yearning for that outcome.

Walking away from the dark eyed woman to go get his purse Bailey nodded to himself happy enough with the outcome that he started to sing Walking on Sunshine softly to himself. He had almost collapsed, had almost given up and Miss April had shown him the path to not only take the man down, but to take some control back of his life. 'I always thought she was hot, but bitchy. But like I can totally see why Mommy has her for a best friend, she is like waaay smart! I wonder if like after I do this she will be nice to me and hmm like how nice?' Bailey thought, the song briefly stopping as he got his purse from the desk drawer and thoughts of April waiting on the bed for him with Mandy popped into his mind.

Things were starting to look good to Bailey, even after dealing with everything

that morning. Yet things took another dip as he opened the fridge in the break room to pull out his leftovers from the previous day. Reaching in his mouth was already started to salivate, but something felt wrong right away when the styrofoam container was much lighter than it had any right to be. Opening it his heart sank. Someone had eaten all of his left overs and then had put the container with his name on it back. "Who like does that!?" Bailey said to the empty break room, it being too early for most people to be taking a lunch break.

## **Chapter 25**

Getting into the passenger seat of the car Bailey unclipped the new employee ID complete with a picture that had been taken earlier in the day. The day had been a trial and he mentally threatened to just scream if he heard one more person say TGIF. Buckling himself in he pulled down the sun visor, shifting his face from left to right to check his makeup. It looked fine, just like it had when he checked it in the reflective glass of the building before exiting. Something just felt off and he hoped it would be something easy to fix like having lipstick on his teeth.

"You okay sis?" Candi asked as she turned her head to look at her friend as she started the car.

Flipping the visor back up Bailey turned his head to the left, his normal vapid smile still in place. 'Can't like tell her about Brannon. Peaches, I would love to see her tell him off.' Bailey thought as he considered how to answer her and thinking back to how he went back to the aged pervert after a lunch break with no lunch. He had been more than receptive to an apology that he didn't deserve.

"You're sorry?" George shrugged his shoulders. "It isn't that big of a deal, don't fret your pretty little head about it. You understand why I had to be firm with you right? Most sexy little things like you think they can just get away with whatever they want, mistake here, teasing there, but you..." He wagged his finger in the air in his intern's direction. "You as airheaded as you are understand the order of things and you're willing to accept fault instead of arguing or whining about it."

At the man's words part of Bailey's motto ran through his mind. 'A good girl never argues or complains.' Shifting his weight from one heeled foot to the other, Bailey felt uncomfortable as he saw the man sitting at the desk in front of him leer at his body, the man's eyes roaming across him.

"I tell you what little Best, why don't you come over here, have a seat." George

pushed himself back, his chair sliding on its wheels a little back from his desk and patted his leg. "I will show you a little of what I do here. You can feel free to ask me as many questions as you like about things you don't understand."

Bailey hadn't wanted to sit on the man's lap, but he had a job to do. So he took the offered place to sit down, watched and listened while the creep had one hand wrapped around his waist, pressing on his stomach to hold him in place. Feeling the man's touch was horrible, but without it Bailey knew his eyes would have glazed over as he was given a crash course in Brannon's role. He poured over spreadsheets, something at least a little familiar to him from years ago when he helped run his parents store, but then he started to talk about the mathematical formula in the background, something that bored him to tears and oddly enough something Brannon and Mommy had in common as a topic they liked to discuss. Pivot table this, pivot table that. It made Bailey understand why the creep wanted a distraction from his job, he just wished he wasn't it.

Bailey had endured the treatment, and didn't complain once when feeling the man's hand slide across his knee. Feeling the warmth of Brannon's hand did make Bailey think about how he needed to wear hose to the office, the place was kept too cool to have his legs exposed. When it was time to go and get his picture taken for his badge, Bailey practically skipped out of the office to tell Miss April how he had recorded Brannon asking for him to sit on his lap.

That had been another disappointment in a long line of them that day as the head of the interns listened to the beginning of the recording. "He didn't exactly speak to you like he should, but that will not be enough for any action to be taken and Bailey." April closed her eyes for a second, pinching the bridge of her nose. "When recording you have to actually get the person to say things. All he said was for you to have a seat, he didn't say for you to sit in his lap and you didn't tell him no that isn't appropriate. You have to get him to threaten you, to force you. You know, something actionable. Jeez... Brannon isn't going to get in trouble if you willingly rub your ass on his crotch. The only one that would get in trouble would be you, not exactly what we are looking for."

Nodding his head Bailey could feel his long hair that was held up with a hair clip move slightly. "I ahh, well I was like, thinking if I didn't say anything that we could submit this like anonna... anonymously." Bailey said, getting tongue tied on the word. "That way I like, don't get in trouble for recording."

Taking Bailey's hand in her own, April clasped both hands around Bailey's, a little surprised at how smooth and delicate it felt in her own. "Nevada is a one party

consent state, only one person has to agree to be recorded. Now you need to get him to admit what he is doing." She gave the feminized man in front of her a small smile, trying to not let on to how much she enjoyed the idea of Bailey sitting in another man's lap for over an hour. "You can do better, be better." She gave Bailey's hand a small squeeze before letting go. 'Maybe being treated like a sex object will make you better after living through what women have to go through.' April thought before bringing her fake god daughter down to human resources to get an official badge. Waiting till the end of the first week to give badges had been her idea after learning about the turnover rate in the first week of the intern problem.

"Earth to Bailey." Candi said leaning close enough that only an inch was between the two. Some days her friend was more spacey than others and considering she was saying that she spent the day learning about how the accounts payable department operated she bet her friend was at her limit. Something she could understand, even with August's company her task was more than monotonous and mentally draining.

Bailey jumped back in his seat after realizing Candi was talking to him close enough that the two could have kissed. It felt like a jump scare with her suddenly so close to him, he had been thinking about his horrible day so much that he didn't even notice her getting that close when he was facing her. The thought that she was close enough to kiss made his eyes linger for half a second on his friend's lips. They were plump like his own and looked so inviting covered in gloss. "Ahhh, umm, like what did you say?"

Leaning back in her seat a small lilting giggle escaped her lips. "I was saying that I can tell something is wrong."

Pursing his lips for a moment before smiling again, Bailey shook his head twice before pointing to the corners of his mouth with his index fingers on either hand, both just shy of touching his dimples. "Nothing bad like, wrong and stuff. See, all smiles!" It was crushing enough to admit what happened earlier that morning to Miss April, he didn't want to bring it up again or trouble her with his new quest to get the sugar loving man fired or even arrested.

"Bull." Candi said, crossing her arms under her chest as she gave her green eyed companion a hard look. "I have always totally admired how you could always smile no matter how tough things got or like you always try to. A brave face that tells the world you can take what it has, but." She narrowed her eyes, uncrossing her arms and tapped her chest with each of her next words. "Not.

With. Me." She then used that same hand to point an index finger in Bailey's direction. "Now spill."

Letting out a heavy sigh, Bailey rolled his green eyes. "It's like..." he paused for a second deciding what to tell her. If he told her about Brannon she would either want in on it, or would ruin everything by confronting him or going to her father. He loved and appreciated her and the fire within, but she just didn't understand how the world worked, how cruel it was. "My leftovers..." Bailey stuck out his bottom lip in an honest pout, feeling just as upset saying it out loud now as he did when he opened the styrofoam box. "Someone ate them and left the box in the fridge and then I just sat there in the break room. You and Auggy were still working and I can't drive and like, didn't have any change for the vending machines."

"They ate your food and put back the empty container!?" Candi shook her head in disgust. "Circle of hell, I don't like, know which one, but people like that... yeah. Stealing and then rubbing the owner's face in it. God, that is like some Hugh Astor kind of bull. I swear he thinks everything belongs to him. Did you know like... no you don't because you weren't there, but like. He came down to the records room to ask me out on a date, but instead of asking he just told me to give him my address so he could pick me up tonight to go to some club." Candi blew out a breath, directing it up so it pushed some of her hair out of the way. "I hadn't even thought about going to a club, but now we totally can now that we are eighteen..." She held up one hand in a stop motion. "I'm getting off topic, well when I told him no he seemed shocked. I had to tell him I would rather kiss a hundred frogs to find a prince than even hold his hand for a second." She stopped again nodding her head to the side. "I said that part after he took my hand saying how we would go out tonight or another night soon because no one could resist him. Gahh! Can you believe that!?"

Scrunching up his nose Bailey's muscles in his neck and shoulders tightened as he shook his head. "Eww he said that?"

Candi nodded vigorously before opening her mouth, sticking out her tongue and motioning with her index finger in a gagging motion. "Yeah, what a creep. Wait, that is what happened to me, but we were totally talking about you. Sorry, I just like, really needed to get that off my chest and I'm totally sorry you had to sit by yourself and didn't get lunch. August and I missed you for lunch too, he had a gift card his sister gave him to a place called White Wolf, it was so cute. I don't know why they call it wolf, there isn't any wolf stuff there and the food is like, really good. Maybe Monday we can bring out lunches and you can just come down to us to eat lunch. It's not like there are any managers around to say no. How about

we go get a milkshake and fries to celebrate the end of the week?"

The offer for food was incredibly tempting to Bailey, but he wanted to get back to Aunt Megan's place to talk to her about what happened with Liam and was ready to forgo food to hear about the first steps in the realization of his revenge, but that thought came to an end as his stomach growled.

"I will take that as not just a yes, but a hell yes!" Candi said, pointing to her friend's stomach that had cheered at her offer.

The offered meal wasn't exactly what Bailey had thought of, the two of them shared a chocolate malt and a medium order of slightly over cooked fries, leaving them extra crispy. Dipping the salty crisp fries in the sweet malt was like eating a small bite of heaven to Bailey with his empty stomach, an experience that came to an end all too quickly.

"So are you excited for Mom to come home tomorrow?" Candi asked, tossing a crumpled up napkin on the empty plate that once held their fries. Bailey just responded by raising a single eyebrow. "Don't give me that, we both know they will be engaged and then married before we know it. Don't like, be a doubting Nancy now after all the work we put in."

With a large grin on his face Bailey rolled his eyes at the girl, not for the first time this day. 'Mommy is coming home to me, Derrick is nice and all, but she loves me.' He thought as he pulled the malt glass closer to himself, running his finger along the rim to get one last taste of the chocolate drink. "I like, really can't wait to see her tomorrow. It is like, funny, she has gone away on trips before and I was fine, but like a lot has happened and umm." Bailey looked away from himself feeling sheepish to admit the truth. "I miss her."

"Awww! I have no doubt she has missed you too. But!" Candi added the last word with extra excitement. "If you are excited for her to come home, you will totally be beside yourself when you hear what we are doing this weekend!"

Blinking at her a few times Bailey cocked his head to the side, he hadn't even thought about the weekend with how busy he had been. "What are we doing?"

Turning her head to the side Candi looked at her friend out of the corner of her eye, her acting coy with the information. "Hmm, maybe I should let it be a

surprise."

"Nooooo, you should tell me!"

Candi touched a finger to her chin as she pretended to think about it. "I think it would be better if it was a surprise." She gave a wicked grin to her friend sitting across from her.

He knew she was playing with him, but he didn't feel much like playing along, much of his patience already spent sitting in a man's lap earlier that day. "Fine, I can wait."

It was Candance's turn to stick out her bottom lip to pout. "You're no fun." She glowered at Bailey for a handful of seconds before giving in, her own patience giving way to what she felt was a stand off. "Fine, I will give you a hint."

Bailey raised an eyebrow, holding in a chuckle at how quickly she folded. He watched her bite bite her bottom lip, waiting on him to bite her hook, but when he didn't reply she finally spoke, giving him the hint for their activities this weekend.

"A horse named Cherry." Candi said, wiggling her eyebrows.

Emotions flooded Bailey as memories of his time with the fillie came to mind. He recalled riding the young horse, his father showing him how to cinch a saddle, riding along side of him and the large smile on the normally stoic man's face when he tried getting the horse to gallop for the first time and the stern tone to his voice when admonished him for doing so before he was ready. "Cherry!?" Bailey said, tears welling up in his eyes. The news of Derrick finding the horse at the birthday party had all been forgotten in the shuffle of his hectic summer.

## **Chapter 26**

Waving goodbye to his friend, Bailey did his best to contain his growing excitement when he saw Aunt Megan's SUV in the driveway. "See you tomorrow!" He said waving his hand in Candi's direction as she moved the car into reverse.

"Love you little sis, glad you are feeling better!" Candi said, with a large smile.

"Love you too, bye!" Bailey yelled out over his shoulder as he took another mincing step in the restrictive long white ribbed pencil skirt. In his excitement he didn't think about the door being locked, just trying to open it. The door shook in its spot, refusing to move as Bailey glared at it and blew a breath of air up that caused his bangs to move before getting the key to the house from his purse to gain access.

"Aunt Megan! I'm home!" Bailey yelled soon as the door started to open. Taking a step in he saw her sitting on her pink couch with her laptop in her lap.

"I can see that." Megan said with amusement in her voice.

"Did you do it!? Did you do it!? What happened!?"

Megan gave Bailey a slight nod of her head before pushing some of her hair behind her left ear and turning her gaze back to her laptop's screen. "It did happen and was more eventful than you would think. Come sit down sweetheart."

"Eventful!?" Bailey bounced on the balls of his feet before moving over to sit next to the older blonde woman. He had imagined Liam partially tied up, his face with way overdone makeup, holding onto a dildo with his one free hand that had cheap press on nails attached. Him being forced to practice giving a blow job. It wouldn't be enough, it wouldn't be nearly enough for what he did... for what he did more than once, but it would be an amazing start.

Putting one arm around Bailey, Megan scooted closer. After what had happened, after what Liam did she had felt so guilty. It was her that put Bailey down that path, she had justified it by thinking if he was forced to give a man a blow job or a few for that matter it would be payback for cheating on her sister, for stealing money from her and using it to sleep with others. She never considered Bailey being drugged, plied with alcohol, tied up and then raped. Not just had Liam done that, but he had invited a friend of his to take part in it. That night it had started as a double date, a good dinner where she got to see Bailey humiliated and forced to act like the air headed girl he looked like, but then they split up.



She had gone with Charles and Bailey went with Liam to a frat party. Charles and her had gone to the party after seeing Liam's wallet in the backseat and the last thing she wanted was Bailey to have another encounter with the police and Liam not have his wallet. Getting the party she had elected to say in the truck, not knowing what Bailey was going through at that exact moment. Charles had made his own choice, to ignore what he saw, he had claimed to not know how bad things were, that he thought Bailey was willing, but she didn't buy it. If she had gone inside all of that could have been avoided. Her own daughter was off at college and the idea of someone taking advantage of her, like Liam had done to Bailey filled her with fear and anger.

So much so that she had been willing to call all of this off, she didn't know how she could really explain the truth to her younger sister, but that wasn't what Bailey asked for. He had wanted revenge, for Liam to feel what he had felt. It wasn't justice, it was vengeance, something she understood. Today was just the beginning of it, Bailey had only been slightly involved in the planning, like picking out what Liam should wear, how he should be the blonde bimbo. When she first started to show Bailey the still images of what happened earlier in the day she could see his eyes wide and full of wonder. Bailey's jaw hanging down in silent astonishment as she played the video.



The transformation was astounding to Bailey, small changes made Liam look so different. It was still clearly Liam, but without direct lighting in the room and not already knowing who it was, he was positive most people would not have guessed the pretty girl in the image was the arrogant man. His small stature and slim build helped the disguise, one completed with makeup, thinned eyebrows, long flowing blonde hair that had thick bangs and was long enough to flow down to his mid back. He wore a navy blue teddy, garter belt and dark lace top stockings, his feet ending in six inch ankle strap heels with an inch platform. Bailey smiled, he had picked out the outfit, but was surprised to see the disguised man in the image have a decent sized chest. Pointing his finger to the screen he looked to the blue eyed woman who had a comforting arm around him.

"Just a small bit of padding and some shading to make them look bigger." Megan answered before her pretend niece could ask the question. "Now that you see him feminized, wait till you see what happens when his friend Lucas shows up."

Blinking a few times Bailey fluttered his lashes as he thought back to that horrible night. Much of the memory lost to the alcohol and drug concoction in his system at the time, but he remembered the tall asian man that had fucked his face that night while Liam held onto him from behind. "Mmmm" He whimpered at the powerful memory and the one of Chuck opening the door to the bedroom that followed. 'I asked him for help. Didn't I? Why didn't he help me? Why didn't someone help me?' His vision grew blurry from the tears in his eyes, making it impossible to see the screen in front of him. He was seeing his revenge, it brought him joy, but it also brought back what had happened, how he couldn't stop it. How he tried and failed to stop Liam the next day at his own place, how he ended up being fucked in the master bedroom. He was ready to lose it, when that arm around him pulled him closer, a pair of lips kissed the crown of his head along with a comforting voice.

"Shh, shhhh, shhhh. It's okay, it's okay. You are safe, he can't hurt you, he can never hurt you again and by the time we are done with him, he will never be able to hurt anyone again. We can stop the video if you like." Megan knew Bailey was a twenty five year old man intellectually, but the only thing she saw, she felt was a frightened teen girl.

Giving his aunt a weak smile Bailey pulled a tissue from the box next to the couch, tapping at the corners of his eyes. "I'm like okay, I'm okay. I want to see what happens. I need to see what happens." Firming his resolve Bailey gave her a bigger, warmer smile before reaching over to hit the play button on the video

that she had stopped.

The video played on, a voice coming from off camera, one Bailey recognized as being from Lucas. "Hello! Anyone... oh wow." The camera stayed put on the dressed up Liam with his mouth held open by an O ring. Still off camera the voice continued. "Liam wasn't kidding when he said he had a kinky hot blonde for me. I thought it might be that same girl from last night, but you... you girl are much hotter with how you presented yourself."

Bailey's smile became something more wolfish as he watched the video continue, Lucas using Liam's mouth. He thought things were going to end too soon when Chuck had come home and he told Lucas to get out, but he let his brother's college friend continue when he told him how the girl was left here for him. Bailey knew exactly what Liam was feeling, his own mouth producing extra saliva at the thought of something being rammed into his mouth, the slimy, salty substance that came with it, his thoughts coming to him as Lucas moaned in pleasure. "God, yes, yes, AHHHHHH!"

It sounded as if the wig wearing man was moaning in pleasure along with the asian young man, but Bailey knew well things aren't always what they seemed. With a pulsing dick in one's mouth any sound of complaint could be taken differently. Bailey thought things were over when Lucas said his farewells. "I'm heading out man, let Liam know she was perfect and umm she sounds like she is ready to go for another round. I'm um heading out."

"Keep watching, it gets better." Megan said softly.

Bailey did as she said, not sure how things could get any better than seeing the man that took advantage of him have the same done to him and done by someone he had invited to do the same. Watching on, Bailey witnessed Liam hang his head down, his mouth still stuck open from the O ring, allowing saliva and cum to slip from his mouth and land on one of his stocking covered legs. Then another voice came from off camera.

"Leah huh? If this is the kind of stuff you are into I can get behind that." Bailey's eyebrows went up high enough that they disappeared behind his bangs. He swallowed the build of saliva in his mouth as his friend, or ex friend Chuck stepped into the frame of the recording camera, he looked a little different with his clean shaven face, but there was no mistaking who it was. He watched as things escalated, the idea of what was about to happen was gross, but all in the

right ways for his vengeance. Chuck could be seen moving his hand to his own crotch, unzipping them and pulling his own member free. It was larger than Bailey expected, causing his mind to wince slightly that he had plenty of men to compare him to and knowing how much bigger he was than his little brother Liam.

The feminized man started to shake his head vigorously, his mouth still stuck open. "OOOOO! UUUCK!" Bailey nodded, leaning closer to the screen as things unfolded. Chuck started to jerk himself off, pointing his dick at the bound person in front of him. His free hand running the back of his thumb across his feminized brother's cheek.

"Ohhh fuck... yeah that is exactly what is about to happen." Chuck said before gripping the blonde hair, tugging the bound person closer to his girth.

The wig held tightly in Chuck's hand, Liam tried to pull free of him, obviously not wanting anything to do with his brother's dick. "OOOOOOO!" That was when things changed, and changed rapidly. The wig first went askew, then Chuck pulled harder, pulling it from his brother's head. Things seemed they still might proceed despite the wig when Bailey heard his hold friend speak.

"Nothing wrong with wanting to be a blonde to see if they have more fun." There was a smile on his face, but he had stopped moving, stopped stroking himself. "Liam!" That was when he started to stuff his hardening member back into his pants as quickly as he could. "God... what is wrong with you? Wait... did you set this up because you wanted to suck Lucas's dick?" Chuck whirled on his brother who was shaking his head. "I mean I don't care if you're gay or whatever I mean... You being gay was the furthest thing I ever thought of, but... just wow man. Jeez we almost... I almost... with my brother." Megan then hit the stop button on the video as Chuck placed his clean shaven face in his palm.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Megan asked, giving Bailey a side hug. She was proud of herself, things could have gone so much worse for her. She was positive that if she didn't have the camera uploading to an online account it would have, something she wouldn't have any idea was a thing that could be done with a camera a year ago before she took a few courses to occupy her time after her daughter went away for college.

The smile faded from Bailey's face, his lips pressed into a line. He didn't want to tell her his first thought and the one pressing on his mind to check on. Seeing the

tears in Liam's eyes and the mascara starting to run it had reminded him of his eyes welling up with tears before Aunt Megan hit play on the video. Instead he used the touchpad on the laptop to move the video back to the start, before pressing play to watch it a second time. "Its like, a start. I totally can't wait to see what happens with Leah next." The corners of his pressed lips lifted back up into a wider and wider grin till Megan could see just a hint of teeth and hear the start of a giggle.

## **Chapter 27**

The door to the bedroom in the fraternity house slammed open with a crack of wood as Bailey's foot connected to the door jam. He saw inside the messy room, green beer bottles scattered about and even an old dried out slice of pepperoni pizza on the nightstand, the messy bed with its wine red sheets. Bailey narrowed his green eyes as they focused on the pair standing near the bed. A platinum blonde girl was bent over, her black leather miniskirt was pulled up so the man behind her had access, her white shirt was pulled up to expose her breasts. He could easily see they sway from every thrust of the young man's hips. The way she drooled, the way she moaned made this look like any young couple enjoying each other's bodies.

"Eh, eh, eh, ahhhhh...!" The girl went on completely ignorant of Bailey's presence. The truth was there were both subtle and glaringly obvious signs things weren't what they seemed. The girl's eyes were hazy and unfocused, her legs were held apart with a spreader bar attached around her ankles over her heeled almost knee high leather boots, lastly was the belt wrapped around her wrists that the man behind her held in one hand. Bailey's fury wasn't for her, for the girl he had annoyance for being so weak, and pity for what she was having to endure. Clenching both hands into fists, Bailey rolled his shoulder back as he took a few long strides towards the object of his ire.

Even though Bailey had been looking directly at him the man's face didn't come into focus till he was almost in front of him. Liam Summers had a vile smirk on his face, it was clear to Bailey he knew exactly what he was doing to the girl, and he was enjoying every second of it. Opening one of his hands he flexed his fingers, each of them popping before he pulled his hand back, slowly forming a fist again before striking out at the molester. No one had come to protect the girl, he knew what she was feeling was dulled by what Liam had given her, but still she felt pleasure. When it would be all over she would feel more powerless than she had when she was bound and the weight of her shame for enjoying what had happened to her would be enough to sink a ship. He would protect her, someone

had to protect her.

Bailey's fist sailed through the air fast enough to cause the air to whistle and sing, but just before he slammed it into Liam's smug face Bailey's eyes locked onto the girl's face. Despite the sexual pleasure she was feeling a single tear ran down from the corner of her eye and down her cheek. Her plump lips mouthing the word "No" not to tell him to not save her, but in a silent plea for what was happening to her to stop. Suddenly Bailey's rage failed him, he felt helpless, he wasn't sure what he could do to save her... to save himself.

Despite how fast Bailey's fist was moving Liam was able to step back and avoid the attack like it was nothing to him, in only a way that would make sense in a movie or dream. Bailey lost his balance, falling to the floor from the over swing causing him to stumble and fall to the floor. To his side he heard the girl fall to the floor at the same time as her captor let go. Looking to his side for the girl he found her gone, but his own vision became blurry from tears, but even without them his vision had changed, like he was looking at the world from behind a curtain of long eyelashes. He went to wipe his eyes so he could see, but his arms were bound behind his back, tied by a belt. "When did?" Bailey asked, himself only now remembering how hard it was to think. The world seemed to move slower, he was drunk... but something more. Tilting his head back Bailey looked into the face of Liam who stood over him naked except for a pair of black socks.

"I love a girl who likes to play rough. You are a perfect little vixen Bailey!" The words from Liam made Bailey whimper. She thought Chuck was going to save her, but both Liam and Lucas were left to do as they pleased while she couldn't do anything to save herself.

"No..." Bailey whined, her eyes looking past the two men to the closed door that she swore had been kicked open a moment ago by someone to come help her, but there was no one. She was alone, or alone enough to be a problem. "Help... please." She closed her eyes, squeezing them shut making a mostly silent prayer to her dead parents, they couldn't save her. Those that could weren't here, but she wished they were.

As if that very prayer was answered the door slid to the side, moving into the wall as it opened in a way it was never intended. Stepping in the room was a man who Bailey knew stood taller than her even in her heels. The bearded man grabbed Liam by the back of the neck, throwing him hard enough that the short man flew through the air to slam into the wall and bounce off. Bailey's eyes went wide as she looked up at Derrick. The man had a hard look on his face that she

remembered seeing back on that day at the waterpark when boys were surrounding her. That hard expression softened, his warm smile coming back to his face as he looked back down at her and best of all standing behind him was Candi. While tears still came to Bailey's eyes, the reason had changed to joy and hope.

"It is okay princess, I'm here to help. I will always come to help when you need me." As if the belt holding her hands behind her back never existed Bailey reached out to take Derrick's much larger hand so she could stay up. Soon as he was on his feet he felt a powerful embrace, despite Derrick standing in front of her and helping her up it wasn't him. Just touching her Bailey knew right away who it was, Mommy was hugging her, saying sweet words.

"I love you Bailey, thank you for everything you have done, I love you, I love you." Pulling back from her, Bailey sniffled as she looked into the taller woman's blue eyes. It felt so wonderful to see her, it felt like she had been gone forever, but she was there. Despite the powerful presences around her Bailey hadn't forgotten what had almost happened. Turning her head to look at the fallen Liam she was about to ask about him, but standing in the way was Aunt Megan. She had her head tilted slightly to the side, a wolfish grin on her face as she spoke.

"You have nothing to worry about now Pumpkin, he can't hurt you anymore." With those words she stepped away revealing a girl with long blonde hair that wore dark navy lingerie, black lace top stockings and six inch navy pumps sitting on the floor. She had a wild panicked look on her face as she looked around the room, seemingly not noticing any of the many people standing in the room that should have been too small to handle the seven people. Looking at the girl Bailey knew the girl's name, Leah... she was Liam. With that realization she heard Aunt Megan's voice once again this time she was standing behind her. "You get to decide what we do with her, tell us Bailey, tell us. What will we do with her." The eldest best said in a voice that sounded closer to a song.

Bailey didn't look at the people in the room, having only eyes for Liam as he was dressed up like a girl, looking frightened. "I want... I want revenge, but..." She shook her head before turning away from the feminized man on the floor. Looking to the people all standing behind her. "I... I just want to be happy."

Taking in a deep breath Bailey opened his eyes, seeing the dark bedroom around him, feeling the sheets and the weight of the comforter on him. He sat up slightly before plopping back down. He laid there for almost a full minute looking up at the ceiling, reflecting on the weird dream that seemed to make less sense



with every second that ticked by. Things seemed to jump around, it all fit together in that weird way dreams did when you were asleep, but as he thought back to them trying to make sense of it all it seemed to fall away like sand through your fingers. He focused on a single overpowering thought to his sleepy mind, he wanted to be happy, he wanted to see Mommy again, to hold her, to hear her tell him how she loved him. Turning his head to look at the clock on the nightstand, seeing it said four fifty in the morning a smile formed on his face, growing in size the more he thought that in hours from now she would be home.

## **Chapter 28**

Bailey sat on the toilet in the guest bathroom, his eyes closed and head leaning on the wall as he emptied his bladder. He was still tired, even on a work day he wouldn't have gotten up at five in the morning and even though he hadn't slept in till eleven in what felt like ages he was too excited about the day to fall back to sleep. It didn't change his displeasure of mornings, but at least today he didn't have to deal with the chipper Candi. 'I love that girl, but like how is anyone that happy in the mornings? I should text her till she wakes up.' With a self satisfied grin on his face at the thought Bailey took some toilet paper to clean the faux womanly appearance between his legs. It felt like real skin, but he still didn't have a sense of touch down there so getting into the habit of wiping himself after peeing had taken some time. Unlike the task of using the dildo looking applicator with the cream, doing that felt like a bridge too far. He would keep himself clean, but he wasn't going to fuck himself daily like a horny teen girl with little impulse control.

Opening the bedroom door and moving down the hallway Bailey had moved as silently as he could on the balls of his feet in order to not wake up Aunt Megan, but the thought of being quiet had been forgotten as he turned on the shower and began to remove his negligee. With steam starting to fill the room Bailey put on his pink and white checkered shower cap before stepping into the tub to enjoy the warm water raining down on him. Standing there in the hot water Bailey took a few deep breaths to take in the steam, rotating slowly in place to let his whole body feel the water's embrace, before taking hold of the soft shower sponge and adding a dollop of strawberries and cream body wash to it.

"Mmmm." Bailey moaned with a closed mouth as the soft soapy sponge ran over his right nipple. He moved his hand with the sponge over his other breast feeling the same tingle in his chest he had on the other side. Closing his eyes his other hand went up cupping himself and rolling his thumb over his nipple slick from the soap. "Haaa..." Holding his hand there Bailey bit his bottom lip as flashes of memory danced in his mind. His smaller frame pressed into Auggy's as the young man's warm wet mouth suckled on his breasts. A shiver ran through Bailey, causing him to tense his muscles and jerk his hand away from his chest.

'Get it together, I'm like, not some love sick girl. I'm a man and tonight I am like totally going to sleep in my own bed, my real bed! With the woman I love! Peaches she fur sure is going to be upset when she finds out Mr. Brannon is getting her promotion, gosh I hope I can do a good enough job to keep him from firing her... at least till I kick his butt.. Or like have the police come and get him.' Bailey punctuated the thought by making a few jabs in the air in front of him, causing water to splash onto the white tiled walls.

After working himself up Bailey finished cleaning himself in the shower as quickly as he could, stepping out onto a small bath towel so he could pat himself dry enough so he could apply body lotion. While going through his normal routine of patting himself dry, applying one type of lotion to his body and another to his face he started to hum and then sing, thinking about Amanda coming home. "I've got sunshine on a cloudy day, when it's like cold outside and I've got the month of May... I guess you'd say... What can make me feel this WAY! My girl... my girl, my girl. Talkin' bout my girl." He happily went on as he added a pair of under eye patches to his face to keep the puffiness and dark circles at bay, not even considering the last time he had shaved. Leaving the strips under his eyes he wrapped his towel around his body and padded out to the dark hallways and to the room where he was staying.

Bailey shimmied his hips as he pulled up the dark blue jean skirt over his white lace boyshort panties, buttoning the last two of the six forward facing brass buttons as John Legend's song Everybody Knows played from the speaker of his phone. Sitting down on the edge of the now made bed he put one foot into the blue heeled sandals with the strappy front and zipped it up in the back. Completely unaware of Megan standing in the doorway to the bedroom, leaning on the doorframe as she watched him get ready. She saw Bailey humming along to the song, still only partially dressed. Megan had known Bailey for years, but she was so used to seeing him so feminine it didn't even occur to her how odd it was for a twenty five year old man to be putting on heels while his ample bosom was on display in his lace mesh shelf bra. Her entire focus was just on how happy Bailey appeared. It wasn't long ago she had found Bailey crying at what his life was now like and this morning all she could see was a girl so happy to start the day that she had gotten up early. She waited for Bailey to put on her blouse a long sleeved dark blue blouse with a crisscross pattern on the upper arms, leaving small patches of exposed skin, the blouse having small sequins that reminded her of a night sky, an outfit Bailey had worn once before when he went to meet Candi at her hotel for the first time.



"You seem happy this morning." Megan said, revealing her presence to the oblivious Bailey. She watched as Bailey's head snapped in her direction, eyes wide in surprise, but she didn't see a blush on the teen girl's face like she once would have. Instead the look of surprise gave way to a warm smile that showed just a hint of her white teeth.

"Morning Aunt Megan! Wait..." Bailey blinked a few times at her before moving to pick up the phone and turn down the volume and seeing the time. "I am like so sorry... I wasn't thinking about the time. Did I wake up?" Bailey scrunched up his nose, ready for the answer he already knew and her anger at being woken up so early on a Saturday.

"Don't fret about it pumpkin, I wasn't sleeping much anyhow. I gave the Summers till tonight to make a decision on whether they get reported to the police, with the little video getting out or Charles dropping off Liam here for some re-education. I was hoping they would have made the decision faster, but..." She shrugged before stepping into the room. Megan gave Bailey a soft, small smile looking into her green eyes. "Are you sure this is the route you want to go? We could still go to the police."

The happy expression on Bailey's face fell as he met the blonde woman's blue eyes before shaking his head. "I can't... they will ask questions and, and I can't go to court. They could totally find out who I am and then so would everyone and, and he would just go free. No, he can't hurt anyone again." Tilting his head to the side and looking away from the older woman, his eyes drawn to the mirror over the dresser. His mind latched onto the fact that he still hadn't put his face on or done his hair for the day. Looking at his reflection he thought of his hair and what to do with it. His hair looked fine and he could just brush it out, but today wasn't a day for fine. 'A good girl always looks her best.' He wanted to do more and decided on a crown braid, with his long hair pulled up into a high ponytail. Without thinking about the normal smile he wore slid in place as he looked back back to the woman still dressed in her robe. "While I would like loooove to talk about what we are going to do with Liam.. oops I mean Leah. I need to get ready, Candi will be coming over soon."

"She is coming over this early? You do know Amanda isn't flying in for a few hours?"

"Yeah... but I sent her like twenty messages this morning to wake her up, so she is coming by early." Bailey said, tossing the phone that was in his hand back onto the bed.

Megan nodded, about to say the girl was always welcome here, but that felt like the wrong thing to say when she was about to have a twenty three year old man at her place that was being blackmailed into being a sixteen year old girl. "Let me put something on and I will make the two of you something to eat. I picked up some of those impossible breakfast sausages the other day that I haven't tried yet. Or are you just having one of your shakes this morning?"

Making a gagging motion Bailey shook his head, fake food pretending to be meat didn't sound appetizing to him in the slightest, but if plans hadn't already been made he was sure Candi would jump on it and make him eat it too. "We would

love too, but she woke her Dad up so all of us could go out for something. I suggested Waffle House, you can come too if you want." Bailey said his suggestion with a bright smile.

"I can't remember the last time..." Megan's voice trailed off trying to think of the last time she had been to a Waffle House. It had actually been a few years ago, she had met up her sister and Bailey there and thought it wasn't a great thought to bring to life. Bailey had come a long way, but with Derrick in the picture it seemed to be a bad idea to bring up old times when he was actively dating her sister instead of pretending to be her daughter. That thought reminded her to get in touch with a private investigator to actually look into what the police wanted with Bailey and the missing escort she had seen him with. "Well the three of you have fun, I have more than a few things to get done before the Summers visit."

The early start to the day had lost its momentum when the Connors delayed their arrival as the eldest Connors needed more time to get ready. Leaving Bailey with some time on his hands that he spent on his laptop playing away at the childhood development game. He had been stuck on a level's mid boss, a pair of unruly twin toddlers, for a while. When his phone chirped, a message from Candi coming through to say they were pulling up, he slapped the lid closed on the laptop and jumped to his heeled feet to rush out the door. Only calling out as an afterthought. "Bye Aunt Megan! See you later when I pick up my things with Mommy!"

Breakfast was fine, they hadn't gone to Waffle House, but it seemed to matter little. As the hour grew closer to the plane's arrival the more restless Bailey got and was only able to get down a few bites of food. He wasn't even sure why he was so nervous, but unlike all the other work trips she had been on it felt like his life spiraled without her on this one. When they got to the terminal they only had a small wait before they got to see the woman they had waited for.

Stepping out of the building everyone saw Amanda in a black button up shirt that read Mega Corp over her least breast, she had the sleeves rolled up. Dark jeans and a pair of leather sandals. She held up her hand to both wave at those that came to greet her and block out the sun as she pulled her rolling suitcase behind her. Amanda pursed her lips, hardly able to contain her smile from taking over her face as she looked at Bailey, who returned her wave with an open hand wave of her own and seemed to have tears in her eyes. Bits of the conversation she had the other night played in her mind, mixed with images she had seen in the youtube videos she had watched over and over again on the trip. There was no doubt in he remind that her once lover was happy to see her, and little doubt to the fact that Bailey Andrew Smith had vanished and replaced with Bailey Ann

Best.



As she looked past Bailey the smile she held back asserted its control of her face as she saw Derrick, his daughter and his mother. She could feel the man's smile. It felt so similar to the warmth of the sun on a cool day. Amanda knew she was not the most emotionally intelligent person, but she knew a few things for sure. Derrick loved her, Bailey loved her and that she loved them both, but not in the same way. No matter what she already knew about Bailey from what her sister told her, what she saw for herself in the videos and her conversations with Bailey she still felt a pain from guilt. She needed to have a conversation with Bailey about it all, she wished part of her life didn't have this lie... that she could tell Derrick everything. Amanda just wasn't sure how she could tell him the truth

without losing everything.

## Chapter 29

Standing in the parking garage the sounds of vehicles starting, moving around and braking echoed off the concrete. Bailey bounded on the balls of his feet, the heels of his four inch blue gladiator heels never touched the floor as moved up and down. He held his arms behind him, one hand lightly holding his own forearm, paying no mind to the sway of his breasts, all of his attention on the woman who had just come home. This wasn't the first work trip she had been on, but this one felt like it had gone on for ages. 'She looks like super happy!' The smile on his face faded slightly as he bit his bottom lip, tasting his lipstick and gloss. The strawberry flavor of his lips danced along his tongue as he thought about telling her how the trip was a waste. He thought he recalled telling her about not getting the job she wanted when they had talked, but his mind felt jumbled, too much to keep track of between work, picking out the right outfits, Miss April, Mr Brannon and Leah... His mind started to wander thinking about Liam and what Aunt Megan was going to do.

"Sooooo." Derrick said, dragging out the word. "How was your first time flying first class?"

The corners of Amanda's eyes crinkled as she tried to give the man holding her hand a hard look while her smile refused to budge. "I did not need to fly first class, I told you that."

"Well, if you didn't like it..." Derrick gave a small shrug of his shoulder, as he looked off to his side at his mother. "She didn't enjoy first class." His head swiveled back to the blonde blue eyed woman that he loved as he felt her squeeze his hand.

"I did not say that. It was... well the price is not worth it, at least for the short flight. Buuuut the extra space was nice." She said begrudgingly, already noticing that knowing smile came to his face.

Moving a little closer to her Derrick put his free hand on her jean covered hip. "I'm glad you enjoyed it and I told you that I didn't have to spend a dime. I have enough miles built up that I could take all five of us..." He squinted for a second trying to think of exactly how many air miles he had built up with his work trips. "Well for the five of us at least one way to anywhere domestic."

"Shame, I wanted to go to Paris." Amanda said with a laugh as a joke, not missing what she thought was a sparkle in his green eyes as if he was committing her joke to memory. That was when she felt his hand leave her own and press gently to her cheek. She felt her heart's rhythm change, its pace picking up at his touch and the sight of him leaning closer. Amanda moved closer so that their bodies pressed into one another as he kissed her.

As the kiss started Candi wiggled in place, bumping her shoulder into Bailey. She saw the familiar look of confusion on her friend's face, her smile was ever present, but she could always see it in her eyes when she was daydreaming or just plain checked out. "Paris, city of love." Candi said, motioning her head in the direction of their parents who were only a few feet away.

Bailey looked where Candi had motioned, quickly shifting his body to face Candi. He liked Derrick and while he once hated the idea of Mommy being with him, something he had been forced to allow. Now... he was just happy that she was happy, knowing it was only a matter of time before the Connor's went away and it would be just the two of them once again. Still, he didn't want to watch them being intimate, he wanted to kiss her, to press his body into hers. The kiss didn't last long at all, but Bailey's attention was now fully on his friend. "Umm, we aren't like, in Paris."

The elder Connor's gave Bailey a small smile and a shake of her head while Candi gave a much more animated smile while she laughed. "Nooo, your Mom said she wanted to go to Paris! The city of love, ya know? Oh my god, I have always wanted to go there, see all the art at the Louvre. Back home I have a snow globe with the Eiffel Tower in it. Haven't you always wanted to go there?" Candi said, moving her hands excitedly as she spoke.

Pursing his lips Bailey thought of the Eiffel Tower and the art museum Candi mentioned. Looking at paintings sounded as exciting as watching paint dry and doing it in one of the most expensive cities sounded horrible. The last image that came to mind was a caricature of a frenchman blowing smoke in his face and saying something snooty. "No... I'm umm haven't really done any traveling and umm..." Bailey held off on telling the pretty blonde his thoughts on the city, she sounded like she loved it or at least the idea of it and the notion of taking away any of the girls hope and excitement felt worse then breaking one of the ten commandments, but then again he wasn't very religious, despite how often he had gone to service lately.



The way Bailey had hesitated and her words drifting off made Candi think her friend was either afraid to travel, afraid to fly, something she could a hundred percent understand, flying terrified her or both. "Hmm well when I go to Paris, I'm thinking like the summer after we graduate school, you could totally come with me! Just think of everything we get to see and..." Candi's eyes glanced at her grandmother for a second before she leaned in close to whisper in her friend's ear. "The boys... talking in their accents." She swallowed before continuing in a bad French accent. "Candance, Bailey you are both so beautiful, like a rose I have plucked from the ground, I wish to hold you." She tried to say more but broke into a fit of giggles, a fit Bailey soon fell into, it long becoming a habit of his. A habit that at times became a vicious cycle, her laughter making him laugh, and his laughter making her laugh.

"I hate to ruin your fun." Amanda said with a bright smile as she looked at the two platinum blonde girls as they laughed. "Apologies Candi I have to borrow my daughter, the two of you will see each other soon enough. Though I will need the keys to my car back."

Putting one hand on the trunk of the car she had been allowed to borrow while Amanda was out of town and the other on Bailey's shoulder she gave the older woman a pout. "Okay... but only if you like take good care of them both."

To Amanda it was adorable how the outgoing Candi was possessive over Bailey. The girl had a power about her and she was sure the girl was the reason Bailey had let down his walls in order to live a life he was more comfortable in. "I promise to do my best."

"Best!" Candi echoed the word with a smile and a small laugh and a side glance to Bailey who smiled back at her as if saying the family name was a secret joke. "Okay, I got gas for the car and umm got it washed." She gave a small frown at a splash mark by the wheel from a muddy puddle she must have driven through on the way over.

"Thank you sweetheart." Amanda moved her eyes to focus on Derrick as she continued to speak to Candi, her eyes telling him that her words were really meant for him. "I appreciate how responsible you have been with my car."

Not missing the nonverbal queue to her father, Candi turned her head in his direction to give him a big bright smile showing all her teeth. "Here that Daddy,

I'm responsible!"

With farewells given Amanda and Bailey got inside their vehicle, Amanda taking the time to adjust the seat while the Connor's left in Derrick's rental car. When they departed and her seat adjusted Amanda turned to face her once lover, a tight smile on her face. Bailey was sitting there in the passenger seat with legs pressed tightly together, hands folded neatly in her lap and the outfit Bailey wore she had seen before. Bailey had worn that exact outfit one day that felt like long ago now. She... her eyes drifted over Bailey's body, it had changed so much in such a short time. Bailey never had been a large man, but now what muscle mass he had before had melted away for soft supple skin. She had seen it when Bailey had come home with platinum hair, the plumped lips, but after being away for a week all the changes really really hit home, she was seeing him for who he wanted to be, for who she was. It wasn't just the appearance, Bailey openly cried when she came out of the airport, something he would have never done before... even just sitting there Bailey gave the impression of a demure teen girl. Her thoughts scattered, Amanda's mind went back to what she was reflecting on, that day when Bailey had come home and asked her to just hold him in her arms after a bad day.

The two of them had sat on the couch while Bailey told her about the day, about how he... Amanda mentally corrected herself. How she had a tough time with a child she had ended up babysitting in one breath and then went on to say how she and Candi used the money that had earned to get a massage. Back then she thought it was a rough day because of how much Bailey had to act the part of a teen girl babysitting at the pool, when now looking back on it she thought it was actually a tough day because it was so difficult for Bailey to let go and be herself after a lifetime of pretending. Then she had asked to be given a spanking after almost getting caught taking a sip of Derrick's whiskey. The excuse had been because her parents spanked her to keep her in line and it would help Bailey stay in character, but now she wondered if the physical discipline was used to make sure Bailey acted like a man. The physical blows Bailey's parents gave her enforced that masculine pride and considering how Bailey acted before Derrick came to town those lessons were taken to heart... and it broke hers just thinking of how this blonde girl suffered.

"Umm... are you okay?" Bailey asked nervously as Amanda stared at him without saying a word, unaware of how much he did just that in his daily life now.

"I am... I really am. Bailey I am happy to be home and I wanted to tell you again how much I love you and that I accept you." She slowly blinked, holding her eyes

closed for half a heartbeat to try and will herself not to cry or tear up.

It felt good to hear her say those words, it felt awkward the way she was doing it, but it wasn't often someone told you that you were accepted. His love saw him for who he really was despite how he looked. "I love you too, I love you bunches!" He said with a teetering giggle.

Reaching over Amanda placed her hand atop both of Bailey's. "I was thinking that we could get lunch, but considering the time we could do something fun first. If I remember correctly you wanted to try out that ax throwing place where you can throw axes at targets or at everyday things like furniture, dishes and appliances." The place sounded like a great way to blow off steam, they just didn't have extra funds before for the destructive frivolity.

"Oh yeah!" Bailey said, his eyes opening wide as he remembered the store and their tv commercial where they threw axes into picture frames, a table and even a refrigerator. Bailey's mouth clamped closed right after, his eyes looking down at the hand gripping both of his, his focus on both of their nails. 'Peaches that sound fun, but I could break a nail and I can't afford to get my nails done till next week. I could ask Mommy if she wants to do that... no don't be silly you can't ask her to do something super girly like that.' He worked his jaw from side to side for a few seconds as he considered doing it anyhow. The ax throwing sounded super fun, but that would be something for him and he wanted to do something for her. "Umm, that sounds fun, but could we maybe." Bailey bit his lower lip trying to think of one of the many things she had said she wanted to do together that he blew off. "Can we go to the garden club? The white garden or the butterfly garden would be totally fun to see." Bailey gave her a bright smile with the offer. He had never been to the garden club before, but he vaguely recalled one girl he dated... it could even have been her saying how the white garden was nothing but white blooming flowers and the butterfly garden was... well full of butterflies.

"You want to do that instead of ax throwing?" Amanda asked, mentally kicking herself that she had picked out a location Bailey would have wanted to go to when he was wearing a mask. He had never shown any interest in flowers other than when he was trying to apologize, but she figured that might have just been because that is how he thought he was supposed to act. The way he always bought her jewelry or the few times when he bought her expensive shoes, those were the times a little bit of his true self was poking through. When Bailey opened his mouth to speak she nodded to herself once and spoke before he could get a word out. "You know what, that sounds like a lot of fun. A nice mother daughter day out!"

## Chapter 30

Walking hand in hand down the cobbled path Bailey and Amanda tried to focus on the here and now, the sights of the blooming flowers of varying types, the lush green grass, the warm breeze, the happy chirping of birds, but mostly the person at their side. An early afternoon stroll through the area couldn't have been more perfect if it was from a movie. Yet both found their thoughts distracted by what they wanted to talk about.

"Oh, look at that!" Amanda said, pulling her hand free from Bailey's as she stepped closer to a large tree that split into two trunks like a Y after a few feet up. Someone had built a pair of tiny red wooden double doors where they pulled apart, like it was an entrance way to the flower covered bushes behind and to the sides of the tree. She touched her hand to her cheek, her ring and pinky finger touching her lips as she smiled at the sight. Someone had curated the bushes in a way to mix different types of Azaleas, white, yellow, orange and pink were represented in the botanical work of art. Stepping closer she reached out to touch the little doors, pulling her hand away quickly when they moved slightly. With a big smile and a laugh she turned her body slightly to look at Bailey. "This is cute, I love this!"

A feeling of warmth spread through Bailey's body seeing the woman he loved look so happy. He had wanted to talk to her about Mega Corp and her promotion, the one she wasn't going to get because of Brannon and what that meant for their future. She had worked so hard to earn it, so many late nights, business trips and bringing work home that he had felt like he mattered less and less to her, he knew it was all in his head, just like any self doubt and now here they were... life had changed so much and it had been for nothing. 'She looks so happy, we can talk about it later.' Bailey pushed the thoughts to the side as he took a few jogging paces forward, his arms swinging, elbows bent and wrists loose, his chest moving with each heeled step as he moved closer to her, being careful to walk on the balls of his feet as he stepped off the path to keep the skinny heels of his shoes from sinking into the grass and dirt. "They are totes cute, not as pretty as you Mommy." When her bright blue eyes met his own the mostly permanent smile on his face bloomed into something bigger like a flower.

"Aww, thank you. I do not think I said it yet today, but you look beautiful as well sweetie."

Bailey took the complement for what it was, his mind finding words like handsome more foreign when directed at him than pretty or beautiful with Candi's

efforts to improve her friend's self esteem. "I like, didn't do much." Bailey said, pinching the ends of his jean skirt and looking down past his feminine chest before looking back to Amanda and then past her at the tree and flowers. "What flower do you like the best!?"

The older woman's gaze swept across the display in front of her, lingering just briefly on each color of flower. "Each of these are the same flower, all called azaleas, but... I do like the orange ones the best. They are just so vibrant and full of life and at the same time remind me of fall. What about you sweetie?"

Pouting his lips for a second Bailey looked over the flowers, before shaking his head twice slowly. Then he turned around and pointed behind them at the other side of the path where there was a small bush like wall of the same looking flower that was pink at the center and faded off to white. 'They are like pretty enough and totally match my bedroom.' He thought as he moved closer to the bush, cupping a flower in one hand as he bent down over at the waist wanting to give it a sniff. It was a sweet and spicy clove like smell, nothing close to the fragrance of his bedroom from the large pinkish candle. Closing one eye he thought for a second, still holding the flower near his face as he tried to remember exactly what the candle was supposed to be. 'Jasmine, cherry blossom and... apple peel. I wonder if they have cherry blossoms here?'

Watching her once lover walk over to the white and pink flower blush, their hips rolling in a strut to smell the flowers she said were her favorite of the group Amanda chewed on the inside of her cheek. 'How many different ways do you have to be told or shown before you fully believe this is who Bailey is, who they want to be?' She asked herself, watching Bailey move with a feminine grace that stood out in a drastic contrast to how her once boyfriend used to move.

"Hey! Mommy do you umm, like think they have cherry blossom flowers here?" Bailed asked, snapping up from his bent position and turning to Amanda. Him wondering if the real thing smelled like his candle or if it was really an artificial smell.

"Afraid not sweetie, the gardens do not have any cherry blossom trees. They only bloom in March and April though." Amanda squinted one eye trying to remember how accurate her statement was. "How about we move onto the butterfly area."

Nodding his head Bailey rushed over to her, grasping her arm in both his hands. He hardly ever got her all to himself anymore, it wasn't just work. Candi, he loved

the girl she was so pure and times like that morning before the dmv when mommy had hugged them both at the same time had been really nice and Candi was more than willing to share her Nana, but... it was incredibly nice just to have the beautiful blonde, blue eyed woman all to himself. Seeing how happy she was strolling through the gardens made him wonder why he had been so resistant to going with her in the past. "Butterfly in the sky, I can go twice as high! Take a look, it's in a book, a reading raaaaiiin bowww!" Bailey sang before giggling, the old song coming to his mind.

Coming into the area the pair walked past a literal white picket fence, the cobbled path continued to it and past the area, but beyond the fence it was all made to look like a white washed old farm house surrounded by a curated garden. Like everywhere there were a few signs about, but also like the others Bailey ignored them, this time distracted by the fluttering bugs about the area. 'Why do the butterflies stay here? Are they like, trained?' He could just imagine some campy comic villain having balloons and butterflies tethered to a chariot as they flew across the sky. He was completely unaware the answers to his questions were right there for his reading if he had bothered.

Squatting down his knees touched his chest as his ass hovered just slightly off the ground as he reached his hand out into a grass and flower covered field that had a flutter of orange winged butterflies flying across it. His lipstick covered lips parted as his mouth opened in amazement as one landing on the back of one of his fingers. He wanted to show Amanda, but didn't dare move and just continued to watch the creature slowly move its wings and rest on his hand.



Reading one of the signs caused Amanda to look up at the house seeing the lines of cocoons hung on nails. She was about to show Bailey how they curated the area to have so many butterflies when her words were caught in her throat. Slowly she pulled out her phone and snapped a picture of the platinum blonde girl with an open mouth smile as she peered at a butterfly while tens of them fluttered around her. 'Why do I fight myself so much, feel guilt, when I see moments like this. Bailey gets what she wants, to be a girl and experience a real childhood and at the same time she is giving me the daughter I always wanted.' Amanda thought in delight, the remorse for what she was putting Bailey through that consistently crept into her mind taking a break.

The pair continued their time at the gardens, smiles hardly ever wavering from either of their faces as they moved from one section to another, never lingering for long. Sunshine and flowers wasn't something that could keep Bailey from growing bored for too long and soon enough had his case out, still having the plastic flower case around his phone that his pretend mother gave him that first day he had put on feminine clothes for that day in the park. Taking a few photos of fields of grass and flowers, various flower covered bushes he sent the images off to his friend.

Bailey: Look at these! then like think of the song walking on sunshine!

Bailey: We could tots do a vido but like maybe like this?

Candi: That sounds like an amazing idea! I love the acoustic video

Candi: Hmmm I like the original better, it is so upbeat but like yeah doing it there is a great idea

Candi: We could get Ry or Auggy to hold the camera or like him and Auggy use my camera and yours so we can have two angles.

"Who are you talking to?" Amanda asked seeing Bailey type away on her phone a look of happy concentration on her face.

Looking away from the phone's screen, Bailey pressed the device to his chest protectively like he had been caught doing something he shouldn't. "Ummm Candi."

'They see each other everyday, Bailey was with her this morning and still they are texting. It is incredible to see Bailey communicating this much with someone.' Amanda thought. "And what is Candi up to today?"

"Ahhh." Bailey looked down once more at his phone's screen like the answer was



there waiting for him. "Not sure, but we were talking about making... It's silly." A small blush came to Bailey's cheek at the idea of confessing to her that they were planning on making a music video together.

"I can handle silly." Amanda said, stepping up side Bailey to bump shoulders playfully.

Without turning his head Bailey looked at the women who moved up beside him from the corner of his eye. "Okay... but umm like don't laugh." Biting his lower lip and tasting his lipstick he went on when he saw her nod. "Me and Candi... we umm made some videos and I thought it would be fun to come out here and do one with the song walking on sunshi..." He didn't even finish the name of the song his voice growing softer as he went on, bracing himself for what was to come. He already looked like this, he had to... and admitting he was actively planning making a music video... he shouldn't have said anything.

"A video? Dancing and music?"

"Umm yea..." Bailey answered in a soft voice not able to meet her eyes as he spoke.

"That sounds like a lot of fun, is this something for just you and Candi? Or could someone like say... me join?" Amanda waved her hand to her chest as she pointed to herself. It had taken a little effort to not correct Bailey to say Candi and I, instead of me and Candi. Admonishing Bailey just before asking to join her seemed at crossed purposes.

"You... you want to make a video with us?" He asked surprised, not only had she not mocked him for wanting to do something like that, but wanted to participate.

"It sounds like a good way to spend time together and create some fun memories."

"Yeah!" The hesitation in Bailey left him and left behind a brighter and brighter smile as he pictures her in the field of flowers barefoot and in a sundress. "Yeah, it like totally does! Hold on!" Bailey looked down once more to his phone and typed furiously into it.

Bailey: NEW PLAN!

Bailey: Mommy is going to join us for the video!

Candi: Doing a video with Mom sounds AMAZING!

Bailey: Mom? Like rly?

Candi: YEP! :-p

Still looking down at the phone Bailey bobbed his head from side to side as he made mocking tones. "Memememememe" Then gave the device a raspberry.

"What is all that?" Amanda asked, seeing the adolescent behavior.

"Ummm, like, nothing. Candi just called you Mom and then stuck her tongue out at me."

Pulling Bailey into a side hug Amanda pressed her cheek against Bailey's. "Aww, is my little girl afraid of sharing me?"

It didn't take much effort for Bailey to pull himself free before moving his head in a few rapid shakes. "No..." He replied sullenly, wishing she didn't call him her little girl, but still didn't want to verbalize it, she had just come home and was clearly enjoying their time together. "No, I can totally share. I just don't want to. Can we umm..." He stopped to look around, trying to spot an exit. "Could we go and have lunch?" Bailey was hungry, they had been outside for close to two hours, but mostly he wanted to change the subject.

"Sure sweetie, we can go get that lunch I promised you."

With a new destination in mind the pair of blondes left the gardens and went to a local steak house so Amanda could make good on her promise to get Bailey a steak when she returned. It was a bit amusing to her that the offer had been to get Bailey a nice steak meal when she got back if Bailey was a good girl while she was gone. If she stuck precisely with the bargain no meal would be forthcoming with Bailey and Candi getting in trouble for getting into Derrick's liquor cabinet, something she had given Bailey a spanking for in the past. Derrick had handled it by making them both get a summer job, not at the waterpark service ice cream like she heard Candi would have liked, but instead as interns at Mega Corp. Derrick had literally pulled strings to get them into a prestigious intern program as a punishment.

When the waiter came by she ordered the honey glazed salmon. It sounded delicious with soy sauce, vinegar and red pepper flakes over some jasmine rice. When Bailey ordered she was in for a bit of a shock, instead of getting a porterhouse or something massive like a tomahawk. Something he always said he wanted to get, but they couldn't afford, Bailey ordered a chopped steak salad with cucumbers, olives and crumbled blue cheese, the steak cooked in lime and wasabi. "Sweetie, are you sure you do not want something like a new york strip?"

Pouting his lips Bailey thought for just a second before shaking his head and handing the menu off to the waiter. "It did sound yummy and I couldn't really eat anything this morning." It was then Bailey glanced behind him in the waiter's direction as a thought hit him that he could have gotten a bigger steak and just could have taken the leftovers home, where they would be safe unlike the fridge at work, but the man was nowhere to be seen.

The statement of not being able to eat that morning rang a little hollow to Amanda. Bailey seemed perfectly fine and healthy, the Bailey she knew would ignore the pain from a cut or broken toe, then whine and want to be babied because he had a stuffy nose from a head cold. She had seen it before she left, how Bailey had lost weight. He had never been a big man, never was what someone would call chunky, but some of the weight on him was gone, muscle seemed to have melted away and that couldn't have been just from drinking a smoothie or shake for a meal now and then, Bailey had really doubled down on the crash diet. With that in mind she decided to ask some pointed questions, things that had been bouncing around in her brain. "Bailey, sweetie."

He looked at the woman across from him with a slight smile as he put down the wine glass full of ice and water. It felt great to be sitting here with her, but the look she was giving him, like she was inspecting him made him feel apprehensive. "Hmm?"

"I have a few questions for you and I need you to answer them for me. Okay?" She didn't want to worry Bailey, just wanted to know the truth, for Bailey to come out and say it, but watching her brush back the platinum hair from her eyes, Amanda could see the apprehension. "Are you happy being Bailey Ann Best?" Just asking the question felt like a wait had been lifted from her, but with it a cold clammy feeling crept up from her stomach. "What will I do if Bailey says no? What if Bailey says... says... what if Bailey blames me?" She thought in the silence that followed the question.

Biting his bottom lip Bailey squinted his eyes as he once again tasted his lipstick and regretted doing the familiar action, knowing he had just messed up his makeup again and probably got some of the lipstick on his upper teeth. 'Am I happy? Yeah sure but like... is she testing me?' Bailey looked past the blue eyed woman across from him watching as the same waiter that had taken their order was asking three people that had just been seated for their drink order. They were out in public, and everyone saw him as the happy bubbly girl, that was the plan, that was who he had to be. He was just glad she was testing him with just the two of them and not out with someone like Auggy. Putting on his best teenage girl friend, something that took very little effort compared to the first day he put on the pink converse shoes, he rolled his green eyes at the question. "Like, of course I'm happy. That is a silly question Mommy, I'm having a lot of fun today."

Amanda was enjoying the day so far as well, getting to go home, flying first class, being greeted by people that cared about her and then spending multiple hours in a flower garden preserve with Bailey had been an amazing day. "Me too sweetie, me too." She said reaching across the table to hold Bailey's hand. Even Bailey's hands looked and felt different than the man she knew. They looked skinnier, it wasn't just the well cared for painted nails, Bailey's skin was also much smoother. "What about Bailey... Bailey Andrew Smith?"

Talking about himself like he was a different person made Bailey feel uncomfortable, he wanted to ask her why she was asking these kinds of questions, why she was testing him, but he also recalled him asking her to discipline him in order to keep him in character. A few uncomfortable questions answered the way she wanted to hear them was a lot better than getting a spanking. "Your umm old boyfriend? What about him? Oh like is he happy too?" Bailey shrugged his slender shoulders. "I like, don't know, I haven't seen him like, in forever." As he answered a thought tickled the back of his mind at what she could also be hinting at, asking if he was happy and then brining up his male self. This could all be leading up to a reveal about tomorrow and getting to see the horse he learned to ride on again, getting to see Cherry once more, but Candi had already spilled the beans on that.

"Is this about tomorrow!? OH MY GOD! I just can't wait to see Cherry again, Mmmm I hope she remembers me."

The next question had been on the tip of Amanda's tongue, but the mention of the plans for the next day came as a shock to her. Not because of what they were, she already knew that, but with Bailey already knowing. "Was it Derrick or

Candi who told you?"

Bailey did his best to look sheepish. "I'm not going to rat her out." His head then jerked up meeting Amanda's blue eyes, one hand clamping over his own mouth. He had already been teasing, but he hadn't actually meant to give away the answer.

"Ah huh." She said, nodding her head. "Sounds like the cat is out of the bag. Guessing you already know we are going over to their hotel after lunch so you and Candi can go shopping for something to wear tomorrow."

Opening his eyes wide, Bailey sat up straighter, he wasn't much of slouching after all the couching Megan had given him, but the idea of getting close just for riding sparked something in him. "Can I get a pair of jeans!?" He asked out loud while he tried to explain away the internal excitement about going shopping. 'I'm only excited to get pants, only about getting pants.' He reassured himself, but then remembering he also had to resupply on some of his makeup. The choo choo of his mind then moving on to wondering what Sephora had on sale.

"Umm, sure sweetie. I will give you my card or Derrick will give Candi his..." Amanda looked off to the side thinking for a second before shaking her head. "We will transfer some money, it will not be a lot though. So this isn't a shopping spree, but you can buy whatever clothes you want. I have not gotten a raise yet, my new position does not start for weeks yet."

The mention of the promotion sent the joy in him crashing and with it the idea of going shopping... shopping for pants he mentally corrected. Bailey had avoided bringing things up so far today, but he couldn't not tell her. "Mommy... I have umm, I like have some bad news."

Mention of bad news was tempered a bit with hearing Bailey continue to call her Mommy, it was juvenile, but she loved hearing it. She hoped it wasn't her saying that she was lying before and that she was miserable. Leaning forward in her seat nodded for Bailey to continue.

"Umm... ahhh, well..." Bailey stopped to swallow his saliva, knowing this was going to be a punch in the gut to her. "MrBrannongotthejobyouwantedandhewillbeinchargeoftheofficehereinNevada and and and..." Bailey stopped when he saw the hand held up in front of him.

"Talk a little slower for me sweetie, spaces, I need spaces between the words." Amanda said gently after not understanding a single thing Bailey said in the rapid fire verbal assault.

Taking a second to center himself Bailey took another sip from the cold water in front of him. "Mr Brannon, he umm he is going to be in charge of the building. He told me so himself that you wouldn't be promoted, that all that matters is who you know and that umm he knows how to play the game."

Reaching out with both hands this time Amanda took one of Bailey's between them. "Listen to me Bailey, everything will be fine. I know what he did and..." She rolled her head on her shoulders. "How he did it. None of that matters though, because I am getting a different position. One I wanted to talk to you about."

'A different position?!' Bailey thought as he pulled his hand free from her grasp as he leaned back in his chair. 'It won't like matter what job you think you will get if he fires you before then... peaches! Is that why he said I have to keep him happy or he would fire her?'

"The position I will be moving into is the director of finance for the west coast. It took me a bit of soul searching before I accepted it."

Bailey cocked his head to the side, the job titled alone sounded amazing, he was sure the pay would be too. He wasn't sure why she would hesitate at all or require soul searching. "Umm like why wouldn't you take it?"

"Well, sweetie. To have the position I would have to move to California, to the west coast headquarters."

"Oh... Where umm Mr Connors works." His eyes dropped from her focusing on the floating cubes of ice in his drink. "I thought... what about me?"

Seeing the expression on Bailey's face made Amanda feel like her heart was breaking. This decision had been the toughest she had ever had to make, but not accepting it would leave so much of her life up in the air. She could grin and bear it if she had been passed over for a promotion, she would be upset about it with how George Brannon went about it. Having a subordinate suddenly get promoted above you would be difficult, but one with a grudge and agenda was another. If

she didn't take the director position she would have to leave Mega Corp more than likely before she even found another position before he created a reason to fire her. "Well, I see two options. One, you could come with me." That option seemed much more reasonable to her now that she finally heard it directly from Bailey's lips that she was happy. All evidence had pointed to it, pointed to Bailey wanting to live this way, but she couldn't be sure till she actually heard it directly.

"The second option, one that your aunt and I worked on, was that you could move away. We say your fathers sister, an aunt from his side of the family, was not doing well and wanted to spend time with her niece before the end. That would give a believable enough excuse for my eighteen year old daughter to go away and end up living out on her own, not coming back. I hate lying. I really do sweetie, I just do not see many options without... without all the sacrifices you have made blowing up in our faces."

Moving away with money in his pocket was exactly what Aunt Megan had talked to him about. She would give him money so he could get himself fished, give his body time to accept the hormone medication the doctor had given him to fix himself. He could do that and start putting some muscle back on his body, shave his head till real blonde hair grew back in. Bailey touched his hand to his own cheek, he had only gone to two of those laser treatments and was reasonably sure facial hair would come in again once his male hormones kicked back in. Not that he ever had much facial hair, but that could change if the medicine. He could go away for a few months and if things were worse than he thought he could just get some minor surgery then show back up in California with a full beard and show the woman he loved what she had been missing. He just had to wait for that private detective to get himself out of hot water before he could go live as a boy.

"I know... but umm..." He had it all planned out in his mind, could picture himself in jeans, a red and black plaid shirt with a full beard kissing her. He just had to ask, to make sure that she would wait for him. Derrick was already much closer to Mommy than he would like and without being around who knows what would happen. "If I went away, for like three months.. If I needed surgery... Or like just a month." Bailey quickly added. "Would you wait for me?"

Hearing that Bailey was thinking about fully transitioning shouldn't have been a surprise to Amanda, not with already knowing Bailey was a girl, a woman at heart, but the idea that it was in Bailey's head that she wouldn't wait, wouldn't accept her Bailey Ann back into her life was heartbreaking. 'How much did Bailey hurt over their life by living a lie that she would think I would cast her aside when she fully transforms her body into the woman she is inside? What did her father

say to her? Or not say?' With tears welling up in her Amanda got up from her seat, and quickly moved to Bailey's side to embrace her. "I love you so much Bailey, of course you can come home to me!"

## **Chapter 31**

Sitting on the tan couch in the nice hotel, Amanda had her legs curled up underneath her as she leaned into Derrick. She held his arm in both of hers up against her chest as they sat watching a documentary on the lost colony of Roanoke on the history channel, or more accurately he watched while she relaxed. This day, a Saturday had been one of the best days she had all year. Flying first class for the first time, still not worth the price in her opinion or at least not for a short flight and then an afternoon with Bailey. She had been finally able to put to words what she had been feeling and still it sounded insane. 'My boyfriend pretended to be my daughter and loved it so much that it is allowing him to live a female life he had always wanted and relive a childhood denied to him because his parents treated him as an adult by the time puberty struck him. And now... now he or she was willing to move to another state with her, her only worry was about when she had surgery to complete her transition, if she would be accepted or not.

It made much more sense why Bailey had been willing to pretend to be a teen girl in the first place, why Bailey had encouraged her to go out and be with Derrick, why she on more than one occasion called him Dad or Daddy like his own daughter called him. Bailey wasn't mentally regressing, she was being her true self and circumstances had given her exactly what she wanted, a family. Pressing herself more into Derrick Amanda smiled, circumstances had given both of them things they wanted. She had always wanted a family too, and here she was with a new boyfriend, cuddling on the couch while Derrick's mother had taken the girls to go out shopping so they could have alone time.

Feeling Amanda pull herself tighter to him, Derrick gave her an easy smile before leaning over to give her a soft kiss and let out a satisfied breath. "I cherish you Mandy and I love you."

A small blush came to Amanda's cheeks, his warm smile and green eyes had drawn her to him, the way he treated not just his daughter but everyone around him made her appreciate his kind heart. He would seem too good to be true if she didn't know about his past and his failings with his departed wife. Derrick was a man working to make up for his lost time and somewhere along that path he had become more empathetic to those around him, or at least that is what she put together from conversations with him, his daughter and mother. It seemed so



easy for him to admit his feelings, things she battled with.

Derrick Connors had stolen her heart, it hadn't been a sudden thing, it had been something she actively fought internally about, not wanting to cheat, not wanting to betray Bailey despite Bailey's own urgings. Quickly, all too quickly she had found herself smiling at the idea of seeing him, or when she saw his name on her caller ID and without ever fully taking that step she still somehow had let herself fall in love. Wanting to keep her new daughter and have Derrick made her feel greedy and dishonest, but if this man knew the truth she knew he would do more than just pull away. Her life would then be over, he would do what he had to do to protect himself and his daughter and why should he ever have to know? Bailey loved living as her daughter and was going to fully transition, not that anyone could tell with that prosthetic trial she was in, that thing was just... too real.

The way he smiled at her now she didn't just see it, she felt it, so she returned the smile, her bright blue eyes looking into his own green ones. "What are you thinking about?" She asked not returning his confession of love.

Looking away from the beautiful blonde, Derrick watched what was happening on the tv show that was on the tv, not really hearing or seeing any of it. "I could say this show, I mean I would love to know what really happened. Or I could say my only thoughts were for you Mandy." Derrick looked back at his girlfriend. "The truth is I was thinking about that youtube video you were talking about doing with the girls and I thought it might be fun to make it a family activity. All of us go back out to the gardens with the camera equipment and things for a picnic lunch."

"Mmm." Amanda made the pleased sound, loving the idea of a family activity. They already were doing one the following day, but the idea of planning more activities together made her happy. She was always one for making plans over sudden and random decisions. Then there was just the idea that planning to do things together told her that he saw them together in the future. "Do you know what I am thinking about?"

"Is it mutual funds? Money market, bonds and stocks? Because I really hope not, that sounds terribly boring."

Slapping his arm Amanda wrinkled her nose at him. "No. I was thinking about you and us..."

"Yeah?" Derrick said, raising an eyebrow, using the one word to urge her to

continue.

Giving him a small, but toothy smile Amanda nodded. "Mmmm hmm. Thinking about US." She added extra emphasis on the last word as she let go of his arm, her hand moved across one of his legs and to his lap where her hand came to rest over his crotch. She watched as Derrick's other eyebrow joined the first raised on his forehead as she began flexing her fingers, feeling his balls through his clothes.

Swallowing hard Derrick felt himself go from relaxed to aroused as Amanda's delicate fingers played with his balls. With a grunt he put one hand over her own, wanting to keep her hand exactly where it was, doing exactly what it was doing as he used his other to wrap around the beautiful blonde's head to hold the back of it as he leaned into her as she pressed into him, their lips meeting. One article of clothing at a time one removed from the other, she helped pull his polo over his head, he helped her remove both her button shirt and the shirt underneath. Every time they assisted one another it was joined by a kiss, and a caress of their hands over the other's body. Sometimes it was him gently sliding his hand over her hip, another it was him gripping her ass as her jeans slid free. He felt her kiss and then not so gently bite his chest as her hands ripped down at his pants and boxers, his own hands fumbling to free her large and magnificent breasts from the bra that contained them. He had never been super smooth about that activity and now he struggled with it as neither him nor her were taking the time to disrobe before engaging one another.

If they took the time to disrobe things would have gone quicker, this way by the time they were both naked both him and Amanda were breathing rapidly, pressing their flesh against one another. She sat in on his lap, her knees pressed into the couch cushions on either side of his own as she kneeled there, one of her hands gripping and stroking his manhood, her other wrapped around his neck, her fingers entwined with his hair as she pulled his face to her own as they kissed, their tongues touching, sliding against one another as they writhed, pressing their flesh together.

Incredibly turned on Amanda felt wet, she wanted what she had in her hand inside of her. The warmth, the electricity of pleasure already danced inside of her as one of Derrick's strong hands cupped her ass and the other caressed, groped and pinched at her chest. She had already started rocking her body against his, rolling her hips as they continued to taste one another's mouths. Pulling on his hair and pulling his face back Amanda let go of his head as she took a few gasps of air. Her lover seemingly recovered faster than her, his lips moving to her neck and then collarbone and then down to her breast that his hand had just been

giving attention to. The kisses trailed down from her neck to her chest, to her breast and then her nipple while his hands changed positions to still hold her there and give the other side of her chest his attentions. "RRRrrrr!" Amanda pushed on his chest hard enough to give them the tiniest amount of space. She looked into his hungry eyes, keeping him there as she continued to slowly grind against him. "I want you..." She whispered aggressively between breaths.

Derrick felt the hand that pressed on his chest, pushing him hard into the couch cushions slide up to his shoulder where she pressed down on him, using him as an anchor as she lifted herself up off his lap, her other guiding his erect cock as she came back down. As his dick met her flesh he felt it slip slowly inside of her, she felt so inviting as his member was welcomed into her warm wet hole. Each of the pair groaned in pleasure as they took their session from second base, to third and finally fourth.

"Ah, ah, ah, Hmmm! Mandy you feel so good." Derrick said now mostly out of breath, his hands resting on his lover's hips as he pulled her down more onto him. Holding her in his hands Derrick started to buck his hips, trying to match her rhythm as he nuzzled her neck, but stopped when he once again felt her push on his chest. Meeting her now intense gaze he saw Mandy slowly shake her head, her hand still firmly pressing him back into the couch as she rocked her hips, grinding herself against him, before using her belt legs to slowly at first bounce herself up and down on his cock.

When he tried leaned forward once more he felt the long nails of her fingers dig into him as she pushed harder on his chest.

"No... ah, ha, ha... Mmmmm." Amanda said, wanting him to stay right there as she rode him. She often was the sub, doing what her lover wanted, but today, right now she wanted to be in control, in control of her own pleasure. Loving the feeling of the thick member pulsing inside of her as they made love. Rolling her hips Amanda let out a mewling sound of pleasure, loving not just their physical contact but Derrick being just as vocal as herself. She had started doing this slowly, changing from full on fucking to grinding and then back again, this time bucking atop of him faster than before, never moving in a way that his dick could be free of her. "Oh, oh, ahhhhh... cum for me baby, cum for me!"

Grunting Derrick pressed his hips up as sweat glistened across his tanned skin, his thoughts were lost in a haze euphoria he did his best to ride the wave of pleasure and hold back, to let it continue to roll over him and through him. He didn't want things to end too soon, wanting to hold on long enough for her to feel

the same pleasure as him. So lost in the pleasure and holding onto that one thought he hadn't noticed she very much was on the same wavelength as himself. It wasn't until he heard her urging for him to cum that he finally let go. He felt a tightness in his groin as his seed exploded from his cock inside the woman he loved and a sudden feeling of fatigue encapsulating his body after he did.

Amanda felt the member inside of her pulsing, followed by a warmth, making her feel full in a wonderful intimate way. Leaning her head forward she pressed her forehead to his, her hand still pressed on his heaving chest, she tried to speak, but stopped realizing she too needed to catch her breath. Breathing in and out Amanda wrapped both her hands around Derrick's neck, pressing her chest into his own; she stayed still where she sat, wanting him to stay inside of her. Wanting to keep the feeling she had for as long as she could, Amanda let out one last long breath before looking into Derrick's green eyes and spoke softly. "I love you too, I love you more than I thought I could."

## **Chapter 32**

Laying in the comfortable hotel bed Bailey laid on his back peering up at the white painted ceiling through the curtain of long lashes with his half closed eyes. He wasn't really paying attention to anything in the now dark room with himself lost in thought. Bailey had looked forward to mommy coming home and he had fun with her. Walking around a field of flowers wasn't his first pick for something to do, but it had been relaxing and doing it with the beautiful blue eyed woman has been fantastic. Then there was thier lunch... 'Mmm, OMG that was delish.' Bailey's reflections of the day briefly interrupted at the thought of the meal.

The conversation they had made Bailey incredibly happy, she loved him and even though mommy wasn't aware Bailey had been forced into this role she seemed to love him even more for it. Seeing her smile and feeling her embrace made it all almost worthwhile. Bailey's eyes heavy with exhaustion blinked a few times thinking about what would have happened if he stood up to aunt Megan. 'No shaving, a totally plus, sleeping in and... and.. Well no more cute heels, but also like...' His mind lost focus again as he thought of Candi, the bubbly blonde girl that was currently laying next to him as they shared a bed, her arm wrapped around his belly and her cheek resting on his shoulder.

A slight pout came to his plump lips at the idea of never having a chance to get to know the girl and become friend with her. She showed him what a real friendship could be like and how shallow his had been with Chuck... 'Gah! And then like Liam showed me how much of a sugar lovin meanies they really were!' Just thinking about Chuck's face as he closed that bedroom door leaving him in that

room caused Bailey's body to shiver and grunt to escape his lips.

"Mmmm? Are.." Candi said, smacking her lips as she lifted her head from her friend's shoulder. "Okay?" She said not coming close to a complete sentence.

"Yeah... just like, thinking about like how much better you are than my old bff."

"Yeah?" Candi said sleepily as she squeezed Bailey's body a little tighter in a laying down side hug. "Do you umm.. Do you want to talk about it?"

The pout on Bailey's face transitioned into a smile as he hugged the eighteen year old girl back. "Noooo, you can go back to sleep."

"Oka..." The single word coming from Candi's mouth drifting off as she put her head back down on her friend and makeshift body pillow.

Feeling her head lay back down, Bailey again pouted. He enjoyed cuddling with Candi, something he resisted for a while, but she wasn't the woman he wanted to be laying in bed with. "Its just like..." Bailey started up again thinking about how when Nana, Candi and him had come back from shopping he had been so excited. The trip to the mall has been great, he got a pair of jeans, some cute cowgirl heeled boots. Bailey had protested that they were totally too expensive and weren't needed to go riding, but he had been out voted. Candi had said since he was a cow girl growing up around horses that they were perfect and Nana had said not to worry about the price. He had to admit seeing them on a girl could be hot, but didn't want it to be him. Candi had gotten some boots too but her's were side zipper block heeled hiking looking boots. Then at Sephora he had found his favorite brand of eyeliner on clearance. It had been a great trip, but the news when they got back to the hotel soured it.

The 'grown ups' had decided to have a sleepover since they were all going to get together the next day anyhow. Candi had been excited of course and the girl's smile was always contagious, but he had been really looking forward to some quality time back at home, sharing a bed. 'Now Mommy was in the same hotel room in another bedroom sleeping with Derrick. 'Totally unfair, but like she has to do it to keep up appearances.' Bailey let out another huff of air, just noticing Candi had sat up on the bed and was looking down at him, her body showing every indication she was ready to pass out.

Wanting more than anything to go back to sleep Candi sat up in bed as Bailey started to talk to her again. She always tried to be patient with everyone and as adorable as her little sister was it was more often than not easy to be patient with Bailey. The girl had come a long way in having confidence in her body, But when she lost focus in the middle of talking the girl was at her worst and right now wanted to go back to sleep. Reaching over she ruffled Bailey's hair as she half sang in an off key. "What's between those ears? Is it a brain? No. Just floof."

Opening his mouth to talk, Bailey closed it again before sticking his tongue out to give the sleepy girl a raspberry. "I was like just umm, like..." Bailey squinted as he thought. "Would your Dad be umm like upset if they broke up?"

"Awww." Candi made the noise, now feeling bad for teasing her best friend. Her tired mind working slowly, but with all the pieces on the board she was able to see the picture. Bailey had been thinking of their friendship and was worried about it and what would happen if her Daddy broke up with her Mom. "Bailey, you have nothing to worry about, my Daddy is in just as much love with your Mom as she is with him. In fact... I bet if you went up to him tomorrow morning and told him you loved him, he would totally say it back."

"That's like not what I..." Stopping, Bailey took in a long breath. "Okay, but like what if?"

Holding up an index finger Candi's half lidded green eyes looked into Bailey's. "If... I mean IF things didn't work out we would totally figure something out, but like not in the middle of the night. I can promise we will be friends forever, everything else like details. Okay?"

Bailey wasn't sure exactly why he had asked her the question, it was a foregone conclusion a wedding wasn't going to happen and without staying at Bailey Ann he wasn't sure how he could stay friends with the girl and that thought hurt. "Yeah... okay."

With the conversation over Bailey soon found himself being the little spoon in the bed. He really was looking forward to the next day but the conversation with Candi hadn't actually made him feel any better. Sleep felt elusive and he found himself mentally repeating his mantra as his mind drifted. '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.' Part way through the fourth round of the manta Bailey drifted off to sleep.

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Waking up in the morning Candi squinted over at the window in her room where sunbeams were shining in like a natural alarm clock. She went to stretch, but found her left arm pinned under Bailey as the girl held on to her. One leg draped over one of her legs and her face resting on her breasts like they were her personal pillow. "Bailey... Bailey." Candi said gently." While her friend didn't respond or open her eyes she could tell she woke up, at least a little when her breathing changed.

"Bailey... little sis. Time to get up."

"No..." Bailey said petulantly as he hugged his pillow tighter, not awake enough to realize he was using Candi, not the pillows on the bed. He was having a dream where he was walking in the woods when the path split. Down one he could easily see Mommy, Derrick, Candi and his old pony Cherry. Down the other, further down the path was the woman he loved, she was waving to him, calling to him but it was much harder to make out with how far away she was compared to the others that called to him. He had to make a choice, it felt like it was an easy choice or it should be easy, but he wasn't sure what was the correct way to go and now... now the morning person he somehow made friends with was pestering him long before he should have to interact with another human being.

It was then that Bailey's eyes darted open when he felt Candi's fingers start to attack his side as the tickling started. "NO! STOP! OH MY GOD STOP!" Bailey yelled out as he fought to get away from the girl. Despite his words and getting up like she wanted the attack continued and so did his efforts to get away. It took longer than he would have liked to get out from the blankets, but when he did he found himself falling to the hotel room floor with a thud. With his rear end a little sore from the fall a pout came to Bailey's lips as he gave a not so menacing glare up at Candi as she now peered over the side of the bed at her fallen friend. "You... You are like such a brat! You can't tickle someone in the morning like that. A little bit of pee totally came out!"

Giggling Candi stuck her tongue out at her pretend little sister. "If my little sister can't wait to get to the bathroom to go potty, maybe she needs a diaper. Or maybe she should get up when her big sister tells her to."

"I'm not a baby, I don't need a diaper." Bailey complained as he got to his feet, vague memories of aunt Megan threatening something similar going through his mind. Touching the front of his panties he grumbled after feeling how wet they were after his bladder had given ground to the tickling attack. He couldn't feel the panties or anything outside of the prosthetic, but he had clearly felt himself pee. "I'm getting the shower first." Bailey said walking to the bathroom connected to the room, walking into it on the balls of his feet and a sway to his hips that he no longer considered.

Moving herself to a sitting position Candi giggled a little longer at the idea of making her little sis wear a diaper. 'I wouldn't really make her wear a diaper, I know I would just die if someone saw me like that, but...'. Her own mind drifted off in thought of making Bailey wear one around the hotel room and drinking from a ba ba as a penalty for losing one of her bets. She then shook her head, that could just as easily swing the other way or their bets to something negative instead of fun. Swinging her legs back and forth a bit she hopped to her feet when she realized she could hear people up and about in the common area of the hotel suite. If they were up, that could mean they had already taken showers and she wasn't going to be the one to take a cold shower. Stepping up to the bathroom door she tried opening it without knocking, but found it locked. "Hey, open up!"

Sitting on the toilet Bailey glared at the thin door that did little to muffle the girl on the other side. "Go away Candi!" He called out. The girl was great, but he did not enjoy sharing a bathroom with her. She had no problems with just walking in and going to the bathroom while he was in the shower, or washing her face in the sink when he was on the toilet and sharing a mirror with her when they were trying to put on their makeup was a total nightmare.

After navigating the bathroom situation Bailey looked at himself in the closet mirror doors. He had put on a pair of white thong panties and the white demi bra with a hint of black lace. The bra supported his girls... Bailey always loved demi bras on girls, they lifted breasts in such a great way and as soon as he grimaced looking at his chest the frown flipped upside down to a smile. 'A good girl always looks her best.' He didn't feel a twitch from his hidden member but staring at himself too long he knew from experience left him feeling a bit horny, so he delivered his attention to put on the thin black top before adding on the long sleeve black and red flannel shirt that was solid at the bottom front before it had loose red strings like shoelaces at the top instead of the normal buttons a flannel shirt would normally have.



Looking over his shoulder Bailey saw Candi exiting the bathroom in nothing but her panties. Not every teen girl was something a boy would lust over, though most would. Bailey was sure most boys and men really would give just about anything to see her lithe body with chest exposed. Snapping his attention back to himself before he turned himself on he slid the tight high waisted blue jeans up his legs and over his hips, so he was no longer looking like Winnie the Pooh. Today he wore some soft red eyeshadow and a slightly bolder red for his lips and to contrast had painted his nails white the night before while Candi and him watched The Bachelor on tv.



Moving to sit on bed he examined the brown leather stiletto heeled cowgirl boots once more before looking over at what Candi was wearing for the day. She was

wearing a pair of slightly darker low rise blue jeans that were just as tight as his own. Her black scoop necked blouse buttoned up with four large brown buttons, she had it tucked into her pants. She wore wooden earrings that were a square within a square, a much more earthy choice than his own heart shaped fake ruby stud earrings. The only other piece of jewelry he saw Candi put on was a thick band red leather watch. The side of Bailey's lip curled up at the side looking down at her new boots, a fashionista's version of hiking boots. "Are you like sure you want to wear those? Heels are like not something you should wear when going riding."



With a smile and a shrug Candi plopped down on the bed beside her friend holding the block heeled boots in one hand. "Should I wear sneakers instead?"

She asked, raising an eyebrow, almost taking the time to wonder why Bailey didn't bring it up yesterday, but dismissed it. She loved her friend, but she wasn't much of a forward thinker. Some might say she wasn't much of a thinker, but they would be super wrong she reasoned. Her little sister mostly just had an attention and focus problem.

"Well... boots are better, a small heel is best. Not like..." The feminized man waved his hand at her choice of footwear. "Not heels, heels."

"What about you?" Candi said looking down at the one cowgirl boot Bailey already had her foot in.

"I didn't want these." Bailey shook his head, knowing he didn't have a lot of options. With him he had the heels he wore the day before the strappy blue gladiator heels weren't going to cut it for riding. Other than that he had access to Candi's shoe collection, but that wasn't much better.

"We all heard your half hearted protests as he held onto the boots, looking at them like they were they were the one ring."

"Lord of the rings? Really?!"

With a smirk Candi cocked her head to the side. "Don't worry little sis you don't have to throw them in Mount Doom."

"I hate you, I like hope you know that." Bailey said scoffing as he moved to put his other foot into his new boot, wishing he had time to break it in some before going out for a full day in them.

Waving her hand in the air in Bailey's direction Candi scrunched up her nose as she shook her head in several rapid shakes. "Noooooope! You love me and I can prove it."

Still struggling to get his foot in the boot he glanced at the teen girl with a questioning look. "Yeah? And how are you going to prove that?" As a response Candi held up both of her hands, waggling her fingers as she reached closer to Bailey's side like she was going to tickle her once more. "No, no, no, no Oh My God No!" Bailey said hoping to his feet the second his foot finished sliding into

place so he could get some distance.

Still barefoot Candi got to her feet and moved in Bailey's direction slowly like she was stalking her prey, her hands still out and fingers flexing as she prepared to pounce.

Throwing open the bedroom door Bailey moved as quickly as he could to the common room, moving much like he had been taught. One foot in front of the other, rotating his hips, elbows bent and wrists loose, all the while squealing while Candi followed giggling as her prey ran.

### **Chapter 33**

Standing on the white gravel driveway Derrick stretched the muscles in his legs, the trek out to the ranch ending up being just over a two hour trip. He could remember long trips in the car when he was growing up as they went off to a state park to go camping. His parents kept him occupied with word search puzzles and car games. He had even thought to try a few to pass the time, but it mostly ended up just being him and Amanda, the girls spent most of their time on their phones. Though Bailey seemed particularly flighty this morning and considering how she was a ball of energy practically vibrating in her seat the closer they got to Heavenly Hoofs ranch it was easy to connect the dots.

Looking off to the side a bright smile came to his face seeing Amanda and Candace interacting with a grayish brown horse with a white patch on its forehead. His little girl was holding her belly, her other resting gently on the side of the horse as she laughed at the animal's antics as it nuzzled his blonde eyed girlfriend's cheek. He couldn't blame it for wanting Amanda's attention, it was something he often thought of. He had seen her dressed up, dressed down and wearing nothing and he couldn't imagine her looking less than beautiful. Today she wore a pair of dark, tight blue jeans that stopped just above her ankles, a pair of black ankle boots with a two or two and half block heel, a deep V necked long sleeve shirt that had criss-crossing strings that did little to hide the hint of her breasts. She had a braided brown leather belt strapped around her waist, over her shirt that amused him. The jeans had loops for a belt, so this one wasn't about function, something he never understood about women's fashion.



Seeing both his girlfriend and his daughter smiling and laughing together made his heart sing. Moments like this made him feel like he was making the right choices, not just for himself but for his little girl... who wasn't so little anymore.



Shifting his gaze Derrick blinked a few times as he looked at Amanda's little girl. Bailey was standing with her hands folded together behind her as she bounced on the balls of her feet, the heels of her boots lightly touching the ground before she bounced again. She seemed oblivious to the bouncing show she was putting on as her breasts moved with each bounce as she happily looked out across the field, her attention shifting from one animal to another in cadence with her movement. While the pretty girl was oblivious to her actions, one of the workers, a dark haired hispanic man who looked to be in his late twenties, had given his full attention to the girl. "Bailey!" He yelled, waving his hand in a come over here motion when her attention snapped to him. Derrick knew every child had their own quirks, Candace had plenty and while her, nor Bailey really needed help attracting male attention. He wished Bailey was a bit more in the moment to see how she acted and well... moved, drew the attention of most nearby males.

When the platinum blonde teen moved over to him wide eyed and looking hopeful he motioned with his head to an elderly man walking down the gravel driveway. "I think that just might be the man who has your horse." Derrick said his heart felt like it could take flight seeing her give him a wide toothy grin. It was easy for him to see what the girl's boyfriend saw in her. Amanda had beauty, confidence without arrogance, a mind that remembered things far beyond what he could. While her daughter had confidence in a different way, one that he had seen come into its own from the much shyer girl he met at the company picnic. The girl was pretty, he imagined she looked a bit like her mother when she was younger, but unlike Amanda, Bailey moved with a natural feminine grace. Derrick shook his head slightly at the thought, it wasn't that his girlfriend didn't have that it was just... he couldn't imagine the highschool version of himself not fighting to have the girls attention and with how she acted now he wasn't sure she would pick up on anyone's interest in her. Shaking his head once more Derrick banished thoughts about Bailey, taking another look at the other two before stepping forward to meet the ranch owner.

Bailey had been bouncing on his feet as he looked around the front field of the Heavenly Hoof ranch. There were a few people riding out in the distance, more than a few grazing and even a dog that looked to be a mix between a lab and a basset hound. It looked like someone had stretched a lab's body to be longer and then did the same for their ears. Seeing the dog's tongue hanging out of its mouth as it ran around, ears flopping about made him smile and almost giggle at how funny it looked. None of the horses was his Cherry, a small voice in the back of his mind told him that his pony would be gone, sold off before he could see her again. The smile on his face almost slipped, but seeing how his best friend was laughing as horses nuzzled the women he loved made it reassert itself. 'Even if Cherry is like, gone, today could be a good day.' Taking in deep but short breath

Bailey's chest heaved. 'Today could totally be a great day.'

Hearing Candi's father call out to him he ran over, thoughts of the day being good or great despite Cherry not being here vanishing as hope filled him that Derrick had spotted the reddish brown pony. Forgetting completely that the older man had never seen the horse, despite setting up today's visit for his birthday. When Bailey moved up to Derrick the feminized man cocked his head to the side slightly, the smile not wavering from his face as the bearded man looked at him funny before shaking his head. With Derrick mentioning the old man in the white stetson hat being the man who bought Cherry, Bailey gleefully walked with Derrick up to him.

"HI, HI, HI!" Bailey said, before holding back and admonishing himself. 'Calm down, we are like eighteen and shouldn't be acting like a child... eighteen? Oh my god, like really brain? I'm not...' Bailey fluttered his lashes a few times as he blinked, realizing the man who looked two be in his late sixties had said something and was holding out his hand. "Umm..." Bailey started to say before Derrick took the man's hand, shaking it twice.

"Good morning to you as well, I appreciate you working with me. It means a lot to all of us."

Taking a step to the side Bailey once again cocked his head to the side this time more than before as he looked at Candi's father appraisingly. "It means a lot to you?" Bailey could easily admit the man was nice... too nice really. It had been an amazing gift that him and his daughter tracked down a horse that his own father had sold off when money was tight. Really that was kind of insane, but Bailey couldn't imagine it meaning anything really to him.

Giving the platinum blonde girl a smirk, Derrick put his hand on her shoulder. "Princess, if something means a lot to you then it means a lot to me too..." Derrick mentally winced, quickly correcting himself. "All of us. What makes you happy or sad is important, because you are important." He had been on his own for so long it was sometimes hard to shift gears, but one thing the parenting books Darrek had read agreed upon was speaking in one voice. Use we, us instead of I and me. He knew self esteem was an issue for kids, every adult should and he was guilty of being so preoccupied with his own life that he didn't consider things like that in the past. He wasn't blind enough to not see Candace was spoiled, his little girl knew she was loved and important, he was just eternally grateful she also had a big heart to balance it. Something her peers had taken advantage of and he felt blessed to find Amanda and her daughter who fit



together with him and Candace like puzzle pieces.

"Wha.. wha... what?" Bailey said, fumbling with his words. He had heard the older man and was already struggling to contain the tears flooding his eyes. Bailey hated how his emotions were constantly out of wack and couldn't wait for the medication from the doctor to finally take hold. The headaches had subsided, but it was still he couldn't help crying for almost no reason.

"You're important, just one of the reasons I call you princess."

Bailey felt his lower red painted lip quiver. "I'm... I'm like not a princess." He said, his voice strained from his attempt to hold back tears. Bailey disliked being called princess, and he knew he was important or at least he told himself he was. He could remember his mommy... mom his real mom telling him that he was a man now when he was just thirteen. It had felt wonderful to hear and to see the pride in her eyes. It wasn't something he had felt, not with being smaller than the other boys his age, but she had proven it to him by putting him to work. Saying how he was an adult and she could prove it by working him in their store. It was a good memory, Bailey knew both of his parents thought he was important, they gave him free reign, they had given him responsibility, but they had never said he was important... not like Derrick. It made Bailey hate the man, or at least want to hate him. "I'm not..." The rest of Bailey's words were muffled as Derrick pulled him into a hug, his face pressing into his chest as he wept.

Giving the ranch owner an awkward grin Derrick held the emotional girl to him. Candace was like this too at times, but he never dared to ask if it was a monthly thing. He had learned that lesson more than once when his wife punched his shoulder for jumping to that anytime she had been what he thought was overly emotional. Bailey clinging to him like this made him think of the last time Candace had done something similar and he knew it wouldn't be too long before those moments would be gone.

"Well." Carl, the owner of the property said before clearing his throat, feeling out of sorts as the girl cried at the drop of a hat. I take it they are all with you then?" He motioned with his head at the blonde blue eyed woman and the other platinum blonde teen approaching.

Without moving his body Derrick looked over his shoulder to see Amanda raising an eyebrow, an unspoken question about what was going on passing between them. He gave her a smile and a wink before turning back to the man. "Yeah,

they are all with me, luckiest man alive."

Carl chuckled looking at the family. He couldn't tell if the girls had inherited their mothers blonde hair, he doubted the platinum color was natural, but he could see their fathers green eyes in both of them. "Suppose so." Carl said, having to make an effort to not stare at the man's wife. It wouldn't do him any good if any of the ranch hands told his own wife he had been leering at the paying customers. "How about we all head over to the stables over yonder and see if one of my lazy sons can spare some time to help you all out." He said flexing one of his hands that bothered him too much that day to properly saddle a horse, let alone go riding with the right proficiency.

## **Chapter 34**

Leaning slightly back Amanda pressed her back into Derrick, feeling his own chest rise and fall as he breathed. She felt at ease as he had both hands wrapped around her waist from behind and clasp over her stomach as he leaned against the stable's wooden red painted wall. She only half listened as Carl went on at length about how his son only knew what he taught him and how he brought him into this world and if he kept giving him lip he would send him out of it. The old man didn't have any malice in his voice and it wasn't something she ever would joke about, but his son, a full grown man in his mid thirties, didn't seem much bothered by it all as he finished buckling the saddle on the horse that Candi was to be riding.

Most of Amanda's attention was on Bailey, who was just outside the stables with her green wide eyes full of tears as they watched one of the ranch hands bring over a brownish red horse. Without looking away from the platinum blonde girl, Amanda reached up with her hand to place her palm on her boyfriend's cheek. "Thank you for doing this." She said, pressing her lips into a line as she held back her own emotions. Bailey had never been incredibly open about himself, but she knew that he had fancied himself a little bit of a cowboy. He wasn't one, but she never spoiled the illusions he had when he talked about helping breaking in a fillie, a young female horse that he got to name Cherry after their coloring. She imagined it was Bailey's father that did the breaking in, but just had Bailey help. The more she did learn about his past, made her wonder though, his parents put a lot on his shoulders and made Bailey grow up faster than any child should. The loss of his parents, one after the other had devastated him, he almost completely shut down and even offers of sex, something she knew he was always up for hadn't had the impact she thought.

Here now, she saw Bailey getting a piece of that childhood back that he... she

wanted and needed. Closure that was unfulfilled has come all thanks to the Connors. Bailey had actually opened up to Candi, a friendship that had started as Bailey just needing to keep her company had turned into something she was sure was deeper than their own in some ways. The family from California had not just listened to Bailey talk about what they had and lost, but put in no small effort to reunite Bailey with what was lost, even if it was just for an afternoon. Cherry was a bridge between Bailey Andrew Smith and Bailey Ann Best and she felt blessed to see someone she loved look so content.

Pressing his hands together in a praying motion and holding his touching index fingers to his lips Bailey watched his pony, who was not so small now, a full grown mare, be walked closer to him. Bailey had to hold in the desire to run to his old horse, wanting to hug it and terrified she wouldn't recognize him. It had been years and he looked so much different, now, even smelled different. There was no chance of Cherry recognizing him by scent, the last time she had seen him, he had been covered in sweat from a day out in the sun making sure all the horses got fed and now... now he smelled like strawberries and cream.

"Here you go miss." Hector the hispanic ranch hand said as he approached the girl who looked to be dressed the part of how she thought a cowgirl should dress. "I understand Cherry here used to belong to you?"

Without taking his eyes off the horse Bailey nodded to his question, reaching into his pocket to grab one of the marble sized chalky mints he had ready. Holding his hand out with the mint at the center of his palm Bailey had an eager smile on his face. "Do you remember me girl? It's me Bailey... I look like, a little different, but it's meee."

Hector eyed the girl up once more in her tight jeans that were doing great things for her rear end and her perfectly made up face that she did just to go riding and imagined she meant she had gone from some ugly duckling to someone that wouldn't be safe walking alone into a bunk house at night. "You look fine to me." He said with what he hoped was a charming smile.

The smile on Bailey's face grew in volume, the joy present easily touching his eyes as they filled with tears yet again. 'OMG I just redid my eyes... like, come on I don't want Cherry seeing my cry!' Bailey thought as his heart felt light enough to fly, when his old horse moved another step forward to nuzzle her head into him. Giving the worker only a small piece of his attention Bailey glanced over to him and then back to who was important. It wasn't that he didn't think the guy wasn't important, he just wasn't Cherry. With how big Bailey's smile was, when

he turned it on Hector, even for a second to him at least it felt like a connection as the girl smiled back at him for his compliment.

With his old horse so close, Bailey took both sides of Cherry's head, gently hugging her and closing his eyes as he rested his own hair against hers. Bailey could feel the warmth of the horse's breath as it breathed in and out, its muzzle rested against his breasts. "I love you Cherry, I miss you so much!" He freely admitted.



Feeling exhilarated, Bailey walked over to the open side of the stables, its doors

wide open, Bailey still had the type of smile on his face that would cause muscle fatigue to someone not so practiced at the activity. "This is her! This is Cherry!" Bailey declared to the others.

Candi had just been about to give the man saddling the horse she was to ride a lecture about being cruel to animals with how he pressed his knee into its side as it tightened the saddle when she turned to see her friend the happiest she had ever seen her. "Awww, love it, love it, love it!" She said, taking a breath. "I'm suuuper glad you got to see Cherry again, buuuuuut don't like let this guy put the saddle on her or he will kick her in the side." The smile on her face sliding away for just a heartbeat as she shook her head slightly and glared at the over tall and broad shoulders man that had been prepping the horse for her.

"Miss, I'm tellin ya, I didn't kick or hurt him one bit. Scout here is a good riding horse, but he aint no fond of being saddled."

"So you hit him?" She glared at the man once more before rubbing the her hand on the neck of the horse. "Poor Scout, I'm sorry he is so mean."

With a giggle Bailey shook his head enough to cause the single brain to dance about. "No, like Candi sometimes horses take in a deep breath." Bailey said before doing just that and puffing his chest out and holding his hands to the side, while standing on the balls of his feet to give the impression of being bigger. Bailey only held it for a second before deflating and tilting his head slightly to the side as he looked at Candi. "So you have to like push on them a bit otherwise the saddle will be loose."

Carl, who had taken a break from giving his eldest son grief when the young short haired platinum blonde girl seemed happy to harass him, slapping a hand across his thigh. "That, that right there is right. Ed, take a lesson from gal right there. You don't tell paying customers they are wrong and argue, take the time and explain. I know I didn't teach you one bit of manners, but I figured you might have picked up a thing or two from your Ma."

His patience starting to slip Edward gave his father a flat look. "You want me to finish up here or do you think you could do a bit of work."

"Boy, I have done plenty." Carl started to say before he heard the girl who had been giving his son grief speak up again.

Narrowing her eyes, the upset expression on Candi's face faded to a look of curiosity. "Ed, you like work at a stables and your name is Mr. Ed?"

With a look of mischief the elderly man gave the girl a smile and a wink. "Named him after a horse I did."

"You did not! Edward is your middle name, I was named after you, don't be fillin their heads with your nonsense."

The exchange had been enough Bailey found himself giggling as he stood next to Candi who had started the laughing fit.

"Now, now, come on girls. Be nice and tell Ed here that you are sorry and appreciate what he is doing." Derrick walked away from the comfort of leaning on a wall on a wonderful, holding an even more wonderful woman.

The owner's son waved his hand in the air. "It aint no bother, your daughter here can stand near Scout and I will get the rest of our gang together for ya." He then turned his head to his father. "Unless you wanna help?"

"I am helpin! Without me you wouldn't be here to do it."

Soon enough everyone was outside the barn, sitting in their saddles atop their assigned horses. Bailey reached down and patted the side of Cherry's neck, while Candi looked incredibly unsure of herself. She held onto the reins in one hand like she had been told, the other gripping the horn on the saddle with a white knuckle grip and pressing her legs into the sides of her horse Scout. Her actions causing the horse to move about, shake their head making Candi sway even more.

Fear gripping her Candi closed her eyes tight, both hands moving to the horn on the saddle positive she was about to fall to the ground. She could stand a ladder. It wasn't like her fear of heights was crazy, but she had no idea how Bailey or even her daddy was sitting still. Her horse, Scout, seemed to hate her and wanted her off. 'Don't fall, don't fall, don't fall!' She told herself over and over again.

"Candi, Candi, HEY!" Bailey said, trying to get his friends' attention. When he saw her open just one eye and even then only partially he continued. "It's like fine, I promise."

"He like, wants me off! I shouldn't be riding, I can totally wait in the car!" Candi said as Ed moved over next to her to take Scout's reins into his own hands and try to calm the horse down.

"Miss, Candi was it? Just need to calm down, you be calm and so will Scout. Calm, calm... Shhhhh."

Snapping open both eyes Candi pinched her lips together as she looked at the cowboy hat wearing man. "I'm not an animal and I can't help it if the horse wants to throw me off!"

Trying to make up for the tactless Candi's father spoke up. "Candace, he didn't mean it like that princess, he is just trying to help. Look at me honey, this is maybe my third time riding and Jasper here is calm." When talking to the owner, Carl, Derrick had told them Bailey had at least a little riding experience and the rest of them were novices. He had rode once or twice back in his youth at a summer camp, but how long ago he didn't think it was much worth mentioning then, but seeing his daughter struggle he wanted to help the best he could.

Moving his horse Bailey made it so he was parallel and facing his scared friend. "Are you squeezing your legs?" He asked gently.

"Yes! I don't like want to fall off!" The teen girl said not willing to give up her grip on the horse.

"Alright like umm..." Bailey thought for a second. "Remember the float that girl had at the water park, the one that looked like a pink donkey?" He asked, nodding his head. "Like, what would happen if they squeezed their legs together when they were in the water? They would like sink or totally get a wedgie. You are making your horse nervous because you are doing that to him, well like kinda."

With more than a little hesitation Candi tried to relax her body, positive the second she did the horse was going to throw her off its back, but as she did



nothing happened. "Am... am I like doing it?" She asked through clenched teeth.

"You are doing great sweetheart, " Amanda said cheerfully, wanting to encourage the girl, while the employee helping had a not so helpful reply.

"Doing it alright, now you are sitting fine. Think you can keep that up when we move?"

With Candi mastering the ability to sit on a saddled horse when it wasn't moving the group pressed on, starting to move deeper into the property and heading in the direction of a riding trail. It was here that Ed ran into a different problem, he was paying extra attention to the pretty young thing that had obviously never sat a horse before when the other teen took off. He had them all at a steady walk and she had done past a trot and went to a canter. "Hey now! No riding ahead, you gotta stay with the group!" he said before swearing under his breath, hoping the girl didn't pick up more speed and fall off and hurt herself. The last thing his family needed was some people coming here and getting hurt and suing them. The paperwork said they weren't liable, but his father hadn't had no lawyer look at it.

Wanting to feel the wind blow past him Bailey urged Cherry to pick up the pace, so he could feel alive. Feel alive like he had galloping about on Cherry many years ago or even riding his motorcycle. Things now were different and as he picked up his pace he felt the horse moving under him like he remembered but this time he was wearing a prosthetic that had been build to respond to physical stimulus and has his crotch pressed into the moving saddle he felt the vibrator wrapped around his imprisoned penis come to love. "Ah, oh... oh, OH!" With each series of buzzes the breath in Bailey's lungs came more ragged as his eyes grew wider. "Oh my god, like need to stop." Bailey said, making no move to slow his pace.

Feeling his body shake in delight, Bailey did what he told Candi not to do and pressed his legs more into his horse, causing Cherry to break into a gallop as it thought its rider wanted to run. Bailey had no problem staying in the saddle, but as the pace increased so did the stimulation as his body rocked back and forth and up and down on the saddle. Focus on where he was going fell to the wayside as did thoughts of slowly down, let alone stopping. The wind was whipping by him, his braided hair danced in the wind as his hidden male member started to leak as quickly the precum turned into an eruption and his body felt wracked with pleasure.

With being so focused on himself internally Bailey hadn't noticed Ed catching up to him and taking the reins to slow them more and more down. With a small but content smile Bailey looked at Ed, taking him in for the first time. Tall, broad shoulders with a squared jaw and piercing blue eyes. Bailey thought he looked every inch the cowboy his father was... probably more so. Looking at him and feeling the way he was, Bailey thought of the experience with riding on the back of his old bike and how much stronger Ed looked than Liam... Liam who at this second probably was getting some of his first lessons on how to walk in heels.

"You can't be doing that now, you do that again and we are done. You hear me?"

His panties wet from his own cum Bailey felt like he was slowly floating down from cloud nine and could use a nap. "You... you like look strong." The feminized man said absentmindedly, giving voice to his thoughts and thinking how unfair it was.

"Ahhh, What?" The confused rancher said as the green eyed girl looked at him dreamily.

"Hmm?" Bailey asked before blinking a few times, giving the man he was looking at the impression he was batting his eyes at him. "Oh umm, I didn't mean to say that out loud."

"Okay." He said with only a slight accent. "How bout we walk, and I do mean walk back to the group. Later... if your good the two of us can pick up the pace."

Remembering the feeling he just had, Bailey rocked his hips, he knew it couldn't have been that long since he got off... not since... his thoughts went to August's lips around one of his nipples and despite just getting off noticed how stiff his nipple felt. The ride had been exhilarating, but the feminine aspects on his chest had bounced around the bra he had chosen to wear doing little to hold them in place and one had slipped free from the bra. It wasn't like he was exposed, but with a light blush to his cheeks he still had to adjust himself and without his mouth checking in with his brain he responded to the statement about being good. "I'm a good girl and proud."

Raising an eyebrow he looked at the girl questioningly, thinking how she was probably around half his age and probably five pounds of trouble in a one pound

sack. "Good... good to hear it miss, lets just get back to the group."

"Okay... but like can you not call me miss?" Bailey asked, the man using it was a constant reminder of how he looked. "Just like call me Bailey."

Diverting his full attention away from the flirting girl he gave a nod. "Yep, can do." Ed said wanting to pick up the pace so he wasn't left alone with the pretty young thing who he was now convinced had run off just to get them alone.

## **Chapter 35**

Music blared from the cell phone with the flower case that sat on the nightstand next to Bailey bed. The energetic song from Wham picking up thirty or so seconds into the song. "Wake me up! Before you go-go, Don't leave me hanging on like a yo-yo, Wake me up bef..." Growing Bailey reached over to silence the morning alarm. With the music silenced and his groan complete he stretched his feet under the covers before letting out a long sigh. "Monday..." He said the word like a curse to himself as he got out of bed. Sitting up on the edge of the bed he let his feet hang out down as he continued to stretch, his breast rising and falling with his movements as the cool air conditioned air reminded him of just how little protection his slinky little nightie provided.

Blinking a few times he considered getting to his feet before plopping backwards on the bed. "Gaaa!" Bailey whined, he wasn't ever a fan of early mornings, but it hit particularly hard today. The weekend had been amazing, the love of his life had come home and they had talked things out. Then he got to see his old pony Cherry once again and got to spend the day riding. The day had turned into something magical, the ranch hand Ed had been a bit off and it had made him uncomfortable how often he caught the older man looking at him, but it did little to diminish the day. Candi hadn't ever really gotten past the idea of sitting so high up and he was proud of her for hanging in there, though her complaining about how much it hurt riding a horse had him in more than one giggling fit, telling her how she should have stretched first like he said. This morning though, he was really feeling it, his lower stomach, inner thighs and groin were complaining. A complaint that was at least familiar to him, or at least once was, unlike what he felt when he had gotten Cherry up to speed. That motion had caused the vibrator attached to him to come to life in a practically spiritual experience. His emotions were already high and cumming in his panties hadn't been something he had planned for.

"Wake me up! Before you go-go, Don't leave me hanging on like..." Bailey sat up from the bed silencing his second alarm. Grudgingly he got to his feet with a

slight pout to his plump lips, knowing he had to get moving, today he would be going to work with Mommy for the first time. Knowing he would see his chipper friend till they met up for work he sent her a few quick text messages, the pout shiting to a self satisfied smirk, knowing she would feel worse than him.

Bailey: MORNIN! How ya like feelin?

Candi: Hey, hey!

Candi: I don't think I can walk

Bailey: Like tht bad?

Candi: Send an ambulance or like a hot yoga instructor

Bailey: I think I can like afford 2 send a whambulance!

Candi: With the hot yoga instructor?

Bailey: No you can try calling Ry

Candi: Mmmm he could help

Candi: That sounds like sooo much of a better day.

Candi: Ry using his hands 2 make me feel better and like Auggie for u

Going to work wasn't something Bailey wanted to do, staying home and playing video games like he used to sounded great, specially when his body was sore, but Candi talking about the boys using their hands made his face grow flush as the recent memory of Auggies hands pressing into his flesh, touching and caressing his chest before his wet warm mouth sucked on his breast... Suddenly feeling like his bedroom wasn't cool enough Bailey sucked in and let out a breath before answering his horny friend back.

Bailey: TBH I wanna sleep we totally have 2 go 2 wrk

Candi: FINE!

Candi: U always want 2 sleep

Bailey: No I dont

Candi: Yaaaa doooo, now like dont argue with your older sis

Bailey: Totally dislike u

Candi: Yaaaa doooont! U LOVE ME!

Candi: Now tell me what u r going 2 wear today

Considering the question Bailey sent his blonde friend a few more texts and a few pictures before scampering off on sore legs to shower and get ready for the day, a process that took much longer than it once did. Doing his best to not linger in the warm comforting embrace of the hot water and steam Bailey went through his moisturizing routine, using the face roller to boost circulation all before dashing back to his bedroom with his normal smile plastered on his face, knowing how much longer it would take if he had to share a mirror with Candi. Instead in his bedroom he was able to slip a headband on to keep his blonde

locks from his face as he went about adding color to his dull features. With a last pop of color, some red to his lips he pressed them together making a kissy face in the mirror, almost reaching for his phone to snap a quick photo, before throwing that idea out the window.

Standing over his partially made bed, Bailey only wore a pair of cheeky black panties with a lace trim and a black with white lace trim balcony half cover bra that pushed Bailey's feminine assets up in what he hoped would be perfect for his plan. On the bed was a light gray pencil skirt that he knew would end inches above his knees and a black blouse that only had the slightest hint of a collar, but was designed to have a plunging neckline. He planned to pair it with stockings so that the tops would show if he sat or moved in just the wrong, or in this case right way, and his pair of white five and half white rounded toe heels with hidden inch platform. Bailey's left hand moved up so that his index finger could just lightly touch the corner of his mouth as he smirked. "That like, lecherous jerk won't know what hit em!" The feminized man was well aware how he would react to a hot girl dressing like this and acting all lovey dovey, and it was going to be perfect to get him to admit everything while his phone was set to record. With a happy little wiggle Bailey reached for his outfit for the day.

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"Good morning sweetie, I was just about to come get you." Amanda said from where she sat at the kitchen table putting on her shoes before turning her head to see her feminized ex boyfriend. She saw Bailey with her hair up in a messy ponytail, minimal jewelry and an outfit that she would only wear on a day she was feeling particularly confident. A small smile on her face grew to touch her eyes, it wasn't something she would ever really wear to the office, though she has seen a fair amount of young women dress like that to impress. What brought her joy was the fact that Bailey felt like she could dress like this, it showed just how much the person she thought she had known for years had changed, or at least changed enough for their appearance to match how they felt.

Returning the bright smile Bailey moved to give the woman he loved a hug. "Good morning to you too!" He wasn't sure how he ever took her smile for granted, she wasn't the bubbly ball of sunshine like Candi, she was a rock. Strong, unmoving and able to support those close to her and after having to put up with jerks at the office he now had a better understanding of what she had to put up with for years. He was not going to let Brannon get in the way of everything she had worked for. Today his girlfriend, the head of the accounting department was dressed much differently than him, while he dressed himself in a way to catch men's attention, one in particular, she wore a well fitted women's

suit. It was tailored to fit in a way he liked to see, but he also couldn't ever remember seeing her wear something like it before. He blinked his long lashes at her for a second as she stood up to put on the outfit's blazer. She wore a pair of well fitted black trousers that had a button holding the tight pants closed just above the ankle, a pair of pointed toe glossy black three inch heels, a white short sleeved blouse that showed a little less than his own plunging neckline, a tight gray woman's vest and now a three quarter sleeve black jacket. The idea that he had sent what he was going to wear to Candi so she could coordinate as they often did and then to end up matching Amanda brought a slight giggle to his lips.

"What is so funny?" Amanda asked with a raised eyebrow.

With a slight shrug of his shoulders Bailey looked the beautiful golden haired woman over again. "I just like, don't remember that outfit before."

"And that is funny?" Amanda asked not really sure where the girlish giggle came from.

"Like, Well..." Bailey had his head slightly cocked to the side as he started to speak, not really sure where he was going with the explanation or why it was really funny, but stopped when Amanda held a finger up.

"I wanted to treat myself with the changes coming up, never had a real tailored suit before and me going shopping by myself is what you think is funny? Or were you going to ask to get a new outfit too because I did?"

Opening his mouth slightly Bailey was about to respond on reflex with a gleeful yes. Shopping had been fine, it could be down right fun with Candi around, but he really didn't need any more feminine clothes. What he did need was to start a wardrobe for when the breasts he had on display today went away and he could start looking like himself. "Well... I could like totally use a few things."

"I figured as much." Amanda said with her happy smile as she reached out and caressed Bailey's cheek. She wouldn't be able to afford any type of clothing shopping trip this paycheck and really shouldn't have splurged on the suit she was wearing now, but it had just felt so good to treat herself, explaining away the cost that soon she would be making enough money to afford such things. Buying things on credit that she didn't have the money for, other than emergencies, wasn't something she did and hearing Bailey ask for more clothes made her feel a bit guilty. Bailey had gotten a large influx of clothing, but she was just starting

out being able to buy pretty things and wear them. It made sense to her that Bailey back when she was her boyfriend bought her jewelry, dresses or shoes that were upscale, they were all things she wanted to wear. "Maybe next paycheck we can get you a few things. Never thought I would have to be trying to keep up with a shopaholic daughter." She said with a laugh.

"I'm like, not a shopaholic." Bailey said, rolling his eyes without thinking about it. The resting smile on his face giving the impression he was being playful.

"Mmm, well I for one am enjoying having a daughter I can go shopping with and spoil." Amanda said, looking into Bailey's green eyes.

Remembering how badly she wanted a family, to get married, to have children. How she was even willing to put marriage to the side with them committed to one another to have a baby... things he had all denied her. A spike of guilt ran through Bailey, he hadn't been ready to marry and he really couldn't give a true answer why. He absolutely didn't want children, having to watch the little kid at the pool a few weeks ago while the kids parents probably went off to fuck had reinforced that, well that and the video game Aunt Megan had given him, the babies just never stopped crying for one reason or another. Here he was, pretending to be the child he never gave her, had a vasectomy to make sure of it, it all hit home hard on him after what he had gone through when she wasn't around. "Umm, well, I guess since like, my ID says I'm your daughter I can let you spoil me if it makes you happy."

"I love you Bailey, I hope you both know that and feel it." The entire situation was more than odd, the man she used to sleep with wasn't just transgendered and wanting to be female, but also continued on as if they were her daughter. She knew many people wished they could go back into the past and change things in their life with what they knew now, but all because of a mixup at her work Bailey was actually getting that chance. She had stayed awake feeling torn up about what Bailey was going through because of her, but knowing that Bailey was happy as her Bailey Ann, it made her heart swell with joy.

"I totally love you more Mommy!" Bailey said like it was a competition, a bit of Candi rubbing off on him with all their hours together.

## **Chapter 36**

A beat drummed through Bailey's head accompanied by an electric guitar as the

old theme song to the Ghostbusters movie went through his mind. His heels clicked on the ground with every small step as he made his way through the small hallway between the departments on the floor. He moved with a smile on his lips as his hips swayed and he sang softly to himself as he made his way to his current report, Mr. George Brannon. "I like ain't afraid of no ghost." He tilted his head from side to side happily as he quietly sang to himself, thinking about how he was going to bust the power hungry jerk. "If you're seeing things, totally running through your head. Who can you call?!" He mentally yelled the next line. 'GHOSTBUSTERS!' The normal smile on his face grew a few degrees before he let out a giggle as he came within sight of his target's office, he wasn't even sure why the song had popped into his head, it wasn't as if he had heard it recently.

Holding his cell phone in hand that normally should be locked away in his purse and at his shared desk he flipped through a few options so it would start recording. With that done he put the phone inside his blouse, sticking it close to his side so that his bra strap would hold it in place. He could already imagine Amanda with a bright smile on her face as they embraced and kissed one another deeply. He felt a spike of arousal as his daydream took flight, her office door closing. The two of them ran their hands over one another, each of them pulling their blouses apart before their hands slid up another's skirts, their flesh pressing together. Bailey took in a sharp intake of air as he tried to bring himself back to the present and pressed his forearm to his chest to push in on his now erect nipples so no one noticed. Centering himself, prepared to go in and flirt with the balding man, feeling thankful his wandering thoughts went where they went instead of where they went that morning. 'Better Mommy than Auggie... like waaay better!'

With the door slightly ajar, Bailey knocked lightly as he stepped in. "Good morning Mr..." Bailey's words fell away once he stepped in and saw the office empty. "Well, sugar..." He complained before plopping down in the man's comfortable leather computer chair, not considering how his skirt looked without smoothing it out as he unconsciously crossed his legs at the knee. Chewing on his bottom lip he bounced his foot as he tried to think. 'He is like maybe in the bathroom? Should I go and... no that is like a terrible idea. Okay, umm I will wait a bit for him to come back.' Moving his hand the feminized man clicked a key on the keyboard to bring the computer to life, his hopes dashed when he saw the computer was locked. 'Okay, I can check his schedule back at my desk I guess.' It felt both odd and frustrating to Bailey, this man had literally bent him over this desk and spanked him and yet he was coming in here planning to just sit down in his lap, run his white painted nails across his chest to flirt with him and he was upset about not being able to do it. Well more accurately he was upset he couldn't manipulate him into confessing things or getting him on tape sexually harassing him. Bailey gave no thought to his own actions, only his actual desire



to not have anything to do with the man.

Planning to give him a few minutes, Bailey kept himself hyped up at the idea of being his girlfriend's personal super hero for saving her job. She talked about having something else lined up and he was happy to hear it, but he doubted it would still be there waiting if Brannon fired her for some fudge covered reason. It only took about two minutes before he lost sight of the prize as his eyes and then mind started to wander and by then Bailey had his phone back in hand. A game with colorful bubbles moved across his phone's screen as he played a game that reminded him of candy crush. A few minutes of distraction turned into ten and then twenty as he sat in the man's chair, completely absorbed by the colorful game. It wasn't till an email came through Shoedazzle, a website that sold shoes that his concentration was broken and he realized just how long he had been playing the game.

Feeling a bit sheepish he scurried out of the office, leaving the door slightly open like it had been and started to make his way back to his own cubicle. It was when he crossed the eyeline of April Gates that things changed. He had already seen her first thing that morning, she sat right outside Mommy's office where they held their daily meeting with all the interns. It felt different today, giving the woman he lived a small wave goodbye with his fingers as she went into the room just behind Miss April. The briefing had been nothing special, except today he hadn't had a chance to really speak with Candi with them now getting separate rides, her from her father. So he hadn't been expecting the head of the intern program to crook her finger and beckon him to her desk as he met her eyes on the way back to his own desk. "Hi Miss Gates, I'm like just going back to my desk to check Mr. Brannon's schedule because he like, isn't in his office and now I'm wondering if he is here today, but I wanted to check it before I said anything to you."

Speaking quickly to get all his thoughts out so he wouldn't see that look that made him feel as small as his skipper doll. That same look and sneer he had seen when he hadn't cleaned up or setup or whatever it was in the conference room for that meeting. "Oh and like I didn't get a chance to say it, but I love your outfit today, you look gorgeous!"

Blinking her dark eyes April took in the quick ramble of words, followed by the compliment. The girly bimbo act still bothered her, but unlike those that had been around Bailey to slowly see him change, to her his change in character felt drastic and only pushed home how it was all fake. The thing that surprised her though was how different the compliment felt. The previous week Bailey had tried chatting her up about their skirts and clothes and she had mostly brushed the dolled up man off. Not long ago if Bailey looked at her and told her she was

gorgeous, specially in ear shot of his girlfriend then she would have thought he was angling to try and have a threesome, but now... now, Bailey looking like he did with his revealing blouse that showed breasts he shouldn't have and a skirt designed to show off his legs, it didn't feel like it was coming from someone trying to pursue her. "Yeah, thank you, but that isn't..." She trailed off before continuing. "You look rather eye-catching today yourself."

"Thanks!" Bailey responded happily, rocking to the balls of his feet for a second. He really hoped that is exactly what he was so he could get what he wanted, save the princess, and ride off into the sunset as the man he was.

"Yes, well." April looked Bailey up and down again, just seeing how he dressed everyday had become a habit and she couldn't believe he would dress like that when coming to work with Amanda. "I didn't call you over here about work, but if Brannon doesn't need you today, then I can put you somewhere else."

"Oh! Can I help Candi!? Remember I helped her and Auggie the other day." Talking with his friend while they worked sounded like a much better day and Brannon would be around tomorrow he figured. What April said next was lost on Bailey as he thought of the day he helped Candi and the amorous young man, their time on the couch and the feeling of his warm hands on his...

"Bailey?!" April said, snapping her fingers when she noticed his green eyes had drifted off and glazed over. 'I told him he had to act the bimbo to really sell it... I wanted him to feel... he is doing it to annoy me!'

"Hmm? Oh, umm sorry I was just thinking about, umm stuff."

"Yeah, I know exactly what you were thinking about." April rebuked. A smirk came to her face when she saw Bailey's eyes go wide in surprise, knowing she had hit the nail on the head when she thought he was doing it on purpose to get a rise out of her. Calling him on his malicious compliance she pushed ahead. "My brother is going to invite you to my mothers house for dinner tonight."

"Oh, okay." Bailey said with a few shallow nods of his head, still reeling from the revelation that the devious woman knew not only what him and her brother had been up to on that couch in the makeshift break area in the file room, but knew he had been thinking about it. "Do you want me to umm, what?"

"My mother wants to meet you, so we are going to have a little family dinner with you included." April said with a roll of her eyes. She at first had thought to instruct the pretend bimbo to blow off her brother or say that she would go and just not show up, but now she had a better idea. It annoyed her when Bailey did his passive aggressive malicious compliance to her with acting the bimbo like she told him, but acting like that in front of her mother would be a perfect way for the pretend relationship to come to a close without her having any blame. Her brother was a mama's boy and if she didn't approve of Bailey things would end in a way that could be the most gentle breakup so he didn't get hurt from being a big enough idiot to get involved with Bailey to begin with.

"We, we are?" Bailey questione.

"Yes, that." April said, pointing her finger at Bailey. The way he tilted his head just slightly to the side, fluttered his extended lashes and all the way done to his tone of voice, it was all a perfect representation of the character of the empty headed girl he was portraying. "That is exactly how you will need to act at dinner."

"Umm, like what?" He asked, truly confused.

"Are you really going to make me say it?" April glaring at the feminized man. She wanted to just wait him out, use the silence between them as her ally, but the way he just kept that confused look on his smiling face made her think she wasn't going to win that contest. "At dinner with my mother, just act just like you are now. Not a thought in your head, and make sure it is clear you just can't keep your hands off my brother." She said with a smile, remembering the first time she brought a boy home to meet her mother. April had gotten a harsh glare that could have melted a glacier for holding hands under the table. Just one of the many reasons she didn't bring any prospective men around any more. It was odd how strict her mother could be with showing affection at the dinner table, yet find it not out of place at all to ask when they were thinking about getting married or how many grandchildren she should expect.

Biting his bottom lip, Bailey's eyes drifted over to the closed office door behind the dark eyed assistant he reported to. "I should like, probably ask to make sure it is okay." Being brought home to meet Auggie's mom did not sound like the type of commitment he wanted to make and pressing his body into Auggie's muscled chest and kissing him in front of his mother made Bailey feel

uncomfortable.

Standing up from her desk April waved her hand in the air, bending only her wrist as she swatted the rebuttal away. "I will take care of that for you," Her smile grew into something more wolfish as she spoke, just thinking about what her friend would think when her boyfriend, or ex-boyfriend went to go meet his own boyfriend's mother. She had teased Amanda back on that first day at the park about the two of them, but she couldn't imagine her taking it well. Or at least not in a way to Bailey's favor, but definitely into Derrick's.

"Okay, but like, umm. Auggie has to ask me in person, not like over text or anything. Kind of a big moment an all that right!" Bailey said with an uncomfortable giggle, already trying to plan on how to avoid the taller man for the rest of the day so he could just go home like he had originally planned. 'Auggie will be in the basement and like I have a diff lunch than him so that totally won't be a problem and he is way taller than the cubicles so I can just avoid him if I see and then... yeah, and then at home Mommy and I can sit down and watch a movie or like one of those home remodeling shows she likes.'

"True enough, now you get back to work Ms. Best, I think you have spent enough time gossiping about your personal life." April pointed off in the direction of Bailey's cubicle so he didn't pretend to be ditzy enough to kill some time wandering around.

'Personal life! Playing kissy face with Auggie at your dinner table isn't like my idea of a good time!' Bailey thought a bit irritated she flipped her switch from boss of personal life to boss of work life in an instant like she wasn't the same person that was blackmailing him all because she knew what he had done in the movies with her brother, not that it was his fault that Auggie's thick member had gotten in his mouth and he had no idea how she knew about what happened in the file room. 'Gah! She can be like, so, so, just a meanie!' The happy expression on his face had only slipped for a second as he mentally insulted her. "Back to work for me." Bailey said, turning around not thinking about how ridiculous he looked trying to stomp away in his tall stiletto heels. "Gah, like I don't know why Mommy made her my godmother, don't know how they are friends let alone best friends. Even Aunt Megan is nicer..." As he walked away that thought lost most of its steam when he really considered the events of his recent life.

Getting back to his desk Bailey fixed his lipstick, some of it having been wiped/eaten away when he chewed on his bottom lip. The simple act of looking at his face through the camera function of his phone and sliding the red creamy

stick of lipstick across his lips helped Bailey calm down. He had so wanted to tell Miss April no and just flat out tell her off for suggesting such a thing happen, but something in him told him that wasn't the right way to act. His mind still repeated his good girl motto, but with having to repeat it as often as he did some of its lessons just naturally seeped into his everyday life. With his face back in order he was able to go about his original task and check his targets calendar and was saddened to see it was booked solid for the entire day. "Shoot." Bailey said looking down at his cleavage, his chest pressed up and together from the pushup bra, his exposed stocking covered legs coming out of his short gray skirt. 'Dressed up for like nothing.' He let out a sigh. 'What should I wear tomorrow? Maybe that red dress and I can like wear a blazer over it to make it all professional?'

'Mr.Brannon is like busy all day, so I like should go talk to Miss April... Miss Gates, but she like... no because she will put me somewhere Auggie can find me and like working with Candi and him today would be waaay worse.' Bailey then snapped his fingers as an idea struck him. The face of Candi's father had popped in his mind when thinking of other things he could do. 'I could go and see what Dadd... Mr. Connors is doing and totally help him today!' Bailey scrunched up his nose as the mental snafu and mentally cursed his fake sister for making him refer to the man as such too often for the mental slip up to happen.

## **Chapter 37**

Glancing over his shoulder to see if Miss April was around or worse, Auggie, Bailey looked back to the small room in front of him. It had a solid wooden door and a thin vertical window next to it, and inside he could see Derrick Connors sitting with his laptop out and a second portable monitor hooked up to it. Putting his finger tips up to the glass he tapped each of his long nails on its surface twice to get his attention. The second the bearded man looked up Bailey waved at him with his fingers, feeling a bit giddy when he was motioned inside. 'Plan avoiding dinner is a go!'

Looking up from the email he was working on Derrick smiled when he saw his girlfriend's daughter waving at him, he motioned her in to see what he could do for the happy girl. "Good morning princess, how are you this fine Monday morning?"

"We are like totally at work, MR. Connors." Bailey said, stressing the man's professional name. He didn't care about being professional, or more accurately being professional with him, but Bailey really didn't like being called princess. Something he was sure the older man wouldn't stop doing, he had started it when they went to the water park and it only got worse when he had put on

Candi's cover shirt that had "Daddy's Princess" written on it.

"Suppose you are right, I should be more formal. What can this humble servant do for you Princess Best." Derrick said with his easy smile in place as he teased the teen girl. She didn't laugh or giggle saying please stop like he would expect Candace to do, but her happy smile hadn't faded either.

"Umm like, just Bailey please and I am like assigned to Mr. Brannon, but he is off in meetings and stuff so I was like thinking I could help you?" The tone of Bailey's voice went up an octave as he said the word you, turning what started into a statement into a question. It drove Bailey nuts that this man Derrick Connors had such an easy going warm smile. Considering how he originally felt about the man it felt like a super power that just put others at ease and to trust him. This man was courting his own girlfriend right in front of him and still he couldn't help but like the guy... he had helped him back on that day at the water park and just the day before brought back a magical piece of his childhood, reuniting with Cherry. He loved his old man, but he was often gruff, hard edges and Bailey couldn't help but wonder how much different... better life could had been if he had a father like Candi did. The thought alone felt like a betrayal to himself.

"Hmm, Not sure I have much..." Derrick's words trailed off as he saw the girl shake her head, seemingly upset at his rejection, having no real idea what mental tormail was raging through Bailey's mind.

'No, like NO, it can't be a betrayal, I'm Bailey Ann Best, not Bailey Andrew Smith. I'm Bailey Ann Best, a good girl and proud, besties with Candi Connors and this is like, just her dad, it is like totally fine, totally, totally.' The thoughts of his old man and how it felt like he was doing wrong to think about Derrick that way had brought more thoughts with it, how he was a man and with that how wrong things were. How he shouldn't be thinking about outfits and shouldn't be going on dates with men and shouldn't have had sex... the mental image of Liam in that frat house bedroom had come to mind and Bailey had to reassert his mental separation.

"I do have to make a few phone calls, maybe I could give you a list and you can reach out to them, letting them know when to expect my call." Derrick said trying to think quickly on tasks he could make up that he didn't need done, but would keep her busy. He wasn't sure what was bothering her, but when she started telling him why she was here and mentioned George Brannon he wondered what the man had actually asked her to do before she came here. 'Is she actually

trying to avoid him?'

"Umm, like yeah, I could totally do that for you!" Bailey wiggled his shoulders slightly, happy to have something to do so he didn't have to go back to Miss April and more than likely sent to go help her brother where he would ask for a date to be introduced to his mom and then Candi would be super excited, no he totally didn't want that.

"Great, let me just make a list for you and..." Derrick thought for a second, making on times on the spot for when he would make the phone calls. "You just let them know when I will be in contact. I am also going to send you some emails, in them will have a few reports. What I would like you to do is print them, bind them in a few folders, and make six copies. Bring them to me and.. Lets see what else can you help me with... ah!" Looking down at his rather full inbox, it gave him no help in coming up with busy work, but an idea for morale came to mind. "I was thinking of a way to make everyone feel appreciated. So what I would like you to do is visit every department, and I mean them all and speak to the administrators, not the heads of the departments, no, I find they don't always know what their workers like and I doubt they would be a fan of me creating a billing to their departments. Well.. I digress. Go to each department and see what people would like more, an extra day off added to their vacation time or a hundred dollar visa gift card." He imagined most people would want the money, even if the extra day off would actually have more financial value.

"Yeah!? Do like the interns get that too!? Mommy was talking about going shopping for clothes, but would have to like, wait till she gets paid again."

Chuckling to himself Derrick nodded, wondering briefly if his Candace would also want the instant gratification or think long term. He wasn't positive about the answer, but the outcome he imagined would become much clearer if she found out her best friend was talking about using it for a trip to the mall. "I don't see why not, profits are up and it is something small us fat cats near the top can do to show appreciation. Now you go and run back to your desk and check your email, you should have everything you need. If you run into any problems just let me know." Walking around and talking to the different people in the departments, to show a little face, network with those working underneath him was a part of the job Derrick enjoyed, and doubly so when he was able to speak to them about rewards instead of tasks that had to be done. Seeing Bailey bite her lower lip and nod, her eyes just slightly out of focus made him think he was doing the right thing. It would not only keep her busy, but also give her something positive to think and talk about and he really hoped it helped whatever was currently on her

mind.

"Okay, yeah, I will get right on that!" Bailey said thinking about all the different secretaries for the department heads, or admins as Derrick had put it. 'Off walking around the building, like soooo perfect to stay away from Auggie in the file room!'

"Bailey, before you go. I hope you know that you can talk with me about anything that is bothering you, giving you a hard time or..." he let the silence drag on after saying or for a few moments in time before continuing. "Anything really, your mother and me, we are here for you."

The smile on Bailey's face faded, just briefly. 'A good girl always smiles.' The current troubles he was running from and how he really needed to solve the problem with Mr. Brannon before it became a big problem for others flitted in his mind. "It's just..." Bailey started before he could stop himself. 'Sugar... why does he like have to be so nice!?' He had been ready to turn and leave the small conference room that Derrick had been using for a temporary office, but that question had thrown him for a loop. "It's like nothing, just boy problems."

Tilting his head back Derrick leaned back in his seat as he considered that. "Hmm, well I used to be a boyfriend. I might be able to help, or offer some fatherly advice." The topic wasn't one he felt comfortable talking about, Bailey was the same age as his daughter and while he knew she dated, even had a boyfriend here in Nevada. That didn't mean he wanted to talk about the dating life of a teenager, all those hormones, trying to figure out what the feelings all meant, but he had told her he was there for her and he wasn't about to turn her away.

'Hey, so like my boyfriend, who I don't even like want to date, who I have done things with I with that like I totally wish I hadn't, but they felt good, like super good and that is way, like way waaaay confusing, he wants to invite me over to his house so I can meet his mom and like Miss April, who is also my god mother and Mommy's best friend knows I have fooled around with her brother and she says I have to go or she is going to tell people and then I need to like seduce Brannon because he wants me to already flirt with him, but he is planning on firing Mommy and then she won't get the promotion and and...' Wide eyed Bailey gave a few shakes of his head, feeling his messy ponytail flitting about as he did. "Thanks, but like I'm okay." He said, in no way ever going to tell anyone about what was going on in his head, Bailey was never one for introspection and was happy to think the sale he read in the Macy's catalog, than his troubles.



"Well, if you need me." Derrick said with a nod of his head, having to mentally restrain himself from letting out a sigh of relief that she hadn't actually unburdened herself about what was going on in her relationship with the Gates boy.

Leaving the temporary office of one of Mega Corps executives, Bailey started to make his way back to his desk happy enough that things were starting to look up. 'Plan avoiding dinner, phase one complete!' He thought as he started to hum a tune as he minced through the cubicle. It was then, when Bailey was mentally distracted that he saw August and had been almost too slow to react in order to hide from him. "Eep!" Bailey hopped into one of the cubicles down the row from his own.

In his hiding place Bailey heard a voice behind him, the cubicle having been occupied. "Hey! I mean... heeey." Turning around the feminized man saw what looked like a man in his early to mid thirties. Putting a finger to his red lipstick cover lips Bailey tried to get him to keep it down and not alert his boyfriend. "Shhh."

Twisting to look out of his cubicle the officer worker didn't see what or who the girl was hiding from, but he was happy to have the pretty girl around. He had seen her prancing around the office, swaying her ass in a way that just screamed for people to watch her come and go. "You know." he said in a hushed tone. "If you need to hide, you can hide under my desk, with me sitting at it no one would be able to find you."

Considering what the man said Bailey nodded, oblivious to the smile that grew on the man's face as he thought it, or something similar was the perfect idea for avoiding the tall dark haired Gates sibling. "You're like a genius!" With the coast being clear Bailey hurried out of the cubicle, unaware of the impact he just had on the other worker. Moving at the fastest pace he could with how he was dressed Bailey made his way back to Mr. Brannon's office. Inside things were exactly as he left it and with a self satisfied smirk Bailey did as the man suggested, just hiding under the much larger wooden desk than the mostly open desk in the cubicle.

Climbing into the small and enclosed space wasn't exactly comfortable, but Bailey was also keenly aware of how much of a puppy Auggie could be, following him around if he let him. 'Just have to hide out for like fifteen minutes max and his break will be like over and he will have to go back to work.' Kneeling there

under the desk Bailey considered pulling out his phone from its hidden spot, he had put it back after turning off the recording, not wanting Miss April to see him having his phone, but the small chance Auggie popped his head in the room when looking for him, made Bailey dismiss the idea, the last thing he wanted was to give himself away because of the screens light. It was at that moment, Bailey proud of himself when he heard the door to the office open and a very familiar voice.

"Yes, Yeah... I did exactly what you said, those boxes and whatever was in them will not be seeing the light of day again. Yeah, I'm telling you, just like I did when you gave me the task, you put your trust in me and you will see dividends on that investment. I kept my end of the deal, everything will be smooth sailing with you and those politicians." Brannon chuckled as he made his way into his office, closing the door behind him. Walking around his desk he pulled his chair out, sitting down while he listened to the man on the other side of the phone. It wasn't till he sat down that he noticed the difference in his room, kneeling under his desk was a platinum blonde girl with alluring green eyes looking up at him. "Hey listen, you just follow through on your end, I get the promotion and you get oblivion for all the wrong doing you did once upon a time. You keep up your end and those docs wont ever come back to haunt you."

Swallowing hard Bailey felt paralyzed, he was trapped where he knelt. The rolling executive chair blocked almost the entire breath of the desk's opening and with Brannon in the chair, his legs now straddling him, Bailey didn't have a path to freedom. Bailey had no idea who the old man was talking to or what about, but he was sure Brannon's schedule said he would be out of office the entire day. "M... m.. Mr. Brannon." Bailey squeaked out.

"No, I'm not threatening you." George said, when he was very much trying to threaten the much more connected man. He didn't even have a way to recover the documents he had moved to the to be shredded pile and he was already well aware that the lawyers had already been crawling down the throat of the young man who should have been watching those documents instead of fooling around with the little floozy who was now showing just how smart she was with who she hooked her wagon to. "Yeah I have to go, yeah, yeah. We can talk later." Hanging up the phone George reached down between his legs to hold the pretty girl's cheek in the palm of his hand as he stroked it with his thumb.

'What is he like thinking?! Does he think I'm here to like spy on him? Peaches, I don't have my phone recording.' Bailey's body stiffened when the thin long fingers touched his face. He could feel his heart starting to beat faster as his mind started to think he had been found out, that the man had cornered him on

purpose, that Miss April had told him... 'No, like shouldn't, she wanted me to..' Bailey's frantic thoughts stilled as the man straddling him spoke.

"You know little Best, I was happy we were able to come to terms with one another and seeing how eager you are to make sure your mother is safe is really touching, but seeing you here now. Under my desk, waiting for me, to surprise me, to pleasure me. I can honestly say you have made this dreary Monday a fantastic start to the week. If you crawl under there to blow me a few more times I can promise your mother and you will have nothing to concern yourselves with. In fact, I could promote you from intern to my personal secretary. Wouldn't you love that? You keep me happy, you get what you want and I get what I want and even... your mother could get what she wants. Not my job, but I could see promoting her under me, so long as you..." George moved his thumb to pull down the girl's puffy bottom lip and press the finger forward into her waiting mouth. "Just keep doing what you wanted to do today."

Not believing what he was hearing Bailey wasn't sure what to do. 'He thinks I want to give him a blow job!!! Sugar, sugar, SUGAR!' What he had been saying, promises of protection and promotions left Bailey unsure, just very unsure of anything. That had been part of the goal, to protect Mommy. He wanted to be her hero, to save her and send Brannon packing, but his phone wasn't on, not to record. Bailey could taste the man's finger as it touched his tongue briefly before sliding from his mouth. It was wrong, but in some ways this had been what Bailey had been planning, just wasn't going to follow through. "I... I was supposed to like seduce you." Bailey said with a whining tone to his voice.

"Yeah? I think you are doing a good job of that little Best." With a large grin George unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his pants so he could shimmy them a little lower. 'My future is in place, and Amanda Best's daughter is showing she knows her own place. George, you have done it, long years of saying yes Ma'am, I will get right on that Ms. Best and it has all paid off. Amanda had no chance without knowing how to play the game, kind of funny that as ditzy as her daughter is, she plays the game better.'

Bailey's stocking covered knees pressed into the office's carpet, he could feel the rough surface of it and the hard wood of the desk around him, the only escape was the man in front of him. 'I could... I could...' Thoughts of digging his nails into the now exposed male member popped in his head or biting it, but he knew that course of action would make life more difficult, not easier. "Sugar." Bailey finally said in a small voice as he reached his hand up to grasp the semi-hard dick of the man that controlled the fate of his Mommy and himself.

"What was that honey?" George asked, wondering what sweet nothings or dirty talk was using. He always loved it when he rented a girl for a few hours for the girlfriend experience, them saying things to encourage him, like, cum for me baby or telling him how big his cock was. He wasn't under any illusion that he was gifted in that department, but he wasn't deficient either, it just made him feel good when a beautiful woman said such things.

With a shake of his head Bailey slid his uncalloused hand around the girth of the member in front of him. 'You can do this Bailey, you can like do this. This isn't your first and like the better you do the faster this will go.' Bailey didn't want to do a good job at sucking cock, the title of good cock sucker wasn't something he ever considered to be spoken in the same sentence as his own name, but he had used it for some girls, like Candy the freckled redhead escort, she was a fantastic cock sucker. Mommy was okay, okay was still great, but she didn't like doing it. Now here he was, his hand around a dick, it was about to go into his own mouth.

"Yeah you know what you are doing, don't you little Best." The green eyed beauty's warm hands holding, rubbing on his dick felt so good to him, part of him wanted to just lean back, close his eyes and let the girl do her thing, but another part of him, a bigger part wanted to dominate her more. Licking his lips, he caused his dick to twitch as she rubbed her thumb just under the tip of his member. "Mmm" He groaned as his dick grew and stiffed more, his anticipation grew as she leaned her face closer to him, her pillowy red lips opening. George could see a slight quiver to the bottom lip, the girl seemed just as excited about what was going to happen as he was and that made this the perfect time to assert himself.

"Hey, hey, slow down there." Brannon light took the girl's face in his hands, his palms touched her cheeks, that had a sexy little blush to them, while his fingers touched her platinum hair. "You want this don't you? Yeah, I can see how much you want this, you little slut. Tell me what it is you want, tell me what you want in your mouth."

Hearing what the disgusting man had said Bailey's eyes slid up from the man's groin and to his face. 'Say what I want? Peaches does he mean..?' Not wanting to say anything close to what the pervert wanted to hear Bailey opened his mouth more, his tongue sticking out slightly. 'If I just... if I just start he won't stop me.'

"So eager." Brannon shook his head from side to side slowly, not letting go of the

girl's face. "Come on girl, if you want your prize then you are going to need to tell me what is is you want, and beg me to allow you to suck me off like you want."

A whimpering whine escaped Bailey's lips at the horror of the situation, at what he was about to do and what he now had to say and yet the delusional man above Bailey only heard the girl whining in complaint that she wasn't able to put the dick in her mouth like she wanted, where it belonged.

"I... I want to suck your cock, Mr. Brannon, can... can I please." Bailey paused as he swallowed a build up of saliva in his mouth. 'Suuugggar' He mentally drew out the replacement curse word instead of fuuucckk. "Can I please give you a blow job?"

"Hmmm? I don't know." George said doing a poor job of pretending he was on the edge of deciding if this was even something he wanted. "If this is something you really want, like you desperately need this, I suppose you could. Though you would have to be a good girl and promise to swallow. Are you a good girl?"

"I am a good girl and proud." Bailey said instantly, wincing slightly at the response that came to his lips without consideration.

"You know, I always had a thing for your mother. She is truly a good looking woman, you my dear are beautiful too, don't get me wrong. I just always pictured her down on her knees like you are now. You can go ahead and blow me girl, but first, yeah, yeah. First I want you to tell me your name, and how much you want my dick, how superior I am to you and how you should have never tried to pretend otherwise."

Nodding slowly Bailey looked at the creep with a look of pure confusion.

"The thing is, I don't want you to use your name, use your mothers. While you suck me off I want to hear your bitch of a mother tell me what I am to her, what she knows deep down." Having not let go of the girl, George looked hard into her pretty green eyes that she she had surrounded expertly with her makeup, her long eyelashes batting sexily in his direction. "You can do that for me? Can't you little Best?"

'Creep, creep, creep, creep!' The word repeated in Bailey's mind, even as his normal smile asserted itself on his face. "I'm like Amanda Best and I really, like

really want your cock. I don't know like how I thought I could ever be your boss when your... your like so superior to me. Can I give you a blow job now?" Bailey said, feeling his stomach churn.

"Yes Amanda, yes you may." A satisfied sigh punctuated the sentence as he let go of the girl, allowing her to finally touch her tongue to his member. The teen didn't sound like her mother, but feeling her take the head of his cock into her mouth, her tongue rubbing underneath, while she applied suction was feeling amazing. Now leaning back in his chair Brannon closed his eyes, imagining his bitch of a boss saying exactly what he just heard from her daughter.

Holding the base of the cock Bailey had the tip of the fleshy thing in his mouth, rubbing his tongue along it as he turned his head to the side, slurping noises coming from his mouth as he sucked on it. 'This is like the worst blow job I have ever done.' The thought had come from what he had just said, but the thought itself made Bailey mentally reel. Closing his eyes Bailey continued to for a second before he stopped almost everything as he blew air out from his nose and took in a deep breath, or the best one he could do with a dick in his mouth.

Fully content with his cock in the warm, wet mouth of his intern and the pleasant imaginary thought of it bening the girl's mother, George slowly opened his eyes and looked down when she stopped moving. Below him he saw one of the best sights he thought a man could ever see, a hot little piece of ass, her red lips parted, with a dick in her mouth and her eyes closed as she tried to savor the moment. "I know it taste good to a girl like you, but no need to savor it for too long girly. I know you will want another taste soon, so you can come back tomorrow, and the next day, everyday for your treat."

With half lidded, him opening them just slightly, Bailey went back to work, a small shudder running through him as he heard George Brannon's voice, let alone what he had said. 'You can do this, just like imagine he is someone else and like... just do a good job, like, like, do what Candy did for you and this will be over.' Bailey's mental train of thought shifting gears, not liking where the first one was going as more than a few smiling faces of the men he had been with flitted through his mind. Auggie, Derrick, the lifeguard, Chuck, Auggie, Liam. Taking no time to consider why August came to mind twice, or the fact that both Derrick and Chuck had never done anything sexual with him, Bailey moved his head deeper down onto the hard cock in his mouth, before coming back up and down again, this time a little deeper. Doing his best to concentrate on his task a nagging feeling crept back into his thoughts. 'Chuck? Derrick? I haven't been like...' He then remembered how Aunt Megan had made him jerk off and suck on his pink dildo while looking at pictures of his old best friend, her threats of making him do

the same task with a picture of Derrick and how he had seen what Derrick Connors was working with when he had stumbled upon what went on in the master bedroom.

Sliding the man's dick deeper and deeper into his open mouth with each bob of his head, Bailey could feel saliva sliding down from the corners of his mouth as he tried to get this task over with. 'He is like fully hard, just keep going girl, we are getting closer.' Bailey mentally encouraged himself, not picking up on the female pronoun. Needing a breath of air, a real one he pulled his head back, the dick practically popping free from his lips, a trail of saliva that Bailey thought might have a hint of precum in it trailed from his open mouth to the dick that had just been in it. Along with the trail between himself and the cock Bailey could see where his glossy red lipstick had made its mark, a darker ring just around the head and a lighter smear across the man's shaft, almost going down to the base, like Bailey was marking his progress.

"Mmm, god you are a sexy little thing." George said seeing the same sight Bailey had from a different angle, along with picking up on her ragged breathing. Making him wonder if she was lost in lust because of just him, or if she was also touching herself while she went down on him.

Ignoring him, or at least his words Bailey took one final deep breath, letting part of it out as he worked his jaw. It jaw wasn't sore yet, but Bailey could feel the tension building up. With no time to recover, and not wanting this to drag out more the feminized man went back to his task. Wrapping both hands around Brannon's dick Bailey gripped him not hard, but tightly as he twisted one hand to the left and then to the right, while the other went from the right to the left, both moving in a counter to one another. From experience he knew what this would do, and what it felt like and tried not to dwell on the fact that right now his own member had been locked away or how small and feminine his hands looked wrapped around the erect dick. Taking just the tip into his mouth Bailey began to suckle on it once more, rubbing his tongue along it like it was the most delicious thing he had ever tasted as he twisted his own head.

Moving each of his hands in opposite directions from one another, applying suction, moving his tongue, pivoting his head around was all Bailey could focus on, it wasn't close to a perfect rhythm, it all being more than he could keep up. Hearing a groan of pleasure, followed by a second he tried to redouble his efforts as he tried to mimic what the professional had once done for him. Remembering how good it felt a spike of lust ran through Bailey, not at what he was doing, but at the memory. He tried to imagine it was him in the chair, it was his hand that was running through a girl's hair, it was her lips doing the work. Despite himself

Bailey felt himself getting horny, but didn't have the concentration to keep up the imaginary scene and keep up the task. It was then, fully engrossed in his task when Bailey felt the hand that had been in his own hair pushed him down deeper onto the cock in his mouth, practically impaling him on it. The move caused him to flail his arms in surprise and gave his mouth the extra freedom to slide down to the base of the cock. "Mmmmm!" Bailey protested as he was pushed back more into the small cubby under the desk, making it impossible to pull free from the dick as the back of his head pressed against the underside of the desk.

"Sorry to interrupt... what was that sound?" Bailey heard the feminine voice, it came as such a shock that someone else was in the room, someone he hadn't noticed come in that Bailey's eyes not only went wide, but it took him a few heartbeats of time to realize the voice belonged to Miss April.

With one hand holding his intern in place George picked up his phone while staring daggers at the dark haired woman that had just walked into his office, sure she knocked, but she hadn't waited for him to invite her in. "Hey Johnny, yeah I'm going to have to call you back, someone needs me for something I hope is important." Hanging up the phone he glared at the woman with contempt, not having to fake it like the phone call.

"Miss Gates... I was on speaker phone, having a phone call. Now that you are here, and have interrupted me, what can I do for you?"

To April she thought she had heard someone gagging and maybe some moaning and she wasn't so sure the creep of a man wasn't using the company computer to watch porn and made a mental note that she could try to talk to someone in IT or make an anonymous complaint to them about him doing so on company equipment. "Apologies Mr. Brannon, I was under the impression you would be out of the office all day and I was just looking around for Ms Best, Bailey that is."

A sense of power ran through George, his dick was still in the warm and wet mouth of the little slut, while someone else was in his office, having no idea he was getting a blow job while they talked. "I hope your powers of observation has given you a conclusion to your question. If there is something else..." He tapped his free hand on his desk. "You can have a seat if you like." Then with his other he patted the cheek of the girl under his desk, so she knew to continue her administration.

Pressing her lips into a line April took a half a step back, not wanting to spend



any time alone with the man. "No, just looking for Bailey. You don't happen to know where she is do you?"

"Hmmm." He pretended to think, while again prodding the girl into action. "I'm sure she is around here somewhere, the girl really is a diligent worker. Anticipating my needs, and honestly Miss. Gates. I think you might be too hard on the girl.

Glancing around the room a second time, as if she could have missed the tarted up, dress wearing man, April shook her head. "Yes, well, while I doubt that it is good to hear. If you see her, please send her my way will you?"

With a wolfish grin on his face and fighting the urge to look directly into the girls alluring green eyes, Brannon again tapped his desk. "I can promise she will get the message."

A few moments passed, Bailey could hear his own heartbeat in his ears and was doing his best to get enough oxygen and not noticeably gag, knowing that would alert Miss April to where he was and what he was doing. When he heard the office door close a bit of relief came through him not just at the fact that he had gotten out of that situation without getting caught, but also because he got room to breathe once more as the balding man slid his chair back enough that Bailey was able to un-impale himself from the cock.

"That could have been interesting." George said, now looking at the blonde girl who was practically gasping for air. "Catch your breath sweetcheeks and get back to work. This time pick up the pace, we want to avoid another interruption and I have a schedule to keep.

Gasping for air Bailey felt as if he had to cough, and with the faint taste of cum in his mouth he was both sure that it was more precum going down his throat and that he hated the fact that he was familiar enough with the taste of cum.

## **Chapter 38**

Bailey's knees pressed into the office's carpeted floor, unable to move from his position under the large wooden desk with George Brannon sitting in front of him. Bailey slapped both of his hands onto the man's thighs as he gagged on the man's member that was pressed deeply into Bailey's mouth. The feminized man's lips were pressed firmly on the base of the cock that was in his mouth, his

lipstick now gone, all traces of it left on the member that was pulsing as it shot it's ropey cum into Bailey's throat. 'Can't breath, can't breath!' Bailey thought, his eyes watering as he struggled for air.

When the hand on the back of Bailey's neck released he pulled back as fast as he could, causing his tongue to become slick with the white salty fluid and for it to spill out on his chin. A hard sound then filled the office as the back of Bailey's head collided with the desk, a small spike of pain running through Bailey as he swallowed the seed in his mouth before gasping for air. Not even thinking of what he was doing Bailey placed his forehead down on the lap in front of him, as he took deep breath, after deep breath, his left hand rubbing the top of his head, just above his messy ponytail.

Leaning back in his chair, George had a contented smile on his face as he looked down at the girl who looked to be in a cuddling mood after sucking him off. 'Poor thing in her excitement she hit her head.' He was never much of a cuddler, but the eager bimbo had been waiting under his desk for whoever knew how long in order to surprise him, it was the least he could do. Running his hand through her platinum blonde hair his smile deepened. "Little best, that was the best surprise I have had in a long time, your mouth was made for sucking dick. Why not make this a regular thing, you can come in here and crawl under my desk at lunch time, you get what you want, I get what I want and you won't ever have to spend money on lunch again. How does that sound?"

When the teen girl looked up at him he could see the tears in her eyes. Moving his hand from her hair, he cupped her cheek and wondered if it had been a bad idea to make the offer. She was smiling up at him, tears in her eyes as if she was about to burst into tears from joy as she looked at him lovingly. He didn't think any girl loved dick enough to be that happy about it, and that really meant only one thing. 'Great... the girl is falling for me.' Doing his best not to sigh, he rolled back his chair and helped the girl to her heeled feet. "I need to get back to a meeting, and trust me little Best, I much rather spend time with you sitting here in my lap, but we all have to do what we have to do. Now you run along, and make sure to fix your face. If you are going to be associated with me you need to look, well... look your best."

Watching the girl's tight ass as she left George shook his head the girl hadn't even spoken a word to him. 'Must be just trying to enjoy the taste of her hard work's reward. Wow... point for George getting a sexy little thing to fall in love after one little dicking.' Putting himself away, the bald man zipped up his pants, unbuckled his belt before heading off back to his meeting, being more than thankful for the break and what had been waiting for him. He did consider the

one real downside to the little work relationship, it meant he couldn't really fire the girl's mother when he got promoted. 'Though... if I encourage that little school girl's crush on me...' He thought as a wolfish smile came to his face, just imagining Amanda Best's reaction to hearing her daughter was not just dating him, but was in love.

Disgust filled Bailey, the slimy feeling lingered in his mouth as he moved down the hallway, head downcast, not wanting anyone to see him till he fixed his face. 'A good girl always looks her best.' He thought as shame ran through him like it was a physical force. 'I like failed, I totally failed! I didn't record him or like anything and... and...' Bailey's mind reeled, not at what he had done, but because of the things he had thought when doing it. The feminized man knew he needed to do a good job to make things go faster, but as he slid his tongue along the shaft and turned his head from side to side he had wondered what the creepy man had liked more and felt a sense of pride when he groaned at his efforts. While mincing to his destination Bailey stopped walking as he moved his tongue around in his mouth as realization hit him. He hadn't been disgusted at the cum sliding down his throat, filling his mouth and covering his tongue. A sense of accomplishment had followed, he had done a good job. The woman he loved would be safe because of him, but he didn't get the proof. 'Focus.. Focus girl! Mommy will be safe, you did that, that was all you.'

Trying to reframe what happened as a good thing wasn't finding much purchase in Bailey's mind. 'It was a good thing, you totally did good girl! I'm like a girl and girls give blow jobs, its totally, yeah totally not a big deal. I'm just like Bailey Ann Best and I did what I had to do to save my family and, and... it isn't like I haven't done it before. A good girl is always obedient. He totally wanted me to do that and a good girl never argues or complains... I'm a good...' Still not moving Bailey started to lose the battle with the tears that had been steadily leaking from the corner of his eyes. 'Girl... happy and... and proud.'

"Bailey?!" Derrick said as he stopped walking. He had left his little temporary office to go to the bathroom, and while he expected for Bailey to see him again that day after he gave the girl some things to do, tasks he had been patting himself on the back for coming up with. The man was not expecting to run into the girl in the hallway looking disheveled and he had never known her to be seen with her hair a mess or her makeup smeared. The way her body shook made him step closer and take a closer look, the girl was crying. Her mascara was running, her lipstick was mostly gone, except for a bit that was smeared at the corner of her mouth and on her chin was... Taking hold of the girl he half picked her up and got her back into his office as quick as he could and sat her down in one of the chairs. "Bailey, are you okay?"

Blinking a few times, Bailey tried to hold it all in as she nodded to the bearded man who was talking to her in a relaxed, calming voice, but she had been around him long enough to know it was a forced calm. She smiled at him, she always smiled like a good girl should, but it felt fake and it hadn't felt that way in a while. Just yesterday she was... but today.... "I'm... I'm okay." She lied. Bailey's mind kept repeating itself, reminding her that a blow job was no big deal for a girl to give a guy and she was a girl, she was Bailey Ann Best and had done it to protect, to save another. Bailey very much wanted to create mental distance and put up walls.

"Bailey, listen to my voice princess. You are not okay, and there is nothing wrong with that." Derrick said with one hand on each of her thin biceps. "Tell me, who did this to you? Was it that Gates boy?" He wanted to be gentle with her, but a firmness ruled his voice as he tried to keep his anger in check.

"Nnnnn... no, no Auggie didn't." Bailey closed his eyes, shaking his head, the thin lie that this would be better if he was a girl falling away as he wished he hadn't hidden from the tall dark haired young man, who only wanted to invite his girlfriend over to see his mother. Things like this happened with Auggie too a dark part Bailey's mind pushed the thought forward, but it was tempered by the memory of his laugh, how his whole chest tended to move when laughter struck him and the scent of Auggie that lingered on the sweater Bailey had been given that night of the birthday party. There wasn't any malice in the twenty one year old man, unlike the vile creature that was Brannon.

"Bra..." Bailey opened his mouth to spit out the bald man's name, wanting Derrick to handle the creep like he had the boys at the water park... and then do much worse, but that couldn't happen. Brannon had leverage, and Bailey had no proof of anything. Miss April said he would need proof or nothing would happen. So instead of finishing what he was going to say Bailey leaned forward, clutching the jacket Candi's father wore and pressed his face into the man as he started to cry, truly in earnest.

Feeling Bailey press into him Derrick wrapped his arms around the shaking girl, his jaw set and teeth almost grinding into one another. He wanted to think he would be helpful and protective of any person in a situation like this, Bailey wasn't his daughter even if she had a passing resemblance. Candace had his green eyes and looked so much like his lost wife and while Bailey was not his blood it wasn't hard for him to see the woman he loved in the girl's face, just like his Candace. It was as if the world had called to him when he first started to admire Amanda Best. Her drive, her intellect and her beauty all made him interested in

her and then there was her daughter that looked like she could be one of his own. Holding the girl closer, anger filled Derrick, it didn't matter what he would feel for others, he had been protective of this girl from the start and just hearing her start to say George Brannons name gave his mind and rage a target. "I know this is hard for you princess, but I need to know, I need to hear you say it. Who took advantage of you? I'm here for you, I will protect you. You believe me, right?"

Feeling himself being pulled back Derrick's firm chest, Bailey looked into the older man's eyes, he could see a kindness there and something more. Gone was the easy smile Derrick normally wore and in its place was a grimace. Shaking his head Bailey wanted to tell him no, that he couldn't say, but after everything Derrick Connors had done for him... despite wanting to hate the man for daring to even so much as flirt with his woman, he couldn't. Bailey really did trust the stupid man who wouldn't stop calling him princess. "I... I... He... Mr. Brannon told me..." Bailey had started to say how the man said that his mouth was made for sucking dick. Bailey wasn't even sure why he was about to reveal that horrible insult, but even as he spoke the feminized man could still taste him.

"I get it, I get it." Derrick took in a deep breath before letting it out slowly, telling himself that he needed to not fly off the handle, the girl needed him to be a rock. "I can have the police come and have him arrested if you want to spea..." He let his words trail off as she clung to him harder as she shook her head. Derrick couldn't blame the girl, there was a reason not many rape victims came forward. It wasn't just speaking to the police once, but having to do it at least a second time in court, reliving the traumatic event. "Okay, we don't have to talk to them if you don't want to, how about human resou..." Again he stopped when the girl let her wishes be known. "Okay, then let me get a hold of your Mom so she can get you home."

To Bailey the idea of the police getting involved was terrifying. They were still looking for him, Aunt Megan hadn't solved that problem yet and if he did everyone would know that he was a cock sucker. The HR department was worthless from what Miss April had said, he needed actual proof for that, but what really got Bailey's attention was the last person Derrick had mentioned. "No... please don't tell her." Bailey said with a pleading voice. He already didn't look like a man, it would take time for that to change, but if she knew that he had been swallowing other men's cum he didn't think she would ever look at him the same and he couldn't lose her. "I ahhh.. Umm. You can't tell anyone, please, please Mr. Connors!"

"Okay." Derrick said in a calmer voice than he felt. The teen girl was pleading

with him and he had just told her that she could trust him and she was... she told him who it was and had started to tell him what George Brannon had said to make her compliant and considering what else he had done, Derrick could jump to what he thought was a reasonable conclusion. He wasn't sure what to do in this situation and felt like the least he should do is tell the girl's mother, but that would also mean breaking what trust he had built with her. Stepping away from the girl, he reached into his laptop bag to pull out some wet wipes, something his last assistant said he should always have with him, and handed them over to the girl. "How about we get you cleaned up and then I will take you home. "

With a small nod Bailey took the offered wet wipes and proceeded to pull out the phone that he had hidden in his bra strap to use the camera as a mirror. The site of his own face, eyes puffy, mascara, running, and just, just so much more. 'A good girl always looks her best.' Bailey's lip trembled for a second before looking back up to Derrick after he had at least cleaned off everything around his mouth. "Could, could you please go get my purse from my desk?"

Quickly agreeing Derrick moved to the cubicle Bailey and Candace shared, the sight of the decorated cubicle brought a small smile to his face before it faded away. The girl's had put up signs and photos, bringing some cheery life to their little piece of the office, but he was on a mission and needed to keep moving. Finding the purse where Bailey had said it would be he started his trek back. Along the way he made no eye contact, trying to keep his mind focused on what Bailey needed and away from the dark thoughts of taking the bald man's neck between his hands and strangling him before tossing him out a window.

Giving the girl back her property, Derrick stood near the door, leaning on the wall with his hand covering his mouth, making the hard decisions that ran through his mind. He was going to tell Mandy, the girl's mother needed to know and he would just have to pay the price of the betrayal Bailey would feel and hope one day she would understand, if not forgive him. The other matter of George hadn't come to a conclusive end. A lot of him wanted to take the matter into his own hands, but he also wasn't a kid anymore and even had long past his twenties, he had responsibilities, to himself, to his daughter and the company so he had to handle things differently and in a way that the cockroach of the man didn't get away. 'Take care of Bailey, get her home, take care of Brannon and then talk to Mandy.' He said to himself coming to a final decision on how to handle things, all while the terrified girl with her purse's contents spilled out over the table in the small conference room was putting her makeup on and seemingly becoming calm again.

Looking at himself on camera Bailey turned his head slightly to the left, quirking

up the corner of his mouth. Running the mascara wand across his fluttering eyelashes, adding some blush back to his cheeks and finally applying a fresh coat of lipstick he was finally feeling like himself again. The ritual felt meditative and soothed much of the turmoil in his mind though the fact he hadn't had everything he needed to contour his face like he had that morning left Bailey a little irritable. "Okay, I totally feel better, well not fully but better!" Bailey said with a smile as he looked up to the man leaning against the wall. Things weren't okay, but Bailey was able to calm himself down and remind himself of what was important. 'Mommy's job is safe, be happy, you did that. Just another day, things happened but it isn't like I broke a heel.' The thought had Bailey look down at his feet as he cocked one to the side to take a good look at his glossy white hidden platform stilettos, a small frown coming to his face thinking about them breaking, before vanishing back to his practiced smile.

What had happened hadn't changed in Bailey's mind but like he had done with Liam he pushed the thoughts away. Girls had sex with men, secretaries and interns had sex with their bosses. Bailey Andrew Smith got blow jobs from some of his cute workers, this was just what happened. Or so he told himself, not wanting to face what had happened. It didn't happen to him, he was a guy, he got blow jobs, he put his hot girlfriend in bondage and fucked her. Bailey Ann was the one it happened to and she liked that sort of thing, she after all was the type of girl to give a bj to a friend that would drive her home from school and she had done it for a good reason. "Thanks for waiting, are you like ready to take me home?"

Giving the girl a smile, a smile Derrick felt forced to show he nodded. "Yeah, lets get you home. Then maybe I can send Candace over, I unfortunately have to get back here to take care of a few things. I mean, if that is okay." He quickly added, not considering till that second how she might want him to stay around.

"No, you can just drop me off." Bailey pursed his lips for a second. "Also, thanks for you know, just being here."

Hearing that Derrick felt a sense of pride, Candance needed him less and less as she got older and it felt good to hear such things. He hoped she would never need him in this situation and that he wouldn't also be feeling the pang of guilt that came along with it, knowing he was going to tell the woman he loved that her daughter had a forced sexual encounter with one of her own employees. "Bailey, it may not always seem like it, but I will always be in your corner"

With that the two started to head out of the office, but instead of finding their way

to the door, Bailey found himself face to face with the young man he had been avoiding all day. "Auggie!" Bailey said, his voice squeaking in surprise seeing his sorta fake boyfriend, who looked much like Bailey felt. Seeing the sudden change from someone who looked like they wanted to hide away in a hole. To someone who was enjoying the warm sun on a cold day, all because August had seen him, made Bailey feel happier, his day instantly getting a bit better.

"Bailey!" August said a smile growing on his face as he saw his beautiful girlfriend, before inclining his head to the man standing next to her. "Mr. Connors." His mother had been on him over and over again to invite his girlfriend by and he really didn't want that level of embarrassment, but after the troubles he was told were ahead on Friday it seemed like the least he could do for his mom. After the follow up meeting with Mega Corp's lawyer that would be assigned to him today, he also thought he needed it. A nice meal with the people he cared about before he would have to take the fall for the missing documents that were supposed to be going to congress for an inquiry they were holding on something the company had done, or something, someone had done. He didn't have the connections to get out of something like this and the lawyer said he would probably do two years at max and maybe some house arrest after for his part in the missing documents because he was playing ball as he put it. The company would stick with him and while it had been decided he couldn't be re-hired after everything, they would give him a reasonable payout. With that weighing heavily on his mind, finally seeing the beautiful girl that he had been looking for brightened his day. "I was looking for you."

Stepping slightly forward Derrick clapped the younger man on the shoulder. "Good to see you, while I'm sure Bailey would love to chat, the two of us have to get going, she is having a bad day." The second he said the last part Derrick knew he had said too much, the boy was the girl's boyfriend and knew the conversation wouldn't end there.

"Bad, Bailey, are you okay?" I was going to ask you to come to dinner tonight, meet my Mom, but if you are having a bad day..." August said, looking into his girlfriend's green eyes.

Looking between the men in his life, Bailey felt stupid. Everything could have been avoided if he had just spoken to Auggie, it was just a dinner and Miss April said he had to go. The worries of what Auggie's mother would think, worries Bailey didn't even know he had seemed small compared to the thoughts his mind was still cringing away from. "No, that umm sounds like fun. Could you pick me up later?"



August's smile grew a bit brighter at the news, feeling like his day was at least getting a little better from its incredibly low point. Leaning forward he gave her a quick kiss on the lips. "You sure? No pressure."

"Opening his mouth to answer, Bailey looked at Derrick. He had been nice and understanding, but Bailey could see the pity in his eyes and it was making it harder to just forget everything had happened. 'It was a fluke, next time I will have my phone ready!' he told himself, still not thinking about what evidence he would really be capturing. Reaching out he touched the older man's forearm through his jacket's sleeve. "Mr. Connors, would it be okay if Auggie drove me home?" With Auggie, Bailey thought at least he wouldn't feel like there was an elephant in the room.

"Umm, sure. If that is what you want." Derrick said with concern. He continued to stand there just watching as Bailey happily took her boyfriend's hand in her own and leaned into the twenty something year old man. He was sure the girl was putting on a brave face, but the fact that she even could after what she had been through told him a great deal about the strength of her character. He just hoped the Gates boy was what she really needed to help her, but if it wasn't he was sure he was making the right decision with getting her mom involved. When the pair walked out of view Derrick pulled out his cell phone, making a bee line for the closet empty office that was on the first floor to speak privately.

The first call was to security, giving them directions that George Brannon, currently on the ninth floor main meeting room, and is to be removed from the premises immediately, that he was not to be allowed back in his office and that if he resists he should be removed with force. The second phone call he was going to wait on, wanting to see the weasel's face as he was taken from the building. He fully expected to get an angry call from the executive or executives that backed the man for whatever reason. Derrick couldn't say exactly what happened or to who, but he was sure he could stress how bad it would look for the company if word got out that the person who was going to take over the branch had been forcing interns to perform sexually for him and as a representative of the entire west coast division of Mega Corp he was only doing what he felt was best to cut away the rot.

Walking with security and seeing the absolute outrage on Brannon's face as things evolved felt like a soothing balm on Derrick's anger. It wasn't perfect, but it was what he could get away with and not be in trouble with the police himself.

"This is ridiculous!" George proclaimed when he heard the security guard whisper to him that he had to come with him, that he had to leave the building. It had been odd to see the blue shirted security coming into the meeting, and he had wondered what was going on, till he learned it was about himself. Glaring at the man who seemed to loom over him, George shook his head. "I will deal with you and whatever this is about later, now if you will excuse us we are trying to conduct actual business."

Right away the tall man of Asian descent felt like he didn't get paid enough for this level of crap he had to deal with. "Sir, please come with me." He said, putting a hand on the angry man's shoulder.

"Get yoUR HANDS OFF ME THIS INSTANT!" George roared as he tossed his arm back and jumped to his feet. "DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF WHO YOU ARE MESSING WITH HERE!"

With a deep intake of breath the security guard nodded, more than happy to do things the hard way, that was what he had been told to do anyhow and he made sure everycall he took was recorded to cover his own ass. "I do sir, now if you would, please come with me." he said still in a calm voice, reaching out to grab the smaller man's wrist.

Feeling the hand clamp around his wrist George tried to pull his hand free, but found the buildings security officer being more than just taller than him, but also much stronger. "Do you all see this!" He said flailing his other hand to the group of people. "This buffoon is assaulting me!" He then turned his attention to the man that wouldn't let go. "I will have your job and see to it that you can only find work in fast food for this!" That was when he saw Derrick Connors who had to have come into the room after the security guard. "Hey! Tell this... this, tell him to let me go! He is trying to throw me out of the building!" George commanded even as he was starting to be dragged from the room.

Crossing his arms Derrick shook his head, doing his best to keep a straight face and not let anyone see the pure joy he was feeling for this ass to get what he deserved, or at least a piece of it. "Sorry George, I can't do that. Not after what you have been up to. We can't have anyone here taking advantage of other employees." He said while holding the door open to make it easier to get the squirming man out of the room.

At first George thought that Connors was on to him and what he had done in

order to secure his upcoming position, but then it dawned on him what this was really about. 'That bitch Best is angry about her daughter being all gaga over me and she got her boyfriend to come to her rescue.' Yanking his arm one more time to try and get free, George tried to stand his ground, with little success. "All of this because the little slut gave me a blow job?" He laughed sadistically. "She wanted it, had been waiting under my desk all morning to get what she wanted. You... YOU! WILL! NOT! GET! AWAY! WI... AHHH!" His words trailed away as he almost stumbled to the floor, his attempt to stand his ground and being pulled away at the same time worked itself out on who was going to win as George almost fell on his face, saved only by the fact his arm was now jerked up behind him like how a cop might walk a perp as the three went to the nearest elevator.

Still schooling his face Derrick kept his cool as they rode down to the first floor, the entire time the angry and raging man yelled and thrashed. Seeing him manhandled, kept in place with an even hand by security wasn't as good as doing it himself, but Derrick would have to make due with what he could get. If he had done it himself there would be more fists and throwing, he never had learned any of the limb locks. When they got out of the building to Derrick's glee he got to watch the bald man be thrown to the ground when he tried to reach for the security officer with his own hand to claw at him.



"Consider yourself officially trespassed Brannndon, if you don't leave the property in the next ten minutes I will be forced to call the police. Consider yourself fired, I will make sure HR gets that out in writing to you shortly." Derrick said, rubbing the back of his own neck, feeling some of the tension in his body starting to give way.

## Chapter 39

Resting her head in the palm of her hand Amanda rubbed at her temple as she correlated data between different reports. The training she went through on her trip kept her busy, but she still had made an effort to not let too much build up on

her for when she got back. She recalled getting silent glares from Bailey when she would work late and then get home only to open her laptop back up to do more work. On the trip out to California no one had been there to tell her that she should take a break, or at least no one that could see her. Derrick encouraged a work life balance and Bailey... her thoughts on the blonde green eyed girl distracted Amanda enough that she didn't hear the knocks on her office door, only realizing someone needed her when the door opened.

"Hey boss lady." April said as she stepped into the room, shutting the door behind her. "I have a few things for you." She hadn't heard anything from her friend the entire morning and thought it best to come in prepared. Stepping closer to the desk she put down two aspirin and a glass of water. "I think in time, you will thank me." She said tapping the desk next to the pills and giving a wink.

Giving her dark haired friend a heartfelt smile Amanda took the offered medication, her head wasn't bad, not yet at least and hadn't even considered getting up from her desk to take care of the problem before it became a larger one. "I swear I am not around and people think they can get away with half assing their work."

"You know, as their boss you can tell them to fix their mistakes." April said as she made herself comfortable in one of the two other chairs in the office. "I recall someone telling me one of the jobs of management is delegation."

Giving her younger friend a flat faced glare Amanda shook her head slightly. "I recall that too, but I also know if I just do it, then it will be done correctly now and I can get it off my plate before the people I report to start asking questions."

"I'm just saying! It is their work, they should do it." The idea that in a possible future April could be sitting on the other side of the desk in front of her danced across her mind. Going from an executive assistant to managing an entire department was the type of jump no one in human resources would approve without someone stepping in, but that was something she had, but recently all of it had come into question. If she even got the promotion George Brannon would be ruling over the building like a tyrant king. If she played ball long enough she could then maybe move to another company with the job title security on her resume. That was if... she could play ball with the creep at all. Then there was the offer from Derrick Connors... That would mean staying in the role she has now, but under him. The man had promised to help her grow within the company and while that sounded good, she couldn't imagine jumping as many rungs in the future as she had the opportunity to now. "True enough, I know I hate it when my

boss is breathing down my back."

"When have I ever..." Amanda started to say before April spoke over her to answer the question before it finished.

"Last year when we were going to go to the orchestra, how many times did you remind me?" April recalled the two of them wanting to go see the orchestra when they had come into town, but she had accidentally paid her car payment twice that month, making money tight. It was her best friend's birthday and she wanted to buy the tickets, it had just taken longer to get the money together.

"That... hardly counts. April, that had nothing to do with work and I hardly was breathing down your back."

"Speaking of not having anything to do with work." April said transitioning to one of the other things she wanted to talk to her friend about. "Did Bailey tell you what he is going to be up to tonight?" She knew Bailey hadn't told Amanda, Bailey didn't even know he was going to be going over to her mother's place so her little brother could introduce his girlfriend. She was looking forward to seeing Bailey act like an airheaded bimbo in front of her mother. The chauvinist all dolled up and had to give attention to her brother instead of his now ex-girlfriend. April wanted to make sure they stayed as ex boyfriend-girlfriend and what better way than telling her friend what was happening. "My mother has been harping on August to bring the girl he is always talking about home, so tonight Bailey agreed to meet my mother."

"Oh, Bailey is going to meet your mother?" Amanda could recall Bailey once complaining about having to go on a date with her best friend's younger brother. Her telling Bailey that he just had to keep up appearances and how it would just be one little date. Now the two were actually dating, and to the point of introducing the other to parents.

"That is what I hear. Hard to believe Bailey being brought home as a girlfriend, things like this make it hard for me to ever think of him as a man again really." April said, trying to hammer home the idea.

Leaning back in her chair Amanda nodded, reaching for the glass April brought in, she took another sip of the water. "No, I would say not. Hard to believe how quickly we got here. Hmm, April." Amanda paused looking at her friend, considering how she had phrased things. "You do know Bailey is not going back,

that this is who Bailey really is? Who she has always been, at least deep down."

Cocking her head to the side, April blinked twice, trying to fathom what she had just been told. "Is that what he told you? The man that you once confessed to me made you feel young again as the two of you fucked like rabbits? That is the man that..." April stopped talking, bringing up who Bailey actually was in normal life was counter to her point.

"April..." Amanda said her friend's name as she leaned forward on her desk, leaning on her elbows. "Take a good look at Bailey, talk to her. I bet if you asked Bailey how her outfit she would talk your ear off. That isn't the sort of thing you would find in someone just pretending. The Bailey you are thinking about, the one that was sullen, who did not talk much, that was the person who was unhappy with who they were, not the Bailey we see out there..." Amanda motioned towards her office door. "Always smiling, ready to tell you about the most recent celebrity gossip on who is dating who." Amanda added that last part thinking about how Bailey had turned down the radio that morning, to talk about the singer, going into a recap of how her and Candi had been talking about the recent breakup the singer had and how all the singer's other breakups had led to songs being written. April bringing up sex between her and Bailey had thrown her for a small loop, it wasn't something that had crossed her mind in context of the feminine Bailey.

"So, it doesn't bother you that Bailey is going to have dinner with my mother, as August's girlfriend?" April asked with a raised eyebrow.

Blowing out some air from her lungs Amanda nodded. "It does, but not because there is anything wrong with Bailey dating a boy that she likes. The problem is that she didn't think to ask me first." Pursing her lips she thought about how April was teasing her on that very first day Bailey played the roll of her daughter, how there could be wedding bells between her brother and Bailey. 'How would August even act if he found out Bailey was, or used to be a boy?'

The comment made April laugh, she didn't know how Bailey convinced Amanda to think he actually wanted to be a girl, saying those crazy good girl lessons that Megan told her about, but she also didn't understand how the short man convinced one of the smartest woman she knew to not just date him, but let him move in and support his unemployed ass. The fact she perturbed that Bailey didn't ask permission, like he really was her daughter was just purely funny to her. "Well, I'm going to let you get back too it."

Leaving the office, April let her wolfish smile come into place after holding it back. She didn't know Bailey's angle with letting her friend think he really wanted to be a girl. The closest thing she could come up with is him trying to show her how sensitive and in touch he could be with his feminine side so that she would overlook all of his many bad qualities. It didn't matter though, it looked like her friend had already determined Bailey wasn't even male anymore, let alone dating material. That meant her friend would stop self sabotaging and ditch Bailey for a real man.

Moving to her desk, April was just about to sit down when the man she had just been thinking about, in his three piece suit, walked up to her. She looked him up and down, not considering how she looked at him like a piece of sexy meat, while hating the fact men did it to her. "Mr. Connors, you have impeccable timing, I was just thinking about you." She said, her wolfish smiling sliding into something more warm and pleasant.

"Good to see you too Ms. Gates, I do hope they were good thoughts and not ones of ill intent." Derrick said with his easy grin as he stopped in front of his girlfriend's administrative assistant.

"What kind of ill intent? Or have you been reading my mind?" April asked as she crossed her arms under her chest. With her arms still crossed the wrist of her left hand touching her right elbow she brought her right hand up, her index finger just lightly touching her bottom lip as she playfully bantered with the bearded man.

"Mind reading isn't one of my talents I'm afraid, it would help raising a teenage girl I would imagine but..." Derrick's eyes looked past the dark eyed woman to the closed door, he didn't want to stand here and have a casual conversation, but he also didn't want her to think something was going on either. "Bad train of thoughts, I was more of speaking about you accepting or turning down my offer, but you can take your time considering that. That matter at hand is if Ms. Best is in."

Cocking her head to the side, April considered telling him the not so secret thoughts of a teen girl. Jumping from a few of her interests, to way too much self doubt, to boys and then living in the self doubt some more, but considering the conversation she just had with her best friend, she thought it prudent to get her current love interest into her office as quickly as she could so that the blonde woman could focus on the good thing that she had. "Yes sir, your beautiful girlfriend is in her office." Shimming her shoulders slightly, enjoying the banter,



April took the few steps to the door she just had come from, knowing once before opening it. "Ms. Best, your afternoon appointment is here and looking dashing I might add."

Derrick gave the woman in her mid twenties a look that he hoped conveyed this thoughts on how she should be keeping things professional, but his attention was quickly stolen away when he saw Mandy standing up from her desk, a large smile on her perfect lips, her blonde hair almost glowing from the sun's light coming in the windows behind her. He had just seen her the day before, her in a tight pair of jeans a smile on her face as they talked about the shared day riding, that smiling fading from time to time as she adjusted how she walked or sat, mildly complaining about how the movies never showing how you felt after riding a horse. "Thank you Ms. Gates, if you would excuse us."

Amanda didn't miss the thumbs up her friend gave behind Derrick's back as she shut the door. Turning her attention back to her boyfriend she gave him a happy smile, showing just a hint of her white teeth. The day before she had considered offering him and his daughter to stay the night at her place, but the way her legs felt after riding left the idea questionable. More so in questioning if she would be able to walk into work today if she let the man into the same bed as her after the day they had. Now hearing Bailey would be out on her own adventures, and seeing him standing in front of her she was now considering being the aggressor and asking him out on a cheap date, minimally planned date. "Is this personal or business? I do not have a lot of time for Mr. Connors, that man should be talking to directors, not coming to speak with me. If I was speaking to Derrick, my boyfriend then I am... well I am also incredibly busy, but for him I can spare some time."

For a moment Derrick considered taking a seat, but with Mandy standing behind her desk he decided to walk around the chairs to stand by her side, putting one hand on her hip. "Both... I think. Something has happened."

Seeing the serious expression on his face, the playful smile on Amanda's face washed away quickly as worry flooded in. "Is everything okay?" Her thoughts jumped around in no particular order, thinking about Derrick's mother, his daughter, himself, to Bailey and finally about herself and the position she had just gone on a work trip to prepare herself for.

He wasn't positive how to answer the question, in some ways things would be okay, he was going to move mountains to make sure George Brannon paid for what he did, but he couldn't say how things would work out for Bailey and the

trauma she had just lived through and how she would feel about him talking to her mother about what she confided in him. "I don't think so... you might want to sit down for this."

The pair were already standing close, Amanda could feel the larger man's hand holding her side and the way he was talking worried her, giving her that familiar feeling in the pit of her stomach as she anticipated that first drop on a roller coaster. Stepping slightly closer she pressed her calm to his chest, pressing into the fabric of his vest. "What is going on?" She truly hoped it wasn't about her, but even as those thoughts ran across the surface of her mind she felt guilt for being concerned about a job when more important matters could be what he was talking about.

"Your employee, George Brannon, security has escorted him from the building, his employment is being terminated." Derrick began, wanting to get this part out, just in case Amanda stopped listening after he told her what happened. Looking into her dazzling blue eyes, he could see confusion mixed with worry. "He is being fired because I believe... no. George Brannon compelled your daughter, Bailey..." Derrick shook his head, feeling a thousand different feelings at once, mentally slapping himself for saying Bailey's name after saying her daughter, like she wouldn't know. He felt a great deal of concern for the teen girl and worry for Mandy and how she was going to take this. Then there was the guilt of betraying the green eyed girl's trust, mixed with a lot of anger over what had happened to her and finally a sense of pride that he was able to make the man pay.

"Derrick." Amanda said, not moving an inch, but her voice having a tone of command. "What happened with Bailey and Brannon?"

"He said something to Bailey, taking advantage of her. I don't know what he said exactly, but he manipulated her into... Mandy... she came to me crying with the man's seed still on her chin."

Eyes going wide, the palm she was pressing onto Derrick's chest changed to a hard grip as she grasped his tie and vest. "What!? Derrick, tell me everything!"

## **Chapter 40**

On the couch Bailey laid down on her side, her legs curled up and her head

rested on August's lap. Bailey's heels sat on the floor in front of the couch while she did his best to get comfortable and distract herself from the day with tik tok videos featuring different pets. A genuine smile crossed the feminized man's lips as she tried to lose herself in the role as the video played out on the phone's screen, showing a black and white kitten hopping up onto a white ducks back as it was sitting down, before the duck stood up, wagged its little duck tail and started to waddle off with its new passenger. Between the video, being back home in safety, feeling the comforting presence of August as Bailey laid her head on his lap and the familiar scent that she had smelled when it lingered on the man's jacket, all of it combined to help Bailey feel much more at peace. August stroking his hand through Bailey's hair did a lot more to help Bailey release the tension in her body than he would willingly admit. All of it was a drastic contrast to how she felt on the car ride back to the apartment.



Bailey had been looking at himself in the mirror on the visor when it was pulled down. He had already repaired his makeup, but wiping it away and redoing it helped distract him from what had happened. The act of hiding away any blemishes on his skin, contouring to change the shape of his face ever so slightly, using the makeup had become something akin to meditation. Getting it just right allowing him to look his best made him feel proud. His mind helpfully telling him that is what it meant to be a good girl. Still her muscles were taut and every shake of the car made the act of doing her makeup that much more difficult. Her mind kept jumping back to what Brannon had said, and what she had done under that desk. Uncapping her lipstick and turning its base to cause the lipstick to rise brought a mental flash of a hard dick being thrust into her face. 'I'm just an intern and like it is normal for girls to do things like that with their bosses and I totally like giving head... yeah and like I even told Candi how healthy it is to drink cum... I'm Bailey Ann Best and everyone knows I like to give head, so... so... it was a good thing, yeah, yeah totally. I'm just a girl.' Bailey had told herself, repeating it more than once on the short trip from the office back to the apartment complex.

He wanted to create some mental distance, the idea of crawling up into a ball and crying... crying as he curled up in that ball in the shower like he had done before felt like it would be so easy to do. That wasn't something Bailey Ann Best would do. She wasn't going to cry and cry because she tasted a little cum, no. Before, Aunt Megan had told him it would all be alright, and since then it had. He was supposed to babysit for Leah... for a dress wearing Liam in a few days. Things had gotten better there and... and... things weren't really bad now. Bailey liked sucking dick, she had done it before just to thank a boy for giving her a ride home from school.

Closing her eyes Bailey tried to enjoy the feeling of August's hand through her hair, feeling like she was being pet and comforted. She considered calling Aunt

Megan, the older woman had been there for her before, holding her. The thought was interrupted by her boyfriend's voice as his hand vanished.

August wasn't really sure what was going on, just that the girl he had fallen head over heels for had a bad day, one bad enough that Derrick Connor's had sent her home. He didn't think Bailey had it in her to manipulate her relationship with the man in order to go home because she was having womanly problems and if she was having cramps like his sister complained about sometimes he figured she would go talk to her mother. The girl was close enough with her mom to still call her mommy after all. His day felt like one of the worst of his life with what he had to agree to with the lawyer that was assigned to him, but mentally hearing Bailey say mommy when referring to her beautiful mom brought a smile to his face. It was a very childish thing to still be doing, but it was a piece of innocence that he loved about her. Sitting there stroking her hair with her head in his lap felt like a calm moment in a storm, his life was falling apart and he wasn't sure how to tell anyone, but still he could be here for Bailey, she didn't need him to dump his problems on her. A very different problem was starting to arise as she shifted her head in his lap and thoughts of her calling her mom, mommy changed to thoughts of them together and calling him daddy sprang to mind. He had never thought about that being something he wanted someone to say, but his finally in a position to relax and his eyes finding their way to look at her chest as she breathed before he forcefully snapped them away as having a growing effect. "How are you feeling?"

Hearing the voice Bailey opened her eyes and shifted on the couch so the back of her head was on his lap so that she could look up to him. 'Auggy like, totally cares too much, he is sooo sweet. I totally need to find him a real girlfriend that will appreciate him.' She thought before arguing with herself, how she did appreciate Auggy, but she could never feel for him the way he deserved. 'I

should at least make sure he knows I appreciate him.'

Rolling again, this time to face the man she was using as a pillow, Bailey grabbed him around the waist as she rolled to face him so she could give him a hug. "I'm feeling..." Bailey's words drifted off as she felt something pressing into her cheek through his pants. As Bailey had shifted to give August a hug, the feminized man had scooted up more, making it so his head was no longer resting on his leg, but over his crotch. The feeling of a semi hard dick, through the dress pants or not wasn't something Bailey would miss. Sitting up quickly Bailey tumbled to the floor as he started to scramble after touching the man's dick.

"Bailey, are you okay!?" August reached out to try and catch the girl as she fell to the floor in what looked like a sudden, but purposeful motion

Feeling embarrassed from spazzing out and ending up with his ass on the floor, Bailey looked at the bulge in the pants of the man that now sat above him. Feeling the male member touching his cheek crushed the mental escape Bailey had been building, his long eyelash covered eyes went wide and jaw hung slack as terror struck him, somehow in his attempt to create distance had ended up sitting between the open legs of yet another man who had a hard on. "Peaches, you're like, hard."

The corners of August's mouth turned up as a smile he couldn't control came to his face. Memories of what Bailey had done before, had even done when he was sitting on this couch before came to mind and he realized why the girl had moved so quickly. He had felt embarrassed at his body's reaction to the situation, but seeing his girlfriend looking at him with wide eyes and an open mouth looking excited had those doubts start to fade away. "Yeah, I mean, I can't help myself, has a mind of its own at times." He said

Swallowing hard, Bailey looked over to the front door to the apartment, then turned his head the other way over to his bedroom. From his position on the ground he couldn't see the hallway, no one else was around, the only sound Bailey could hear was heartbeat, his own heavy breathing as panic started to set in and the hum of the air conditioner.

Seeing Bailey double checking the door to see it locked, her breathing coming in more rapid, shallow breaths as she got turned on at the idea of the two of them having fun in the middle of the afternoon made August think back to that first time she had wrapped her hands around his member, out in public, in a movie theater. The thought only encouraged his own arousal, but when he saw her start to shake a fraction of an inch one way and then the other in rapid motion it made him think that despite both of them being very turned on, that Bailey was worried they would be interrupted. "Hey, if you want to do this later when we know no one is going to come around, that is okay. I mean..." He started to say before wanting to backpedal, already beating himself up mentally, not wanting to make her think he didn't want her attentions and very much wanting to feel her warm, wet mouth wrapped around his dick once again. "I really want a blow job, now or really anytime." He laughed nervously, feeling like he was talking himself out of a good time.

"What!?" Bailey's green eyes snapped back to the younger man who sat over him. His own thoughts and fears had been rushing in his mind like a flash flood hitting an unprepared town and had no idea what Auggy had said, but was still very much aware of what lurked under the bulge in his pants. "I'm sorry, I like... I can't..." Bailey scooted back half a foot till his back hit the coffee table that was in front of the couch. He felt like he needed to run away, the safety of the apartment now feeling gone. The last time he felt cornered, Derrick had been there and after... Then just a little over an hour ago the bearded man had been there and Bailey hated himself for feeling like he needed saving, while another part of his



brain told him that to be a good girl he needed to be obedient, needed to smile, never to argue or complain. He had been told by Miss April to never say no to her brother. 'I'm like a good girl, happy and proud.'

The smile came back to Bailey's face with a practiced ease, the panic in him didn't go away, but there was comfort in just doing what one was told. 'I'm a good girl, happy and proud. Auggy has been like really sweet and it is just another blow job. Right?' A small titter of a laugh came to Bailey's lips as nervous energy came bubbling up, all his time with his best friend having just as much effect conditioning him as what others have made him do.

Bailey moving away from him, apologizing to him and saying that she couldn't made the smile on August's face slip away, not because he wasn't about to get a blow job, but her reaction made him worry that something was wrong. Her friendly smile and her flirty laugh eased his worry. His girlfriend had been going through something today that she didn't want to talk about and he was fine with giving her the space, but considering how his own hormones got the better of him he could understand her initial desire to fool around before whatever was bothering her came back to the forefront of her mind. "Hey, you know there is nothing to be sorry about, maybe we can just cuddle on the couch and watch some tv. Unless you want to talk about what is going on."

"No, no, no... can we just watch some tv please? Sugar that sounds good." Getting back to his bare feet, Bailey sat down on the couch next to his pretend boyfriend, feeling like he had done something wrong with denying him and then felt worse when he almost jumped at the dark haired man's touch when he felt his arm wrap around him. His real relief when the arm around him didn't move, just held him in place while he sat there looking at the tv, not really paying attention to what Auggy put on as Bailey closed his eyes and took a few

comforting inhales of the scent that always lingered around Auggy.

Holding his girlfriend close, August picked up the remote and turned the tv to one of those channels that showed home remodeling, changing houses to open concepts and adding shiplap accent walls and the like on almost every episode. The shows really weren't something he liked to watch, but he knew every time he went to his sisters place this was on her tv nine out of ten times and took a gamble that Bailey would like it too. They hadn't even gotten halfway through an episode before he noticed the blonde girl's breathing had changed, the first indication that she had fallen asleep cuddling up close to him. 'This...' August pressed his lips together tightly. 'Moments like this I think I will miss the most.' August felt like he could cry, he wouldn't of course, it was his job to be the rock. His own mother called him as much almost anytime she went off on a rant, venting her frustration. Telling him how she was glad her little boy could be her rock, and as a full blooded Italian, ranting was a frequent activity. His father was long gone, he was the man of the house, he was the man in the boyfriend, it wasn't his job to make the people he cared about worry and fret, it was his job to help them bare the weight. Still, he couldn't help feeling like he was at the breaking point and he had no one to blame, but himself. He hadn't kept proper track of the documents and there were far reaching repercussions for his failure.

The buzzing of the phone as it danced around the couch cushion where it had been left when Bailey had dropped to the floor brought him out of his introspection. He wished he could leave Bailey sleeping. 'My sleeping beauty.' He thought before giving her a gentle shake. "Bailey, your phone."

"Hmmm?" Bailey blinked his eyes a few times, he hadn't remembered going to sleep, but figured after all the stress and tension from the day the moment of real relaxation had caused him to just crash. "Oh! Yeah!" Bailey said after grasping what Auggy had said, reaching over to his phone that he still had the phone case

that Mommy had given him. A glance at the screen made him smile seeing it was that very person who was calling him.

“Hi Mommy!” Bailey said as he sat up, now no longer in August’s grasp, but still sitting close enough that their legs touched.

On the other end of the phone Amanda shot up to her feet soon as Bailey answered her phone. April and Derrick just left her office and in her worry she didn’t initially take notice of the chipper voice that greeted her when she called. “Bailey, are you okay honey!?”

The question was a quick reminder to Bailey of what had happened, why she was calling. He didn’t want her to find out, but he also couldn’t put it past Brannon to have talked about the interaction in his office. The creepy man felt like the type that needed to brag about his conquests... ‘Conquest, I’m like a conquest...’ Biting his bottom lip, the skirt wearing man about to answer before remembering his company. “Im... can you like hold for just a sec.” Bailey didn’t wait for a response before pressing the phone to his chest. “Im umm like going to go in the other room, be right back.”

Holding up one hand, August shook his head. “I need to head out anyways, need to prepare things for tonight, and change. Someone, who will remain nameless, as cute as she is, drooled all over me when she took a nap. “ Leaning forward he gave his girlfriend a quick kiss on her soft lips before standing up, ready to head out the door.

“Umm, like, bye.” Bailey said his phone had been halfway back to the side of his head when he told Auggy that he was going in the other room. He didn’t want to talk about what happened in front of Auggy, he didn’t want to talk about it at all and really didn’t want mommy to know about it, but still. The idea of being left

alone right now made him want to reach out and make the taller man sit back down, but he couldn't do that. Bailey had a difficult phone call to take.

"Bye?" Amanda asked, not sure if Bailey was talking to her.

"Oh umm, no like Auggy was just leaving. He brought me home and like... how are you?" Bailey asked, slipping his feet back into his white hidden platform heels and moved over to the door to lock it behind Auggy as he left.

"How am I? Bailey I..." Amanda let out a sigh, halting the pacing she had started when Bailey told her to hold on. "Honey, I am fine, what I am is worried about you. I heard about what happened and that you went home with August."

"Oh, umm, like, heard about that huh?" Bailey could imagine the beautiful blonde grabbing onto Derrick, and making a disgusted face. Saying how she is going to go with him because no real man would put a dick in his mouth and that thought led to Bailey thinking about how Miss April could tell her about what happened if he didn't do what she wanted and how he had told Auggy no. 'Ghah! I should have like totally sucked Auggy off! Please, please, please Auggy don't tell her I didn't do what you asked!'

"I did honey, I heard about it when I found out about George being escorted out of the building." She wasn't naive about what happened in the company, how it was a boys club and anyone important enough or earned enough were mostly ignored or at worst protected for things people should be brought up on charges for. She wanted to help change things, but she had her own ass slapped or pinched and been propositioned more than enough after felt to be part of the problem. Even at the manager training one man had put his hand on her knee when asking her out for a drink and she hadn't reported it, let alone told anyone. It made her think back to when she was younger, prettier and had someone

touch her breast, rubbing her just with his hand when she had worn a lower cut top and how She had gone right to human resources and had been asked several times if she wanted to proceed with her complaint. In the end she had been moved to the mail room for three months, with the excuse that they were separating her from the man in order to maintain a professional environment. They said they wrote him up, but in the end she wasn't really sure, only knowing that they gave her a verbal warning about how she dressed and leading people on. It hadn't been the last time she reported people for things they did, but to grow within the company she had learned how to play ball. She had grown in the company to oversee an entire department, two departments really with accounts payable and receivable for the branch, but her raises had suffered over the years, with statements about her not being a team player. Guilt wracked her that giving in to the system had caused this to come about.

"Mr. Brannon was like taken from the building?" Bailey asked, making sure he heard the woman he loved right.

"From what I understand he was physically thrown from the building after what he did, Derrick got security to take him away, letting him know he was fired and when he resisted." She took in a deep breath, she had wanted to leave Derrick's name off her lips after he told her how Bailey didn't want him telling her. She felt lucky to have the man in her life, that both her and Bailey could trust and didn't want Bailey to resent him for sharing what happened with her. "You know how George can be stubborn and when he refused to leave, things got physical."

"Wait... waitwaitwait! Did like Mr. Brannon get thrown from the building because of what I did?! He like got fired because I gave him a blow job?!" All the fear that he had inside of him was instantly forgotten upon hearing the wonderful news. His goal waking up today was to get evidence so that Miss April could get him to at a minimum back off and at best fired. Being forced to give a blow job to a man

made for the day being terrible, but giving a blow job so that the man that was threatening both himself and people he cared about to be fired and even better to be tossed onto the ground. That was a trade Bailey would take any day of the week.

“He...” Amanda started. Derrick had mentioned what Bailey had on her chin when she came to him in complete disarray. That had made her mad, angry in a very primal way, hearing Bailey confirm what happened would have stoked that fire, but the way she sounded so happy gave her pause. As horrible as things could be here at the world’s largest corporation, she knew many girls used all of their assets and ability to get ahead. She didn’t think less of them, just wished it wasn’t something that they would even have to think about doing in order to succeed and really hoped Bailey didn’t think she had to as well. “Bailey, honey, I’m going to ask you something and I need you to tell me the truth.”

“Umm okay.” The smile on Bailey’s face slid away as he bit his bottom lip, the taste of his lipstick lingered in his mouth as he ruined his perfect makeup, as his mind jumped from thing to thing about what she was about to ask.

“Did George force or congole you to... you know. Or did you do it because... did you do it so you would get something from him?” No part of her mind thought about Bailey’s past and who he was, she only thought of the things she knew some girls did to get what they wanted and the girls that were taken advantage of because of things others wanted.

“Mr. Brannon... he really got thrown from the building? Like thrown on the ground?”

Turning her head Amanda put her free hand on the warm glass that acted as her rear wall to her office as she looked out on the city. “He did.” She wanted to

press on, to remind Bailey she didn't answer the question, but she was so full of emotions herself she didn't feel confident letting any of that out without exploding.

While he had been told security had taken him from the building, Bailey pictured Derrick Connors taking off his jacket, asking someone near to hold it as he rolled up his shirt sleeves to show off his well muscled forearms before picking up the skinny, balding man and tossing him clear of the building, throwing him from the top of the small stone stairs in an impossible distance to land on the street at the front roundabout where people were dropped off. "He umm..." Bailey hesitated. "He said..." Bailey again stopped, thinking back to not just that morning, the cock in his mouth, tasting, swallowing his cum, but to also those afternoons where he sat in his lap as he droned on and on about him or work and the time he had been spanked. Tears came to Bailey's eyes and even as he tried to blink them away, more came. "He said I had to, because like, like... he calls me Little Best and made me pretend to be you when I had to... he said when he was in charge you would be fired. I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I like, aha, aha..." Tears started to fall down Bailey's cheeks. The emotions that he had been repressing all came to the surface in a rush. Not just from reliving what happened but also realizing he had openly told her what he had done and what that could mean.

"Bailey, Bailey, you do not have anything to be sorry about, this is not your fault." She could tell Bailey was crying and it made her want to cry with her, to hold her and tell her it was all okay, that she would protect her. It also made her want to find the man and beat the hell out of him.

"No, I'm like... I just wanted to be your superhero, I wanted to protect you... I love you so much! I just want to be a good girl and I hate that I would do it again!"

"You are a hero honey, I love you too and you are more than a good girl, you are the best daughter I could ask for." Amanda turned some of her anger inward,

knowing that she should have dealt with her subordinate George Brannon because things got to this point, wishing she had the courage to do what had to be done.

For Bailey, hearing someone he loved tell him he was a good girl brought a bit of joy to his heart to cut through some of the sorrow. He had worked so hard to be a good girl, happy and proud. He wanted to be her superhero and hearing her love for him allowed him to take control of his tears. "Of... course I'm like the best. It is easy with you in my life Mommy." The bad things didn't instantly disappear, but the positivity allowed him to smile, at least a little at the multiple use of the word best. Candi was always quick to make a joke using the word in relation to his last name.

"Okay, you stay put honey. I am going to finish something up and then I am going to come home, we will order dinner in. Maybe order you one of those bison burgers you love so much and we can curl up in my room under the covers as we watch a movie and eat rocky road ice cream."

Sitting down back on the couch, with his shoes still on, Bailey pulled his legs up so he could press his legs to his chest in a tight personal hug. The burger, the cuddling under the covers and his favorite ice cream sounded like a great way to spend time, and all of it that much better when spent with the woman he loved, he couldn't though. He had plans, plans he had to keep, he had defied Miss April enough by telling Auggy no, he didn't dare cancel for tonight and Auggy didn't deserve that. Hiding from Auggy was what got today spiral so much out of control to begin with. "Umm, I would love that it sounds like... sugar, Mommy you have no idea how good that sounds. Can we like do that tomorrow night? I'm supposed to have dinner with Auggy tonight and meet his mom."

"Are you sure honey? I'm sure August would understand if you needed to



reschedule.” She knew some women couldn’t stand the touch of a man after they were sexually abused. April had told her about the dinner to meet her mother tonight. Bailey going to do that alone gave her an idea of how serious her girl was with August, but at least at first blush it felt crazy to still want to go out and do anything after what had happened. At second blush though she thought about how the normalcy, about pushing herself to go out and do something she wanted to do instead of commiserating sounded healthy. Staying in and being angry was the normal for Bailey, he had hardly let her help him when his parents passed, really only going out to have a drink, or many drinks with his friend. Now she had Bailey wanting to not let things get in the way of her new life, but not just that, she was openly sharing how she felt. It made Amanda shake her head and smile at just how much better Bailey was now that she could live the life she wanted.

“I’m totally sure, I just like, need to put myself together and pick out my outfit for tonight.” Wiping away some of his tears on his cheeks Bailey squeezed his eyes tight. He really didn’t want to go out, but tonight he had to go over and show Auggy’s mom just how clingy and airheaded he could be so that she would make Auggy break up with him. All according to Miss April’s plan and then he could be free. No more Mr. Brannon and no more Auggy... and later this week he would get to meet Leah for the first time to see with his own eyes that there was no more Liam.

“Hmm, how about I head home and help you pick out something nice for tonight? How does that sound?” Amanda asked, still wanting to get home as soon as she could to hold Bailey in her arms and apologize for what had happened and just be there for her, for anything she needed today, tomorrow or any day in the future. The last thing she needed to do here before she left though was have a conversation with the manager in the building’s IT department. She wanted them to go over George Brannon’s computer with a fine toothed comb so that she could make sure the man’s career was dead and buried. She couldn’t get away

with physically lashing out, that wasn't the way of the world, but she was sure that slime ball had something, most likely multiple things on his computer that she could wield as a weapon against him.

## **Chapter 41**

“Sooooo....” Bailey said with one hand on his hip that was cocked to the side and the other arm held out with palm up as he looked at the twenty one year old man who had come to pick him up for their dinner date with his family. ‘Boys have it so easy.’ Bailey thought looking at Auggy who was wearing a pair of dark blue jeans with white stitching, square toed leather dress shoes, a plain white t-shirt and a black blazer with leather elbow patches and imagined just put on whatever pair of boxers were at the top of his drawer or even was still wearing the same ones he had on from that morning. In contrast Bailey had taken a hot bath with a rose water bath balm, took the time to run a razor over his body to get rid of the light stubble. Candi had once had them do a laser treatment and the idea of never growing hair again was a non-starter, but they had said something about taking a bunch of times for that to happen and with as much time as it took to shave he wondered if it might be worth it to just get it done one or two more times just so it wouldn't grow back as fast, at least save him time till he could go back to his normal life. Having shaving Bailey went on to do his normal moisturizing routine, and then used the rose quartz facial roller, applying the light pressure in order to increase circulation or blood flow so that it would reduce any inflammation , something he thought he suuuper needed after crying. It was also supposed to keep away dark circles under his eyes, something he really only dealt with when he had bouts of insomnia and if the roller stopped them he wasn't sure why everyone didn't use them. ‘Stupid male egos.’

None of that time included the time it took Bailey to get his makeup just right, hair pulled back into a messy high ponytail, getting all of his hair to go back except for

just a few strands to help frame his face and show his forehead that was normally covered with his bangs. Then there was picking out the right jewelry, picking out the right underwear, a red pushup bra with darker red accents, a pair of black thong panties. A decision he had made was to wear the pair of knee high heeled boots that Auggy had bought him long ago when Bailey had picked them out, thinking Aunt Megan would be wearing them. Even now Bailey held one of the boots in his hands, thinking how sexy they would look at the older woman, or even Mommy who was home and taking out a few dresses to help him decide what to wear.

“Wearing those for a dinner date with August’s mother?” Amanda asked, raising an eyebrow at her pretend daughter, her forgetting more and more about the pretend part. “Most girls dress down a bit more when meeting their partner’s parents.”

“Yeah...” A few outfits came to Bailey’s mind, things that would flatter his body, while being more conservative, but Miss April wanted him to bimbo it up and the boots fit that perfectly. ‘That and like Auggy will love to see me in them, I feel bad for sending him away.’

In the end Bailey ended up wearing a dark green skirt that had the illusion of being a wrap around skirt with four black large buttons going down the side at a forward angle and a small line of black lace at its hem line that stopped halfway down his smooth bare thigh. His blouse was a long sleeved cotton nylon blend blouse that had an exposed stripe down each arm with a latter patterned of fabric connecting the parted fabric and the part he knew Auggy would like best, it had a cut out in the front to expose his lifted breasts. All in all Bailey thought he looked hot, and had taken more than a few selfies before sending them off to Candi to show her the outfit with her red painted lips smiling. He ended up looking hot without being slutty, but had almost without thinking about it putting on the same

leather mini-skirt that he had worn with these same boots when he had gone out with Liam. It had only been the suggestion from his girlfriend, her playing the role of the concerned mother when she suggested the cute dark green skirt instead.



“I umm...” August’s dark eyes roamed his girlfriend’s body, her immediately posing and asking for his opinion the second she opened the door. Instincts told him he should take the girl in his arms and have her right there. His imagination telling him to bend her over the couch and to have his way with the girl he loved while she moaned out in pleasure. Not only was not anything he would do, just things that played out in his imagination, but seeing Amanda, Bailey’s mother leaning on the wall across the room, next to Bailey’s bedroom made him nervous about even taking her in his arms to give her a kiss. He had known the woman for years, she was his big sister’s best friend and boss. August had never really cared of impressing her before, but that he now knew was a mistake. If he had taken an interest in his sister’s best friend before he could have had more time with her captivating daughter.

“You umm!?” Bailey asked, leaning forward slightly at the waist before giggling. “You pretending to be a caveman or is that a compliment? Don’t you think I’m pretty?” The way Auggy looked dumb struck both amused Bailey and brought a small blush to his cheeks that he garnered that kind of reaction.

Rubbing the back of his neck he looked over his girl once more, his eyes lingered on the cutout in her blouse before forcing his dark eyes to focus on her green ones. “It’s, ah, you... umm.” He stumbled on his words again. August had seen Bailey in a photo wearing nothing but one of those corsets that went up over a girl’s tits, panties, stockings and heels. He had even seen photos of her in a bikini and had her in his lap with her blouse open, but the way she leaned forward to give him an eyeful, teasing him had shorted his brain as it tried to wrestle control from his lower, much dumber and more primal mind.

Stepping forward Amanda put her hand on Bailey’s shoulder as she gave the dumb struck young man a smile. “Umm, is a compliment when your man can’t

tear his eyes away from you. Right August?”

“Yeah.” August said, nodding quickly, accepting the help. “Hello Miss Best.” He gave her a thankful smile, his eyes only looking away from his date for a few heartbeats. “Bailey, you look amazing.”

“Good!” Bailey tilted his head back slightly with a wide smile on his face. He had put in a lot of effort to look nice for the evening, he put in a good amount of effort everyday. A good girl always looks her best, but tonight he wanted to look extra nice. Auggy had been there for him, had helped him when he needed it and all Bailey had done was try to avoid him before that. “I look amazing, because I am amazing. Glad you are starting to see that Auggy. Let me just grab my purse and we can like be on our way.”

After being picked up Bailey felt himself growing more nervous as August drove them back to his own house. Being flirty with Auggy wasn't difficult, acting like an airhead wasn't even a problem for him. Most of the time he was so much in his own head second guessing things or trying to give the perfect answer that he had accidentally cultivated that exact reputation and the less people expected of him the easier it got to live up to those expectations. Not having to worry about getting the right answer to a question. Aunt Megan had him doing working in his math workbook, but other than that if he needed to count something all he had to do is pretend to put in a little effort and pout and someone would tell him the answer. The nervousness wasn't because of how he had to act, but because he liked Auggy, he was a good man and Bailey thought he deserved to have someone he could actually take home to his mom. The plan was to play up his part so that she wouldn't like him, so Auggy and him could break up without hurting his feelings. That was good... Auggy deserved a real girl, someone who would love him, but the more he reminded himself of what he had to do, the more nervous he got about meeting his mother and feeling guilty for wanting her to like

him. Still, Bailey had a mission and didn't want Auggy to suddenly feel like Bailey was acting out because his mom was around. Realizing he should have been playing up the clingy loving girlfriend act from the second the two were alone, Bailey formulated a plan to be the bimbo girl he was supposed to be.

He knew they were getting closer to his house, he didn't know exactly where Auggy lived, but was sure it wasn't going to be far. So at a redlight, Bailey unbuckled his seatbelt and got up on his knees in order for him to lean over to his fake boyfriend. Placing one hand on his chest Bailey kissed him on his cheek, taking in a deep breath of his cologne before whispering in his ear, giving it a small nibble, hating himself for doing it and for enjoying the smell of another man. "If I look umm, you look down right handsome, you Auggy are my handsome man." That part wasn't hard for Bailey to admit, he didn't feel threatened to say another man was handsome or another girl was cute.

The idea had been of the sudden act was to make Auggy feel like Bailey's touchy feeling attitude didn't come from left field, and an unfortunate side effect of it was that in Auggy's stupid male mind he thought it would be a good idea to pull over to the side of the road so that he could pull him into his lap. So that was how Bailey found himself crammed between Auggy and the steering wheel in the taller man's lap, feet outstretched as he felt the light beard Auggy had rub on his own smooth face as their lips were interlocked.

Taking in another deep breath Bailey wrapped his arms around the man, running his fingers through the back of Auggy's hair as he opened his mouth, turning his head slightly to the side as he felt the touch lightly touch his lips so that he could grant access. "Mmmm" Bailey moaned, feeling one warm hand grip his right breast lightly, giving it a squeeze before Auggy's palm ran across his sensitive nipple. The other hand pulled at his waist, so that Bailey was pressed even closer. With his eyes closed Bailey took in a lung full of air, inhaling more of his



date's scent a small shiver ran through his body as his chest was rubbed. 'Gah.. this feels, oh! This is only because I have to... Auggy was so nice earlier, this is only because... oh, oh, that feels... no, no, we have to get to see his Mom, but... ahhh!' Taking one last grasp of the younger man's hair, Bailey moved his hands down to his chest to push him back, or in this case for Bailey to pull back from him and when doing so his elbow hit the car's horn.

"Heh..." August let out a breath, his breathing ragged as he looked at the green eyed girl with desire. "I would love to sit like this with you, but my Mom might string me up the second she has me alone if I don't get us to dinner."

Biting his bottom lip, Bailey nodded, and what felt like an incredibly awkward moment he crawled back to his seat, still feeling lingering goosebumps on his flesh from the makeout session and touching of his all too sensitive chest. A feeling that had almost curled his toes in pleasure, a feeling he thought he would both miss when it was gone and be happy that no man could make him feel turned on from their touch again. "Auggy you need to keep your hands to yourself, you ruined my lips."

With a wolfish smile August leaned over, touching his girlfriend on the back of the neck, a light touch, just enough for her to feel his presence as he leaned closer to kiss her once more on the lips. This time not one full of passion, but a slight, lingering kiss. "And I will do it again." He promised before giving her a chance to touch up her face before he put the car back drive so they could make their way home and wished he she could have been ready earlier so they had more time to fool around. He could just picture it now, his mom giving him that stern glare and asking him why he was late and telling her that he was sorry, but he had to stop to makeout with his girlfriend, and how it wasn't a matter of want, but need.

## **Chapter 42**

“This is it, this is where I grew up.” August said as he moved his car into park as he pulled up in front of one of the two garage doors that was attached to the stretched out ranch style house. Bailey wasn’t going to be the first girl he brought home for his mother to meet, not that he had a lot of experience dating. He remembered a girl coming home with him to play a video game when he was in middle school and his mother wouldn’t let it go about how cute she was. He wasn’t even dating the girl, not that he didn’t want to, he just didn’t have the courage to ask her out and looking back on it only made him feel stupid for telling his mom she was crazy, that they were just friends. All the clues were there, including the big one, that she kept coming over to spend time with him, but now things were very different. August knew Bailey liked him, he knew he loved her, but wasn’t sure how to tell her after she shot him down about even bringing up the word love before. He was bringing home a girl he loved to meet his mother and it made him nervous and somehow felt just as strong of an emotional reaction as the dread he felt about having to give up his freedom. Going to prison, even with what he was told was a sweetheart deal, shouldn’t fill him with the same amount of trepidation as bringing a girl home and hoping his mother liked her.

“You live here!?” It wasn’t dark out yet, the sun was just starting to hang low in the sky and he could clearly make out what looked like a sprawling home. “This place is like huuuuge!” The home wasn’t some mansion or even close, Aunt Megan’s place wasn’t small with its three bedrooms, but the way this house was laid out just made it feel large and Bailey for some reason had it in his mind that Auggy lived in a two bedroom apartment with his mom like he did.

“Yeah... I mean it isn’t that big, but we make good use of the space. Three bedrooms, two and a half baths and I think it is somewhere just over three thousand square feet. It is a pretty old house, but my Mom did one of those extra

mortgage things, so we still have one of those to pay, but it looks great inside, she used the money to renovate. That was around the time April decided to move out and I'm going to tell you. My Mom was not happy to hear she was going to move out before she got married."

"I live in a shoe box compared to this Auggy." Bailey said looking between the taller man and the house with what looked like it had a field of clovers instead of grass for its lawn. "Wait... do you have like, four leaf clovers for a yard?"

"Umm" August rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah, that was April's idea. We had a yard that was honestly more weeds than grass and then I thought I would be clever and when I mowed the lawn I lowered the blade so I wouldn't have to cut it as often. Turns out... that kills things and you get a lot of dead spots. My Mom was a little miffed at me." August said remembering the verbal beat down she had given him. "Well, April did some research and said something about using clovers for a lawn, how it is drought resistant and..." He trailed off briefly, seeing he was losing his girlfriend. "They are easier to maintain and need less water."

"Oh, yeah, that totally makes sense." He could remember his own father riding on a mower, with a beer in hand, but mowing a yard or field or whatever had never been a chore he had to do. He did do some weeding, but he hated that. "But why did your sister move out if it was her idea? And it seems a bit silly to move out because you killed some grass." Bailey said, showing the man he sat next to just how little he had grasped the conversation with his mind drifting.

Bailey getting confused, getting facts wrong about something that was just said wasn't something new to August. "She didn't." He said, holding up a palm to stall the girl when she opened her mouth to retort, him anticipating her saying how he had just said it. "My sister moved out because she wanted to be on her own and... well... I love my Mom. I'm a bit of a mama's boy in truth, but she likes to

be involved in her children's lives. April and I are actually first generation Americans, she came here from Italy in her teens and then had my sister when she was pretty young. From what she says, it is common for daughters to stay at home till they get married and..." He was about to say how April didn't so much as have a boyfriend right now, but he realized she recently had a date and who knows what had happened from there. She could have found a real connection like he had, or she could have chased the man away.

Tilting his head to the side Bailey felt his ponytail shift and his earrings sway as he gave the dark haired man next to him a sideways glance. "I can totally see you being a mama's boy."

"Hey!" August made a face at his girlfriend, pretending like what she said hurt. "I don't call her Mommy at least." He teased her, having no clue of the conditioning that gripped the blonde green eyed person's mind. "Though, if I'm honest when I hear you say that I think it is adorable, but I think that about most of the things you do, because you are adorable."

A light blush came to Bailey's cheeks at the complement as he scrunched up his nose. He wanted to protest, but he had thought similar thoughts. Like back when he went to the mall last in that yellow dress he really did feel adorable and he had put in a lot of effort tonight and it felt good to be appreciated. He was just glad Auggy hadn't been around any of the times Candi had made him call her father Daddy, or when he had done it without thinking. "Are you like trying to stall so I don't get to meet your Mommy?" Bailey said, adding emphasis to his last word. "You are like talking up your sister and telling me about a mortgage or whatever, but I don't see you opening my car door so we can go inside."

Opening his mouth to argue the point, to say how she was the one asking questions, but stopped himself, knowing she was teasing him. "Okay, well you

stay right there, can't have you using your delicate hands to open the door yourself." August liked playing the role of a gentleman, holding doors open, for women, it felt like the polite thing to do, it was how he was raised. He had read articles about how some men have been berated for doing such things, but he hadn't experienced it.

Having a bit of fun messing with Auggy, when Bailey got out of the car he pretended to collapse in his direction so that he would catch him. "Oh! My Hero! What would I ever do without you." Bailey held the back of his hand up to his forehead to play up the dramatic act, something Candi did from time to time. "I surely could never have gotten out of this prison without your aid!" Bailey continued on before sticking his tongue out to give him a raspberry. Causing both of them to laugh and release some of the tension both had inside that they were trying to cover up.

"Well not that you are rescued, I think it is time for you to meet the matriarch of the Gates family. Are you ready?"

"I was born ready!" Bailey exclaimed, very much not feeling ready.

"Oh yeah? How long did it take you to get ready tonight?" August asked as the two made their way up the cobbled path from the driveway to the front door. "Not that I'm complaining, however long you spent, every second was worth it." He knew the beautiful girl on his arm wasn't shy, but the fact she averted her gaze and he could see that little blush come to her cheeks at his words made his heart sing. 'Another moment in time that I will miss.' He thought.

Unlocking the front door August led his date inside the entrance way to his home, an area with large tiles that seemed like a swirl of light and dark tan. He was about to call out in the house to his mother to say he was home, but soon as the

heavy wooden front door to the house he heard his mother coming, the click clack of her heels on the tiled house floor. "Mom, I would like you to meet my girlfriend Bailey Ann Best." he said as soon as he saw her round the corner. He loved Bailey, and had been one hundred percent shocked that his older sister was her god mother. That was something he thought would come up, and yet she seemed to have a problem with the girl. He really hoped his mother saw what he saw in Bailey. "Bailey, this is my Mom."

The normal smile on Bailey's face grew in volumes as he saw the gorgeous woman come into view. Instantly seeing both Miss and Auggy in her. She had the same dark brown hair, hers long enough to come down to her upper back and styled in a way where she kept it down, but pulled back behind her ears, but still let it flow down the front of her shoulder instead of letting it all hang back. While Bailey was wearing the tall heeled boots, the woman was wearing a pair of simple magenta pointed toe three inch heels and ended up being a bit shorter than him. Making Bailey believe they were close to the same height. She wore a long dark purplish red satin skirt and a sleeveless black blouse that had a neckline that stopped just short of showing off what he imagined would be impressive cleavage. She accessorized the outfit with a thick gold bangle that was designed to look like it was hammer forged and a thick embled gold ring on her right middle finger and a pair of pendant earrings with a multicolored stone in them that reminded Bailey of a mood ring. 'Wow! Auggy like, said she had Miss April when she was young but she looks great!'

"Auggy, I thought you were going to introduce me to your Mom and you didn't tell me you had another sister." Bailey said, using a piece of old flattery he had used on more than one of his date's mothers in the past.

Bailey let the woman take his hand in her own, and felt her put her other hand on his shoulder as she smiled while giving him an appraising look, a happy smile on

her face that showed the wrinkles on her face, smile lines. “That is too sweet of you, it is a pleasure to meet you Bailey. August here has kept you hidden for too long I think. Honestly I’m surprised I hadn’t met you sooner considering who your mother is. Feel free to call me Laura, no need to call me Mrs. Gates.”

“Auggy has not told me enough about you.” Bailey, still having his hand held by the woman, reached over to his date and gave his forearm a light squeeze. “If you are really are, like my Auggy’s Mom, I have just so many questions. Like, what skin care routine do you use, because Laura you are positively glowing!” Bailey had read so many different articles about skin care and if Auggy was telling the truth about her she would be a little older than Aunt Megan, but could pass for late thirties instead of mid forties.

Turning her attention to her son the elder Gates spoke. “She’s such a sweet girl August, you found a real nice one this time. Take care of her and remember to use adequate protections, we cannot have you messing things up because you didn’t think them through.” She said in English before speaking in her native Italian, more to herself than her child. “Signore ti ringrazio per aver portato questa bella ragazza a quel disgraziato di mio figlio! Speriamo che sia quella buona stavolta che voglio tanti bei nipotini!” (Lord I thank you for bringing this beautiful girl to my wretched son! Let’s hope it’s the good one this time that I want many beautiful grandchildren!)

Hearing the gorgeous woman speak fluent Italian, Bailey turned his head, mouth open in a wide smile. He didn’t think of Auggy as being from another country, he wasn’t of course, but his mother wasn’t from the United States and seeing the look at his date’s face made him think that Auggy had been hiding the fact that he spoke another language. “Oh my god! What did she say? Auggy you speak another language!?” He asked, seeing a bright blush on the man’s face as he

once more rubbed the back of his neck and tried to avoid eye contact.





“What is going on over here?” April said coming around the corner as she finished taking off a borrowed apron she had been wearing to help her mother in the kitchen.

Giving her son a wink Laura turned to look at her daughter who had come over for the family dinner. “We were just introducing ourselves and I have to say, Bailey seems to be a delight.”

Hearing her mother call the little shit a delight made April give a sneering glare in the skirt wearing man’s direction, one that Bailey didn’t just see, but felt. He had once thought her dark eyes were alluring, but when she glared on him it felt like a physical weight was on him. Knowing what his role was here he acted, rather than have that glare on him all night. Turning to Auggy, Bailey moved up to his tiptoes on one foot, while kicking back the other in order to give the man a kiss on the cheek that lingered for a full second. In the heeled boots Bailey didn’t need to get on his tiptoes, but it felt flirtier to do that while kicking back one leg. “Auggy, thank you for letting me meet your family. It means like, sooo much!” Out of the corner of his eye, Bailey could see the slight nod from his tormentor, very much missing the days when he could look at her as a sexy woman and ignore any of her venom filled words.

It didn’t take long for the group of four to sit around the dinner table and a large dish of something called Coniglio all’Ischitana and when Bailey had just smiled and blinked, fluttering his lashes Miss April was quick to explain that it was a type of rabbit stew. One bite into it and Bailey felt like his mouth had gone to heaven. “OMG, this is like the best thing ever!” Bailey proclaimed before putting one hand on his date’s thigh and turned to look at him. “Auggy, please tell me you know how to make this because it is delish!” He said, making a point to touch the younger man as much as he could in front of his mother.

"I am pleased you are enjoying it. It is a dish that has been passed down for generations, from mother to daughter. April hasn't perfected it yet, but my girl knows enough to keep a man happy, at least if she can ever find one to stick around long enough to taste her cooking." Laura said, with a little barb in her daughter's direction while she complimented her. "How about you Bailey, do you have any signature dishes? The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and my boy is no exception."

"Mom..." August said in an exasperated tone as he topped his empty fork to his plate once.

"Okay... okay..." Laura threw one of her hands up. "Forgive me for wanting you to be happy."

Ignoring the family drama, Bailey pushed forward, knowing his job was to get the woman to dislike him or at least make the pretty woman not think he was good enough for Auggy, something that he knew was true. "Umm, well I like cooked a little with Mommy the other week, we made something, but there was like a lot of steps. My Aunt signed me up with her for a baking class, she is like a suuuper good baker, she makes the best pie and she showed me how to make one, but oof I don't think I could do it again. There are like so many steps and you have to get them all right. Peaches... the class sounds super fun though so maybe after that I could cook for Auggy!" He said adding some extra cheer at the end, instinctually wanting more of her approval when she obviously was hard to please with how she spoke to her children. It was at a cross purpose with his goal, but Bailey couldn't help himself and he really was looking forward to the class with Aunt Megan and Candi.

Tilting her head slightly forward, April had a light mocking tone to her voice as she commented on what Bailey said, wanting to drive it home that Bailey was a

bad fit. "It is okay to admit you are a bad cook Bailey, we all have our limitations and cooking does have a lot of steps."

Holding up one finger, Laura glanced over at her daughter, disliking how she was speaking to their guest. Her little boy was obviously smitten with the sweet girl and her with him. She didn't seem very bright, but she was more than aware that many men weren't looking for someone to be their intellectual equal, not that her son was a genius. Her August was clever, but tended to not think things through before acting. "April Alessia Gates, that is no way to talk to our guest."

"It's okay, Miss April isn't being mean." Bailey said, trying to cover for the woman that had been tormenting him. She was both his adversary and an ally and wasn't sure how much she did in the background to help get rid of Brannon, a thought that still made him feel a bit giddy about. "I used to feel bad because of things I couldn't do, but Miss April told me it is ok that I can't do everything and that it was okay. That I had a lot to offer the world if I focused on things I like can, like, actually do." Bailey said, twisting a strand of his long platinum blonde hair around a finger.

Laura looked at the girl, an internal 'Awww' Going through her mind. "Questa ragazza e preziosa." (This girl is precious) "Well, still. If you have the desire to learn, I bet I could teach you how to make this you wish. A few pounds of rabbit, fresh tomatoes that we crush, a little white wine, garlic..." Laura gave a small shrug as if saying this wasn't too much, or too difficult. "Thyme, rosemary, red pepper flakes and a bit of salt and all cooked over some olive oil. Would you like to learn how to make this?"

Looking down at his plate, Bailey skewered another piece of meat, he had never had rabbit before. Someone had said it tasted gamey, but he wasn't even sure what that actually meant. This meal was incredible and if he could make it on his

own he would jump at the chance. "I would love to learn how to cook this!" Bailey said, missing the knowing look the woman he was talking to gave her son. After taking another bite, savoring the taste a thought occurred to Bailey. If she was from Italy, the names of her kids didn't feel very Italian. "I was like wondering, Auggy said your are from Italy, but August doesn't sound very Italian."

"Well." Laura glanced between her children, knowing very much how the subject could embarrass them both and continued despite the fact. "It is simple, both their names do come from back home, my April here is a goddess and my August is a king. My late husband Matteo loved his history and mythology stories. The name April has changed over the years, I couldn't tell you how, but I do remember him telling me how it comes from or is equivalent to Aphrodite. So my beautiful little girl was named after the goddess of love."

"Mom... I'm not little any longer." April said, disliking how she always treated them like they were children.

"To me, you always will be, but you still are truly beautiful." She said with a contented smile before looking at her other child. "August, comes from Augustus, meaning great and the name of a Roman emperor, or king. So my little boy is a king. Or so Matteo and I named him."

"Awww!" Bailey said, leaning over to Auggy to give him a quick peck of a kiss on his lips. "I didn't know my boyfriend was royalty!"

The kiss wasn't anything special, or at least it wouldn't except for who it came from and how August felt about her. An innocent conversation at the dinner table where his mother offered to teach his girlfriend how to cook one of his favorite meals that had been passed down through the family and then feeling his girlfriend give him a tender kiss, the smell of her perfume filling his nose, all of

that was so simple, so pure and it broke him. Closing his eyes tightly he flexed the muscles in his hands as he opened and closed them. "I'm sorry..." He said with his eyes still closed, before opening them and not daring to look anyone in the eye. "I have something I have to tell you all, something that isn't easy for me to say."

Leaning back in her chair Laura crossed her arms and pressed her lips together in a line. She did want grandchildren, but she had only been teasing her boy when she met the girl. April didn't seem to be able to hold a relationship and her son hadn't been the best with girls and now that she finally got him to bring a sweet and pretty girl home he started in with that... making her believe she knew the new direction of the conversation. "Go on son, you can tell me anything, I will love you no matter what."

"Mom..." August continued, his eyes shifting from her to his sister, giving her a small nod of his head. Wishing she hadn't pulled him out from his normal job to help with her project, he didn't blame her, him losing the files was on him. Without looking at her, August reached over and put his hand on top of Bailey's. "At work the project I am working on, some of the documents have to be checked out and then back in after they get scanned to be on the computer. They have to keep them for compliance and some of them apparently need to be presented for a court case, a big one... Something I checked out didn't get scanned and..." He took a deep breath. "They documents got shredded." Forcing himself to look up to his mother he looked at her with pleading eyes. He felt like a kid again admitting to her that it was him that eat almost all the cookies she had baked for a dinner party. He wanted her to tell him things were going to be okay, even though he knew they wouldn't.

"I'm sorry I don't understand." Laura said, grasping that it was a problem and it sounded like a big one. Her conclusion of the direction of the conversation wasn't

apparently going to be about her getting a grandchild, but August losing his job.

“August...” April said, drawing out her brother's name. “Are you sure you didn’t just put it back on a shelf instead of checking it back in? This is a big deal.” She said gently, even though she saw he felt the gravity of the situation. “Mom, losing these files means the company will be fined and they will need someone to pin all this on.”

Grimacing, August gave his girlfriend's hand a squeeze. He very much knew how bad this was. “They are pinning it on me because it was me who checked out the files, it was me who organized the stacks of boxes. I can’t put any of this on Candace... the girl I was working on this project with. The company has assigned one of their lawyers to me, this isn’t just a matter of losing something. Destroying those documents is a crime, one I’m going to have to go to prison for. We are working on a deal so that if I plead guilty I won’t have to do as much time and because I’m not making a fuss Mega Corp has agreed to hire me back when this is all over. They said they would take care of me...”

“That is a load of bullshit!” April said loudly as she got to her feet, throwing her cloth napkin on the table. “If you just roll over and don’t fight them they make vague promises about the future. They don’t control what a judge will do and did they even say what kind of job they would hire you back as? HMMM!? I’m bettering not, because once you serve your time, washing their hands clean they can just offer you a job as a janitor, filling their legal obligation. I have been telling them... many people have been telling them that keeping only paper files would cause problems. One box, two boxes or even three going missing is perfectly reasonable with how much they are trying to get done all at once. Are you even sure you actually checked out those boxes and they aren’t just saying you are because they can’t find them? Or worse, they don’t want to provide them for

whatever court is demanding them?!”

“Hey... it is okay. I mean, not really, but it is what it is. I did... check them out and I couldn't find them to check them back in. That means they had to have been mixed up with the boxes we shredded. If I checked my logs to see if the box was on the to shred list before I put them in, then this wouldn't have happened. I messed up.” He said feeling like he was on the edge of crying. ‘I always mess up in the end.’

Finishing a bit of food Bailey cocked his head to the side, what Auggy was saying sounded terrible, but it brought to mind that day that he was helping bring those heavy boxes over to be shredded. They hadn't actually made it to their destination, they were too heavy and Bailey had felt super annoyed that a few stupid boxes of paper were too much for him to carry anymore. He had never been all muscly, but paper being too heavy wasn't a happy thought. “That is silly, people don't go to jail because they lost a few pieces of paper.” The thought of the boxes he had stashed away tickled something in his mind. It still sounded stupid for them to make a big deal out of this and thought Auggy should get his own lawyer. “Umm...do you know what boxes?”

August didn't think anything of the question as Bailey pulled his hand away, it felt like the right thing that she was pulling away from him, he was going to be an inmate soon. Normally he would never remember a pair of seven digit numbers, but he had looked at the forms his lawyer had given him for hours. “Yeah, I don't think I could forget them.” August said before reciting the numbers from heart.

What he wasn't paying attention to was that Bailey pulled his phone from his purse, he had gone back to the boxes of files after he had left them to take a photo in order to remember where he had hidden them. Bailey had planned to wait a week so that people, namely Candi would forget the should have already



been shredded and then go back and ask her to help him move some files that needed to be shredded. “Ohhh...” Bailey said, looking at a photo on his phone. “Umm Auggy, are these them?”

All the dread in August’s body spilled out of him as his floodgates opened. There in a photo on his girlfriend’s phone were two boxes among others that didn’t belong. Sitting on a shelf he had walked by a hundred times without noticing the missing objects that he was going to prison for were right there, unnoticed. “Bailey... How? Why?”

“Umm...” Bailey felt the eyes of everyone at the table on him. A sudden thought popped in his head about Miss April trying to put whatever blame was on her brother on to him. “You ahh, you asked me to help move things to be shredded, but like the numbers were different and I wasn’t sure if we should and... and...” He was not willing to admit why he really put them on the shelf he didn’t even know if the numbers really were different, one file box looked like another. “I was going to ask about them, but then we went to lunch and well... I took a photo. So they aren’t gone, that’s like, good right?”

“Bailey!” August said, jumping to his feet and pulling the blonde girl up with him. Without a thought for where he was and who he was with he put one hand on her chin and kissed the woman he loved deeply. “God I love you, I love the way your mind works, those files could have easily still be shredded if I wasn’t paying attention if you had asked me that day.” August said remembering one of the activities the two had been up to down in that file room. “God I love you!”

“I love you too, I mean I didn’t really...” Bailey’s words were cut off as he was pulled into an embrace and kissed once more. Grasping the taller man’s blazer, Bailey pressed into him. Knowing that he had to kiss him back, he wasn’t allowed to say no to Auggy. It wasn’t till the kiss ended that Bailey’s mind caught up to

how he had replied to what Auggy had said. When someone said they love you, you say it back, that is what he had always done, or at least with anyone he wanted them to believe he loved them. "I ahhh..." A crimson blush came to Bailey's face as he looked at the two Gate's women. Miss April was no longer standing, leaving just him and Auggy standing next to the table, holding one another and the man had confessed his love and he had said it back.

Sitting there, watching things play out, watching her brother kiss a man who was pretending to be a girl, a man who was four years older than him, but pretending to be a girl three years younger than him... she was flabbergasted. Bailey had seen a problem and had made a decision that ultimately was going to save her brother... her family from going through a tremendous ordeal and then had confessed his love. August had told Bailey that he was in love and Bailey had said it back. Her mind ran back through the conversation she had with Amanda, how she had said this was who Bailey was, how Bailey was transgendered. How Bailey wanted this life. Then she remembered seeing Bailey in just a bra and panties, how back then she had seen Bailey with real breasts. 'Bailey isn't pretending... he...' She had seen Bailey, she saw Bailey when he came in the house tonight. April had even had conversations about clothing with Bailey, made judgments about what Bailey was wearing and yet it wasn't till this second that she felt like she was really seeing this person for who they were. The person standing next to her brother was not Bailey Andrew Smith portraying some caricature of a girl, this was Bailey Ann Best being who she really wanted to be. 'Bailey was afraid of me, she was too afraid of what I would say or do and did just what I told her even though she loves my brother.' Clearing her through she met Bailey's gaze, seeing that this person, this girl looked ready to break, or bolt. April knew that was her fault. "Bailey..." April said gently. "Thank you, and I'm honestly happy that the two of you have found love."

Hearing that Bailey's legs felt shaky, he felt like he would topple over,

unbalanced in his heeled boots and without thinking about it leaned into Auggy.  
'Love!? She thinks I love him!? Peaches noooooo!'

## **Chapter 43**

With the grand proclamations done the group went back to eating, Bailey felt much more uncomfortable than he had before. He wanted to tell Auggy that he had said I love you as a reflex, that he liked him. He was sweet, if a little clingy, in great shape... Bailey knew he had a six pack for crying out loud and he was a good looking guy. Most girls would be lucky to have someone like him in their lives. 'Heck he like, is even generous buying me these boots. I did that too for girls I liked, but he is like sooo much better than myself and like Chuck.' Telling your boyfriend that no, I don't actually love you right in front of his mother wasn't something he was going to do. So he was stuck sitting next to someone who apparently thought he was in love with him. That fact made Bailey lose his appetite, but at a certain point he had just been eating because it was good, stuffing himself when he had already been close to full by the time he was halfway through the portion of food he was given. The other thing that was making him nervous was how Miss April kept smiling at him and not one that made it look like she was about to eat her prey, but something much softer. It very much unnerved Bailey and if he was the only one eating the dish that she had helped make he might have come to the conclusion that he had been poisoned and that smile meant it was too late to save himself.

"Is everything okay dear?" Laura asked Watching Bailey smiling happily as she moved food around on her plate. She imagined the girl was daydreaming about her little boy... her son, a young man telling her that he was in love. She could remember being a young woman, wondering if a boy felt the same way about her as she did them. Though doing so when sitting at a table full of people just

showed her how flighty the girl could be.

“HMM!?” Bailey looked up from his food. “Oh umm, sorry. This really is like, super amazing, but I’m really full.” Once upon a time he was sure that he would have eaten everything on his plate and then had seconds, but he really couldn’t eat much recently, something he was going to work on fixing, there was no way he was going to go to that Brazilian steakhouse and only nibble on a few things.

“Bailey here.” August started, putting his hand on his girlfriend’s shoulder. “Eats like a bird, but always has eyes bigger than her stomach. The other day she wanted to order two hamburgers from a restaurant, but ended up only eating half of one.” He spoke up hoping to quell any guilt trip his mother was about to give. Heaven forbid someone didn’t clear their plate, like it was an insult to her cooking. He loved his mom, but growing up with her he had a bit of a psychosis to finish everything on his plate, no matter how much was on it.

Clasping her hands together in a praying like motion Laura glanced up to the ceiling, saying a silent prayer, that the girl at least sounded like she had an appetite and was wise enough to know her own limits. “Sa cosa vuole, non ha paura di dirlo e sa quando ne ha abbastanza.” (She knows what she wants, is not afraid to say it and knows when she has had enough.)

The comment took April off guard, if she dared not to clean her plate her mother would give her a guilt trip and if she was feeling particularly dramatic she would go as far as accusing her of not loving her anymore. Yet she was giving Bailey a free pass.

Pursing his lips Bailey look from person to person, hoping someone would translate what was said. Their mother, Laura, gesticulated a lot as she spoke and it made him think of the stereotypes he saw on tv, but didn’t dare give those

thoughts a voice. "That is like such a pretty language." Bailey said to the woman at the head of the table before patting Auggy on the hand. "You know Auggy you could win a lot of points with girls speaking italian."

August knew his Italian wasn't that good, not just by his mother's standards. It wasn't that he couldn't speak the language, he just understood it a lot better than he spoke it. 'Still... if she wants to hear it.' He thought. "Sei bellissima e sono felice di averti nella mia vita." (You are beautiful and I'm blessed to have you in my life.)

A shiver ran down Bailey's spine, he didn't understand a single word of what was just said, but the way Auggy had said it and the intensity in his eyes caused him to physically react. "What did you say?!"

Clearing her throat, April shook her head slightly. "My mother said that she liked that you knew what you liked and weren't afraid to say it and that you are wise to know your own limits. And Romio here said you were pretty and that he is happy to have you in his life. Though he used more colorful words like beautiful and how he is blessed and maybe something about your eyes. Not sure on that last one though, I had to stop listening or be at risk of getting diabetes from him acting all sweet." April wasn't really sure how to act moving forward. She had been incredibly hard on Bailey, making a lot of assumptions based on what she thought she had known. She still wasn't sure if her brother being with Bailey was the right thing, this being the real Bailey or not. She wasn't even sure how her mom would react to finding out he was dating someone that was transgendered. She didn't have it in herself to not tease her brother, but now knowing the truth what he was saying felt down right adorable instead of making her upset. "August, if you are done, how about you help me clear the table and we can let Bailey and Mom talk?"

Sitting up a little straighter, August's eye's flicked between his girlfriend and his mother, very much unsure of the idea of him not around to help Bailey navigate those types of waters. But refusing to assist with a chore when asked to help also sounded like a bad proposition. April would get to go home to her own apartment, while he had to stay here. "Sure, glad to help."

"Sit, sit, sit." Laura said, holding her arm out and motioning for her son to stay seated. "I was just thinking how a nice cup of coffee would be, but unfortunately we have run out. So, April and I." She motioned from herself to her eldest child. "Are going to go up to the coffee shop around the corner, you can show the lovely Bailey around the house. I will make sure to send you a text before coming home."

The eyebrows on August's face rose and kept rising till they were clean off his face, or so he imagined he looked. His mother was offering to leave him alone in the house, giving him space with his girlfriend and that she would warn him before she came back. Not only that, but he knew for a fact they still had coffee in the house. She had three different kinds in the cupboards that she used depending on her mood and time of day and there was at least one backup in the freezer at all times. His mother did not run out of coffee, so while crazy, he understood what his mother was saying, he just didn't know why.

It wasn't long before Bailey found himself alone with his date, having no idea what was going on. He had been home with plenty of girls growing up, but he mostly got to do whatever he wanted so long as he did what was asked of him and even that he had little to no oversight. If it had been a roommate saying they were going out to give space then he would know what that meant, but a mother leaving to go have coffee felt so abnormal that he was positive she wanted to talk to Miss April about him. It felt like he had done exactly as Miss April wanted. Laura seemed so happy, but her suddenly going away felt like she was telling

Auggy that she was giving him space so he could say his goodbyes. 'This is what I wanted.' Bailey told himself, but couldn't help feeling the rejection.

"Here you can see April and me growing up." August said, giving his girlfriend a tour of the house and waving his arm at the photos plastering the wall down the hallway. Showing himself and his sister when they were babies, toddlers, their senior pictures in a frame that his mother had traded the photo out each year as they went through school, all of it next to a few family photos, some professionally done and others from a few vacations. The last one being of his mother, himself and April, his father nowhere in sight. They had visited Italy to spread his ashes, a trip his father had wanted to go on for years, but they couldn't really afford the cost. He had been told about where his mother and father had come from, neighboring towns only a few hours from one another and never meeting till they were in the U.S. He could hardly remember anything about the trip, but looking at that photo now he wished that he had focused on what he had, instead of thinking about what he lost or even better. If his dad was still around so he could introduce his girlfriend. Forcing himself to look away from the wall of photos he gave the beautiful platinum blonde haired girl a smile. He was going to make sure he appreciated what he had. He had brought her to dinner not knowing how many more days he had left with her before his freedom would be stripped away from him, yet she saved him. Even without that he loved her and couldn't believe it when he told her. August knew he had fallen for the girl that had jumped into his lap, pushing him to the ground so they could make out on that first day they met, but he didn't know just how deeply those feelings would grow. "And that brings us to my bedroom." he said, tossing his blazer that he had just taken off onto the top of his dresser, behind his flat screen tv.

Stepping into the room Bailey was surprised to see how different things were inside Auggy's bedroom compared to the rest of the house. Things didn't look cluttered, with everything on the walls in the hallway it felt very... busy. His mom

was someone who obviously took great pride in her family, but stepping inside the bedroom things felt very bare. The queen size bed had a pair of pillows in muted gray pillow cases laying on a light purple comforter. Across from it was a wall devoid of decorations, no posters, no hung photos. Bailey did see a large forty something inch tv on top of his wide dresser to the side of his bed with a gaming system hooked up. The only extra little things he had was a photo of a much younger version of himself wearing a baseball cap with an older man hugging him from behind wearing the same hat with what looked like a stadium behind them and a simple wooden cross necklace wrapped around the frame. Bailey hadn't really been paying attention to the photos in the hallway, but assumed this one to be of Auggy and his father. "So like, this is you huh? Not much in your room." His own room was full of color, had little knick knacks laying about, like the toy horse from the first time he went to the mall with Aunt Megan and Candi, a barbie car and skipper doll and a pair of ballet shoes hanging from his bed and that was not counting all the makeup products and rollers he had laying about his vanity.

"I don't need much stuff to be happy, I do like sharing what happiness I do have with others, namely you." He smiled as his girlfriend turned to look in his direction, a light blush on her cheeks from his words. "It is kind of perfect, because you help create that happiness. Ti amo come amo il sole." (I love you like I love the sun.) He said wishing he had been more forward with his use of his mothers native language with Bailey before. She was always critical of him speaking Italian and didn't find a use for it other than getting some easy language credits in school. Before Bailey could ask him what he had said, he pressed himself into the sexy young woman, unable to resist her with that coy little smile she had on her face. Both of his hands rested on her hips and soon slid to her back to hold the woman he loved close as he kissed her. Earlier that day at her apartment hadn't been the right time for them and not being able to have what she wanted had made her frisky with how she attacked him in the car. He still



wasn't sure about his mother leaving, but he was not going to pass up the opportunity.

Eyes open wide Bailey felt the other man's strong hands pull him close, his soft breasts pressed in Auggy's firm chest. The sudden movement made Bailey cling to him, Bailey's fingers clutching the taller man's shirt as he started to lose his balance in the stiletto heeled boots. Being kissed by Auggy wasn't something new. The kiss he received wasn't something soft and quick, the stronger man was kissing him roughly, his every move filled with passion. 'Calm down Auggy not so rough!' Bailey thought as he kissed him back, taking in a deep breath, smelling the other man and welcoming the other tongue to slide along his own. Firmly in place and not feeling like he was about to topple over, Bailey closed his eyes as the attack on his mouth halted and renewed on his neck. The forceful kisses changed to something softer, kisses that lingered, kisses that caused goosebumps to spread over his body. "Ohhhh." Bailey said, his closed eyes fluttering as he felt the arousing sensation on his neck. A release of dopamine and serotonin flooded Bailey's mind from August's kiss, happening in just the right spot. The soft caresses with the hard grasp to his ass had Bailey feeling more than just a little hot and bothered. The firm grip on his rear made him think of the previous day while riding Cherry and how the vibrator in his prosthetic came to life. "Auggy!" He gasped out, wanting to both push him away because he shouldn't be having these types of feelings when with another man and wanting him to not stop because it felt so good.

Pulling back from the green eyed girl August reached behind his back and pulled his white t-shirt off in one swift motion before stepping back closer, wrapping one arm around the sexy girl's waist and up her back, running his fingers down her spine as he worked his belt with his other hand till he came free of his pants. With that done he kissed her once more, his mouth pressing into her soft pillowy lips, able to taste her lipstick as he turned his head slightly to the side. He used

one foot to pry his shoe off and then the other so that he could step out of them and his pants.

'This needs to stop!' Bailey thought when Auggy's shirt was thrown off to the side. The way Auggy pulled it off, reaching to the top of his back and just pulling it off was the way he once did it, but Bailey never had abs like Auggy. With the stronger man pressing back into him, Bailey ran his hand across his hard stomach. A small bit of jealousy trickled into his mind, and fully intended to press his soft long nailed hands there to push him away, but instead they ended up lingering there when things escalated and a jolt of pleasurable electricity arced from his chest and then down through his body when one of Auggy's strong hands cupped and rubbed one of his breasts through the black blouse.

"Mmmmm!" Bailey groaned into his aggressor's mouth.

Feeling his legs grow weak, Bailey didn't just reach up to wrap his arms around Auggy's neck, but slid them up his toned body. 'I should stop this, I should... oh god that feels..!' His mind wasn't fully gone and knew how wrong this was, it was wrong the first time they had kissed, it was wrong the first time Auggy played with his chest, it was still wrong now, but like the time they spent on the couch in the file room things felt way too good to stop. "SUGAR!" Bailey cried out the second his lips were free and he was able to take a breath, everything felt so good that he didn't even notice when his blouse had been pulled up just over his breasts. The lacy red bra was on full display and seemed to do little to dull the feeling from Auggy's touch. 'I need.. I need to stop this and... and...' Without thinking about it Bailey buckled his hips once, twice, three times, rubbing his skirt-covered crotch on Auggy's leg, his mind not even picking up on the hard member that was now also free of the boxers that contained them. Three thrusts turned into four and kept going as he considered running out the door, getting away. The visions of fleeing to freedom were interrupted by his own arousal, his thoughts flickering to his own dildo and doing what Candi called self care, or self love.

When Auggy's mouth pressed into his once more Bailey began to suck on his tongue and continue to grind on him, both his arousal growing and a new frustration at the fact his own dick was locked away under some life-like synthetic skin. "MmmmMMMRRR!" Bailey's groan turned more into a growl as he pressed himself harder to his date, wanting, needing to at least grind hard enough to start the vibrator that had given him release the other day.

Feeling the woman he loved grind into him, August moved his hands from her chest, allowing her supple tits to rub on his chest as he ripped her firm ass before sliding his hands down so that he could reach under her skirt and pull down her panties. He wasn't sure if he had ever been so hard in his life, and while the blow jobs Bailey gave him were life changing, not that he had anything to compare them to, he needed to know her in a very carnal way and it was clear she wanted him the same way. Putting a lot of trust into his core muscles he stopped kissing his woman and lifted her up.

"Woah! What are your...AH!" Bailey started to say before yelling out as he was lifted up. The prosthetic didn't have feeling like real skin, but Bailey could feel pressure on it and easily felt the pressure inside of it. With his arms still wrapped around Auggy's shoulders, Bailey's eyes went wide once again as he felt the sudden pressure and something slide across his own trapped member with only a thin piece of synthetic skin between the two male appendages. Then there came the first thrust and with it the vibrator wrapped around his trapped dick came to life. "AHHHH, ohhhhh." Bailey's voice grew smaller as his internal voice grew louder. "No, no, no PEACHES! THAT FEELS....! OMG, OMG! While his mind reeled, flip flopping between that this was a national emergency and needed to stop and telling his arms to hang on tighter as he was literally bounced up and down on another man's dick. A feeling of falling overcame Bailey, he would have held on tighter if that was even possible, his nails having already left

more than a few marks on his sexual partner's back.

Bailey didn't fall far, he didn't even really fall, but had been put down on the bed, his blouse still pulled up over his breasts and skirt up high on his thighs, but none of that came close to registering to Bailey, only that the pressure from the dick being way too close to him vanished when he fell down, but with it the pure pleasure of the vibrations on his member. So lost in ecstasy he didn't even notice that despite the massive amount of arousal he only had a semi-hard on. "Wha!? Ah..." He said feeling confused before Auggy climbed onto the bed with him.

"You like that?" August said with a big smile, knowing he truly did. He hadn't known if he would have gotten right, he wasn't even sure how he can gotten it right in order to get his dick inside of Bailey when he had picked her up and his inexperienced made it so he had no clue the shallow vaginal canal that he was thrusting his cock into was too shallow. He had to put the girl down on the bed, it felt wonderful to pick her up and fuck her like that, bouncing her up and down while he held her as he stood there, but he couldn't keep up that type of physical activity. His girlfriend's groans and moans and the way she clawed his back as she rode him told him just how much she was enjoying this what they were doing. Every sound, every gasp of air from her lips felt like music to his ears. Some people said the first time was always awkward, but being with the woman he loved didn't feel awkward, it felt like music. Grabbing both of her legs, he put them up on his shoulders as he pressed into his goddess once more, pushing at first just the tip in before starting to thrust, just a little at a time. Feeling her leather boots up on his shoulders felt incredible, he loved seeing her in them. The second he saw Bailey that night when her front door opened he had felt a very physical reaction and really hoped her mother hadn't seen it, but all of those thoughts were gone as he thrust into her, feeling her grow wetter and wetter as they continued to make love.

Head tilted back and eyes crossed Bailey felt his legs twitch, they were being held up elevated, he didn't look to see what was going on. In front of him would be a man, a man fucking him. One hand reached out like he was going to shove Auggy away, this needed to stop, but any attempt to end this was hardly even for show as his entire body shook. Not only was he being pulled and pushed up and down, up and down the dick inside of him, that pressure rubbing against his own dick, that little extra friction adding to what the vibrator was doing had Bailey bucking his own hips. "Hah, HAH, HAAAAH!" Precum had dripped from his member and slid through the canal and soon Bailey could feel his balls tightening a feeling that was no where close to comfortable with his balls pressed up into his own body, but that didn't matter as his dick practically exploded in its prison, his cum adding more and more lubrication and making Bailey's lover think about just how wet he was making her. "OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD, OH MY... SUGARRRRRR!"



August felt the girl's body grow stiff as every muscle in her body clenched, he had his eyes closed trying to will himself to last longer to not be one of those guys that came instantly and leaving their girl sexually frustrated. As he opened his eyes, seeing Bailey's just bounce with each of his thrusts, one hand reaching out to him and the other clinched into a tight fist he let himself go and after just a few more thrusts, his eyes tracking every bounce of her chest he soon was filling her with his seed. It only occurred to him that they hadn't used a condom and it wasn't like he didn't have any on hand. Not that he had a real reason to use one till now, but he had been prepared and then didn't think things through, a trait his mother had said he got from his father. Letting out a very satisfied gasp, August looked down at the beautiful woman laying under him, his now shrinking member still inside of her and some of his own seed starting to spill out he gave her a smile. Thinking how they might need to go to a drug store to get a plan B pill. His own mother was around Bailey's age when she got pregnant for his sister. The problem was August didn't exactly know how to start a conversation like that, and definitely not when all he wanted to do was lay down next to his girl and hold her close as he drifted off to sleep.

## **Chapter 44**

Taking one slow breath, in and out, and then another Bailey felt his body grow sluggish, his eyes grow heavy. After getting off he always felt at best sluggish and at worst ready to pass out. The mental feedback from literally being fucked by a man and getting off from it, Bailey felt like he was ready to slip into a coma. 'I had... I like had sex with Auggy.' With the man's member shrinking he couldn't feel it at all inside of him or when it was pulled out. Auggy rolling off him and laying to his side so that they were pressed up against one another was noticed, but acknowledged. 'Does it really count though? I like didn't get off because I had

a cock in me, it was because of the vibrator and like... Auggy wasn't really having sex with me, it was just the thing between my legs. It is like when I had to use the sex toy. I didn't like have sex with a motorcycle or Cherry, it was just because of what is trapped on to me... yeah. Yeah, it isn't like I enjoyed having sex, it like, totally wasn't even sex.' Bailey thought, completely ignoring the extra pressure and friction caused by the male member sliding along his own with the thin piece of fake skin between them.

"Hmmm." August let out the sound of contentment as he lay next to his girlfriend, sliding one hand across her bare stomach and over to her side to pull her closer. The sex had felt fantastic, Bailey was so tight and she had done something to make her pussy feel like it was practically vibrating. August was new to this, but he had no idea girls could do that. Girls doing kegel exercises where they contracted and relaxed the muscles in this pelvic area was something he knew of, but the fact girls could do that... he understood why men got pussy whipped. After experiencing it just once he was hooked. "That was incredible." He said giving his girl a side hug and kissing her cheek lightly. "You are incredible, I love you so much."

"Yeah." Bailey said with his eyes still closed, shifting himself so he was no longer laying there with his legs spread wide and unfortunately feeling the cooling cum on his inner thighs. "I like, never thought..." His words then trailed off, him about to say have sex with another man. 'IT LIKE... PEACHES GIRL! IT. WAS. NOT. SEX. It was like at best really a step better than giving a blow job, we don't even like having that creamy and salty flavor in our mouth.' Bailey thought his eyes held closed tighter as he mentally yelled and tried to convince himself that this was actually better than what he had done before. Not only did he get off, but he didn't even have to really touch someone else's dick. Between the mental feedback Bailey was giving himself and the bliss of getting off he wondered what the evening would have been like if he had stayed home. Holding the woman he



loved as they ate an entire pint of ice cream while watching tv together, her offer of spending time together didn't just sound nice, it felt like something he had done so little of in his old life. 'Mommy is such a good Mom, I'm like so lucky.' Were his last thoughts before he started to drift off to sleep.

Hearing his sexy little goddess's words drift off as she thought about what they had just done filled August with pride. He had been so afraid she wouldn't enjoy herself like he had, stories of girls not getting off, making him worry about cumming too quickly. Now though laying with her he felt so happy, tired, but happy and couldn't resist reaching up and sliding down one of the bra cups to play with her sexy little chest that he had been watching rise up and down as she took in deep breaths.

"Mmmm." Bailey squirmed as he felt the unexpected touch, waking him from that magical place before he was actually fully asleep. Both of his hands wrapped around his lover's wrist, wanting to pull the hand away, but stopping for so many reasons. He had been threatened to never tell Auggy no, and he just had fake sex with him, what was the point of stopping him... other than not wanting to be his plaything and lastly because it felt just like so like darn good! "Auggy...!" The word stopped not making it to his lips as Bailey felt the bigger man's mouth encircle his nipple. "Ahhh, ahhh." Without another thought in his head, Bailey ran the fingers of one of his hands through his date's hair and held him in place as he felt another wave of pleasure from the attention his breasts were getting. Any doubts or lingering revulsions were at least temporarily forgotten and thoughts about how this wasn't the first male Bailey had been with or the fact that he had worn these same boots both times, never entering his mind as he gave himself away to the wonderful feelings, wanting to drift away from all the stress.

While getting warmed up and aroused all over again the pair weren't able to go much further before they heard the front door slam closed and the voice of

August's mother yelling in the house. "August honey, I'm home!"

Sitting up very quickly in his bed, August jumped to his feet and closed his bedroom door that was still wide open. "Shit, she was supposed to text me first..." His eyes looked down to his pants still on the floor in a pile, knowing that he would find his phone in his pants pocket and that it had been on vibrate. "We need to get dressed quickly!" It was mostly him that needed to get dressed, the only thing Bailey wasn't wearing was her panties that he had pulled off and as he put his own clothes on as fast as he could he didn't see her sexy little underwear anywhere. He was just about to look under his bed and his dresser, guessing they might have been kicked under either when they had started their fun when a knock came to his door. "One second Mom, we ahhh, we were watching a movie and fell asleep!"

On the other side of the door Laura stood with a knowing smirk on her face. She had already sent her daughter to her own apartment. She would have liked to stay out with her a bit longer, but April was being her usual stubborn self when she brought up her dating life and for the second time now offered to set her up with a very nice man she had met when she was dropping off some packages for shipping. He had not only opened the door for her, but helped get the rest of her boxes from the back of her suv. Thinking about it now she laughed lightly that he thought she was hitting on him when she asked if he was single. April hadn't found it amusing at all that she had shown a complete stranger her picture just because she thought he was cute, but her daughter was getting older and hadn't found anyone on her own, there was nothing wrong with getting a little help. She knew there was no way her August found the blonde girl on his own. Her own daughter being the godmother to a pretty little thing like that and never even mentioning it. Her daughter was just too stubborn for her own good, she thought as she went into her own bedroom, wanting to allow August and his girlfriend to

think they got away with something.

Leaving Auggy to find his panties, Bailey ran off to the bathroom as fast as his heeled feet could take him, happy to not encounter the boy's mother. He wasn't going to be able to clean himself out of all the... spunk here and resorted to using the tampon in his purse that he had carried around for appearances. Feeling like using it somehow crossed a line that he hadn't had to really acknowledge before now. It wasn't as bad as what that doctor wanted him to do with using that dildo they called an applicator with the cream every day. A Thought solidly in his head thanks to the eldest Best, when the directions were to use it every other day. Still though, using a tampon felt like he was betraying himself, but it was a lot better of an option than having his own and Auggy's cum literally dripping from him.

While Bailey spent time on his date, back at her home Megan sat in her office, sitting in her high backed computer chair as she worked on her plans. Liam was in Becky's old room, she had used it for Bailey before and while it wasn't overly feminine like Bailey's current bedroom, it was much better than spending the money to renovate her office. She had let Charles stay in her bedroom, not that he ever really wanted to spend the night, he was more of a fuck and leave type of man. She was not going to extend the offer of her bed to Liam, or Leah as she was now calling the piece of shit human being. Dressing him up as a preteen girl and spanking him like a disobedient child had given her a thrill and a rush of feeling powerful, a feeling like she had more control in life, just like it had with Bailey.

What she was doing to Liam wasn't about control, it was about revenge, and teaching a lesson, but if she enjoyed the process she didn't think anything was wrong with that. She had sent Leah to bed not long ago, even though it wasn't that late, but a young girl needed her rest and a man being punished needed to have his freedoms and atomy stripped away. With everything she had learned

from working on Bailey Megan was going to use what she learned and try a few more things. Not really that long ago Bailey would argue with her about just anything just to be contrary, now the feminized man acted more like a demure airhead and she very much liked the idea of doing worse to the young man who thought it was perfectly okay to drug girls before he had his way with them.

Looking at her calendar she had a date with Charles and her painted lips formed a smile. The man was in great shape, and had a great deal of vigor. She did have to admit that he would be considered close to perfect in bed if he used a bit less dirty talk, a little was fine, but it was clear he really liked to be in control. Her ex-husband had been similar, wanting a submissive housewife, not that they would have gotten married if she hadn't gotten pregnant with her now not so little Rebecca. Thinking about her college age daughter caused a small chuckle to bubble up, wondering what she would think of Bailey now. Seeing her Aunt's boyfriend playing the part of a bimbo teen girl so perfectly and how Bailey was going to come babysit Leah while she was out on her date. Bailey wanted her revenge, and she didn't blame the girl. Her eyebrows went up for just a split second before she gave a single shake of her head after slipping into thinking of the blonde man as a girl, something she did more often than not at this point.

Musing over the idea of Bailey, a twenty five year old man, playing the part of an eighteen year old girl, babysitting a twenty three year old man, that was playing the part of a sixteen year old girl, a thought that gave her no end of amusement, wondering what would be going through both of their minds. Her jubulations were interrupted by a late night email to her personal account. Clicking on it she saw it was from the private investigator she had hired to look into the issues with Bailey and the police. Initially she really didn't plan on really hiring someone to look into anything, but that thought went back and growth based on how much she thought she would need to show Bailey proof to keep pushing him along their current path, having Bailey cooperation while he pranced around flirting with

boy's because she had to be a good girl was much easier to handle than Bailey fighting her at every turn. The email had her heart start racing, the issue she thought was that it was a missing persons issue. Bailey Andrew Smith hadn't been around and Charles reported his friend missing and with the escort as one of the last known people to see him, well that story just played out so well for what she needed.

Megan thought she would get an official report from a private investigator, which ended up more expensive than anything she estimated. Now though the quick investigation notes she planned to show Bailey had turned into something very different. There in black and white the investigator had emailed her a photo of a police report. It said that a deceased man, formerly listed as John Doe, matched the description of someone from a missing persons case. Five foot six, shoulder length yellow blonde hair, green eyes, no tattoos or distinguishing marks were a match for Bailey Andrew Smith.

Leaning back in her chair she had to mentally will her mouth to shut as it hung open as she read through what was sent. She didn't think there was any way someone from a missing persons would be matched up to a dead body that was in no way that missing person, how they should be contacting her sister and herself to come down and identify the body, but that had been before she read the name of the police officer that had signed off on the two cases, one for the dead body and one for the missing person being closed. It was the same police officer that had come to her house and had been made fun of for calling Bailey a gun bunny when Bailey had been dressed to look much younger. "He was too afraid or embarrassed to show his face around again, Huh..." She blinked a few times, rereading one of the lines that declared Bailey Andrew Smith was deceased. "This... is going to be a problem." She tapped her fingernail on her desk a few times, trying to consider what to do.

Telling Bailey would be the right thing, but there wasn't a lot she could do about her sister's ex-boyfriend being dead when the only proof he wasn't, was by unraveling the lie about Bailey Ann Best. That was a can of worms that she was a hundred percent sure would mean both her and her sister's lives would be turned upside down and they would need a lawyer to not get in any trouble with the law... at best. "Alternatively..." Megan said to herself before continuing on in her head. 'I could just keep this a secret for now. Amanda thinks her old lover really wants to be a girl, and I can't blame her for it. It was what I was pushing after all and it won't be long before she moves out to California for this new job. I was already going to pull money from my retirement to pay Bailey off. Why bring this up now and risk Bailey bucking the system.'

Megan did still feel bad for what had happened to Bailey with Liam, the piece of shit's actions were not her fault but Bailey wouldn't have been in that position if she hadn't placed the feminized man there. "No." She shook her head. 'Best to point Bailey in the direction of Liam so that her little niece would stick around till Amanda didn't need her anymore. Bailey would get her revenge, helping to make sure Leah was a good girl and proud. Then, and only then would she connect the private investigator and Bailey together. The now very feminine man would have cash in hand and an avenue to get whatever life he wanted on track. She would just need to get Bailey on tape admitting to wanting to be a girl and doing this all to themselves, or at least asking for help doing it... thanking her for helping? Megan wasn't sure exactly what would work best as proof to keep herself and her little sister safe if the once sexist and selfish man showed his old colors and trade to go to the police or get leverage.

"It is for the best that right now Bailey Ann Best, does not know about Bailey Andrew Smith's death. I wouldn't want to upset my pretty niece." Megan said, like she was a monologuing villain.

The End of book 3

Here are a few bonus images that the artist did and one that never made it into the story.



The artist, Dream gave me this for my bday, cute image of Bailey and Leah.





Image of the girls if they went out clubbing, the artist Dream having fun with the characters.



A cute Christmas image of Bailey and Leah if they both really were the girls they pretended to be and grew up with the Best sisters.



A sexy little image of April and Amanda, both ready to give Derrick a special Christmas present.





A fun easter image of Megan, Amanda and Bailey.



Halloween image of Angel Candi and Fallen Angel Bailey, I loved the halo hanging off the horn here.



Finally an image that was intended to be in Bailey's dream, getting revenge on his tormentor Liam, this being a juxtaposition from an image in book 2 of this story. It was not used as I felt Bailey changed/grew more than I expected and this no longer fit.