

No Returns



Alex Miller



Al.



A "Her Tv" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2016

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

NO RETURNS

By Alex Miller

“James Kazinsky, what the heck have you done?”

It was never good when his mother used his real first name and absolutely not when she used his last name with it.

“Why couldn’t I have had a girl instead of a son? She wouldn’t have dropped out of university. You failed journalism and now you failed history? You’re twenty-two and have nothing to show for yourself. What will become of you? I can’t even give you a job at my magazine. What am I going to do with you? What will the future bring you?”

“A lot of women, a lot of booze and a lot of time to do both.”

The young man only said it because he had no real answer. He knew he had failed and that could only be blamed on himself.

“And before you shoot me, Mom, I’m only joking. I know that I failed, but I only took journalism to please you. So my heart wasn’t in it. It was when I switched over to history that I screwed up, literally. My brain was in my dick and it was too numb for me to use it right. I probably banged it too much. And yes I know, I’m using jokes to hide my shame and they are all bad jokes. But that’s all I have to say.”

“You should be ashamed. My son, a failure! I never should have chosen your father as a sperm donor. I should have gone purely for the I.Q. and not the E.Q. then. He was my childhood friend whose heart I broke by telling him that I was gay. That influenced my choice.”

What she didn’t tell him and never would was that her childhood friend did what no man ever should do. When he sobered up after his crime of madness, the guilt was too much. The police found him on the edge of town. He had embraced a tree with his car. Neither of them made it out in one piece. James was born nine months later.

Ellen never blamed her child for what his father had done. Nor did she blame anyone for her infertility. Her mind was set on having a daughter since the day she was old enough to think about children. It was a wish that never could come true. College was a hard struggle with a child, especially when her parents had broken off all ties and they weren’t mended yet. She only had contact with her two sisters, mostly over the telephone. They saw each other now and then, but she wasn’t very close with either one of them. All that made it only worse when she saw her son failing so easily, the one family member that she could call important.

He, however, wasn’t worried at all. He had plenty of friends that didn’t had the changes he had. He

knew that there lives weren't easy, but being one of them didn't scare him. Maybe he should be, but that wisdom isn't gained easy. He already had found a job. It just wasn't a good one.

"Jimmy, son, what is going to become of you? I can't let you live off my income your whole life. Some day you have to stand on your own feet. It's all your father's fault. He never could do things right."

Jimmy didn't like it when his mother talked about his father that way. He had never known his father because he died before he was born. So he had an over-romanticized image of him.

"You don't have to worry, Mom, I have a job. It just doesn't pay well. I still have to live at home if I want to get past that."

"But that does not mean that I like it. If you hadn't a place to stay, you wouldn't make it. That's not living, that's just surviving. What is it? Maybe I can pull some strings. Get you a better job somewhere, if that is even possible now that you don't have a degree!"

"No Mom, don't. I want to see if you are right. That I can't stand on my own feet. Just give me a chance to prove it to you. I have work as a part-time parking attendant. I start after summer vacation. They let me have some fun first. Bob's uncle knows a friend of the owner."

"Bob is a low life. Being his uncle isn't a good thing. I wish that you would get another friend. He's a pig with women."

"You don't have to exaggerate, Mom. He's a decent guy."

“Not when you have turned your back on him. But I get it. When it comes to friends and fathers, you’ve still got a lot to learn.”

“I think I better let you be, Mom, before we get in a serious argument about my friends again. They never end well.”

He still had one thing to ask. One thing he couldn’t delay.

“Mom, what do you want for your birthday? I know it’s still a month away but it’s an important one. You’re turning...”

He froze. The ice cold look of his mother was enough to do that to him. No woman wanted to be reminded of her age and surely not when she hit that important age. If she could, she would annul her birthday. But birthdays always were important in their family. It was the only thing she really celebrated with her sisters, even though almost every time it was just an exchange of letters or words. Telephones were very handy to bridge the distance between them. All the other holidays were reserved for her little family. Her parents had tried to make things up, but his mother wasn’t prepared to do so. Her parents didn’t want her when things were wrong; she didn’t want them when things were right.

“What I want is a big surprise. Just not one like you gave me today. I always give you a hint, but this time you have to do it on your own. Show me that you know your mother. That you love her enough to know.”

Ellen Kazynski, his mother, was the head of the magazine and the sole owner. That was because she started it the moment she ended college. She laid the foundation while doing two jobs to make sure her

baby had a future. The business started small, while she worked hard to pay the bills.

Then she got a business loan and created a wonder. She was lucky; even in these days of digitization, the magazine managed to keep on growing. It was focused on a female audience and had therefore only female employees. She didn't believe that men could fully comprehend a woman's view. The few men she had hired to prove her wrong hadn't.

She considered men as a necessary evil on this earth, with the exception of her son. She loved him very much, but he was a failure in her eyes. The fact that she had a hand in it didn't come up with her. From the moment he was old enough to read and write, she made him study. So hard and so much that by the time he hit university, studying was an even harder chore than it had been.

What was left was a failed student, a long blond-haired guy, slender and five feet eight inches tall. His hair was only long because he hated getting a haircut, mainly because his mother made him go to her hair salon and they normally didn't handle guys. He had his hair in a ponytail and wrapped up in a bun and not because his mother hated it. She did, but he did it for himself. It gave him an artistic look and the girls went for it. Or was it for his blue eyes, also from his mother?

As he said, screwing around was one of the many excuses he used why he flunked university. It was also a lie. He wasn't handy with girls. You could call him even clumsy when it came to the other gender. He wasn't the aggressive hunter his friend Bob was. He was just the flame Bob used to catch some girls. Attracted to the light, they were easy prey for a man like him, the only reason Bob was friends with

Jimmy. The problem was that Jimmy hadn't the maturity and wisdom to see he was being used.

When he got home he was glad to find his Aunt Christine there. She wasn't his real aunt. He just called her his aunt because she was the closest acquaintance to one. That didn't mean that he really knew her. She was his mother's friend, not his. She probably knew everything about him.

Christine had been his mother's best friend since he could remember. She was a regular guest at his home so she wasn't a stranger. She had her own key and could come and do whenever she wanted. That was something that even he couldn't get away with.

"Aunt Christine, good that you are here. Do you have an idea what to give my mother for her birthday? This time it has to be grand."

"No I don't and if I had one, I wouldn't tell you. I had to think of something for me to give her. Find your own."

"But she already has everything. What can I give her that she doesn't have? If she wants something, she buys it."

"Just give her what she wants the most."

"That's impossible. What she wants the most is a daughter. A daughter with her looks, her mind and her genes, a true heir to her throne. Nobody can give her that. Medicine isn't that advanced yet."

"It is indeed impossible. Unless!"

Jimmy looked at Christine who apparently had an idea.

“Unless what?”

“Unless we create one for her. You and me. I have a wonderful idea for a birthday present for your mother. Big enough to give her from both of us. She will love it. There is only one problem.”

“And that is?”

“That you won’t love it. It will demand a lot of sacrifice and determination to go through with it, but nothing can ever top this present.”

“I won’t like what? And what is this nonsense about creating one. Do you want me to get a girl pregnant? Isn’t that a little too drastic?”

“That’s not a bad idea either. Giving her a granddaughter she can raise as a daughter. It’s just not the right reason to have a child. No, what we are going to do is give her a grown-up daughter of twenty-two with long blond hair and blue eyes. A girl a few inches taller than you.”

“For a moment I thought that you meant me. But she’s taller, so it can’t be. Auntie, that’s not going to work. It won’t be her daughter.”

“It will be, because you are right. I mean you, you in high heels, a few inches taller than now. She won’t know what’s going on.”

“Sorry auntie, but have you gone crazy? It’s not a bad idea, it’s an absurd one. Me dressed up as a girl, playing daughter for my mother! Why do you think she would like that? She will hate it. It will remind her of what she hasn’t got. It will do the opposite.”

“No it won’t. It will fill the gap inside her for good, if you turn out to be a good daughter of course. And so

long as we limit it to one day it shall be harmless. I can guarantee you that. I know Ellen. It's you I doubt. If you are determined enough, go through with it. If you love her enough, walk around in women's clothes and act like one."

"You know I would do anything for my mother. But being a daughter for one day is more than anything. It's life changing, literally. I'll have to be someone else, a girl. I'll have to look and act female. How am I going to do that?"

"If I hear you right, you agree with my idea? You want to give her this present, that you want to give her a daughter? If you do, then I know how you are going to do that, with my help."

"Yeah, I agree. I still think it's a crazy one, an absurd one, but you're right. This present will knock her out of her shoes. Just seeing the look on her face will be worth all the trouble."

If he had known how much trouble it really was, he never would have agreed. He thought it would be like Halloween. Dress up, act silly and party. Well, without the party; his mother always celebrated her birthday without a lot of bells and whistles.

Her birthday was on a Friday and they would celebrate it on Sunday. But they always gave the present on the real date of the birthday, if necessary by sending it. This time it would be handed over personally. That was one of the details he hadn't thought about yet.

"So how are we going to do this, Auntie? I know nothing. You will have to take charge of this. You lead and I follow."

That was another mistake, giving all the power to Christine. Not that she would abuse it, she just was very thorough. She wouldn't tolerate any mistakes. She would make sure that he would look his best, as female as possible. But he would learn that very quickly. It was a side he didn't know she had. He never needed to know, until then.

“Ok, I'll lead. That means that I say ‘jump’ and you comply, got it? I don't want you to give up halfway through, like you did with your studies. If we are going to do this, we will do this till the end and you know what that means. We start tomorrow. Your mother is busy over the weekend anyway. You better come to my place. It will be empty.”

Christine wasn't married; she was fooling around as much as he'd like to do himself, but never did. She worked as a nurse for a plastic surgeon. His real aunt, Janice, a housewife, was the opposite, married with two children, a boy and a girl who were younger than him. It was the same with his Aunt Melanie. She was the oldest one, married and mother of three girls, all of them around his age. But he barely had contact with his nephew and nieces.

The next day he left for his ‘aunt's’ place as soon as his mother was gone. Christine was already waiting for him. Nothing gave away her excitement for this all. It wasn't about dressing him up, but for getting her best friend a surprise that would sweep her off her feet.

“We've got a lot to do, but first we have to get your measurements so we know what sizes will fit you or do you feel confident enough to try things out in the shops? Do you?”

“Of course not and you know that all too well. Besides, what shop would let me do that? Letting a man

trying things out in a shop for women? I think that the police would arrive before I tried once.”

“Oh, there are shops who would tolerate that, but not many. What they do tolerate is just buying stuff for women. So that is what I will be doing, maybe even today. But for now, just give me your sizes.”

All his male sizes were converted into women’s ones. Only some other parts of his body needed conformation. So he half-undressed in front of Christine. She used the measuring tape at places he never could have guessed she needed their sizes. Luckily he could keep things under control, well almost. It helped that it was his fake aunt, but he showed some signs of excitement. Christine decided to ignore that. It would only make things weird if she didn’t.

“Now that we’ve got that, we have to clean you up.”

“I’m already clean. I took a shower today. What do you mean?”

“You’re a lucky guy to be blond. You only have to shave once and makeup will cover up what’s left. For the hair on your legs, we only need to shave. So into the bathroom you go. Everything is ready. I want to see you come out with no hair on your legs. Give me a preview.”

He was only used to shaving with an electric razor. Using blades and foam on his legs was something that took some time. He finally came out an hour later. Christine was looking at a list. She already had several things written on it. Things he didn’t know anything about.

“Good, you’re back. Let me see.”

Her hand glided over his legs. He had to bite his tongue to survive it.

“Nice, that will work. I already have an idea about what you should wear. The only things we still have to buy are shoes.”

“Wear, what do you mean? I know that it will be women’s clothes but where did you get them? And shoes? Can’t we buy them online? Besides, I see that you already have a long list. What on it and who is going to pay for it? I have a few hundred dollars to spend, but that is all. I love my mom, but I am not going to spend all my savings on her.”

“Don’t worry. First of all, the money. I’ll pay most of it, but you’ll have to pay your share, a big part. It’s a big present after all. The shoes we can’t buy online. You have to walk in them the whole day and they have to fit perfectly. You also have to get used to them before the big day. What I have on the list? That’s a surprise for later, as are the clothes.”

“Does that mean that we are already done? That’s quick.”

“Yes and no. We still have the most important part to test out, but that’s for tomorrow. You are done for now. I have to go and shop. You have to come back tomorrow to see if you passed the test.”

Sunday wasn’t much different from Saturday. His mother should be home, but she wasn’t. She had a shoot to visit, business as usual. He was used to it. It would have surprised Jimmy if she had time.

Christine had set everything ready on the kitchen table; Makeup, curling iron and an audio book that according to the title taught you to sound female. If he followed the instructions, he would.

“Come, first things first, your hair. Let’s see. What does a blonde girl needs to look even more female? Ooh yeah.”

He needed a few seconds to grasp what Christine had said. He knew her all too well to know that she was joking, well sort of.

It didn’t take her long to make his hair like the sea, full of waves. It took her much longer to do the rest. When finished, she held a mirror for his face.

What he saw wasn’t what he expected. He expected to look like a man that had the appearance of a woman, not a woman who looked like she might be not what she appeared to be. It helped of course that he had the right bone structure to create magic with the makeup. He couldn’t accept that it was him looking back in the mirror. He couldn’t keep his eyes from his lips covered with deep burgundy red lipstick.

“It isn’t perfect, but this is just a test. Your eyebrows still need work, but that’s for the day before. That reminds me. You’ve got to spend the night before her birthday at my place. We have to get up early and we would lose too much time otherwise. It’s not that you live far, but every minute count’s. Ellen will wonder where you will be going that early, too early for a normal visit to your dear aunty Christine. So tell her that you have to help me lift some stuff. Just say that I’m rearranging my furniture and I want to start early. Now let’s put you back as you were.”

It took her longer to make Jimmy reappear without leaving traces of his transformation. Walking around with makeup would be a dead giveaway and he would end up dead too if he was discovered.

“You want to rearrange furniture on her birthday? I don’t think that’ll work. I can tell her that we are



having a game night. She knows how you love to play board games. But it doesn't matter. She will think that it's an excuse for a final touch to her present and she will be right. I'll tell her that we team up because it's a special birthday. I just have to remember not to mention the big F word, forty. Are we done now?"

"Of course not. We have to go shopping. You need shoes. Two pair to be exact. But before we can do that, you need some appropriate leg wear. Here, put these on. You know where the bathroom is."

She had given him some standard black stockings.

"What? What do I need these for? We are going to buy shoes. You know my size, don't you? I don't even have to be there when you buy them. And I am surely not wearing stockings. Are you pulling my leg?"

"Nice, but totally wrong assumption. In contradiction with what you may think, no two feet are the same. More important, these are shoes that have to fit perfectly or you'll be in trouble walking in them the whole day. Therefore we must make sure that they are the right ones for you."

"And the stockings? Why do I need them?"

"No wonder that you flunked university. What do you think women wear instead of socks in their shoes? And more important, what do you think you will be wearing on your mother's birthday?"

It didn't take long for him to see the light.

"Oh, ok, I'll go put them on, but not because I like it."

"You don't have to, at least not today but on your mother's birthday, you'll need to. It's necessary for

the present's charisma. Also take this DVD and put it in your jacket. It will teach you how to sound female. Something you better have mastered before her birthday."

Not much later he was ready to leave. Well, physically he was; mentally he wasn't. Under his pants he was wearing black stocking and his mind still had to adjust to it as did his senses. He barely managed to do that when they had reached the shop. It wasn't part of a branch, but owned by a woman and her daughter. It mainly had lingerie to sell, but one wall was racked with dresses, one with shoes and another one with accessories and makeup. It was not a shop a man could enter unnoticed. This was a small independent shop and therefore it was a surprise to find it open on a Sunday.

"Good afternoon, how can we help you?"

"Thank you we're just looking. Maybe later?"

Christine seemed to have been there before, because she went straight to the back wall. There where the shoes were. She didn't needed long to find the right ones. She picked them up to look at them.

"Umm, these are good, stylish black shoes with ankle straps and some across. They will fit the outfit and will be more comfortable as normal stilettos. Perfect for a newbie that still has a lot to learn."

A voice interfered, it was the girl. She had followed them to the back. Christine had noticed that, but not Jimmy. His mind was occupied. Walking through rows of lingerie after lingerie could do that to a man.

"We have more sizes in the back. These shoes are merely a sample of what we have. I will gladly get them for you."

She needed an excuse for her immediate presence. Anything was better than saying that she was interested in the blond guy with the blue eyes. She seemed his age.

“Well then, Miss, can we have these shoes in a nine please?”

“You can, but I think they will be too big for you. I figure you to be an eight. Those in your hands should fit you.”

“Oh, but they are not for me. They are for him.”

Words that left the girl stunned and Jimmy as red as a tomato. She was gone before he was capable to utter a sound.

“Christine, have you gone mad? What must that girl think of me, that I’m some weirdo or something?”

“Why would you be? Because you want to put on a pair of women’s shoes? Only the weird would think that way.”

He would have been satisfied with that explanation if her smile hadn’t been so big that you had to be outside the shop to not see it.

“I’m sorry, Jimmy. I couldn’t pass up the opportunity. Beside the chance that you’ll ever see that girl again is nonexistent. I know for a fact that she works here almost all the time and rarely goes out.”

“That’s not the point. I liked her and I think I had a chance with her. You’ve ruined that completely for me.”

“Don’t be absurd, you never had a chance with her, not you. Don’t forget that I know you very well.

You would never have talked to her here but if you want I can put in a good word for you. You know, woman-to-woman. Or maybe you want to try again when you are one too?"

"Very funny. As if that is even possible after what you just have done. She really will think that I am bizarre or worse."

"Only if she's narrow-minded and someone like that would not be the right partner for you."

The girl was back before he could go on. Jimmy froze when she kneeled down and removed his shoes. Her hand caressed his stocking. Than she slowly shoved the shoes on both his feet.

"Let me see. Yes, they fit you perfectly. Stand up and we'll know for sure. Wait, I will hold you so you can't fall."

Christine looked at them from a small distance. It was strange and hopeful at the same time. Maybe this girl *was* the right partner?

Jimmy, tomato red again, held her hand. He was hoping she wouldn't let go because standing on heels was not something he had a natural talent for. He was glad that he finally could sit again and she put the shoes back in its box. She had a little smile on her face, purely from satisfaction.

"Two pairs please. Jimmy here has some practicing to do and I don't want him to ruin them before he can wear them."

He couldn't believe that Christine kept treating the subject of high heel shoes as a trivial one, as if men wear them every day. He rushed outside the first op-

portunity he got, where he still had to wait more than twenty minutes before Christine joined him.

“Why did you take so long, Aunty? Haven’t I’ve been humiliated enough? What was so important that you had to stay behind?”

“I was doing you a favor. I think that you have an admirer. That girl was very interested in your dressing habits.”

“What? Don’t tell me that you have told her everything? At least tell me that if you have told her, everything she knows that it’s just a one-time deal, that it is a present. Then she won’t see me as a weirdo.”

“She hasn’t and she never will. You can ask her the next time.”

“What next time? I am never coming back here.”

“Ok, but I think that this is quite a girl and the right one for you.”

“Not anymore, not after making such a fool out of myself.”

“We’ll see. Just take these shoes home and walk in them. Use one pair to train and wear the other pair the last days before the birthday.”

Christine dropped him off at home but not after some good advice.

“Don’t forget to use that DVD and train a lot, shoes and voice. Your mother won’t like it when she sees a daughter and hears a son.”

Days passed and he only heard from Christine when she visited his mother, never speaking a word

about things to come. Not even when her birthday was coming very close. He did get a reminder of his duty every day. It was a text asking him if he had trained, He had, shoes and voice.

He was able to fool Bob which was a sign of mastership. He had convinced him that he had the wrong number. That didn't stop Bob from flirting with the woman's voice on the other side of the line. Jimmy only got rid of him by hanging up. So Jimmy was convinced that he also could fool his mother on the big day. He was even getting better at walking on three-inch heels. It had been a good idea to buy two pairs. One wasn't suitable anymore to use. The first weeks of training had ruined them. He had to use the other pair a few days sooner than expected because the first pair had a heel broken.

B-Day was coming and, as agreed, he would stay with Christine from Thursday on. He hadn't informed his mother yet.

"Mom, I'm going to Aunt Christine's to rearrange the furniture and I'll stay the night. You know how she is when playing board games. She never can stop until someone wins. Don't worry, I'll be back in time for your big day."

"Christine already has told me that you joined forces. Luckily for you it can't be worse than last year. A box of chocolates isn't what I expect from my son as a gift for my birthday."

He should have known that Christine would change the script again. She loved playing the leading role. She just had finished dinner when he arrived at her house.

"Just in time. When Angie gets here, we can start."

“Angie? Who is Angie and why is she coming?”

The doorbell rang before he could get an answer. He wasn't prepared for who came in. It was the girl from the shop.

“You know who this is and her name now too. She has taken the day off tomorrow just to help you. You better be grateful.”

He whispered through his teeth when Christine passed by. “What are you doing? We need to stop this.”

“What we need is to make you ready and Angie here has volunteered to help. She knows what you want to do for your mother and she loves it. So, hush and put this poncho on instead of your shirt.”

“Why is that necessary?”

“It's an idea from Angie and a good one. We are going to dye your hair black. Just the right color for pretending to be a new girl.”

“What? Dye my hair! Have you all gone nuts? I will look ridiculous a week later, black with blond roots. I'll have to cut my hair.”

“That's the least you can do for your mother, isn't it? Come on, it's too late to back out. Get to it while I go for towels.”

She left Angie and Jimmy behind to fraternize. Christine had noticed the interest the girl had for Jimmy. It was more than just curiosity for his actions. She could see in Angie's eyes that she liked him, even when his interest would go to women's clothes. It was an opportunity she couldn't pass by. Maybe this girl could bring Jimmy some joy.

“Did Christine really tell you everything? Was it in the shop?”

“Yes she did and yes it was. She invited me over after my suggestion and I agreed. I didn’t want to miss this. And don’t worry. I don’t think that you are gay or anything like that. I know that you like girls, you just don’t have the skills to get them into bed.”

He could have shot himself and Christine. What he just heard was enough to embarrass every man. Christine returning saved him from making a fool of himself by overreacting to her remarks. This time it was Angie’s turn to use the bathroom. He could finally blow off some steam.

“Aunty, have you gone crazy? What have you told to this girl? She will think that I can’t get a girl. Why did you invite her?”

“She’s here to help, but mainly because I think that you two make a nice couple. You don’t even have to take the initiative, she will. I know for a fact that she likes you and thinks that you are a man of many possibilities. So don’t blow it or I’ll tell your mother.”

She made the ultimate threat, telling his mother. Finding a girlfriend was something she kept nagging him about. And when he had one, she was never satisfied, nor was the girlfriend. This one was different; intelligent, a little extroverted, and no pushover. She was the ideal girl for his mother and apparently for him too, according to Christine. One could say that she was a lot like his mother, only different. He better make sure that her birthday present was enough to satisfy her needs for a female descendent. Or he could suffer the consequences if she knew that he failed again.

“Ok, paint it black. Mom will never be able to recognize me with black hair. I’m not even sure if I can do that.”

“Good, this evening we’ll do your hair; tomorrow early in the morning we’ll do the rest. Angie sleeps in the guest room so you have to sleep on the couch. And lay a towel under your head. Not that it will be necessary, but I don’t want to take the risk, even when it is a black couch.”

The evening went like Christine has predicted. He ended up with black hair. It took hours before it was finished and it took hours for him to get used to it. Christine and her new friend, his potential girlfriend, couldn’t stop talking about the difference. He let them talk and was glad when they finally went to sleep. He never needed long to fall asleep. Angie hadn’t said much to him. Christine had to be wrong. She wasn’t interested in him, only in the dress-up party, which worried him more than the other thing. An actual girlfriend would keep a secret.

“Wake up sleepy head, its six thirty. I’ll start breakfast while you take a shower and shave. You know which parts need to be smooth. Angie does your hair after we have eaten. We are going to make you into a tease, a Von Teese, the hair only of course. The rest is overkill when the girl only exists for one day. It’s a pity. Her style would have suited you fine.”

He couldn’t be more scared about things to come. Doubt had entered his mind while shaving. Maybe this charade was fine in theory, but now that he had to put it into practice, things were different. He was going to be half-naked before Christine and a girl he barely knew. He started to get nervous.

Angie didn’t give him the time to reconsider. When he walked out of the bathroom, only wrapped in a

towel, she didn't hesitate a moment. She had finished eating and started frantically modeling his hair. He and Christine hadn't started breakfast yet. She was more eager than he was. Christine let her be. He didn't like that because she took his breakfast away and he just had started on it.

"Angie, please let me finish my breakfast. It's going to be a long day. I don't want to faint from hunger."

"That's good. That's what some girls would do too, those who starve themselves for a so-called perfect figure. So it fits the role."

He wanted to protest more but he had only one hand to guard his plate. The other one was fixed on his towel, afraid as he was that it would come off. It was his own fault. Christine had a bathrobe but it was pink and he didn't want to be seen in it. That's why he chose a towel, a big mistake. He had to hold it for more almost an hour.

"Well, that's done. Christine, can you come and look at it."

Christine had been doing the dishes.

"I knew I was right to invite you. It's perfect. Now the makeup."

"Not yet. I have to pluck his eyebrows first. Luckily I haven't forgotten to dye them too. Come on girl-for-a-day, lay your head back."

"I will, but can I first change into a bathrobe. This towel isn't very practical. My hand is cramping up."

Christine smiled. She deliberately had only left her pink towel in the bathroom just to see what Jimmy would do. He didn't disappoint her.

But it took him longer than expected to surrender and give in to the pink. She also had hidden the big towels. Jimmy never had a chance. After her talk in the shop she quickly found out what Angie's 'type' was, the vulnerable type. She was molding Jimmy into that type even more than he was already. Getting Jimmy hooked to the right girl would make him happy and more importantly, Ellen too. It was she who had to hear her out every time she was worried about her son's future. It was she who had to comfort her and reassure that everything would turn out right. And it would, even when she had to do it herself. This was the first girl Ellen would like and hopefully the last. So she couldn't let this opportunity pass by. She would make him the perfect guy for Angie.

"Angie dear, that burgundy red for his lips is much better than I expected. You were right to prefer it over the other reds."

"It is. It will also look great on his fingernails and his toes would love it too. But no one can see those, so that won't be necessary. That means that her face is ready. The rest is for you, Christine."

"Ready is an understatement. You have done a miracle. Ok, he is young and he doesn't look extremely male, but still, 'she' is real. Real enough to fool everybody and that's the miracle. Let's hope I can match that. He surely has the legs for it. Let's see if the rest can top that. You can look at yourself later. But first we have to lose the bathrobe."

Christine disappeared with Jimmy to her bedroom. It was there that she had everything ready for the metamorphosis.

“Here, this is a gaff. Tuck everything downstairs down. It’s tight and can hurt, but it’s worth it and you will live through it for a day.”

It took him a lot of effort and rearranging before he could bear it, but he managed. That it was a black brief didn’t bother him. It looked similar to the European men’s underwear his mother bought for him. She found it more stylish than the briefs and boxers sold here. He had been nervous all along, but with the next items it got worse. He started to panic.

“Silicon, Auntie, falsies? Was that really necessary? I could have the same effect by just stuffing it with tissues, well almost the same.”

“Working for a plastic surgeon has its advantages. Here, put this sports bra on. It’s your first time and being comfortable is more important than being beautiful, well underneath anyway. Hurry, Angie is waiting.”

It was strange and relaxing when Christine helped him gear up. She even helped him with the stockings. They were stay-ups, so there was no garter needed. Then came the dress, a black full-skirted cocktail dress. It covered everything that could give him away in a very concealing way. A big part above his knees was visible, a strange feeling for a man who always wore pants. It came with a black waist cincher. That was the last thing he expected to have to wear. Christine didn’t give him a chance to refuse.

“Come on. This will give you a slight female figure. It’s a necessity if you want to convince everybody, especially your mother. You know that she sees more models in a week than anybody else does in their whole life. I promise that it’s only set to make you give in an inch or so. You’ll live to see the end of this day. And most important, you’ll look fabulous.”

“I think my mother has a dress almost the same as this one. I saw it once when I helped her clean up her wardrobe. ”

He didn't even realized how strange it was that he was talking about dresses so casually. It was as if he wore them every day. For him this was still nothing than the birthday version of a Halloween party.

“She has indeed and now you have it. I borrowed it without her knowing it and don't worry, she won't miss it. It's a size too small for her. Her hips need a little more room to move around than yours. But never tell her that I said that or I will suffer for it eternally.”

She zipped him up and smiled for the tenth time that day. She still couldn't believe how Jimmy looked. He reminder her of Ellen years ago, when she was the same age as her son was now. The last thing he had to put on were the shoes. His training had made him an expert in walking around in shoes with a three-inch heel.

“I can't believe how you look. Your mother will never guess that this example of femininity is a guy, let alone her son. I never would have guessed that you would make such a perfect girl. Well not yet, here.”

She gave him a scarf to hide that dead giveaway of his true gender and a pair of clip-on earrings. She had thought for a moment to pierce his ears, but that was a little overkill. He only needed to be a girl for one day. She still had a last prop to give, some black thin-wired false glasses. It would make the change from Clark Kent to Supergirl easier to establish.

“Ooh, before I forget. Now that you are a girl, you’ll need a purse. This black one is mine, but you may have it. I don’t even need it back.”

He wanted to leave the bedroom, but she held him back.

“Wait a minute before you do that. I want to go out first. I don’t want to miss Angie’s look when she sees you in full attire.”

As it turned out it was a look that said a lot, not of disgust, but of approval. She obviously liked it, maybe even more than that.

“It has been worth all the trouble. You make a fine girl. Your mother will be happy. I would be. I wish I could see it.”

“You can. Just go with us. I’ll tell her and everyone else that you are her friend. That will make the surprise even bigger.”

“Can I be her girlfriend? I like to shock people with simple things.”

Christine’s smile only got bigger. This was unexpected but welcome. Jimmy finally had his girlfriend or at least his female version did. Did she really mean it or was it just her way to make a joke? That was something she had to find out. Angie was a bigger mystery to her than she had expected her to be. Not that that was a bad thing.

“His mother will think that you are his girlfriend, not hers. Will you be alright with that? It will be an official announcement.”

“I will, if Jimmy is. Or don’t you want a girlfriend like me?”

“Of course I do, but isn’t this joke going too far?”

“Who says that it is a joke? Maybe I want to be your girlfriend...or am I not your type? What is your lesbian type?”

“That’s not funny. But yeah you are my type, whatever gender I would be. So yes, you can be my girlfriend, Angie. That reminds me! A name, I need a name. Jimmy isn’t a name for a girl.”

“A name? You are definitely a Jamie. It’s the name your mother wanted to give you if you had been a girl.”

“Is that wise, Aunty? Won’t that be too much for her to take?”

“It would have been years ago, but not now. If it was, we wouldn’t be doing this. I can’t say that it will leave her indifferent, but she can handle it. If not, we will end it before it does any harm.”

“How are we getting there? I can’t walk outside. People will laugh. They will immediately see that I’m not a girl.”

“Like always, we take a taxi. Stop worrying. No one will think that you are not a girl. Not if you don’t screw it up by giving yourself away by saying the wrong thing with the wrong voice. How is your female voice? I haven’t heard it yet. I’d completely forgotten about it. Say something to me as a girl, quickly.”

He did and it wasn’t perfect, not even great, but good enough to start with. He just had to keep producing words to the minimum.

The three gorgeous-looking women stepping into a taxi got a lot of looks. Christine’s apartment was

close by a busy shopping street in this city of stars, a street filled with taxis. The apartment was the property of her boss. He had more places like it, but this was a heritage from his grandparents. Christine was lucky to rent it for less than the normal price.

The office building was impressive, but that's why his mother had chosen to rent office space here. The company was hers for many years now, so the doorman and security knew their steady visitors and he and Christine were well-known. It was the first test and Jimmy would have broken out in cold sweat if Angie hadn't crossed arms with him. It felt as if his burden was cut in half that way.

"Morning, Miss Teager. May I say that you look as beautiful as ever. Which can also be said of your lovely companions. But you always are beyond comparison."

"Thank you, Winston. You always know what to say. If you weren't married, I would steal you away before the competition could."

This game was getting old, but they kept on playing it. It was never more than a game and it never would be.

"No Jimmy today, Miss? Is he coming later? Everybody knows that it is his mother's birthday. We all got orders not to talk about it, about her turning forty. She would rip our tongues and hearts out if we did."

"I'm sure she would Winston and no, Jimmy isn't coming today. He isn't even in the country. He is off to Paris for a few days. That's why I brought replacements. Enjoy your day, I'm sure the boss will too."

Winston nodded and the trio went on. With every step that brought them closer to the floor his mother's company was situated on, his anxiety grew. What would his mother think about him? Was it the right thing to do, dress up as a girl, pretending to be her daughter? Would she love it or hate it?

He would soon find out. Christine already had passed the office doors. His mother's secretary was waiting for them. She was expecting them and had gotten a sign from security. It was the same drill every year.

"Morning Christine, you just missed the delivery guy. He had a big package for Miss Kazynski. It was obviously Melanie's."

"Don't tell me, it was a weekend at a spa for the three of us."

Melanie, the oldest sister, bought the same present every year. It was a great gift and Ellen was always happy to get it, but one could hardly call it a surprise anymore. She tried to hide it with making the box the gift was in bigger and bigger every year. The secretary dared to laugh.

"It was, but this time Ellen can invite as many as she wants. Well, so long as 'many' isn't more than six persons."

"That's a surprise, but I think I can do better."

"May I dare ask what it is? And may I ask where Jimmy is? Miss Kazinsky told me that he would join you today. But the only thing I see is three women. Is that part of the surprise? Are those two models?"

"Maybe, maybe not. But you are right. They are part of the surprise, the essence of our present. And

Jimmy won't come in today. He is in Europe, visiting some relatives. He can live there for free doing what he loves the most, nothing. Well nothing that he hates anyway. His spirit will be with us as a part of the present. But excuse me. We have an important birthday to celebrate and a little present to give."

The secretary wondered what that could be when she saw the trio entering the boss her office. She looked up. The boss obviously didn't like it that her son wasn't there to congratulate her. The secretary wished she could be a fly on the wall, but she knew better than to try to eavesdrop.

"Morning, Christine. Before you give me your present, where is that spoiled son of mine? Wasn't he supposed to be here? Wasn't this present from the two of you? Where is he?"

She sounded angry and she was. She kept staring at the papers on her desk. It helped her keep calm. Ellen expected her son to be here. The celebration would be Sunday but her son always had celebrated her real birthday by being with her on that day. Even by doing nothing. So he disappointed her again. Something he had done more than once this year.

"Oh but Jimmy is here, Ellen, even if it's in spirit alone. Officially he is in Paris, but before you have a fit, you can better wait until you have heard everything and you have opened your present. He is here with me to give you our present and you will either like it or hate it."

Jimmy in Paris? That was impossible. He wouldn't go without telling her. It made her look up to confront her visitors which brought a frown on her face. Who were those girls and where was her present? Was it so small that it could fit in that purse the girl wore?

“I hate it already now that I know my son isn’t here. Paris, are you kidding me? He never wanted to go with me to that place.”

“He isn’t, but your daughter is. And before you go nuts, let me introduce you to your present for a day, a daughter. A girl named Jamie.”

Ellen was ready to go nuts. Christine knew all too well what that name meant to her and now this girl was supposed to play her daughter? This was the worst gift she ever had gotten and she was ready to say so.

Her ‘daughter’ was just in time to stop her.

“Hello Mom, I’m your birthday present, a daughter for a day.”

Even though he had practiced and he sounded more girlish than moments ago, Ellen knew her son’s voice all too well to be mistaken.

“Jimmy, is that you? It can’t be? Is that really you?”

“It is, Mom and please call me Jamie. I’m your daughter now, well at least for today and it’s hard enough without the right name.”

“Oh my god! Jimmy, what have you done? Was it Christine who put you up to this? It’s great, but is this real? If it’s a joke I don’t find it funny. I won’t forgive you or Christine if it is. But it *can’t* be real, you pretending to be a girl, a daughter. I should refuse this gift, but I can’t. It’s total madness, but incredible and wonderful. It’s a present only you can give me, you crazy idiot of a son that isn’t one.”

“Well, not without some help from Christine.”

Christine who had been laughing silently in the beginning was now laughing out loud. Ellen had acted as expected. For a moment Christine feared that it went wrong, but it turned out fine. She laughed from relief. Ellen had grasped the idea of a daughter firmly and wouldn't let it go. This was the closest she would ever come to a real daughter.

“Happy birthday, Ellen. Enjoy your present. It took a lot of effort to make it this beautiful and convincing. It surprises even me.”

“Thanks, Christine. It is a surprise indeed but a wonderful one, the greatest ever. I now know who this cute girl is, but who is this other young lady? I can't say that I have ever seen her before.”

“May I introduce you to your daughter's girlfriend. They met a few days ago and they are already inseparable in love. Well, they will be. But be quiet about it. Your son can not know about this. He likes her too.”

Jimmy looked at Christine as if she had predicted the end of the world. He couldn't tell anymore if she was joking or not.

“Ooh, my daughter is one of *those*. It's obvious that she wants to be like her mother. That's so cute. What does my son say about that?”

“Mom, you can play that game tomorrow, but today is your birthday. Look at me. I'm not doing this to make small talk as a woman.”

His mother couldn't stop, she hadn't had this much fun in years.

“Ooh, hear my new daughter bitching, the opposite of her brother. He can only make jokes, bad jokes. I knew I should have had a girl instead of a

boy. But you're right, I should enjoy this mother-daughter time so long as it lasts. My God, I still can't believe how lovely you look."

Christine thought that this was the moment to leave. The rest of the day was for mother and daughter. She already had enough memories for this day, but she couldn't leave without a more permanent one.

"Ellen, Angie and I have to leave, but a photo of us all would be nice. Can't you fix something, use your studio?"

"That's not a bad idea, Christine. I would love some pictures for the future me. She will always look back to this day with joy."

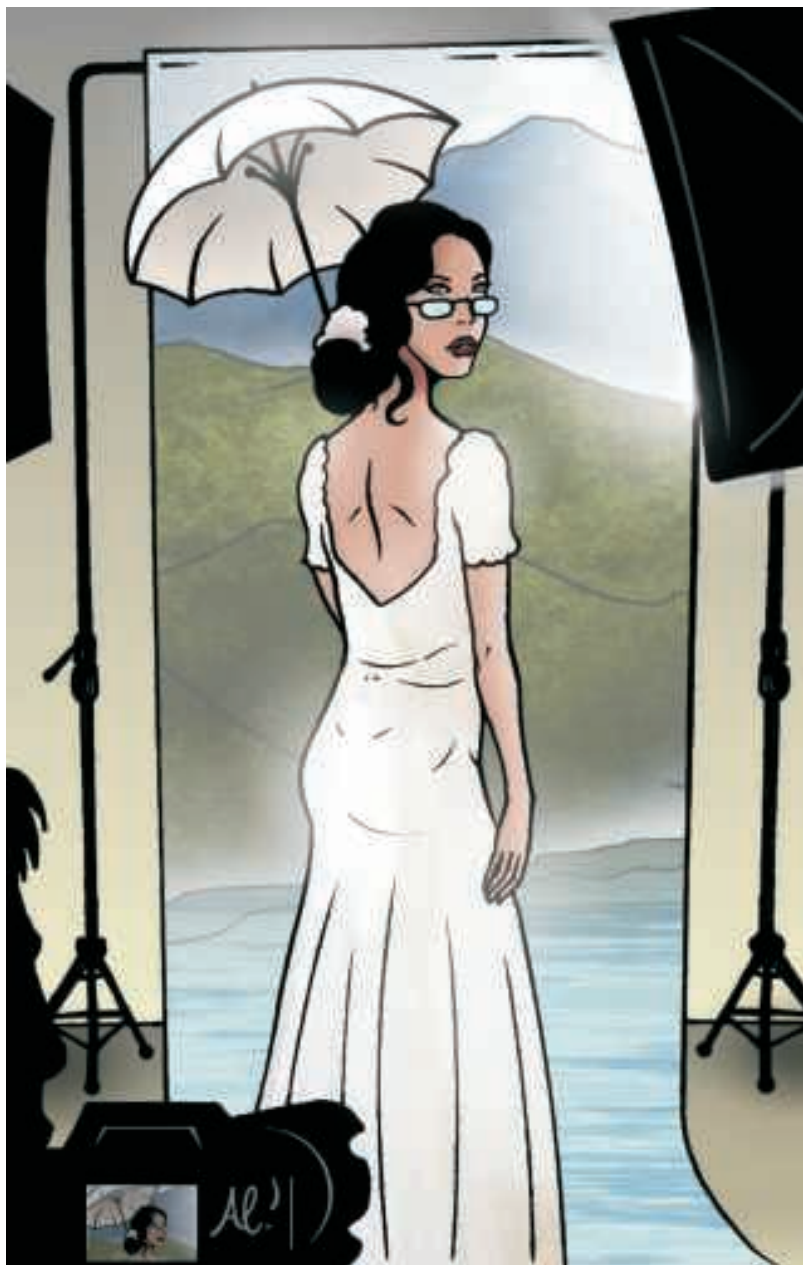
Jimmy cringed. This was getting crazier and crazier. Photos? That was not what he wanted, proof of his existence as a girl. But it was his mother's birthday and saying 'no' was not possible. Before he realized it, they all had dragged him along to the studio where a photographer was busy with the cover girl. There was a majestic wedding dress awaiting him.

"Miss Kazinsky, right in time. I've just finished and wanted to talk to you. This saves me a walk to your office. And happy birthday. "

"You're getting lazy in your old age, Sean. We'll talk when you have taken a few personal pictures for me."

So photos were taken, more than a few. Jimmy thought that a group photo was all he had to face but Christine wanted more.

"Sean, can you make pictures of Jamie and her girlfriend? And some with Miss Kazynski and maybe a few of Jamie alone?"



Jimmie gave Christine a dirty look. Her ignoring him made him only angrier. This was too much but there was no way to escape.

“Aunty Ellen, is this all really necessary? Isn’t Christine exaggerating? I don’t need so many photos of me, nobody does.”

His mother had the time of her life which was the intention, but the same couldn’t be said about her son...or ‘daughter’.

“Miss Kazinsky, is this girl your cousin? I should have known it. She looks a lot like you and she’s almost as beautiful.”

“You old charmer, you’re right. She’s beautiful and looks a lot like me. Which makes her perfect for a photo. Let’s make some.”

Moments later Jimmy was posing, in group, with two, alone. After half an hour he couldn’t tell how many pictures were taken, but one was already one too many and he couldn’t delete them. Only his mother could and she never would. Even Jimmy could see that she had a great day which calmed him down because that was the whole purpose of that day. So he finally accepted the fact that there were pictures of him in this world dressed as a woman. Luckily the black hair and glasses made him unrecognizable.

The woman of the pictures would disappear after that day and nobody would see her again. He only hoped that Angie wouldn’t tell on him. She was the uncertain factor in the preservation of Jimmy’s future.

He couldn’t even ask her to keep quiet. She was gone with Christine. They had used the opportunity

of him posing to do a breakout. He only found out when the photographer finally let him go and left. His mother hugged him for minutes. It felt as if she never wanted to let him go...or was it *her*?

“Thank you. This is the greatest gift you could give me. It feels as if you are real, as if you are Jamie, the daughter I’ll never have.”

“I’m sorry, Mom. I should have known that this was too much to take. I should have giving you something else for your birthday.”

“No way! This is all I wanted. Letting it go, letting *you* go, won’t be easy. Could you maybe be my daughter for a few more days? You can be your old self again when the weekend is over.”

He wanted to say ‘no’, but he could see in her eyes that it would bring a lot of tears forward. She did cry, but from joy because he said ‘yes’. It took him more effort to make this decision than expected. This was a birthday present and it just had become a matter of life and death. Well, that was the impression he got. He felt guilty for not having realized that it was harder for his mother than he ever could have guessed. He felt a little jealous of his alter ego.

Now that he had said ‘yes’ it dawned on him what consequences it would have. He had to cancel seeing Bob and not because he was in Paris. Bob lived in another world than his mother. They had planned to go see a race. That was impossible now; Bob would make fun of him till the end of time. He could ask his mother for a few hours off but she would never agree. It was partly because it was Bob, but mostly because it would end the magic and why would she want that?

“Thank you, Jamie. This really is the best birthday ever.”

She hugged him again which made him uncomfortable. She hadn't hugged him this much in years. What had he done?

“I'll cancel all my appointments for today and we are going shopping. You will need some essentials for the weekend, Jamie. Jamie, Jamie, Jamie. I have a daughter named Jamie.”

“You seem to love it more than James. You could have called me Jamie, you know. Why didn't you? Why did you choose such an old name?”

“Old name! It's still one of the most popular names. Consider yourself lucky that I named you after the actor and not after the rabbit from my favorite movie. If I had, you would have named Harvey, a not so popular name or maybe even Pooka. It was always James for a boy and Jamie for a girl.”

She dragged her new daughter behind her up the stairs back to her office, only to tell her secretary to cancel everything. His next surprise came when he saw where the taxi was bringing them, the shop belonging to Angie's mother. What meant that Angie could be there. She was.

“Jamie my love, couldn't you stand being without me? Ooh, that's so nice of you. That deserves a kiss, don't you think so?”

Before he could open his mouth, she did and her tongue forced him to silence. He didn't mind, his was intoxicated by her touch.

Angie's mother just shook her head. She was used to her extravagant behavior but this even for her this

was a little bizarre, her daughter kissing another girl. It didn't shock her. She was only taken by surprise. She was a very open-minded woman and a lesbian after all.

Jimmy's mother had been watching with a smile on her face. She had a daughter and she was kissing a girl. It took her back to her own youth.

"Miss Kazinsky, what can we do for you? Only a kiss isn't possible. That's solely preserved for your lovely daughter."

Angie's mother would have a lot of questions later, but for now there was a client to serve. It was a shop after all.

"Angie, I see that you've got this. If you need me, I'm at the front."

"Very well, Mom. If you can't find me, don't look for me. I will be busy with giving my girlfriend some service."

"Jamie, I see that you found a girl who knows how to handle you. Let's see if she knows how to dress you. We'd like to buy a dress and some underwear for a few days. Jamie will be staying with us for a few days longer than expected and we can't let her go naked, can we?"

"No, that wouldn't be right. She wouldn't look very ladylike naked. Not very female either and that's something we can't let happen. Does that mean that I can enjoy the company of my girlfriend during the weekend? Or is she too occupied with adjusting to her new family situation."

“You can. What’s more, you can start tonight. Why don’t you have dinner with us and stay the night. We have room enough.”

“Can’t I sleep with Jamie? You know just two girls sleeping together. One could call it a sleepover party.”

“A party indeed, but we’ll see. If she doesn’t act too much like my spoiled son and is not too naughty to her mother.”

“But I like her naughty, Miss Kazynski, very naughty.”

“I bet you do, but please call me Ellen. You have earned it. Like I said, we’ll see and what I want to see now is a dress.”

“May I suggest buying some lingerie first? I have noticed that she is a tomboy underneath and we can’t have that.”

“No, we can’t. Show me what you’ve got. I’ll see what you mean in the dressing room. Come on, girl of mine. Were getting you undressed.”

He got nervous again and more than that. It was years since his mother had seen him naked. Not that he would be, but it felt like it. Before he knew it, she had unzipped him and looked at his underwear.

“I see what she means. You look awful. I expected a daughter of mine to be more fashion-minded. Surely with a mother who has a fashion magazine. How could you?”

“Mom, you know very well. This was only meant to be for one day. I’m a guy. Why would I care that my underwear looked less female?”

“I get your point, but I can’t tolerate this vision. Put your blouse aside and get that ugly bra off. That’s the first we are going to change.”

This birthday was getting crazier and crazier. It was his present, so he couldn’t protest. He had agreed to prolong this madness. At that moment he had a good reason. It just wasn’t that good anymore when he looked in the mirror. He saw a girl’s face on a male body.

Angie came in but she didn’t say a word. He was glad. He probably would have screamed otherwise. Not very manly, but he wasn’t at the moment, either.

“Here, some decent lingerie. That will cover your silicon B’s the way underwear was meant to do, fabulously. These satin ones are fine, but this lace one is my favorite. It will fit her like a glove. It screamed ‘Jamie’ to me as did the panties and garter belt that go with it.”

“I can see why. That’s a good idea. It will solve a few problems. I was thinking of throwing those stockings in the garbage. Stick-ups always miss that little extra a garter belt gives us.”

“Mom! Aren’t you taking this daughter thing a little bit too far? I know I’m doing it as a present and presents don’t talk back, but please?”

“No, I’m not and you’re right, presents don’t talk back and my daughter shouldn’t either. I’m having a daughter and she will look as perfect as can be. Even if that means making my son wear decent underwear.”

A moment later he stood there with a dark blue lace bra covering the silicone falsies instead of the sports bra. It wasn’t as comfortable but he could get

used to it. The real problem came when his mother tried to remove the gaff. But that kept everything calm when Angie helped his mother with the same colored lace panties, garter belt and black floral lace stockings. It was the most embarrassing thing he had experienced in his whole life. He was glad when the new dress arrived, but not for long. He got another present first.

The waist cincher was, to his relief, nowhere to be seen. Its replacement however was worse. It was an under-bust corset. It wasn't worse because it could suppress more, but because it made Jamie look more sensual, more desirable. What made Angie love it more. That was of course the reason why she had chosen it.

“Angie, why this? Wasn't the cincher enough?”

“Not really, it wasn't good enough. Not good enough for me.”

“Jaime, stop complaining. She's right. You look better this way. So it wasn't good enough for my new daughter. Take it like a girl and get dressed. This dark blue dress will cover you as well as the black one.”

That was true, it covered even more. This time the dress came below his knees. He didn't mind, but why did it had to be a dress with a petticoat skirt? He would have to look where he was going with this wide load. Jimmy was used to being slender, but Jamie wasn't used to being spacious.

“Oh my, don't you look lovely. This is my greatest birthday ever. I'm going shopping with my daughter. My son bites my nose off if I even mention it. I never knew that family shopping could be so rewarding.”

Every intention that Jimmy had to make this go away as soon as possible was gone. He couldn't do that to his mother. He had to see this through for so long as it was necessary, through the weekend. It was a few days longer than he had planned, but his mother would only turn forty once.

“Ellen, can you let your photographer make some more photos when he's dressed like this? I would like to preserve this look for the future. I won't be there to enjoy it when he wears it.”

“That's not a bad idea. That reminds me! I still have to talk with Sean. I will be killing two birds with one stone. But that's not for now. Today you'll wear the black dress. It's part of my birthday present. But keep the underwear on, dear. What you had on before was embarrassing to the female gender. Well, if you are wearing it, it is.”

He had no other choice than to change back in the black dress but still wearing the new underwear. The shame that had him firmly in its grip moments ago was fading away. That resulted in feelings he didn't want to experience and surely didn't want to talk about. He couldn't ignore those feelings and the thoughts that came with them, however. It wasn't supposed to be that way. He had everything planned. He knew what to expect, but not this. This was new. The new underwear was different from the old and so were the feelings that came with it. So he kept them to himself. That was probably a wise decision considering the company he was in.

“I think that we are done. On we go then, but of course not without paying. Jamie dear, will you do that while I say goodbye to Angie? She has been such a great help for us that I have to thank her.”

Jimmy did just that. He had to take the piercing stare from Angie's mother with it, as if she wanted to see what kind of girl was hidden behind those blue eyes. What kind of girl was she who made her daughter a lesbian? He tried to smile but it wouldn't even convince a dead person. It made the situation only more uncomfortable. The only one that had a real smile on her face was Angie when she arrived with his mother. She knew what both of them had to be thinking. Jimmy was easy to read. He was scared to be found out and of Angie's mother's reaction when she did. Her mother was looking mad, but she wasn't. She was just curious.

“Goodbye Jamie, until the next time.”

His mother dragged him outside before he could ask anything. He wanted to know when that next time would be, because he really liked her.

“Mom, did you have to do that? You invited her to our house. And I don't even know if she will come. Maybe it was all a joke to her. It sounded like that. She doesn't have my phone number and I don't have hers.”

“You know where she lives, don't you? Well, where she works anyway. So you know how to get to her if she doesn't come. Don't worry Jamie, you will see her soon enough, your lesbian girlfriend. For now you have to be satisfied with your old mother as company. It's a beautiful day, so let's go for a walk and a drink in the sun.”

He couldn't tell how long they walked or how long the 'drink' lasted mostly because he lost track of time, worrying that people would see his true nature. When he got over that, he finally could enjoy his birthday present for his mother as she had been doing since the beginning. A taxi brought them home

for dinner. Christine welcomed them. It was Ellen's birthday. She immediately was drawn to the box with the new dress. It was open before anyone could stop her, not that anyone even tried to.

"Evening beautifuls, dinner is almost ready. Just give me ten more minutes. Jamie, that dress is wicked. Where did you get that?"

"Mom bought it for her daughter. She wanted me to look good."

Christine frowned. Ellen was taking this daughter thing a little bit further than expected. Christine still didn't know that this gender swapping wouldn't end with Ellen's birthday, but she soon would.

"It's a present from me for my daughter to celebrate her birth today and her promise to extend her existence for a few more days."

"Well that's a surprise, even for me. I never expected that Jimmy would tolerate her existence a few days longer. He must like this new sister and what comes with her more then he wants to admit."

Christine didn't believe that. She just wanted to annoy Jimmy. It wasn't every day that she could see him in a dress. She had to exploit this day to the fullest before all this would end, but it apparently wouldn't. Ellen had him agree to two more days. That was a surprise and a shock. Ellen wouldn't let go as easily as she had expected. Christine had no other choice than to keep an eye on the situation and its influence on Ellen.

"He just wanted to do his mother a favor and I'm very grateful for it. But it seems that someone is at the door. A visitor, but for who? Jamie dear, can you open the door. It's my birthday after all."

It was, but he didn't want to open the door. He wasn't scared of who could be at the other end. If people hadn't seen through him during their walk, why would someone see through him now? The kiss that greeted him made it obvious who was at the other end, Angie.

"Hello my love, glad to see me? Let me feel the mood."

She did feel his arousal and that made her smile even bigger.

"Good, you really are happy to see me. Or is it just how you walk around in your dress? No! Then give me another kiss, I'm starving."

Her hunger was sated while Ellen visually approved of how things were going, enough for Christine to notice.

"Ellen, may I presume that she has your consent to be the girlfriend for your son? That's a first! "

"It is, but she is a girl with a lot of qualities and I'm getting to know more and more of them as the day passes. And for the record, she only has my permission to be the girlfriend of my daughter, nothing more. My son has nothing to do with this. He still has to prove to me that he is good enough for her, not the other way around."

"That's a surprise. Angie isn't what you call conventional."

"She isn't, but she knows when to be and when to act like it. What's more, she has a degree in economics. And, very important, she has taste and knows how to convince people to see it her way."

“Damn Ellen, I would almost think that you have found your perfect vice-president. It’s a pity *she* isn’t your daughter.”

“No, it isn’t. I already have one. Jamie is the only daughter I need, but I do need a successor. And I have found out that a daughter-in-law is a very good addition to the family to make that happen.”

“Daughter-in-law! Isn’t that a bit too much too fast? What does Jimmy think of that? He likes her, but marriage? That’s something else.”

“But Jimmy doesn’t have to marry her, not him. My son can do what he wants. Angie can do what she wants, choose who she wants. Besides, it’s for the far future and who knows who it will bring.”

That was a little twitch from the normal expression, but it said more than a little. Christine, however, hadn’t noticed it. She was confused enough by hearing everything else Ellen had said.

Dinner ended with the four of them contemplating what happened that day in silence. The music in the background and a glass of wine helped the two old friends to do that, along with the scene they were watching. Angie helped Jamie who had her head on her lap by running her hand through her hair.

“Jamie has it hard for this girl from the looks of it. Are you sure this is going well? Angie is a great girl, but this is not a normal relationship. I think she likes Jamie more than Jimmy. This will not end well. And it *will* end if I’m right. When Jamie is gone, she will be gone. It will tear Jimmy apart. He really likes her, maybe even loves her? You know how he is. He always commits himself completely.”

“We can’t blame Angie for who she is, for what she is. If Jamie is what she really wants and not Jimmy, he has to accept it. He still has a few days to find out who she likes and what to do to keep her. We’ll see.”

Ellen was obviously not worried, which surprised Christine. Normally she wouldn’t let anybody hurt her son, but maybe Ellen knew something she didn’t. Maybe she was overreacting. Jimmy could take care of himself.

It was time to go to sleep. Christine took the lead. She had a steady place to bunk at Ellen’s, in one of the guest bedrooms. It was filled with clothes and everything else she needed to survive a night and a day. So she disappeared out of sight, as did Ellen. But not without saying goodnight to the two girls left.

“Have a good night, girls. I will wake you two in the morning. Angie has to go back to help her mother and we have an appointment with Sean. I texted him and he expect us in the studio at ten. So don’t stay up too late you two and don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

For a moment Jimmy thought that Angie would sleep in his room. His face showed a mix of surprise and nervousness. Her face showed only a smile when she opened the door of the last guest room

“You naughty girl. You really didn’t think that I would sleep in the same bed as you, did you? Maybe you are that kind of girl, but I’m not.”

He was happy to get into his bed, the only time he could be Jimmy. He had to keep the illusion of Jamie alive, though. That was the first thing he tried to do when he woke up; repeat everything Christine had said and done. He got as far as a shower and shaved as much as possible. The rest of his body could use a shave but he always had a pretty hair-free body. So

the small blond hairs here and there on the body weren't a priority. One special place he left alone, even though he could easily get there with a razor. A surprise named Angie waited for him on his bed when he left the bathroom. He was lucky. This time he had a towel wrapped around him and it obviously covered Jimmy, not Jamie.

“Jimmy, where's Jamie? Don't tell me that she hasn't slept here. Your mother won't like to hear that. That will ruin her day.”

“Then don't tell her that. Why would you? She doesn't need to know. Jamie will be back before she wakes up.”

“Oh, but she already is up. She's making breakfast. So get a move on and make sure that Jamie is here before she finishes. And don't worry. I'll help you. It will take some time to make her appear, looking as lovely as she was yesterday. Those smooth legs are a good beginning, but we have a lot of work to do, so hurry and gear up.”

How long it took he didn't now, but they finally were finished. His mother had yelled at him more than once that breakfast was ready. When he came down, he was the dark blue girl from the shop. Angie had even thought of bringing a dark blue scarf to replace the black one. She was admiring the view from behind, thinking of many possibilities to enjoy what she saw.

But that was for another time, she had to go. Her mother waited. She had promised to help her in the shop while the regular help was taking a vacation. The weekend was too busy to let her alone. She hugged him from behind and whispered in his ears.

“Bye beautiful, I’m off. When you can use my company tonight, just give me a call. Maybe we can play naughty girls then?”

He stood there with his mouth open for moments, even after the front door closed again. But he wasn’t the only one with his mouth open. Christine’s was too.

“Damn Jimmy, you look ravishing. And yesterday I thought that you couldn’t look any better, more female. This style fits you perfectly.”

“Christine, stop calling my daughter Jimmy? You know very well that this is Jamie. I don’t want to hear that boy’s name anymore. It ruins everything when you call her that. So don’t.”

“Ellen, I already mentioned it, but you are taking this too far. Instead of letting go, you are embracing this daughter thing even more. You are starting to sound like an addict. Stop this nonsense. You had your birthday present and we all loved it, but don’t make things worse.”

“I’m not. I’m just enjoying it so much. That’s all. Jamie has agreed to do this a few days longer and I don’t want it to lose its magic. There is nothing wrong with making the illusion last. Don’t shatter it.”

Jimmy didn’t know how to react. Nothing he could say would help. One was his mother and one was Christine and they were both right. But one was his mother and one was only Christine.

“Mom is right, Aunt. I’m Jamie, so call me that. Jimmy will be back soon and things will be as they always were. Let’s not shatter it.”

Christine sighed. She loved Ellen as a sister and she just didn't want to see her crash hard after this thing was over. She knew better than Jimmy what a daughter meant to her and what losing one would do to her. If this had been for one day, the risk of Ellen getting too attached to the idea would have been minimal. Prolonging it for the weekend was a mistake. It gave Ellen the time to fall in love with the idea of having a daughter. The illusion would have time to become real to her. When things went back to normal, she wouldn't get her son back as he never had left, she would lose her daughter. It would be devastating, even for a woman as strong as Ellen. Hard things crack and they break into many pieces. Christine had to watch carefully to see how the situation would develop.

"Ok Ellen, your cousin Jamie will be here until Monday. I get it. So what will you and this girl be doing today. Don't you have to work?"

Ellen was always working, so that was a normal question. The magazine took all her time even though she had a more than enough capable staff to follow her orders without any supervision.

"I don't know what else we'll do, but this morning we are going to take some more pictures of this beauty here. So she can look back at them when she grows older, and more beautiful of course."

Christine wanted to say something but she let it pass. This was probably just Ellen keeping the illusion going.

"Ok, I'm gone too. We have a boob job today. The customer is paying extra for a quick delivery and it's a big one. See you later, bye!"

At the office the boss was late and that unknown girl was with her again. No one would dare ask what was going on. Miss Kazynski's secretary tried but not directly.

"Morning, Miss Kazynski. Mrs. Morley is eagerly waiting for you. She wants to know if the picture is ready and if she can see it."

"Damn, I forgot. But no problem, the picture should be ready. Is Sean in his studio? Tell him that we are coming."

The secretary only nodded. Her mind was busy with another enigma. The boss never forgot anything, certainly nothing that important.

"And who is 'we,' Miss Kazynski, the two of you or all three?"

"Tell him that it's me, Mrs. Morley and my third cousin once removed will join us too. He needs to make more pictures of her."

Jimmy smartly kept silent. It was easy to guess why she called him her cousin while maintaining the distant family connection. Everybody there knew that his mother had no daughter and that this was the best explanation for his, or better said, 'her' presence.

Sean welcomed his boss with a worried face. He knew what was coming.

"Morning Sean, you don't look very happy."

“No I don’t for the obvious reason. I’m not. I’m sorry Miss Kazynski, but the photos are a disaster. The model is a disaster. There just is no personality. I know that she is your choice, Mrs. Morley, but she won’t do. You need to find me another one, one with personality.”

Mrs. Morley was looking at the pictures and she only could agree, but that didn’t solve the problem. Her company was famous for their wedding dresses and this cover had to be the beginning of their new line. That meant that she was a very important client for Ellen. The survival of the magazine depended on clients like her. She would hate to lose such a big client and the revenue she brought with her. Beside that, she was also a very dear friend.

“I’m sorry Ann, but you know Sean. He wouldn’t say it if it wasn’t true. We need to find him another model.”

“You don’t have to be sorry, Ellen. Even I can see that these pictures are useless. But where am I going to find a model this quick, one with personality anyway? The magazine’s layout is due tomorrow. I guess we have to postpone it until your next issue.”

“We have alternatives enough for the cover, Ann, so we’ll do just that. It gives you more than time enough to find a model with personality.”

“But you already have one. You don’t need to go look for another.”

Sean was exited when he interfered. He already had a solution, one he loved because he knew that the result would be great.

“What do you mean, Sean?”

Ellen saw him measuring up Jamie.

“Oh no, no that’s not possible. She’s not a real model. No can do. It’s just impossible. My cousin being a model? I’m sorry but the answer is no.”

Then Mrs. Morley jumped in. A client like her was impossible not to listen to.

“Please Ellen, you and your cousin would be helping me out. I already told everyone that my latest dress would be on the cover of your magazine. You would be a lifesaver. I wouldn’t forget that and you know what my gratitude is worth.”

Ellen looked at Jamie with fear and pride. Fear for her son who was caught between a rock and a hard place. Pride for her daughter who was going to be a model and on the cover of her mother’s magazine. Pride was a bad advisor as Jimmy would find out. He never dreamed that his mother would go along with it, but she did. He couldn’t move his legs anymore. He was scared stiff and looked like a helpless puppy at his mother. She was already busy with the next step. She couldn’t be happier.

“Sean, take some pictures of Jamie first in this dress. They are for her girlfriend. I promised her that she would have some copies today. I’ll go find the dress and lay it out in the dressing room.”

It was Ellen’s way to tell way to tell Sean ‘hands off’. Not that he would try to seduce the cousin of his boss, but one never knew.

It took Jimmy some time to unfreeze before he was ready for some pictures. Jamie knew what she was expected to do, shine. Even Mrs. Morley saw the potential of this girl. She had a lot to think about. Ellen came back and Jamie followed her mother to the



dressing room. Ellen locked the door behind her. Jimmy stared at her. She didn't have to guess why. He expected an explanation. She only had a plea. Well, sort of. She really didn't give him a choice.

"I know that it is a lot to ask, but you have to do this, Jamie."

"But Mom, this is crazy! They will see that I'm a guy, *a guy in a wedding dress*. No way I'm going to do this."

"Jamie, don't talk that way to your mother. You be a nice girl and do what I say. This is for your future. And I don't want to hear another word out of you, only 'yes mother'."

He was so surprised about her outburst that he only could say just that. If this backfired, at least it wasn't his fault. He would, however, have to live with the consequences. He would be known as the boy in a dress.

His dress was already unzipped and his mother helped him step out of it.

"Here, put on this underwear. We always have several sizes in stock. It costs less than ruining a shoot because of the wrong underwear."

"But Mom, no one will see this white underwear. The dress covers everything but my arms. It's not necessary."

The dress has a strapless neckline and a high collar. It was one of those where from the bust line down everything turns into lace. The short sleeves grew into long gloves covered with leaves below the hand. It could have been all too much but they somehow had made it work.

“I’ll know and that’s reason enough. Hurry or do you need a hand? Maybe I should call Angie, but for now you’ll have to do with me.”

That was the ultimate threat. So he did what his mother wanted. Some time later his black underwear was exchanged for white versions. He didn’t know where to hold his hands when his mother was judging him. It became only weirder when she pulled and plucked here and there on the underwear to make it fit and look better.

The dress was heavier than he expected. Its long tail almost covered the whole room. It had leaves on it from the waist down to the end of the tail, at first only a few, then more. It kept multiplying until it was a sea of leaves. Not an original idea, let’s all it ‘borrowed,’ but the execution of it all was original enough to make the dress different from the competition. The reason the tail didn’t fill the room was that his mother held it in her hands. She would until Jamie arrived under the spotlight.

“Here, these white shoes are your size. However they are unfortunately four inches high.”

“What? I can’t walk in those. I’ll keep these on. No one can see them under this dress. Just like my underwear.”

“Oh but they will. Some photos will show your shoes. So stop complaining and start walking, right out to that door. But first, makeup.”

His mother didn’t change much, but she changed some just whatever made the dress look the best. The model was secondary to the dress.

“It’s a pity that you don’t have your ears pierced. We can’t use the earrings that are with the dress, but those clip-ons will do fine.”

A moment later Jamie was greeted with admiring looks when she came through the door into the studio.

“Damn Sean, I see what you mean. This is what you call personality and you even haven’t taken any pictures yet. She has this mysterious look, as if there is more to her than meets the eye.”

“I know, Mrs. Morley. This girl is a natural. Those pictures will fight for your attention. You won’t know which one to choose.”

She didn’t. After hours of ankle-breaking postures, Jamie finally could take a break. Ellen had been glowing with pride the whole time. Mrs. Morley had made sure that she had reason enough.

“Well Ellen, I think that you’ve got a winner there. These pictures are great, even better than I expected. If this picture doesn’t sell my dress, than nothing will. Why did you keep her a secret, a beauty like her?”

“She only recently became part of this little family. Until a day ago I didn’t know of her existence. She came walking into my life as a big birthday surprise. She couldn’t have come at a better time.”

“That reminds me, Ellen, happy birthday. Anyway, that’s a big present you got there. Use it wisely or I might steal her from you.”

“I will. She has a bright future ahead for her. My son, however, is as much a disappointment as his future will be. What am I going to do with him?”

“Do like I did. Make his future for him. Don’t give him a choice.”

Those words kept on echoing through her head long after the shoot was done. Ellen shocked her secretary and the rest of the workforce again; she had left without a word. Only Sean was told that she was bringing her cousin back to her apartment. It was late in the afternoon when they left.

Lunch was already past when Jamie finally was back into her old gear, black and blue. Her mother wanted to keep her in virginal white, but Jamie couldn’t walk anymore in those heels. Ellen gave in but she was not planning to do that again. The only thing she had been planning was the future of her son and that meant getting rid of Bob. Jamie would help her with that. The problem was that Jamie didn’t know that. So when Bob rang the doorbell that evening it was quite a surprise for Jamie and an even bigger one for Jimmy. Bob was his friend, not Jamie’s.

“Hey Jimmieeeee. Wow, who are you? Where’s Jimmy?”

Jimmy tried to keep his voice under control. If he failed that, he would fail everything. Bob would find out his secret and he would never let him forget that. Jimmy’s life would turn into a hell. Jimmy succeeded.

“I’m Jamie, his cousin. Jimmy’s not here. He is visiting my family. I’ll tell him that you came by.”

Jamie tried to close the door before Bob could go through it. He knew that it would take his mother to get rid of him and she was doing some paperwork in her study. Under no circumstances should he disturb her.

“Like I said, Jimmy isn’t here today. You better go back home.”

“Hold it, chica. I’m in no hurry. Not when you and I can have fun.”

“I’m sorry, but I’m not interested. So will you please leave?”

Bob acted as if he didn’t hear. He walked to the refrigerator and took a beer out, nothing unusual. He did it when Jimmy was home, but Jimmy realized how rude it was now that he was Jamie. Jimmy started to get annoyed. Bob didn’t act different than he would other times, but it felt different.

As Jimmy, he considered him a friend visiting. Jamie, however, considered him an intruder, one without any manners and worse was yet to come. Bob had noticed that Ellen wasn’t present or he would already been gone. But now he had the place to himself, himself and a hottie.

“Come on, girl. Jimmy must have told about me, that I’m a great guy to have fun with. So why don’t you? We have this place for ourselves.”

“Bob, will you please leave? If you don’t I’m calling my aunt.”

“You know my name. Jimmy must have told you about me. That means that you can’t throw me out. We are officially introduced now so we can take the next step to being friends, or more.”

“Bob, I’m not interested in a guy like you. Leave now or I scream.”

This wasn’t Jimmy panicking, but Jamie. She realized that Bob was an asshole and was the worst

friend Jimmy could have. Bob came closer and Jamie backed away until she hit a wall. She wanted to scream but Bob put a hand over her mouth. Jimmy had never been a physical match for Bob and Jamie surely wasn't either.

“Come on beautiful, you don't have to play hard-to-get.”

Jimmy mumbled something so Bob removed his hand a little.

“I'll tell Jimmy. He will hate you for this.”

“Ha ha. Jimmy. He's an idiot I can manipulate to believe anything I want him to. I already have. If it wasn't such a babe magnet I would have dumped the loser long ago. He can get all of them in the sack, but he rarely does, the loser. No problem, that just means more disappointed chicks are left for me. But you won't be one of them.”

Bob came closer. Jamie did the only thing Jimmy knew to do, hit him hard with a knee between his legs while screaming. Screaming as Jamie or as Jimmy wasn't much different. He held back because Bob was a friend, or had been. So Bob backed down but he wasn't incapacitated. It made him angry. That could have made things worse and it would have if his Jimmy's mother hadn't interfered. She had been standing on the other end of the door, listening to see if her plan went as it should and it did. Bob was very predictable as that kind of guy always is. She stormed in with a lot of feigned outrage.

“Bob, you rotten bastard. I wanted to see who was here and I heard your last words. If you aren't out of this place in five seconds, I'll call the police and my lawyer and make sure that you'll spend the next years in prison. You can be sure of that.”

Bob only needed two seconds. Ellen had come prepared. She had pepper spray in her hand and she would use it, no doubt about it. So Bob had enough reason not to hesitate. Bob was held back before he could close the door behind him.

“And Bob, if I, Jamie or Jimmy, ever see you again, I’ll make sure that someone will hit you in the balls so hard that you’ll taste them for days. I know a lot of guys who would do it for free. So you can imagine what some will do if I pay them.”

Jimmy was so shocked that he was catatonic, Jamie was so shocked and her tears showed how much. So Ellen hugged Jamie. Jimmy could wait.

“My dear Jamie, I’m sorry. This is all Jimmy’s fault. I warned him many times, but he wouldn’t listen. I hope he learns his lesson for the future. But for now I think that we better go to sleep. Tomorrow is Sunday, a day of relaxing. I’ll make you forget what happened today.”

Jimmy was still catatonic so he didn’t protest when his mother gave Jamie a nightgown, one that was a little too big. He fell quickly asleep next to his mother who was hiding a smile celebrating her success. Now she only had to make sure the next part of he plan worked out too.

Sunday morning a hand shaking him woke him up, or was it the voice?

“Wake up, sleepy head. It’s already ten o’clock. I didn’t come here to see you sleep. I heard from your mother what happened. I’m sorry to hear it, but now you know who Bob really is. By the way, that pink nightgown suits you fine. Maybe I should let Sean take a picture of it?”

Those words did more than the shaking. Jimmy was immediately awake. It only took him a few seconds to gather all his thoughts.

“Angie, you’re here and I am in a pink nightgown. But only one is a pleasant surprise. Let me take it off and change.”

“No way. It is a very pleasant surprise...to me. So downstairs you go. You can take a shower after breakfast. I would join you, but today isn’t the time for it. Maybe tomorrow, Jamie?”

Was she joking or did she mean it? Jimmy couldn’t say. The only thing he was certain of was that this was Jamie’s last day. That he was sure of. He only agreed to extend his gift for two extra days.

“Morning, Mom. Breakfast smells great.”

“Thank you, dear. You look like you had a good night sleep. I didn’t notice you tossing and turning in bed, so I think you did.”

“I have already forgotten everything and Bob too. He can forget it too. I don’t want to hear about him. He doesn’t exist anymore for me.”

At that moment his cell phone rang. His mother picked it up.

“Well, when you speak of the devil. It’s Bob for Jimmy.”

He shook its head, but his mother gave it to him anyway.

“Just listen to what he has to say. I’m very curious to see how he wants to talk himself out of it. Let him dig the hole even deeper.”

“Yes Bob, it’s me and yes I know. What do you mean that’s not how it happened? Are you telling me that my mother is lying to me? Yes, she doesn’t like you but she would never lie to me. And what about Jamie? Would she lie to me too? Oh, *she* was coming on to *you*. None of what happened was your fault. Good to know, Bob, but you’re an asshole. I can? Don’t care. I don’t want your stinking job anyway and I don’t want to see your stinking face ever again. Oh, will you? Bye.”

He pushed the button and laid his phone down, still shaking from anger, or was it from resentment? He forgot to fall back into Jamie mode. He still sounded like Jimmy when he went on with his rant.

“The bastard, he denied everything. He even wanted me to think that Jamie was the guilty one. I can’t believe that you have been right all along, Mom. Bob is no friend. He even told me that I could forget the job. He couldn’t understand why I wouldn’t believe him and said that I would regret it. He would make sure of it. Knowing Bob, that can mean anything. I’ve hear him brag about what crazy things he had done to some guys and one of them was his step-brother. Bob is very resentful.”

Ellen was convinced that Bob was all talk, but she couldn’t ignore this chance fate threw in her lap, one to keep Jamie a little longer with her.

“Jimmy, language. I’ve warned you more than enough. Bob is a nutcase who’ll probably go mental when he sees you again. You better make sure that you stay out of his way.”

“But how? I need to go find a job. Unfortunately he delivers supplies to a lot of businesses I wanted to look at for a job. There is a big chance that I’ll bump

in to him. He frequents the same bars, shops, even the same sports events as I do.”

“Well, there is one person who doesn’t do that and I want her back as soon as possible. This is still her day, *my* day. It’s been a crazy one, but that is just part of life. What if Jamie stays with us until next Sunday? That gives Bob time to cool off and us the opportunity to look for a more permanent solution. I can live with that. Can you? Can Angie?”

Angie didn’t need any time to think she showed what she thought. She grabbed him from behind and laid her head against his shoulder.

“Umm, I like the feeling of this pink satin. I like the feeling of this girl that isn’t one. So yes, I can live with that for another week.”

Then it was Jimmy’s turn. He had enough time to think about what was the best solution and also the worst, for him. Being Jamie a week longer couldn’t do that much harm, to him or to his mother. Falling into the hands of Bob would be worse. His mother, he knew, was as an intelligent, resolute and pragmatic person. He was convinced that she wouldn’t take it too far and lose track of reality. So he said “yes”.

“Ok, that means that I have my daughter for a week longer. I’ll tell Christine what happened. She won’t like it, the Bob and Jamie thing, but she will have no choice than to accept it. I am your mother after all and I know what is best for you and your future, *our* future.”

She grabbed the telephone and addressed herself to Jimmy.

“Ok, Jamie, go upstairs and change while I inform Christine.”

“Yes Mother, but I—Jamie—only got two dresses. Shall I put the black one on again? The same goes for the underwear.”

It was Angie who gave him the answer.

“Why do you think I am here so early, silly? To do your makeup but also to give you your outfit for this day.”

“Angie, I have to ask you a strange question, don’t laugh. Who do you like the most, Jamie or Jimmy?”

“Well, I love to see Jamie and I would love to feel Jimmy inside me. But Jamie also has that part, so I prefer Jamie, the best version of Jimmy. And if Jimmy was smart, he would prefer her too.”

“Angie, that hasn’t happen yet and I suspected already that you like Jamie more than Jimmy, but what if Jamie leaves us in a week? What will you do? Will Jimmy be enjoying your company as Jamie does?”

“Well it was Jimmy that got my attention, but it was Jamie that got my desire. I can’t tell you what I will do when Jimmy comes back. I can only tell you what I will do if Jamie stays. And that is, be with her as the love of her life as she is for me. I never knew that I would turn out this way, but just call me kinky, twisted, or better and more accurate, in love.”

They both walked the stair in silence. Both were thinking about was just said. Jimmy was still thinking about it when he had his new underwear on, all white, even the corset, except for the stockings of course. She had to look her best, after all. The dress was white covered with black polka dots, the color of her belt and that of the brooch she was wearing, a

rose. A black scarf and some pearls gave Jamie the finishing touch.

“Here, don’t forget your shoes. A girl needs her heels. I think we have to go shopping again. You need underwear for a week and a few extra dresses or maybe a skirt? But what you really need is some room in your closet. Everything in there is for Jimmy. He has to give you a little space. Half will be enough for what I have in mind.”

His mother had a surprise when they came back to the breakfast table. She was sitting there with her laptop, staring at the screen.

“Hey beautiful, you’re looking good, but this is looking even better. But I’ll give the honor to Angie. You have to wait a minute before you may see it. My mail box is overflowing because of it. So Angie, if you will.”

“Damn Jamie, if this is you. why would you ever be Jimmy again? Half the world will be as jealous of this photo as I am.”

He quickly found out what she meant and he couldn’t disagree. What he saw was Jamie, but a magical one. Sean has succeeded in making her look like Jamie showing a touch of a fallen angel.

“Jamie dear, I think that I have a solution for Jimmy’s job problem. Mrs. Morley is begging to let you model other dresses and even the competition is asking who you are, hers and mine. And most important, the paper version of my magazine is selling like hotcakes.”

“Mom are you really asking me to be a model as a profession? I’m sorry to say, but Jamie won’t be here for more than one week.”

“I know, but you would be doing me a favor...and not only me. Angie will be excited that her Jamie will be a model and you would even be doing Jimmy a favor. Jimmy’s debt would melt like snow in the sun.”

That Angie was happier with Jamie was no secret for Jimmy. That his mom was reluctant to lose her new daughter was not a secret to him either, just a dilemma, but that he had a debt was.

“Mom, what do you mean? That’s the first time I’ve heard of a debt. You don’t mean all these dresses and underwear. That wouldn’t be fair.”

“Of course not, Jamie. I love to pay for your dresses, but the debt I’m talking about is Jimmy’s. He dropped out twice and it has cost me an arm and a leg to get him into university. I don’t even dare tell you how much. You know all too well how much it costs to send someone to university.”

“But Mom, I thought that it was the way to secure Jimmy’s future? Beside we can miss it, can’t we? The magazine is making enough money.”

“It makes enough to cover the costs and a little more. Don’t forget that magazines aren’t anymore what they used to be. I had to borrow a lot to get Jimmy into university and he blew it all by giving up. If he had any excuse for it, I wouldn’t consider it a debt, but it is now.”

That was a lie. She never intended to lay this burden on her son. She had borrowed the money, but it was already paid back. She never intended to die rich, but now she had a daughter and things were different. Girls had it harder to reach their goals and could use a push. Jimmy had to make it possible, in more than one way, that Jamie had a future. This was Ellen’s way to assure that she had one.

“So if Jimmy wants to pay me back, he has to let Jamie help him with it. There is no other way for him.”

“Do you really expect her to pay things back in only a week? Assuming that she could be a model. Assuming someone would pay her to be one. Assuming I would want to be one.”

“It’s in your best interest to be one. It will pay your debt and it will keep Bob off Jimmy’s back. You might have to extend your stay for longer than a week, maybe even weeks. But that should be no problem, Jimmy can be missed. It is not as if my son has something important to do.”

“It sure doesn’t look that way. I’ll do it if it wipes Jimmy’s slate clean. I survived a few days longer, I will survive a few weeks longer. But to make it clear, I don’t believe that this modeling job will work. Jamie still has a few parts too many and a few parts short to pass as one.”

Paying off his debt wasn’t really his main reason to do it. He was hoping that it would give his mother the opportunity to come to terms with the fact that she didn’t really have a daughter. Even he had noticed that his mother was too fond of him being Jamie. It seemed the simplest way to deal with the problem. Jimmy would soon find out that making things more complex wasn’t the right way to do that. He really didn’t think that through. Maybe he could use the time to convince Angie that Jimmy wasn’t such a bad alternative for his ‘sister’. He had to try it. Just giving up was good for university, but not for this.

“Oh yes, the missing parts. I already have a solution for it. You know that we can give you fake ones that look pretty real. They will be real enough to fool a photographer. I’ll show them to you. There is a site

where you can order them. Once glued they stay fixed for weeks, the time you will need to pay off your debt. We can solve most things with cosmetic changes, just not one particular thing. You need to have a tracheal shave. We can't keep hiding it behind a scarf."

"Mom, isn't that a little bit drastic? I've seen the fake boobs in a documentary about breast cancer, but the shave isn't fake. Once the operation is over, things can't go back to the way they were. All that for a job that will last only a few weeks? It's crazy."

"It may look that way, but it isn't. This isn't just a job, this is an opportunity. You'll be able to do what a lot of girls dream of."

"Mom, *I'm not a girl*. Look at me."

"I am and you are a girl, my daughter. You look like her, you sound like her and you even feel like her, like the one in my dreams. I don't want to hear anything else for the next few weeks. The tracheal shave is a necessity and no one will even notice it."

This was a fight he couldn't win. His gift had soured and was ruining the life of Jimmy. He had given his mom what she wanted the most in the world and she obviously didn't want to give it up so easily. He knew in advance that this could happen, but he went through with it anyway, so he had no excuse for being in this situation. He should have protested much more, but he hadn't. Now, he was so tangled up in this that he couldn't find another way out. He had to play along until the end of the ride. What harm could these few weeks do anyway?

"Ok Mom, I will do this. I even won't say a word against it anymore but when these weeks are over it ends and we never speak about it ever. Jamie will be gone and will never come back."

“Do you really mean that, Jamie? Will you go and leave me?”

In all the commotion he almost had forgotten that Angie was still there and she made it clear again what and who she preferred.

“Yes, I don’t know, maybe. But you know Jimmy won’t.”

Angie said nothing because she didn’t need to. Jimmy already knew what she would have said. Jimmy wouldn’t be enough for her. Losing Jamie meant losing Angie. But what choice did he have? They had made him the perfect girl for Angie. They had made him the perfect guy for Angie by making him the perfect girl for Angie. But he couldn’t be the one without the other. But he was Jimmy, not Jamie. Unfortunately that was also not what his mother wanted.

“I’ll phone Christine. She can squeeze you in past her boss. We don’t have time to wait months for a gap in his agenda. Why don’t you and Angie go on a shopping spree and enjoy the day and each other’s company? You can buy whatever Jamie’s heart desires and Angie’s too of course.”

It shouldn’t be a surprise that what he got was mostly Angie’s taste. Christine came without knowing what was at stake, namely the future of Jimmy. So she was bowled over when she heard Ellen’s request.

“You want Jimmy to stay Jamie for a few weeks longer, because as Jamie he has a future as a model. Is this world coming to an end without me knowing? Because everybody seems to be going nuts and my best friend is getting more than nuts. She wants to turn her son into a girl, well partly anyway. How did it

come to this and what does Jimmy say about all this?”

“You know all too well how it came to this. You helped Jamie getting born. You’re her godmother. You even gave her the name I wanted for my daughter. I would even dare to say that all of this is your fault. Besides, I’m not making Jimmy do this, it’s his own choice.”

Christine knew that she was responsible for this outcome, well not this one, only for the fact that Ellen had lost it. But believing that Jimmy would choose to have breasts was a too big leap to take. Ellen had twisted the truth a little bit for Christine and her son. He would get silicone breasts, but not the ones he thought.

Jamie was going to get implants. That was what Christine was told and she eventually believed it.

“I’ll prove it. I’ll text him. He is shopping with Angie and there is nothing more annoying than a phone being answered in a public place. It says ‘Tell your aunt that you agree with getting silicone breasts, a yes or no is enough.’ It’s all the answer you need, Christine.”

The yes wasn’t what Christine expected, but it was the answer Jimmy had given. And there was no reason to doubt it.

“Besides, don’t you think this is the best for Jimmy? Doesn’t he looks great as a girl, as my daughter? Look at him and tell me that it isn’t the best for him. Jimmy was always a boy in trouble. Making friends like Bob, attracting the wrong girls. Girls that are disappointed when they find out that the good-looking guy they like isn’t the macho guy

they think they're going to get. Always failing his ambitions. He'll be happy being Jamie."

"Are you really saying that you want Jimmy to stay Jamie? Isn't that too crazy, even for you? I know that you always wanted a daughter, but this is not the way. Making him into a girl, a trans-model isn't a very common ambition and you think he will want to do this for the rest of his life? Be her for the rest of his life? I think that you are taking your wishes for real by making them real, by making a real daughter. But if this is all his decision I will honor it and do what he wants. He can be a model for a few weeks but it will stop there, then your daughter is gone."

She knew that this was a crazy decision to make, but she had to think of a way to make Ellen get back to her old self. It didn't even matter at that point what Jimmy wanted. The Jimmy she knew could benefit from being Jamie, but this was about Ellen, not her son. If Christine took the drastic approach, the consequences would also be drastic. So she had to take it slow.

That Ellen had Jimmy convinced to see it her way wasn't a surprise. He was young and loved his mother very much and since a few days ago he loved a girl named Angie too. Both of them were more than enough to make a guy lose his last bit of common sense. Christine arranged everything, but not because she liked what was going on. She did it because this was her family and she supported them, even when they had crazy wishes. But this was the first time she doubted making them real was a good idea.

Christine asked a favor of her boss and he fulfilled it by canceling his golf appointment. That was a surprise for Jamie who heard the news Monday morning, an hour before she was expected on the opera-

tion table. Ellen didn't want to give her the chance to go back on her word. Even Angie wasn't informed. She had been Jamie's bed partner again without anything happened. It drove Jamie crazy, or was it Jimmy who was frustrated. It was Jamie laying next to her this time in a babydoll but it was Jimmy who had to cope with the consequences. Angie had bought it for her, but only to ignore her when she slept next to her. The excitement that gave rise to was intolerable. Jamie had to ask why Angie did this.

"Angie, you are driving me crazy. I'm sleeping in a babydoll to please you and I don't get a reward for it, why?"

"I wasn't aware that you deserved a reward. And why? That's simple. When you are wearing one to please yourself, you'll get your reward. Then I'll know that Jamie will stay with me and not Jimmy."

Before things could get worse, they got complicated. Ellen entered the bedroom and informed them about what was to happen that day.

"But Mom, this is too soon. I won't even have time to get dressed and eat something. I'm getting better at makeup but I still rely on Angie for it. Can't we postpone it until another day, next week maybe?"

"Of course not and you can't eat or drink something. Get ready and forget the makeup. Dress comfortable and hurry, Christine and her boss don't have all day. Besides, it already cost you an arm and a leg. Postponing it will make you pay double at the end of the road."

That he was going to pay for this was the biggest surprise. He barely had been given the time to adjust to the idea of being a model. Now he was on his way to becoming one already.

An hour later he was lying on a table falling into a deep sleep, forgetting everything that had brought him that far. When he woke up, everybody was there; Angie, his mother, and even Christine. There was another surgery planned for that day, so she didn't have much time. It was a favor, but that didn't mean that the doctor would throw easy money away. The next operation was just a breast correction. They could wait a little for the nurse to come.

Christine was proud of the result her boss had accomplished even though she still couldn't believe that she had asked him to put breasts on Jimmy. This was some of his best work. Jamie's breasts were proudly showing themselves. They were B's which was, according to Ellen, the size her new daughter wished to have. Ellen was of the conviction that girls shouldn't be judged by the size of their breasts. The trach shave was a big success and in a few days makeup would hide the operation. Ellen had reason enough to be satisfied with the result and so had Jamie.

It was Ellen that showed the most enthusiasm for her daughter's new look, with Angie a close second. The result was a big surprise for her as it would be for Jamie and surely for Jimmy, but she couldn't be happier. Jamie had become less Jimmy and that was all that mattered. Christine wasn't 100% sure she had done the right thing, but that didn't mean that she would show it.

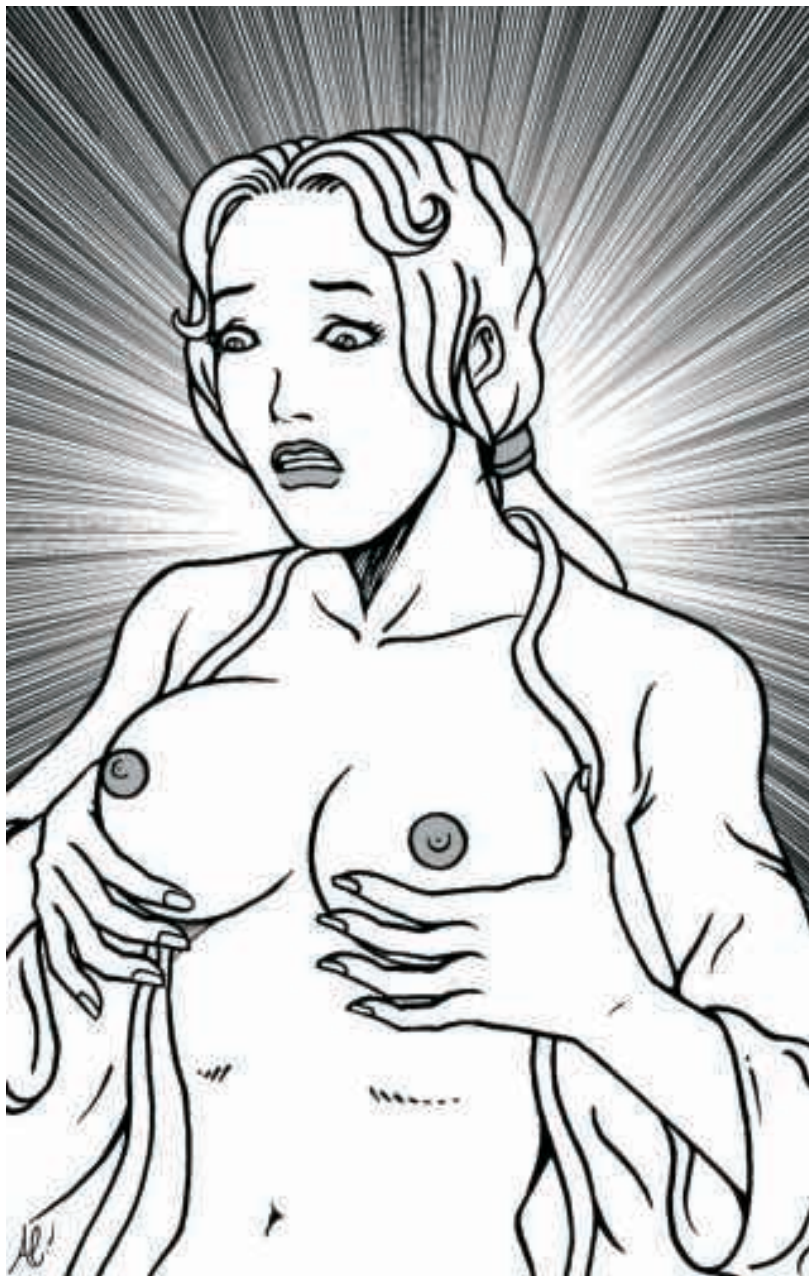
"Afternoon beautiful. I see that there are no complications occurring. That means that I won't be seeing you again today. Your mother wants to celebrate your new look, but we'll save that for the moment you can buy me a drink. I must say that I doubted everything, but even I can see that Jamie looks great, better than ever, radiant even. Maybe it's not such a bad idea, even if it is just for a few weeks."

She reminded Ellen of the time limit that these breasts were intended to have. Christine disappeared; if she hadn't, she could have seen how Jamie tried to satisfy an itch. She now and then scratched her left upper arm. Ellen had given the doctor an extra bonus for an extra addition; two shots, one in the upper arm and one in the buttocks. He did it when Christine had left. It wasn't something illegal so he wasn't worried about getting caught. It wasn't even abnormal. People like Jimmy who had breasts implants sometimes got contraception implants too and a hormone shot. So the doctor wasn't aware that this wasn't part of the original plan. He knew Ellen all too well and had promised to keep this a secret for her best friend.

He believed Ellen that Christine wasn't fond of these changes, because she wasn't. That gave her a good excuse to keep it from Christine. Ellen was his mother and her son was old enough to make his own decisions. So the doctor had no reason to refuse. The contraceptive implant would last for three years, a very good reason to keep it hidden for everyone and her son. The hormonal shot was to give Jamie a boost and wouldn't be repeated so it didn't matter. She could always explain it to her son as a painkiller.

Jamie was home before the day came to an end. The couch was her resting place. The rest of the day she was mostly asleep. Now and then she was awake and tried to see the result she was promised. The problem was that a bandage was in the way, but why? They were glued on, these prosthetic breasts, weren't they? Maybe pressure was needed to make it stick better? Ellen saw her trying to lift the bandage. Jamie's curiosity was getting too big.

“Stop that, you silly girl. That bandage is on there for good reasons. The main one is to prevent you from tampering with it.”



“Why? Does the glue really needs that long to work?”

“About that! The plans turned out a little bit different. I came to the conclusion that those prosthetics wouldn't be sufficient for a model like you. Therefore I have chosen the best thing next to real breasts, breast implants. What you have there will look and feel close to real.”

Jimmy had to swallow, more than once. Jamie didn't know what to say. There was one girl who did and she did it out loud.

“No way! Does my girl have real-looking breasts from now on? That's the best thing that could ever have happened. Ok, maybe not the best, but it is almost as good. May I see them, may I feel them? When?”

“The doctor said to wait a few days. Jamie is young and these changes aren't as demanding on a body as they used to be. The bandage around her neck has to stay a little longer.”

“But the photo shoots? The bandages and rest will be in the way. Wasn't she supposed to model some dresses for Mrs. Morley this week?”

“Yes and I already have moved it to next week. That means that she has to stay this way a few weeks longer than expected. You don't mind, do you Jamie? It's all for the best, for your future.”

Jamie didn't know what to say and Jimmy never could. He could make a drama of it all, but that wouldn't help, not him and not his mother. If he demand to have it undone, it wouldn't change the situation he was in, only his body. It would upset his mother and make everything even more difficult as it

already was. And Angie wouldn't like Jimmy for what he did to her Jamie. So he accepted the lesser of two evils.

Things were getting worse by the day and the only thing she could think about was the smile on Angie's face when she heard what happened. Jimmy had to admit that only Jamie would be able to become Angie's partner. Angie wanted a girlfriend, not a boyfriend, or was it something in between? His lower part was still alive and kicking. It just had when it realized what his upper part had become. The urge to stop this madness was fading with every day Jimmy stayed Jamie because Jamie got Angie's attention and that was what Jimmy needed to satisfy his urge for her. Jimmy didn't realize that Jamie was taking over. His mother's hopes would be coming true.

"No...no, I don't mind, Mom. It's what's best for Jimmy.

With those words Ellen knew that her hopes could come true, her hopes for having a daughter for the rest of her life. The fact that she heard not even a word of protest about the changes was enough to keep turning Jimmy into Jamie. His body was mostly done, now his mind was up. The hormones would help her with shaping both to her wishes. She wouldn't stop before his mind had accepted being Jamie, her daughter, forever.

For days Jamie only left the couch to do the bare necessities. The only thing that kept her company was a cell phone. Before he knew, it a week had passed. It was Saturday when Christine woke her up. Ellen had phoned her to make her ready; the shoot was moved to an earlier time window: that Saturday.

"Oh Aunty., Mom isn't here. She's already at the office."

“I know. That’s where she phoned me from to get you ready.”

“Ready for what? Has something happened? An accident? Is everything alright with Mom? Where is she?”

“She’s fine, but you won’t be if you keep wasting time. The shoot is today. Hurry and shower yourself and use this depilatory cream. Read the manual and cover yourself completely from the neck down.”

She was waiting in his bedroom and could hear him showering.

“Jimmy or Jamie, which do you prefer? You are walking around with breasts now and I don’t hear any complaint out of you. Does that mean that it is really what you want? I’ve seen your text, but I still have doubts. And how long are you keeping this up? Tell me and I will never ask this again. I will accept your choice. ”

Jimmy heard Christine. He had thought about it, more than once. His answer was clear.

“Yes, I want this. It may look and sound strange, but I want this. I’m doing this for Mother, I’m doing this for Angie and most importantly, I’m doing this for myself. How long? As long as necessary.”

Doing it for his mother and Angie was doing it for himself. Making them happy would make *him* happy. That was what he thought. Only the future could tell if it would turn out that way. That wouldn’t take longer than a month to know. That was what his mother had predicted him and he believed it. A month he could use to convince Angie of his qualities. Then things would turn back to normal and so would he.

“Ok then, let’s give you the right appearance. You have to be perfect when we get there or someone may see through it. But I must say having real looking breasts makes this a lot easier.”

She opened Jamie’s closet. It already had more clothes in it than Jimmy’s did. Angie and Ellen had been filling it the past days, leaving Jamie out of it so everything was their choice. Christine went this time for a more formal outfit. A pencil skirt and a white blouse, one with cleavage.

The only thing that wasn’t formal was the lingerie. Jamie was almost used to wearing corsets, but it was always a chore putting them on.

“Yes, that works fine. I can understand why Ellen wanted this, but you? All this for playing a model, as if there aren’t enough of those.”

“Aunty, what did you promise me? I have my reasons for playing a model, financial and private ones.”

He could tell her everything about Bob, his debt, Angie. Maybe it would change her view, but he didn’t. This was his problem and he was the one that would solve it. Besides, knowing Christine she would use an axe where she should use a scalpel. He would only lose and gain nothing. Therefore he was glad that she had accepted this, well, almost.

“Your hair is perfect, only your roots are starting to show. Your eyebrows too, but that’s easy to fix. You’re lucky that the hair fits you. It even refines your look some more. They will all love it as I do. Now, put on your shoes and step on it. We’re going to be late.”

They weren’t but to his surprise everybody else was there already.

“Angie, what are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be at your mother’s shop? Not that I’m complaining of course.”

“You don’t know yet. I’m your mother’s new assistant and this is my first day. My job is to boss you around, which I will do with pleasure. You hurry your ass in the dressing room and get it naked.”

“What? What are you talking about? Why should I get naked, are the dresses so tight? Then I can’t do this shoot.”

He whispered it through his teeth just loud enough for Angie to hear. She had to hold Jamie back or she would have run out of there.

“Don’t start panicking, dear. We would have taken that in consideration if they were. The fact is that there are no dresses today, only lingerie. Not much different from what you already are wearing.”

“No way, I can’t do this. They all will see me, the Jimmy me. This is madness. Why would you make me do this? It’s insane.”

“Don’t worry, we have made some adjustments. All the panties are gaffs. They look like the real deal and they will hide *your* ‘real deal’. We have to do some camouflage first of course. The gaffs aren’t as firm as the normal ones, but they are good enough.”

“That’s Ok then, but who was the idiot who booked me for a lingerie shoot and why didn’t you cancel it?”

“That was your idiot mother. You better ask her. Here she comes.”

She kissed her daughter as a mother would do, a mother like Ellen. That was something her son had never had the pleasure of before.

“Morning, beautiful. You look as stunning as ever, as my cousin should. I guess that Angie told you everything?”

“Not all. She hasn’t told me why I am doing a lingerie shoot. Have you gone mad? That’s the worst thing you could do. I thought that Mrs. Morley mainly fabricates wedding dresses. So why this?”

“You’re acting bitchy again, little girl. As your closest family member, I know what is best for you. Mrs. Morley’s shoot is going to be later. This is a special one with a special topic and a special price. They saw your picture on the cover and wanted to pay big for a big lingerie shoot. If you do this, your debt is mainly gone. That’s how important it is.”

“But Mom, I don’t have the right shape for this.”

That was the last attempt to escape of a deer that was caught in a snare and couldn’t run away anymore. Soon it would realize that it was trapped and that its fate was determined for the rest of its life.

“Well, you’re lucky. We already fixed a lot with the operation and all the lingerie sets have an over-bust corset in it. You’ll be shaped fine. Angie will give you an extra push to make it fit perfectly.”

Jamie wasn’t very confident in the result. But her mind was mostly trying to figure out how much they paid to make Ellen take so much risk.

They paid a good price for it, but not that big, just a little more than the normal compensation. Jamie’s mother just wanted to confuse her daughter...or was

it her son? She had to learn to love her new body and new life so she would stay that way permanently. And there was no better way than to make her the center of attention while the most sensual feelings rushed through her body and mind.

But first Jamie had to be confident in herself and that was a problem considering what she had between her legs. The gaff would help but she wasn't convinced that nobody would notice. Angie had a solution.

Jamie was naked under protest but to his surprise, nothing happened. He expected to show at least a little excitement but he didn't which scared him more than what was awaiting him. He had to talk to Angie about this. It wasn't really a subject to discuss with Christine or his mother. Angie was the best option and the opportunity for it would present itself very soon.

They both disappeared behind a closed and locked door. Angie acted as a professional. She had made sure that she was well informed. She had taken control of what was left of Jimmy.

“Into the abdomen, back to the groin and use skin to hide. That's should give the best result. That's what the video said. I only have to be careful that I don't use too much of that special glue for it.”

When done right it could even fool Jimmy and it did, but not without the special gaffs. They were expensive to be ready for this shoot but the important part was that they did what they were meant to do. If not he would have looked as ridiculous as he was afraid he did.

“Angie, I don't know how to say this, but haven't you noticed something strange about me?”

“No, you look as pretty and as female as can be. Your slender figure and the corset are enough to make the adjustments do what they were meant to do, make you the girl you are.”

“I mean that nothing showed itself. I’m aroused, but my male part didn’t react to anything. Isn’t that strange?”

“It’s Jimmy’s so why would Jamie react? You did what every girl would do. Show her appreciation without showing that thing.”

It wasn’t that Angie wasn’t curious about the real reason for this to happen. She still had a purpose for Jimmy’s thing, but only when it was handled by Jamie. She would discuss it with Ellen. If someone knew what was going on, then it had to be his mother. She didn’t doubt that Jimmy wouldn’t like her asking his mother and neither would Jamie.

The sets were flowered, printed, netted, lace, silk, glossy and colourful, but especially seductive. Not at all what Jamie thought they would be. Her nerves were gone as soon as the camera started its clicking. It didn’t take long before she started to enjoy the shoot, just what her mother was hoping for. It was late that night when Jamie was back. She still had her last set of lingerie on. Her mother said that she could keep it. She could keep it all, which brought a smile to Jamie’s face. That surprised her more than everything that already had happened that day. Why would she be liking the lingerie? But it had an advantage. Angie was sleeping over, in Jamie’s bed. She was eager to see the lingerie set back in its full glory. It didn’t take her long to find it. Her hands were the most hungry for it. Her eyes were doing their best too.

“Well sweetie, you did well today. I’ve enjoyed myself. I hope you did too, because this won’t be the last shoot you will be doing.”

“I did, but I think I have showed enough lingerie and me in it.”

“We’ll see. We’ll see, but for now we just are going to sleep. Tomorrow will be another busy day. Sleep well, my love.”

“But, but? Just sleeping? Nothing’s going to happen? Not even after a day like today? You are killing me. Why?”

“I told you, more than once. Only Jamie will have the full luxury of my company. Besides nothing works anymore and only Jamie’s tongue can tell me enough to please me, after I have taught her how of course. Oh and don’t worry about your deficiency. I asked around and it will only be a problem for Jimmy, not for Jamie. And you know who I prefer.”

He couldn’t believe what he heard. He knew now all too well that only Jamie would have a taste of Angie’s body, but her assessment of Jimmy’s wasn’t what he had anticipated. Angie was succeeding. Jamie was thinking of staying like this. That was not something Jimmy was looking forward to...or was he? He better finish those shoots as quickly as possible. Jimmy was very determined to do so, only Jamie wasn’t and she was becoming more dominant than Jimmy.

The next day was a rerun of the day before, well not exactly. It was dresses this time. That was a relief for Jimmy, but Jamie didn’t mind. She started to enjoy it more and more and Ellen noticed. Her plan worked, keeping Jamie into a bliss of femininity, hoping that

she would absorb it with conviction and never want it to let it go again.

With every new day, there was a new shoot. They were necessary to pay the debt, that was what Jamie was told. It became easier for Jamie to accept her new self with every picture that was taken and showed to the world.

The weeks passed by without her noticing it. The nights were warm because Angie kept her company every time, but nothing happened. That troubled Jimmy greatly. He lost all hope of being able to compete with Jamie. The weeks were almost over. The last shoot was planned to go in two days. He got a day to rest, because this was the most important one. It was Mrs. Morley's. Ellen had postponed it to the last moment. She had convinced her friend that it would only benefit the shoot when Jamie was totally emerged into her new job and life.

She wasn't wrong. Jamie was more herself and it showed. Jimmy was losing to Jamie, who had a little help from the hormones. Jimmy hadn't noticed that just yet. Jamie became more and more comfortable in her skin the longer she was in it. Everybody could see it and it made two people very happy. Christine was the only one who was worried.

"Jimmy, now your mother is at work and you finally have a day off, I can ask you how you feel after all this time. I was the last one to know that things were extended by a few weeks again. She said that you asked for it. It was to give you a chance to fix things. What things?"

"Please Aunty, call me Jamie and I feel great."

It was an answer that said everything and one that surprised Christine very much. She hadn't expected

that he was that far gone. He really was into this trans life. She wondered if this female side always had been a part of Jimmy and had only now come out. She wondered about a lot of things and she could never find a clear explanation, but it was real, especially when Jamie made it this clear.

Jimmy wasn't aware of the impact of his reaction. He couldn't even tell why he said it. It just felt like the right thing to do and say.

"Those things are almost fixed. It was something I had to do. Besides these have been wonderful weeks for me. I never would have believed that it could be so much fun modeling for shoots. It's been rewarding too, of course."

Christine knew right away that this was Jamie answering her question and that Jimmy definitely was turning into her. She would have blamed herself, but this was not her fault, this was Jimmy's. He was Jamie and only he could stop it. There was no one forcing him. That he had been manipulated wouldn't come to his mind. She never would think that Ellen would go that far and she had no idea of what Angie was capable of.

That night started as always, by Angie joining Jamie in bed. He was expecting the usual treatment, so you can imagine his surprise when he got something more than that.

"I can finally get a feel of those beauties."

They felt a little different than weeks ago when Jimmy touched them now that Jamie was doing the touching. Was it Jamie or was it more? It was more, but neither Jamie nor Jimmy were aware of the effects of the hormones.

“I want to show you what you will be missing from tomorrow on. Well, part of it anyway, because of the malfunction of yours. But if Jamie stays, I already have alternatives to take its place, very enjoyable alternatives. Maybe it needs time to get started. Let’s find out.”

And she did. She showed Jamie what it meant to be her girl, one who was reminded again of the loss of her most masculine part. Well, it did work but it took time and that was what Angie didn’t give her. When morning came, Jamie wouldn’t be so worried anymore that it was not working according to expectations. There were other ways to please as Jamie would learn. Angie was a good teacher.

“I’ll let my fingers do the walking, while your mouth can do more than just talking. Remember, you are entering unknown territory, but don’t worry. I’ll be your guide to finish it off.”

And finish it she did. But it wasn’t Jimmy that woke up in the empty bed, at least not the Jimmy he used to be. The weeks had passed, the shoots were over. There wasn’t a reason to stay Jamie, well not for the Jimmy who started this all. The birthday present could be returned. Jamie could soon be Jimmy again. If things went as they should, that’s what would happen. That night had only made things worse for him.

If being with Angie meant being Jamie, then he was in trouble. He was Jimmy, not Jamie, or was he? He couldn’t tell any more. Those last few weeks had been so confusing that he was doubting his own mind. The only thing he still was sure of was that Jamie could have it all and Jimmy could have nothing. Ellen loved her son, but even Jimmy knew that he wasn’t a daughter and Jamie could give her one.

He couldn't believe that he was considering staying with Jamie but it crossed his mind. He wasn't ready yet to make that decision. Maybe if Jamie would stay for another day, he would know more. Not that he would have any other choice. He still had the figure of Jamie. Jimmy couldn't come back if his body hadn't. But none of that mattered to Angie. She wanted her Jamie, in heart and soul. So if she couldn't have her completely, she didn't want her at all, which certainly excluded Jimmy.

The empty space next to him made that clear and if he doubted that, the note that was left would.

It said 'Bye Jimmy, tell Jamie to call me if she ever comes back.'

The biggest problem Jimmy had was that being with Jamie had changed him and he would never again be the Jimmy he used to be. Jamie would always be part of him. How big that part was, had yet to be determined. Whatever Jimmy had to face, it was Jamie who went downstairs in the red satin and lace boxers and top Angie had put her in. It made his mother smile.

"Morning Jamie, Angie is already gone. She didn't want to wait for Jimmy. By the way, you're looking red hot but also very tired. For Angie, I presume? So are you ready?"

]“Ready? Ready for what?”

“Well, you said that Jimmy would be back when the shoots ended and that was yesterday. That means that he can be back this afternoon. That also means that Jamie will be leaving me, us, forever.”

“Wow Mom, that’s quick. Do you mean that I already have to decide? I was thinking of staying Jamie for one more day.”

“That’s OK dear, but don’t forget that this Saturday all the girls are going to the spa and that means you too, Jamie. Jimmy isn’t invited, but Jamie’s presence is required...if she is still with us.”

Jamie had given her the answer she had wished for. If Jamie wasn’t in a hurry to return to being Jimmy, there was hope. A Jimmy in mind but not in body would still be a sign that her daughter was gone forever. But this was still Jamie. She just had to make sure that her daughter would make the right choice, even if she had to help her daughter a little bit with that.

Jamie forgot what her mother had said. She was busy with dealing with herself. The problem was that her mother didn’t give her any time for all this. The shoots were over, but she brought her anyway to the magazine. The reason was obvious, Angie. She welcomed them both with a kiss but on different places and for Jamie the kiss took a lot longer to end.

“Angie, you just said goodbye to me and here you are almost undressing me before I can take another step.”

“I wish, but you are right. I did say goodbye, but only because I never expected to see you again. Yet here you are. Does that mean that Jimmy isn’t coming back? It would be great news if so.”

“No, it isn’t and yes, he’s coming back. It’s his life after all. It belongs to him and not me. Jamie *can’t* stay, can she? ”

“Of course you can. It’s up to Jimmy. You only have to convince him of the joy of being Jamie. His life would be better, more glamorous, more satisfying and it would have me in it. Jimmy will have the time of his life in Europe. And you? As long as you are my girl, I’ll pay the checks. From now on you will only be modeling for me. Well, unless your mother needs you of course. Or when Mrs. Morley has a nice dress or maybe just to please. You don’t have to stop modeling. I think I can share you with the magazine covers as long as I’m there to admire you.”

Somehow that didn’t made things easier to accept for Jamie.

“Well, since Jamie is still here, we have to clean her up a bit.”

Jamie didn’t know what her mother meant with that but she soon would. She was dragged outside by her without a word. Angie stayed behind. Someone had to do the job and Ellen believed in her. Ellen was still the boss of course, but not the one she used to be.

The secretary wasn’t used to this new boss yet. Ellen had been more absent in the past few weeks than she had been in a decade. Who was this woman and what had happened to her? Where was the workaholic she once knew?

The answer was simple, she was on her way to the beauty salon. The workers there were also surprised, but nevertheless made room in their schedule for the duo.

“Morning, Miss Kazynski, what can we do for you?”

“For me the usual, but for this loveliness next to me, a lot.”

Jamie got her natural blonde hair color back, longer eyelashes than before, dark lips and nails, *all* her nails. But most importantly, she finally got her ears pierced. But no word of protest came out of her mouth, as if it was the most natural thing for her to do. For starters, the earrings she got were very expensive. Not that Jamie knew that. They were a gift from Ellen; red diamond flower stud earrings that nobody could miss, even when they were hiding behind her now blond hair.

“Here, for my new daughter and only for her. They would look bad on my son.”

“Mom, they are great. I love them and this new look too.”

When she said it she knew that those were not Jimmy’s thoughts. Why would Jimmy ever say something like that? But she was Jamie, so why not say it? Well, because she couldn’t be Jamie, she was Jimmy. At least that was what she kept telling herself. Jamie was just a phase, one that was meant to end. It just didn’t have to end that day. She could decide that the next day. That gave her the opportunity to enjoy today without worrying about Jimmy.

“Mom, I think I’ll need another day as Jamie, maybe even two. I will have time enough to be Jimmy, but he can’t have the fun Jamie has, not with you and surely not with Angie. Yes, a few more days will do.”

Ellen smiled. Having Jamie a few days longer was just a small victory, but that Jamie asked for it herself was a big one.

When they were done at the salon, Ellen had a new daughter. The inside was the same, but the outside was a younger version of herself. Her hair wasn’t as

blond as her mothers, but it made her look more like a genetic reproduction of the original. Ellen saw the daughter she could have had and the one she would never let go again. Her son had to die so that her daughter could live. They just had signed his death sentence.

“Damn, Miss Kazynski, your cousin looks like you. She did before, but now she could be your daughter.”

“She sure could be. Maybe I should adopt her? Get rid of my son and take this girl as his replacement. What do you think, cousin?”

“What I think, Aunty, is that it’s way too early to make such a drastic decision. Maybe you still need your son in your life?”

“Do I? I don’t think so. You’re all I need. If he doesn’t come back from Europe, I think I can live with only a daughter beside me.”

“That’s a little harsh, isn’t, it Miss Kazynski?”

“It is, but I have to be when it comes to Jimmy. Besides it seems that he likes not being my son. So until he comes back, I’ll have to do with this girl here. Yes I think I will adopt her. I’m the closest thing to a mother she ever will have. She doesn’t exist for the rest of her family.”

“Ooh, I’m sorry to hear that, Miss Kazynski.”

“Don’t be. She loves it here and I have family enough for her. What do you think about me presenting you to my family, Jamie?”

“I think that it would be an enormous shock to a lot of people. Besides, you never know when Jimmy

will be back. He only will tell you a day in advance. It will be a spur-of-the-moment decision.”

“That’s true, dear. Well, what do you think? Will Jimmy be calling me today to tell us that he is coming back to take his rightful place? Will he join us tomorrow or will he need another day to think about it?”

“I’m not sure but I guess that he would have called already if he intended to come back tomorrow. I think he needs more time.”

“I guess you’re right and he can have all the time he needs. For now I have to spend my time with you. So let’s go shopping. You need some things to fill the empty space in your closets.”

“What empty space? Yesterday it was stacked with clothes.”

“Yesterday, but today I have asked Christine to remove everything from Jimmy’s side until he returns. Or do you have a problem with that?”

“Of course not, Future Mother dear. Why would I?”

The sound of her voice said the opposite of her words. But it wasn’t Jamie that was angry. It was the Jimmy part that was still there that felt betrayed. He felt he was being manipulated into a corner. That couldn’t have happened without his help. Jimmy felt as if he was attending his own burial. This was another bridge being burned to prevent him from taking the road back home. If he didn’t make himself heard, nobody would listen to him anymore. It turned out to be the best opportunity for Jimmy to return and maybe he would have if Angie hadn’t come in at that moment.

“I see that I’m just in time to take over from your mother. Blond, my girl is a cute blond again. And you know what they say about blonds having more fun. What do you think, my love, shall we find out? And if you want keep on having fun, you better not leave me. Not tomorrow, next month or next year. For now, though, I’ll take it day-by-day, just as you do.”

And Jamie would take it from then on day by day, postponing the verdict to the next day, a better moment, whatever excuse extended the deadline. Every morning Angie would ask if that day would be the last and every morning Jamie would answer ‘no’ until Angie stopped asking and Jamie stopped being Jimmy forever.

Ellen smiled while Angie pulled Jamie after her to wherever she intended to find that fun. She knew that whenever Angie was with Jamie, her daughter would never think about being her son again. She would never be prepared to lose Angie for him. So Ellen would make sure that Angie was there to remind Jamie of that every day, even when she wasn’t aware of it. And if this relationship ever would end, she would make sure that Jimmy was no more somehow, some way. She intended to insure that only Jamie would be left, the daughter she always longed for. The one birthday gift she never wanted to return.

###