



*Reluctant Press*

# Like Mother, Like Daughter

Katrina Susan Henderson



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

By Katrina Susan Henderson

## 1. A Letter From Home

It was nearing the end of my first semester away from home when the fateful letter came. I had just finished my morning classes in Calculus and Physics and went to the Student Union on campus to retrieve my mail. I picked up the letter from the mail slot and saw that it was from my mother. I stuck it in my student folder and hurried off to get lunch at the cafeteria. I got in line, got my lunch of a cheeseburger and fries, and went to sit down at a table on the patio.

It was a chilly day outside and I was left pretty much to myself, which was the way I preferred it.

So far, the engineering school I was attending didn't have much to recommend it. The classes were difficult and most of the students didn't like the same things I did. I never was much into getting drunk and being in trouble all the time with the authorities like most of the other boys did.

"Jan! What in the world do you think you're doing out here?" came a feminine voice from behind me.

I turned around and came face to face with Susan Morris. Susan was one of the few girls on campus, unique in the fact that there were ten boys for every girl there, and was an acquaintance of mine since I first got here. I'd never get anywhere romantically with her, as she had made that clear early on. At least I had her as a friend; besides, she'd never lack for a date on this campus.

"Just having lunch, Susan. I thought you'd be having lunch with Todd today," I replied.

"Not today. He's at a Basketball luncheon with the team. Why don't you come inside where it's warm and we can eat lunch together," she said with a smile.

"Won't Todd get angry or something?" I asked in surprise.

"No, he knows you're just a friend. He says you're safe for me to be with, almost like my having another girlfriend. Besides, none of my previous boyfriends ever objected to our friendship. Now, let's go in before we freeze to death," exclaimed Susan.

"Sure, Susan," I answered, picking up my folder and my lunch.

As we walked into the cafeteria, I wondered what she meant by her previous remark, but I was too busy holding onto my tray to ask her. As we came up to the door, one of the boys opened it for her. She gave a tight-lipped smile as she entered the building and nodded at the boy at the door. I expected the door to be let go and I braced to catch it on my heel, but there was no need as the boy held it for me with a mocking grin on his face. I felt myself flush a bit, but I quickly hurried inside.

“Be a dear and get that table in the corner for us. I'll be back with my lunch in a jiffy,” suggested Susan with a smile.

“Sure, Susan,” I replied heading over to it.

I sat my tray down and took the seat by the window. It was still chilly there by the window, but it was a lot better than it was outside. It only took a few minutes, and then Susan came over with her lunch along with her best friend and roommate, Margo.

“Hi, Margo. How are you?” I asked respectfully, beginning to rise.

“Sit back down, Jan. You're making a spectacle of yourself,” replied Margo.

I gulped and sat back down. It was the only prudent thing to do.

Margo was built like one of those lady weight lifters and even though I was no weakling, she definitely overmatched me in sheer muscle.

Susan and Margo sat down opposite me. Susan crossed her legs under the table while Margo placed hers flat on the floor and slightly apart. Margo always made me feel smaller in her presence as she was as wide as I was, but was about 6' 2", as compared to my height of 5' 10". Margo only had a slice of cake on her plate and a glass of tea while Susan had two salads and a glass of milk.

“Sorry, Margo,” I answered meekly.

“That's okay, Jan. Are you about to eat that?” questioned Margo severely.

“Eat what?!” I asked as I had just taken a bite of my cheeseburger.

“What do you think, Susan?” asked Margo.

“I think Jan has put on a few pounds since last month. Have you, Jan, dear?” replied Susan sweetly.

“Well, maybe a pound or two,” I said uncertainly.

“That's what I thought. Here give me that,” ordered Margo, grabbing my burger and fries.

“But Margo. . .,” I began.

“Shush, Jan. Here, I bought an extra salad with low calorie and low fat dressing. Eat it and don't make a scene,” said Susan setting one of the salads in front of me.

I looked at them. Margo was giving me a menacing look while Susan smiled at me in encouragement, and I looked back down. Well, I was hungry and I didn't feel like arguing with two of the few girls on campus, so I shut up and began to eat my salad.

“How are classes going, Jan?” asked Susan after a few minutes.

“Fine, I guess. Calculus is a drag and so is Physics, but I'll muddle through them,” I replied.

“Don't talk with your mouth full, Jan. Yes, I'm sure you will muddle through. Really, you should be in a different school. For instance, take that paper you wrote in Liberal Arts class. It was really good,” answered Susan.

“Uh, thanks. I did a reasonable job on it,” I said, a little embarrassed.

“More than reasonable. I saw you pitch it in the trash and I retrieved it,” smiled Susan pulling it from her flowered folder.

“Let me see,” commanded Margo holding out her hand.

“It's really not that good, Margo,” I interrupted, reaching for it.

Susan pulled it out of my reach with a laugh and handed it to Margo. Margo took the paper, read it, and burst out laughing.

“Please, Margo. It's not funny!” I exclaimed angrily.

After she settled down a bit, she said, “Actually, it is quite silly and pretty. What was the assignment anyway?”

I looked down, embarrassed, while Susan explained, “It was an exercise in pretending. The assignment was to write about how you would feel if you had been born the opposite sex. Definitely a mind-stretching exercise for me.”

“How did you do, Susan?” questioned Margo, handing the paper back to me.

“Lousy. I failed. Jan, on the other hand, writes skillfully and has a very good imagination. I even think that Jan could write full time if he felt like it. Some of the writing in that assignment reminds me of some of the romance novels I've read. Ever read any, Jan?” asked Susan, unexpectedly.

I turned a bright red and stammered, “Never in my life!”

“Well, all the same, you write beautifully and with lots of feeling,” complimented Susan.

“I remember that assignment myself,” said Margo with a wistful expression.

“How did you do on it?” I asked.

“I did rather well on it. Not as well as you, Jan, but not bad either,” replied Margo, eating my cheeseburger.

We finished lunch and as I was about to leave, Susan asked, “You doing anything tomorrow night?”

I looked a bit startled and answered, “No, nothing. Why?”

“Well, Susan is having a little party tomorrow night. It's just going to be her and a few friends. Why don't you go over about five,” suggested Margo.

“Are you sure it would be all right, I mean with Todd?” I asked.

“Of course it is. Now we've got to get to Aerobics class and then off to Computer Science. See you tomorrow night. I'll call you at four tomorrow with all the details,” said Susan.

“All right, I'll come then. Where is it going to be held?” I replied.

“Good. I'll talk to you about it tomorrow, Jan,” answered Susan as she and Margo left the table.

I got up slowly from the table, picked up my folder and hurried to my next class, Statistical Equations. After several hours in class, we were at last dismissed and I made my way to the hovel I called home.

I had a small apartment off-campus and while it was not much, it kept me from having to have a roommate like most of the other boys on campus. That suited me just fine as I had never really thought of myself as one of the guys.

I fixed myself a dinner of Ramen noodles and garlic bread (which was about the only kind of food I could afford), settled down in front of my tiny portable television and had a beer. There wasn't much on, so I picked up my school books and started my homework. After five torturous hours, I completed my assignments and retired to bed. I turned on the radio and lay down. Suddenly, I remember my mother's letter in my folder. I got it out of the folder and took it with me into bed.

The envelope was vibrant pink and had flowers imprinted on it. My address was done on a rose flowered label and my name was written in graceful curves. I turned a shade of red when I noticed that my mother had typed my name wrong, again.

Again, it read: Ms. Jane Donaldson!

I put the letter on my lap and reflected on the matter. My mother had done this more than once, since I'd left home. She often wrote to me as she would a daughter. Even some of the care packages she had sent seemed to be more oriented to a daughter than to a son. I bet some of the folks who delivered the mail for the school thought I had a twin sister who shared my mail slot.

I picked up the envelope and deftly opened it with my fingernails. As I did, I smirked at the memory of Susan saying that she had been embarrassed because my fingernails were longer than hers! Inside the envelope, I found the letter and pulled it out along with a one-way airline ticket to Oklahoma City. The letter smelled of my mother's perfume, Eternity, and was as pink and delicate as the envelope it had arrived in. I opened the letter and began to read:

Dearest Jane,

I hope you are feeling well and doing well in school. I'm sorry to be writing you rather than phoning, but what I have to say isn't easy and I can't trust myself not to cry. It is about your father and your two younger brothers.

There was a terrible accident Monday on the bridge outside of town involving them and a fuel truck. They were turning onto the interstate, entering via the underpass, when the truck, loaded with gasoline, broke through the guardrail and plummeted on top of them, erupting into flames.

Thankfully, the police and medical people believe that they died quickly and without pain. I pray to God that is so. I'm sorry I can't talk to you more, but I'm so upset that I can't concentrate. The funeral will be next week.

I realize that you will miss your finals and will be unable to complete this semester, but I'll make it up to you. I need you here with me more than ever. Without you, I'm all alone.

See you soon,

With all my love, Mom

I put the letter down. Tears filled my eyes, and I began to cry. Of all the rotten things to have happened to me, this took the cake. My father and my two brothers were dead, my mother was in hysteria and all she could think to say is that she would be sorry that I'd miss my finals.

While my relationship with my parents was rocky, Dad being a workaholic and Mom being the smothering type, I loved them very much, even though I knew that my Mom was cheating on Dad. He knew it as well and took great pains, as she did also, to conceal it from us kids. They did a good job with my two younger brothers, David and Frank, but I saw right through it. I didn't know who Mom was with when she went out late Friday nights while Dad was at work, but I wound up baby-sitting my brothers all the time and doing all her work around the house. My brothers often teased me about being more like their sister than their brother. Mom would often laugh when they said this, but wouldn't tell them to stop.

Whenever Dad was home, he would go out and play ball with David and Frank. I was often drafted into this until my mother would call me in to help her get supper ready or get the place presentable for guests. That continued for most of my life.

In high school, I never got to date. The girls just wanted to be friends and that was all. Most of the time, I felt more like one of their girlfriends rather than a young man trying to find love. Every night found me helping my Mom around the house or out in the yard.

At last, in college, I had gained some measure of independence and moved away from home. I still kept in contact with my family, and Mom even sent along a care package now and then. Now, most of my family was dead and I cried in remorse. I lay awake in bed for hours and only fell asleep just before dawn.

The skies were cloudy the next day and heavy snow showers covered the campus as I hurried to my Physical Fitness class. I had already missed my first two classes, from over-sleeping. While I didn't particularly feel like attending this one, I didn't want to stay in my room and mope all day. I didn't know what I was going to tell Susan and Margo, but in my current condition I knew that I would ruin their party.

I went into the main lobby of the gymnasium and to the main doors to the gym. I was soaked to the skin by that time and miserable. There, on a sign hung on the handles were the words: Class in Session. Do not Enter!

"Damn!" I muttered in anger.

"What's wrong, Jan?" asked a voice from behind me.

I turned around startled and saw Susan and Todd standing behind me having just come from the Physical Education classroom next to the gymnasium.

"I missed my class," I said sadly.

"What's wrong, Jan?" questioned Susan.

"Well, I don't want to talk about it now," I answered in a low voice.

“Well, I'm done for the day, and so are you. Mrs. Frederick's sick and Liberal Arts has been canceled. Todd, I'll see you on Saturday night. I think Jan needs me right now,” said Susan.

“Sure, doll. You go ahead and take care of your girlfriend. See you Sunday at the game, then,” replied Todd, kissing Susan.

After he left, Susan turned to me and said, “All right, Jan. Come with me. I want to find out what's wrong and I won't take no for an answer.”

“All right, Susan,” I replied, puzzled at Todd's remarks.

We left the gymnasium, with Susan wrapping her scarf about her face and me using my Liberal Arts book and folder to shield my face from the icy wind. It was only a short distance across the campus to the Women's hall and Susan lead me to the back door. Once we got under the lee of the building she came over to me.

“We'll go inside now,” she said loudly.

“I'm not allowed in there, Susan. You know the rules as well as I do,” I replied.

“No problem. Mrs. Gulliver is almost always asleep and besides, I'll wrap my scarf about your head in a feminine manner and we'll pass right by her. I often had to sneak Todd in this way,” replied Susan, whipping off her scarf.

Before I could protest more, she draped her scarf over my head and effectively muzzled me with it. She then grabbed my left hand and led me through the door. I was a little afraid to enter those forbidden portals, but Susan would have none of it.

Once inside the front door, we entered the foyer. Sitting there blissfully asleep was the matronly Mrs. Gulliver. Softly, Susan and I crept past her to the staircase. It was a good thing I was nearly gagged by the scarf because I heard a loud yawn behind us.

Susan looked back sheepishly and said, “Hello, Mrs. Gulliver.”

“Hello yourself, young lady. And who might this be with you?” asked Mrs. Gulliver.

“Oh, this is Jane. She's a friend of mine from back home,” replied Susan sheepishly.

“That's fine, Susan. Jane will have to sign the register though,” answered Mrs. Gulliver gruffly.

“Yes, ma'am. Is it all right if she spends the night?” asked Susan.

I would have gasped if I could. What, me spend the night here? I agreed to go to a party, but not this! I was just about to shake my head `no' and make for the door, when Susan took my right arm securely in hers.

“That will be fine, Ms. Morris, as long as she signs the register and you countersign it,” muttered a sleepy Mrs. Gulliver.

“Of course, Mrs. Gulliver. It's over here next to the door, Jane,” said Susan steering me into the main hall.

We walked down to a table near the front door with Mrs. Gulliver watching us all the way. The hall was deeply carpeted and was decorated with feminine-inspired artwork. In general, it was quite nice. On the mahogany table was the guest register.

Susan pressed a pen in my hand and whispered, "Sign it. She's watching us and if she suspects anything, we'll both be in trouble."

I knew that she was right. I'd be sent to jail and she'd be suspended from school. I carefully took up the pen and, facing away from Mrs. Gulliver, signed the register: Jane Lynn Donaldson. Susan signed her name and handed me the pen. As I put away the pen, and turned to follow Susan up the stairs, Mrs. Gulliver nodded in satisfaction and was soon fast asleep again.

Susan's and Margo's apartment was on the third floor and soon we arrived there. Susan opened her coat, took out her purse and fished out the keys. She opened the door and beckoned me inside.

Her apartment was an odd mixture of styles. Part of it was ultra- feminine, obviously hers, and part was almost tomboyish in make-up. I set down my book and folder and began to undo the scarf about me. It was, like the rest of me, soaked to the bone by the falling, wet snow.

"God, I'm soaked. I'll just change out of these wet things and come right back," said Susan, leaving me in the living room.

I took off my coat and hung it on the rack along with her fur coat, a pink winter coat and one Levi-style coat with the name Margo on the back in large letters. I toyed with the idea of sitting down, but I didn't want to get the furniture wet, so I stood. My shoulder-length brown hair was wet and I felt the drops go down the back of my shirt. I started to rub my hands to stay warm.

After a few minutes, Susan came out of her bedroom wearing a robe and threw me a large pink towel, saying, "Why don't you go in and dry off? I've set out some clothes, and you should get out of those wet things before you catch your death."

"Sure, Susan," I said, taking the towel and headed into her bedroom.

Her bedroom came as no real shock to me. It was like I had imagined a girl's bedroom would be. It had a large four-poster canopy bed with a rose comforter. The walls were a floral garden and the rug was a rich pink. The furniture was of cherry including her wardrobe, dresser and vanity. I saw some clothes on the bed, but rushed into the bathroom as I started to drip on her rug.

I entered the bathroom, shut the door, and began to take off my clothes. Her's were already there, hanging from the shower curtain bar. My clothes soon joined them and I luxuriated in the toweling of my body. I borrowed her hair blower and dried my hair. *God, it felt good to get dry again.* After I was done, I wrapped the towel around myself and went out into her bedroom. Getting to the bed, I finally saw the clothes for the first time. It was a pair of white panties, a woman's pink leotard with white tights, a pair of pink leg warmers, a pink head band and a pair of white ballet slippers.

"Uh, Susan?" I called out.

"Yes, what is it?" asked Susan from the other side of the door.

"Uh, these clothes," I stammered.

"Oh, don't they fit?" questioned Susan innocently.

“But, they're girl clothes,” I sputtered out.

“Of course they are. What do I look like? A boy? Don't worry, you silly goose, no one will see you. Now hurry up and get dressed. Can't have you standing around here in your birthday suit all night,” she replied, then started to hum and move away from the door.

Well, I had two choices—to stay naked until my clothes dried or put on the clothes she had laid out for me. A cold draft on my backside quickly convinced me what to do; besides, it was just the two of us here.

I took off the towel and picked up the panties. Now, I'd seen women's clothes before, having helped Mom with the laundry all those years, but, I had never put on any until now.

I sat on the edge of the bed and pulled the panties on. They were of the softest cotton blended with a satin spandex and slid up my lightly-haired legs. I put them in position about my waist and was astonished at how much more comfortable they were than my masculine underwear. Still I was a bit surprised to note how smooth my groin area had become because of the panty's firm fit. Next, I put on the tights which clung tightly to my legs; then on went the pink leotard. It felt a bit strange at first, but was not uncomfortable. I put on the pink leg warmers, my legs feeling warmer the moment I put them on. Then I put on the pink head band to keep my hair out of my eyes. I slid my feet into the soft, stretchable slippers. I was amazed. Apart from the emptiness of the breast pockets on the front of the leotard, the clothes fit me like a glove. Once dressed, I ventured out into the living room.

“You look just fine, Jane. Come over here,” ordered Susan.

“Susan, it's Jan,” I replied walking over to her.

“Not tonight. Tonight, you're my girlfriend Jane from out of town,” she replied as she stuffed a set of falsies down the front of the leotard. “You really should wear a sports bra.”

“I don't understand,” I answered in bewilderment.

“No need to, Hon. Just go with the flow. Gee, now sit down here with me on the couch and tell me what's wrong, girl,” she said, setting down on the couch and crossing her legs.

I sat down and replied, “It's just that I got some bad news yesterday. A letter from my mom.”

“Can I see it?” she asked.

“Sure, it's in my folder over on the table,” I answered.

“Okay, I'll get it.”

She got up gracefully and went to the table. She reached in my folder and brought back the pink envelope. She sat down again, crossing her legs, and glared at me meaningfully.

I followed her gaze to my legs, and following her example, crossed them as well.

She took the letter out of the envelope, smiling a bit at its feminine appearance, and began to read it. After she had read it, she sat silent for a long moment.

“That is some awful news, Jane. I know what you need.”

“Yeah? And what's that?” I questioned.

“It's two o'clock. Time for Aerobics,” she said taking off her robe revealing her own exercise outfit.

“But how will that help, Susan?” I asked in bewilderment.

“Take your mind off things,” she replied, turning on her entertainment center.

The television came on revealing an older woman in tights and a room full of women in exercise outfits. She demonstrated the exercises and Susan and I followed her directions. I must admit, this aerobic stuff was more strenuous than it looked. Soon, I was panting and listening to our instructor praising us as we worked out. In general, it was a lot of fun and I didn't mind the female orientation of the program.

After the program was over, Susan looked at me and questioned, “Is that better?”

“Well,” I replied. “It did take my mind off it for a while.”

“Good. We'll try to keep it off all night then. I have a confession to make, Jane,” said Susan hanging her head low.

“What, Susan?” I asked in puzzlement.

“Well, originally Margo and I were going to pull a prank and humiliate you,” she replied.

“Why on Earth would you want to do that? What did I ever do to you?” I questioned.

“It's Margo. She doesn't like you. Never has. I'm afraid that I just went along with her. I'm not very strong and I tend to let her lead me around,” she answered.

“Why doesn't Margo like me?”

“You remind her of her older sister,” she replied.

“How's that?” I questioned.

“Well, it's hard to explain. You see, her sister lived as a boy most of the time on their farm in rural Iowa. For the longest time, she wanted to be a boy and eventually, through surgery, became one. Well, your manner and your personality remind her of her sister, the one she lost after she became a man,” said Susan.

“That's not my fault. But isn't she sort of a tomboy herself?” I replied.

“No, not really. She's actually a lesbian. Fortunately, I'm not her type so we don't have any problems. Be quiet and I'll call her and tell her it's all off for tonight,” answered Susan, picking up her pink Princess phone.

She quickly dialed, then said, “Hello. Is Margo there?”

From the sounds from the receiver, I could hear loud rock music in the background.

After a bit, she continued, “Margo. Hi, this is Susan. It's off for tonight. Yeah, he chickened out when he found it was going to be here.”

She paused for a moment listening and then said, "Sure, Margo. Right, I'm still going to have my friends over. You going to stay overnight with Marsha? All weekend? Right, see you Sunday evening. Bye."

She hung up the phone, looked at me carefully and said, "Well, Margo is staying the weekend with a girl she met at the party and won't be home until Sunday evening. I'm having a few friends over for the evening for a slumber party like I used to have when I was a little girl. Why don't you stay the night like I told Mrs. Gulliver?"

I sat there in shock, then replied carefully, "That's nice of you, Susan, but I'm a boy. It would make the rest of your friends uncomfortable if I were here."

"True, unless you looked more like a girl," she answered with a smile.

"Yes, but that's impossible," I said with a shake of my head.

"Unfortunately, we don't have much time, but since the girls were expecting a boy in drag to crash our party by coming out of my bedroom, let's surprise them by making you look more like a woman than a man. Without Margo to spread malicious rumors about you, the other girls will just play along. Don't be surprised if they tease you a bit," she replied.

"Well. . .," I began.

"Please, Jane. Please stay the night. I'd be happy and it would take your mind off your problems for a little while. I know you'll start to grieve again as soon as you head home. Say you'll stay," she pleaded.

I sat there for a long moment and thought. My clothes were still wet and likely to stay that way for a few hours more. Also, I was in the women's hall and they locked the doors at five and controlled entrance and exit carefully. If I chose to leave after five, less than an hour away, I'd have no sleeping Mrs. Gulliver to contend with, but a wide awake security guard. I didn't have much choice.

"Okay, Susan. I don't have to go right away. I'll be leaving Saturday afternoon on a flight," I replied.

"Excellent. Let's take a shower and get ready. They'll be over at six and we have to get some food ready. You do cook, don't you?" asked Susan, leading me into her bedroom.

"Yeah. I cook, clean and sew. My Mother never did much of it herself," I answered as I followed her.

"Good. I could use some help. Now, let's see. Go inside and shave your face. You'll find a razor and some shaving gel in the medicine cabinet. Then come back out here, but make sure that you shave good and close," she instructed.

"Yes, Ma'am," I replied going into the bathroom.

I found her feminine razor and moisturizing shaving gel and shaved my face with very hot water as close as I could. After I was done, it was so smooth you would have sworn that I'd never had a hair on my face. When I was done, I exited the bathroom and came face to face with a freshly-showered Susan who had just finished showering in Margo's bathroom.

“Good job,” she observed. “Now, be a dear and face the bed. I'm going to get dressed, and you need to strip and get ready for your shower.”

“But, out here, Susan?” I wailed.

“Sure, we're all girls here and besides, I had a younger brother so I know what you're packing. Don't be silly. Just do it,” she ordered.

I turned away from her and sighed in resignation. After all, I had agreed to the charade. I took off the slippers and leg warmers. The head band followed next and then the tights. Last to go was the leotard and I stood facing the wall away from her.

“Good. Stay right there,” she said from behind me.

I heard her opening something and then cold touched my back. As she worked it over my back, buttocks and legs, it felt like suntan lotion, but was stinging as it dried.

“Good, now turn around,” she ordered bluntly.

I did so, and she started to rub it on my legs. As she worked her way up, she ignored my manhood, which barely twitched as she worked the stuff around my groin surrounding an inverted triangle of hair. She smiled up at me and then worked on my stomach and chest.

“Hold out your arms,” she commanded.

I did so, and soon found my arms covered. I noticed that she paid close attention to my feet and hands. She then put some on my newly-shaven face. It really stung!

“Now hold still for a bit,” she ordered as she put a robe over the very lacy, semi-transparent teddy she was wearing.

After I stood there for fifteen minutes, she said, “Good enough. Now go in and take a shower. Make sure to use shampoo on your hair and use the Loofa on your body with the shower gel.”

“Okay, Susan,” I replied, glad to be away from her penetrating gaze.

I quickly went into the bathroom, started the shower, and jumped in. As soon as the water hit me, I was in seventh heaven. I wet my hair and reached for the shampoo. It was a conditioning and body- building shampoo with a lovely floral scent. I washed my hair and then I took up the Loofa and applied some of her shower gel to it.

I began to scrub my body vigorously. After I finished, I noticed that there was a lot of hair at the bottom of the shower and on the Loofa. I realized with a start that she had used a depilatory cream on me and had effectively removed my body hair!

I stepped out of the shower and patted myself dry with one of her towels. After I was done, I used the towel to clean off a full- length mirror and observed my hairless self. Wow! Being without body hair sure makes you look a lot more feminine, especially with my rounded, soft facial features. I wrapped the towel around me, like a girl would, and exited the bathroom.

“Excellent,” said Susan upon inspecting me. “I laid some clothes out for you. I hope you like a nice baby doll.” she said handing me some feminine evening clothes.

I blushed heavily, but managed to get them on without any trouble. The clothing was incredibly luxurious against my hairless body and it gave me a thrill just putting it on. The baby doll panty and top were of light pink silk and the top was built to hold the falsies, so I looked like I actually had some cleavage! Next, I put on the feminine pink house shoes she had for me as well as a lacy white robe.

“Good. Now, sit here at the vanity and I’ll finish making you up,” she said with a smile.

I followed her instructions and was soon seated at her vanity with my legs daintily crossed. The first thing she did was get out some curlers and set them in my hair.

“I really wish we had time to give you a permanent,” she commented. “But these will give you enough curl with the help of a little hair spray.”

She sprayed my hair down and then started with the make-up. She explained as she went and I found out more about female cosmetics than I had ever wanted to know. It was miraculous, all the work women put into their make-up and how few men notice.

As she applied the eye shadow and lipstick, she said, “One thing you must realize, Jane. Make-up is more than just dressing up to get noticed by the men. It is also important for a woman’s position among her own sex. Women judge themselves on their appearance and mannerisms.”

Soon, she was finished putting polish on my nails and let me look in the mirror. I gasped in astonishment. While I did not look like the prettiest girl around, I definitely looked like one. My eyebrows were thin arcs, my face painted and my body free of hair for the first time in my life.

Susan smiled and said, “You look lovely, Hon. Now it’s a quarter till five, so it’s off to the kitchen we go.”

“Okay, Susan,” I replied, following her to the kitchen.

Once there, we prepared snacks for the slumber party. It was a lot of fun and I found Susan to be a delight to be around. I felt closer to her than I had ever felt to my own siblings. I banished that thought quickly before I got melancholy. We had just finished setting up the snack trays when the door rang.

“I’ll get it,” said Susan.

I gulped as this was my moment of truth. Susan opened the door. In the doorway were three girls from my Liberal Arts class! I remembered them as the trio that had heartily applauded my romantic paper in class.

“Hi, Ellen, Sharon and Lisa. Welcome. Come in,” said Susan happily.

“Hi, Susan,” replied Ellen, the willowy blonde. “Is that who I think it is?”

“Yes it is. Come on in ladies. You remember Jane Donaldson, don’t you?” asked Susan in reply.

“Of course we do. Hi, Jane,” gushed the dark-haired Lisa.

“Hi, Lisa. Nice to see you,” I replied as she gave me peck on the cheek and a hug, which I returned.

The others greeted me in the same fashion as they greeted Susan. Sharon, the red head, had brought along some videos from the local video store, so we settled down to watch a romantic movie after the girls changed into their evening apparel. Ellen wore a full-length evening gown of the prettiest green I had ever seen. Sharon wore a set of white silk pajamas while Lisa wore a blue baby doll almost like the one I was wearing. I was surprised to find myself so wrapped up in the movie that I forgot all about my sorrows. We snacked and watched a couple more films.

After the third movie, Lisa said, "Let's take a break, girls. I'm tired of video."

"What do you suggest we do, Lisa?" asked Susan, mischievously pulling a hand through her long blonde hair.

"Let's read a passage from our favorite romance novels. The one with the hottest passage wins," suggested Lisa.

"Sure, let's do it," said Ellen and Sharon eagerly.

"What's wrong, Jane?" asked Susan, noting my doubting face.

"You know I don't have any with me," I replied sourly.

"No problem. Just get one out of the closet in my bedroom. I'm sure you'll find one you've read," said Susan with a smile.

I left amidst their giggling and whispering and went into the bedroom. One whole side of her closet was a bookshelf loaded with romance novels. Modern, historical, and much more. I never realized that so much had been written and in such variety.

"Hurry up, Jane!" shouted Ellen.

I looked over the selection quickly and settled on one with a knight and a lady in a billowing dress on the cover. With my prize, I hurried back to the girls who all had books in their laps and were leafing through them. I quickly followed suit. Fortunately for me, I stumbled upon what seemed like a sexual encounter halfway through the book. Well, it would just have to do.

"Who first?" asked Susan.

"You're the host. You go first, Susan," decided Lisa, the obvious leader of the other three girls.

"Sure. Well, here goes," began Susan.

After Susan, we went around the circle clockwise which left me as the last one to go. I never realized that ladies' fiction was so graphic! Not only was the romance played to the hilt, but the relations between the heroine and her man were positively pornographic! It was with considerable embarrassment that I read mine. I didn't realize that I had read it with such feeling until I looked up from the book and into the startled faces of the girls.

"Wow! I think that Jane gets the prize!" exclaimed Susan with a flushed face.

"Yes. You win, Jane," said the other girls gleefully.

"Thank you," I replied meekly.

“Well, we have time for just one more video, girls, then we need to be getting some sleep. Jane can sleep in my room with me. Two of you can sleep in Margo's bed and the other on the couch,” said Susan.

“Right. I have just the thing to really do this party up right. Now, pay attention, girls. We have to vote on our favorite. Here, Susan, put it in,” said Ellen as we arranged ourselves on the living room floor, folding our legs underneath us.

Susan put the tape in the player and soon it came on. It was the Chippendale's All Male Review. At first I was mortified with embarrassment, but as we watched it, I listened to the comments of the girls. Often, they would ask my opinion of a particular man's anatomy and I would sputter out an answer. They took a lot of delight in torturing me, but after a time, they let up and talked to me as they did to each other. At the end of the video, Susan passed out slips of paper as the video showed the dancers one last time.

“Okay,” said Lisa pausing the video. “Time to vote, girls. Which is the man of your dreams? Vote now,”

The others quickly scribbled a number down and all looked at me. I looked over the pictures thoughtfully and chose a handsome, but otherwise average-size man.

“Good. Now who did you pick and why? You first, Susan,” said Lisa.

Susan had chosen a man a lot like Todd. Ellen chose a muscular weight-lifter type. Lisa chose a bad boy motorcyclist while Sharon chose a farm boy.

“Who did you pick, Jane?” asked Lisa as I had deliberately been left for last.

“I chose number 10. The businessman,” I replied.

“Good eye, Jane. Perfect material to raise a family with,” commented Susan with a smile.

“True. Perfect, especially if you're a virgin. Are you still a virgin, Jane?” asked Lisa, sweetly.

I felt my throat go dry, but managed to croak, “Yes.”

Lisa laughed and replied, “Don't sweat it, honey. A sweet thing like you will soon have a man hot and heavy into you. Trust me, once you've had cock, you'll be back for more.”

I looked down in embarrassment as the other girls giggled. Susan rewound the tape and gave them to Ellen.

“Well, it's time to get some sleep. Good night, Ellen, Lisa, Sharon,” said Susan.

“Good night, Susan. Good night, Jane,” said the girls with a smile.

“Come with me, Jane,” ordered Susan.

I followed her into the bedroom. We took off our robes and hopped into bed. Soon, Susan was fast asleep and I drifted off thinking about how I was in bed with a girl and didn't feel the least bit interested in sex. I figured it must be my grief and settled down to sleep.

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The next day, I helped Susan get the girls up and out. Then, I helped her with the dishes, after having breakfast with her, and got the place straightened up. After that, she had me shave, straighten up my make-up and dressed me in one of her pantsuits, her pink winter coat, a pair of her pumps and the scarf I had worn yesterday. She packed my male clothes in a trash bag and took me home in her car. Once back at my hovel, she helped me remove the make-up and I changed into my male clothes. Then, she helped me pack and even took me to the airport so that I didn't have to catch a cab.

On the way to the airport, Susan asked, "Will you be back for next semester, Jane?"

She still was calling me that, but I replied, "I don't know, Susan. It depends on my mother."

"I understand. A girl should be with her mother during such a time. If something like that happened, I know I would be home with her," replied Susan.

"Yeah," I muttered.

We pulled into the airport and I had my ticket checked and my meager belongings were taken aboard the aircraft. I noticed that some people were looking at me strangely, but I was too deep in conversation with Susan to give it more than a passing thought. We sat together in the airport and exchanged addresses and phone numbers.

"Flight 435 leaving for Oklahoma City. Passengers board at Gate 11," sounded a woman's voice over the loud speaker.

"Well, that's my flight," I said, getting up.

"That it is. You take care and let me know what happens," said Susan, giving me a hug and a kiss.

"I will. Take care, Susan," I answered as I parted from her.

Moments later, I was in the air and on my way home to Oklahoma City and the grief-stricken homecoming awaiting me. Glancing down at my hands in my lap, I finally noticed why people had been staring at me so strangely. Susan and I had both forgotten about the polish she had put on my fingernails. I took out a pair of gloves and put them on to cover the pretty pink, polished fingernails I was wearing.

## **2. A Strange Homecoming**

The plane took off with no problems and after a four-hour flight arrived at the airport in Oklahoma City. I had my carry-on bag with me, and went down to the baggage check. Once there, I retrieved my luggage and went to the main lobby. I went over to the pay phones and set my luggage under one of them. I got my wallet and took out my phone card. Following the directions given me by the automated female voice on the phone, I dialed my Mother's phone number.

After a few rings, my Mother's voice came over the line, "Hello?"

Her voice sounded rather ragged so I quickly answered, "Hello, Mom. It's Jan. I'm at the airport. Do you want to pick me up or should I call a cab?"

"Oh, Jan. It's so good to hear your voice. I'll be right down to pick you up. I'll be about fifteen minutes so wait for me at the passenger pickup area. See you soon, dear," replied Mother, quickly hanging up the phone.

*Wow! I thought. She must really be broken up. She didn't sound like herself at all. I hope that she's all right.*

I picked up my bags again and headed for the passenger pickup area. I knew that when Mom said that she'd be here in fifteen minutes, it would be exactly fifteen minutes. Mom had never been late for anything in her life, at least as long as I can remember. With that in mind, I hustled to the pickup area. I had just arrived, when I saw Mom's 1976 Ford Station wagon pull up at the curb right in front of me.

"Hi, Mom," I said as I came up to the car.

"Hi, Jan. Put your stuff in back and climb in up front with me," she ordered cheerily.

Thinking of how much better she sounded now compared to when I had spoken to her on the phone, I put my luggage in the back of the station wagon along with my carry-on baggage. After that, I climbed into the seat next to her and as soon as I buckled in, we left the airport.

After we had been driving for five minutes, my Mother asked, "How were your classes, dear?"

I thought for a moment then replied, "Not too bad, Mother. They were a little tougher than I anticipated. I never had so much math in my life. Sometimes, I wish I had taken an easier subject even with the prospect of having a lower income."

"Is that such a problem, Jan?" questioned Mother with concern.

"It is if I'm ever to amount to anything. A man has to be a provider, even if his heart, like mine is not entirely in it. Without money, no woman would have me. A man who can't provide for her and any children they might have, is not a man," I answered frankly.

"I see, Jan. So, being a man means you must be a provider. The converse would be that a woman must be a dependent. With all the women working today providing for themselves, why do you still have to be a provider for them?" asked my mother.

"I don't know, Mom. I once asked Susan about it, but she didn't have a good answer. I think it has something to do with romantic tradition or something. All I know, is that it's true," I said in reply.

My mother was silent for a moment, then questioned, "And who is this Susan?"

"Oh," I stuttered. "She's just a friend I have at school."

"A girlfriend?" she asked forcefully.

"No Mom," I answered a little sheepishly. "Just a good friend. Nothing romantic about our relationship at all. With her, I often feel like one of her girlfriends rather than a boy who is a friend. Just like back in high school."

"In what way?" questioned my mom.

"It's embarrassing, Mother," I stammered in reply.

"Tell me, Jan. I'm your mother. I won't be judgmental."

"It's the same old story, Mother. The "just friends" syndrome. It seems that there isn't a woman I have met who feels romantic towards me. I know the few that have expressed an interest were just not my type. They were too bossy and wanted to wear the pants in the family. That's not the way a female is supposed to be!" I exclaimed.

"Why not, Jan? Can't a female be the dominant partner in a relationship?" asked my Mother in reply.

"I suppose they can," I answered carefully. "But it just seems unnatural to society as a whole and also to me. I think of women as being feminine, not as pseudo-masculine. A woman should be a woman, not a man."

"If you had been born a girl, do you think your opinion would be different?"

"I don't think so, Mom," I replied. "What do you think?"

She was silent for a moment, then replied, "Well, Jan. I'm not really sure how to answer you except to say that I agree that the man should wear the pants in a relationship. A real man



knows that from the beginning and a real woman knows that she should wear the skirts.”

“I think so too, Mom. It just seems that it is not the way it is with me,” I answered.

After we got on the interstate heading toward home, Mom turned to me and asked, “Why are you wearing gloves, Jan? It's nearly sixty degrees out.”

I blushed and replied, “Uh, I've got something on my hands that I don't want you to see.”

“What is it, Jan?” asked Mom, penetratingly.

“Well, uh. It's like this, Mom. Susan put fingernail polish on them,” I stammered in reply.

Mom's eyebrows shot up in puzzlement and questioned, “Why on Earth did she do that?”

I looked down at the floorboard of the car in acute embarrassment and replied, “I don't really want to talk about it.”

“Please, Jan,” pleaded my mother. “I need to keep my mind off the funeral tomorrow. Don't worry about anything because I'll still love you no matter what.”

“Okay, mom,” I replied heavily. “Susan and her roommate, Margo, invited me to a party. What they didn't tell me was that it was in the girl's dorm.”

“Oh, my. You could have gotten in trouble!”

“You're right, Mom,” I answered.

“Did you go?” she asked softly.

“Yeah,” I replied. “Susan snuck me in past Mrs. Gulliver, the dorm monitor by covering me with her scarf. She passed me off as being a girlfriend from out of town.”

“So, she got you into the dorm. Then what happened? And don't leave anything out!”

I gulped a bit, then continued, “Well, we were both soaked to the skin when we got in. She went into her bedroom to change while I dripped in the living room. When she got back, she gave me a towel and I went through her bedroom into her bathroom and dried off.”

“So, how long were you in her room naked?” asked Mom, stonily.

“Not long, Mom,” I replied. “She loaned me some things to wear as we are about the same size.”

Mother giggled a bit, then asked, “What did she loan you to wear, dear?”

I looked down, embarrassed again and answered, “It was a pink exercise outfit. You know, with white tights, ballet shoes, headband and leg warmers.”

“I see. Did that include panties, dear?” snickered Mother.

“Uh, yes,” I said hesitantly. “Then we worked out and she explained how she and Margo had arranged to humiliate me as a boy in drag and spread it all over school.”

“Did it work?”

“No, Mom. Susan had a change of heart and called it off. She really was a good pal about it. Since my clothes were still wet. I couldn't leave the dorm. By the time they would be dry, since Susan didn't have a dryer, the watch would change from Mrs. Gulliver, who often falls asleep, to an alert security guard,” I answered quickly.

“I see. So you were trapped in the girl's dorm. What happened next?” she prodded gently.

“Well, it was too late to call off her slumber party. I was trapped and she suggested that in order to not embarrass myself too severely, that I be transformed by her into a friend from out of town,” I replied.

Mom put a smile on her face and asked innocently, “Did it work?”

“I think so, Mom,” I said softly. “I didn't look like a beauty, but I've seen real women who looked more masculine than I did at that moment. She really did a job on me and that depilatory cream she used sure worked like a charm.”

“Are you still hairless?”

“Yeah,” I replied with a renewed blush. “Well, then she painted me up and then we got ready for the party. I helped her clean and cook the snacks. By the time her guests got there, we had everything ready.”

“How did the party go?” asked Mom.

“It went very well. She introduced me to her guests, three of our classmates from Liberal Arts,” I answered.

“That's nice, Jan. How did she introduce you?” questioned Mom pleasantly.

“As Jane Donaldson. Gee, I wish she would have picked a different name. Then maybe Ellen, Lisa and Sharon would not have recognized me,” I replied tartly.

“Now, now, dear. I'm sure it wouldn't have made any difference. Do go on,” encouraged my mother.

“All right,” I continued. “Then we sat around, watched some movies, ate our snacks and talked. Later on, we had a contest. Lisa wanted to read passages from our favorite romances. The hottest one would win. Well, I was at a loss. I'd never read one, even though all the girls there said that my essay had a romance feel to it, but Susan let me get one out of her closet. I fumbled through it till I came to a part where the heroine and the hero got together in a romantic tryst.”

“That sounds like fun, Jan. Sounds just like the slumber parties I use to have as a little girl. How did you do?” she asked with a smile.

“Well, uh, I won,” I muttered in embarrassment.

Mom laughed and replied, “Good for you, dear. Then what?”

“Well, we watched one more video and then sacked out for the night,” I answered quickly but not quick enough.

“One more video then you sacked out, huh? What was the video and where did you sleep? I'll know the truth when I hear it, Jan,” said Mom menacingly.

“The video was Chippendale's All Male Review. We, uh, had to pick the man of our dreams,” I began slowly.

“And who did you pick, Jan?”

“Well, I picked a businessman,” I replied.

“Was he real big where it counts?” questioned Mother with an amused grin.

“He, uh, wasn't as built as the other guys,” I stammered in embarrassment.

Mom's grin grew wider, then said, “Enough of that, dear. Now, where did you sleep?”

I closed my eyes and replied, “I slept with Susan in her bed while Sharon and Lisa slept in Margo's vacant bed with Ellen on the couch in the living room.”

“So you slept with her?”

“Yes,” I began. “But not in a sexual sense. It was more like we were sisters or just very good girlfriends who shared a bed.”

“I see, well here we are, Jan. Home sweet home,” said Mom sadly as we pulled down our street and into our driveway.

She activated the garage door opener, and it opened slowly. She pulled the station wagon into the garage and turned it off. While she got the kitchen door open, I unloaded my luggage from the car. Once inside, I carried my stuff to my bedroom on the second floor. It was weird being back here again after having been away for so long.

“I'll help you unpack, Jan,” offered my mother.

“Thanks, Mom,” I replied.

“Sure, dear. I'll start with your suitcase while you unpack your carry-ons,” she replied, putting my suitcase on the bed.

“Okay, mom,” I said, taking my carry-on into my bathroom to unload my bathroom supplies.

After a bit, I came out to find my mother gone, but my suitcase open. It looked like something had been taken out of it, since there was a large space where something had been, but I wasn't sure what. I shrugged my shoulders, figuring that she must have had to run off to answer the phone or something, even though I hadn't heard anything, but with the fan on in the bathroom, I wouldn't have.

I went ahead and finished unpacking my suitcase that contained my last three sets of clothes that were still in decent shape. The rest, I had simply pitched in the trash as they were now little more than rags. No need to worry though. I had a closet full of them here at the house.

I had just finished putting them away, when I heard a door shut downstairs and the station wagon start up. I went downstairs in time to see the station wagon pull out onto the street outside and head off down the road.

I saw a note on the kitchen table and went to read it. It was written in my mother's hand and began as always:

Dear Jane,

I'll be gone for the rest of the evening. There is something to eat in the fridge, so help yourself. Please clean up after yourself and have a good evening. I've got to do some thinking about our future as a family. As always, I love you Jane. See you later.

Your loving mother.

Well, she's gone. She must have had a call from her boyfriend, whoever that was. Well, I wouldn't begrudge her a little comfort right now. Part of me was a little hurt, but I understood her wishes. Maybe if I had been her, I would have done the same.

It was common knowledge that she had run away with Dad to escape her mother. I remembered my grandparents who were now long dead. My mother's Mom was a real witch. I remember when I was only four and had to play with my two-year old brother, Frank. We had just gotten stung by ground hornets and were both not feeling well. I really didn't want to play with Frank, but my Mom had always told me to take care of my little brother, so I did. My Grandmother had told me earlier to leave him alone, but he had begged so much that I broke down to play with him. Grandmother ranted at me and then slapped me hard across the face. I never forgave her for that until the day she died. My Father's parents were kind and good and I missed them most of all. My Mother's father was a drunken slob and that may have partially accounted for my grandmother's attitude.

I broke out of my reverie and decided to fix a bite to eat. I made some sandwiches out of some lunch meat I found in the refrigerator and grabbed a can of soda. Then, I went into the living room and turned on the television.

It was strange sitting there without being greeted by my Father or two brothers. The house was strangely silent and I couldn't blame Mother for wanting to get away from it. On the mantle above the fireplace, the family portraits sat. The group portrait was the most deceptive as it depicted a happy, normal family. It may have been happy for Frank and David, but then they were never burdened with the truth of Mom's adultery.

The individual portraits of Frank, David and my Father were shrouded in black. I got up and stared at them a long time. There would be no bodies to see at the funeral as it was going to be closed casket, nothing being left but their fire-blackened bones and ash.

I broke out of morbid thought and finished my repast. After that, I washed them in the sink and set them out to dry on the dish rack. Then, I returned to watch some more television.

I must have fallen asleep in my chair, because the next thing I knew, I heard the buzz of static on the television and the sound of the station wagon pulling into the garage. As I groggily came awake, the kitchen door opened and in stepped Mom. It was obvious that she had been drinking and had several packages in her arms.

"Hi, Mom," I began. "I fell asleep waiting for you. Can I help you with those?"

Mom looked at me for a long moment, obviously trying to make out what I had just asked her.

Slowly, she nodded and said, "Why thank you, Jane, honey."

I grinned a little at that as she always had said that when she was plastered and came home late from her boyfriend's place and found me still up. Well, that hadn't changed. I went over to her and took what looked like the two heaviest packages from her. I helped her to her bedroom with the packages and sat them down inside.

The bedroom that she and my Father had shared seemed somehow different. It wasn't just the stillness, it was the absence of something that had always been there before.

Mother sat down on the plain white bed and kicked off her high heels.

"Is there anything else out in the car, Mom?" I asked.

"No, dear. Nothing else. Leave them where they are and sit down and talk with me," she ordered in a slurred voice.

"Sure, Mom," I replied respectfully. "What do you want to talk to me about?"

"About tomorrow, dear. The funeral is at ten in the First Baptist Church in town. We'll have to be there by nine," she began.

"All right, mom. Why were you out drinking then?" I asked.

"It's none of your business, Miss, but since you asked, it was all Ron's fault!" she exclaimed.

"Oh," was all I could say.

"Oh is right. You haven't met Ron yet, but I've told him all about you. Everything about you," she replied.

"I don't know what you mean, Mother," I replied in complete puzzlement.

Mother looked at me and pointed at one of the packages saying, "Bring that one here."

I went over to the bag she pointed at and brought it to her. She reached into the white plastic bag and brought out a trash bag. I was surprised to see that it was the same one Susan had used to bring my clothes from her dorm to my apartment.

"Open it, Jane. See the truth of it," Mom said groggily.

I reached into the bag and pulled out what was in it. It was quite a shock. It was the same female clothes that I had worn when Susan took me home that morning. All of them had been neatly folded and put in the bag. Along with them was a large manila envelope. In the envelope was the essay I had written in Liberal Arts class. Someone-it must have been Susan or Margo-had underlined several passages and appended a note. Now, I knew that I had not written that note, but it sure looked like my handwriting.

"It's your handwriting isn't it?" questioned my Mother sharply.

"I didn't write that last note, Mom," I began. "But I did write the essay. It was for a class project."

"And what project was that, dear?"

"It was an essay on imagination in writing, Mom. We were to imagine what it would have been like if we had been born the opposite sex," I replied.

“Well,” continued my mother. “Was life all that bad here at home?”

“Not for Frank or David. Neither of them had to cover for you, Mom. I did,” I answered angrily.

“So, you think that if you had been born a girl rather than a boy, that life would have been better for you?” Mother asked severely.

I thought for a moment, then said, “Maybe not, Mom, but it would have made a lot more sense.”

“What do you mean?” she questioned.

“Well, with you gone all the time with Ron, most of the homemaking fell to me. I was more of a daughter and homemaker than you were, Mom. Oh, when you were here, you did well, but not often enough,” I answered.

“Well you're wrong. I took care of the family as best I was able. Your father never suffered. And your brothers lived well. True, I did put a lot on you, but you were my first child and could manage it,” she stated coldly.

“I understand that, Mother,” I continued. “I don't blame you for it. It is just a fact that if you had a daughter, she would have fitted in more easily. Besides, if I had been a girl, I wouldn't be alone now.”

“Explain why you believe that, Jan,” she demanded, looking at me.

“Well, Mom, it's like this. Girls have seemed to only look at me as a friend. My relationships with the few male friends I have had are much closer. If I had been born a girl, no doubt I would have married one of them and have a family of my own to care for and love,” I replied.

“I think I understand it all now. Read the note now,” ordered Mother.

I looked down at the note and began to read.

To Be a Woman

Becoming a woman is not an easy thing to do,

But there is nothing that I would rather do.

To be like my mother is my fondest dream,

No matter how strange that may seem.

To be sugar and spice and everything nice,

If only that would have been the roll of the dice.

I only have this one dreamy thought,

To be a woman is what I ought.

I looked up after I had finished, totally confused. It was rather a nice poem, but I didn't write it even though the handwriting sure looked like mine. I put it down and looked at my droopy-eyed mother.

I said carefully, "It's very good, Mother, but I didn't write it."

She sighed heavily and answered, "If you say so, dear. Now leave me and seek your rest. The funeral will come soon enough. Much too soon I'm afraid."

"Yes, Mother," I replied. "Good night."

I left her bedroom, turning out the light and thought I caught a whisper that said, "Good night, Jane."

The morning of the funeral came bright and early. My alarm, which I had set before drifting off to sleep, had rung at seven as I had set it. The early morning sunlight was streaming in the window just I had remembered it from my childhood. I smelled bacon and eggs, so I got up and went for a bathrobe to cover my nakedness. When I got to my closet, I found it to be almost empty.

Most of my clothes were gone!

I sat down on the bed in amazement. Where had they all gone? Well, I'd just have to ask Mom. In addition, my dirty clothes were gone. Frantically, I checked the chest. It too was empty and I remembered it had some things in it the previous day. My clothes had been in quite a mess and maybe Mom had bought me some new clothes. After all, the bags I had helped her with last night had been from one of the clothing stores in town.

I went into the bathroom for a towel and found a robe on a hanger. It was made of white terry cloth and was trimmed in pink satin. On the front it had a large femininely curved letter J. It was quite obviously a ladies bathrobe. I put it on in puzzlement. It must have belonged to my mother, but her name was Alexis. It should have an A on it rather than a J.

Now that I was somewhat clothed, it was time to get some breakfast, and some answers from Mother. I went down the stairs and into the kitchen. Clad in a matching bathrobe, but with the correct letter, was my Mother.

"Good morning, sleepy head," she said cheerily.

"Morning, Mother. What's the big idea?" I asked, sitting down at the table.

"Whatever do you mean, dear?" she questioned.

"I thought you were drunk last night," I stated stonily.

"And so I was," she began. "But not too drunk. I've been drinking a long time, hon, and I've only rarely been truly drunk."

"So, it was a deception," I replied tartly.

"Only a small one, dear," she answered. "Nothing to get mad over. I had to find out your true feelings and true motivations. Now, I know them."

"What do you know, Mother?" I demanded.

"I'll tell you in a moment, dear," she replied. "But first, let's have some breakfast."

I was just about to argue when my stomach let out a loud gurgle. I decided that confronting her could wait a little. She served the food while I poured us some

calcium-enriched orange juice. We had a quiet breakfast and I helped her with the dishes in silence. As we put away the last dish, I could take it no more.

“All right, Mom. Let me have it. Tell me what you know and where are my clothes?” I asked pointedly.

“Well, sweet one,” she began. “It's like this. I had a long talk with Ron about our future.”

“What does he have to do with it?” I questioned angrily.

“Well, I've decided to remarry,” she stated simply.

Remarry! My father wasn't even in the ground yet and she was talking about marrying Ron? This was unforgivable! I felt the anger build in me and I looked her in the eye.

“I forbid it!” I shouted in fury.

“You forbid it? Now listen here, young one. I'll marry whom I please! I see now that Ron was right! Very well, if that's the way you want it, Jane, then that's the way it shall be!” she retorted, angrily grabbing me by the left ear.

Now, my mother is a pretty strong woman, especially when she is angry. She literally dragged me up the stairs and into her bedroom. She led me over to near the closet and released me. In one quick practiced motion, she reached into the closet and brought out a large wooden paddle with holes drilled in it.

“You've been a bad girl, Jane. Now lie on my bed so I can spank you,” commanded my Mother pointing at her bed.

I looked at her angrily and said, “No, Mother.”

“Wrong answer, my sweet one,” she said, approaching me.

I tried to dodge around her, but she tripped me up. I fell into her clothing chest, head first and was dazed for a minute. Mother made the best of that minute and had me on the bed. She whipped off my bathrobe and began to spank me with the paddle. That damn thing hurt!

After she paddled me for a good ten minutes, she asked, “Would you like me to stop?”

“Please, Mom. Please stop,” I pleaded.

“Maybe,” she replied, hitting me again. “Do you promise to obey me?”

“Yes, Mother. Yes,” I cried.

She swatted me again and asked, “Will you obey your stepfather-to-be?”

I was silent, but after the next seven swats, I could take it no more and said, “Yes, mother!”

“Do you promise to be a good girl?” questioned my mother savagely.

When I was slow in answering, she hit me five more times in rapid succession.

I cried out then saying, “Yes, Mother. Yes!”

“Say it,” she snarled striking me again.

"I promise to be a good girl!" I exclaimed.

"Good," she said moving away from me. "On your feet, young lady!"

I got up slowly to my feet. My backside hurt like it had never hurt before. I turned slowly to face her. I'd never seen her so angry.

"Good. You're not going to talk back anymore, are you, Jane?" she asked sharply.

"No, Mother," I replied sulkily.

She raised the paddle and ordered, "Try that again, Missy. This time, sound like you mean it!"

"No, Mother. I won't talk back anymore," I answered, hoping to appease her.

"Good. Now we have to start getting ready for the funeral. I see that disgusting body hair you used to have is still gone due to the depilatory. That will help a lot. You can go to the funeral only if you're a good girl. Are you a good girl, Jane?" asked my mother sternly.

"Yes, Mother. I'm a good girl," I replied as cheerily as I could.

"Good girl. Now go into my bathroom and take a shower. Be sure to use the perfumed bathing gel and the strawberry-scented bath foam. We want you smelling fresh as a bed of flowers. Don't we?" she asked.

"Yes, Mother," I replied, hoping to get her in a better mood and avoid that paddle of hers.

She let me walk past her and into her bathroom. All of my father's stuff was gone and all available space was now given over to my mother's beauty aids. I heard her outside the door, the gentle slap of the paddle in her hand. With a shiver, I went to the bathtub and did as she had demanded of me.

*What has come over my mother?* I thought as I bathed myself in the perfumed waters that were strangely pleasant.

"Hurry up, Jane. Use the shampoo with the conditioner as well!" she said loudly.

"Yes, Mother!" I exclaimed, reaching for the shampoo.

I no longer heard her paddle, and bathed as quickly as I was able. I finished and reached for one of the towel sheets hanging there. The first one was still damp, obviously from my mother's previous shower, but I took up the other one and dried off. I then wrapped the towel around me as I had at Susan's and put a smaller towel around my still damp hair.

I came out of the bathroom and found my mother putting on her make-up dressed in pantyhose and a full slip. She looked up at me and smiled.

"You look much better now, dear. Your clothes are at the head of the bed. Put on your underthings, then I'll do your make-up," she ordered calmly.

"Do I have to wear make-up?" I asked crossly.

"What do you think?" she replied, reaching for the paddle.

"I think I do," I answered.

She laughed a little and went back to doing her eyelashes. I turned from her, shamefaced, and approached her bed. Lying on the bed were two identical outfits. There were two black hats with black veils, two black lace funeral gowns, and pairs of black high heeled shoes. Sitting with the ones she indicated were mine, were a pair of white lace-trimmed panties, a white, flowered lace bra, a pair of silicone falsies, a full white silk slip and a pair of dark tan pantyhose, just like Mother's. I looked back at her and realized that I was to wear the same thing she was!

She finished her make-up and turned to me saying, "Go ahead and put them on, Jane. Do it now!"

"Yes, Mother," I said trying to force a smile.

She nodded at me and came over to stand next to me. She casually put down the paddle and picked up a riding crop that I hadn't noticed sticking in the crack between the mattress and the baseboard. She looped the strap at the end easily over her left wrist and turned to stare at me. Now, Mom was an accomplished equestrian and she knew how to use that crop rather effectively on horses; on me, it would be a piece of cake.

At a tense smile from her, I quickly whipped off both towels and reached for the panties. She laughed a little as I quickly slid them on. They were soft and silky, but fit extremely tight and effectively made me look like I had a pussy and not a cock and balls. They would have felt a lot more calming if my ass didn't hurt so much and if my manhood was free. Under her gaze, I put on the bra and inserted the falsies, then put on the pantyhose, trying to be careful not to cause a run in them, and the full slip.

"Good, Jane. Now come over and sit at my vanity," ordered my Mother.

"Yes, Mom," I answered quickly.

I went over to the vanity, but stopped when she cleared her throat.

"Try that again, Jane. Like a lady," she rasped out.

I gulped slightly and tried to imitate the way I had often seen Susan walk. She made me do it five times, swatting me with the riding crop until I got it down well enough to suit her. Next, she sat me down at the vanity, used a curling iron to set my hair and did my make-up. I sat there calmly as my own mother transformed me from a boy into a girl.

"Now that wasn't so bad, was it, Jane? I think I may have done just as good as your friend Susan did," said Mother wistfully.

I looked in the mirror and saw, once again, the same woman I had before. At my silence, Mother walked back to the bed and motioned me to follow her. Using my best feminine strut, I complied. She smiled at me and the riding crop was, thankfully, still.

"Very good, Jane. Now watch me and do exactly what I do."

"Yes, Mother," I replied.

She put on her dress, then her heels and last her hat, with the veil thrown back. I followed suit and we looked just like two peas in a pod, except she had a riding crop and I didn't. She motioned me to her jewelry chest and much to my chagrin, brought

out two identical sets of jewelry, the only difference being that my earrings were clip-on rather than pierced.

As we put them on, Mother said, "Well, they look positively darling on you, Jane. I think that we'll just have to get your ears pierced later."

"Is it necessary, Mother?" I wailed.

"Of course it is, young lady. A woman without her accessories is always under-dressed. That's one thing you have yet to learn, Jane. Your freeloading tomboy days are over. It's time you became a woman," replied my Mother grandly.

I figured that silence would serve me better than saying anymore. It was obvious to me that the more I resisted her, the more she was pressing me into her mode. Maybe if I just played along for a while, she would change her mind and let go back to being a boy.

Once we were dressed, she handed me a purse with the name Jane stenciled on it in a pretty feminine script, picked up one identical to it with her name on it, and led me out to the station wagon. I didn't have much choice as when I balked at the door, she hit me with the riding crop rather hard. The thin clothing I was wearing did nothing to stop the blow. I quickened my pace and soon we arrived at the station wagon. I was just getting in when my Mother gave out another cough.

"Yes, Mother?" I asked innocently.

"You were not getting in like a lady. Your pretty dress would have gotten caught in the door," she replied.

"I'm sorry, Mother. How should I have done it?" I responded quickly.

She smiled and replied, "Well, daughter, when you step into the car, place your hand under your dress so that it will lie under you. Then you slide your legs in, keeping your thighs covered as much as possible."

"Thank you, Mother," I answered, quickly performing the task.

She went around to the other side of the car and got in. After a brief drive, conducted mostly in silence, we arrived at the First Baptist Church. Mom parked the car and we got out. We walked up to the church doors and were greeted there by a minister I hadn't seen before.

"Hello, Mrs. Donaldson. All is in readiness."

"Thank you, minister. This is my daughter, Jane," replied Mother easily.

"A pleasure, Miss Jane. Please accept my condolences," answered the minister.

"Thank you, sir," I replied in the most ladylike voice I could.

It seemed to pass because he led us inside without a quibble. He led us into the main chapel and there, under the glare of the lights in front of a massive cross and podium, were three caskets. They were of fine-grained wood and were tastefully decorated with flowers. He took us to the front row.

“Here we are, Mrs. Donaldson, Miss Jane. I will read the benediction and the eulogy. We will hold a remembrance and then we will proceed to the burial. Are you sure you wish to proceed with such haste, Mrs. Donaldson?” asked the minister.

“Yes, minister. Better it be done quickly. That was the way my husband and my boys would have liked it. Right, Jane?”

“Yes, Mother,” I replied quickly.

The minister just smiled and stepped away to attend to other matters. My mother took her seat, crossed her legs and had me follow suit. After a few minutes, our other relatives started arriving. They consoled my mother, but looked at me strangely or with disgust. My Mother didn't explain anything and not one of them did more than be polite to me.

*After this, I bet they'll all disown me.,* I thought sadly.

As the last of them arrived and took their seats, the minister began the service. He did a good job and soon we were on our way to the cemetery. There, I was so sad that when my mother wept, I found myself joining her and my female relatives in tears. The other males in our family looked at me in disgust. After the service was concluded and the first spadefuls of soil were thrown on the graves of my father and my two brothers, the other relatives left without a word to me or Mother.

We waited till the last of them were gone, then we went back into the church. There, my mother signed some final papers as did I with her looking on to make sure I signed them as Jane Lynn Donaldson.

“Good. All is done now, Mrs. Donaldson, Miss Jane. I'll leave you two ladies now to console each other at the loss of your loved ones. I hope things will get better and you can start life anew,” said the minister.

“Thank you, minister. We will try to put our lives back together and begin a new life. Won't we, Jane, dear?”

“Yes, mother,” I answered.

“You have a good respectful daughter there, Mrs. Donaldson. Well, good bye and good luck,” wished the minister with a smile.

“Thank you, Reverend. Come along, Jane,” said Mother politely.

I followed my mother to the car and got in as she had told me to before. She got in and soon we were on the road back to our silent home.

On the way, she said, “You do know what this means now, Jane? The way we were treated makes it obvious. The rest of the family has disowned us. From now on, its just you and me.”

“Yes, Mother,” I replied, knowing that from now on I was going to be Jane and Jan was but a memory.

### 3. The Establishment of My New Identity

We finished our drive home and, as we pulled into the driveway of our house, I noticed a cherry red Camero parked out front with a blonde lady in the front seat. As we pulled into the garage, she got out of her car and followed us in. We got out of the car and my Mother approached her.

“Good day, Mistress Yvette,” said my Mother as the blonde lady approached.

“Hello, Alexis. Is this the young lady we talked about yesterday?” asked Yvette.

“It sure is. Come here, Jane, and say hello to Mistress Yvette.”

“Yes, Mom. Pleased to meet you, Ma'am,” I replied respectfully.

She looked at me stonily and answered, “Not without promise, but still a lot of work to do.”

“Let us go inside and talk,” suggested Mother.

“Yes, of course. It wouldn't be proper to continue out here,” answered Yvette.

Mom unlocked the kitchen door and we all went inside. Mom led us into the living room and sat down in one of the chairs. Mistress Yvette took the other chair leaving me to sit on the couch. Each of them crossed their legs in a feminine manner and at a warning look from my mother, I quickly followed suit.

“Well, Alexis. It seems as if you have stage one well underway,” observed Yvette.

“That I do, Mistress,” began my mother. “Jane is being most cooperative now. Aren't we, sweetheart?”

“Yes, Mother,” I answered quickly at the flicker of movement from her riding crop.

“Yes. I see you've scared obedience into her. Good. Now, what can I do for you, Alexis?” asked Yvette with a predatory smile.

My mother looked at me sweetly and answered, “Well, I had a long talk with Ron last night after we called you for a consultation. We have decided on a June wedding date and we need to get little Jane ready for it. Now, I'm going to be busy with the wedding arrangements for these next few months and won't have time to properly educate Jane in the fine art of womanhood. I was wondering if you would take her on at your educational facility from now until the wedding.”

“At my standard fee?” inquired Mistress Yvette.

“Of course,” replied my Mother. “Ron gave me a generous endowment plus what I have coming to me from the will. The more feminine she is, the bigger the bonus Ron is promising.”

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! My own Mother was conspiring with my soon-to-be-stepfather to turn me into a fully feminized woman! Suddenly, forgetting all caution, I stood up angrily.

“No, Mother!” I yelled.

“Oh, dear,” answered my Mother, starting to rise.

She had barely gotten out of the chair when I suddenly found myself flat on my back. Standing over me was Mistress Yvette. Quickly, before I could react, she planted the spiked heel of her boots in my groin. Pain burst through me and I felt faint.

Mother came over and let me have it with the riding crop shouting, "Bad girl, Jane! I'm going to whip you till you beg to be turned into a woman!"

Mother rained down blow after blow and when I could no longer take it, I screamed, "Stop, Mom! Please stop!"

"Not until you beg, pretty Jane. Not until you beg to become my daughter fully!" snarled my Mother savagely.

"Please, Mother! I want to be your daughter. Please allow me to become your daughter," I pleaded.

"More, darling. Beg Mistress Yvette to turn you into a girl. Beg it and I might stop beating you," she said, hitting me again and again.

"I promise, Mother. I promise," I cried out in misery.

"Crawl to her feet and beg, Jane," ordered my Mother.

With pain filling my body, I managed to crawl over to Mistress Yvette's boots and beg, "Please Mistress Yvette. Please turn me into a girl. Please, Mistress. I humbly beg you change me into a woman like my Mother."

They both sat down, crossed their legs, then Mistress Yvette commanded, "Lick my boots while I decide."

"Yes, mistress," I replied, obediently beginning to lick her black leather boots.

"I'm sorry about that, Mistress. I thought I had her trained," began Mother.

Mistress Yvette smirked at me, then replied, "Think nothing of it, Alexis. Breaking them in is always a difficult part of the training program. I think this one is now broken. Are you broken, Jane?"

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, while still licking her boots.

"I think not, girl. That was just to forgo an additional punishment. We still have to break your will and remold you into the perfect daughter for your Mother. This sounds like a lot of fun, Alexis. As long as the payments are made, I will take on this project for you and Ron," answered Yvette seriously.

"Thank you, Mistress," sighed my mother. "It will be a load off my mind and make planning the wedding easier."

"I think so, too, and don't forget a place for your daughter. I guarantee that she will be the perfectly obedient daughter that you want," replied Yvette.

*Fat chance!* I thought savagely, but continued to lick her boots in fear of reprisals.

"When do you want to take her?" asked Mother.

"Oh, after dark is generally best. Until then, we'll just tie and gag her. I'll get the gear out of the car and be right back," said Mistress Yvette rising to her feet.

“Certainly. Lay exactly where you are, Jane. If you move so much as a muscle, I'll swat you.”

“Yes, Mother,” I answered softly, not moving a muscle.

After a few minutes, Mistress Yvette came back into the house. With practiced efficiency, she pulled both of my arms behind me and put them into a binder. As she began to apply pressure on them to put them where she wished, I opened my mouth to cry out. As I did, Mom stuffed a gag into it.

To my chagrin, it was shaped like a penis!

She then strapped it around my head while Mistress Yvette finished buckling my arms together. Next, Mistress Yvette bound my legs together and I was left lying on the living room floor while they got into Mom's station wagon.

I heard the engine start and them leave down the road. I laid there helpless on the floor. I tried for several moments to get loose, but to no avail. Eventually, I just gave up and collapsed into unconsciousness. It was several hours later when I regained consciousness from the prod of a shoe in my side.

“Ah, good. She's awake. Pick up her legs, Alexis, and help me get her to my car,” commanded Yvette.

Yvette picked me up, laying my head against her breasts while my Mother picked up my legs. Between the two of them, they easily managed to carry me out the front door and placed me in her car with my legs on the floorboard and my face in the passenger side seat. Mistress Yvette then put the lap belt over my back, securing me on the floor. It was dark and I doubted that anyone saw me being carried to the car.

“Well, that's it, Alexis. I'll call you when she's ready,” said Mistress Yvette, climbing into her seat.

“You have the new address and phone number?”

“Yes, Alexis. Give my best to Ron. Good bye,” replied Yvette, starting the car.

“Good bye, Mistress. You be a good girl and listen to the Mistress, Jane,” said Mother as we pulled away from the curb.

We drove for an hour and were now out in the Oklahoma prairies, far from anywhere. All about us were scattered farms and on the radio, a country music tune was playing, Stand By Your Man. As the last cords rang out, Mistress Yvette turned off the radio and pulled off the interstate. After driving for another forty minutes, we turned onto a gravel road. I could just make it out due to the vibrations of the car. We went along the gravel road for a few minutes and came to a stop. Mistress Yvette got out of the car leaving me alone. I tested the bonds, but found them just as tight as before. After a few minutes, I heard the car door next to me open and the seatbelt being removed from me.

“All right, Henrietta. Grab her legs,” ordered Yvette.

“Yes, Mistress,” came a steady voice.

I felt myself grabbed by Mistress Yvette and Henrietta and hoisted out of the car. We were obviously far out in the country and the lights of Oklahoma City barely

glowed far away on the horizon. The stars were clear and the farm where we were, judging from the lack of neighboring lights, was in total isolation.

They carried me in the farmhouse's kitchen door and then through another door that led to the basement. They carried me down the basement stairs, after briefly stopping to turn on the light. Once we reached the bottom of the stairs, I could see that the basement had been fitted out as a small apartment. It was divided into six rooms that were: a kitchen with dining table, a sewing area, a living room, a full size bath, a bedroom and a room equipped like a small beauty salon with what looked like a combination dentist and stylist chair.

They laid me down on the femininely-inspired bed and unstrapped my arm binder. I was so surprised by the return of circulation from my previously bonded arms that I didn't resist as they turned me over and put my hands into handcuffs mounted on the posts of the bed. Next, they undid my legs and cuffed them to the posts at the foot of the bed.

"There we go. All comfy, Jane?" asked Yvette leaning over me.

I couldn't speak with the gag in my mouth, but she continued, "Oh, good. I'm glad you're comfortable. Would you like the gag removed?" she questioned with a grin.

I nodded my head yes, but she just said, "I don't think so for tonight, Jane."

"I think she likes it, Mistress," said Henrietta pushing back her short black hair.

"I think you're right, Henrietta. Well, don't worry, little Jane. We'll get you all ready so that you can suck all the cock you want. Come along, Henrietta. It's time for you to get some rest, young lady. See you in the morning when we will begin your training. Good night," replied Yvette with a wave of her hand.

She and Henrietta, who was a hugely-built woman like Margo, left the basement. I heard the door shut and several locks thrown on it. Then the lights went out and I was plunged into complete darkness. No light came from anywhere and I was totally alone. Unbidden came a flood of tears and, eventually, I fell asleep.

I must have slept through the night, because I was wakened later by the sound of the door opening at the top of the stairs. I heard two sets of footsteps on the stairs and managed to hold my head up enough to see who it was. It was Mistress Yvette, dressed in a tight leather dress and spiked leather boots, and Henrietta dressed in what looked like a teddy outfit of red vinyl.

"Well, I see our subject is awake, Henrietta," commented Mistress Yvette.

"That she is, Mistress," replied Henrietta.

They walked over to me and sat down on opposite sides from each other on the bed beside my torso, facing me. Once they were settled, Mistress Yvette reached over and unlaced the gag from me. She pulled it free and suddenly my mouth seemed a whole lot bigger than it had been.

"Don't talk yet, Honey. Henrietta, get some water for Jane."

"Yes, Mistress," answered Henrietta.

Henrietta went over to the sink in the kitchen, took a glass out of the cabinet, put water in it, and then returned. She handed it to Mistress Yvette who lifted my head up and tipped it into my mouth. Nothing had ever felt so good as the water calmed my tight mouth and soothed my vocal cords.

Yvette took away the glass when it was halfway empty and asked, "Feeling better, girl?"

I saw the fire in her eyes and quickly answered, "Yes, Ma'am."

"Good girl. Now I want you to just lie right where you are and don't move a muscle. We have a busy day planned for you. For now, just lie still," she ordered.

"Yes, Ma'am," I replied.

They released the cuffs on my hands and feet. Then, they stood up and moved to stand next to each other on the right side of the bed. I stayed perfectly still as I saw that both Mistress Yvette and Henrietta were armed with what looked like multi-bladed whips.

"Stand up now, Jane," commanded Mistress Yvette.

I sat up on the bed and swiveled to put my feet on the floor. God, was I ever stiff, but considering the beatings I had been through, I moved well enough. One thing was certain, I'd definitely do what I could to avoid being hit with those whips.

"Good, Jane. Now, just stand there and I will explain what will happen to you," said Yvette.

I stood there, with my feet slightly apart and with my arms hanging at my side. Yvette moved to stand in front of me with her hands balled up on her waist and the whip sticking out of her right hand. Henrietta moved to a position in back of me and I heard her shake out her whip. If I did anything they didn't like, Henrietta would deliver the first blow.

Yvette came to within arm's length of me and said, "Good. Now listen close, Jane. I am an old friend of your soon-to-be stepfather, Ron. We have several things in common. We both like to be the dominate ones in the relationships we have. Henrietta is my lesbian slave and your mother, Alexis, is Ron's slave girl. Now, we know that you love your Mother and want to make her happy. Well, that is what I am here to do. If you cooperate, it will be painless and pleasurable. If you decide to resist, well, it can be painful and hurtful, but I will still succeed in the end. Now, how do you want to play it, Dear? The easy way or the hard way?"

I heard the rustle of Henrietta's whip and quickly responded, "The easy way, Ma'am."

"Good. We'll see how it goes. Right, now the ground rules. First, never speak unless you are to answer a question or given permission to speak. Second, you are to refer to me and Henrietta as Mistress. Third, you will obey every instruction we give you, no matter what. Four, you will from now on refer to yourself as a female. You are no longer an arrogant male. From now on you are a sweet and docile young lady. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mistress," I responded.

“Now, what we intend to do over the course of the next six months is to transform you into the daughter that every mother dreams of having. You will become docile and obey every instruction given you by your parents. You will become as feminine as we can make you. We will give you breasts and an enviable figure. You will learn to apply your own make-up and how to style your hair to always look pretty,” explained the Mistress.

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. Mistress Yvette was dead serious about turning me into a woman and I didn't doubt her ability to do so for a minute. I forced my fists to stay unclenched and to stand calmly.

“Good, she's controlling her temper. That's a good trait in a slave girl. Now, come with me, Jane. It's time to take care of your morning toilet. Precede me to the bathroom,” commanded the Mistress.

I silently did as she asked. A couple of times, I felt the whip, still coiled, strike my hips forcing me to sway them more. Mistress Yvette escorted me to the bathroom and stood in the doorway. I had to piss and had reached for the lid of the toilet pulling up the lid and the seat. Suddenly, I felt the sharp impact of Mistress Yvette's whip on my back and I nearly lost my bladder right there.

“You stupid girl. You can't piss like a man. Now put that seat down and do it like you're supposed to,” snarled Yvette.

Quickly, I lowered the seat and turned to face her. I pulled down the panties and pantyhose down to my ankles. Then, I picked up the bottom of the black funeral dress and gingerly sat down.

“Better. Now grab your little clitty in your dainty hand and make sure to direct the stream backwards to the back of the toilet. I want to hear the splash as you pee, dear. Just like if it poured from your pussy,” ordered the Mistress.

I followed her orders including how to wipe myself in a feminine manner. I was thoroughly embarrassed by that time, but could do nothing to stop them. Mistress Yvette motioned Henrietta into the room and gestured with her hands downward. Henrietta began to obediently drop her clothes.

“Now you, Jane, strip,” commanded the Mistress.

Quickly I complied and soon I was standing there as naked as Henrietta. I felt a stirring in my groin and then suddenly, a sharp pain on my blossoming erection as Mistress Yvette hit me hard right on my penis with her whip.

I collapsed to the floor as pain lanced through my body.

“That will be enough of that, young lady. Henrietta, run the bath and be sure to use plenty of perfumed bath oil,” said Mistress Yvette as if nothing had happened.

I laid there on the floor for a long while, then finally managed to get to my knees. Henrietta had finished running the bath and it was filled to the brim with bubbles smelling of roses.

“Good, Henrietta. Now get in, Jane. We are going to bathe you. Try to concentrate on being the girl that you are,” instructed Yvette.

I managed to stagger to the bathtub and climb into it. They gave me a bath and a shampoo, then dried me off. Next, they applied a fragrant powder after Henrietta had resumed her attire, and then led me over to the combination dentist office and salon.

“Get into the chair, Jane,” ordered the Mistress.

I quickly sat down in the chair and they set about giving me a permanent. When the initial rolling was done, Henrietta took over while Yvette gave me a manicure and pedicure. Next, Yvette pierced both of my ears and using a special tool, made the holes permanent.

When Henrietta finished with my perm, she put a hair dryer on my head-full of curlers and turned it on. Yvette started to prepare some odd-looking instruments. I just sat there, numbly looking at them.

“Oh, is our little Jane getting scared? Nothing to be afraid of, my pretty one. These are electrolysis needles and with them, Henrietta and I are going to remove all that ugly, unfeminine body hair of yours. First, we're going to start with your face and neck. It will be great for you since you'll never have to shave again,” said Yvette, excitedly.

I sat there passively for the next three hours as the two women worked on my face, neck and chest with the mildly irritating needles. Next, after my electrolysis session, they removed the curlers from my hair and moved a large mirror to face me. Already I looked more feminine than I cared to. My brunette hair was now lightly curled and seemed to shine.

“You do look pretty, Jane, but you'll look ten times better with some make-up on. Now, listen and we will instruct you. We expect a few mistakes at first, dear, but soon you'll be doing it on your own. You will be expected to do it each and every morning,” commented my mistress.

She then began to make me up as I watched what she was doing in the mirror. She took it step by step and quizzed me constantly on what she was doing. I realized that she was serious about me remembering this stuff and I took her at her word. In the end, I looked like one of those high-fashion models you see on the cover of *Cosmopolitan*.

“Good girl, Jane. Now swallow these,” commanded Henrietta, handing me a cup and two large white pills.

I looked at the pills carefully and saw the brand name Premarin on them and the legend saying that they were female hormones. I saw Mistress Yvette get a stern look on her face so I quickly swallowed them down with the cup of water. At that, she actually smiled at me and it made me feel a lot better. Next, Henrietta gave me two shots under my nipples and one in each hip.

Next followed a fashion show, with me as the sexy model and then they had me make lunch for all of us. At the end of the session, they had left me dressed in an aerobics outfit exactly like the one I had worn at Susan's apartment. Mistress Yvette took great pleasure in assuring me that I would always have this outfit while I was here since my mother had told her that it was my favorite. They had lunch first and then I was permitted to eat. All during the meal, Mistress Yvette instructed me in

proper etiquette and how to eat a meal like a lady. I was only allowed a small portion and instructed that from now on I was on a diet oriented to stabilize my weight at a lower level with aerobic exercise to use up the excess fat and calories.

After I had cleaned up the dishes, there were lessons in how to move like a female, walking, sitting, rising and how to curtsy. Then, came an aerobics workout via a television that was wheeled into the living room by Henrietta at Yvette's direction.

After the lesson, Mistress Yvette had me take a shower and dress myself in a fresh set of underwear, including falsies, a pink blouse, a pink pleated skirt and three-inch red heels.

“Come over here, Jane, and sit down in this chair,” ordered Yvette.

I quickly sat down as instructed. Henrietta wheeled a strange looking machine in and sat it down next to the chair. The machine had wires leading from it and something that looked like a small electric generator. The chair had cuffs on the armrests and others connected to the legs. Mistress Yvette efficiently placed my neatly manicured hands into the cuffs and then did the same to my legs.

“Good girl, Jane. Now raise your pretty derriere off the chair,” commanded the Mistress.

I obeyed and she swiftly slid my panties down to below my knees.

She let me lower myself down, then she pulled back my skirt revealing my manhood. Yvette reached out her hand and Henrietta put some of the wires into her hand. The wires ended in what looked like electrodes. Yvette grabbed my manhood painfully in her left hand and started to put the electrodes on my penis and balls. This all had me extremely puzzled, but I knew better than to say anything at that time.

Next, Henrietta handed her a device that looked like a partially erect male penis and a bottle of KY Jelly. I realized with horror what she was about to do. I kept my mouth shut by effort of will as I watched her lube the thing up.

“Raise your ass up, honey. You'll like this, it will make you feel good,” said the Mistress with a smile on her lips.

I was scared to death at that moment and was tempted to scream. Yvette approached me with the thing and I felt Henrietta brush my curled hair with her whip. With great fear, I raised my rear off the chair. Once it was up in the air, Mistress Yvette opened my ass cheeks with one hand and slid the device in slowly. It hurt like hell as she stuck all four inches of it in me settling it so that a prong with an electrode on it was just below my balls.

“You've been very good, Jane. Now, we are going to gag you. Do you have a question before I do it?” asked Yvette.

I was grateful for this chance to satisfy my curiosity, so I asked, “What is this all for, Mistress?”

Yvette looked at me with a grin.

“This is a machine that we call the conditioner, Baby Jane. I have designed it especially to help our charges develop the correct sexual responses. It works on an applica-

tion of pain and pleasure. When the you act correctly, you get pleasure. When you react incorrectly, you get pain. In a few months, I'm sure you will be properly conditioned to the correct sexual responses. On the screen, you will see images and motion sequences. This machine has been programmed to recreate the sexual actions on your body. Correct responses are rewarded and incorrect ones punished. Well enough of that. Let us get you started. We will stop at dinner time and then resume until bedtime. Now open your mouth like a good girl.”

I complied and she put the gag on me. It was another one of those horrible penis gags, but this one was different. The first thing I noticed was that it was soft, sort of warm and fleshy. It was quite unlike the previous hard rubber ones and was only two inches long. Also the gag, rather than being flat outside my mouth, had a piston-like assembly.

Mistress Yvette hooked some wires to it and then put a strap against my forehead, holding my head in position facing the television. Next, she reached down my dress, removed my falsies, and replaced them with two cups covered on the inside with electrodes and wires that led out to the conditioning machine. She then reached up and put two fine wires with electrodes on my eyelids.

“Run the test now, Henrietta,” ordered Mistress Yvette.

“Yes, Mistress.”

I find it hard to describe what happened next. Wherever the electrodes were attached, I felt a variety of sensations running from sucking to licking to kissing and throbbing. In utter horror, I felt my ass assaulted by the probe, like a man thrusting in and out of it, then the same in my mouth as the penis gag stuck an extra four inches down my throat!

“Test complete, mistress. All is ready,” reported Henrietta.

“Very good, Henrietta. We'll leave you for now, Jane. The first series is easy and we'll get you up to speed in no time. Now I have other girls to check on here at the farm, so have fun,” said Mistress Yvette.

Together, they left the room and then the television came on, obviously running off the same program as the conditioner. The room went dark and the first image came on. It was a nice suburban home. As the camera zoomed in, it was obviously moving into the house. It came to a stop and waited at the open door to a bathroom. The door opened and out stepped a beautiful nude woman drying herself off. I felt my cock start to come erect when pain lanced through my body. Instantly, my cock went limp and I would have screamed except for the gag.

The image changed and a nude man walked out of the shower. From the spot below my balls, I felt a pleasurable sensation. With horror, I realized what the conditioner was meant to do. It was going to reprogram my sexual responses and urges to become oriented to feeling passion at the mere sight of a man, and being sexually impotent before women!

The relentless march of images continued. The pattern continued with images of nude men bring pleasure and nude women bringing pain. I was so sore by the time dinner arrived, I was found by Mistress Yvette crying in anguish.

“Oh, my poor little girl. That was a little rough. It will be for a few days, but in the end, you'll thank me for it as you get more pleasure than pain. Once you start responding correctly, you will come to love your sessions on the conditioner and eventually, with a real man. Now we'll feed you,” said the Mistress as Henrietta brought a tray of food and set it on a small folding table next to the chair.

Henrietta removed my modified penis gag and much to my chagrin, Mistress Yvette fed me like I was a child. As she did, she called me the type of names that one would call a little girl being fed in her highchair. After that was finished, she replaced the penis gag and left me alone with the television.

On cue, the television began again. This time instead of just showing a nude man or woman, it started in with a sex scene between a man and a woman. The two people had just finished talking when the woman reached up and took off the man's shirt, then kissed him. I was in utter shock as I felt that I had just kissed someone with a long, lingering, lustful kiss.

Next, the man reached over and took off the woman's blouse and I felt scared as I felt some soft fabric slide over my chest. Next the woman's bra was removed and I felt it as well. Then, the man began to lick and fondle the woman's breasts. It was fantastic as an intense feeling of indescribable pleasure cruised through my chest. It felt like I was the one being licked and touched.

As the woman on the television gasped in pleasure, I was suspended in pleasure as well and found myself gasping in unison.

The man stopped after a bit and then took down his pants exposing his erect penis.

I shut my eyes tightly, but then pain poured through my body again forcing them open. I kept my eyes open as the camera approached his huge erect penis.

“Suck it, Baby,” said the man on the screen.

I saw the woman open her mouth and put his penis in it. Suddenly, the mechanical penis in my mouth extended four inches and laid against my tongue.

Slowly the cock went in and out of her mouth as the mechanical one in my mouth followed suit.

I felt that I would gag and it felt awful. I noticed that the woman on the screen was sucking and using her tongue to excite the man's cock, so I did the same. Instantly the feeling changed and I felt pleasure fill me via the spot below my balls. Also, I could breathe as long as I continued to work on pleasuring the cock.

After ten minutes, the man on the screen said, “On your back and spread 'em, girl. I want to do your pussy.”

*Oh, no! This can't be happening!* I thought in panic.

On the screen, the brunette woman gave a wistful smile and rolled over on her back. The man put on a condom, lubricated it and then approached the woman. She opened her legs wide, exposing her pussy. The man knelt between her thighs and then inserted his cock slowly into her.



In my asshole, I felt the probe that Mistress Yvette had inserted expand to the size of a cock filling my ass. It was uncomfortable and hurt a bit at first, but as the man on the screen began to thrust in and out of the woman. I was filled with intense pleasure in my ass and nothing at all from my cock and balls which seemed to go numb. This kept up for quite a while until the woman climaxed and the man ejaculated on her breasts.

Amazingly, I climaxed with the woman and nearly fainted from the feelings of pleasure rippling through me.

This continued for hours until the Mistress came down and prepared me for bed. They made me dress in some appropriate sleeping lingerie and then cuffed me down on the bed. Next, Mistress Yvette got out a syringe filled with a yellow fluid and injected it into me.

“There you go, Honey. All done for today. Now, get some sleep. I’m going to play you some nice music to put you to sleep. See you in the morning, Baby Jane,” said Yvette as she put a set of earphones on me.

When they both left, music began to play in my ears. It was soft and soothing. I felt that I was floating on a soft cloud and willing to accept any suggestion as truth. I manage to focus my waning attention and found a voice speaking softly in a masculine baritone whispering sweet subliminals in my ears saying:

“You are a sexy girl. . .You have always been a girl. . .You want to become a man's wife and lover. . .You want to become like your Mother. . .You want to please your Mother and stepfather. . .You adore all things feminine. . .You are an obedient daughter. . .You love all your pretty feminine clothes. . .You love to please men. . .”

I realized, with a shock, that this was a continuation of my conditioning and between the drugs I had obviously been given and the subliminal enforcement, I was succumbing to the conditioning. Exhausted, I fell asleep with the messages in my ears, the smell of perfume in my nose and sweet dreams in my mind.

The next few days were repetitions of the first and soon lengthened into weeks, then months. My breasts grew to a C cup and with great celebration, I was allowed to destroy the falsies with Mistress Yvette and Henrietta looking on. My hips and buttocks had rounded and my figure was like an hourglass.

My body and face were now free of unsightly hair with my eyebrows and my sex neatly trimmed. My face now sported permanent eye liner and lip liner, which I had begged from Mistress Yvette the previous month, and I always wore my make-up and had become rather good at it.

The conditioner had done its job well as had the subliminals and I gestured and acted like I had been a girl all my life. As a matter of fact, I came to believe that I had always been a girl and came to where viewing myself as a boy was completely absurd. I was more joyful and happy than I had ever been at any time in my life. After the fourth month I no longer was cuffed down; however, dutifully as a good girl should, I stayed in my room in the basement. After a while, they didn't even bother to lock the door.

On the last day of the sixth month, Mistress Yvette came down alone to the basement apartment. I rose gracefully from the chair that I was sitting in and curtsied respectfully.

“How are we today, Jane?”

“I'm fine, Mistress. And how are you,” I replied.

“Good, Jane. Are you ready to see your Mother again?” questioned Yvette.

I put on a smile and said, “Oh, yes, Mistress. I'll be sorry to no longer see you or Mistress Henrietta, but I want to be back with my Mom.”

Yvette nodded with a smile and replied, “Very good. I'll call your Mother and tell her to expect you. Then, I'll have Henrietta take you to the airport. I've got your ticket all arranged. Now, you pack up all your things here and put them in the floral luggage from the closet. Henrietta will help you put them in a van and then she'll take you in.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” I replied, dipping into a brief curtsy again.

“Good. Get ready then,” ordered the Mistress turning from me and going back up the stairs. “Since you will be going to Florida I think that you should wear your lovely pink silk dress.”

“Yes, Mistress,” I called after her as I quickly went to my bedroom and changed.

Soon I was dressed in a pink satin uplift bra that held my lovely breasts up to show off their full roundness tipped with aerolia and plump tight nipples, matching garter belt with nude nylons attached. Next came a pair of tight pink silk panties designed with a shadow V cotton crotch that would look like a woman's pussy should I be careless enough to reveal it. A pink silk slip with a thigh high hem line went under my pretty silken pink dress. The form fitting dress had little cap sleeves and a deep V neckline that revealed the top half of the full bounty of my upthrust C-cup breasts while the sheer dress, slip and up lift bra barely hid my prominent nipples.

When I zipped close the side zipper of the dress the dress sheathed my wasp like bodice to waist as the pleated mini skirt barely covered my short slip skirt. As I straightened my skirt before my mirrored bathroom door I noted how it draped over

my wide hips and plump female rear. Slipping on a pair of three inch pink pumps I walked over to the vanity feeling the jiggling motion of my breasts and the all too sexy rotation of my rear.

I didn't get much time so I hurried, got the pretty feminine luggage from the closet, and got to packing. I didn't realize how much stuff was down here that I was allowed to take, but somehow I managed to get it all packed up. My carry-on would be a large tote with my purse and make-up supplies in it as well as my current knitting project.

I had just got it all packed when Henrietta came down the stairs.

"All set, Jane?" she asked lightly.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, giving her a little curtsy.

"Good, grab one and come with me," ordered Henrietta pleased with the utter femininity of my appearance. "Now, remember to control your passions and be a nice girl."

"Yes, Mistress," I answered with a nervous blush realizing that this would be the first time that I would be in public.

We both made three trips out to a cream-colored van and then I went back for my carry-on, the last thing to put in the van. I stopped for a minute in the basement apartment that had been my home and my dungeon for the last six months and felt a pang of loss. I sure missed that conditioner!

Well, who knew what my new life would contain now that I was finally prepared for it. I picked up the carry-on and went out to the van where Mistress Yvette and Mistress Henrietta waited for me.

"Here you are, Hon. This is your ticket to your new home. I hope you will be happy and be the good girl we have made you into," said Yvette.

"Thank you, Mistress. You won't be disappointed in me," I replied with a big smile.

"Good girl. Now, take care," she said, giving me a sisterly hug and kiss which I returned.

"Bye, Mistress," I said as I climbed into the passenger side seat next to Henrietta.

Henrietta started the van and we pulled out with Mistress Yvette waving good bye. The voyage back was practically the same as the one out except I could see everything and it was daylight. The Mistress's place was really out in the sticks. The closest house to Yvette's slave farm was nearly two miles away.

On the way into town, Henrietta kept up a lively conversation about fashion and the like and I had a lot of fun. After nearly two hours of travel, we arrived at the airport. Henrietta helped me load my luggage onto a luggage transport, a going away present from her, and she escorted me into the airport. While I got my ticket and baggage checked, Henrietta went off for a moment but caught up with me before I had to board.

"Jane, here. This is for you," she said handing me a bag.

"Thank you, Mistress. What is it?" I asked.

“Something for you to read on the plane, Dear. Now, kiss me good bye and say hello to your Mother for me,” replied Henrietta.

“Good bye, Mistress,” I said, giving her a sisterly hug and kiss which she returned.

“Good luck, Honey,” she replied blinking back tears just as I was.

As I entered the plane, I saw her wave at me and turn away. Suddenly I was alone looking about the plane for my seat sensing for the first time the men staring at me in leering delight while the women looked away to hide their obvious disapproval. As the stewardess seated me a nice man helped to load my carry on bag in the compartment over my seat. As he looked down at my full breasts I noted his hardon and blushed in embarrassment when my nipples tightened and I felt my dampening crotch while praying that he hadn't noticed my unconscious receptiveness.

He took his seat by me and soon began to tell me about himself as I managed to control myself as I listened to him with feminine interest.

Soon our plane lifted into the air bearing me to my new home in St. Petersburg, Florida. Needless to say I had little time for knitting or reading...

#### **4. Preparations for a Wedding**

The flight from Oklahoma City to St. Petersburg went by quickly. And it was not until we landed that I was able to break away from my male companion to examined my going away present from Mistress Henrietta and found that it was a new romance novel. In addition to the book, she had purchased me a nice metal butterfly bookmark and a good luck card from Hallmark with her personal good wishes. I confess that it brought a tear to my eye.

Unlike the last time I had arrived at an airport, I was greeted at baggage claim by my Mother who gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“How are you doing, Honey?” she asked in sheer delight noting the changes that my mistress had made while also noticing that a strange man had placed my carry on baggage on a cart nearby before quickly withdrawing.

“Just fine, Mom. Are you doing okay?” I replied.

“I can see that you are doing ”fine“. I can't believe the change. I'll have to keep an eye on you,” she teased and then she flashed me a smile and answered, “Just fine, Jane. Ron's been a dear and has helped me quite a lot during this rather difficult time.”

“I understand, Mom, and I'm happy for you. Are you still planning to marry him?”

“Yes, Jane. You'll like him when you meet him,” she answered.

“I'm sure I will, Mom. I only objected because of Dad's memory. It just seemed so fast.”

“That's all behind us now, Jane,” said my Mother. “It's a new life for both of us. Now let's get your luggage and I'll take you to our new house.”

“Yes, Mom,” I answered with a smile.

It only took us a few more minutes to acquire my luggage which we put on the baggage carrier and took out to the short-term parking area where Mom had left the station wagon. After putting the baggage in the back of the car, we got in and drove away from the airport.

“How are Mistress Yvette and Mistress Henrietta?”

“They are just fine, Mom. Those are two great ladies. I'm so glad you had them help me with my problems,” I gushed in enthusiasm.

“I'm glad, honey. I'm sure Ron will too. After all, it was his idea,” replied Mother with a slight giggle.

“Then I guess I'll have to thank him, too,” I said happily.

“Good. I think you two will hit it right off. We've got to think about you now. I'm going to marry Ron on Saturday and you're going to be one of my bridesmaids.”

Inside, I felt a deep feeling of joy as I replied, “That will be fun, Mom.”

“Good. Here's our turn off.” She looked up after the turn and asked me casually about the man I had been with. When I explained that he was a stranger she seemed to accept my explanation with an amused knowing smile.

We pulled off onto a side street that led to a residential area. Nearby, I could see the sea as we traveled northward into the suburbs of St. Petersburg. We pulled onto a little road that led into a cul-de-sac and into the driveway of a house at the far end of the circle that ended the cul-de-sac. The house was a ranch style affair with a two-car garage. We pulled into it. Parked in the other side of the garage was a black Camaro T-top.

“Well, It looks like you're going to get to meet Ron, Jane. He must have gotten off work early,” explained my Mom as she shut off the car.

A door on the left side of the garage opened as the garage door came down revealing a man dressed in a three-piece business suit. He was 6'2" and very well built. He had sandy blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. His face was cut by a wide grin as he went around and helped my mom out of the car.

“Hello, my love,” he said, giving my Mom a long kiss as I got out of the car.

“Did you get off work early, dear?”

“No, I took off a little early to take in some golf with an important client. I was just about to leave when you pulled in,” he replied lightly.

“Fine. Jane come over here. It's time to meet your stepfather-to-be,” ordered Mom.

I walked over to where the two of them were standing. Both of them looked expectantly at me, so I went up and gave the man a hug and a quick peck on the cheek.

“I'm pleased to meet you,” I said with a smile.

“Well, well. Much better than I'd hoped. Turn about for me, girl.” commanded Ron thoughtfully as his eyes all but stripped me.

I spun around slowly with as much grace as I could muster and finished up with a curtsy. Ron's face broke into an ever wider grin and my Mother's face shone with pride.

“Alexis, how come you didn't tell me how beautiful your daughter was?” asked Ron in a hurt voice.

“Because, I'm the one you're going to marry, Handsome. I didn't want my daughter to become competition,” she replied with a laugh.

“No danger of that, my sweet. We'll I've got to be off. I'll see you two girls tonight,” answered Ron, giving my mother a kiss and then getting into the Camaro and driving away.

After he had disappeared around the corner, Mom and I unloaded my luggage from the station wagon and took it into the house. The door from the garage opened into the kitchen. It was huge and equipped with all the modern conveniences and done in colonial style. Separated from the kitchen by the bar was a huge dining room with large French doors leading onto a deck from which I could see the beach and the Gulf of Mexico. Inside the dining room was an oak table with chairs and a huge glass-fronted china cabinet. Hanging above the table was a crystal chandelier. A hallway led from the dining room into a vaulted ceiling living room filled with expensive furniture. On the far side from the dining room was another hall that led to the three bedrooms. One of them was being used as a home office for Ron and my Mom and they shared the master bedroom as if they were already married.

My mother led me to the other bedroom and remarked, “And this is your room, Jane.”

She opened the door and led me inside. The room was a fantastic salute to femininity. It was all done in pastel colors with pink predominating. The walls were covered in pretty floral colors and the rug was a deep pink. The bed was covered in a lacy pink flowered comforter and had a pretty pink canopy with sheer pink curtains tied back by mint green ribbons. Also inside the room were two large white dressers covered with dolls and stuffed animals, and a vanity with mirror and stool. There were two doors. One led to my private bathroom and the other to a huge walk-in closet.

My mother smiled as I gasped in astonishment and she said, “It is a lot bigger than your old room, isn't it?”

“It sure is, Mom. It is very pretty, too. I don't remember most of this stuff, is it new?” I asked.

“Some of it is. It came with the house. When I saw this room, I knew it was perfect from my little Jane. I just moved in your stuff from the old house when we moved here. Most of your clothes were too far gone to be saved, so I got you some new ones in addition to those gotten for you by Mistress Yvette and Mistress Henrietta.”

“That's great, Mom. I'm sure it will all be fine. What next?” I questioned.

“Why don't you unpack and take a shower, Honey? I'm going to go down and start dinner. Ron will be back in a few hours and will be hungry.”

“Sure, Mom. I could use a relaxing shower. See you in a while,” I answered as she left the room.

I unpacked my bags on the bed and began to put them away. I discovered that the dressers were half-filled with clothes and what was in my bags filled them out. I now had a good supply of feminine underthings and several everyday sets of clothes with five swimsuits for playing on the beach later. In the walk-in closet, I discovered a row of pretty dresses and pantsuits plus a selection of feminine sweaters and a few light coats, not much needed here in sunny Florida!

My luggage delivered a few more dresses and soon my suitcases joined them in the closet. I took my tote into the bathroom and set it up on the vanity top next to the sink. The bathroom had a huge tub with built-in Jacuzzi, a large closet for my sheets, towels and things, a medicine cabinet over the sink, a huge cosmetic mirror on a pedestal, a toilet done with pink fluffy toilet wear and a large bamboo clothes hamper.

I got out a fresh set of clothes and went into the bathroom. I put some scented bath foam into the tub and ran a nice warm bath. I took off my clothes and climbed into the bath. God, it felt good after that long flight. I just sat there for a few moments letting the soft, scented foam sink into my skin. I then got a bath puff, put some perfumed showering gel on it and began to wash my body. It was still surprising to me how large my tits had grown. They seemed to get bigger everyday!

After about an hour, I got out of the bath and dried myself with a large towel sheet which had my name printed on it in large feminine script. I then put on clean underthings, a nice lacy blouse, some women's crew socks, a pair of jeans and a pair of pink flats. I put on a minimum of make-up and went downstairs to help my mother.

“You certainly look more relaxed now, Jane,” commented my mother as I entered the kitchen.

“I certainly feel fresher, Mom. Can I help you?” I asked sweetly.

Mom smiled, “You sure can, Jane. Ron wants seafood tonight and I'm a total klutz when it comes to fixing it. I remember you doing well in class with it. Can you finish it up while I get the vegetables ready?”

“Sure, Mom,” I replied. “Where do you keep the aprons?”

“In the third drawer next to the refrigerator, Hon,” replied Mom quickly abandoning the fish she was cutting up on a board.

I found a nice floral apron in the drawer and put it on. I finished cutting up the fish—salmon—into steaks. I then prepared them with some citrus fruits and some vegetables with a little cooking wine. While I prepared them, Mom prepared a salad and some corn on the cob. The salmon steaks were just about done when we heard a car pull in the garage and the door shut.

“Well, he's home. I'll go set out the table while you finish up here, Jane.”

“Yes, Mother,” I replied in a distracted voice.

The door to the garage opened and Ron came in the door saying, "I smell something good."

I turned to him and said brightly, "I certainly hope so. By the way, what do I call you?"

He gave a grin and replied, "I think Daddy sounds about right, Missy. It will soon be fact so we might as well get in practice, right girl?"

"Sure, Daddy," I answered with a smile.

"Good girl," he answered, giving me a playful swat on my ass.

"Hi, dear. Have a good golf game?" asked Mother coming into the kitchen.

"Yeah. It went okay. I landed the Peterson account while we were on the eighth fairway," replied Ron with excitement edging his voice.

"That's great, Dear. Jane and I almost have dinner cooked. Why don't you just relax in the living room until it's done?" suggested Mom.

"Good idea," answered Ron with a sigh.

"I can finish up here, Mom," I said in a shy voice.

"Are you sure, Honey?"

"Sure, Mom. You and Daddy go ahead. I'll call you when its done," I replied.

"Good, come along, Alexis," commanded Ron, leaving the kitchen with Mother following him obediently.

It took only a half hour for me to finish dinner. While it was cooking, Ron turned on the stereo and he and my mother were deep in conversation that the music effectively masked. I put the food on the table and went over to the entrance to the living room.

"It's settled then," said Ron in a stern voice.

"Yes, my husband. As long as it is only this one night," replied Mother in a hushed voice.

"It will be," answered Ron sternly.

"Excuse me," I said, dropping a little curtsy. "Dinner is served Monsieur and Madame."

Ron laughed at that and my mother broke into a smile. They got up from the sofa and followed me into the dining room. Ron held the chair for my mother and then for me before assuming his place at the head of the table.

"Dinner looks good, Alexis," said Ron gallantly.

"That is does. Good job, Jane. One day you'll make a man a fine wife," commented Mother with a smile.

"But only if it tastes as good as it looks. Pass me those fish steaks, Jane," ordered Ron.

"Yes, Daddy," I replied, passing the platter to him.

Dinner went well with praise from Ron on the salmon steaks and from Mother on my obvious improvements in table manners.

"I have Mistress Yvette and Mistress Henrietta to thank for that, Mom. I'm so glad you sent me there to learn how to behave like a proper young woman. I can't believe how horrible I was before," I said with a brief shudder.

"Think nothing of it, Jane. You're not a tomboy anymore, are you?" replied my Mother.

I smiled at her and answered, "No, Mom, and I never want to be one again. I'm just starting to learn what being a woman is all about."

"Good for you, Honey," said Mom with a smile.

After dinner was finished, we had some frozen ice cream bars for dessert, mine and mom's being low-fat, low-calorie. I then gathered the dishes up and put them in the dish washer as they retired to the living room.

I put the soap in the machine and started it.

"Are you done in there, Jane?"

"Just finishing up, mom," I replied as I hurried to the living room.

As I entered the room, I saw Ron sitting in the big recliner with my Mom kneeling next to one arm. Ron looked at me and simply pointed at the other arm. I nodded and knelt like my mother next to it.

"I'm in a good mood," said Ron at last. "I've got a nice new house, a big bonus coming from a new account, I'm about to be married and have a beautiful young daughter. I think I'll celebrate a little. But first, I have a few things to say."

Ron got up from the chair and stood facing us. His face shone with a strange light, but his mood seemed friendly enough.

"Now I've paid a lot of money to have your manner fixed, young lady. I've got to see if I got my money's worth. You want to please me and your Mother, don't you?" asked Ron, looking directly at me.

"Yes, Daddy," I replied quickly.

"Good. Now, here is what is going to happen. Tomorrow after your dress fitting, your mother will take you to be enrolled at the University of South Florida. She'll help you choose a suitable feminine field of study. After that, you will help her prepare for our wedding. We'll be gone for a month after our marriage, but I've arranged for a suitable vacation trip for you and one of your friends your mother told me about. Now, for tonight, I mean to test the skills in making love that you were supposed to be exposed to with your training. Any questions, Jane?" said Ron sternly.

"Yes. Do you agree to this, Mother?" I asked in shock.

"It is for your own good," she replied softly.

"Will it be expected of me every night?" I questioned, looking back at Ron.

He looked thoughtful at my mother's panicked expression, then replied, "No, Jane. I expect you to have yourself a boyfriend before too long and he can take care of your

sexual urges. This is strictly me seeing if Mistresses Yvette and Henrietta haven't lost their touch in training women to be obedient and loving females. Any more questions?"

"No, Daddy," I answered, looking down at the floor, embarrassed.

"Good. Alexis, you and Jane go ahead and make yourselves beautiful. I'm going to watch the news," he said, resuming his seat and grabbing the television remote.

"Yes, Dear," replied Mother.

"Yes, Daddy," I echoed.

Mom and I left the living room and went back toward the bedrooms. Mother silently came with me into my room and shut the door. I sat down on the bed and after a moment, she joined me.

"Are you all right, Mom?" I asked as I looked at her pensive expression.

"I don't know, Jane. I had hoped that Ron would have changed his mind about tonight," she said tensely.

"It's okay, Mom," I said as she began to weep.

She put her arms around me and cried, "My poor little girl. Ron is going to make sure that they've made a woman of you."

"It's all right, Mom. They did. I won't fail but it had only better be this one night. I want to make Ron and you happy, but I want someone of my own to love. You don't have to worry about me falling in love with Ron, Mom," I replied, hugging her.

"That's good to hear, Jane. I was worried for a bit," said Mother through her tears.

"He's only for you, Mom. Besides, I think I want someone a little younger with a lot more stamina," I answered wistfully.

She laughed at that and gradually her tears stopped. We sat there for a few minutes, then she went over to the dresser and took out a black sheer lace negligee with a matching pair of crotchless panties.

"Here you go, Jane. Put this on and freshen up your make-up. Join me in the master bedroom when you're done and remember to douche," ordered my mother.

"Yes, Mom," I replied as she left.

I took the negligee and panties into the bathroom. I removed my clothes, placing them in the hamper, and got out a douche. Squatting over the toilet, I douched out myself and put on the panties and negligee. Then, feeling all cleaned out, went to join my mother in the master bedroom. When I got there, I knocked on the door softly.

"Come in, Jane," said Mother.

I entered the master bedroom and found my mother kneeling by the bed dressed in an identical outfit.

"Kneel beside me, Jane."

"Yes, Mom," I replied joining her on the floor assuming an identical kneeling position.

"Are all our outfits the same?" I asked her.

“Yes, honey. Ron wanted us to be just alike. Like two peas in a pod,” she replied.

“Well, no one seeing us won't think that we're not mother and daughter,” I answered.

“True, honey. Shush, our Lord and Master is coming,” she whispered softly.

I, too, grew silent and bowed my head low like she had. I heard the door open and then shut. At the edge of my vision, I could just make out Ron's left shoe as he stood before us.

“Well, this is what I've wanted to see since you arrived, Jane. You and your mother both kneeling beside my bed,” said Ron with a lust-filled voice.

Ron went over and began to rub his hands over my mother's body. She gave out yelps of joy as he pleased her tits with his hands and kissed her neck and shoulders.

After doing this a while, he came over to me and did the same. It was better than the tit manipulations on the conditioner. I was lost in a deep feeling of utter contentment as he manipulated my breasts and kissed my neck. My yelps of joy echoed those of my mother and after a moment, Ron stopped and stood once again before us.

“Excellent. Alexis, remove my top layer of clothing. Jane, do the bottom,” ordered Ron, sitting down on the bed.

“Yes, Master,” replied Mother, kneeling on the bed beside him.

“Yes, Daddy,” I answered, reaching for his shoes.

I kissed each of his shoes and removed them as I had been taught. I then removed his socks showing his hairy, masculine feet. I kissed each of his feet and then looked up at him. My mother had removed his tie and jacket and was now removing his dress shirt in between kisses. I reached for his belt and undid it. Then I unzipped and undid his pants and with careful motion, drew them down and off.

“Enough, Alexis,” said Ron pushing Mother from him.

Ron looked down at me and said, “So far, so good, Jane. Now while I'm sucking your mom's tits, I want you to pull down my briefs and get me off. Understand, girl?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I replied.

“Good. Do it,” grunted Ron, pulling my mom on top of him.

I reached up and worked his briefs down his legs. His manhood became erect and I felt my mouth begin to salivate. It looked so good to me and I felt the conditioning take hold. I seemed to hear a brief protest come to me like someone far away, but I dismissed it as simply my imagination. I took his manhood into my mouth and began to slowly lick and suck it. It tasted good and soon, I tasted him as he got off in my mouth.

He pushed Mom off him and said, “Not bad, Jane. With more practice you could become as good a cock sucker as your mother. Trade places, girls.”

I climbed on the bed and knelt on my hands and knees as Mom got onto the floor. Mother began to suck his cock while Ron began to lick and suck my breasts as I hung

over him. Pleasure shot through me as he kneaded my tits and suckled on them. Soon, I was whimpering in pleasure just as Mother had.

“Watch your mother while I suck on your tits, girl. I want you to learn how to be a good cock sucker for your hubby someday,” ordered Ron from between my breasts.

“Yes, Daddy,” I gasped as a ripple of pleasure went through me.

Mom certainly had some technique. She was a lot better than those girls I had learned from under the influence of the conditioner. Soon, she had Ron on the verge of cumming and she looked up at me and smiled.

“Timing is important, Honey. I've slowed down to let Ron relax. Now, I go for the kill,” she said, happily taking his cock back into her mouth.

Soon, Ron was erupting in my Mother's mouth and she too dutifully swallowed his manseed. Ron gently pushed me from atop him and rotated me onto my back. He took a tube of KY Jelly from the nearby night stand and lubed up his tool. Then, he put some on his middle finger and gently probed my love hole. It felt cold and smooth and soon he was satisfied that I was ready for him. He picked up my legs and approached me with his erect cock. He spread my crotchless panties and my ass cheeks with one hand and maneuvered his cock into my tight hole with the other. It hurt a little as he entered me, but soon it gave way to pleasure as he began to fuck me.

“Does it feel good, Jane?” asked my Mother as Ron began to thrust into me again and again.

“Yes, Mother. Oh, yes!” I exclaimed in abandonment.

“How is she, Master?”

Ron grunted and replied, “Tight. Good and tight.”

After a few more minutes, Ron's cock exploded in my ass, filling it with his sweet cum. As his cum hit the hot muscles in my ass, I felt a deep orgasm run through my body. I felt the little nub between my legs become briefly erect, but it subsided as the more feminine orgasm ran its course. I lay there panting for a long moment as Ron gently kissed me. He pulled his softening manhood out of me and stood up looking down at me.

“I think she passes, Alexis,” said Ron with a smile.

“I agree, Master. Now what?” asked Mother softly.

“Nothing. Jane, go back to your room and get to bed. Your mother and I have some heavy loving to do. You'll just have to wait until you find a man of your own before you get anymore. Now, off with you, girl,” commanded Ron.

“Yes, Daddy. Good night Mom. Good night, Daddy,” I replied slowly, standing up and retrieving my negligee.

“Good night, Jane. Close the door after you,” answered Mom lowering herself onto her back on the bed as Ron approached her with his newly-erect organ.

I got to the door and closed it. I went to my room, entered the bathroom and removed my clothes. I ran a fresh bath and douched again. Soon, I was in my hot foamy bath and once again clean and fresh. I put on a nightgown, turned off the light and

hopped into bed. From the master bedroom, I could hear the sounds of Ron fucking my Mother and soon I drifted off to sleep and dreamed of one day making love to a man of my own.

The next day, I was gently awakened by my Mom. I sat up in bed and let out a very feminine-sounding yawn.

“Good morning, sleepy head. How is my daughter this morning?” asked Mom in a friendly voice.

“Good morning, Mother. Sleep well?” I replied with a smile.

“Very well. Now get dressed and then come down for some breakfast. We have a fitting appointment at the bridal shop at eleven.”

“Yes, Mom,” I answered, pushing back the covers reluctantly.

She left the room and I got out of bed. I put on a clean pair of panties and put my ample breasts into a new bra. I made up my face and put on a slip and a pretty white sundress. I put on a set of beige pantyhose and a pair of brown open-toed sandals. I selected a pair of earrings and a necklace made of seashells and put on a couple of rings and a mother of pearl-faced watch. Now properly dressed, I went to join my mother in the kitchen.

“Sit down at the table, Jane. I've got pancakes and fruit salad. Remember to take your vitamins, Honey,” said Mother as I entered the dining room.

“Sure, Mom,” I replied sitting down at the table as she came in with two plates of pancakes and the fruit salad on a tray.

She handed me my vitamins and female hormones which I swallowed with a glass of orange juice. Mother sat down and we had our breakfast. After putting the dishes in the dishwasher, we got our purses and hopped in the station wagon. We drove and gabbed about fashion and things on the news and soon we arrived at a small bridal shop in downtown St. Petersburg. We got out of the car and went into the store.

“Good day, Mrs. Donaldson,” said a middle-aged lady from behind the counter.

“Good morning, Margaret. This is my daughter, Jane,” replied my Mother with a grin.

“Good morning, Jane. I suppose she's going to be in the wedding too, Alexis,” answered the sales lady with a grin.

“She sure is, Margaret. I thought that while you were doing the final fitting for me today, that you could fit a bridesmaid's gown for my daughter,” said Mother with a calm voice.

“Why certainly, Alexis. Angela, take over here at the counter. I'll assist Mrs. Donaldson and her daughter,” said Margaret to a college-age girl.

“Yes, Mrs. Drennon,” replied the girl meekly.

Margaret escorted Mother and me into the back room. She got out my mother's wedding gown and had Mom put it on. She then began to make alterations, explaining to me and my mother what she was planning to do. My instruction from Mistress Yvette and Mistress Henrietta came in handy and soon I was making suggestions as

well. After Mom was finished, I was put in a pretty pink bridesmaid gown and I assumed my her place on the pedestal. After an hour of pushing, pinning and commenting, Margaret had the alterations planned.

“Well, that's it until Thursday, Alexis. We'll have everything ready by then for the big event on Saturday,” said Margaret with a smile.

“Thanks, Margaret. Come along, Jane.”

“Yes, Mom. Good day to you, Ma'am,” I said respectfully.

“Good day to you, Miss,” she replied, waving us out of the shop.

As we got into the car, I asked, “What next, Mom?”

“Let's have some lunch and then we'll go to the university over in Tampa and get you registered. Since you didn't complete the year at that horrible school you went to, we'll just enroll you as if this was your first time. I think we should be able to find a better subject for a girl like you to study,” she answered with a grin.

“Sounds good to me, Mom,” I replied with a smile.

We stopped for lunch at a streetside cafe in downtown Tampa and then drove out to the University of South Florida. We parked in the big lot and we went inside the administration building. Inside were hundreds of students filling out courses of study.

“Go ahead and get the papers we need, Honey. I'll get us a place at a table so you can fill it out.”

“Yes, Mom,” I replied as I went to get in line at the information desk.

It took about fifteen minutes for me to get to the window where an elderly lady sat.

“Yes, Miss?” she asked in a bored voice.

“I'd like to register for classes, Ma'am,” I replied respectfully.

She handed me a pile of papers and motioned me away. I took the papers and turned around to see Mother talking to another girl. I was so shocked that I almost dropped my papers. The girl talking to Mother was none other than my friend from the old school, Susan Morris!

*Oh, God!* I thought frantically. *Whatever shall I do now?*

Mother looked over and saw me. As if in answer to my unspoken question, she and Susan both motioned me to come over. I had no choice.

“Hello, Jane,” said Susan as I got closer. I could see that measuring look that one woman gives another as possible competition. It was clear that she was surprised at my transformation, and perhaps a bit envious.

“Hi, Susan. It's a surprise to see you,” I replied as we gave each other a sisterly hug and kiss.

“Well, I had problems at the old school after you left. Margo found out about our party and in revenge she told on me and Todd. We were caught in my room and expelled. Todd took a job with his father in Singapore and dropped me like a hot potato. It seems that he was engaged to marry another woman even while he was dating me,” explained Susan.

“That's just awful, Susan! I'm so sorry for you!” I exclaimed, taking her arm as she wept a bit.

“That's nice of you, Jane. You're the best girlfriend I've got. Well, I decided to return home and since my father is on the board, they let me attend classes here. I saw you walk in with your Mother, so I decided to wait on filling out my registration papers until you got yours.” answered Susan as her tears dried.

“Sure, Susan,” I replied.

We sat down with my Mother and filled out our papers. Mom had my high school record which must have been touched up because it now had my feminine name on it as well as the proper sex that I now was. I decided, with the consent of Mother, to specialize in literature and secretarial sciences. Susan also took secretarial sciences but with a emphasis on computers. We took our papers back to the registration desk. Once there, Mother paid for my classes, informing them that I would be living at home. Susan just handed hers in and they credited hers on her Mom's account.

As we walked out of the college, Mother said, “It was a pleasure to meet you, Susan. Since you have your car here, why don't you and Jane spend the rest of the day getting reacquainted.”

“Are you sure it's okay, Mom?” I asked.

“Sure, Honey. I know how important it is for a girl to spend some time with her best friend. I'll see you back at the house tonight. Have fun, Dear.”

“Thanks, Mom,” I answered as she walked off.

“Your Mom sure is nice,” commented Susan as we walked to another part of the parking lot.

“She sure is. It's good to see you, Susan. I know I was a fright, the last time I saw you.” I said as we approached a cherry red convertible.

“Your Mom explained it all to me. I wrote that note in your handwriting. I hope you aren't mad at me,” confessed Susan as she dug her keys out of her purse.

I stopped dead in my tracks and just starred at her. She was the one responsible for my being what I now was!

“Why, Susan?” I asked as I slowly got in the car.

“I'm ashamed of what I did,” replied Susan, inserting the key but looking away from me. “I only wanted to have a friend that could understand me. At school, you were the only one that treated me like that.”

“But Margo. . .” I began.

“I lied. Margo only wanted me for my body. Just like Todd and all the other boys there. None of them wanted me for me. You are the only friend I have and you were unequipped to be the girlfriend I needed. After the night you spent in my room, I knew that you were the girlfriend I needed to be able to talk to. While you were on the plane back to Oklahoma City, your Mother and I had a long talk. Your stepfather must have known about it, because I got a call from him today at the country club,” continued Susan as we pulled out into the street.

"The country club?" I asked in amazement.

"Oh! Silly me! My father, before he died, purchased a golf club out on Cypress Point. My older brother, Brian, runs it now," she replied.

"Older brother?" I questioned.

"Yea. He's a nice guy and is a rather successful businessman. Just your type, Honey. I'll have to introduce you when we get back from our vacation." she answered.

"What vacation?" I asked.

"Oh! Oops, I'm sorry. I thought your parents had already told you." she said.

"Told me what?" I demanded.

"Well, I guess I had better spill it. When your parents go out on their honeymoon, we're going on a trip to Europe for two weeks. You have an appointment with a specialist in Sweden who is going to fix your female problems for you." she replied.

"Oh!" I said, looking down at my lap.

I sat there in shock for a time. This could only mean one thing. My parents were sending me away to have a sex change operation!

I sat there quietly as Susan pulled into a large shopping mall. We spent the rest of the day shopping and later that evening, Susan dropped me off at my new home.

"Hi, Jane," said Mother as I came in and Susan drove off.

"Hi, Mom. Susan filled me in on everything including my vacation plans," I replied, putting my packages on the dining room table.

"Oh, she wasn't supposed to say anything. It was going to be a surprise."

"It's no problem, Mom," I replied. "I thought something like this was in the works. After all, I'm now too feminine to have that particular problem anyway. A woman should be ALL woman."

"So you agree then?"

"Yes, Mom," I answered obediently as I had been taught.

Mom put her arms around me and exclaimed, "Thank you, Jane! You don't know what it means to me! My little girl wants to be a total woman! You've made me so happy!"

At that moment, Ron walked in and asked, "What's the celebration all about?"

"Jane just told me that she wants her problem fixed once and for all!" said Mother excitedly.

Ron looked at my blushing face and said, "Good for you, Jane. I promise you that everything will be just fine. The surgeons will take good care of you and make you a complete woman in every way including having children of your own."

"But that's impossible, isn't it? I thought that having children was out of the question," I replied in shock.

"Not with some of the new techniques in transplant surgery. Don't worry, Princess. Ron has it all taken care of," soothed Mother.

With that, they both hugged me and treated me like a Princess all night long.

## 5. Mom's Wedding Day

The rest of the week flew by in a fury of activity. There were so many things to arrange and so little time to do them in. By Thursday, we had finished all the arrangements and had prepared for a rehearsal that evening. It was a lovely ceremony and the run through went without a hitch. It was a present surprise to me that Susan had been included as one of the other bridesmaids. After the rehearsal, Mrs. Drennon from the bridal shop came over to where Susan and I were sitting in one of the pews in the back as Mom and Ron discussed last minute changes with the preacher.



“Could I talk to you girls for a minute?” asked Mrs. Drennon coming over to us.

“Certainly, Ma'am. What's up?” I questioned as she took a seat next to us.

“Well, I and a few of your mother's friends have decided to throw your Mom a bridal shower. It would be nice if you two girls could show up,” said Mrs. Drennon.

“That's a marvelous idea. Don't you think so, Jane?” gushed Susan with a big grin.

“Definitely. We need to do this thing up right. Where and when is it going to happen, Ma'am?” I asked excitedly.

“Later on this evening. We would like you to keep your Mother busy for awhile, Jane. At about seven o'clock, bring her over to my house. That is where the party will be,” replied Mrs. Drennon.

“I'll do my part,” I answered.

“Yeah, and I'll help you get things together, Mrs. Drennon.” replied Susan.

“Thanks, girls. Alexis will be thrilled. See you at seven with your Mother, Jane. Come along with me, Susan. We have a lot of things to finish getting together.” said Mrs. Drennon rising to her feet.

“Yes, Ma'am. See you later, Jane,” replied Susan.

“Later, Susan,” I answered.

Soon afterwards, the rehearsal broke up and the gentlemen there dragged Ron from the church, leaving me and Mother alone.

“Well, the boys are off to a bachelor party. What are we going to do, Jane?”

“Nothing for a couple of hours, Mom. Let's go shopping for awhile. Later on, Mrs. Drennon is having a party for you over at her place,” I replied.

“Oh, dear. What does she have planned now?” said Mother with a worried expression.

“Just a party, Mom. Nothing to get too excited about. They just want to share their joy with you, and so do I,” I replied meekly.

Mom gave me a hug and arm in arm, we left the church. We got into the station wagon and headed out the church drive and onto the highway leading back into Tampa.

“When you get back from vacation, Honey, your Father and I are going to get you a new car so that you can drive yourself to school and get a part-time job.” said Mother as we drove towards the mall.

“That would be great, Mom. Whatever you and Daddy can afford is fine with me. I can't thank you two enough,” I replied grinning at her.

“It's for my good as well as yours, Hon. With your own car, I won't be tied down running errands for you. Instead, you might even be able to run some for me,” she answered pulling into the mall.

We spent a couple of hours at the mall, till almost six o'clock. We didn't buy much of anything. We mostly haunted the fashion shops and tried on various outfits only buying two apiece at the end. We then stopped and had some dinner at a roadside cafe and then headed over to Mrs. Drennon's house.

Mrs. Drennon's house was a palatial estate on the outskirts of town and had a lovely view of the seashore. There were several cars in front including Susan's. We found a place to park, got out of the car, and went up to the front door. Just as we got to the door, it opened and Mrs. Drennon stepped out.

“Hello, Alexis. Glad you could come. Here, Jane. Put this on your Mother,” said Mrs. Drennon handing me a blindfold.

“What's this all about, Margaret?” asked Mom as I put the blindfold on her.

“It's a surprise, Alexis. You wouldn't want to spoil it, would you?” replied Mrs. Drennon mischievously.

“I don't know, Margaret.”

“It will be just fine, Dear. Jane, take your mother's arm and guide her in.” ordered Mrs. Drennon.

“Yes, ma'am. Come along, Mother,” I replied, leading my mother into the house.

The entry hallway of the house was as stunning as the outside. It had a huge crystal chandelier hanging in the main hall and a barrister staircase leading upstairs. Mrs. Drennon led us down the hallway and into a large comfortable room that was the sit-

ting room. In the room were fifteen ladies, with Susan being the only one I recognized. On the table were piled an assortment of gifts and one ribbon on the floor leading to a broom closet.

“We're here now, Alexis. Jane, remove the blindfold,” commanded Mrs. Drennon.

I whipped off the blindfold as a cheery “Surprise!” came out of every lip. My mother turned a brilliant scarlet and looked like she wanted to bolt from the room. Mrs. Drennon grabbed one arm and I grabbed the other. With us steadying her, my mother met everyone there.

One older, gray-haired lady came up and said, “I'm pleased to meet you, Alexis. I'm Sarah Morris, Susan's mom.”

“I'm pleased to meet you, Sarah. This is my daughter, Jane.” replied Mom looking at me quickly.

“I've heard a lot about you, Jane. Could you spare her for a minute, Alexis?” asked Mrs. Morris.

“Certainly. Go ahead, Jane. I think I can handle things from here.”

I nodded my head and went over to a sofa and sat down with Mrs. Morris. She looked me over carefully as I seated myself in a very lady like manner.

“I'm very pleased to meet you, Ma'am,” I began with a tight smile on my face.

“I'm so glad to hear that, my Dear. How long have you known Susan?” asked Mrs. Morris steely.

“Only since college, Ma'am. We both went to the same school,” I replied.

“Yes, I see. You good friends then?”

“Yes, very good friends. She had a slumber party over at the dorm and I was the first person she invited, so I guess that makes us friends,” I answered.

“I'm sorry, dear. It's just that I'm worried about Susan. Since she broke up with Todd and had to put up with that horrible lesbian girl, I'm worried about her.” she replied with a snuffle.

I reached over and put my arms around her and said, “I wouldn't worry if I were you, Mrs. Morris. Susan is a big girl and you've taught her well. She'll be alright. I'm sure that she'll find another man.”

“That's very kind of you, Jane. It seems my little Susan was right about you.”

“In what way?” I asked.

“She said that you were kind and sweet, and you are all that,” she answered.

“I just want to make everyone happy. Susan is my best friend and I'll help her all I can. With any luck, it might help me to,” I replied with a grin.

“Good, let's rejoin the party,” suggested Mrs. Morris, rising to her feet.

“Yes, Ma'am,” I answered, rising with her.

In the main part of the room, Mother was already opening the gifts. Some of them were quite naughty, and the blushing face of my Mother elicited tons of giggles. Mrs.

Morris had gotten her a fine negligee to wear on her honeymoon and Susan got her a new purse. At last, Mom opened the one I got her and she looked up at me in disbelief. She reached into the box, and amidst the gasps of wonderment, pulled out a diamond-studded silver necklace.

“Jane! How did you know?” exclaimed Mother.

“It wasn't hard, Mom. Every time we went by the jewelry store it always caught your eye. I hope you like it,” I replied happily.

‘But, honey. It must have cost a lot.’ she began.

“It's only money, mom. Your happiness is worth more to me than that.”

“Thank you, Honey,” cried Mother, throwing her arms around me.

After she had disengaged from me, the other girls congratulated her on her gifts and Mrs. Drennon called for our attention.

“Ladies. There is still one present to go. Alexis, follow the ribbon.”

My mother took the ribbon in her hand and followed it to the door. She stopped for a minute and then opened the door.

“Oh, my!” she gasped as a man clad only in a g-string stepped out of the closet.

“My lady, I am yours,” he said as he began to gyrate in front of her.

A tape player went on in the corner and music beat out. He danced around Mother for a time and then led her to a chair. Once there, he commenced to do a lap dance on her. My mother was wild with excitement and it was contagious. After the exotic dancer finished, he gave Mother a kiss, thanked Mrs. Drennon for the assignment and then left the house.

“That was great, Margaret. Thank you,” gasped Mother after she had recovered her breath.

The rest of the evening was spent telling stories and watching some romantic films. It was well past midnight when we returned home.

“Did you have a good time, Mom?” I asked after we had changed for bed.

“Yes, Jane. Thank you. Now off to bed, young lady. Tomorrow, you've got to pack because after the wedding, you and Susan are off to Sweden.”

“Yes, Mom. Good night,” I replied, going back to my room and heading off to sleep.

Friday was spent in a tizzy. It was run, run, run, but we managed to get everything ready for Mom's big day. Somehow, I managed to get packed as well and had my luggage sent on ahead to Sweden. At last, the big day arrived and I found myself at the church early with Mother. She was perched upon a chair and Mrs. Drennon was doing some last minute alterations.

“Hold still, Alexis. I'm almost done,” said Margaret irritably for the seventh time.

“How about the flowers?” asked Mom for the fifth time.

“I got them right here, mom.” I replied, showing her the bouquet again.

“Good. I'm so nervous. You'd think that after the first one, the second would be no problem at all,” she said with a nervous grin.

“Don't worry, Mom. Everything is going just fine.”

“I know, Honey. Just wait until it's your turn. You'll probably be a nervous wreck, too,” she said with a laugh.

“Oh, Mom,” I replied sheepishly.

*My own wedding?* I thought. *Not very likely at the moment. Who would want me, anyway?* I just smiled back at her and continuously reassured her that everything was all right. The curtain to the room opened and the preacher stepped in.

“Is the bride ready?”

“Yes, minister. I'm ready,” replied Mother standing straight.

“Good. In three minutes we will start. First the groom's men will come in first, then the groom. When we begin playing the bridal march, you bride's maids come in first, then yourself, Ma'am. We have a lovely group here today and they are all happy for you, Ma'am.” explained the preacher.

“Thank you, minister. Whenever you're ready,” answered Mother.

The preacher left us with a smile and three minutes later, we heard the groom procession going to the altar. My Mom held my hand the whole time. After a bit, the bridal march started. Susan and I went first, me holding Mother's bridal bouquet and Susan spreading some flower petals on the floor. After we had assumed our positions in front of the altar, the music increased in intensity. The curtains parted and my Mother started down the aisle. She looked radiant. In the crowd, I spotted Mistress Yvette and Mistress Henrietta and both wore big smiles on their faces. At last, Mother reached the altar, at which point I handed her the bouquet.

“Dearly beloved. We are gathered here. . .” began the preacher in the age-old manner.

The ceremony took only about another ten minutes and there was a reception afterwards. At the reception, I posed with my Mother and the rest of the bridal party for the wedding pictures and for the cutting of the cake. It was grand and everyone was having a good time. At long last, the appointed hour came.

“Okay, girls. It's time to throw the bouquet. Whoever catches it is the next one to marry. All the single girls over here now,” said Mother.

Mrs. Drennon and Mrs. Morris herded us single girls together and once we were together, she threw the bouquet. The flowers hit on the upraised hands of Susan in the front row and landed soundly on my chest. I grabbed them without quite knowing it.

“Well, it looks like Jane is the lucky girl,” crowed Mrs. Drennon with a smile.

I realized that I must have blushed several shades of red much to the merriment of the gathered well-wishers. Next, my new Father removed one of my mother's garters and much the same happened among the unmarried men. Well, turnabout is fair play, isn't it?

After that, the reception moved into a dancing hall and Mom and my new Dad had their first dance together as man and wife. It was beautiful and I was quite moved by it all. Tears of joy filled me as I sat there next to Susan in my pretty bridesmaid dress.

"It's like a fairy tale, Susan," I said as I sat there next to her.

"Yes it is and it looks like more so. Observe," she replied, motioning over to where a group of boys were.

Two of the boys came over to where we were with determined looks on their faces.

"Hello, Sis," said one of them who reminded me of Mrs. Morris.

"Hi, Brian. Brian, this is my friend, Jane Donaldson. Jane, this is my older brother Brian," introduced Susan.

"A pleasure to meet you, Jane. Would you like to dance?" asked Brian briskly.

"Well, I don't know. . ." I stammered.

"Go ahead, Jane. I think this handsome man here wants to dance with me. Is that right, my good man?"

"Right you are. If you would care to join me," said the other young man.

"Certainly. Have fun, Jane. See you later, Brother," replied Susan, moving off onto the dance floor with her escort.

Brian extended his arm to me and said, "With your permission?"

I timidly put my left arm upon his right arm and he led me out onto the dance floor. There we commenced to dance and I was instantly grateful for my dance lessons at Mistress Yvette's. We danced all night long. Brian was a real gentleman although I had detected his hands more than once timidly touching my ass during a particularly slow dance. At the end of the night, he took me home. We pulled up in front of my house and parked.

"When are you and Susan due to be back from Sweden?" he asked casually.

"In about a month, Brian. I'm glad Susan is coming with me. Being in a foreign country can be exciting, but it is even better if you have someone to share it with." I replied.

"I suppose that is true. Someday, I'd like to do some more traveling, but with managing the golf course, I don't have much time for that right now." he answered with a grin.

"Oh, dear. Are you having problems?" I questioned.

"No. Just a busy time right now. I'm securing funding to build a new course up at Cyprus Springs and things are up in the air at the moment. If I can build the new course, it will give me a good start to job security. In my business, the more courses you own, the better." said Brian with a slight grin.

"I hope everything works out for you," I replied.

"Thank you, Jane. What are you going to do when you come back from vacation?"

“Well, I'm going back to college with Susan. My parents are getting me a car and I hope to be able to take a part-time job somewhere,” I answered.

“Why don't you come work for me? I could use some good reliable help at the golf course and you could work with Susan. I need a lot of help with the Pro Shop. I have a good employee there, but need Susan down there to really make it work. However, if I move Susan into management down there, I need an office assistant to help me. If you could, you would really help me out,” he offered.

“Are you sure? You don't know very much about me or my job history,” I began.

“No need. I like you, my sister likes you and my mother likes you. As for knowing about you, Susan told me everything,” he replied.

“Everything?” I exclaimed in surprise.

“Yes, everything. Including about your trip to Sweden to get a women's problem fixed. Everything will be great. As to your job history, having none is not a problem as this is an entry level job. After a little training with Susan, I'm sure you will do fine.” he answered.

“But, I'll be taking Susan's space, won't I?” I questioned.

“No problem. Susan has wanted to get more involved in the outfitting part of the business, and she has never been very good at taking orders from me. Managing the Pro Shop will be good for both me and her. So, what do you say?”

“Well, alright Brian. Thank you,” I replied with a blush.

“Great,” replied Brian breaking into a big smile. “I'm sure we'll work well together. Allow me to escort you to your door, Miss Donaldson.”

“Why thank you, Mr. Morris,” I replied as he helped me out of the car.

We walked together up to the front door and came to a stop in front of it. Brian came up to me and put his arms around me. His face was so close to mine that I could feel his breath on my sensitive lips.

“Well, this is good night, Jane. I'll see you when you get back,” he said softly.

“Good night, Brian, I mean, Boss.” I replied nervously.

“Brian is better. After all, I hope to make this more than just a working arrangement. You are the best girl I've ever met and I hope to get to know you better, a lot better. Good night, Jane,” he answered, giving me a deep kiss.

I was utterly speechless as he kissed me. It was like the fourth of July and it left me quite weak. After it was done, he stepped away from me and got back into his car with me standing stunned in front of my door. As he pulled away, all I could do was wave after him. After he had pulled away, I noticed Susan's car parked behind the house and the door come open with Susan framed in it.

“Were you watching?” I exclaimed in stunned disbelief.

“Yes, Jane. What do you think of my brother?” she asked with a smile.

I felt something give in me. My eyes were clouding and I felt a little faint.

“He's a dream boat,” I finally managed to stammer out.

“Oh, goody. Now, Jane, we've got to leave in the morning, although I doubt if you'll get much sleep tonight,” replied Susan mirthfully.

“Yes, Susan,” was all I could say as I went into the house.

After we had changed and went to bed in separate rooms, I found that Susan was right. I didn't fall asleep until early in the morning. Brian's face came to me unbidden and insistent and I knew then that I was totally lost.

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The following day, Susan woke me up saying, “Get up sleepy head. It's time to get ready.”

“Sure, Susan. Meet you downstairs,” I managed to yawn out.

I dressed myself in a tasteful pantsuit that I had picked out for the trip and put on my make-up. I loaded up my tote bag and my cosmetics case and hurried downstairs. When I got to the kitchen, Susan was just putting on her shoes. I quickly went over to the door and did the same thing.

“How long have we got, Susan?” I asked as I finished slipping on my black pumps.

“Just about an hour. We'll have to rush to make the plane. Grab your stuff and let's go, girl!” shouted Susan, gabbing her bags.

I grabbed my bags and hurried after her, stopping just long enough to lock the door behind me. We got into her car and hit the highway. It was almost frightening the way she swerved in and out of traffic; however, she did get us to the airport half an hour before our departure time. We left her car in long term parking and went into the airport. Once there, Susan and I went up to the ticket counter where I presented our tickets to the attendant.

“I see. Miss Donaldson?” she asked.

“That's me,” I replied.

“Good and Miss Morris?” she questioned.

“Yes, Ma'am,” answered Susan.

“Good. Smoking or non-smoking?” she asked calmly.

“Non-smoking, please,” I answered.

“Good. Here are your boarding passes Miss Donaldson and Miss Morris. You have your passports with you?” she questioned.

“Yes, Ma'am,” Susan and I replied in unison.

“Good. Present them and your tickets to the official at the boarding tube at Gate 24. Have a nice flight, ladies,” she said turning to her next customer.

“Thank you, Ma'am,” I replied, moving off with Susan.

We arrived at Gate 24 and presented our boarding passes and our passports. They passed without a hitch and soon we were seated on the Trans-Atlantic flight to Stock-

holm via London. It took a few more minutes to finish loading the plane, but soon we were in the air and heading for Europe.

Susan looked a bit nervous so I asked, "Feeling okay, Susan?"

She looked at me and replied, "I'm doing alright. Air travel has never been that much fun for me. Talk to me, Jane."

"About what?" I questioned.

"Anything. What were you and my brother talking about so long out in the driveway?"

I felt a wave of heat flush my features but I managed to stammer out, "Well, uh, not much."

"Don't give me that, girlfriend. What went on?" she pressed.

"Well, it's really none of your business, Susan, but he offered me a job," I replied.

"Are you going to take it?" she asked with a smile.

"I already told him I would. You're moving up in the company, Susan," I said simply.

"You mean he agreed to me taking over the Pro Shop?" Susan asked excitedly.

"Yes, he did. And I'm going to fill your old position as his Administrative Assistant," I replied happily.

"That's great, Jane," said Susan, hugging me excitedly. "This means a lot for both of us."

"What do you mean, Susan?" I asked in puzzlement.

"Oh, you'll see, girl. I guarantee you will not be disappointed," she replied with a smile.

I couldn't pry anything more out of her and soon we wound up talking about other things. Over the Atlantic, we were served lunch and watched the in-flight movie, *The Bridges of Madison County*. Afterwards we napped until the plane began its descent over London.

## 6. The Vacation

We landed at Heathrow Airport and transferred to a British Airways plane for the final jump to Stockholm. The British Airways plane provided quick and efficient service and soon we arrived in Stockholm. In Stockholm, we retrieved our luggage and found a man dressed in chauffeur's uniform holding a sign that said DONALDSON.

"I'm Jane Donaldson," I said coming up to him.

"Greetings, I am Sven Ragnarsson. I have been sent to bring you to the chateau," he replied in awkward English.

"Thank you, Mr. Ragnarsson. This is my friend, Susan," I answered.

"I'm honored to meet two such lovely young American ladies. Please let me get your bags. The car is out front and you can wait for me there," he said with a wide grin on his Nordic face.

"Very good, Mr. Ragnarsson. Come along, Susan." I replied leaving our luggage on the floor.

Sven picked up our bags and carried them out the airport with me and Susan in the lead. He went to the trunk of a large limousine and put the bags in the back. Susan was watching Sven like a hawk. Sven was definitely more Susan's type. He was blonde and had the bulging muscles of an athlete. After he had the bags in the trunk, he opened the back door of the limousine and ushered us in.

As we pulled out into traffic, Susan asked, "If I may inquire, Mr. Ragnarsson. How do you keep in such good shape while chauffeuring?"

He gave a short laugh and replied, "It is only to make money during the off season. When there are snow on the mountains, I teach to ski."

"Well that explains it," gasped Susan, with a twinkle in her eye.

"How far is it to the chateau, Mr. Ragnarsson?" I asked filling in the gap.

"Two hours, Miss Donaldson. It is outside town up in the mountains. It is very beautiful and secluded there," he replied, turning onto another road.

After we had driven for an hour, we stopped at a little roadside cafe for a brief rest stop which I needed desperately. I knew that it wouldn't be too long that I would no longer have that disgusting piece of flesh hanging between my legs. Soon, I would be a real woman just like my Mother. That thought seemed to thrill through me like a bolt of electricity and it seemed that we couldn't get there fast enough.

After another hour had passed, we pulled onto a quaint mountain road that led up a narrow valley. At the top of a foothill of a huge mountain was the chateau, as Sven called it. It was a magnificent palatial hotel building built of white stone with a gray slate roof. Being summer, it was nestled among green pine trees and fields of colorful mountain flowers. We wound up the mountain and pulled up in front of the house. At the door was a woman dressed in a housemaid's serving dress. Sven stopped the car and opened the door for us as the maid came up to the car.

"Miss Donaldson, Miss Morris. Please come with me and I'll get you settled," she greeted, leading us inside the building while Sven unloaded the car.

The insides of the hotel were magnificent. There was a crystal chandelier, fine sculpture, old paintings and thick rugs, and that was just in the entry foyer. The maid took us up a flight of stairs and into a wing consisting of many bedrooms.

"Miss Donaldson," she said looking at me. "This is your room. Your friend, Miss Morris will be across the hall."

She opened up the door and beckoned me inside. The inside of the room was just as fancy as the entry foyer, but done in a more feminine style. It had a huge dresser, a full-length mirror, a hardwood vanity, a huge closet, a small, full bath and a massive four-poster bed.

"I hope the room meets with your approval, Miss Donaldson. Dr. Fjordsson would want you to be comfortable during your stay with us," she stated primly.

"I'm sure the room will be fine," I answered, setting my tote bag on the dresser.

"Very good, Miss Donaldson. The doctor realizes that you must be fatigued from your journey, but wishes you to join him for dinner," replied the maid.

"Thank you. Tell Dr. Fjordsson that I would be happy to join him for dinner.

"Very good, Miss," answered the maid, curtsying and leaving the room.

She closed the door and I could just make out her giving the same orientation to Susan. What a strange place this was. It didn't look much like a hospital, more like a resort. Well, worrying about it wasn't going to do me any good, so I unpacked my bags and took a long lingering bath. At least, this place had all the amenities a girl like me could want. I had just finished drying my hair with my hair dryer when the phone on a table next to the bed began to ring.

"Yes, Jane Donaldson here," I said into the phone.

"Miss Donaldson, this is Anna Sorens, the housemaid. Dinner will be in an hour."

"Thank you. I'll be down in an hour. Good bye," I replied, then hung up the phone.

One hour, that didn't give me much time to get presentable. It was a close shave, but I managed to find my favorite red evening dress and matching pair of high heels. From my jewelry collection, I selected my finest jewelry. After all, this was a formal dinner with my doctor and I wanted to make a good impression. After the make-up and a final dousing of my favorite perfume, I was ready for dinner.

As I came out of my room, I met Susan in the corridor dressed in her favorite blue cocktail dress.

"Well, well. If looks could kill, everyone in the hotel would be dead by now," said Susan as me began to walk down the hallway.

"That may be true, but not before half the men placed themselves at your feet," I replied gaily.

"Why, thank you, Jane. Let's get a move on, we only want to be fashionably late, but not keep our host waiting too long," suggested Susan.

"Right, Susan," I replied as we hit the staircase.

It only took us a few minutes to arrive at the main dining hall where we were seated by a man in his late forties.

"It is a pleasure to meet such lovely young ladies," he said after assuming his seat. "Welcome to the Chateau De Renau. I'm your host, Dr. Eric Fjordsson."

"Thank you, Dr. Fjordsson. This doesn't look much like a hospital."

"Not to worry, Miss Donaldson. This is just what it seems, a hotel, however, I have my lab in the lower level. But, no more talk of that until after dinner. I must say, I do like that red dress, Miss Donaldson," he said smiling, as he poured Susan and myself some wine.

For the rest of dinner, Dr. Fjordsson regaled us with stories of his past and stories of things that had happened here at the chateau. He also questioned me and Susan quite closely on our backgrounds and our hopes for the future. At no time during the meal did we even mention my upcoming surgery.

After dinner had been cleared away, Dr. Fjordsson announced, "Well, that was fine. It is almost time for bed. Miss Donaldson, would you join me in the sitting room for a sherry?"

"Yes, doctor," I answered.

"Excellent. Well, good evening to you, Miss Morris. If you'll come with me, Miss Donaldson," he replied, offering me his arm.

We left Susan in the dining room and he escorted me into a Victorian decorated sitting room. He led me over to a sofa and I sat on it with my legs crossed. He went over to a cabinet, got out a bottle of sherry and poured two glasses.

"Here you are, Miss Donaldson," he said handing me the glass of sherry.

"Thank you, Dr. Fjordsson," I replied, taking it while he seated himself.

"Here's to you, my dear. One of God's most beautiful creatures," he toasted.

After we had drank from the sherry, he said, "Now down to cases. I have your medical file from the United States, but I will need to do a number of my own tests to see what would be the best treatment of your condition."

"I wasn't aware that there was a variety of solutions. I thought there was only the corrective surgery," I replied with interest.

He stood up and paced in front of the fireplace. After a long moment of silence he turned back to me with a grin.

"That's the way it used to be Miss Donaldson. However, I have been closely following transplant surgery techniques and the newest in anti-rejection drug therapy. Since your mindset is already within the correct parameters, all I need to do is tweak the physical parameters to match. After I have subjected you to a complete genetic scan, I will search the donor database for a suitable female to transplant from. Not only will you become female, my dear, but one capable of having children as well," he announced with a glint in his eyes.

I was speechless! This man wanted to make me so that I would not only become a woman in a real physical sense, but fix so that I could one day become a mother.

I sat down the glass carefully and replied, "Can such a thing be done, doctor?"

"If all goes well, yes," he answered.

I sat in stunned disbelief for a moment, but then I whispered, "When can we begin?"

Doctor Fjordsson looked at the clock on the wall and said, "Tomorrow. I must warn you, there is some risk associated with this procedure. If I make one mistake, it may cost you your life. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Doctor," I replied in a soft voice.

“Think it over tonight, Miss Donaldson. The choice is now yours. If you decide not to go through with it, I will send my apologies to your parents and just perform the corrective surgery that you are familiar with. You must decide, my dear, whether to leave well enough alone, or become fully the woman that God intended you to be. Good night, Miss Donaldson. We will talk again in the morning,” he said as he headed out of the room.

I sat there for a few minutes in total disbelief. What a choice to have to make. I hadn't originally set out to become a woman, but now that I had been forced into it, I discovered that I really felt that this was what and who I wanted to be, yet doubt still clouded my mind.

I finally got up and went back upstairs. When I got to my bedroom, I heard Susan laughing behind her door and a fine masculine chuckle. Obviously, Susan had a guest. I went into my room and changed for bed. Susan and her guest certainly made enough noise and Susan's obvious cries of sexual pleasure invaded my room. It was a fitful night and I finally fell asleep after Susan and her guest had obviously exerted themselves.

During the night, I had a dream. In the dream, I was in a nice lace dress tending to some plants in a flower bed outside a very fine house. The day was bright and I felt a tug on my dress. I looked up to see three fine children standing there looking at me with big puppy dog eyes. The oldest was a sandy-haired boy and the younger two were both black-haired girls.

“What do you want, children?” I asked in the dream.

“We want to live, Mommy,” said the youngest little girl.

I snapped awake with a start. I was in the bedroom at the chateau and a fine July morning was beginning. The sweet sound of songbirds poured into the room with the fresh scent of pine and the delicate perfume of mountain flowers. I breathed in the smells as if they were the last pleasant things I would ever smell. In that moment, I made my decision. My old life as Jan disappeared forever and my future life as Jane truly began. I reached down and placed my hands on my abdomen.

“Soon,” I muttered. “Soon.”

I then fell back into a blissful sleep and slept till the maid woke me up for breakfast.

“Good morning, Miss Donaldson. Time to wake up and have some breakfast,” said the maid as she opened the door to my room.

“Thank you, Anne. I didn't expect breakfast in bed,” I replied.

“Think nothing of it, honey. Dr. Fjordsson thought you might like it. Miss Morris is still asleep, not to wonder after her night,” she observed, merrily sitting down next to me on the bed.

“Yes, she kept me up for awhile. Thank God we're not roommates. I would never have gotten to sleep,” I answered, sipping on some orange juice.

"No doubt Sven wouldn't have minded. Having two girls at once has always been a particular dream of his, but I don't know. This Morris girl certainly has him bewildered. I think our "heartbreak Sven" may have just met his match," she said with a laugh.

"Well he is Susan's type. She's always been into athletic men," I replied.

"And what about you, Honey?" she asked.

"Business men are more my speed, I guess," I answered with a shrug.

"Mine are doctors," sighed the maid.

"Dr. Fjordsson, if I don't miss my guess," I observed shrewdly.

"As if he'd notice. I'm not a young chicken anymore."

"Have you tried, Anne?" I questioned.

"No, but. . ." she began.

"No buts. Listen, if you want him, make him notice you. If you want to be seen, then make yourself a target. It's the only way with the poor dears. You know what drives most men mad? It's the unspoken question. Does she want me? We can all read that they want you. It's written in their eyes, but they can't seem to read us. Unless a woman tells a man exactly what she wants, the man often can't guess it on his own," I explained.

"Here you are, not even thirty and you're telling me this. How do you know what men think?" she questioned.

"From previous experience. I may not have been around long, but Honey, have I seen things you wouldn't understand! Just try it and see if I'm right," I replied, starting on the eggs.

"I'll keep that in mind, Miss Donaldson. Thank you. At nine o'clock, Dr. Fjordsson would like to see you in the basement laboratory for some tests." said Anne getting up from the bed.

"Tell him I'll be there," I answered.

"Good, and don't wear much, Honey. You won't be needing it today," she said as she left me to finish my breakfast.

I finished my breakfast and as it was eight, took a quick bath, and put on my make-up. Since this was going to be a medical examination, I decided to wear something simple. I wore a full white slip, a pink house robe and a pair of pink house shoes. Dressed as instructed, I left my room and ventured down to the basement of the hotel.

"Ah, Miss Donaldson, right on time. This way, please," said Dr. Fjordsson who greeted me at the base of the stairs.

He led me down a hallway in the basement and into what looked like an operating theater. It was suitable impressive and was filled with a variety of instruments and medical paraphernalia.

"Please sit here on the couch, my dear," he urged smoothly.

“Yes, doctor,” I replied.

I let out a little gasp when I got up onto it. That medical couch was damned cold!

Dr. Fjordsson pulled up a stool and asked, “Have you thought about what I said last night?”

“Yes, doctor. I've decided to go for it all. I want to be able to have children,” I replied with shaking voice.

“Very well, my dear. Take off your house shoes and put your feet in the stirrups,” he ordered.

I slipped off my house shoes and put them into the stirrups. God, it was so embarrassing. When in the stirrups, you are completely exposing your nether regions! No wonder so many women find it embarrassing! It makes you feel totally vulnerable and helpless.

“Now, don't move, Honey. This won't hurt a bit,” said the Doctor from between my legs.

I felt something cold and metallic go up my anus and then felt a wiggling as something entered deep into me. It was a strange feeling, but wasn't painful. After about two minutes, the Doctor pulled back from me and put something from inside me into a test tube. He did this three more times before he was satisfied.

“Good girl, Miss Donaldson. I have the genetic samples. Now just relax as I give you a full gynecological and physical examination,” he said.

For the next two hours, he poked and prodded me and ran me through dozens of tests. At last, he had all the information he needed.

“What's the verdict, Doctor?” I asked as I pulled my shaken self back together again.

“Your physical looks good, but we'll have to wait about a week on the tests. In the meantime, you are free to enjoy the facilities. After all, this is a vacation spot. Do you have any other questions, my dear?” replied the Doctor.

“What are the samples you took from inside me for?”

“Those are for the genetic tests we talked about. I used a probe to remove some cells from the inner small intestinal wall down near the junction to the large intestine. Cells at that location have the lowest amount of differentiation in the human body and are therefore perfect for genetic testing. If there isn't anything else today, good day, Miss Donaldson,” replied the Doctor, dismissing me.

I just nodded my head and hurried up the stairs. God, I was so embarrassed and as soon as I got into my bedroom, I changed into a full set of clothes. It felt good to be completely dressed again and not naked to the world. I went down to the dining room and discovered Susan having lunch out on the patio.

“Hello, Jane. How did it go?” asked Susan merrily.

“Won't know till the tests come back in a week,” I replied sitting down in a chair near her.

“Want some lunch, Miss Donaldson?” asked the maid.

“Just a tuna sandwich and a salad with some orange juice, a woman has to watch her figure. Bring something for yourself and have a bite with us,” I suggested.

“That wouldn't be proper, Miss Donaldson,” she stammered.

“You're supposed to serve your guests, aren't you,” I pointed out.

“Yes, but. . .,” she began.

“No buts. The customer is always right and besides, it's just us girls here,” interjected Susan.

“Right. Be a sport, Anne,” I said.

“Alright, Miss Donaldson,” she replied shaking her head.

After Anne had went into the kitchen, Susan asked, “What's that all about?”

“She's sweet on the Doctor and needs a little help. Shush, here she comes,” I whispered quickly.

She sat my lunch in front of me and had a sandwich and a cup of tea for herself.

“I don't have much time. If the tests are good or not, I'm still going to be laid up for most of this vacation, so I have to try to fit a month worth of vacation into a week,” I said rapidly.

“And there is so much to do. What do you want to do first, Jane?” asked Susan brightly.

“Well, I'm sure Sven wouldn't mind driving us into town. I think some shopping in the local town would be nice, after all, it would be nice to bring the family home something.”

“Yes, and a new hairdo and some new clothes would be in order as well!” exclaimed Susan.

“Great idea, but we need someone to show us around. How about you, Anne?” I asked innocently.

“Me, I don't know, Miss Donaldson. Sven should be able to show you around,” she stammered.

“But all the women's places? I'm sure Sven never has even set foot in them,” I replied.

“Neither have I,” she said weakly.

“Never?” exclaimed Susan in disbelief.

“Then it's high time we fixed that. You're definitely coming with us, Anne. And from now on, call me and Susan by our first names. None of this servant stuff when we're out in public. Come on, Susan. We'll get changed and meet you and Sven out front in an hour after we finish lunch,” I said, reaching for the salad fork.

“Yes, Miss Jane,” replied Anne, leaving us.

I groaned inside and continued with lunch and small talk with Susan. After lunch, we changed into some good clothes and had Sven drive us girls into town. The little

town was right out of a postcard and the people proved to be quite friendly. The dress-makers helped us pick out some fine dresses and I helped Anne find a new and more provocative maid's uniform.

“Why do I need this, Miss Jane?” she wailed when I showed it to her.

“If you want to attract a man, it pays to advertise. The poor dears are not too good at subtle hints. A good smash across the face normally gets their attention. I guarantee that this uniform will get the good Doctor's attention.”

Next, we hit the local beauty parlor and had a complete make over. Poor Anne looked half frightened to death, but when she saw the result, she was floored by how much better she looked.

We stopped in some craft shops and bought souvenirs for the folks back home. Then, we stopped and had dinner at one of the local inns. Sven joined us and seemed to enjoy himself immensely. The way Susan and he looked at each other, I realized that he must have been the man in her room and that my friend Susan wouldn't be alone while I recovered from my surgery.

All in all, it was quite late when we got back and we all headed to our beds. The next week was filled with horseback riding, hiking and lazy days spent near the pool. At the end of the week, the test results were back and Dr. Fjordsson called me into the sitting room.

“Ah, there you are, my Dear. I have your lab test results back,” he said with a smile.

“Good news?” I asked quickly.

“Yes, very. Not only are you perfectly healthy, Miss Donaldson. but we've also have an almost perfect match on a donor,” he said.

“How perfect?”

“I predict a 97% probability that by using this donor, that your operation will be a complete success,” he replied happily.

“Great, Doctor. When can we start?” I asked excitedly.

“Tomorrow, my dear. Tomorrow,” he said, giving me a fatherly peck on the cheek.

The following day, I went into surgery. Susan wished me good luck and she and Sven left the chateau. Dr. Fjordsson had me put on a dressing gown and get onto that horrible couch of his. He then strapped me down and applied some anesthesia to me with Anne assisting him. Soon, I was off in dreamland and was dreaming the most fantastic dream. I dreamed that I had become a woman just like my Mother and I felt a great deal of joy. Everything was working out and I was happier than I ever had been before.

I woke up several days later in my room at the hotel. I was extremely weak, but managed to reach up and grab the calling cord. After a few minutes, Anne entered the room with a tray full of food.

“Good morning, Miss Jane. I see we are feeling better,” she said.

“Yes, Anne. Get that food over here. I could eat a horse,” I replied as my stomach growled.

“You're still too weak. Let me feed you,” she answered and much to my chagrin, began to spoon feed me.

After a few more days, I managed to finally be able to take care of feeding myself and using the toilet. After spending two and a half weeks as a new woman, I had my first period. At first, it scared me a little, but then I came to realize that it was a part of my life from now on. It meant, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that I was now a complete woman.

I was still a little sore when our vacation came to an end, but I was ready to go home and begin my new life. As we left the chateau, I discovered that Anne had finally gotten up enough nerve to wear the revealing maid's uniform we had gotten her and I was gratified to see Dr. Fjordsson put his arm around her as we pulled away from the hotel. Sven drove us to

the airport in Stockholm in silence, but after he had gotten us there, he and Susan went off to have a private discussion while I got our tickets. As we boarded our plane for home, Susan stood at the top of the ramp and looked back to the car. Standing there was Sven and he gave her a hearty wave. With tears in her eyes, she entered the plane and soon we were preparing to leave Sweden behind.

Susan was staring pensively out the window, so I asked, “Missing Sven already?”

Susan looked at me with tear-filled eyes and replied, “Yes. I love him, Jane.”

“Well, if you love him that much, then you have to get back to him, girl,” I answered.

“But, what about Mom?” she asked.

“She'll understand and Brian can find someone else. Go to him. I wish you only happiness and joy and who knows, I may be stopping in to see you sometime,” I said, giving her a hug.

“All passengers aboard?” called the stewardess.



“Wait!” shouted Susan, rushing out of her seat and heading down the ramp.

At the bottom of the ramp, Sven was waiting and he grabbed her in his arms in pure joy. Arm-in-arm, they walked off together toward the car and I only had happy thoughts for them. With any luck, I would someday be as happy as Susan was at that very moment. A few minutes later, I was airborne and soon I was on my way back to the USA.

## 7. Future Set and Point

My arrival back in Tampa was the same as the last time. Mother greeted me at the airport with a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“How was your flight, Dear?”

“It was great, Mom,” I replied.

“Where's Susan?” she questioned as she was nowhere to be seen.

I looked sheepish and answered, “Well, Mom, it's like this. She met a man while we were on vacation, and well, she's in love and has decided to stay with him in Sweden.”

“Oh, dear. How am I going to explain this to Sarah?”

“I'll do it, Mom. I promised Susan I would after I got back. I wouldn't worry, though. I know she will be very happy and I can't believe that her family wouldn't be happy for her. I'm sure they'll like Sven when they meet him.”

“We'll give Sarah a call after we get back home. Come along, Jane,” replied Mother.

We left the airport and drove back to Tampa. On the way, I told Mom all about my vacation and all the fun I had when I wasn't in surgery. We arrived back home and I changed into a new set of clothes while Mom fixed us some dinner. Ron hadn't made it home by the time we had eaten and he called to say not to wait up for him as he had a long dinner business meeting that had suddenly come up. After dinner, I went to my room, picked up my pink Princess telephone and called Mrs. Morris.

“Hello, Morris residence, Brian Morris here,” came a rich masculine voice from the other end.

I knew I must have blushed but managed to get out, “Hi. This is Jane Donaldson.”

“Wow, you're back then. How are you and is Susan with you?” asked Brian excitedly.

“Well, it's a little difficult to explain but, uh, Susan decided to stay for a while longer in Sweden. Uh, is your Mom at home?” I questioned uncomfortably.

“No, but she should be back in about an hour. Why don't you come over and you can explain to us both why Susan isn't with you and tell us all about your trip,” he said gruffly.

“Alright. I'll be over in about an hour, bye,” I replied quickly and hung up the phone.

*God! I really put that badly. I'd better think of a better way to put that.* I thought as I sat staring at the phone. *Well, I had an hour to get ready what I needed to say.*

I thought I'd better change into something a little less casual than what I was wearing. I took a quick shower and put on an evening gown and plenty of make-up. Somehow, it seemed to give me a little strength to look my feminine best.

When I got back downstairs, I saw Mother sitting in her favorite chair reading a book.

“Where do you think you're going at this hour, Jane?”

“I've got to go over to the Morris' and explain things to them,” I answered.

“Dressed like that?”

“Please, Mom. Let me do it my way. Can I borrow the car?” I asked quickly.

“No, but you can use your car,” she replied.

“What car?”

“It's out in the garage. Your keys are on the key holder in the kitchen. Please be gentle with them, Honey. I'm sure that Susan not coming back will be quite a shock,” she said softly.

“Thank you, Mom,” I answered, giving her a hug and a kiss.

“Don't stay out too late, young lady,” she replied.

“Yes, Mom,” I said while I picked up my purse and headed into the kitchen.

In the kitchen on the key holder on the wall next to the garage door were several keys, but one had a pretty-heart shaped tag with the name Jane on it. I plucked it off the key holder and yelling bye to Mom, went out into the garage. The garage was empty except for a cherry red convertible. It was absolutely perfect with a pretty white interior and a customized license plate that read JANE'S. I opened the door, carefully sliding my hand under my dress, and started the car. It purred to life and then opened the garage door and drove out onto the street.

It was a beautiful evening and I hoped everything would go all right as I drove to the mansion-like house of the Morris'. After twenty minutes, I drove up the driveway to the mansion and parked in front of it next to Susan's car. I cautiously got out of the car and walked leisurely toward the front door. Just as I was coming up to the front door, it opened and standing in the open door way were Mrs. Morris and her son, Brian.

“Good evening, Mrs. Morris, Brian,” I said hesitantly.

“Good evening, Jane. Come in,” replied Mrs. Morris.

Brian took my wrap and Mrs. Morris led me into the sitting room. Mrs. Morris poured us some tea while Brian hung my wrap in the hall. I was more than a little nervous because I knew that as soon as we all got settled, I would have some explaining to do.

After we were all seated, Brian cleared his throat and said, “Now that we're comfortable, what is this all about, Jane?”

I took a sip of tea, sat the cup down delicately and replied, "While we were vacationing in Sweden, Susan got to be good friends with one the gentleman at the resort we were staying at."

"I see. Is he an important man?" asked Mrs. Morris softly.

"He operates the resort with Dr. Fjordsson who is the owner and one of the best doctors in Europe. He's a fine gentleman and Susan looked extremely happy when I last saw her," I replied carefully.

"I see. Is this Sven an athletic sort of fellow?" asked Brian with a grin.

"Of course, Brian. Susan was quite taken with him the first time she saw him. He was extremely courteous and friendly and they did spend most of the month together since I was in surgery for most of it," I replied.

"I'm so sorry, honey. We've been so caught up with our little Susan, that we forgot all about your condition. Is everything all right now?" asked Mrs. Morris.

"Everything is just perfect, Mrs. Morris. I've got a clean bill of health and have finally got that terrible accident that messed me up fixed once and for all," I answered with a smile.

"And children?" she pressed gently.

I realized that I must have changed several shades of red as I blushed right down to my toes. It would have been difficult to answer her even if that big brute of a son of hers wasn't looking at me with that grin of his. I settled for taking a long sip of tea before answering.

"Yes, that's taken care of as well. I can have children now, when and if I find the right man to father them," I replied with a tight-lipped smile.

"That's great, Honey. Now, tell me all about this Swede my daughter is so taken with," ordered Mrs. Morris.

I spent the better part of two hours telling her about Sven and Susan while doing my best to put the best face on it I could. I hope Susan appreciated the job I did there that night. Even though Mrs. Morris sometimes broke down in tears, it generally went all right. Brian spent most the night simply nodding. It was nearly ten when I finally gave Mrs. Morris the number that Susan could be reached at in Sweden and said my good nights to her.

"Let me walk you to your car, Jane," said Brian as I got up to leave.

"Sure, if you'd like to," I replied lightly.

He got my wrap from the hall and helped me into it. He then opened the door for me and walked out with me to the car with one arm draped over my shoulder.

"I hope your Mom will be all right," I said with concern.

"She'll be fine as soon as she talks to Susan. You sure this was her idea?" he asked softly.

“She's going to be very happy, Brian, if you and your Mom will stand behind her. She loves you both very much, but she loves Sven with the love that a woman feels for the right man,” I replied softly.

“Do you think Sven is the right man, then?” he questioned.

“It's not important what I think, Brian. What is important is the way Susan feels and she was never this way with her old boyfriend at school. I think this is the real thing and I'm happy for Susan,” I answered, sincerely.

“And what about you, Jane. What do you feel?” asked Brian as we came to a stop in front of my car.

“I hope that one day I can be as happy as she is this very moment,” I replied, softly looking into his eyes.

His eyes seemed to lock onto mine and I swore that I saw fire kindling. He put his other arm around my waist and pulled me towards him.

I didn't think to resist and I realized that I didn't want to resist. He gently cradled my chin in his left hand and kissed me with tenderness. I froze for a moment and then found my own arms encircling his neck and kissed him back with a little more urgency.

We only broke apart when we heard Mrs. Morris clearing her throat from behind us. We broke apart with a start and I knew I must have been blushing down to my toes.

“How's Susan?” asked Brian without missing a beat.

“Fine. She'd like to talk to you a moment, Brian,” she said brightly.

“Alright, Mom. Good night, Jane. Call you tomorrow?” replied Brian.

“Uh, sure, Brian,” I replied, blushing heavily.

“Good night then,” he said going back inside the house.

After he had gotten back inside, Mrs. Morris turned to me and asked, “Am I going to lose all my children today?”

“That's up to your son, Mrs. Morris. I like him a lot. You just never know, you may end up with a new daughter to boot.”

“We'll see, Missy, but I don't object to you seeing him,” she said with a smile.

“Really?”

“Yes, really. He could do a lot worse than you, girl. Now, though, I think you had better be getting home,” she ordered.

“Yes, Ma'am. Good night, Mrs. Morris,” I replied quickly.

“Good night, Jane, and it's Sarah from now on. Good night,” she said as she headed back for the house.

I stood there numb for a few minutes, then got in my car and drove away from the Morris'. I didn't head right home, but drove around for an hour to sort things out. It

was difficult for me to believe. Mrs. Morris didn't mind me seeing her son and Brian definitely wanted to see more of me.

It was with a happy bubbling feeling that I drove into the driveway. I parked outside as I saw that the garage was full with Ron's and my mom's cars. The light was on at the garage so I went in through it and went in to the kitchen.

The television was on in the living room and I heard Ron say, "Come in here a minute, young lady."

I put my purse on the kitchen table and went into the living room.

In the living room, Ron was sitting in his favorite chair and Mother was sitting in front of him on the floor with his legs wrapped around her shoulders.

"Kneel there in front of me and explain yourself, young lady," he ordered, taking a sip from his beer.

I knelt in front of him and told him the whole story. He looked on and smiled at several interludes during the story as did my Mom.

It took me over an hour to tell it all and then came a series of grilling questions that I tried to answer as best I could.

The last one took me by surprise.

"What is going on between you and Brian Morris?" asked Ron suspiciously.

"It's nothing, Daddy," I replied carefully. "I think he is really a nice boy and I like him."

"From what Mrs. Morris says, it seems to be a little more than that. Didn't she catch you kissing him in a rather passionate embrace?" queried Ron harshly.

"Yes, Daddy," I answered quickly.

I hoped he wasn't getting mad. All I did was kiss a boy and he was acting like it was the end of the world. At least, that was all I thought it was. He looked angry for a minute and then looked down at my mother's beaming face.

"What are you grinning at, Alexis?" demanded Ron.

"Nothing, Master. It's just that our little girl has grown up and is ready to make a family of her own," said Mom with a grin.

"Well that explains it then. So, you're all hot for this Brian character," stated Ron bluntly.

"Yes, Daddy. Very hot!"

"Very well, then. I give you permission to marry him when he asks you," said Ron grandly.

"Really, Daddy?" I asked in incomprehension.

"Yes, really, Missy. Now give me and your Mother a kiss and off to bed with you," ordered Ron with a grin.

"Thank you, Daddy," I replied, giving him a big hug and a kiss.

"Thank you, Mom," I said giving my mom a hug and kiss.

“Good night, Dear,” answered my mom with tears in her eyes.

I went upstairs, skipping a bit in my excitement, while my parents started a discussion in low whispers that was obviously about me. I was too excited to care. I was brimming over with happiness. All the people I loved wanted me to be happy and I couldn't get Brian's face out of my mind, even if I wanted to.

I don't know how, but I managed to eventually fall asleep.

The next few weeks passed by in fury.

I started school and also started working at the golf course for Brian. It was a lot of work, but Brian supported me and helped me through it.

He taught me every aspect of the job and the fringe benefits, like lunch with him and some of his clients were more than worth while. It was wonderful how his clients often complemented me on my appearance or how knowledgeable I was of the business when I chimed in to support Brian's view of the future.

In November, Susan announced that she was going to get married in the Spring and I was chosen as one of her bridesmaids.

By this time, Brian and I had gotten to be more than just friends. Although we never stepped over the line into full-blown sex, we often skirted the edges in the throws of our passion for each other.

When Spring came, my family and the Morris family flew to Sweden a week before the wedding to help get things ready.

Susan was a total wreck when we arrived and it took me and the other girls a few hours of fussing to get her settled down. Susan was aglow with happiness and I felt a slight twinge of jealousy, but then every bridesmaid feels that at the wedding of her best friend.

On that Saturday, Susan married Sven in a beautiful ceremony before that beautiful mountain in the main courtyard of the chateau.

I confessed that it brought tears to my eyes as well as Mom's and Mrs. Morris'.

Anne was there with Dr. Fjordsson and she had a shiny wedding ring to show me. They had gotten married at Christmas at her parent's house in Denmark and had just returned from their honeymoon in Switzerland in time for Susan's wedding.

We held the reception in the main dance hall of the chateau and it was a grand party. We had a buffet of food and drink. When it came to the bridal bouquet, there was no doubt that I clearly caught Susan's.

“This time it will be the charm,” she told me with a grin.

“Yes, Susan,” was all I could say.

After the throwing of bouquet and garter strap, we danced the night away. It seemed that everyone wanted to dance with me, but Brian would have nothing of it.

After the seventh dance, I was feeling a little winded and was grateful when Brian suggested that we go out on the garden outside the dance hall. I readily agreed and

soon we were away from the crowd and under the mountain moonlight in the sculptured garden.

“Let's sit a moment, Jane,” suggested Brian nervously.

“All right, Brian,” I replied as he helped me down onto a stone bench in the garden.

“I've got something I've been meaning to bring up for the past few months, but I've been more than a little nervous,” he began with a slight stammer.

“It's alright, Brian. Take your time.”

“Well, it's like this, Jane. We've been going out for nearly a year now and I like you an awful lot. As a matter of fact, Jane, I love you. Would you consent to be my wife?” he asked with passion in his voice.

All it took was one look in his eyes and I was lost.

“Yes, Brian. I'd love to be your wife,” I answered with a smile on my face.

He sat down next to me and grabbed me. He kissed me passionately and held me close to him. The chill mountain air seemed to catch fire and I burned with it.

After a long moment, Brian reached into his jacket and said, “ I have something for you. It's not much, but it will do until I get you a proper one.”

From his jacket, he pulled a small ring box and opened it for me. In it was a positively beautiful engagement ring. He took it from the ring box and gently put it on my finger.

My eyes were filled with tears of joy as Brian kissed me again.

We must have sat out there for hours, when my Mom came out and found us.

“Well, what have we here?” asked Mom as she came upon us.

We separated and I extended my hand, saying, “Look what Brian had for me.”

“Well, congratulations, Honey. Welcome to the family, Brian,” replied Mom, giving me and Brian both a hug. “Now come in you two, Susan is getting ready to leave for her honeymoon and I'm sure you will wish to give her your blessings.”

“Yes, Mom.”

“Yes, Ma'am,” replied Brian, taking my and my mother's arms and escorting us inside.

Mom got us through the crowd and up to Susan and Sven who both looked incredibly happy.

“I'm so happy for the both of you,” I said, hugging them both.

“Thank you, Jane. I see that Brian asked you,” replied Susan with a grin.

“That he did and I said yes!” I exclaimed joyously.

“Great! Let me know when you two set the date and Sven and I'll come for it.”

“Thanks, Susan. I want you to be in it with me,” I said happily.

“I'll be glad to. Good luck, girlfriend,” she said, giving me a kiss on the cheek.

“You too, Hon,” I replied giving her a kiss as well.

After they had been ritually pelted with rice as they got in the limousine, I had pause to reflect.

This had to be one of the most joyous days in my life and I owed it all to the love of my mother. That happy buzz lasted me all the way back to the United States and for several weeks onward.

In June, I had my own chance to wear a bridal gown and I and Brian were married.

Susan and Sven managed to make it to the ceremony and Susan was one of my bridesmaids.

Brian and I went on a blissful honeymoon in Scotland where we played golf, when we weren't busy loving each other.

At Christmas, I had a surprise for my mother and Ron.

My mother and I were cleaning up the dishes when I decided to spring it on her.

"Mom, I've got to know something," I began.

"What is it, honey?" she asked, looking at me.

"How is it going to feel to be a mother?" I questioned with a grin.

Mom dropped the plate she was drying loudly in the sink and asked, "Does that mean what I hope it means?"

"Yes, Grandma," I replied with a grin.

"I'm so happy, Jane! Ron! Brian! Do you know the good news?" shouted Mom, dragging me to the living room.

"What news?" asked Ron and Brian both in surprise.

"Tell them, Jane," ordered Mother.

"I'm pregnant," I said at last.

Brian caught me in a savage embrace and asked, "When did you find out, darling?"

"Yesterday, Dearest. I wanted to surprise you," I replied happily.

"This calls for a celebration. Bring me a bottle of the bubbly, Alexis," ordered Ron gaily,

"Yes, dear," said Mother getting it and four glasses from the wine cabinet.

After he poured the four glasses and handed them out, Ron announced, "A toast, to my grandchild and to his Mother, my daughter."

"Cheers," replied everyone taking a sip.

Mother and I sat together on the couch. She took my hand in hers and looked me in the eye.

"We have a lot to talk about concerning being a Mother, Honey," she said seriously.

"Yes, Mom. I want to learn how to, from the best Mom in the world. I want to be just like you," I answered with a smile.

"We're just alike. Aren't we?" she asked.

“Yes, Mother. Like Mother, like daughter,” I replied, hugging her.

THE END