



Reluctant Press

Life Goes On

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Life Goes On!

By; Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

It all started innocently enough. Summer vacation was upon us and Mom decided it was time for us to drive east and meet up with her only other living family. I never knew she had living relatives other than me. She had always told me that my father had died before I was born and that I was her only relation. Now I found out that she had a sister living in Florida.

I was twelve years old at this time and had just completed my elementary schooling having graduated from grade six into grade seven. Mom had raised me to be quite open minded about a lot of things in this life so I was able to accept the fact that I had an Aunt still living. I didn't put up a fuss about spending a lot of time in a car this summer, traveling east to meet her. We packed our bags with our freshly laundered clothing and loaded them into the car the night before, then got a good night's sleep before starting out the next morning bright and early.

It was a dull, cloudy and cool day when we left so I chose to wear a pair of jeans with a T-shirt, socks, sneakers and my jacket. By mid morning we had left the clouds behind and I found it to be quite uncomfortable sitting for long periods of time in my tight jeans.

"What's the matter, Anthony? Why are you fidgeting so much?" Mom asked me as we rolled down the highway.

"It's these jeans," I told her. "They keep riding up my legs and they aren't comfortable."

"Yeah. Pants aren't all that comfortable for long car rides. That's why I chose to wear a skirt. Climb over the seat into the back, you can change back there into a

pair of your short pants from your bag. Maybe they'll be more comfortable for you."

I did as she suggested and changed into a pair of my short pants in the back seat of the car as she continued to drive along. Mile after mile we drove and although the short pants were much better than the jeans had been, they still had a tendency to ride up and get real tight in my crotch. I had to lift myself up every once in awhile to make adjustments.

We stopped at a roadside cafe for lunch and before we left the parking lot, Mom opened her travel bag and got out another one of her skirts. She left it laying on the back seat as we drove away. Two minutes after we got back onto the highway, Mom made a suggestion.

"Why don't you crawl into the back seat and change into my skirt that I left out for you?"

"C'mon Mom!" I complained. "I can't wear your skirt! I'm a boy, not a girl!"

"I know that, dear. But skirts are so much more comfortable for traveling in. You will be able to enjoy the trip a lot more if you aren't squirming about so much."

"For one thing Mom, you are a lot bigger than I am and your skirt would be too big for me. If any of the kids ever found out that I wore one of your skirts, I would be laughed out of school. I just don't want that."

"I understand that, honey. But it's just you and me here. No one will ever know it unless you tell them. I just want you to be comfortable is all. And it won't hurt you any to just try it, now will it?"

No, it wouldn't hurt me at all to try Mom's suggestion. After all, she was wearing a skirt and she was quite comfortable driving for miles at a time. And since she promised not to tell any of my acquaintances, I guess it was okay for me to try it. Anything had to be better than what I was going through at the moment. I crawled over the backseat, slipped off my short pants and put on the skirt Mom had left out for me. It was long and loose and I had to hold the waist tight as I climbed back into the front seat of the car. I arranged myself on the seat, then put on my seatbelt again.

Miles down the road and I discovered that Mom was right, to a degree anyway. Her skirt was much more comfortable to ride along in than either my jeans or short pants had been. But my undershorts were still a discomfort to me. A discomfort she obviously didn't have.

"The difference, Anthony," she explained to me, "is in the materials. Boys' undershorts are all made of cotton. Girls' panties are usually made of nylon. Some girls, though, do seem to prefer wearing cotton panties these days, though I sure don't know why. I tried them and I don't find them all that comfortable. Style has a lot to do with comfort, too. Your undershorts are all jockey style. Panties are never that style. We have briefs and bikinis and hipsters and thongs. A lot more choices to make us comfortable. Care to try a pair of panties, dear?"

“I could never wear your panties, Mom!” I told her flat out.

“No, I suppose you couldn’t at that. But there is a small town up ahead and I’m sure they have a retail outlet of some kind. We could stop and I could buy you a pair of your own to wear. I do want you to be comfortable since we still have thousands of miles to go to get there, then the same number of miles to drive home again.”

I considered Mom’s proposition for a mile or two and figured what the heck, why not? I sure didn’t want to spend the entire summer in so much discomfort. “Is there any chance you can get me a skirt too that fits better than yours does?” I asked her.

“Yes, I think I can do that. How about an outfit?”

“What outfit? Skirts are better for riding in and if panties are more comfortable too, fine, I can try a pair. What do I need with an outfit?”

“Oh, just to make you look right is all. I doubt that any skirt would go with that T-shirt that you have on. Don’t worry Anthony, I promise I’ll try to find you a plainer, unisex style blouse to wear with the skirt I get for you.”

What did I have to lose? I had already agreed to let Mom buy me my own skirt and panties. What would a blouse hurt, particularly since she said it would be plainer and unisex in style? I agreed to it as I climbed into the back seat and changed into my short pants again. Since we were stopping, I didn’t want anyone to see me wearing a skirt.

Mom was in the store for about twenty minutes and when she came out, she had three bags with her. She put two of the bags into the trunk of the car and one she brought into the front seat with her. Then we were off and down the road again.

“Whew!” Mom said. “For such a small store in such a small town, they sure were busy. They only sold girls’ panties in packages of three so I got you two packages, dear. One package is in the brief style; the other is bikini style. I brought the briefs up here for you to try on first. I got you a cute skirt and blouse outfit too, along with a pair of sandals for your feet.”

“Why do I need the sandals too, Mom?” I asked as I crawled into the backseat again.

“Outfit my dear, outfit! An outfit is the total package, head to toe. You may as well look right in an outfit and sandals are a part of this outfit.”

I stripped down as Mom reached into the bag and tore open the package of panties to extract a single pair and hand them back to me. “Pink! They’re pink panties!” I gasped. “And they have lace trim on them, too! Didn’t they have any plain white ones?”

“No dear. Selection was limited and I had to take what I could get. Stop complaining and try them on. No one but you and I will ever see them anyway so what difference does color and trimming make?”

She was right there. No one would ever see me in them, not even her, if I could help it, so I guess I could try them on. I slipped my feet into them and slid them up my legs and raised my hips off the seat to pull them up and into place. They were a snugger fit than my shorts had been and felt much cooler too. I still would have preferred plainer white ones.

“Like I said dear, selection was limited,” she told me again as she handed back the blouse for me to put on. There was no point complaining now. She had bought them, we were miles down the road and she had taken the tags off already. The blouse was a pink background with large white and blue flowers on it, went on like a shirt though it had short puffy sleeves and the buttons did up on the wrong side. I put it on and had some trouble doing up the backward buttons. Then I got the skirt that matched my blouse and it was easy to put on since it had an elastic waist. All I had to do was find the front and pull it on. I took the proffered sandals and slipped my feet into them and had a bit of trouble with the buckles of the ankle straps, but I got them on. I wished I had a mirror then so I could see what I looked like in that outfit.

Mom reached back and put the almost empty bag behind her seat. I felt foolish as I climbed over the seat to arrange myself on the front seat and do up my seat-belt.

“You look very nice now, dear,” she told me. “Thank you for wearing the outfit.”

“I feel foolish sitting here in girls’ clothes Mom,” I replied.

“Don’t worry about it, sweetheart. It’s just you and me and the open road now. How do the panties compare to your undershorts?”

“I don’t know yet. Ask me in a couple hundred miles or so. Right now they are just a bit tighter and cooler. The skirt is a good fit and is a lot more comfortable than wearing yours was. I guess the worst part is this matching blouse. Anyone passing us on the road can see me wearing it since they can see me from the shoulders up.”

“Yes, there is that,” she returned. She dug into her purse and came out with her compact and told me to position it on the dash so that I could see myself in the mirror. I did it and she got out her hairbrush and instructed me on how to brush my shaggy blonde hair into a more girlish style. “That way, dear, anyone seeing you as they go by will assume that you are a real girl and not pay you as much attention as they might if they thought you were a boy wearing girls’ clothes.”

I did it readily since I thought it was better to be seen as a girl wearing a blouse than as a boy wearing the same item. Still, I would have preferred to keep my T-shirt on and be seen as a boy from the shoulders up. The skirt was comfortable and the panties were too and while the sandals were girls’ sandals, they didn’t make any difference on my feet. They fit and made my feet look more like girls’ feet just by wearing them.

We were just coming to the town we were going to spend the night in when we heard a siren. Mom looked in her rearview mirror to see a cop with the lights

flashing. There was no time for me to change as Mom pulled to the side of the road and stopped. The cop came up to Mom's rolled down window and she asked him, "What's the problem, officer?"

"The speed limit is fifty-five Ma'am," the officer replied. "You were doing sixty-two. Its only seven miles an hour over the limit so I thought I would give you a warning to slow down since you are coming into a town up ahead."

"Sorry, officer. I guess my mind was wandering and I wasn't paying close enough attention. Do you know if there is a motel up ahead?"

"Yes Ma'am. The Oasis Motel is about five miles ahead on your right. You and your daughter should be able to get a room there. Just watch your speed. We usually give tickets at five miles an hour over the limit around here."

"Yes sir, thank you," Mom said and rolled her window back up.

"That cop thought I was your daughter!" I said as we continued on up the road.

"Yes, he did at that dear. But since you are wearing that outfit I thought it best not to correct him. It looks like he is following us so you shouldn't get changed until he goes away."

"I hope he goes away soon," I said and checked over my shoulder to see that he was indeed following us. Mom stayed at or below the speed limit all the way to the motel and the cop followed us into the parking lot and watched as Mom went inside to get us a pair of rooms. I saw the vacancy sign at the front change to no vacancy as Mom came out.

"They only had one room dear so I had to take it. But it has twin beds so we don't have to share a double bed. Besides, there is nothing wrong with a mother and daughter sharing a room."

"That would be true if we were a mother and daughter instead of a mother and son," I said in reply.

"That cop saw you as a girl and the man behind the counter could see you in the car so he believes you are a girl too. Would you rather I tell them that you are a boy dressed as a girl?"

"No! Don't do that!" I cried out.

"Okay then. Just pretend that everything is normal and we'll get inside the room and hope that they go away and leave us alone."

The cop stayed where he was though we couldn't tell if he was watching us as Mom drove over to park in front of our room for the night. I felt even more foolish now as I got out of the car wearing my skirt and blouse outfit and helped Mom carry our overnight bags inside. I felt safe once more once the door was closed behind us.

We hadn't had dinner yet and there was a McDonalds next to the motel, on the side away from the motel office. I laid out my short pants and tee shirt and was all set to change into them when Mom told me that the cop had just moved his car to halfway between here and where we wanted to go. Heck, I wasn't all that hungry

that I couldn't go without skipping a meal. But Mom was hungry and wanted to eat and she couldn't very well leave a girl alone in a strange motel room with a cop watching. He was sure to come over and investigate that. If I left as a boy, then he would know the truth and God only knows what he would do then. I had to go with Mom and I had to go wearing my skirt and blouse outfit and looking like a girl.

I did look a bit like a girl too. I could see myself in the mirror over the dresser now. I had Mom to help me look even more like a girl so we could go and get something to eat. She brushed my hair for me and used her travel scissors to trim off a bit in front for me where it hung into my eyes. I had seen her use her eyelash curler many times in the past and she used it on me now, then made my lashes a bit longer and fuller with her mascara. That was all I needed to look much more like a real girl than I had before.

"I can't very well call you Anthony in public now dear," she told me, "so I am going to be calling you Margot. It's the name I had chosen for you had you turned out to be a girl when you were born. Are you ready to get something to eat now Margot?"

"I guess I'm as ready as I'll ever be Mom," I replied.

We stepped out into the moonlight and with Mom holding my hand, made it halfway to the McDonalds when the cop put on his lights and sped away. I was very quiet and shy as we ordered our food and instead of taking it to go, Mom had them put it on a tray and we took a seat to eat it there. Since no one was paying us any attention I dug into my food and no longer cared that people saw me dressed as a girl.

Back in our motel room, I stayed dressed in my skirt and blouse as I turned on the TV and Mom used the bathroom. I heard her running a bath and about half an hour later she came out wearing one of her long frilly nightgowns. "I was just thinking Margot," she said to me as she curled herself onto the bed beside me, "wouldn't it be nice if you could be a girl for this whole trip?"

"What are you talking about Mom?" I had to ask. "The skirt and the panties are better for riding in the car, sure, and the blouse and sandals do go with them, but I am a boy, not a girl."

"Yeah, I know. But just think of all the time you have to spend crawling back and forth into the back seat and changing before we stop and after we get started again. With your hair and eyes done no one in the McDonalds saw anything other than a girl, and that was in very bright light too. Why not continue the charade all the way? Only you and I would have to know the truth."

"Is one skirt outfit going to last me for the next twenty-five hundred miles, then all the way home too?"

"No, of course not. Buying you panties and a skirt I took the liberty of buying two skirt outfits for you along with another pair of shoes and a dress too. They're in the trunk of the car. I know that wearing panties and a skirt are so much more

comfortable that I knew that one outfit would not be enough for you. The car keys are on the dresser there. Be a good girl and go get the bags I put in the trunk.”

Good girl my butt! I was a boy! Sure, I was all dressed up like a girl would be, but I was still a boy. Girls’ clothes did feel a lot better now that I was wearing them and everyone did take me for being a real girl when we encountered them, but I was still a boy. I was a bit curious though to see the other girls’ clothes that Mom had bought for me. I took the car keys and let myself out the door to get the bags I had seen her deposit into the trunk. Mom had to let me back into the motel room as the door closed and locked when I went out.

There was nothing plain or unisexual about the semi-sheer white blouse that Mom laid out on the motel room bed. The short puffed sleeves and the flat collar were both trimmed with an eyelet lace and the flat buttons did up behind the back. I could never put that blouse on by myself, but if I stayed dressed as a girl all day long I wouldn’t have to. Mom could do it up for me and help me take it off at night. The skirt she had to go with it was a blue denim mini-skirt that closed with a button and zipper in the back. She set a new pair of flat-heeled white pumps beside them on the bed.

“That blouse is pretty see-thru isn’t it Mom?” I noted.

“Yes, I thought of that when I bought it. So I bought you a padded training bra too. If you wear the outfit no one will guess that you aren’t a girl.” She got out the bra and I saw that it was white so it wouldn’t show up too drastically under the blouse.

“What else did you buy for me?” I asked her calmly. “You said a dress too?”

“Yes dear.” She dug into the bag and brought out a pretty paisley colored dress that had the round flat collar and short puffed sleeves and an attached tie belt at the waist. The dress would zipper close behind my back when I wore it, and I knew that I would indeed wear it. Pants of any kind with undershorts were just too uncomfortable to wear for ten hours a day of traveling. The white pumps would probably go with this dress too.

“Well,” I began somewhat tentatively, “you bought them and its too far to go back and return them so I guess I may as well try them, if you promise not to laugh at me or ever tell anyone back home that I wore them.”

“You know I would never laugh at you dear, and I have no reason to tell anyone back home anything about this. I think I am going to like having a daughter for the next two months. We can both have a lot of fun as two girls now Margot.”

“We’ll see Mom. I guess I should have a bath now. I always just slept in my shorts so I guess I’ll have to sleep in my panties now huh?” I gave her a sheepish grin and a wink.

“Well, not really Margot. I thought that if you could wear the skirt and panties that maybe you could wear a nightie too, so...” She dipped into the bag again and came out with a little pink baby doll style nightie for me.

“Aw Mom, why did you have to go and do that?” I complained.

“Please dear,” she begged me. “When I saw it I just couldn’t resist and I know you didn’t have any pajamas. Its still just you and me and no one else ever has to see or know. Please.”

I didn’t say another word as I sat down on the bed to remove the sandals from my feet, then began undoing the buttons on my blouse. I took off the skirt before I picked up the two piece nightie set and carried it into the bathroom wearing just my pink panties that I had promised myself that no one would ever see me wearing. Some promise! I used the toilet, then had a bath and washed my hair. I dried off using the motel towel, then put on the double layered nylon panty briefs that went with my nightie set. I rolled up the nightie and pulled it over my head before I put my arms into the short and sheer puffed sleeves. Did everything have to have the short puffed sleeves? I guessed that maybe they did since it was part and parcel of being young and feminine.

Mom had the room straightened up and everything put away when I emerged from the bathroom feeling more like a fool than ever before. She turned to watch me and I saw a smile creep onto her face as I deposited my worn panties onto the bed. “The mascara didn’t wash off,” I told her then.

“No dear. It’s waterproof. You need cold cream to remove it. Can I brush your hair for you?”

I sat sideways on the bed and Mom curled herself down in front of me and began to brush my still damp hair for me. Her smile, I saw, was quite natural so I knew she wasn’t laughing at me inside. At least I wanted to believe she wasn’t. “Did you want me to be born a girl Mom?” I had to ask her then.

“To be perfectly honest with you dear, I didn’t care if you were a boy or a girl. All I really wanted was for you to be healthy, and you were that. But your father was the only man that I ever loved so I knew that you were the only child I would ever have. You were a perfect son to me so I never regretted the fact that you were a boy. I still don’t regret it. Even had you refused to wear any of the girl things I just bought for you, I would still love you for the son I know you are.”

“So what happened to my father?” I asked her.

She seemed to turn a bit sad then before she got up the courage to speak. “Your father was not faithful to me while we dated and I got pregnant. He got my sister pregnant too and ended up marrying her. So I moved to California, as far away from them as I could get. But he is dead now and my sister is alone since she apparently had a miscarriage. Time heals many wounds so I guess I can’t hold a grudge against my sister forever. She doesn’t know about you or that we are coming so it is going to be a surprise for her. Ruthie always wanted a daughter and I am lucky enough now to have both a son and a daughter. What do you think Margot? Can you meet your Aunt Ruthie as a girl?”

“Are you serious Mom?”

“Sure, why not? I haven’t spoken to her since I left. I found out about her miscarriage from our parents, but they died before you were born. I attended their funeral though I don’t think my sister saw me there. In any event, she doesn’t know

a thing about you and other than meeting her, I doubt we'll have much to do with her. I was the one who was dating your father and all she did was sleep with him behind my back. I felt betrayed by both of them when I found out and even with more than twelve years going by, it still hurts a bit. We'll see her and I'll introduce you to her and it'll get her goat good if I can introduce you as my daughter. Just a bit of payback for the pain and suffering she caused me."

"I don't know Mom. Why don't we wait and see how things go first? I'm not a real girl and I guess I have a lot to learn before then. It would really be embarrassing to be introduced as a girl to my Aunt, then have her find out that I am her nephew instead of her niece."

"Okay. We have about a month or so before you are going to meet her. Boy or girl, it is going to be nice to have something that she doesn't for a change. Since you are going to try to be a girl for now dear, can I do your nails for you too?"

How could I object now? I let Mom file my toenails and paint them the same shade of red that she wore on her nails. She hadn't bought any nail polish exclusively for me so hers was all that was available to us at the time. She filed and shaped my fingernails too and painted them the same color as the rest of our nails, three coats.

"Want to try a really girlish thing tomorrow Margot?" she asked me as she finished up.

"How girlish?" I asked warily.

"Really girlish! In order to be a proper girl you are going to need a lot of clothes. I thought it would be nice if we went shopping together. As mother and daughter!"

"Gosh Mom! I don't know if I'm ready for that yet!" I had to say.

"Of course you are dear. The sooner the better too. You need the clothes and people are going to see you as a girl anyway. If we go shopping together then you can try things on in the stores so we get the right fit for everything we have to buy you anyway. Besides, while some things might look good on display, they sometimes look different when you put them on. That's just the way girls' clothes are. Please Margot?"

I hated it when Mom began to beg me to do something. She was right though. People were going to see me as a girl anyway so I may as well go shopping with her and try things on in the stores. The worst that I could imagine happening was that someone would find out that I was a boy. What would happen then was we would leave and go somewhere else to shop. I did need the clothes to play the part and shopping was the best way to get them, the only way.

"Okay Mom, I'll go shopping with you. Can you afford this though?"

"Oh sure. I still have my inheritance from my parents that I haven't even touched yet. Besides which, we're saving a lot of money by only having one motel room instead of two."

CHAPTER 2

It took me more than an hour to fall asleep in that strange bed what with the frills and lace and the soft nylon caressing my body between the sheets now. I found out first-hand what girls took for granted everyday of their lives, the luxury they had everyt ime they put on a nightie and climbed into bed. It was luxurious and I wasn't used to it, but I did eventually fall asleep.

Mom woke me up at eight o'clock, having let me sleep in later than usual. It was going to be a full day for both of us so we needed all the rest we could get before hand. Since both Mom and I were girls now, there was no need for either of us to use the bathroom for getting dressed. I was surprised when she took off her nightgown and saw her naked for the very first time I could ever remember. I watched as she put on her panties and bra, then she turned to smile at me.

"We are both girls now Margot," she said to me. "We don't have any secrets from each other. And since we are both girls, we can share a motel room all the way and I'll save a lot of money on that alone. Now, get out of bed and I'll help you get dressed. We'll check out of the motel, go and have breakfast somewhere, then go and check out the local stores. We can stop at other stores in other towns too so we don't have to get everything here. Lets go girl!"

I climbed out of bed then and took off my baby doll nightie set, sorry for a bit to have to lose the luxury I felt while wearing it. Mom handed me a fresh pair of my new pink bikini panties and I stooped to put them on. Then she helped me into my fully padded training bra and adjusted the straps so it sat just right with the cups on my chest, just like a girl would wear it. I don't know why, but I didn't feel quite so foolish wearing girls' underthings now in front of my mother. I guess that having worn girls' things the day before and all night long got me used to her seeing me in them. Mom held open the dress for me and I stepped into it, then let her pull it up so I could put my hands and arms into the short sleeves. She adjusted the dress onto my shoulders, then stepped behind me to run the zipper up my back and tie the belt into a small bow.

The dress felt snug from my waist up to my shoulders and except for the elastic on the cuffs of the sleeves, it was loose from my shoulders to the lace trimmed cuffs. From my waist down the dress was quite loose and comfortable and swirled about my legs as I walked over to the chair where I sat down to put on the white pumps. They were a tight fit but I expected that since they were brand new shoes.

Mom had her blouse and skirt on by then and slipped her feet into her own well-worn pumps. I watched as she brushed her hair out, then sprayed on some hairspray to hold it in place. Then she turned and did the same for me, complete with the hairspray. She did her makeup in all of five minutes, then checked my eyes before adding a bit more mascara to my lashes. Once again it was all I needed to look more feminine.

I had to admit that I did look a lot like a girl then. I was small with small features so no part of my face really stood out as being too masculine. My hair had gotten longer than I normally wore it but a lot of the guys at school had hair a lot

longer than mine was, some girls had shorter hair too. The brushing and trim Mom had given me made my shaggy hair look more like a real girl's hair might too. The mascara made my lashes really stand out more than they normally did, just like a real girl. My bare arms and legs didn't have a lot of hair showing on them. I knew girls at school who had more hair showing there than I did. And there was no way that my dress or shoes could be construed as being masculine at all. Yeah, I did make a pretty good-looking girl if I do say so myself. Even my voice was that of a young boy still, more in the range of what girls sounded like. I could do this and no one would be the wiser.

Mom and I packed up and loaded everything into the car and while Mom checked the room over to be sure we hadn't left anything behind, I volunteered to return the key to the office. The room had been paid for in advance so the key just had to be dropped off.

"You sure you want to do that alone Margot?" Mom asked me.

"No, but I guess I may as well anyway. I am wearing a dress and people are going to see me like this anyway so I may as well start learning not to be shy about it. It's no big deal for me to drop off the key myself. I just have to get used to the fact that people will see me as a girl."

"Good for you dear. I'll wait for you in the car. Walk, don't run."

There were people coming out of their rooms and I passed them all as I walked down to the office. There were other people in the office but I ignored everyone as I handed the key to the woman behind the desk. She smiled at me and thanked me and I smiled at her slightly before I turned and left without having to say a word. I had done it! I had passed myself off as a girl with lots of other people watching me and without Mom there to back me up. It's hard to describe the elation I felt as I walked back to our car and my mother.

"Key's turned in," I said as I climbed into the seat beside her.

"Good girl Margot," Mom said to me. "How do you feel now?"

"A lot better really. I know that I do look like a girl and since I am wearing nothing but girls' clothes I think that people see me as a real girl so long as I act like one. Am I acting like a real girl would act Mom?"

"At your age Margot, there isn't a lot of difference between the way a boy would act and how a girl would act. Just remember your manners, fold your hands in your lap when you are seated and learn to smile more. If you have to go to the washroom later, just remember to use the ladies room and sit to pee. Only boys can do that standing up and you are a girl now, especially in the ladies room with other girls and women around."

"It's a good thing you told me Mom. I might not have remembered otherwise."

"What? That you're a girl now?"

"Oh, I think that wearing a dress will constantly remind me of that," I laughed. "No, I might have forgotten to sit to pee. I am used to doing it standing up."

“Yes well, all girls have to sit down for that chore. And its good that we can talk about it so there is less chance of a mistake later on. I don’t think either of us would like it if someone found out you were really a boy, Margot. Margot Anne Thomas. That’s your name as a girl now.”

“Why that name Mom?” I asked her.

“I fell in love with the name Margot when Margot Kidder played Lois Lane in the movie Superman. Anne was my mother’s name. Thomas is my last name and is your last name too.”

“I understand about our last name Mom. I was just curious about the other two names.”

Mom drove us down to a restaurant and we went inside to have breakfast. The place was quite big inside and it was half full of customers as we walked in and found a booth to sit in. The waitress came right over and handed us menus and poured Mom a cup of coffee. I ordered a glass of milk and the woman smiled at me before going to get it. For the most part I was okay, just as long as I ignored most of the other people around me. I remembered to do as Mom had told me to and smiled a lot more than usual as I folded my hands in my lap.

The woman came back with my milk and Mom ordered her usual two boiled eggs and whole-wheat toast dry. I ordered corn flakes and a glass of orange juice and returned the smile the woman gave me. “That is a very pretty dress you’re wearing,” the waitress said to me.

“Thank you,” I said with a big smile on my face. “I like it.”

“You aren’t from around here, are you?” she asked.

“California,” Mom answered her. “Just passing through.”

“Aw, that’s too bad,” the woman said. “I had hoped to find a dress just like that for my daughter. She’s about the same size as your daughter.”

“Actually,” Mom spoke up then, “I bought this dress for Margot in Taylor, a hundred or so miles from here. At the Wal-Mart. They had several in stock.”

“No kidding! I run into Taylor about once a month. I’m going next week. I’ll have to check it out. Thanks!”

“Good luck finding one. As good as Margot looks in this one, I wish I had bought her two of them.”

“Yeah. I know what its like. It's hard to find things that girls these days will wear, and it's a bonus if they look good in them too. Dresses that pretty are hard to find and she does look great in it. The problem I have is that my daughter doesn’t like to wear dresses all that often. How did you talk your daughter into wearing this one?”

“With this trip we’re on, we are in the car traveling about ten hours a day. Margot tried to wear her jeans and her shorts but they are too uncomfortable for so much time in the car. Skirts and dresses are so much better for the extended hours we spend in the car.”

“Yeah, that’s true. I always wear a skirt when I have to drive to Taylor and back. I tried my slacks but they like to ride up on me. Maybe I should take my daughter for a long car ride just to get the chance to see her in a dress?” She laughed at that and went to get our breakfasts for us. Mom and I laughed at her remarks too.

I was beginning to feel more and more comfortable sitting there in my new dress, now that I knew that other women would want such a dress for their daughters. I was even feeling lucky to have it and to be admired while wearing it now. It was a good feeling too.

After breakfast, Mom and I went to check out the local stores. It was a small town and there weren’t too many stores that sold young girl fashions so we went through them by noon and I tried on lots of different dresses as well as skirts with blouses too. Mom bought me a couple of sundresses, but only because they were on sale and they did fit me and looked okay. They weren’t anything special really but the price was right. In the sportswear section of one store, Mom did buy me a bathing suit that was not on sale. It was a girls’ one-piece suit that was a dark pink all over and had a flounce around the bottom that looked like a short skirt. When wet, Mom told me, it would help to hide the fact that I was really a boy. It was only available in the pink but I didn’t mind the color when I heard about the imitation skirt part of it. I liked to swim and that would really help me later on.

We had lunch in the same restaurant we’d had our breakfast in and Mom talked with the same waitress again. I did have to use the bathroom and remembered to both use the ladies room and to sit to pee in the locked stall, even though there was no one else in there. If nothing else, it might help get me in the habit of doing it, as all girls have to do it, for this summer anyway. When we left and got into the car, Mom drove us out of town and down the highway and we talked all the way about the many things we could do now as two females. Mom drove for six hours straight through and only stopped for gas, coffee and drinks to go and for both of us to use the ladies room. Suddenly it felt really nice to be seen by other people while wearing such a pretty dress.

Impersonating a girl for this summer with Mom was a fun experience for me. We made it a point to stop in all of the larger cities and do some shopping together, for me, for clothes and any other thing I might need as a girl. We stopped at a lot of beaches too and went swimming in our one-piece bathing suits. One beach was particularly nice so Mom rented a cabin for us for a week and we had a lot of fun, as mother and daughter.

It was the end of July when we pulled into Mom’s old hometown in Florida and checked into our room at the Regency Arms Hotel. By this time I had a lot of pretty dresses to wear, skirts and blouses too, not to mention all of the pretty underthings that went with them, the shoes and socks as well. I was used to wearing them all, and being seen in them by anyone and everyone.

Mom was in no great rush to look up her sister so she took me out shopping on our first full day in town. “For a girl,” Mom had told me on an earlier shopping trip, “there is no such thing as having too many pretty things to wear.” We always

went shopping for me and I loved it now almost as much as Mom did; though once in awhile we did find a few things for her too. It made her even happier then.

On this particular shopping trip, Mom took me into a lingerie store and helped me pick out two more of the padded AA cup bras I was wearing. There were garter belts on display too so Mom helped me pick out a couple that would go with my new bras, then some to go with my other bras as well. She bought for me the stockings and some pantyhose too. Then we took the time to look around the larger store at the many other pretty things on display.

I had a few full slips already, several half-slips with matching camisoles and about a ton of nighties, not to mention about a zillion pairs of panties. But there was no such thing as too many pretty things, so we looked at what they had. I was drawn to a display of teddies, which I didn't have any of so Mom found me a couple in my size and bought them for me. The nighties they had were very pretty what with all the frills and lace that adorned them and there were a lot of styles that both Mom and I liked. We each found a couple in our own sizes and when we compared them, we found that we had picked the same styles and colors for ourselves. Mom bought them for us.

After paying for everything, Mom took me back to our hotel room where we unpacked and put away all of our pretty new things. It was a warm day and not even lunchtime yet so I was a bit surprised when Mom asked me to change. She had her mind set on something, I could tell, so I slipped off my blouse and skirt as she got out one of my prettier dresses for me.

She found the garter belt she had picked out to match the bra I had on and helped me into it. She tore open a package of stockings and showed me the proper way to roll them up, insert my foot, smooth the luxurious nylon up my leg and attach it to the dangling garter tabs. She did both legs for me. It was the first time since I had begun to dress as a girl that I had ever worn any sort of leg



covering, usually I had bare legs sticking out the bottom of my skirts or dresses. Then she helped me into one of my new teddies and the extra pretty blue dress I had only worn once before. Something special was brewing, I could tell.

We went down to the dining room for lunch together and I could feel all the eyes in the place on me as we walked across the room to our table. The dress I now wore was so strikingly pretty that it drew a lot of attention when I wore it. I hadn't been used to it the last time, but I was getting better since it didn't bother me so much now. Mom seemed to love it when I drew so much attention merely by being so pretty. She positively beamed with pride at those times.

After an enjoyable lunch, we went shopping again, and the attention I drew on the streets was equal to what I drew in the hotel. Mom and I went through about a dozen stores together without buying a single thing. She was looking for something so all I did was follow her and look too, though I looked at everything.

Finally she found what she had been looking for in a ladies wear shop not far from our hotel. We had made a big circle to get there, but she was thrilled with the dress she took out of the rack. Silk and satin in basic white it had a full skirt and full three quarter length sleeves with a round, collarless neckline and back zipper. She tried it on. It was a perfect fit for her. It was a pretty dress on her.

Mom talked to the owner of the store though I couldn't hear what was said though I did see the woman smile a lot. Then she went over to a rack and came out with another dress that was identical to the one Mom had on, this one in my size. Mom took me into the dressing room and helped me into the dress that matched the one that she had on. The store had some accessories that Mom wanted too. White gloves, pure white scarves and white hats with wide brims on them. A shoe store was recommended so Mom paid for everything with her credit card and we went out looking for the perfect pair of shoes to go with our new dresses, to complete the ensemble.

When Mom got all dressed up to go somewhere she always wore three-inch high-heeled shoes. Only when she was dressed down for relaxing and our drives did she wear flats. We looked through the displays of shoes and found several pairs that would do, providing they had them in both our sizes. Mom spoke to a salesman and he wrote down the styles we liked and went looking for the shoes for us. He returned in about ten minutes with about a dozen boxes of shoes balanced in his hands. We took seats side-by-side so he could fit them onto our feet for us. I was used to this attention already since I had more than a dozen pairs of shoes and tried on a lot that we never did buy.

The first box he opened for Mom produced a pair of black pumps. Mom planted both feet firmly on the floor and said, "White! I specified white shoes! Bright white! Nothing else will do."

"Sorry Ma'am," he apologized quickly. "I believe the box is mismarked." He sorted through the boxes quickly and opened another that contained a pair of white shoes. He put them onto Mom's feet for her and she stood up to walk around in them. He sorted through some more boxes and came up with a pair of white shoes, which he put onto my feet.

“Are you hard of hearing?” Mom asked the man. It was the first time I had ever heard her speak to a salesperson in such tones.

“No Ma’am,” he answered her. He looked confused.

“I said I wanted matching bright white shoes for my daughter and myself. That means that the only difference allowed is the size of the shoes since her feet are smaller than mine, and the height of the heel since I prefer higher heels. The shoes I have on do not match the shoes you just put onto her feet. What is the problem?”

“Uh, sorry Ma’am. I’ll go and look again.” He rushed off to look for more shoes for us.

“Let’s get out of here Margot. This guy is a moron and the longer we stay here the closer I come to losing my temper.”

I had never seen Mom lose her temper and I didn’t think I wanted to witness it just then either. I put my own shoes back on, picked up my bags and followed her out of the store. There had to be other shoe stores we could shop in to get what Mom wanted.

We stopped at our hotel to drop off our purchases in our room, then right back out again to find the shoes that we both needed. With identically matching dresses, gloves, scarves and hats, our shoes had to be perfect too. I knew that! We blew through three more shoe stores before we found a place that could help us. It was pretty hard to find bright white shoes that matched in both our sizes with varying heel heights.

The shoes Mom had on now were open-toed pumps with four-inch heels and a pretty bow adorning the toes. The shoes the woman put onto my feet were identical except that my pair had two-inch high heels. I had never worn high heels before so I had some trouble standing and walking in them. But Mom was calmer now and the woman was helping me and it only took me a few minutes to find my balance. With directions from both of them I was able to walk across the room and back in no time at all. The bright white shoes looked out of place on our feet, me in my bright blue dress, Mom in her medium beige dress. But we were getting them to go with our new matching white dresses so that didn’t matter. “We’ll take them!” Mom declared.

By the time we got our purchases back to our room, it was dinnertime. The attention and stares I drew in the dining room were about what I had gotten all day long, but we were able to enjoy dinner as we talked about our fun-filled day. After dinner we changed into comfortable skirts with blouses and Mom took me out sightseeing and showed me all of the sights she had grown up with. The house her parents had owned and she lived in, the schools she attended, the church they all attended, the streets she played on, then on to the public attractions before returning to the hotel for the night.

Stripping naked with each other didn’t bother either of us, and neither did sharing a nice, hot bubble bath in the extra large tub. I sat back to enjoy the bub-

bles while Mom shaved the stubble of hair from her legs and underarms. “Do all girls shave their legs?” I asked her.

“Most do,” she replied. “Some don’t. But you don’t have to worry dear. You don’t have any hair to shave off yet.”

“I know. I guess that’s good, huh?”

“Sure it is. In a couple of years or so I imagine, you too will have hair you can shave off.”

“Will the nipples on my chest grow to the same size as yours?” Mom had very large and pink nipples with a darker areola around them, and large but firm breasts.

“No dear, they won’t. Would you like them to?”

“Uh no, I don’t think so. I do know that I won’t grow breasts like yours but I didn’t know about the nipples.”

“Yes, you will always have a flat chest with small and flat nipples, unless we do something about them. What do you think about that dear?”

“About doing something about my chest? No thanks, Mom. I don’t think it would be all that bad to have breasts, it sure hasn’t hurt you any. But I don’t want to go out and do something foolish now. I still have to be a boy again when I go back to school in the fall.”

“That’s true. Tell me Margot. Do you think you can ever be a girl again? I mean after we get home, way off in the future. Or is it only for this summer?”

“I don’t know Mom. Maybe on some weekend or holiday, maybe next summer too, that is if we aren’t at home. I would really hate it if anyone at home found out I was doing this now.”

“I know dear. Are you having fun though?”

“Yeah! I am. I like getting dressed up now and going everywhere as a girl. It’s a lot of fun to fool people like that, knowing that I am really a boy and all. I guess I have to meet my Aunt Ruthie as a girl now too, huh?”

“Not if you don’t want to dear. The choice is yours.”

“I think I want to be a girl for her too Mom. It would be a shame to waste the time I get to meet her and I know you want me to be a girl then too. It will be fun to fool her too I think.”

We laughed about it as we washed ourselves, got out and dried off, then just wore our towels back into our room to put on our brand new matching powder blue chiffon nighties. For the first time on our trip we had a large double bed to share and we snuggled down under the covers to fall asleep together, mother and daughter.

CHAPTER 3

It was Sunday morning now, a perfect day to wear our new outfits. Mom and I dressed identically from the skin out. No panties today though. Instead, we both put on a brand new pair of sheer beige pantyhose to begin with, then our matching white bras. Over that we both put on our matching white full slips which came with our dresses.

Mom ordered room service for our breakfast and as we waited for it to arrive, she had me practicing to walk in my two-inch high-heeled shoes. She put on her four-inch heels to walk with me. I think I surprised her in that I remembered everything from trying them on and was able to stand and walk around the room in them. I know I surprised myself with that.

There was a knock on the door, Mom checked and it was our breakfast so we both slipped into bathrobes to open the door and let the man in. He smiled politely at us, had Mom sign the bill before letting himself out the door. I understood Mom's reasoning without her having to explain it to me. By eating in our room before we got dressed we made sure that our dresses stayed clean for when we went out.

I had my juice, milk and cereal while Mom had her usual boiled eggs, toast and coffee. She took her coffee with her to the vanity table where she got to work fixing her hair and makeup. I half watched her as I finished eating, then rolled the cart over to the door for us to push out when we left later. Mom wore her rich black hair very short, shorter than my own hair was and she was able to get it styled rather quickly. With a practiced ease she applied her makeup though since it was a special day she took longer than her usual five minutes. She finished off by placing a pair of small pearl studs into the holes in her ears.

Then it was my turn. Mom brushed my blonde hair into a longer version of her own hairstyle, then redid the mascara on my eyelashes. For today, she also applied some of her lipstick to my lips and some of her blusher to my cheeks. It wasn't much, but it was enough to make us look more the same. I didn't have holes in my ears and she didn't have a spare pair of the pearl studs so I had to go without them.

"Does it hurt to get your ears pierced Mom?" I asked her then.

"It depends on the person and their tolerance for pain," she told me. "Also, the person who is doing it and the method used. Mine were done when I was five so I really don't recall much about it. Why? Do you want pierced ears too?"

"Boys have pierced ears too," I told her. "There are boys at school who wear a different pair of earrings every day. Most of the girls at school have more than two holes in each ear."

"That does seem to be the fashion for girls these days. Maybe I'm old fashioned, but I like just the one hole in each ear. We can get it done for you if you want it dear."

"Not today. I'll think about it though."

Mom put on her dress and I helped her with the zipper. Then she helped me into my dress and did up the zipper for me. She put on her watch and got me the spare one she had. They were not an exact match but they wouldn't really be seen unless we took off our gloves. She put on a single strand of pearls around her neck and got me a single strand of white beads to wear too. Then we tied on our scarves, settled our hats onto our heads, Mom checked her purse while I rolled the cart into the hallway, we put on our gloves, I picked up my empty purse that matched hers and we left the room together.

I found it to be a new thrill to walk about in public dressed so identically to my mother now that I tried to do everything and act the exact same way that she did. We got onto the elevator and bypassed the lobby as we went straight down to the parking garage where our car was. I made sure that I got in the same way that Mom did and we were off.

We went to church! The same church that Mom had shown me the night before, the same one that her family had always gone to in the past. We sat side-by-side through the sermon and for the first time in my life; I realized just how good women had it in a polite society. There were a lot of women there wearing hats, not like ours though, but not a single man wore a hat at all. If men wore them, they had to remove them, women didn't.

Bellhops, waiters and waitresses went out of their way for us, but that was their job and what they got paid to do. Here, in church, polite men went out of their way to help or do things for every woman and girl. We stayed seated longer than most of the others and were among the last to leave, shaking hands with the Minister at the door as we went out.

"Eileen! Is that you?" we heard as we walked into the bright sunshine. Someone had recognized my mother.

She turned to the sound of the voice then. "Hello Ruthie," Mom said. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the woman who rushed up to Mom and gave her a big hug. Mom was not returning the obviously affectionate embrace and pried the woman off of her quickly. "I thought you might be here but took the risk anyway."

"Still mad at me huh? I can understand that. I was really stupid back then and did a lot of dumb things I shouldn't have. Can you ever forgive me Eileen?"

"I don't know. I have learned to live with it though."

"I guess you have. So, who is your twin here?"

"I'm sorry. Ruthie, this is my daughter Margot. Margot, this is your Aunt Ruthie."

"How do you do?" I said as I did a half curtsy just the way Mom had been teaching me.

"I am just fine Margot. It is a great pleasure to meet you. Oh Eileen, she is so adorable. I didn't know you were married."

“I’m not. I stayed single when I moved away. Margot knows the truth so I think I can tell you too. I was pregnant at the same time you were. You just announced it before I could.”

“Steve was Margot’s father! Oh my God! What did I do? I didn’t know Eileen.”

“No one knew. I told Mom just before she died. I told Margot a month ago. Now I have told you too.”

“When did you get into town Eileen? Where are you staying?”

“We got in a couple of days ago and we’re at the Regency Arms Hotel. We are going to stay a couple more days, then head back home.”

“The Reeg? But that is so expensive. I have a couple of rooms at the house. You can come and stay with me for as long as you like.”

“I don’t think so Ruthie,” Mom said to her. “Margot and I are enjoying our vacation together and you and I have too much history to make a stay at your house pleasant. We’ll stay where we are thank you.”

“At least come and have lunch with me? I really want to make up with you Eileen. You are all the family I have now, you and Margot.”

Mom looked down at me and I gave her a shrug with a wink that told her it was fine with me if she wanted to go. I think that Mom was missing her sister a lot, which was why we were there in the first place. Personally I thought it was a good idea to go and have lunch with my Aunt Ruthie. It would give the two sisters a chance to get to know each other again.

We climbed into our car and Aunt Ruthie half ran to hers to lead the way. “We don’t have to go if you don’t want to Margot.” Mom said to me.

“I don’t think we just drove three thousand miles to just say hello and good-bye, Mom,” I replied. “I think we should go and at least take the chance that maybe she has changed her ways.”

“You may be right dear. But how comfortable is it for you?”

“I’m fine Mom. She may be your sister and my Aunt, but it doesn’t feel any different than any other lady I have met as a girl. It just feels a little better since you and I are dressed the same.”

“Yes, that does feel good doesn’t it? Okay, we’ll go for lunch. But if things get too tense we are going to leave okay?”

“Anything is fine with me Mom. Just so long as Aunt Ruthie never learns the truth about who I really am. Its kind of fun to fool her like this.”

“Yes, I think so too. She has never been all that honest with me so to pull a fast one on her feels good to me too. Thank you for being my daughter Margot. But I just want you to know that I could have been equally happy today had you been my son.”

“Thank you for being my mother. I don’t think I could have as much fun today had I been your son. No, it is much more fun I think to be your daughter today.”

Aunt Ruthie drove up beside us then, double honked her horn before driving off with Mom following her. Aunt Ruthie was driving erratically, speeding up and slowing down, running amber lights and stopping on the other side but I suppose that she didn't want to lose us. It was a nice two-story house in the older part of town and well taken care of. We parked in the driveway behind her, then followed her inside. I went on a walking tour of the house and yard leaving the two sisters to talk freely without me around. Mom still had some of her anger to work through since seeing her sister brought back painful memories for her.

We had a light lunch on the patio and Aunt Ruthie seemed to be bending over backwards to please us in any way she could. I tried my best to be as polite with her as I would have been with any other woman I had just met. Mom, for the most part, seemed indifferent to her. It had to be hard on her to see her sister after all these years.

We left soon after lunch though not before making a date to have dinner together at the hotel. Mom just couldn't spend a lot of time with her all at once now. All that Mom had told me about her sister seemed to be true and confirmed by Aunt Ruthie. Trust was something that had to be earned and it would take a long time before Mom could trust her sister again.

When we got back to our hotel, Mom and I changed into our bathing suits and went down to the hotel swimming pool. We swam and played in the pool just like before, then spent about a half-hour in the sauna together. "It feels so good to have you here with me now Margot," Mom told me since there was no other woman in the ladies only sauna. "Ruthie really envies me now that she knows I have a daughter. That feels really good too. I want her to turn green with envy."

"Oh, I think you accomplished that Mom. If you had set her in the forest when she met me, you couldn't see her next to the trees and bushes. I really had to keep from laughing out loud a few times we were with her."

"Me too. Care for some time in the whirlpool dear daughter of mine?"

"I would love to dear mother of mine." We laughed together and it was good to hear her honest mirth coming out once more. She had been quite strained earlier.

Mom and I dressed for dinner with Aunt Ruthie, though a lot more casual than we had for our meeting her at church. I was back to bra with a garter belt and stockings, teddy and my pretty paisley dress with the white flat pumps. My hair was dried and brushed and my makeup was back to just the mascara, no jewelry.

We met Aunt Ruthie in the lobby and she was gushing all over me as if I were her daughter rather than her niece. I didn't much care for it but Mom was enjoying it. We had a subdued dinner in the dining room once Mom told her to cool it.

"Every girl gets her ears pierced early on in life. I see that Margot doesn't have that done yet. Is there a reason for it?" Aunt Ruthie asked Mom.

"I chose not to have it done yet," I said quickly. "I don't know if I'll ever have it done."

“I don’t force Margot into doing anything she doesn’t want to Ruthie,” Mom added. “It’s her life and she has to live it her way.”

“I like to think of myself as an individual,” I said. “I don’t do things just because other girls do them. Most girls like the leggings or shorts, I prefer dresses.”

“Individuality is a good thing dear. I own a salon here in town and would love it if both of you came in for some special treatment. My people are the best in the state. Please say yes.”

“Maybe,” Mom told her. “Don’t push us Ruthie.”

“Sorry Eileen. I don’t mean to push. But my people can give you both an experience you will never forget. I would really love it if you came and tried our services.” Aunt Ruthie gave Mom one of her cards. “Anytime you show up is fine with me.”

“I said maybe Ruthie. Margot and I came here so I could show her where I grew up and to meet you. That has been accomplished. We can get all the pampering we need anywhere. We might show up or we might not. It all depends on our mood at the moment.”

“I understand Eileen. A lot of water has passed under the bridge over the years. It is impossible to just pick up where we left off, I know that.”

“You wouldn’t like it if I picked up where we left off,” Mom told her then.

“No, I suppose not. You were dating Steve and I should have left him alone but I always wanted everything that you had. I guess I was always jealous of you. Now that I’ve met Margot, I find I am still jealous of you. I wish I had a daughter just like her.”

It made both Mom and I feel really good to hear that confession from her. My guise as a girl was impenetrable from her point of view. Mom finally had something over her sister that could never be taken away. We could enjoy ourselves a little more now.

Aunt Ruthie stayed with us until Mom decided it was time for us to go to bed. She didn’t want to leave but both Mom and I had had enough of her for one day. Both I and Mom could only tolerate Aunt Ruthie in small doses. She was a naturally pushy woman and she really had to work at it to not push too hard with me or Mom. It was a strain on her nature that Mom enjoyed watching.

CHAPTER 4

Mom and I had all day Monday together without a sign of Aunt Ruthie. We did the tourist thing and visited all the sites and attractions that brought other people to this place. Mom expected her sister to be calling at least once every hour or so, but there were no messages for us when we returned to our hotel. Mom made a few discreet inquiries and discovered that the Rosebud Salon was one of the best in the state and certainly in this town. Aunt Ruthie had a high quality salon that she owned and operated.

“As long as we’re in town Margot, would you mind if I went and saw Ruthie’s salon?”

“Its okay with me Mom. What do I do?”

“Well, I would hate to leave you here alone and we don’t know anyone else in town so why don’t you come with me? It might be fun for you to see the inside workings of a ladies only salon. Who knows, we might even get your hair done professionally? Or a manicure or pedicure or whatever else they have for younger girls? What do you say Margot? Will you go with me?”

“Sure, I’ll go with you Mom,” I said in an off-handed manner. Mom would go nuts if she didn’t get the chance to see Aunt Ruthie at work now.

Dressing to go to Aunt Ruthie’s Rosebud Salon was about the same for me as dressing everyday was now. I chose bright pink panty briefs trimmed with lots of lace in the same color to go with my bright pink training bra that had lace padded cups, my bright pink sundress that was decorated with a wide ruffle over the bodice and at the hemline which came to mid-calf on me. I wore light pink anklets rolled down once to show off the lace trim they had, and my pair of light pink, almost white, flat-heeled leather mules. Mom approved my choices as she watched me brush my hair the way she had taught me to and redo my mascara as well. Mom wore one of her comfortable skirt and blouse outfits, bare feet and sandals with very light makeup on her face.

We were off and looking for a day of fun at Aunt Ruthie’s place of business.

“Yes Ma’am, may I help you?” a polite woman asked as we entered the front door of the Rosebud Salon.

“Okay,” Mom replied easily. “I would like to get my hair done, maybe have a facial too.”

“Do you have an appointment?” the woman asked politely.

“No. My sister said I didn’t need one and could get whatever I wanted anytime I showed up. She said you were never all that busy,” It was basically what Aunt Ruthie had told us too.

“And who might your sister be?” The woman sounded cautious now as the place was quite busy and probably always was.

“Oh, Ruthie Warroad. Do you know her?”

“Mrs. Warroad owns this establishment Ma’am. You would then be Ms Eileen Thomas and Miss Margot Thomas.”

“Yes, but you know, if you’re busy we can come back some other time,” Mom suggested.

“Oh no Ma’am. Mrs. Warroad left an open appointment for you and your daughter. We can accommodate you immediately.”

With Mom’s short and dark hair, all she really wanted was a henna treatment for it. And I knew she enjoyed getting facials too. I was too young to have the facial done on me and I doubt if I would have wanted it anyway. The henna was for

dark hair and I was blonde. We were led back to a private area that wasn't in use at the moment and a group of women came in to see what they could do for us.

Mom told them immediately what she wanted and we looked through their books to see if there was a style that they could do for me too. I didn't want anything too permanent as I only had about another month or so of being a girl before I would go back to being a boy again. They didn't know that though. We found a very pretty and very feminine style for which my hair length would work. Wavy bangs, ringlets at the sides, curls at the top and back. It was a very cute style for a girl about my age.

Mom and I both had devilish grins on our faces when we saw the picture as we knew that it would probably take a lot of work on their part to do it for us. But we had all day and nothing else planned so why not go for it?

We were split apart and put into separate chairs with only a curtain separating us. Then they got to work on both of us. I leaned back in the chair and felt my hair being washed and rinsed and worked on by competent hands. I had nothing to do but look up at the ceiling or around the small back room. As the woman worked on my hair, another woman set herself up at my feet and began to take off my shoes and socks. I was getting a pedicure too. Then another young woman came in and set up beside me to give me a manicure. I could hear Mom next to me and she was getting similar treatments done to herself.

I don't know how long we sat in those chairs but it had to be hours at least. My nails were all done and glistened with the light pink polish that had been applied and the lacquer finish that was put on overtop. An array of ear studs was placed before me and it was obvious that they wanted to pierce my ears too. Oh, why not? I thought to myself. All girls had it done and most of the boys back home did too. If I didn't like it later on I could always take out the studs and let the holes heal shut.

I picked a pair of tiny gold and diamond looking studs out of the array and the woman gave me a big smile. "Good choice," she said. This woman talked to me as she worked and told me exactly what it was she was doing. First, she made marks on my earlobes to line up exactly where the holes would go and she made them as even as possible. Antiseptic on the front and back would keep infections away. A new needle went into her gun and she told me that it should be completely painless. Bang! I had a hole in my right earlobe and no pain at all. Before the needle came out though, a tiny plastic 'keeper' slid out of the gun, down the needle and into the hole. The needle came out and a 'back' was placed on the keeper. The stud I had chosen was then inserted through the keeper and its back put on too. The same process occurred on my left earlobe and I never felt a thing.

With the clear soft plastic keepers in the holes and against my skin, I could change my earrings and wear any pair I wanted to immediately. They were completely invisible. The keepers would corrode naturally in about four or five months of normal wear and washings leaving me with perfect holes in which to wear my earrings. Having the keepers in also meant that I didn't have to worry about infec-

tions either. They sealed the area off from all dirt. Okay, maybe I would keep the holes now.

My hair was still in rollers and covered with a plastic cap as I sat under the hairdryer when another lady came in and set up before me. This one was a beautician and she had a lot of ideas for ways to make me look prettier. Mom was all done at that time so she came and sat in a chair to watch them work on me. It was Mom who suggested that the woman clean up my eyebrows for me though she didn't want too much taken out.

It hurt, a lot! One by one the woman pulled the errant hair from my brows and all I could do was sit there and try not to cry. Mom watched closely now since she knew that I still had to be a boy again and she didn't want me to look too much like a girl for then. Mom kept the woman from removing too much hair as it might not grow back in time. I was left with eyebrows that were merely 'cleaned up' now.

The dryer came off my head and was followed by the plastic cap, then the rollers were taken out and my hair brushed and combed into place before being held there with hairspray. Mom was pleased and I was swiveled around so I could see it for myself in the mirror. They had made my hair look exactly like the picture we had seen! With my new hairstyle, plucked eyebrows and pierced ears, I now made a very cute and feminine looking girl. Not that I wasn't cute and feminine before mind you. But even more so now. Mom wouldn't allow me a lot of makeup since I was only twelve, not quite thirteen yet.

We were all set to leave and stopped at the front desk to pay. Mom had her credit card out as she asked how much the bill was. "Oh!" the receptionist woman said in surprise. "There is no bill for the sister and niece of Mrs. Warroad."

Mom thanked her then and in putting away her credit card, took out a roll of bills. "Can I at least leave gratuities for the ladies who worked on us?"

"No Ma'am," was the instant reply. "We have strict orders and our livelihood depends on following them to the letter. Mrs. Warroad will take care of all expenses herself. Please, come back at any time. It was a great pleasure for all of us here to serve you and your daughter."

Mom and I left the salon together, quite pleased with our morning there. It wasn't luck and it wasn't chance that we ran right into Aunt Ruthie as soon as we got onto the street. She had probably been waiting for us to come out.

"Well well, don't you two look great now?" she said. "How do you feel though?"

"Nice place you have here Ruthie," Mom told her. "It's the best salon I've ever been in. I feel really good now. Not many salons have been able to make me feel like this. But you didn't have to pay for all of it. I can afford it you know."

"I'll bet you can Eileen. But you are my only sister and Margot is my only niece and I really wanted to treat you both. How do you feel Margot?"

"Okay, I guess," I replied.

“It was Margot’s first experience in a salon,” Mom explained to Aunt Ruthie. “She has nothing to compare it to. Margot is a more natural kind of girl. Things happen at her own pace and I don’t rush her into anything.”

“That’s okay too. Is she on the pill yet Eileen?”

“Heavens no! I said natural and that includes development,” Mom replied. “She only has one childhood and I am not about to rush her into womanhood too soon. She will develop naturally, or not at all.”

Aunt Ruthie took us out to lunch then and we did some more touring through the area where they both grew up. They had a lot of memories to talk about and I noticed that they both stayed away from talking about my father. It was obviously still painful to both of them. We had dinner at the hotel again that evening, all three of us, since it was the last chance we had to be together. We were leaving the next day. Mom and Aunt Ruthie were getting along fine together now while I merely sat back and reveled in my new appearance as a girl.

It was a warmer embrace my mother had with her sister on their parting than they’d had on their meeting a few days earlier. Aunt Ruthie hugged me too though I didn’t feel any need to reciprocate the action. She was just another woman I had met on my vacation and I didn’t feel any special bond to her, yet.

CHAPTER 5

One more night in the hotel and we were on the road again. Our route home was more direct than our route here had been so it only took us about three weeks to travel the three thousand or so miles. It was a slow and leisurely pace now of about a hundred and fifty to two hundred miles per day on average since we had stop-overs at some of the tourist attractions on the way. All in all, I guess that between the two of us we took about two dozen rolls of pictures on Mom’s camera. It was going to cost a fortune to develop all of them.

To my surprise, I was completely calm and at ease when Mom pulled into our driveway and I was able to get out of the car once more at our house. I was still a girl then as I still had my new hairstyle and wore nothing but girls’ clothes. I had to laugh as we unloaded the car and took our things inside our house. “What is so funny?” Mom had to ask me.

“This!” I said as I pointed to my bags. “We packed my bags together before we left, drove over six thousand miles with them and never once used any of them. Don’t you find that funny?”

“Yes, I suppose it is in a way. So, is Anthony coming home right away or can Margot stay for a day or two?” she asked me.

“I think I would like Margot to hang around for a day or two, if that’s alright with you Mom? I want to see how people here react to her before she disappears.”

“Thank you Margot. I would love to see that too.”

It was a new and special feeling for me to climb into my own bed now wearing one of my many new nighties collected from our vacation. I had more girls clothes

than I did boys and my closets and dresser drawers were bulging when we got them all in there. I decided that instead of having one closet for formal wear and one for casual wear that I should now have one for my boy things and the other for my girl things. Best to keep the two separated. I could do likewise with my dresser drawers. One for male, the other for female. I would take care of it the next day.

Margot stayed with us for more than a day or two. It was a lot of fun for me to go out and visit the places I knew so well as a boy now that everyone took me to be a girl. Everything was so different now. Attitudes and acceptance and courtesy from people who had no time or use for me before as a boy. The girls would talk to me now and I giggled with them in the ladies room often enough that I got to know them more in one week than I had in my entire life to date. I wasn't one of the guys now and even they had more of a tolerance for me as Margot than they ever had for me as Tony. I wasn't surprised by it either. People all seemed to like girls more than they did boys.

All too soon the time came for me to go back to school and I had to do it as a boy. I had to wash out my girlish curls and ringlets and comb my hair into a style more acceptable for a boy. I was lucky in that my girl's cut still worked well for me as a boy. My mascara came off and my lashes were returned to their natural state, short, thin and quite straight. My eyebrows didn't look bad as they were and I could still pass for a boy. My pretty gold and diamond studs came out to be replaced with a pair of the small rings that boys seemed to favor.

For my last night before school I chose to wear the first nightie Mom had bought for me and it was still a thrill for me to wear it around the house before bed. In the morning though I had to take it off and get dressed for school in only my boy clothes.

White cotton jockey shorts, white socks over my colorless feet, undershirt and flannel shirt with my tight fitting jeans and well worn sneakers. I missed my bras and panties but I really could not wear them to school as a boy. I put my hair back into the familiar ponytail at the base of the skull and immediately missed my pretty hairstyle and mascara. Gone was the pretty girl I had seen in my mirrors before and she was replaced by the plain, small and slightly effeminate young boy that I now had to be.

It was a new grade and a new school though some of the faces were still familiar to me. The attitudes towards me as Tony were about the same as they always had been. Cold, distant, indifferent for the most part. I did have a few friends among the boys, but they were basically outcasts from the main groups as well. The girls wouldn't give me the time of day now.

Classes were a lot different than they had been in elementary school. Instead of having one teacher for everything, I now had one teacher for each subject and had to travel between classes to attend them. Lockers in the hallway were another new experience for me. But all of us kids were making adjustments to get used to the new atmosphere we were stuck in.



I was a boy at school and therefore, a boy at home. Margot was gone for the entire week and could not return until the weekend, if at all. The more I went to school, the more I had to stay as a boy, the less we saw of Margot. Within weeks Margot seemed to be gone from my life.

Mom seemed to be as happy to have a son again as she had seemed to have a daughter in her life. I had a closet and a dresser full of girls' clothes that I just wasn't wearing anymore. But I didn't have it in me to get rid of any of them. I just knew that I had to keep them all.

It was about mid October that a girl transferred in from another school. Her family had just moved within the perimeter of our school zone and she had to come to our school now. Her name was Pamela Jones and she was in my homeroom and

most of my classes too. But she was also one of the local girls that Margot had gotten to know a great deal about in the two weeks prior to the commencement of the school year. I didn't think I had anything to worry about.

It was just two days after Pamela had come to our school, a Friday, that she sidled up next to me when I was alone at my locker at lunchtime. "Hello Margot," she whispered to me. "Nice to see you again."

"What are you talking about Pam?" I asked defensively. "My name is Tony. Margot is my cousin."

"Oh come on now Tony," she said. "You and I both know that you and Margot are one and the same person. Don't worry though. I haven't told anyone else, and I won't as long as you admit it to me here and now. Keep denying it and I'll make sure the whole school knows you were out and about while dressed as a girl."

"What do you want from me Pam?" I asked with real terror building up in me.

“First of all I want you to admit the truth. You and Margot are one and the same, right?”

“Right,” I said sullenly. I was trapped and I knew it. I had to admit it to her or risk having her tell the whole school. With an allegation like that made I would be more of an outcast than I was already if not more of a target for the bullies. It didn’t matter what could or could not be proven, the allegation was enough to destroy me and I knew it.

“I knew it!” She still kept her voice low enough that no one could overhear us. “I want to see Margot tonight,” she told me then. “Hair, makeup, clothes, jewelry, the works! Meet me at the McDonalds on Henderson at seven. If you don’t show up tonight you may as well not bother to come to school again, understood?” She didn’t wait for an answer as she slipped away as quickly as she had appeared.

What was I going to do now? I worried about it all through lunch and the rest of my afternoon classes. My secret was out, at least as far as Pamela Jones. How far it had gone already beyond that I didn’t know. Like it or not I knew that Margot had to come out of my closet tonight if only for the one time. I had to know who knew and the only way I would find out was to keep the appointment with my blackmailer.

Mom was home as usual when I got home from school and she expected me to do my homework before I did anything else. “I’ll do it later Mom,” I told her which was uncharacteristic for me.

“What’s wrong Anthony?” she asked me. She always used my full first name whenever she spoke to me and she could sense that something was wrong.

I had nothing to lose by telling my mother. “Somehow one of the girls at school knows that I was Margot. She is blackmailing me now. Either I show up as Margot to meet her tonight or she will tell the whole school about me on Monday.”

“What are you going to do dear?” she asked with concern.

“The only thing I can do for now Mom. Margot has to go to meet her.”

“Okay. I’ll help you with your hair if you like.”

It had been a couple of weeks since Margot’s last appearance and that time had only been the underwear with a dress for around the house. I didn’t like being blackmailed, I thought to myself as I put on my padded training bra, garter belt, stockings and panties. It was cooler out these days so I put on a full slip too. Then I had Mom to help me with my hair, mascara and finger nails too. I didn’t bother with my toenails since the shoes I would wear had closed toes. Mom helped me with my dress and shoes and found a sweater that I could wear with them. She made sure to change my earrings for me and provided me with a necklace, a watch and a bracelet. Mom lent me one of her small purses and filled it with all of the things that girls carried, including one of her wallets with some money in it. I was as ready as I ever had been to go out as a girl again.

CHAPTER 6

Pamela was waiting alone for me in a back booth when I got there a few minutes early. I got an order of fries and a coke to take back to sit beside her in the horseshoe shaped booth.

“Hi Margot! Glad you could make it,” she said to me as I sat down.

“What choice did I have?” I replied.

“None really. I would have told the entire school if you hadn’t shown up, and anyone else who cared to listen.”

“Why?” I asked her then. “Why do you have to do this to me?”

“I didn’t force you to do it to begin with dear girl. You did it on your own. But I really did like Margot and I really did want her as my friend. Imagine my surprise when I realized that the girl I really liked was really a boy! Don’t worry though. Your secret is safe with me. As long as you do what I say from now on.”

“What do you want from me Pam?”

“Just your friendship Margot. I like you as a girl and I want you to be a girlfriend with me. Is that too much to ask?”

“It is when its blackmail. You’re a pretty and intelligent girl Pam. You have a lot of other girlfriends already. Why me?”

“I told you already Margot. I really liked you and the times we’ve already shared in the ladies washrooms. You are prettier and more feminine than any of my other girlfriends. And you are a lot smarter than any of them too. I want you and me to be friends all the time. At home, at school, anywhere and everywhere.”

“I have to be a boy when I go to school Pam. We can’t be girlfriends there.”

“No, but we can still be friends. I don’t mind seeing Tony at school, but I do want to see Margot in the evenings and on weekends. What does your family think about you dressing up and going out as a girl?”

“I only have a mother and she helps me. So who else is going to know about me?” I had to ask her.

“No one. It’s just you and me kid, and your mother. I’m not even going to tell my mother or father or any of my brothers. None of my other friends either. I just want to be good friends with Margot, that’s all. And I would love it if Margot could help me with my homework too. I’m not as smart as you are.”

“You want me to do it for you?” I asked her.

“Nope. I just want you to help me with it. I know I have to learn it, I just have a hard time grasping some of the concepts involved with all of it. You help me with my homework and I’ll help you with being a girl. I know you like being a girl, don’t you?”

“Yeah, a bit. So what?”

“Hey! Don’t get defensive on me. I don’t mind that you’re really a boy. I don’t mind that you like pretending to be a girl. I like being a girl too. I just want a girl-

friend who doesn't mind being feminine most of the time. Like I said, you are more feminine than any of my other friends. That's what I like the most about you. Will you be my girlfriend Margot?"

"I guess I have to do whatever you say, don't I?" I replied.

"No. We're friends and friendship doesn't work that way. You be you and I'll be me. I just hope that you like being a girl enough that you can be a girl most of the time with me. Do you like girls too or do you like the boys?"

"Ugh, I hate the boys. I like girls Pam. I guess that's why I let my mother talk me into dressing up as one. No one likes Tony at all. None of the boys and none of the girls."

"Well, all that changes as of now my friend. You and I are going to start hanging out together at school and if anyone wants to know why, its because you and I are friends and I am friends with your cousin too. If I lose other girlfriends because of it, that's just fine with me. I think though that what will happen is that the other girls will begin to accept having you around. Once that happens, the boys are going to want to be your friend as well."

Pam and I left the McDonalds together and walked back to my house. "Is that you Margot?" Mom called as we entered the front door.

"Yes Mom," I called back.

"How was your date?" she asked coming out of the kitchen to see us in the front hall. "Oh! Who is this?"

"Mom, this is Pamela Jones. Pam, this is my mother," I introduced them.

"Pleased to meet you Pamela," Mom said to her.

"It's my pleasure," Pam returned. "Are you mad at me for blackmailing Margot into meeting with me tonight?"

"Well, I suppose it all depends on why you did it," Mom said. "Would you girls like some milk and cookies? I just baked some."

"Yes please," Pam said.

We followed Mom to the kitchen and she got out three glasses of milk and the fresh cookies were put onto a plate.

"I just wanted Margot to be my friend," Pam explained to Mom between nibbles on the cookie she held in her fingers. "Margot is the prettiest and most feminine girl around and any girl with half a brain can see that. She is also the smartest kid in my class at school. I think it would be a big waste of her obvious talents to let her waste her life living as a boy all the time."

"Yes, Margot is pretty and feminine and smart. But did you have to blackmail her?"

"Just one time. I want Margot to be my friend and I want her to enjoy being a girlfriend as well as a boyfriend. I think that being around him and her both can only help me be more of a girl and truly feminine at that. Is that so wrong Mrs. Thomas?"

“Its Ms Thomas, Pamela. I’ve never been married. And no, I don’t think there is anything wrong with your motivation. But make no mistake Pamela. I love my son and I love my daughter, whichever one happens to be around.”

“I’m glad to hear that. Can you help me to become as feminine a girl as you have helped Margot be? I only have brothers and my mother doesn’t have the time to spend with me. None of my other girlfriends can hold a candle next to Margot.”

“Well, I am certainly glad to finally meet a girl who wants to be feminine. Its a rare thing in this day and age,” Mom said. “Of course I’ll help you. I’ll help you both to be the prettiest and most feminine girls around.”

“Thanks Ms Thomas. I guess I should go home now. Thanks for the milk and cookies. And thanks for coming to meet me tonight Margot. I hope you aren’t too mad at me.”

“Not anymore Pam. I was mad before though. What are you doing tomorrow?”

“I have nothing planned, why?”

“Why don’t you bring your books over here and we can do our homework together. Yes, I will be Margot for the whole weekend now. Having spent so much time doing my hair and nails it would be a shame to wash it all out now.”

“I’d love to, thanks Margot!”

“Do your parents allow sleepovers Pamela?” Mom asked her.

“Sure! I’ve had lots of them!”

“Good. Why don’t you give me your phone number and I’ll ask if you can spend the night with us. We have several unused guestrooms. You can take your pick of them.”

I don’t know why, but all of a sudden I was enjoying the prospect of having a good friend who knew all about me. I guess it could be because I didn’t have all that many friends anyway and certainly none who wanted to spend any time with me. Having Pam as a friend could be a good thing for me and I no longer minded having to dress up as a girl to have her friendship. This could be a good thing for both me and Mom.

Mom spoke to Mrs. Jones on Saturday morning and although it was short notice, she agreed to let Pam spend that night at our house. That gave Pam too much stuff to carry over to our house so Mom and I drove over to pick her up. Pam was all ready to go when we got there with her over-night bag and her schoolbooks and wearing a skirt and blouse since I always wore them too. Well, today I was wearing a dress.

We got to meet the entire Jones household. Pam’s parents and her four older brothers. Mom left them with our address and phone number in case they should want to get in touch with their daughter, then I helped Pam carry her things to our car and we left.

It turned into a wonderful and busy weekend for all of us. As soon as we got home, Pam and I got to work on our homework and were done in less than half an

hour. Then I took her upstairs and showed her my room, Mom's room and our guestrooms. She chose the room she wanted to stay in and we made up the bed for her.

Then Pam had an idea. "Your room looked awfully cramped Margot," she told me with Mom standing there. "It must be tough to have to share a room with your cousin Tony, and he's a boy too. With another spare bedroom, why don't we move you into it so that you have your own room too."

"That is a good idea Pamela," Mom said. "Actually I have been thinking about that myself too. But I think that we should make Anthony and Margot brother and sister rather than cousins."

"But if they are brother and sister, why doesn't Margot go to the same school?" she asked.

"Margot is much smarter than her brother and goes to a private school for a specialized education. That way no one sees her during the week. Only on weekends when Anthony goes to visit some other friends who live out of town. That explains why there is only one of them around at a time and they are never seen together."

I liked their ideas too though I didn't like being talked about like I wasn't there. Pam and I got to work then to transfer all of my female clothes out of my boy bedroom and put them into my new girl bedroom. That gave Pam the opportunity to see every feminine thing I had.

"Oooh!" she gushed when I began taking out my lingerie. "You actually wear all of this stuff Margot?" she asked with envy.

"Sure," I replied easily. "Its more fun, I find, to wear the prettier and frillier things than to wear the plainer underthings. Don't you have stuff like this?"

"Oh no. My mother buys me the plainer stuff that most of the other girls like. Cotton panties and basic bras and I wear pajamas to bed."

I took out my nighties then and said, "These are what I wear to bed as a girl."

"Wow! Not even my mother has nighties like these! You're really lucky Margot."

"Thanks Pam. I think so too. Pick one that you like."

"Why?" she asked me then.

"We're pretty close to the same size so my nighties should fit you too. Since we're friends now and you're spending the night here, I think that we should both wear similar things. Since I don't even own a pair of pajamas I won't mind it if you borrow one of my nighties."

"Wow! Thanks Margot! This is great!" She picked out one of my pretty yellow nighties that was a three-piece baby doll set. It would look good on her with her longer brown hair. So I decided to wear my three-piece black baby doll which was an equal contrast to my blonde hair. We finished moving everything over by mid afternoon.

"Want to go for a swim Pam?" I asked her then.

“I would love to Margot, but I didn’t bring a bathing suit. I didn’t know you had a pool.”

“Yeah, we’ve always had one. But it was too dark last night when you were here and I didn’t think to mention it. You can borrow one of my bathing suits if you want. They stretch and I have lots of them too.”

“You’ve been both a boy and a girl all of your life?” she asked me.

“Oh no,” I laughed. “I’ve only been a girl for about three and a half months now.” I got out a pair of my one-piece bathing suits and let her take her pick. She went into the bathroom to get changed while I changed in my new girl’s bedroom. In bare feet and with towels slung over our shoulders we went down the stairs and out the kitchen door.

“Its easy to see what you girls intend,” Mom said as we passed her on the patio.

“So put on a bathing suit and join us,” I suggested.

“No thanks dear. You girls have fun. I’ll be right here though if you need me.”

“You have a great Mom,” Pam whispered to me as we put our towels over a chair close to the pool.

“Yeah, I think so too,” I answered.

We swam and played in the water for more than an hour, then got out to sit around the patio table under the umbrella. I noticed then that Pam had a pensive, thoughtful look about her and I wondered what she was thinking.

“Penny for your thoughts,” I said then.

“I was just thinking that you probably hate me now for making you dress up like a girl again,” she said.

“Wait right here,” I told her. I went and spoke to Mom for a minute and she told me where it was. I went into the house and returned in a few minutes with a photo album Mom had put together for us. It contained all the pictures we had taken on our last summer vacation.

I sat down right beside Pam now; the album closed on the table in front of me. “I only started to wear girls clothes this past summer Pam,” I told her. “I found them to be more comfortable when I had to spend a lot of time in the car as Mom drove. With Mom’s help I soon found that it wasn’t so bad being dressed in nothing but girls clothes. Then I got to liking it too.” I showed her the photo album and explained all the pictures in it. I told her all about the trip east, the time we spent with Aunt Ruthie and the fact that she didn’t know yet that Anthony even existed. I told her about our return trip and the time I spent at home, before school, as a girl. That was when I had met her for the first time. “When I started school I found that I didn’t like changing back and forth between being a boy and being a girl. I had to be a boy for school so I started spending less and less time as a girl. Week-ends were unpredictable. If I dressed as a girl, Mom might have had plans for me to be a boy, or the other way around. We talked about it but little things kept coming up. I hate changing back and forth all the time.”

“Then I came along huh?”

“That’s right. Getting dressed up just for myself or just for Mom was okay, it was not knowing how long I had before I had to change back that bothered me. I didn’t want to do it if it was only going to be for an hour or two or even just half a day. I wanted more time if I was going to be a girl at all. With you as my friend and Mom knowing the rules, I can change into a girl as soon as I get home on Friday and stay that way until I have to go back to school. That makes doing it a lot more fun for me. So I guess I have to thank you for blackmailing me and for spending the night tonight.” That made her laugh then.

Mom showed up then with a pitcher of lemonade on a tray with three glasses. “And what are you girls giggling about?” she asked solemnly.

“I just gave Pam my complete history as a girl,” I replied. “And I thanked her for blackmailing me so that I had a good reason to be a girl for more than an hour or two at a time.”

“You needed a good reason did you?” Mom asked.

“Yes, I did. I hate changing back and forth all the time,” I replied.

“Yeah, that can be quite confusing. I guess I have to thank Pam for blackmailing you then too. I think I am going to enjoy having you girls around just as often as possible. And, since Anthony is no longer enrolled in the physical education class at school, I think we should do Margot’s toenails and her brother can keep them like that all week long.”

“Why isn’t Tony in Phys Ed anymore?” Pam asked us.

Mom and I smiled at each other. “It wouldn’t be appropriate,” Mom explained. “To take the class would mean showering with the other boys. The problem there is that Anthony has the tan lines just like the girls do. Margot got a lot of sun this past summer and she wore nothing but the proper girls’ swimwear. Either one piece or two piece, but always feminine.”

“I didn’t think about that. That could be a big problem for Tony in the boys’ locker room. So he doesn’t have to take Phys Ed at all then?”

“Not at all. And since Margot is out here in the sun again and in a girl’s one piece suit, it is going to darken her tan and bring out her tan lines even more.”

“Yeah! Let’s do our toenails Margot. We can do our fingernails too only we’ll use a clear hardener on them since Tony can’t wear nail polish on his fingers when he has to go to school and it would be too painful to keep taking it off all the time.”

“Oh, there’s no pain involved,” Mom said then. “Nail polish remover on a cotton ball does it without pain.”

“I wasn’t talking about physical pain Ms Thomas. There has to be some emotional pain involved for Margot to change back and forth all the time.”

Mom smiled then. “Yes, I imagine there is. I didn’t think about that.”

Pam and I went into my new bedroom and Mom brought us all of the supplies we would need to do our nails with. Then she went to make dinner. Having had

the professional pedicure and manicure myself, I was able to do most of it for Pam, then she did it for me. We did our finger and toenails exactly as she had suggested and she loved having all twenty nails matching. I only had the ten on my toes painted pink. My fingernails had the clear hardener on them.

We didn't want to spend all day in the bathing suits so Pam went to the guestroom this time and changed out of my bathing suit she had borrowed to put on her plain panties and bra. Then she returned to my room just as I was pulling on my lacy white panties.

"Oops. Sorry Margot," she apologized. "I should have knocked."

"What for Pam. We're both girls aren't we? Mom and I aren't shy about seeing each other naked so it doesn't bother me if you see me that way too."

She stood there and looked at me with a funny expression on her face for a minute or so, then said, "I guess that if you're dressing as a girl that you would have to undress as one too."

"That's about it. But don't worry, if you're shy, I won't look at you."

"I'm not shy, with real girls. I just never thought about undressing with you around is all."

"Its okay Pam. Really. Is that a training bra you have on?"

"Almost. It's a 26AA padded bra. Why?"

"That's the size I wear. Want to try one that's a lot more lacy than that one?"

"Gawd yes!" she almost shouted. "Can I borrow a pair of panties too?"

"Sure. I have a brand new set here in pink that has never been worn. I really don't like to share underthings so you can have them if you want them." I got out the new set that also included a garter belt and handed them to her. "You can go back to the guest room or the bathroom to change if you like," I told her then.

"Why can't I change right here Margot?"

"You can, but then I might see you naked."

"That's okay. We're both girls, right?"

"That's true." Pam wasn't shy at all as I helped her undo her bra and put on the pink one. Then she slipped out of her panties and pulled on the pink ones I had given her. I helped her with the garter belt before I put on my own white one. Then I got us each a pair of sheer, nude nylon stockings for our legs. She had worn pantyhose before, not stockings, so I had to show her how to smooth them up her legs and attach them to the garter tabs. It was a lot of fun for both of us to have another girl to get dressed up with now.

The evenings were much cooler now than the days were so I got us each a teddy to wear as well. Pam didn't own a single teddy so it was a new experience for her. I let her use my pink one to go with her new under set while I put on my white one. Then we began to look through my closet for a dress for each of us to wear.

Pam really liked my longer length pale pink summer dress so I set it out for her to wear. I chose my paisley dress and hung it out too. We helped each other with doing our hair now that it was dry after our swim. Pam had beautiful long hair that just needed to be brushed so I did it for her, one hundred strokes. Then I got out one of my long pink ribbons and tied it into a neat bow on the top of her head. She looked great like that. My hair needed a bit more than a brushing so I sat down to let her help me put in some curl. I showed her how I put in my ringlets and the wave in my bangs.

Unfortunately for both of us, our mothers felt we were still too young to wear makeup all of the time. I used my eyelash curler and put on my mascara, then showed her how to do it too. It was all I was allowed so I felt that she should be allowed to use it too. Then I helped Pam into my pale pink dress, set the short puffed sleeves onto her shoulders and closed the zipper up her back. She stood in front of my dressing mirror and turned this way and that to see herself from as many sides as she could. It made me smile because I could still recall doing those exact same motions myself every time I put on one of my many dresses. I put on my dress myself and was able to work my hands and arms behind my back to get the zipper done up.

“Hey!” she exclaimed. “How did you get the zipper done up so fast?”

“Practice my dear friend, practice. And lots of it too. Sure, I had Mom to help me when I first started to wear dresses, but I had to learn to do it myself since Mom can’t always be there.”

“I can’t do that. It takes me forever to close a zipper behind my back.”

“So practice then. That’s what I did. Shoes. I only have one pair of heels and they’re only two inches high. I’m afraid we’re both stuck with flats. Pumps or sandals?” I asked her.

“What have you got to go with this dress Margot?”

“Both styles. You choose.” I got out all of my pink shoes and she chose a pair of pumps. But I had bigger feet than she did and the pumps just wouldn’t stay on her feet. So she chose a pair of sandals and was able to adjust the straps tighter than I wore them. I chose my white sandals just so we could have the same style of footwear. We both wore the same style of dresses though hers was pink and mine had more white in it. “So, let’s go see what Mom thinks,” I said.

We found Mom in the kitchen and dinner was just about ready when we got there. “My, don’t you two look nice,” she said. “I see that Margot’s things fit you rather nicely Pam.”

“Yes, everything but her shoes. Margot has more beautiful clothes than I ever saw in one room before, except in a store. I wish I had clothes like she does.”

With dinner almost ready, I began to set the dining room table for the three of us. Pam soon joined in to help me. When Pam couldn’t see her, Mom gave me a big smile and a wink. She really liked the idea that I now had a girlfriend to spend some time with. A friend who knew the truth and preferred me as a girl too. I liked the idea myself.

We ate, and then we all pitched in to clean up the dishes, the kitchen and the dining room. It would be a total waste of a lot of time for us to stay in the house now that we were all dressed up so Mom offered to walk us down to the ice cream store for a cone. The whole point to being all dressed up was to let other people see us like that. Pam wanted to go out too so we all found a sweater to wear, Mom got her purse and away we went. It was fun for all three of us.

It was still early when we got home but Pam couldn't wait anymore. She wanted to get changed into the nightie I had lent her and just lounge around the house in it. So we went up to our respective rooms to change. I no sooner got my shoes off and my dress unzipped when Pam came through my door.

"Mind if I change with you?" she asked me.

"Not at all," I said. "Turn around and I'll get the zipper for you." I undid the zipper on the dress she had on and together we stripped down till we were both completely naked. I had the sheer panty of my black nightie halfway up my legs and Pam was just reaching for her panty when Mom entered the room.

"So this is where you girls are," she said. "I didn't think you would both change together in the same room."

"Why not?" Pam asked with a smile. "We are both girls."

"Okay. Would you girls care for some popcorn and cocoa? There is a movie on soon that I would like to watch and I thought you might care to join me, when you're changed of course."

"Of course," I said. I glanced at Pam and she seemed up for it so I said we would.

Mom left us then and we finished putting on our nighties. "Your Mom was so calm about us changing together, Margot. My Mom would have had a fit."

"Yeah well, my Mom knows that when I am dressed as a girl I AM a girl, even with other girls around. Your Mom would have seen me as a boy wearing girls' things. That is the main difference."

"I guess. Your Mom is really cool."

"Thanks. I like her so I think I'll keep her for now. But I am willing to share." We had a good laugh, then she took my hand and we walked out of my room and down to the living room where Mom had everything ready to go. It was nice having a good friend like Pam now.

After the movie, Pam and I went up to go to bed. Mom followed us up. Pam just stood in the doorway to the guest bedroom and stared inside for a minute or so. Then she turned to look at the door to my bedroom. She turned to look at us then. "I don't want to sleep in a strange bed all alone," she said. "Can I sleep with Margot?"

"I don't think that would be appropriate," Mom told her. "Would it Margot?"

"Why not?" I asked. "It was okay for you and I to sleep together in Florida."

“That was different. We were mother and daughter then and only one bed was available for us. We have lots of beds here now.”

“So what? Pam and I are both girls and all we will do is sleep.”

Pam and I both coaxed Mom and finally she relented and let us sleep together in the same bed. I didn't mind having Pam in my bed with me because I was a girl too then. That's the way she saw it as well. There just wasn't any masculinity in me when I was a girl. Mom tucked us in and turned off the light before closing the door when she left my room. Pam rolled her back to me and I rolled the other way and we both fell asleep.

CHAPTER 7

On Sunday afternoon, we delivered Pam back to her house and her family. Mrs. Jones invited us to stay for tea so we did. Mom had tea with her on their patio while Pam took me up to her room to show me all of her things. She put a finger to her lips cautioning me to stay quiet, then opened her window. We could then listen in on our mothers talking below us.

“Thank you for letting Pam stay the night with us,” we heard my Mom say.

“Oh no Eileen, thank you for putting up with her,” was the answer. “Pam is at a stage in her life that I just don't understand her. She is a regular terror at home.”

“Are we talking about the same person here?” Mom asked. “Pam was a very polite young lady with us, soft spoken and well mannered. It was a delight for me to have her spend the night with my daughter.”

“Aw, I just don't know about her. Maybe it's me. I just don't have the time to spend with her that I should what with working and the house to take care of and the whole family too. How do you manage it with Margot? She is such a pretty girl and seems so well mannered herself. Can it be that some of Margot is rubbing off on Pam?”

“It could be. But I hope that some of Pam rubs off onto Margot too. Together they make a beautiful pair of young ladies.”

I didn't like eavesdropping so I closed the window then while Pam stifled her giggles. She enjoyed doing that. “Look Pam. Want to throw your mother for a loop like never before?” I asked.

“What do you have in mind Margot?”

“I take it from what your mother just said that you aren't all that nice here at home?”

“No girl ever is at home. Its home and time to be yourself.”

“I get along great with my mother all the time. The way you saw us is the way we always are together. I was thinking that it might help your mother believe that us being friends is the best thing that ever happened to you if it started to change you here at home.”

“Us being friends IS the best thing that ever happened to me.”

“So prove it then Pam.”

“How?” she asked a bit warily.

“Well, since Margot always wears dresses or skirts, why not start wearing them more often yourself. As time goes by you can improve your manners around here and start to help out a bit more. Try to be polite with your family.”

“Why should I? They aren’t polite or nice to me.”

“That’s not the point Pam. The point is that if you start to show positive changes when you come home from my place, maybe your Mom will let you come and spend weekends with us more often. I don’t know much about having brothers, except for Tony, but I do want to get to know what it's like to have a sister like you.”

“Okay, I get it. I’ll be nice for the rest of today, then start to taper off a bit as the week goes by to be my old self again. Maybe then I can come to your place again on Friday for two nights instead of one.”

“That’s it. I want you to come for next Saturday anyway. It's my birthday. I’ll be thirteen then. We can have a lot more fun then than we did this time.”

“I’ll be there Margot. Thanks. Now, how about helping me get changed into one of my dresses. I know Mom will flip if she sees me like that.”

Pam got undressed while I looked through her closet to see what she had. She had a few pretty dresses and with the bra and panty set I had given her, she could dress up nicely. I just lay across her bed and watched as she put on the garter belt herself. I couldn’t help noticing then that she had a few wisps of dark hair growing down between her legs, just like Mom had a thick bush of it. I was still quite bare myself in that area. Pam had the larger feminine nipples on her chest and it was easy to see that she had budding little breasts too. In a way I kind of envied her a bit. She would blossom into full womanhood while I could only fake it.

She finally got the garter belt on and sat down in front of me to put on the stockings. Then she pulled on the panties and started on the bra. She did it the easy way I had at first. It doesn’t matter which route is taken, so long as the end result is the same and it was. I helped Pam into her pretty green party dress and did up the zipper for her. Then she slipped her feet into her matching flat-heeled pumps and she was ready.

Our mothers were still talking and having tea when Pam and I strolled out onto the patio, giggling together as we usually did now. “Is there lots of tea Mom, or should I make some more?” Pam asked politely.

“Uh, there’s plenty here Pam, thank you,” her mother replied in bewilderment.

“May we join you then?” she asked.

Mrs. Jones looked stunned as Pam and I pulled up chairs and sat down. I gave Mom a quick wink and a smile and she played along. "That is a lovely dress you're wearing Pamela," Mom said to her.

"What? This old thing? I just wanted to see if it would still fit me."

"Mom?" I interrupted. "Next Saturday is my birthday. Can Pam come for the day again? I would love it if she could stay the whole weekend with us this time."

"That is fine with me dear, but its up to Mrs. Jones. They may have other plans."

"Uh, no! No other plans," Mrs. Jones had woken up. "I take it you are having a party?"

"No party," I said. "Pam is the only friend I have and I just want her to come and help us celebrate it. My brother is never home on weekends now since he goes to visit his other friends in Coyville. It'll be just me and Mom and Pam too I hope."

"Of course Pam can come to your house again," she said.

"We would like her to spend the weekend if at all possible," Mom said then. "She is such a wonderful girl and a positive influence on Margot too."

"Well, if its no bother to you, its certainly fine with me."

"Great, thanks Mom," Pam beamed. She got half out of her chair to reach across and give her mother a hug. It wasn't long after that when we left to go home.

"Okay Margot," Mom said to me when we were driving away from Pam's house. "What are you two girls cooking up?"

"It was my idea," I told her. "Pam is just going along with it."

"What?"

"Pam likes to eavesdrop so we heard some of the beginning of your conversation with Mrs. Jones, about Pam being a terror at home. I figured it could only help all of us if she began to change her ways, for the better. So after Pam spends some time with us she is going to go home and try to be more polite with her family, caring and considerate too. Pam really wants to wear dresses like I do all the time, but she doesn't have many. My new pink undie-set fit her so I gave it to her. I don't think that we should share those things, especially panties. She only has the plain cotton panties of her own and she likes mine a lot more."

"So the plan is to have Pam be more of a lady at home than she ever has been in the past?"

"Right. It should take some of the burden off of Mrs. Jones and I think Pam wants to do it anyway. With positive changes showing so much, we think it might be possible for Pam to come over more often than she might have otherwise. I really do like Pam, Mom."

"I like her too. But I have to wonder just how it is that you like her?"

“I know what you mean Mom. But there is something I doubt you are aware of. When I am a girl, I am all girl. I don’t like boys the way girls do, but I stop thinking like a boy when I am a girl. Pam and I are like two very close sisters then. We can wear each other’s clothes, help each other dress, do each other’s hair and nails, even sleep together in the same bed. Whenever I am a girl I want to be as feminine as I can be, and Pam wants to be just as feminine. We could never do the boy and girl thing that you’re thinking of.”

“I’m glad to hear that Margot. Okay. I’ll help you both to be the best girls you can be, if Pam is going to practice it at home too. I think her mother will like that too.”

CHAPTER 8

Monday morning and I was a boy when I went to school, almost. I still had my painted toenails and was wearing my panties instead of my shorts, but everything else was as a boy. I ran into Pam in front of the school and it seemed as though she was waiting for me. “Hi Pam,” I greeted her as I walked up to her. “How’s it going?”

“Great Tony. Just great! I kept my mother flabbergasted all day and this morning too.”

“Good. I had to tell my mother what we were up to and she thinks its a great idea too. She can help us a lot with it and with other things as well. But for now I am Tony again so we can’t talk about that.”

“What’s the seating like in this school? Do we have to take assigned seats or can we move around?”

“Its flexible. You sit where you want, when you want. Why?”

“If you don’t mind then I think I want to sit as close to you as I can in all of our classes.”

“Everyone is going to think that you like me then Pam. I’m not a popular guy.”

“Maybe not with them, but you are with me. I think I can learn from you just how to learn from the teachers. Can we do our homework together tonight?”

“I think so. Your place or mine?”

“Mine I think. My family has to see you once in awhile. Or should I say Margot?”

“I doubt your family is ever going to meet me Pam. But they will get to see a lot of my sister from now on. Skirts tonight? I have a denim skirt I like to wear with a plainer white blouse. I think I look good in it but I would like your opinion now.”

“We’ll see tonight. Lets go. I have to get to my locker before homeroom roll call.”

“Me too. See you at homeroom.”

The lockers in the hallways were basically divided into a male area and a female area with a buffer zone of empty lockers between them. Pam had taken the

next available locker in the line of female lockers putting her on the edge of the male zone. I was down at the other end of the hall. After homeroom and with some time before first class, I went to the office and asked if it might be possible to change lockers. It was and they did it for me without asking a lot of questions. Other kids jumped around from locker to locker so that friends could stay together. That put me just two lockers away from Pam now. I made the move a bit at a time without anyone really noticing.

At all of our classes together, Pam was sitting either on one side of me or the other, right behind me or right in front of me. But she made sure she stayed as close to me as she could. At lunchtime, she and I found a table where we could sit together to eat. No one else came close to us. After lunch we went for a walk on the school grounds together. And although we were so close to each other, we didn't hold hands or any of that boy and girl stuff. We were just two good friends and it felt really good to me.

The Jones' household got to see a lot of me, as Margot. I was over every night from Monday to Thursday to help Pam with her homework. Then on Fridays, she came over to my house to stay until Sunday when we brought her home. Our plan of helpfulness was really working too. At least for Mrs. Jones. Pam was doing a lot of the housework now and changing into skirts when she got home from school.

Pam made it to my birthday and brought me a present too. It was a set of undies much like the set I had given to her. Mom got me a big makeup case with all the cosmetics that any girl could ever want. But I still wasn't allowed to wear it all the time. She got it for me so that I could practice with it and learn how to use it all. Then, when she felt I was ready to wear it, I would know what to wear and how. Pam and I would play with it together now. Mom also gave me two new dresses and a skirt outfit, complete with high-heeled shoes. That was something else I had to learn to wear too.

Time flew by now, faster than I realized. Thanksgiving came and went and before I knew it, it was Christmas time. I had saved my money and could now spend it on presents for Mom and Pam and for Pam's parents too. Her brothers were all quite abrasive to me as they were to Pam so I didn't get them a thing. After the Christmas holidays, Pam and I had exams in school. We didn't spend one minute of our time off with the books, but we did get to them once school began again.

I did as well as I always did in school maintaining my A-average. Pam now did a little better than she had before and pulled her average up from a C to a B. She was thrilled with it and so were her parents. She hadn't gotten anything she wanted for Christmas except from me and Mom, but now her parents were willing to reward her with anything she wanted, within reason.

Me, Pam and her mother went shopping for her reward together. She got three new dresses; three skirt and blouse outfits that she could mix and match and the high-heeled shoes to go with them all. Mrs. Jones was quite surprised by Pam's choices. She was able to agree with everything Pam and I picked out for her. We weren't being fashionable, we were being ourselves. All of Pam's new clothes fit

right in with Mrs. Jones' idea of how all girls should dress. It was along the same lines of clothes she chose for herself.

"Do you always wear dresses, Margot?" she asked me as we made our way back to her house.

"Always!" I told her. "Pants are for boys, or Tomboys. Only a girl can wear a dress and I love being a girl. I love being different than the boys."

"That's what girls are supposed to be," she said.

"I know. So I enjoy the difference. Nylon, silk, satin and lace undies. I doubt there's a boy around who would ever wear them. Dresses, skirts, blouses and high-heeled shoes. Any style that is made exclusively for girls is what I like. Pants are pants no matter what the style and except for underpants, I don't have any use for them. My brother wouldn't be caught dead in my things so I have no need to wear his."

"And you like this now too Pam?" she had to ask.

"Yes, I do. I like being a girl Mom; I don't want to dress the same as the boys do. But I only have a few dresses and skirts and only the pretty lingerie that Margot and her mother gave me for Christmas. I want to be just like Margot. No pants at all!"

I saw Mrs. Jones half smile to herself. She had never approved of Tomboys herself, but she had also never openly disapproved of them either. She was very happy now to learn that her daughter wanted to leave Tomboyhood behind and fully enter the stage of being a young lady. It fit right in with her ways of thinking and acting.

These revelations now opened the floodgates for Pam. Every day when her mother got home from work and found that her household chores were all done for her, she presented Pam with another little gift of thanks. Nylon panties trimmed with lace, lace bras and garter belts, nylon stockings and pantyhose, silk and satin teddies, full slips, half-slips and matching camisoles. Pam also got her own tray of makeup to play with and more and higher heeled shoes. Pam now had her mother's blessings for entering young womanhood as a young lady.

Pam, for her part, worked even harder to progress in her schoolwork and to do as much of the housework as she could. She kept the house in order all the time, took to cooking meals and doing the grocery shopping and laundry too. Her mother could come home after a day of work, eat a good meal and relax with her family. Life was so much more improved for them since Pam and I became the best of friends.

But there was a downside there as well. On weekends where they had other plans and Pam couldn't make it over to my place, she began to backslide a bit. It was noticed and to make it disappear, I began to be invited to their house on these weekends. It was fun for me to spend a night or two every once in awhile at my best friends house with her family. I shared Pam's room with her and we were given our privacy so no one there ever found out my secret.

CHAPTER 9

The school year slid by and Pam finished it with a B-average. Summer was upon us once again and I found it a great relief to be able to ship my brother Tony off to camp for the summer. I was Margot all the time once more. We didn't have a big trip planned for this year as we had last year but I still liked to be a girl for it.

Mom didn't work at all now. She had made some wise investments when I was little and had enough money for us to live in comfort the rest of our lives. And she still had all of the money her parents had left to her when they passed away. Mom rented cottages out at various lakes for a week or two at a time, whatever was available, and the three of us went out to them. Vacations were different than weekends so I could never go with the Jones family to the beaches. It was too great a risk that someone would discover my secret. So either Pam came with us or Mom and I went alone.

I had another glorious summer as a girl. Swimming in one piece bathing suits, sunbathing in two piece suits, strolling along the beaches in wrap skirts with loose, billowy blouses, walking about the different little towns shopping in skirts, dresses and high heeled shoes. All too soon though, summer was over and it was time for Tony to come home from camp to begin his next year of school.

Pam and I were still in the same homeroom together, sat as close to each other as we could and secured lockers right next to each other. Although we didn't look for them, we soon found that we had other girls coming to sit with us and trying to hang out with us. Pam got along great with them too and it didn't bother me that she began to form other friendships. These other girls also began to talk to me too and they didn't seem to mind that I was always around Pam. They had their own boyfriends and just accepted me as what I was, Pam's friend.

It didn't take long after that that the guys started coming around me more. They all saw me with Pam and they all saw their girlfriends talking to us and getting along with me too. I didn't fit in with them since I wasn't a jock; I didn't even take Phys-Ed at all. They all played all of the school sports while I sat with the girls and watched. It was my ability to sit with the girls that they seemed to envy about me. They all tried to do it but as soon as they showed up, the other girls moved away from the couple so that the group remained girls only. That is, only girls and me.

Grades eight and nine pretty well stayed that way. Me, as a boy, with the girls while at school. Me, as a girl, with Pam and sometimes with some of the other girls too, away from school. And I was a girl for each and every weekend as well. Of course I spent the interim summer as a complete girl again too.

Both Pam and I graduated grade nine with straight A's in every subject. We had a whole summer off before we would start high school together. It promised to be a fun summer for both of us once more.

CHAPTER 10

Mom sat on the closed toilet seat and watched as I sat up from soaking my long blonde hair under the sea of bubbles in the tub. “Its getting harder and harder to be a girl these days Mom,” I said as I wiped the bubbles from my face.

“How’s that dear?” she asked.

“Just look at me Mom! I’m so flat chested and all the girls my age have ample cleavage to sport about in their bathing suits and bikinis. Heck, all the other girls have a thick bush of pubic hair too and I haven’t even gotten to puberty yet! I’m almost sixteen too!”

“Boys usually develop later than the girls do Margot. You aren’t a real girl so you won’t develop as one either. Sorry Margot. That’s just the way it is.”

“Yeah I know. But I just wish it were possible for me to have real looking breasts if only for the summers anyway.”

“Do you want to be a real girl Margot?”

“No, I don’t think so. I like the person that I am. I certainly wouldn’t want to have a sex change or anything like that. I just want to have more of a feminine figure like the other girls do.”

“I see. A smaller waist, rounded hips and a fuller chest?”

“Yeah! That would be nice. I know its not possible, but it is nice to dream about it.”

“Well, it might be possible Margot.” It surprised me when she said that. “There are a lot of clinics here that do plastic surgery. With today’s implants and tummy-tucks, it just may be possible for you to have the figure that you want. But I doubt it could be just for the summer.”

“I never thought about that. I would have to go to school as a girl too then.”

“That’s right dear. The only question you have to answer is, can you be Margot for the rest of high school? That is three whole years. Do you think you can manage that?”

“The worst part about right now Mom is trying to be a boy to go to school. I mean to be enough of a boy so that no one can connect me to the girl that I am when I’m at home or over at Pam’s house. I think that life would be a lot easier for me if I could live as only one sex all of the time and not have to keep changing back and forth.”

“You may be right about that dear. Okay. I’ll check out some of these clinics and find out exactly what is possible for you. But I think that you should talk it over with Pam and get her reaction to you becoming more of a girl. She is still your best friend, isn’t she?”

“Of course she is. I’ll lay it on her tonight and see what she thinks.”

Mom held the towel for me as I stood up in the tub and stepped out. I dried myself off and used another towel for my long hair as she busied herself cleaning

out the tub. I had just shaved my legs and underarms and the stubble had to be wiped away from the sides as the water drained. I wrapped the large bath towel around my body sarong style before I bent over to wrap my hair in the other towel. By the time I was ready to leave the bathroom, Mom had begun running her own bubble bath and had stripped down to climb in and adjust the temperature. Yeah, it would be nice to have a figure like she did, I thought to myself as I left her to bathe alone.

In my room again I shed my towels to dust my body with my after bath powder and give myself a light spritz with my body cologne. I liked the way I felt and smelled after a hot bubble bath, particularly when I had just shaved off my very fine and unfeminine hair. I opened my dresser drawer and took out a clean pair of my pink bikini panties and stepped into them to pull them up my freshly shaven legs. I settled my male flesh down into the crotch of my panties, then pulled them up as snugly as I could. I got out the matching bra though my bras these days had grown with me. I now wore a padded B-cup bra and filled the empty spaces with a pair of rolled up pantyhose on each side. It wasn't the best padding I could have used, but it did the job and was easy to replace if I had to.

I put on a new pair of nude pantyhose and smoothed the sheer nylon up my legs. It felt so enticingly sensual now, it usually did. I preferred a garter belt and stockings for the most part, especially for the warmer summers, but I was wearing a minidress tonight and pantyhose were what was needed to go with that.

My minidress was just a plain lilac shade, no fancy trimmings on it. It was sleeveless with a round neckline, no collar, and the hemline was just above mid thigh on me. I didn't have any lilac colored undies so I went with my pink ones. I favored the lighter pastels a lot. I left my dress on its hanger as I sat down at my vanity table to do my wet hair. I brushed out the tangles, then combed it straight before parting it here and there to put in my curlers. I kept my feminine hair in the same style Aunt Ruthie's people had done for me three years ago, albeit in a somewhat longer version since I hadn't had it cut, only trimmed. I liked the curls on the top and in the back, the wavy bangs and the ringlets on each side. Everyone I knew as a girl seemed to like to see me that way too. It took me about an hour to do but I felt that I was worth the time and effort.

It took me about half an hour to put my makeup on now too. I was entering high school in the fall so Mom felt that I was ready to wear makeup all the time now. I used a very light shade of foundation and very little. Light blue eye shadow mixed with a shade of gray and white. My brown mascara and brown eyeliner too. Pam and I had kept each other's eyebrows plucked and down nicely and if anyone else ever noticed it in me as a boy, they never said anything. I used a very light shade of pink blusher on my cheeks and blended it in nicely. I had a lot of practice with putting on my lipstick and wore it in a slightly darker shade of pink than my own lips were.

Pam and I had played with various scents of perfume and both of us really liked the more flowery no-name brand scent. Sure it was cheap, but we liked the way we smelled with it on so that is what we both went with. I dabbed a bit behind each ear and on each of my wrists.

It was a natural and fluid movement for me to step into my dress, put my arms into their holes, and slide the zipper up the back to the top. The dress felt snug on my waist now though it was looser across my hips and derriere than it should have been. The skirt part was supposed to limit my step a bit more than it did to be exactly right, but I just had to live with it as this is the way it came straight off the racks. I had lilac colored pumps with three-inch heels that I slipped my feet into before returning to my vanity table.

I chose my long dangling earrings to go into the holes in my ears and had to smile when I felt them brush against my shoulders. I had a matching necklace in the same gold and imitation diamond style and easily did up the clasp behind my head. A gold ladies watch on my left wrist, a gold bracelet on my right wrist and the gold anklet Pam had given to me as a Christmas present onto my right ankle. I got out my purse that matched my shoes and filled it with everything I was going to need in the course of the evening. I was ready to go.

Mom was all ready too and was waiting for me in the living room. “You sure you want to do this tonight Margot?” she asked me.

“Actually, no I’m not. But Pam wants to do it and I can’t very well object. She seems to feel that its about time and will probably do it anyway, with or without me there to support her.”

“Okay. I’m ready. Lets get it over with.”

Mom drove us over to the Jones’ house where Pam and her mother came out as soon as they saw us pull up in the driveway. They were both dressed as simply yet as elegantly as Mom and I were. A red dress for Pam though not quite a mini and a beige dress for her mother. My mother wore her blue shift style dress. I moved into the back seat of the car with Pam to let Mrs. Jones sit up front with Mom. Then we were off for our dinner date.

It was a cozy little Italian restaurant with large and private booths so we could talk quite freely without being overheard. We chatted on about our up and coming summer vacation and all the clothes we hoped to add to our wardrobes and the fun it would be to shop for them. We left the main topic for after our meal.

With all the changes Pam had gone through in the years she and I had been friends, she now felt it was time to let her mother in on my secret. She was feeling guilty about having kept it a secret for so long already and just wanted to clear her conscience. She was very glad that I was there to support her and to help her mother understand all about me. Mom was here to support me though it didn’t hurt Pam none either.

The seating arrangement was perfect for what was to come. Mrs. Jones and Pam were against the walls with Mom and I on the outside edges next to them. Finally dinner was out of the way and we were relaxing with our tea when Pam was ready to begin.

“We are gathered here to have a serious conversation Mom,” Pam said then. “No jokes allowed. We could have done it at home or at the Thomas’ house but we thought that here would be better for all of us.”

“Okay Pam,” her mother answered soberly. “I can handle serious.”

“Margot and I are the best of friends Mom. We do everything together as best friends will do. We change clothes together, we help each other with our hair and makeup and shopping for clothes and we even have baths together and sleep in the same bed together. But we aren’t lovers, yet. Margot and I have never touched each other sexually.”

“I know you two are best friends Pam. It's okay for two girls to do all of the things you have just told me about. I did much the same with my own girlfriends when I was younger. Are you thinking of being Lesbians though? I noticed you said you hadn’t done it YET.”

“Would it bother you if I was a Lesbian?”

“No dear. I want you to be happy and if it takes another girl to make you happy, then so be it. I had hoped you would like boys though and eventually get married and have children, but if its a girl you want then I won’t stand in your way.”

“Well, I’m not a Lesbian Mom and I have no plans to ever be one.”

“So what is this all about then?”

“Just my way of breaking the ice to let you in on a secret we have kept from you for almost three years now.”

“And what secret is that?” she asked with her curiosity growing.

“Oh, just the fact that Margot was born a boy and still is one inside that lovely dress she is wearing.” Mrs. Jones was speechless as the truth of it sank into her conscious mind. “Margot is a boy who is more girl than most girls,” Pam continued. “Only for school has she ever been a boy. All the rest of the time she is a girl. And she is the reason that so many of my other girlfriends are now beginning to dress, look and act like girls. She is the reason that I changed so much too.”

“Margot is a boy?” she gasped. I just gave her a lopsided grin then.

“That’s right Kathy,” Mom said then. “I only had one child and it was a son. About three years ago I talked Anthony into wearing a skirt for a long trip we took. One thing led to another and it wasn’t long until I found myself with both a son and a daughter. Then school started and I was back to having just a son, until Pam came along and I found myself with both a boy and a girl all the time. For the past three summers I have had only a daughter around and she has a best friend in your daughter.”

“This is so fantastic!” Mrs. Jones said. “Margot is so beautiful and so feminine in every thing she does, I never would have suspected her to be anything other than a girl.”

“Margot and I intend to stay friends forever Mom. But I felt it was time that you knew the truth of the matter and our relationship.”

“Are you going to change your sex and become a girl too now Margot?” she asked me.

“No Ma’am,” I said quickly. “I like who I am. Some things might change though.”

“Like what?” Pam asked me then.

“Well, Mom and I were talking earlier about making it easier for me to live as a girl without me having a sex change. Cosmetic surgery. What do you think? A few implants here and there, maybe a tummy-tuck too? Then I can wear a bikini on the beach too.”

“I think it would be great Margot! There are a lot of dresses we can get that show off some of the cleavage you don’t have right now.”

“Yeah well, the only thing about that is I will have to go to school as a girl too. It can’t just be done for a summer. Anthony will disappear for at least three years while I take his place as Margot full time.”

“Go for it Margot!” she told me then. “Can I come to the hospital when you get it done?”

“There’s no guarantee its going to be done yet. We were just thinking about doing it. Mom is going to check out the clinics and find out what they can and cannot do for me. It could be that nothing can be done.”

“I think you should have it done too,” Mrs. Jones said then. “You are far too pretty and feminine to make much of a boy I imagine.”

“Well, I guess I get to start checking things out tomorrow then,” Mom added.

“I am very happy you have decided to let me in on this secret,” Mrs. Jones said to us all. “It helps explain a lot of things to me now. Like the privacy Margot has always needed whenever she had to change for bed. Nothing has happened between you two then?”

“Nothing,” Pam replied. “Margot and I are the best of girlfriends and neither of us is a Lesbian. We both prefer the opposite sex.”

“Okay, so you like boys then. But what about you, Margot? Do you like boys too?”

“No Ma’am. I like girls. My sex is still male even though I prefer to dress; look and act like a female. But I’m not ready to have a sexual relationship with any girl yet. Maybe in another three or four years from now. I love Pam like a sister and that is about what we are to each other.”

“Okay. Can I come to the hospital too?”

Pam and I burst out laughing and hugging each other. Our mothers sat quietly smiling and talking to each other. Everything was perfect now. Pam and I were still friends and we both had our mothers to help us maintain my appearance of femininity.

CHAPTER 11

Mom was always as good as her word. She said she would and she did. She went out and checked out the clinics and found one with a Doctor who could do what I wanted, what we all wanted. As luck would have it, Mom was able to make an appointment for me with the Doctor for the day after she had met her.

It was just Mom and me for the appointment, even though Pam and her mother wanted to come along too. All that happened was a complete physical examination with a talk afterwards.

“You make a very lovely young lady just as you are Margot,” Doctor Edwards told me. “Why do you want these surgeries?”

The answer had to come from me, not Mom and I was ready for all of it. “I have been a girl part-time for a little more than three years now. The only times I have had to be a boy were when I went to school. There is so much I have to miss out on, now that I’m older, since I don’t have a body like the other girls. I want to experience these things, to live full-time as a girl, to go to school as a girl with the other girls who already believe that I am a real girl.”

“I see. Would you excuse us please Ms Thomas?” The Doctor had some other questions for me that could only be asked in total privacy. Mom smiled and nodded and left the room.

“I need to know Margot, are you sexually active yet?”

“No. Not at all,” I told her.

“Do you like boys?” she asked.

“Not really. I don’t think I am Gay. I like girls and everything about them.”

“And by being more of a girl yourself you hope to be able to get closer to them?”

I laughed lightly. “My best friend’s name is Pamela Jones. We do everything together. We change together, we have taken baths together, we go out together and we sleep together in the same bed when we have sleepovers. Pam is a beautiful, natural and real girl. But there has never been anything sexual between us. We are best friends at school when I am a boy and we are best friends at home when I am a girl too. The only things I am missing out on now are the clothes I would like to wear. String bikinis on the beach; low cut dresses and the summer tops that some other girls are wearing. My tan lines show that I wear a two piece swimsuit. All of my girl things keep me well-covered in areas that other girls can show off. I can’t experience life as a girl if all of me has to remain as it is.”

“So what happens when the boys start coming around? They will once they see you as a girl with assets of a real girl too.”

“I’m not looking for a relationship with anyone right now, male or female. Pam and I may double date with boys, we have talked about it, but neither of us wants to spend a lot of time with them. Some day Pam may meet a boy she wants to date regularly and that’s fine with me. But for myself, I could never see myself even holding a boy’s hand. I like girls.”

“Then there is the matter of Physical Education at school. How will you handle having to shower with the other girls?”

“I’ve had the tan lines of a girl since that first summer I spent entirely as a girl. To keep my secret a secret, Mom had me taken out of Phys-Ed classes with the boys. Boys don’t get to see me naked and I don’t need to see them naked. The same can be done with the girls. This isn’t about sex for me Doctor. Its about a way of life. About being able to live my life the way I want to. I’m just lucky enough to have a mother and friends who are willing to help me.”

“You said friends. Is there anyone other than your friend Pam who knows the truth about your true sexual identity?”

“Sure, Pam’s mother knows all about me too.”

“Do you think that living as a girl full-time will lead you to want to have a sex change at some point in the future?”

“I doubt it. After being able to live as a girl all the time for three or four years, I may want to go back to being a boy again. I won’t know for sure until it happens. No one can predict the future like that. All I can see is now and right now all I want is to be more of a girl so I can live the normal life like any other girl my age.”

“Okay,” She opened the door and called Mom back inside. “How soon would you want these operations?”

“As soon as possible,” I said.

Mom and I smiled at each other as the Doctor looked through her appointment book. “I can take you in on Monday and begin the work on Tuesday. Is that okay?”

“Sure, thanks Doctor Edwards,” I said happily.

“There are a few things you have to do too.” She opened a cabinet and took out a rather large tube of cream and handed it to me. “A little on each of your nipples twice a day and rub it in. Put it on again after each time you shower or bathe or go swimming.”

“What does it do?” I asked her.

“It is a strong hormonal cream. It should make your nipples and areola grow to resemble those of a real girl. It will also make them more sensitive so if you experience any itchiness, don’t scratch them. It won’t last too long.”

“What else do we have to do?” Mom asked her.

“Well, I would think that with the changes you have requested that you should find your daughter some C cup unpadded bras and medium sized panties. She will need them when she leaves the clinic. I need you to leave all of your son’s identification here with me now. I will have the necessary changes made to them to reflect the new person she will be.”

Pam was waiting for us at our house when we got home and I told her everything. Then we went over to her house and I told her mother everything again too.

They were both as happy for me as Mom seemed to be when we left the Doctor's office.

CHAPTER 12

Doctor Edwards was called to admitting when I showed up with my entourage. Mom, Pam and Mrs. Jones all came with me. Admitting didn't take long once the Doctor got there and I made all of the introductions.

Then I was shown to a room, provided with a hospital gown to put on and nowhere to change. But we were all females here so it didn't bother me. I stripped completely naked and put on the gown in front of them all, then Pam did up the ties behind my back for me. It was the first time Mrs. Jones had seen me completely naked, but it didn't bother her or me.

The Doctor was satisfied that they all knew the truth about me and there were no surprises. She gave us the time the surgery would begin and they could return to watch if they cared to. Mrs. Jones was as interested in what was to come as Mom and Pam were so she was taking the day off from work just to be there too. Of course Mom and Pam would be there too.

All I remember is having the clinic-made meal for dinner, taking a pill, getting a needle put into my arm, then falling asleep. I woke up with Mom and Mrs. Jones sitting on the right side of my bed talking to each other, and Pam standing over me on the left side.

"Hi there sleepy-head," she said to me.

"Hi yourself," I grinned back at her. "Is it done?"

"Yeah. You are almost all girl now. How does it feel to suddenly have a set of titties just like mine?"

"Just like yours?" I asked weakly. "I don't feel much of anything right now."

"That's the sedative dear," Mom said from the other side. "It'll wear off soon. But you stay in bed and do what the Doctor tells you to. Then you'll get to come home tomorrow."

"How do I look?" I had to ask.

"You look like a very beautiful young lady Margot, except for between your legs. There you are still a young boy," Mrs. Jones told me. Doctor Edwards came into the room then.

"What is this, a convention?"

"Yeah," Pam quipped quickly. "Its a convention of Margot lovers." They all laughed as I merely smiled weakly.

"I did a little research and I found out some things I didn't know before. Since sex with anyone is not an issue right now, I have discovered a way for Margot to do everything as a girl except to have sex. She would then be able to shower with the other girls and no one would be able to tell the difference, while still actually remaining a boy."

“What is it?” Mom asked with curiosity on all their faces.

“May I?” I heard the Doctor ask. I felt the covers come down and my gown lifted to expose me from the waist down. I felt rubber-gloved hands working at my genitals but I didn’t feel any pain at all. “There,” the Doctor said. “A couple of incisions and a few stitches and they will stay like that until released by a Doctor. Margot will have to sit to pass her water and with all of it tucked inside, it will continue to grow and develop as normally as any other male. This is just the total illusion of femininity. Unless sex is required now.”

Mom looked down at me then. “Do you need to have sex dear?” she asked.

“Not for at least three or four years,” I told her again.

“You would look just like a real girl down there Margot. You would be able to do everything as a girl, except have sex.”

“How much longer would I have to stay in here?” I didn’t want a second longer in that clinic than I had to stay for.

“I can do it right here and right now and it’ll take about fifteen minutes. Since I don’t have anything else happening right now I can stay and make sure everything is fine. Your family and friends can return this evening with clothes for you and take you home then.”

“So if I don’t do this I have to stay until tomorrow? If I do it I can leave tonight?”

“If you have this done now I have to stay to make sure its alright. If you don’t have it done I can go home and clean my house and release you tomorrow.”

The decision was all mine. “Do it!” I said.

“Are you sure Margot?” Mom asked me. “You will look completely like a girl all over.”

“What’s wrong with that? So long as I can still be a boy again later on, I can’t object to being all girl for now. And it’ll help assure everyone that I am not having sex with anyone.”

There were smiles all around as the Doctor left the room to get what she needed. She was back in a few minutes and worked on me from my right side. I didn’t feel a thing since I was still under the effects of the sedative and before I knew it, she was done. “I can undo everything I have done for Margot,” she said. “This part in a few minutes. The rest in a few hours on the table.”

“Now you’re all girl Margot!” Pam exclaimed with glee. “Just not as much of a girl as I am though. We’re going to drive the boys crazy at school.”

“I did this so I could be more of a girl, not to drive anyone crazy Pam,” I replied.

“I know that silly. Driving them crazy is just a bonus for both of us. Now, for sure, you truly are my best girlfriend. I am going to leave now but I am going to go out and buy us each a matching string bikini. Since you can’t do much for awhile, we can do some tanning together for a few days at your place. See you later girlfriend.”

They left then and the Doctor stayed. The sedative wore off completely and all I felt was pressure. Pressure as my skin had to stretch a lot where she had put in the implants. On my chest and hips and derriere. I felt some pressure between my legs too. The surgeries had all been of the keyhole type. There were a few stitches to close me up again, but she said there wouldn't be any scarring at all.

"You're a very lucky girl now Margot," she told me. "Only a Doctor or a lover would be able to discover that you aren't a real girl."

"Well, that's all covered now," I said. "You're my Doctor and I am not going to have a lover of any kind for at least three years, maybe longer."

"Just what exactly is it about being a girl that attracts you to it Margot?" she asked.

"I don't know really if I can put it into words. I know I make a better girl than I ever could a boy. I like to wear only girls' clothes all the time, or at least as much as I could. I like the time I got to spend with other girls since they all believed me to be a girl too. Fooling the boys is about the same as fooling everyone else, my Aunt included. But I now think that the only person who was really fooled was me. I should have been born a girl, then I could have been a girl all of my life and have a chance at a normal life. As things are, I don't want anything to do with any boy other than as casual friends. I don't think that people of either sex should engage in sexual activity until after they are married. I don't know if I'll ever get married, but I can't see myself marrying anyone other than a girl. Does that answer your question?"

"I suppose it'll have to do. How do you feel now? Any pain?"

"No pain. Just pressure."

"That feeling will pass in a few days. You just take it slow and easy for at least a week. I want to see you before you start going anywhere else, okay?"

"Sure. Like Pam said, we're just going to laze about in my backyard in string bikinis. Can I go in the pool?"

"You can have baths and showers and you can wade into the pool. But no swimming or diving. You can go for walks, but no running yet, and no high heels either. And I want you to wear a bra if you do anything more than lay about. Your implants need full support for at least the first week or so."

My fan club was back at just before dinnertime at the clinic. Pam untied the ties at the back of my hospital gown and it came off in front of everyone. What a change they all saw in me! I stepped into my new panties that Mom handed to me and found that the larger size was nice and snug on my hips. I put on my new bra and Pam did it up behind my back and it caused my nicely formed breasts to squeeze in a bit. The dress was a yellow sundress and merely pulled on over my head. But it showed off some of my new cleavage and I liked that. I sat down and Pam put the sandals onto my feet for me. Mrs. Jones brushed my hair for me while Pam did my makeup and Mom went with the Doctor to take care of the bill.

“What a difference!” Mrs. Jones said to me then. “You ARE a real girl now Margot.”

“Not quite,” I replied lightly. “But enough of one that I can live as one for awhile now.”

“I can’t wait until you’re all healed Margot. Waiting is going to be torture.”

“For me too. But I have no choice. I have to wait until the Doctor says its okay to do more. I don’t want all this to be for nothing.”

“Neither do I. We’re going to take you home, then I’ll be back in the morning to spend all the time I can with you. I’ll give you your bikini tomorrow.”

“You got them?”

“Yup. Matching too. So tiny you can hide them in one fist. Bright pink for both of us. I know that pink is your favorite color and I look good in it too. We’re gonna knock em dead at the beaches now.”

“Not in those bikinis you aren’t,” Mrs. Jones put her foot down. “I let you get them so you and Margot could sunbathe in them. You are not wearing them in public anywhere until after you turn eighteen. I forbid it.”

“Okay, okay Mom. But Margot and I already have matching one piece bathing suits. We can knock em dead for sure in them.”

“One piece or two piece, but not string bikinis like the ones I saw you buying today,” I just had to smile then and Pam did too.

Mom came back with the Doctor behind her and we were all set to go. Pam and her mother came home with us, watched as Pam helped me change into one of my nighties, and then I was fed in bed and tucked in for the night. I was tired and fell asleep easily, even before they left my bedroom.

CHAPTER 13

Pam was back even before I woke up from my long night’s sleep. I awoke to find her laying on my bed with me atop the covers and the only way I knew she had gone home at all was because she was wearing a different outfit than the night before and it wasn’t one of mine. “Hiya Sis,” I said to her.

“Hi yourself. So you’re finally awake huh?”

“Yeah. But I have to pee, badly,” I got out of bed and Pam followed me to the bathroom to watch as I lifted the hem of my nightie to sit on the throne to pass my water. She had watched me pee lots of times in the past though back then I had to hold my male flesh pointed in the right direction so that I got my water into the toilet. Now all I had to do was sit and let it go. I could hear my water hitting the water in the bowl, hands free, and I loved not having to direct the flow. When I was done I used some tissues to wipe off the last few drops the way I had seen both Mom and Pam do in the past. Then all I had to do was stand up and my nightie fell back into place by itself. I wasn’t wearing panties.

“I think you did it pretty good,” Pam joked, “not badly at all!” I had to laugh and it hurt a bit but she laughed too.

Walking down the stairs I felt my breasts bouncing now so I folded my arms across my chest under them to give them more support. The Doctor had said to wear a bra all the time and I could understand why now. Mom was waiting for us in the kitchen and she made sure I had a good breakfast in me to start the day off right. Then I had the both of them escorting me to the bathroom where they watched me take a long and hot bubble bath. It seemed that neither of them could get enough of seeing my all girl parts now.

After my bath it was back to my bedroom where Pam produced the pair of string bikinis she had gotten for us. She stripped naked in a flash and began putting hers on while I went a bit slower removing my towel and finding the bottom part first. The strings were untied so I merely held the smaller triangle of pink material over my new womanhood while Mom bent down on one side to do up the tie and Pam did the other side. Then Mom and I did Pam’s bottom for her. I had to hold the tiny triangles over my breasts while Mom tied the back strings for me, then she tied the neck strings of the halter style string bikini. Mom did Pam’s top for her while I checked out my appearance in my mirror.

I had breasts! I had real breasts, just like Pam’s! I lifted the small triangles just enough that I could expose them to my view, then put on the cream the Doctor had told me to continue using. I replaced my top as Pam moved up beside me. We were the same height, about the same weight and we looked like we had the same figure from head to toe. We were sisters though I had long blonde hair and hers was a rich chestnut brown.

“Gawd! You girls could almost be twins now,” Mom said with pride spewing forth in her voice. “And you are both real girls too.”

“That’s right,” Pam replied. “We are both real girls.”

“We are also sisters,” I added. For the first time since I awoke from my surgery I let an honest grin spread across my face and it matched the grin that Pam had.

The tiny bikini top was a far cry from being a bra so I still had to walk down the stairs and to the backyard



with my arms folded under my new cleavage for support. But I also had fuller hips and a fuller butt and nothing dangling down between my legs to get in the way so I found that just walking femininely was easier and more of a thrill to me. Mom and Pam followed me outside and helped me settle onto a lounging chair, and then Pam took up station beside me.

It was a long week for me at home chocked full of new experiences. Going from no figure to a full figure was a big change and required big adjustments. Like putting on my bikini panties and not having to tuck in my male flesh before I pulled them up and into place. Like bending over to drop my firm and full breasts into my bra cups before doing up the straps behind my back before straightening up and making the small adjustments to the straps. Like not having to fill out the sheer and unpadded cups with a pair of rolled up pantyhose. Like displaying cleavage now when I wore the new dresses and tops that Mom was buying for me regularly.

Then I was back to see the Doctor and she was very happy with my healing progress and the fact that I enjoyed my life so much more now. She gave us a schedule that allowed me to do more and more everyday so that within a couple of weeks I would be right back to normal. Well, as normal as life would be for me from now on.

Pam and her mother met us when we left the Doctor's office and I showed them my list of things to do. They read it over, and then the four of us went out shopping. It had been far too long since I had done that and I missed not going to the stores regularly. Today though, Pam and I both got new dresses and lingerie and everything we got matched. It truly did make us into sisters now.

CHAPTER 14

The summer passed far too quickly to suit me and all too soon it was time to go back to school, only now, for the first time ever, I was going as a girl. Margot Anne Thomas was completely out of the closet to stay. The Doctor had come through as she had promised and gave me back my identification, which showed that I was all-female all the way.

Unlike my brother Tony in previous years, I was taking Gym class with the other students of my sex and gender. I was enrolled with the girls. With both of us having similar grades, Pam and I were in the same classes together again. We sat together, we had lockers together, and we ate our lunches together and spent all our time together both at school and at home. We also had other girl friends that spent a great deal of time with us, but we were like sisters with each other. A feeling we didn't get with the other girls.

There were boys too. There would always be the boys hanging around the girls. It was a fact of life that I was used to. But Pam and I were the only girls who didn't have steady, full time boyfriends. That well-known fact attracted a lot of attention to us from the boys who didn't have steady girlfriends. Pam handled it for both of us by stating that she had yet to meet a boy she could spend more than a

minute or two with, never mind wanting to spend her free time as well. But the boys would keep on trying no matter what.

Things were as perfect for me as I could have hoped for them to be. I took my Gym class with the other girls, showered with them and changed with them, helped them and let them help me dress, undress, hair and makeup. I had more friends in high school than at any other time in my life.

But life progresses for everyone and it did so for Pam more than it did for me. She was as much of an individual as I was but she had yearnings that I didn't have, yet. Pam wanted to date, a boy. I was just her girlfriend and no longer enough of a boy for her. Oh, she didn't want sex or any of that, she just wanted what the other girls her age wanted and it was normal for her to want to go out on a date with her opposite sex. I knew it would happen sooner or later, I was ready for it since I saw it coming and it didn't bother me when she told me. She was my sister and I supported her all the way.

Pam dated Peter Harding, a good-looking boy one grade ahead of us in school. She told me all about it the next day at my place. He picked her up at her house in his car; they went to a movie and to the McDonalds afterwards. He didn't try to kiss her, but they did hold hands in the theater and when he drove her home later in the car. She said she had wanted him to kiss her but he never tried so she didn't push for it.

The second date was a bit different in that Peter did try to kiss Pam and she let him. She said it was fun to let a boy kiss her on the mouth and didn't even mind it when he stuck his tongue into her mouth too. From then on she was dating Peter regularly and telling me all about it the next day. Sometimes she would even phone me when she got home and tell me then.

Dating Peter was wonderful for Pam, but she also began to miss the times that she and I shared. She got Peter to talk one of his friends into a double date with me. I missed Pam too and only after we had talked it through with both our mothers did I agree to the double date. It was to a Saturday night drive-in movie that I wanted to see.

Peter picked us up at Pam's house in his car and Pam slid onto the seat next to her date while I got in the back with David. Both guys had seen us at school so introductions weren't required as Peter drove us to the drive-in. The guys got popcorn and drinks while Pam and I used the ladies room together. Pam was full of advice on what I should and should not let David do with me in the back seat of the car. I had no intention of letting him do anything. I was there to see the movie.

"Don't be naive Margot," Pam said to me. "Boys expect to be treated nice since they're paying for everything."

"If I get to see the movie, then they did pay for it," I told her. "But if they expect me to spend all the time kissing and not watching the show, then all they paid for was a private place to make out with a girl. That's their pleasure, not mine."

“Yeah, okay. I see your point. But don’t go putting up a fuss if Dave wants to hold your hand or put his arm around you. You can wait until after the show to kiss him, if you want to.”

“I just might kiss him, if he lets me see the show. But I’ll get out and leave if it turns into a wrestling match. That’s not why I came Pam. I’m here because you asked me to come along and to spend time with you and your boyfriend. I’m not here because I like Dave anymore than I do any other boy.”

“Okay. We’ll take it as it comes. But if you feel you have to leave, I’ll go with you. I’m not staying alone in a car with two hot and horny guys.”

When we left the ladies room together Dave was close by. Pam made a beeline to where Peter was, then came back to where Dave and I were talking. Dave went to help Peter with the goodies. The ground rules were set and all parties knew them and it turned out to be a pleasant double date for all of us. Pam and Peter did a lot of necking in the front seat of the car while Dave and I looked past them to see the huge screen and the movie that played there. When the popcorn was all gone and our drinks in the tray ahead of us, Dave reached his hand across to mine and I let him hold it for awhile. He moved closer to me then and we sat like that until just about the end of the show when he put his arm around my shoulders. I let him do that too.

The lights came up, the movie was over and cars were being started all over the drive-in. To avoid the rush to leave, we stayed where we were until most of the other cars had gone. It was during this time that Dave chose to claim some reward for having paid for my share of the movie. He wanted to kiss me and to be kissed in return.

The thought of kissing a boy was not all that pleasant to me but it was something I had tried to prepare myself for. I had seen the movie and eaten the popcorn and drank my drink and he had paid for all of it so there had to be something in it for him. As Pam had prepared me the best she could, I didn’t fight him when he leaned in and planted his lips against mine. I even allowed him to stick his tongue into my mouth too. But when he tried to move his hand from my waist up to my breasts, I stopped him with both hands. He resumed kissing me and I kissed him in return until I felt his hand on my leg trying to slide up under the hem of my dress. I stopped him with both hands again. I set my limitations and he had to obey them or else. As it was, he was willing to take what he could get without a fight and settled for just the kissing.

Pam was staying the night at my place and the guys dropped us off right on schedule. We both kissed them goodnight at my front door, then we went inside and watched them drive away.

Pam was giggling when we went into my room and we stripped down to just our bras and panties to curl up on my bed and talk. “So Margot, how did you like kissing Dave? I saw you do it so you can’t deny it.”

“I don’t deny it. I kissed him and I let him kiss me too. But I didn’t let him feel me up. I doubt that our kissing was anything special. I sure didn’t feel anything special about it.”

“Oh come on now Margot. Surely you had to like having a boy put his arms around you and hold you close as he kissed you? All girls like that!”

“Not all girls Pam. I could probably get as much if not more pleasure out of kissing you than I did with Dave. I still like girls, remember?”

“Yeah, but I never kissed another girl before. I wonder if its as good as kissing a boy is.” I didn’t flinch at all as she playfully reached out and put her hand around my waist.

“Care to find out?” I asked her as I reciprocated her action. I gave her a big smile as I leaned in closer then.



I saw that devilish little glint come into her eyes then and I knew that she did want to find out for herself if kissing another girl was as good as kissing a boy was. Her hand on my waist was pulling then as her lips met mine and we shared our first ever kiss with each other. Both of her hands were around me then and mine were around her as our lips meshed together and our tongues danced in each other’s mouth. It was a lot better for me than the kiss I had shared with Dave had been.

Pam’s hand moved up from my waist to cup my breast through the thin material of my bra. I let her do it too. I let her remove my bra so she could put her bare hand on my bare breast and fondle it gently. She didn’t try to stop me as I did the same things to her. One nipple to one nipple, one hand to one tit the other around the back, we kissed and

kissed and kissed. And Pam gave out a huge sigh when we finally broke for a breath of air.

“Now that I have tried it,” she said in her playful tone of voice, “I think I like kissing a girl more than I liked kissing a boy.”

“Me too,” I replied. “I didn’t like it much when Dave tried to feel me up, but I sure don’t mind you doing it to me. I like touching you too.”

“Yeah. Guys all have that hard cock they just want to poke into you. Girls don’t. I think I can enjoy doing more things with a girl like you than I could do with any guy. Care to try it with me Margot?”

“I’ll try anything you want Pam. As long as its just you and me.”

Pam got up on her knees then and I did the same as I watched the playful smile she had on her lips. She reached over and lowered my panties and let me lower hers. We both had the muffs of pubic hair covering our sex, mine was blonde, and hers was black. She licked her finger then and stroked it across the lips of my pseudo-womanhood causing me to shiver with the sensation of delight that washed over me. “You are all girl aren’t you Margot?” she said as she laid me back to my pillows.

“As much of a girl as I can be,” I answered. I reached down and removed her panties all the way and she removed mine too. Totally naked we lay atop my bed together and experienced the joys that only two girls can share as we kissed and touched each other in forbidden places. We were still young and inexperienced insofar as Lesbian sex went so we didn’t do everything that girls can do with each other, yet. But as much as we enjoyed the simple pleasures we could give to each other with just kissing and touching, we knew we had to keep up appearances too. Before falling asleep together in my bed we both got up and put on a nightie set, then crawled under the covers to fondle each other until sleep overtook us both. It was pretty hard for me to fall asleep with a hand softly stroking my pubic area through the thin material of my panty, and with one arm around her while my other hand rested upon her perfect breast.

Pam left before breakfast the next morning as she had some things to take care of. First on her agenda was to split with Peter. Then she had to tell her mother that she was going to explore a life of Lesbianism with me. She didn’t want to keep it a secret from her mother, or mine.

CHAPTER 15

“How was your date dear?” Mom asked me as I entered the kitchen fully dressed. “I didn’t hear you come in last night.”

“We came straight home after the movie Mom,” I told her. “I guess it was all right.”

“Just alright? Usually first dates are better than all right. What happened?”

“Oh, I watched the movie all the way through and I let Dave hold my hand for awhile, then I let him put his arm around me too. After the movie I even let him kiss me though I did have to stop him from feeling me up.”

“Boys will tend to do that dear. Girls expect it.”

“I know. I expected it and he tried it and I didn’t let him.”

“Good for you. Are you going to date him again?”

“Nope.”

“Just like that, Nope? Why not?”

“Well, when Pam and I got back here we talked about it and we both realized that it wasn’t anything really special for either of us. There is no point to either of us dating them again.”

“I see. So now what?”

“Pam and I kissed for the first time last night Mom.” There was surprise on her face then but it wasn’t an angry sort of surprise. “She touched me and I touched her and we both found that we liked it with each other better than with boys. She went to break things off with Peter and to tell her mother that she wants to be a Lesbian with me.”

“I see. So now you’re a Lesbian?”

“I guess so. I have always liked girls Mom. I guess I always will. And since I am a girl at least until I finish high school, I guess that makes me a Lesbian.”

“That’s okay dear. I guess I half way expected something like this though I do have to confess that I expected it a long time ago. I don’t mind it if you prefer girls over boys, I’m just glad that you have some experience with boys to compare it with. Pam is a nice girl and I love her almost as if she were a real daughter to me, like you are. I am glad you decided to tell me too.”

“Keeping secrets from you is next to impossible Mom, especially since Pam is coming over later to make sure I told you. She will probably want to shock you somewhat by kissing me right in front of you.”

“Let her try it,” Mom dared. “The only thing that would shock me is if she tried to undress you in front of me. Uh-uh Margot. You girls can kiss and pet all you want to in public, but the removal of your clothes for the sake of mutual pleasure has to be done in private. I’m afraid I’ll have to insist upon that.”

I laughed then and gave Mom a big hug.

Pam was back by noon. “Mission accomplished!” she said to us both. I just walked over to her, put my arms around her and gave her a big kiss right on the mouth. I felt her arms go around my body and one hand slide down to caress my buttocks.

“Hey, hey!” Mom called to us. “That’s enough of that. You girls want to make out with each other you go into Margot’s room. Kissing, hugging and flirting is okay for in public but the rest of it has to be done in private.”

“Well, I guess you did tell your Mom everything,” Pam said to me.

“Margot always tells me everything Pam. What about your mother?”

“Mom knows now and she says she’s okay with it, particularly since the girl that I like just happens to be Margot. She is going to let my father and brothers know so I have to stay away until she argues it out with them. She’ll call here when she thinks its safe for me to go home.”

“How did Peter take it?” I asked her.

“Oh, I didn’t tell him about you or us. I just told him I didn’t want a steady boyfriend and that he should look around for another girl to date from now on. I also told him that you didn’t want to date Dave again either. Thanks and good-bye. He said thanks and good-bye too.”

“So what do we tell the other kids at school then?” I had to ask.

“We don’t have to tell them anything. We tried dating and found we didn’t like it all that much so we just aren’t going to date anymore. We have to keep up our grades first. No one will see anything wrong with the two of us going out together. We’ve been doing it for a long time already and no one really cared too much. Girls can go out with girls just like the guys like to hang out with each other now and then.”

“That’s true,” Mom said. “No one else has to know anything so long as you confine your touching and kissing to the privacy of our homes. Heck, girls can even walk down the street holding each others hands and no one will think twice about it. Boys can’t do that.”

Pam and I spent the next hour or so in my room with the door closed. For me, kissing and touching a girl was a lot more fun than kissing a boy had been. It was for Pam too. Then we got out an assortment of my finer lingerie and helped each other get dressed. Dressing up with a real girlfriend was even better than dressing up with a platonic girl friend had been. Lacy garter belts with silk stockings, satin and lace bras with matching panties, silk teddies and blouses and skirts and high heeled shoes. We did each other’s hair and makeup and chose each other’s jewelry. Then we went out to the kitchen to have lunch with Mom.

The phone rang at about one and Mom got to it first. It was Pam’s mother and she was ready for Pam to come home, with or without me. Of course I went with her while Mom stayed on the phone with Mrs. Jones. I certainly couldn’t let Pam face her family all alone now.

Pam and I walked in the front door of her house holding each other’s hand nervously. We had been speculating on the reception we would get all the way over and Pam told me how grateful she was that I had chosen to come with her. She really needed me to be there with her.

Pam’s four older brothers were an easy obstacle to overcome. All that seemed to concern them was if we were going to change and become Dykes. No! We were two girls who enjoyed being pretty and feminine and who preferred each other’s company over that of boys. One by one the boys gave their sister and me a hug

and walked out of the house. They knew all they cared to know and wouldn't bother us about it again.

Mr. Jones was another story. He just couldn't fathom his only daughter preferring to be with another girl rather than with a boy. He took it quite hard and ran his gamut of emotions past us, from soft and weepy to hard and angry and back again. He ranted and raved, begged and pleaded for us to reconsider going out with boys. But we were adamant that we were happy just being with each other.

Acceptance from Pam's father was not forthcoming and it really bothered Pam, a lot. She really needed to have her father accept me as her girlfriend and lover. Tolerance was about all he could manage. Mrs. Jones, Pam and I retreated to Pam's room leaving Mr. Jones alone in their living room. "You have acceptance from your brothers and tolerance from your father Pam, isn't that enough?" her mother asked her.

Pam shook her head in the negative as her tears prevented her from saying a word. I had my arm around her to console her. I really hated to see Pam in such distress. "If it will help us any I think we should consider going out there and telling him the complete truth about me," I said.

Pam raised her head and stopped crying immediately while Mrs. Jones perked up too. "You would allow that, Margot?" Mrs. Jones asked.

"Of course. But only him. The boys seem willing to accept us as we are and they don't need to know anything more than they do right now. But if it will help Mr. Jones accept me and Pam being together, then I can't object to us telling him. Mom can be here in a few minutes and we can all give it to him at once."

"You're willing to do that for me, Margot?" Pam asked as she dried her tears.

"I would do anything I could for you Pam," I told her. She hugged me close then and Mrs. Jones joined in on the hug-fest. When they let me go I picked up Pam's phone and called Mom at home, told her what was happening and what we now planned to do. She was on her way even before I got the phone hung up again.

Pam and I stayed in her room fixing her makeup while Mrs. Jones went out to make tea and prepare for company. When we heard the doorbell, Pam and I eased out to the top of the stairs to hear my mother arrive. Then we went down to greet her. Mr. Jones was still on the couch where we had left him. He looked pathetic.

"I understand you are having a hard time accepting the fact that our children love each other, Jim," Mom began as she picked up her teacup and took a sip.

"Sorry Eileen, but I just can't understand two girls wanting to be with each other instead of with boys. Especially when both girls are so damned pretty too."

"Yes, they are very pretty aren't they?" It was a rhetorical question that didn't require a response and none was forthcoming. "You know what would be even worse Jim?" she asked him.

"I can't imagine anything worse than this," he replied sullenly.

“Well, it could be worse or it could be better, depending upon your point of view I suppose.”

“What’s that?” he had to ask now with his curiosity piqued.

“Oh its nothing important really Jim. I was just thinking that it might be a bit more of a shock had Margot been born a girl instead of being born a boy is all.”

“What!?!?” he screamed as he sat up straight for the first time since he had sat down.

“Calm yourself Jim,” Mrs. Jones told her husband.

“That’s right,” Mom continued in her off-handed manner. “Actually, medically speaking, Margot is still legally a male though he does prefer to live, dress and act as a female. Thanks to the miracles of modern medicine we were able to hide his male anatomy enough that he appears to be a complete female now. Enough so that he can even shower with the other girls at school and no one can tell the difference. For all intents and purposes, Margot is a girl. I guess its just her male emotions coming to the surface that makes her want to be with a girl rather than with a boy.”

Mr. Jones was flabbergasted. “Y...y...you all knew about this?” he stuttered.

“Oh sure,” his wife replied easily. “Pam and I were there to watch the surgery too. Giving this beautiful young girl implants to change her boyish body into a girlish one and hiding her male parts inside her body so that she looks like a real girl down there. Margot makes a much nicer girl than she ever did a boy.”

He was still quite stunned. “How long have you known all this?”

“Margot has only been dressing this way for a little over three and a half years,” Mom replied. “We had the surgery done this past summer.”

“I found out just before the surgery,” Mrs. Jones said.

“I found out just after we moved here,” Pam added.

“Margot is a boy! And you let them do this to you?” he asked me directly.

“I didn’t let them do anything,” I told him. “I had to almost beg them to let me do it. I do make a better girl than I ever did a boy. Now I get to experience life as a girl for about the next three or four years. Don’t know what’s going to happen after that.”

“Wow! This all so hard to comprehend. First, my daughter wants to be a Lesbian. Then I find out that the girl she likes is really a boy who looks like a real girl but is still a boy where it counts though it can’t be seen. Why didn’t anyone tell me sooner?”

“There was no need for you to know a thing dear,” his wife informed him. “It became necessary to tell you only when you hurt your daughter by refusing to accept her for the person she is. Pam is my daughter and I love her unconditionally. It wouldn’t bother me if she wanted to be with a real girl but it is so much better for me that the girl she wants to be with all the time is still part male inside.”

“On the plus side Daddy,” Pam added as she squeezed my hand a bit, “no matter what Margot and I do together you have to know that neither of us will have an unwanted pregnancy.”

Pam and I smiled as we held hands; our mothers burst out laughing causing Mr. Jones to break out into a smile as well. He also allowed a chuckle to escape his lips as well. The ice had melted and everything was going to be all right now.

“Okay,” he grinned. “So no one is getting pregnant. So what are the options for the future then?”

“For now, Pam and I are dating each other,” I answered simply. “I am all girl and all female right through high school and maybe even college. No one knows for sure what is going to happen then.”

“Once the schooling is out of the way I can see one of three scenarios taking place,” Mom said. “Either Margot will have had enough of living as a female and want to return to being all male again or, she will still enjoy living as a female while becoming capable of having children with a real girl or, she will want to have another operation and become all female for the rest of her life. Anything she decides is fine with me.”

“Me too,” Mrs. Jones added.

“We’ll see then,” I said.

“Right,” Pam agreed.

“Fine,” Mr. Jones acceded. “So be it then! Pam and Margot can date and do whatever it is they want together and it won’t bother me, anymore. I’m glad you told me the truth but I still find it all quite hard to believe. What was Margot’s name before she became a girl? I am sure she didn’t live as a boy with Margot as her name.”

“No, she didn’t,” Mom said. “But you don’t need to know that since you might forget yourself at some point in time and call her by her other name. Margot is Margot and that’s all you need to know.”

“Okay. Its still hard to realize that as beautiful as Margot is, that she is still a boy.”

“Margot is not a boy, she’s a girl!” Pam defended me.

“Yeah, right. But what makes a boy want to try on girls things in the first place?”

Everything was okay now so Pam and I excused ourselves from the tea party while Mom launched into an explanation of how this all began for me. Mr. Jones was happy to learn that I was not all-female as he had always assumed and wanted to understand the whys and wherefores of my life. Mom was only too happy to explain it all to him.

CHAPTER 16

School was better now for both Pam and I, now that the pressures of dating had been lifted from us. The other girls were quite happy with our decision to not date at all as it left them a clear field to the available boys. The boys weren't so happy since Pam and I were among the most beautiful of the girls at school. But we were adamant in our decision and as hard as the boys tried to get us to go out with them, we turned them all down.

We managed to behave ourselves quite properly in school. We never kissed, touched or held hands anywhere in public. We were best friends and that is all anyone ever saw. Peter and Dave managed to vouch that we were both normal heterosexual girls since saying anything less would put their masculinity into question.

Life goes on! Pam and I were into our senior year of high school and both of us were now legally adults. We were still very much in love with each other too though no one outside of our immediate families knew that fact.

Pam arranged it and I was quite surprised that she had done so but I went along with it as she really wanted to do it. Another double date with a pair of guys she had met from the other side of town! I still had no interest in guys and she knew it. I was a confirmed Lesbian and so was she.

Thomas and Stephen were their names and they took us out for dinner at a posh restaurant that few of our contemporaries could afford. They were both tall and handsome and well dressed, obviously having money. They bought us dinner and champagne and we made two wonderful couples on the dance floor. They were perfect gentlemen all the way through.

To round out our evening, Thomas suggested we go back to his place and listen to some of his music. He hinted that he had another bottle of champagne chilling in his fridge. Pam wanted to go so I had no choice but to go as well. I wanted to see how far she was going to go with this double date thing.

Boy did I get a surprise! Inside the apartment the guys took off their jackets and gave each other a relieved embrace before kissing each other on the mouth. They were Gay! Pam had known but hadn't bothered to tell me since she still liked to shock people as much as she could. I was appropriately shocked.

"Stephen and I are lovers but since we live and work in a straight world, we have to keep our romance a secret," Thomas told us. "When Pam approached me and told me she knew my secret I was scared to death she would tell someone, until she told me about you two being secret Lesbians. Then I knew we were in luck. The perfect girls for Stephen and I to date are Lesbians and beautiful ones like you two make it even better. People see us out together and assume we are as straight as they are. They just don't see what happens behind closed doors."

I was over my shock then and let Pam embrace and kiss me as the guys were doing with each other then. Yeah, it had been a perfect date. With both guys being Gay, it was no wonder that they were both perfect gentlemen with us. We could hold their hands or walk with our arms around them in public; little hugs and

kisses on the cheeks too. But serious hugs and kisses came only in private and only with our own partners.

Pam dated Thomas and I dated Stephen for the rest of our last year of school. Pam's parents and my mother were in on the scam and it didn't bother either of them. They still knew that Pam and I were a solid couple.

Having boyfriends now, Pam and I were able to attend our high school graduation with dates, the same as all the other girls from school. Having boyfriends now, Pam and I were able to dispel all rumors that we were Lesbians. Being girlfriends to the guys meant a lot to them as well. They were able to take us out on social events held by their company and introduce us to their co-workers and bosses, which secured their places in straight society.

Remaining true to their girlfriends, the guys didn't have to date any other girls while Pam and I were away at college. Everyone who counted had seen us and approved of us so they were safe.

But college was only a stone's throw from our homes so we didn't have to go anywhere. We both attended as girls since it was decided that I should remain as a complete female for the full length of our education. Changes were coming once we were out of school for good and working for a living.

Changes. Pam and I both knew we could not continue life as I was. Something did have to change. The first change we made was to have the Doctor open me up and lower my male parts from their hiding place. They were small and shriveled and quite useless as male organs at this time. As with my operation to hide them, I had an audience to watch them coming out again. My Mom along with Pam and both of her parents this time. Mr. Jones just had to see it for himself.

Time was the important factor for me now. Along with regular washings and massages to get them up and working to their full potential. It was a good thing for me that I had not been taking female hormones internally so I had a good chance now of returning to full vigor as a male. I merely used the hormone cream on my nipples to make them appear more feminine. I also went for regular electrolysis to remove any unfeminine hair that happened to grow on my face and body. Since it was so little at a time and in varying places plus the fact that I used several different beauty salons to get the work done at, no one ever guessed that I was not a real female.

Time was about three months. Pam did the washings and massages for me and regularly too. Most of the time she just played with me using her hands, but eventually she got around to taking my small cock into her mouth and giving me a stimulating oral massage. It was at about the three-month mark before I finally rewarded her with my first ever male orgasm. She loved it! It was okay for me too though I definitely got more out of my female orgasms than I did from my male ones.

Pam and I talked it all over with each other first, then with my Mom, and finally with her parents, away from her brothers. We had decided on a course of action for the rest of our lives and none of them could talk us out of it, not that they really wanted to.

We were going to get married, legally. Wife and wife forever. Our Lesbianism was going to stop hiding behind closed doors as we were coming out of the closet. Pam would get pregnant at least once, maybe even twice and she would have our children. We hoped they would be healthy ones. Its what Pam and I both wanted so our parents wanted it for us too.

Out of necessity now, all three of Pam's brothers along with their wives were told the whole and complete truth about me. They had to know who the father of Pam's child or children was before it all took place. They were shocked and surprised though other than that, they took it rather well. They were all fully adjusted to the idea that Pam and I were both girls and Lesbians so it would take a bit of adjustment on their part to get used to the idea that I had been born a male, still was male enough to make babies. Their wives took it a lot easier than they did.

A date had been set for our wedding and preparations were going at full tilt. Pam and I had to decide on our wedding gowns and we wanted them to match perfectly. Mom and the Mrs. Jones were taking care of everything else for us. The church, the reception hall, the guest list and the invitations, the pictures and the flowers and the cake and every little detail they could think of. Pam and I had nothing more to do other than to pick our bridal parties, which would include our Bridesmaids and the Flower girls. We had enough girlfriends from school that we could fill out both sides.

Oh sure, the girls from school were more than a bit surprised to learn that both Pam and I were Lesbians and that we were now getting married to each other with parental consent and full approval. But they were happy for us too. They realized that it had to take a lot of will power on our part to keep it such a secret for so long a time. Being happy for us they were more than happy to stand up there with us as our witnesses. We recruited Thomas and Stephen and some of their other Gay friends to act as Ushers for us though they would not be in the Bridal processions.

Then it was time to shop. And shop we did. We shopped till we were ready to drop. Not only did we have to find identical gowns and have them fitted for each of us, we had to locate the identical pieces of lingerie to wear under them. Then we had to have identical outfits to wear after the wedding before we left the reception for our honeymoon. Plus, we had to find the perfect gowns for our Bridesmaids and our Flower girls to wear as well. Then there were the tuxedos for the Ushers too. I also went shopping for a pair of identical nighties for Pam and I to wear for our first night together as wife and wife. Mom helped me and we picked out a pair of cute little baby dolls which both of us preferred anyway.

The wedding went off without a hitch and we became Mrs. and Mrs. Thomas, legally. The honeymoon was a two-week trip to Hawaii paid for by Mr. Jones. Upon returning home both Pam and I found jobs as receptionists at a large insurance company. Two months later and we discovered that Pam was pregnant. We became parents to a beautiful baby girl. Two years later and we became parents once more with a baby boy. For her own reasons, Pam did prefer me to be the woman that I now was.

We had a daughter and a son together and they had two mothers to pamper them both. And both of our children would grow up knowing the joys of both boyhood and girlhood as they could choose which world they wanted to live in. Their grandparents had no say in that matter though there were no objections to how we chose to dress our children. Both girl and boy in pants or both in dresses didn't matter to anyone.

THE END