

Not Liam, Leah



Chapter 1

Pulling his Suzuki Thunder motorcycle into a parking space, he moved down his kickstand and turned off the engine. Liam smiled as he ran his fingertips over the surface of the bike as it rested in the parking space it belonged in when it belonged to his friend Bailey. The engine needed to be almost completely replaced, he liked his friend. The guy taught him a lot and helped him realize being five foot four didn't mean he couldn't get plenty of tail. It was all about confidence and persistence, but the man did not take care of his bike. When he mentioned him and his girlfriend, a hot woman almost in her forties named Amanda was strapped for cash he made an offer. A little pushing with the fact he couldn't afford to fix it and he was able to buy the thing off him for a sweet deal. Bailey was now gone, just up and left and he couldn't really blame the man. Sure it was probably great to get a free ride on his girlfriend's dime and she was hot as hell, but she always seemed like a frigid kind of bitch to him. Things changed when he met her daughter at the mall, he of course didn't know it was her daughter. It was funny when he figured it out, and the fact she had a teen daughter with the same name as Bailey must have been just another reason why he left. It was such a power move to just up and leave one day. No note, no nothing, just off into the wind to go forge his way through life somewhere else. Liam ran his fingers through his long brown hair that just touched his collar, something else he did like his friend. Bailey had told him how girls love to run their fingers through his hair and with most guys keeping theirs short it helped him stand out from the pack. He was surprised Bailey hadn't mentioned moving on to his brother Chuck at least, they had been best friends for years, but he just figured Bailey would reach back out when he got himself setup again. Chuck on the other hand had filed a missing persons report, getting the police involved was always a mistake, but Chuck always thought he knew best.

Climbing the steps to get to Bailey's apartment, Liam couldn't help to do anything other than smile. Bailey Ann Best was a hot little thing as was her friend Candi, both were blonde with green eyes, making him think they were sisters or even twins when he first met them and while he was good enough to score her digits at the mall Bailey hadn't been very responsive, but thanks to Chuck things had turned around. He was apparently sleeping with Bailey's Aunt, Chuck had shown him a picture of her. Megan Rose Best was a blue eyed blonde woman with a large chest. Bailey wasn't as endowed as her or her mother, but it was a good indicator of how she would look as she got older. Chuck had set up a double date, Liam, Megan and Bailey the previous night and it had gone perfectly.

Liam of course bailed on the entertainment portion of the evening, a nice dinner was great, but he was thrilled when Bailey agreed to go with him to a frat party instead of a stuffy orchestra. He wasn't even sure where that came from, Chuck

had never gone to something like that in his life. Dinner was okay, but on the way to the party he could hear his date getting off on the vibrations from the motorcycle. He could hear a bit of her moaning and the way she held him tight was enough incentive for him to take the highway so she could really feel something. The idea of making his date's panties wet as she orgasmed on the way to the party had made his pants feel much tighter, but that was for later.

The frat party was okay, cheap beer that he didn't care much for, but Bailey seemed excited. She was only eighteen, so it made sense she didn't know anything about what good and bad beer was. He wasn't part of the frat or ever attended college, but he was twenty three with more than a few friends that attended. He played a few rounds of beer pong that he and Bailey lost easily and then they moved on to playing a drinking card game called ring of fire. He had a good buzz going and knew he had the right idea when he got permission to crash here for the night, but Bailey was absolutely blitzed. She kept saying how happy she was to be able to drink again, but she wasn't fooling him. With her tolerance he wasn't even sure she had ever had a beer in her life.

When he had her on the couch she would pull away a little when he went to kiss her, but she seemed to melt into him once he pulled her close. She would try and push him away, or push his hand away from her leg, but he knew it was all an act. They had texted frequently the days coming up to the date, she loved to tease him and had told him how she liked to be tied up. Or specifically she liked handcuffs and the ball gag. Any girl that tells her date that or admits to wanting a three way was looking for a specific kind of evening. He was tired of her playing hard to get so he added a little something to her drink to help her calm down. A little rohypnol and ecstasy he hoped would do it.

He had taken the combination himself before, it gave him the relaxation feeling from rohypnol, while allowing him to stay awake longer to feel the happiness and pleasure the ecstasy brought, and the combination kept away the overheating problem. He didn't need the relaxation tonight, but a little ecstasy was going to make this night so much better with the hot little thing on his arm.

That seemed to be the right answer because when he brought her up to one of the bedrooms she didn't fight him at all. She seemed confused when he bound her hands behind her back and when he used the bar to separate her feet. "Wha.. what are you doing Liam?" The girl wasn't bright, like being slow to answer what two times two was, kind of slow. "You said you liked bondage right?" When she tried to look at her hands behind her back she had almost fallen with the bar holding her heeled feet apart, he wasn't sure if that was more from being drunk or her natural ditzyness, but he had caught her. "Yeah, I like do.. But..." He had kissed her then, with her hands tied behind her back her chest was just too sexy

being thrust at him as he held her. She told him what he wanted to hear and was a little surprised she was talking about butt stuff. Most girls didn't go for anal.

While kissing her he pulled her top up to expose her breasts, the girl hadn't even been wearing a bra and he had been looking forward to doing this all night. "No, stop... .ahhh, ohhhh ahhh, ah, ah, LIAM... LIAM... AH, AH, ohhh....." He loved hearing her go as his lips left her lips and moved to her nipples. He moved his fingers around and pinched the nipples on her left breast while he took the right in his mouth. When he had given one enough attention he swapped, her breasts were a good handful, and while he liked a girl with a bigger chest he was more than happy with hers.

When he knew her motor must be running he moved around behind her and pulled up her leather skirt and bent her forward. He could literally feel her trembling in anticipation, trying to say something between her panting, but he could literally feel how wet she was when he moved his dick to her pussy. She was in desperate need of a good fucking and enjoyed every second of it. Even with how drunk she was and the little helper pill he could feel her squeezing his cock inside of her as he fucked her from behind. The memory of that was getting him turned on, but that was also the purpose of the visit. She was gone when he woke in the morning, but he couldn't blame her. If he woke first he would have done the same thing and maybe that meant she was the type of girl who was happy with something physical instead of getting all touchy feely.



After he had her he remembered how she just lay face down on the bed where he put her. He had her on her knees, ass out and facing the door so she could see it when Lucas, one of his college friends came into the room. Liam would absolutely rather have a threeway with another girl, but this way Bailey got her desire and allowing Lucas to have a piece meant he was able to borrow the room for the night and secured future party invites. She just kept repeating the same phrase over and over again. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god." Like some valley girl record that got stuck. It made him wish he had paid for next day shipping for that ballgag, but it would be arriving soon and Liam imagined he was going to have a lot more fun with her in the days to come.

It was a big surprise when Chuck showed up in the doorway to the bedroom. Lucas had his cock in Bailey's mouth, while he was fucking her from behind again, saving her ass for another time. "Mmm! UHHH... UHHH..!" Bailey had practically screamed seeing his brother and he wasn't sure if she wanted him to join in or was upset that Lucas had stopped fucking her face. "Hey.. ahh Chuck, we are kinda in the middle of something. Unless you are going to join in and if you did I hoped you brought along your date... please fuck off."

Liam had given Bailey's ass a good slap to try and calm her down as she bucked and wiggled. He watched his brother take in the sight of Bailey being spit roasted and the smirk that formed on his face. With all the wiggling Lucas's dick came free from her mouth with a pop. "Help." He remembered her saying before Lucas put his dick back in her mouth. "I got what she wants right here, no need to beg for it."

"Came to give you this, wouldn't have but Megan said you might get in trouble without it." Chuck had tossed his wallet to the floor in the room. "The offer is tempting, but I left Megan in the car and as it is we are missing the opening. Also Liam... put a fucking sock on the door." Liam was glad he left it would have been super awkward if he took him up on the offer, but the chance to fuck Bailey and her hot Aunt in the same night was super tempting.

After the three of them had their fun, Liam had crashed hard and considering how Bailey didn't move at all as he took the position of the big spoon he figured she had passed out the second her head hit the pillow. Now he was knocking on the door hoping for a round two when it was just the two of them. No answer came, so he knocked some more and as he was ready to leave he saw her coming up the steps. She was wearing a white cami top, short cotton pink shorts and a pair of pink converse shoes.

"LIAM!" Her voice squeaked in surprise. He wanted to play it cool so he leaned

his shoulder into the wall next to the door and gave her his best smile. “Hey there yourself, beautiful.”

“Wha... wha like what are you doing here?” In a few minutes, you he thought.

“Oh you know, I was in the area. I had a slight hangover and didn’t feel like going into work today, so I called in. Figured I would come see my girl, now come over here and give me a kiss.”

He watched her look down at the pink key in her hand, then to the door and finally him. Liam figured she was thinking the same thing as him and deciding where in the apartment they were going to fuck. Tired of waiting, the ditzy girl took too long to make up her mind so he walked over to her and pulled him into his arms to kiss her. The silly girl almost stepped backwards onto the steps. “Come on, show me your place. I would love to see it.” He said putting his hand on the small of her back and guiding her towards the door.

“Ahh, Liam I can’t have anyone over, my umm Mommy is out of town.” It was cute how nervous she was to show him her place.

“We will make it quick and I promise not to tell your... Mommy. So long as you promise to be a good girl for me.” He wasn’t planning on hanging out with her anyhow so a quickie sounded perfect.

“I am a good girl and proud.” She answered quickly like it was an automatic response or she was worried he wouldn’t think she was a good girl, but good girl or bad made little difference to him. “Okay, but like real quick.”

The place was much like he remembered it from the one other time he came here, but this time the door to what he thought before was a guest bedroom was open and he could see the girly room. His old friend Bailey had never mentioned his girlfriend having a teen daughter, but he may have been saving the girl for himself. Bailey’s loss was his gain, heck with him out of the picture he wondered what the odds were of talking this girl's Mom into having a threesome with the two of them. That would be incredibly hot and satisfying knowing he could pull more than his old friend.

“This is umm like the kitchen and the dining room and the living room.. Small apartment ya know? But like that is pretty much it for the tour.” He saw her fingers tapping on the back of the couch as she leaned on it. It seemed like she had picked where they were going to have their fun and as much as he enjoyed

the idea of bending her over the armrest of the couch he had made up his mind where it was really going to happen.

“We both know there are two bedrooms, let me just take a quick peek.” She took a few steps toward her bedroom before flipping her hair over her shoulder to look back at him. The way she batted her eyes, fluttering those long lashes made him want her more. The girl sure knew how to tease a man. Coming into the room she sat down on the bed, moving to remove her shoes. “Sorry, like just a sec I need to take these off. They are totally hurting my feet for some reason.”

He glanced around the room, seeing a vanity with a mirror framed by lights, a white dresser with little horse figurines or something on it. Her bed even had a pair of ballet slippers hanging from the bedpost. It all told the story of Bailey being the girliest girl he had ever slept with. Looking over at Bailey as she took off her shoes he noticed her give him a sheepish smile, a contrast between how she was so much more outgoing once she had a beer in her. Liam thought how he was a good bit like her before her Mom’s old boyfriend helped him out, but if she thought they were going to do it here in her bedroom she was wrong. Well wrong today at least. He was going to have her in the master bedroom. “You have a cute bedroom.” Her blush only encouraged him more.

“Show me your Mom’s room real quick, then I want to show you something.” He watched her head tilt to the side just slightly and blink her long lashed eyes, with her small smile and almost vacant look he wondered if enticing her like that with something would always make her get lost in her own thoughts.

“Like real quick though right? Cause like, then you have to leave.”

Making an X over his chest near his heart, Liam smiled at her. “Cross my heart, when I leave the master bedroom I will be on my way and I will leave you happy as can be.”

She nodded and then walked past him out the door and down the small hallway. He noticed she was walking on the balls of her feet as she passed a bathroom and opened the door to her mothers bedroom. “So like here it is... like what is it you wanted to show me?”

“Something I know you will like.” Liam said as he picked Bailey up and moved her to the bed, dropping her on it. He wanted to toss her on the bed, she was small, but even she was an inch taller than him. Something he noticed when he stood next to her today, the first time he had seen her not wearing heels. He was

never the strongest guy around and tossing her was out of the question. “No, stop, let me down!”

“You are down.” Liam had never been one able to just pick a girl up, but he had seen his brother do it from time to time playfully. Girls seemed to always act the same, like they didn’t want it to happen, yet he knew for a fact they loved the idea of having a man strong enough to pick them up like that. He picked up a few things from an online book called A man’s guide to things a woman really wants, but won’t say it out loud. “I wanted to show you a good time.” He said kicking off his boots and lowering his pants.

“Liam, no.. no please we can’t do this this, like you don’t understand.” He pulled his shirt off over his head and climbed on the bed, looming over her as she crawled backwards toward the headboard. “I understand plenty, and I love how you always play hard to get when we both know you can’t wait for my cock.”

“NMMMMM!” Liam had grabbed the back of her hair and pulled her head up to his so he could kiss her. He kissed her hard and with her wanting him so bad she already had her mouth open for him to press his tongue into her mouth. He could feel her body quack and shiver in excitement at what was about to happen. She pushed on his chest, but the pushing turned into grabbing as his hand moved under her shirt to start to play with her breasts. Her nails hurt slightly as they dug into him, but a little pain with the pleasure only encouraged him further. Bailey’s tits had to be the quickest way to turn her on, minus riding on his bike. Just a little bit of attention and she was literally pulling him into her.

When he pulled on her shorts and panties to come down she kicked her legs, wrapping them around him, she was in a rush for this just like he was. When she said a quickie, it seemed it was because she needed him now not later. When he leaned back from kissing her to reach over to his pants to get a condom she sat up. “Hold on there, beautiful, just getting a condom.” He pushed her down again, but what she said next surprised him. “No... you don’t need it.. We are...” He cut her words off as he kissed her deeply again. Condoms were a problem for him, he wasn’t the biggest guy down there and they did cut down on the feeling and it seemed Bailey agreed with him and if she was on birth control like she was about to say it didn’t matter so much.

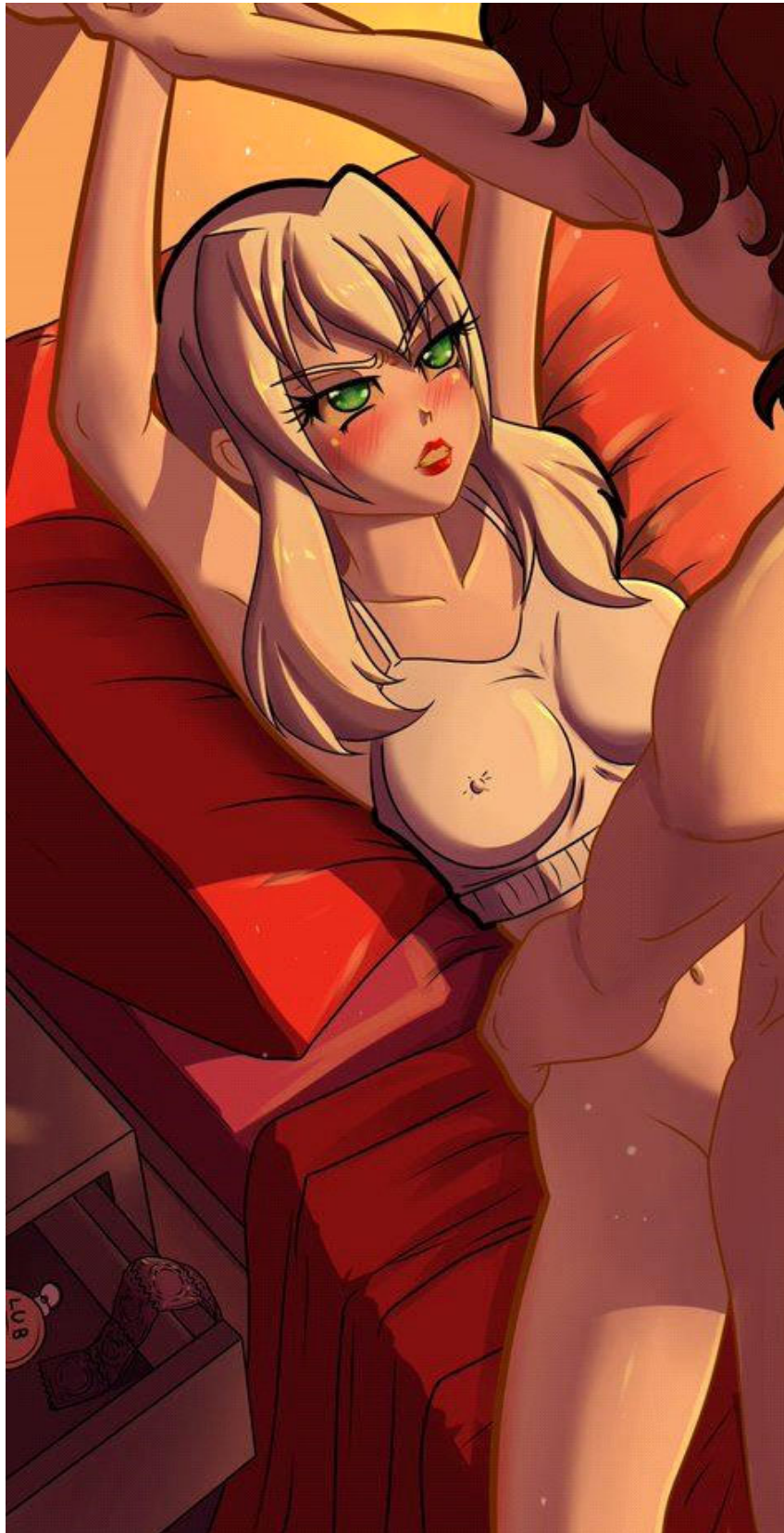
He slipped his fingers into her pussy, his middle finger going deep in her, while he used his thumb to play with her clitoris. Right away she started to cry out in ecstasy, she was so easy to turn on and he loved it. “Eh, eh, eh, eh... ah.. Please.. Eh, eh, eh.. Oh my god... oh my god.. Sto..ah, eh, eh ahhhhh!” He moved his other

free hand to play with one of her nipples.

“You are loving this, want me to stop and move on?” She closed her eyes tightly and nodded her head with so much vigor he thought she would hurt herself if it slammed into the headboard. She wanted to move on to the main event, and he couldn’t blame her, he did too. So he slid his fingers from her and pressed the head of his cock to her pussy, smiling down at her. Seeing her chest rise and fall, he loved seeing her breasts move and the large blush on her cheeks and couldn’t wait to hear her call out her name again. Pushing inside of her felt fantastic. She was so tight and wet like last night, but this time he wasn’t drunk and could truly appreciate her as she bucked her hips. He knew girls did kegels, but the way her pussy tightened around his dick was like she wanted him inside of her and never wanted to let go. “Oh god it shouldn’t feel good.” He heard cry out.

She was still inexperienced if she thought such things, and seemed to not know what to do with her hands, so he pressed them above her and held them still as he thrust in and out as fast as he could. “Tell me you want it. Tell me you want my cock hard and fast!”

“Eh, eh, eh, eh, ahhhhh... I eh, I want it.. Ah ah, I want your cock hard and fassssst.” He could hold out for a long time when he had to, but she wanted a quickie, so that is what he gave her and soon he was cumming inside of her. “Ah, ah, god Bailey you are so tight! Ah, ah, ahhh! Girl if you think that feels good, wait till next time. We can take it nice and slow.”



Taking a second to catch his breath he grabbed Bailey by the back of her head and kissed her. It was more tender than the last time, but the girl was probably trying to keep herself from falling in love with him as she made an effort to not meet his eyes. "Wow that was fantastic, Bailey you are an amazing fuck. Can't wait to do this again, I will hit you up." Climbing off of her, Liam got dressed and headed out the bedroom door. Sparing just a single look at his lover, who hadn't moved a single inch other than to close her eyes.

As Liam made his way back to his motorcycle he whistles a little tune, life couldn't get much better than it had and he was looking forward to what the future meant for him and his little fuck bunny.

Chapter 2

It was two days later when he got a text from Bailey, he had only bothered to send a single text letting her know he would hit her up another time. He didn't want her to fall in love with him or something stupid like that, but it had been a few days and he was happy to see a message from her and the idea of seeing her again. He didn't even mind that she insisted on calling him Liam when he was trying to get everyone to call him Lee.

Li: I will hit you up another time for when we can hook up.

Bailey: I have waited long enough, I need 2 see u Liam.

Li: Oh? You ready to have it again?

Bailey: When is like the next time u have your house 2 yourself?

Li: If you tell me you want my cock I will tell you when you can come over for it.

Bailey: What like if I don't want it?

Li: You want it, admit it

Bailey: Not like smooth

Li: Kinda busy here babe, I will talk to you later

Bailey: No.. like I want it... I want your cock.

Li: I knew you did, silly girl always playing hard to get.

Li: I will cut out of work early tomorrow, take a half day.

Li: Be at my place at one, we will have the place to ourselves. Can you get here on your own?

Bailey: I can take an uber.

Li: See you then

He smiled to himself, his boss wasn't going to be happy he took a partial day, but it was going to be worth it. It sounded like she wanted to be alone with him and if he didn't take the time to coordinate with his brother then there was no telling if

he would be home too, unless they did something in the middle of the day like this. With a small shake of his head Liam put his phone back in his pocket and thought about how happy he was that the handcuffs and ball gag had arrived so the two of them could have some real fun. Most girls he would have tried to be smoother, but Bailey knew what this was and they both were getting what they wanted from each other. He got a great piece of ass and she got a strong man to dominate her, it was a great match. Later that night he got a few more texts from the girl and it only made him look forward to leaving work the following day more.

Bailey: So like, could u leave a key under a rock or something 4 me?

Li: A key? You trying to move in already?

Bailey: Like no... I was going to come over early 2 get ready

Bailey: Do you want 2 c me in something sexy?

Li: Key will be under the doormat, make sure you are wearing heels

Li: The higher the better

Bailey: Anything for u!

Laying there in bed Liam pumped his arms in excitement. "Yes, yes, yes!" Falling asleep for him was difficult, like a child knowing the next morning was Christmas, but he knew the present he got to unwrap was going to be truly what he wanted to play with. When he did finally get to sleep he kept waking up and looking at his phone's time, like he was worried about sleeping through his alarm and when it finally went off he felt more tired than he had when he went to bed.

Pushing himself up he stretched before taking a long hot shower to try to bring some life into himself. He was going to need to pick up one of those five hour energy drinks to make sure he was awake and ready enough for this afternoon. With little else on his mind he headed off to [work.It](#) was his turn for rotation to work the counter at the repair shop and that meant more idle time on his hands and he hated desk duty, but it was fair.

Everyone took a turn, it paid a steady hourly rate and it made sure you made some money on a slow day, but if the shop was busy and you were quick with your repairs it meant a smaller paycheck. Today was his day and he was more than happy to cut out early, it was just so boring. He missed the hot little redhead that used to work the counter, she was so full of snark and while she wouldn't sleep with any of them, she sure loved to flirt. Seeing the hot piece of ass made coming to work a little bit better, but the owner decided her position was one that could be cut. Not for the first time he wondered if he should try to find her on social media, maybe she just had a no sleeping with coworkers type rule.

With how things were going with his current piece Liam felt more than confident enough and when he found her online he sent a friend request to Callie Curious. He loved her name, Caroline Curious. With a last name like that he always kinda pictured her as a cat lover and could easily imagine her as a cat girl from one of the anime shows he had watched. To pass the day he talked with her over the social media chat, but told her work was picking up so he had to go, when it was time for him to leave. The old man that ran the place mentioned thin ice about him taking time off, but he tended to say that to anyone no matter how much vacation time they had built up.

Pulling up to the house his brother and him rented he didn't see any cars in the driveway, but he didn't really expect that with Bailey saying she was taking an uber. Checking under the doormat showed the key was gone and his anticipation rose. Opening the door the house was still dark, and he thought she had left them off to create the right atmosphere for them. "Honey, I'm home!" He called out as he shut the door behind him. When no reply came he looked around the room, seeing his house key sitting on the table by the tv in the living room. "Are we playing hide and seek?"

Still no reply, but still he smiled. Taking off his boots and leaving them by the door he slowly started to remove his shirt as he crept through the house thinking she was waiting for him in her bedroom. Or maybe his brothers if she wanted to do it in the master bedroom like he had. When he opened his bedroom door he saw some clothes laid on the bed. A set of lacy baby blue teddy bodysuit, garter belt, white stockings and a pair of thin stiletto heels that might have been six inches. "Oh boy..." Liam said letting out a breath, thinking that Bailey must have been later than she expected if she wasn't dressed yet and he was very much looking forward to her wearing all of this. As he took a few more steps into the room he also saw a styrofoam head with a long blonde wig that had a wavy curl to it that would probably go to mid back. "She is going to go all out, I should have texted her to check her eta." He turned around figuring she was in the bathroom doing makeup or something and he could just relax with a beer till she was done, but he was shocked to see his brothers girl, Megan standing in front of him.

"What are you...MMMMAHAAH!" Liam's words were cut off as she stepped forward and shoved a cloth over his mouth and nose and grabbed the back of his head with her other hand. He tried pushing her away, but he fell to the floor as she pushed him backwards deeper into his room. The rag smelled funny and he wasn't sure what was going on, why was Chuck's girl here? Where was Bailey? "I heard you like to use drugs on girls before you sleep with them." Her voice was hard and even though they had tumbled to the floor she never let up on keeping the cloth over his nose and mouth. He tried to push her off or get her arm to give, but everything seemed to be getting slower and darker, and darker, till he knew

he was able to pass out.



Chapter 3

His mind felt fuzzy, like all of his thoughts were out of focus and as he opened his eyes, he realized he had a massive headache the second the light touched his eyes. He was in the living room sitting near the kitchen table, but things felt wrong. He

tried to move and found he couldn't get up from the chair and as he went to look down long blonde hair fell to block most of his vision. He thought it might be Bailey leaning over him, but when he went to talk he realized not only was his jaw sore, but he had been gagged and feeling it with his tongue it felt like a sphere was jammed between his teeth and strapped to his head. Things started to come back to him, how Megan had practically tackled him and held a rag over his face till he passed out.

"Look who is awake. I bet you aren't feeling so good about drugging my niece right about now and sticking your dick where it wasn't wanted." Megan said, taking small steps as she walked in a circle around her captive.



She felt incredibly guilty for what he did to Bailey, Bailey deserved a lot, but not what Liam did. With how often Bailey cheated on her sister, back when he wasn't pretending to be her daughter it served him right to have to suck a dick or two. Being plied with alcohol, roofied and then raped was different. Liam had tied her up and had his way with her and then invited one of his friends to come join in was disgusting and to make it all worse she had been out in the car waiting on Charles to give Liam his wallet while it happened. Charles had seen Bailey tied up and being treated like that as she did her best to plead with him for help and Charles just let it happen. Both him and Liam were going to pay. "I gave you a

little bit of a makeover, here let me show you.”

Megan moved to the bathroom and pulled out the cheap long mirror she had picked up from the store so she could show Liam his current look. She put it down in front of him and was please to see his eyes bug out. “AHHHH MEMEMEM WHHHHT!” He yelled into the red ballgag.

“Thrash all you like, but I’m betting that will only excite Lucas.” In the mirror Liam saw a young blonde woman, her long blonde hair looked to have a natural wavy curl and her hair went down to maybe mid back. She wore the sexy outfit he saw on his bed earlier, the blue teddy bodysuit, the garter belt and white stockings with lacy tops attached by suspender, her feet ending in sexy shoes that a woman would only wear because she wanted to be fucked. Her chest wasn’t massive, at maybe a B cup, but with how excited she looked her chest heaved and then there was her makeup. It was overly done, made to entice. She was handcuffed to the chair and her feet were tied to the legs and firmly in her mouth was a red ball gag. She looked like something out of a porn movie, and as much as he would love to look at and have that woman he felt panic run through his body knowing this bitch was having him look in a mirror. She had transformed him into this somehow and then she mentioned his friend Lucas. “MmMMM WUKUS.”

“I’m not sure what you are saying dear, but I do have it on good authority that Liam got a sexy girl to get all dressed up and ready for Lucas as a thank you.” Megan held up Liam’s phone and waggled it in front of his face, making it difficult for him to make out the text messages.

“People really should lock their phones, anyone can just pick them up and pretend to be the owner. It says here that Liam got you, Leah to agree to be tied up for a little fantasy. Yes Leah is your name and I’m sure you are just going to love the attention Lucas gives you. Don’t worry about him finding out your little secret, he is just coming over to use your mouth. Though I didn’t tuck your tiny little dick away, so try not to get hard or he might notice.” Megan moved the mirror over to the wall next to the television and then walked behind her captive. With a little work she unbuckled the ball gag and pulled it free. “How does that feel?”

Liam spit on the floor the only thing he could taste was rubber and what he assumed was the lipstick. She had done something with it to make his lips look so much bigger. “Hahaha you psycho bitch, you had your fun. If you wanted me to stay away from your precious niece you could have just fucking asked. Now untie me.” He felt humiliated, but he sure as hell wasn’t going to let her know she had

scared him shitless with that Lucas bullshit. Soon as he got himself looking like himself he was going to call up Bailey, not only was he not going to leave that piece of ass alone he now wanted to make the girl fall in love with him just so her Aunt will know she had no real power.

He craned his neck to see what she was doing behind him, she moved her hands in front of his face and he missed seeing what she was doing as the hair got in his way. "What are yo.... Uh.. uh." His words turned to unintelligible sounds as something was placed inside his mouth, holding it open once more. He felt the binding tightening behind his head and instead of a taste of rubber, this time it was rubber and plastic, that seemed to have little grooves in it to secure his teeth.

Walking in front of him Megan touched her finger to his mouth, he tried to pull his head away, but he didn't have far to go. He felt her finger reach inside his mouth and touch his tongue. "There Leah, what you have in your mouth right now is called an O ring. It will help keep your teeth out of the way and your mouth open so you can pleasure Lucas. After he is done we can talk about how big he was and how much you loved sucking his cock and just how delicious you found the taste of his cum." Liam shook his head and thrashed in the chair "Just some words of advise, the better job you do. The faster it will go."

She ignored the sounds he made as she went over to the corner of the room and made sure the camera she had setup had the right angle. She stood there for about another twelve minutes before she heard a car pull up. Looking out the window she saw it wasn't Charles, so she hit record and made sure to go hide in the bathroom without getting on camera.

"Hello! Any one... oh wow." Lucas, a five foot ten man of asian descent came into the house rubbing his hands together seeing the sexy young thing tied up for him just like Liam said. "Liam wasn't kidding when he said he had a kinky hot blonde for me. I thought it might be that same girl from last night, but you... you girl are much hotter with how you presented yourself."

As Luck moved closer, his hand already rubbing his crotch Liam shook his head, trying to look his friend in the eye so he would realize it's him. "Wukus! WUKUS OOO HHHH..." He tried to say his name so he realized they knew one another, saying words like no and help were pointless without being able to move his mouth.

"Personally I'm not that big on the tied up and rape fantasy, but damn girl the way you play your part has got me all sorts of turned on." Lulus ran his hand across her chin as she jerked her head away. He bent down to run his fingers

across her stocking covered leg. “If this is your kinky fantasy then your wish has come true Leah.” Lucas unzipped his pants and pulled out his semi hard dick. It made Liam thrash more to the point that he almost caused the chair to fall over. It would have too if Lucas hadn’t caught him and righted the chair.

“Here you go, just what you want.” Lucas held the blonde girl under her jaw and slipped his dick into her mouth. She tried to shake her head and pulled back, but he held her still and each movement caused his dick to just slide around in her mouth. The wet warmth of it caused his dick to expand. As his dick got harder and he started to buck his hips and fuck her face. He loved a girl who made noise when having sex and this one couldn’t help be as loud as possible with his dick in her mouth.

“God this is so hot.” He said as the girl moved her body moaning in pleasure as he held her face, thrusting his manhood in her mouth. He quickly could feel his pre-cum shoot into her mouth, he was getting so close to blowing his load. He pulled her closer to his crotch wanting her to deep throat him. Gulg, gulg, gulg, gulg the sound filled his ears as his dick just slid into the back of her throat. “Oh girl, yeah that’s it take it all!”

“Lucas, what the fuck are you doing in my house?” Chuck came in the house and saw one of Liam’s drinking buddies standing by his dining room table getting a blowjob from a girl handcuffed and bound to a chair. He didn’t see Liam’s bike out front and wondered whose car that was in the driveway, but now it was clear. Liam probably gave him the key so he had a place for some privacy. That was something difficult to get when you were living in a frat house.

Lucas stopped moving, looked down into the blue eyes of the blonde girl, they looked to be full of tears from the deep throat action. “I ahh... Liam invited me over. Said this girl Leah was looking for a good time and that she had a bondage fantasy.”

Chuck ran his hand through his hair and let out a sigh as he tossed his keys into the bowl by the door and his loose change. “I don’t want to see you fuck her, hurry up and get out of here while I get a beer.”

“AHHH MMMMMM UCK UCK!” Liam couldn’t see his brother with how he was held, much closer to his now very much ex-friend then he ever wanted to be. He tried calling out to his brother for help, but between the ring gag and the dick in his mouth there was no way his words could come out comprehensible. “Simmer down there Leah, you will get your reward here in a second or two.” Lucas said, waiting for Liam’s older brother to leave them the room before he resumed his

efforts. She didn't add any suction, but part of the point was for him to be in control.

A tear ran down Liam's cheek, he could hear the fridge in the kitchen opening and the bottle cap being tossed into the trash, while he felt like he was choking on the cock in his mouth. "God, yes, yes, AHHHHHH!" That was when he felt it, something warm in his mouth, it felt like warm snot and while most of it felt like it was going down his throat he could easily taste the vile salty flavor as Lucas stepped back and his dick slid from his mouth. "Ooooo, ooooo." Liam whined, looking up at the man standing over him, wishing it didn't happen, wishing he would set him free. He wanted him to recognize him so he could feel the same shame he now felt, but much more he hoped he didn't. If it got out that he sucked a dick and swallowed a load of cum, tied up or not his reputation and life would be over. "I'm heading out man, let Liam know she was perfect and umm she sounds like she is ready to go for another round. I'm um heading out." Lucas didn't bother saying anything to Liam's older brother's face, he just yelled it as he put himself away and left.

Hanging his head, Liam felt the lowest he had ever been, he was violated by someone he thought of as a friend. How could he not have noticed who it was he was about to stick his dick in? With his mouth held open a string of cum and saliva slipped from his mouth and landed on his leg. Some of it was on what looked like smooth skin on his leg and the rest on the white stocking encasing his leg.

"Leah huh? If this is the kind of stuff you are into I can get behind that." Liam looked up quickly to see his brother taking a swig from his beer, put it down and start to walk closer. His fingers going to the crotch of his jeans, unzipping himself and pulling free his own dick. The two of them grew up together, went to summer camp together and he had seen his brother's member before, but never in anything closer to this context."OOOOO!" Liam shook his head trying to tell him no. "UUUCK!"

Chuck nodded his head, starting to stroke himself as he came up to the bound girl. With his free hand he ran the back of his thumb over her cheek. "Ohhh fuck... yeah that is exactly what is about to happen." He moved his hand to the back of her head to grip her hair, when he got a handful he tugged a little as he pulled her closer to his ever hardening dick. "OOOOOOO!" She moaned, but he noticed something was wrong. Her blonde hair had actually started to pull free when he tugged on her hair again. Chuck pulled more and it all came off to reveal she was actually a burnette. Looking at the wig in his hand he tossed it over to the couch. "Nothing wrong with wanting to be a blonde to see if they have more fun." He smiled back down at her ready to grab her real hair when something clicked in

his mind as he looked into her eyes. Eyes he had seen hundreds of times.

“Liam!” Chuck took a step back, absolute disgust filled him as he turned away and put his member back in his pants. “God... what is wrong with you? Wait... did you set this up because you wanted to suck Lucas’s dick?” Chuck whirled on his brother who was shaking his head. “I mean I don’t care if your gay or whatever I mean.. You being gay was the furthest thing I ever thought of, but... just wow man. Jeez we almost... I almost... with my brother.”

Chapter 4

Clap, clap, clap, clap

Chuck turned to see Megan, the woman he had been dating, walking closer to him from down the hall clapping her hands together. “Almost with your brother, shame I bet if I gave Leah here glasses or contact lenses that changed her eye color that could have happened.”

The confused man looked between his dolled up and bound brother in the chair and back to the woman he had been dating, not sure what was going on. “Megan, what is going on here?”

“Come sit down on the couch and I will explain it all to you.” Chuck looked at the couch and then at his brother, who he could hardly recognize. It made him feel just sick, he almost put his dick in that mouth. “I think I would rather stand.”

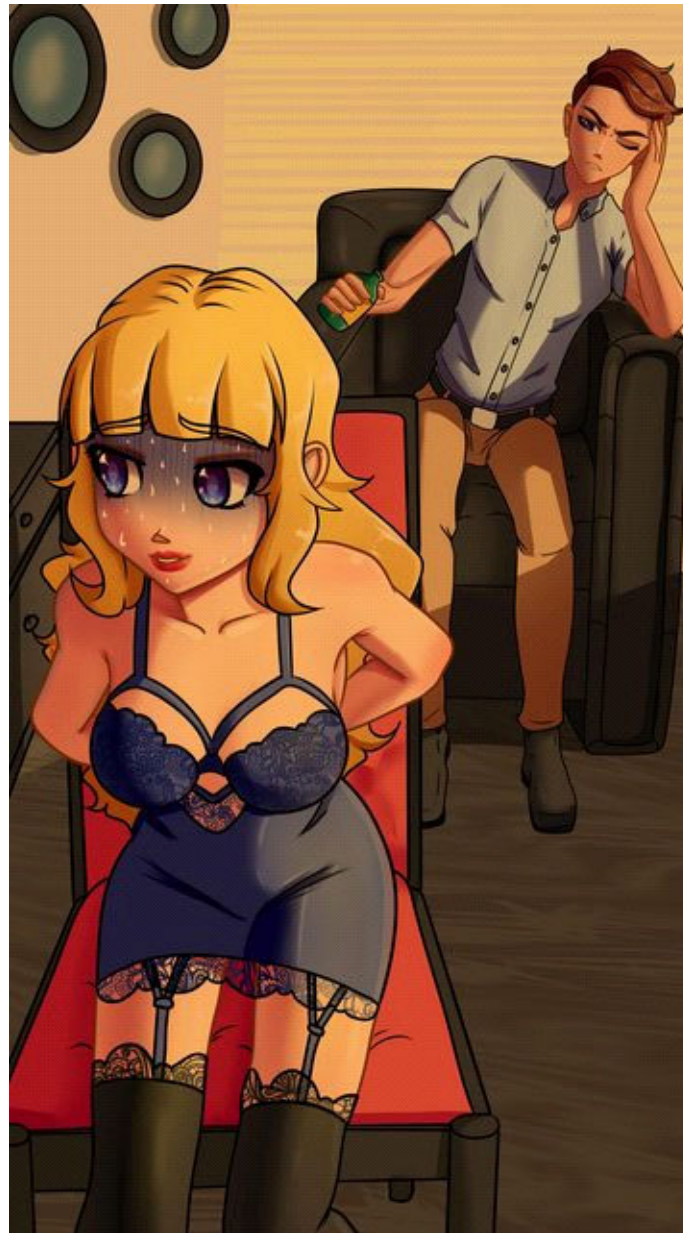
Megan started to tap her foot and held Charles’s eyes. “Drugged. Intoxicated. Tied up. Raped.” She said pointing at Liam, her finger shifting over to the man she had in her bed just the other night, eating her out. “Witnesses.” Chuck squinted slightly at her looking to his brother quickly and then back again. “That is what happened to my niece. Liam, your brother got her drunk, drugged her, tied her up and then raped her.”

“Oooo ooo!” Megan turned her attention over to the bound Liam. “This is not a time for you to talk.” She then brought her gaze back to the older brother. “You saw this happening, you saw what he was about to do to my niece and did nothing to stop it. So when I tell you to sit, you sit your ass on the floor if I don’t give you permission to sit on a piece of furniture.”

Struggling to get free, Liam wanted to yell and tell his brother that isn’t what happened. Bailey enjoyed it all! She had told him how she likes bondage! She had

been teasing him all night and was going to blow him earlier, sex was going to happen. It wasn't rape! Sure she was drunk, but that wasn't on him, the girl was a light weight that bragged about being an old hat at drinking and the drugs... heck he was on pretty much the same thing as her. He just gave the girl something to help calm her down.

Chuck looked over at the beer, he finished it off in one long swallow before doing exactly what he was told to do, sit on the couch. He had to sit in a way that his back was to his brother, but in truth that felt more like a relief. Every glance just made him look at those lips stuck in an O position and it made him feel worse and worse about what had just happened.



He knew exactly what she was talking about. Last night when he brought his brother his wallet he saw Bailey with her wrists tied up behind her back, a metal bar between her legs. He just thought the girl was into kinky shit and he wasn't going to spend another second there when his brother asked if he wanted to join. The girl had looked him directly in the eye and was trying to say something, her eyes weren't even able to focus on him now that he thought back. His brother had done this to the girl and he let it happen. For a second he considered joining, it wouldn't have ever happened, but for a second he thought about it. A twist of fate

and he could have been one of the people raping an eighteen year old girl.

Chuck put his face in his hands, slowly pressing them to his skin as he pushed them up into his hair. “Seems like you have a small understanding of what is going on then, but that isn’t all. The next day Liam went to Bailey’s apartment and decided to have another go at her.” Megan pointed her finger at Liam who was shaking his head and trying to yell something through the O ring that kept his mouth open. “I swear Leah if you can’t keep quiet while the adults are talking I will find another dick to stick in your mouth. You understand me!?”

“Fucking listen to her.” Chuck said without turning around to look at his brother. He was trying to wrap his head around everything she was saying. If she had just told him and he hadn’t seen it himself he couldn’t believe his brother would do something like this. Well some of it... getting a girl drunk was normal and it wasn’t really taking advantage if they were already intimate. He sighed knowing that was dangerous thinking with how many variables could easily make it wrong. Drugs though, that was something else and then... shit. If he had stopped it that night the next day wouldn’t have happened. “What do you want?” he asked without looking up from his spot on the couch.

He felt disgusted with himself on so many levels right now and couldn’t bring himself to look into the beautiful woman’s blue eyes, her fierce angry eyes. “Liam has just begun paying for his crimes, but you are no saint here Charles. Those that see evil and choose to do nothing are doing evil. You saw what your brother was about to do and you did nothing, far as I’m concerned you are just as guilty as him!”

Megan stood before the two, hands on her hips trying to be as commanding as possible. This was who she was, but still Charles could easily throw her out of the house or hurt her if he wanted to. She would be no match at all for him and considering his personality she figured if she let up things would come to a halt quickly. When she saw him slowly raise his head and look into his eye moss green eyes, a much deeper green then Derrick, Bailey or Candi had she could see him already broken, or at least close to it. She didn’t get a good look as he looked away, it was a slow turn of his head, but he did look away.

“I see this going a few ways. Option one is I turn both of you over to the police, I have enough evidence and testimonials for both of you to be wearing metal bracelets behind bars. If you hire a good lawyer you could be found innocent, but courts do take a long time and I can’t imagine either of your jobs will want to keep around people who are potentially rapists.” She walked over to the corner of the room and picked up the video camera that had been rolling and pointing at

Liam.

“What is that?!” Megan smirked seeing a little fire come back into the man. “This little device recorded Lucas and Leah’s love session and how you were about to do it too.” Megan took a step back and held one hand out for Charles to stop as he stood up. This was the part she was afraid of and she needed to say her piece before Charles decided to get physical.

“The video automatically uploaded to a file share on the internet. Sit down Charles, smashing this won’t make the video go away, but it will make me angrier. I said sit Charles.”

Megan held her breath for the next few seconds as the larger man made up his mind. Once it was in his brain that he couldn’t stop her he was going to be a lot easier to handle. Once he complied with her order she continued. “I rather not see either of you go to jail, but along with reporting you to the police I will send a small clip of video where a bound and tied up Liam, all dressed up like a girl has his big brother walking towards him. Cock out and grabbing her hair ready to ride her mouth. No one will care that they don’t see you actually do it, they will just know you did.”

His mouth fell open, he had no idea she could be this cruel. One part of his mind told him if it was a friend of his that got raped he might just kill the person, but this time that person was his little brother. The person he swore to protect when his mother died when he was twelve. He thought he had done a good job of that until now. He had no one to really blame other than himself, their father existed but he was never part of their life. Not even when they moved in with him when their mother passed, he was almost never home. Liam was his own man, but he was the one who made him who he was.

“What are the other options? You said option one was our lives being ruined. What other options are there?” If she released the video their lives here would be over, but they could pick up and move. Maybe they would end up meeting Bailey in some hole in the wall bar in another state. But the charges brought to the police weren’t going to go away.

“Second option, you are not going to like this Charles, but Liam will like it a lot less. I remember how you said you practically raised your brother who is what four years younger than you? Like I told you before that is both sad and sweet, but it seems you just didn’t do a good job. I think Liam could use a softer upbringing, something more feminine. Liam is going to start living as your daughter Leah, a sweet sixteen year old girl. You can help her grow up to be a

proper woman, but don't worry. I won't make you raise a teenage girl on your own, I will be there to help you. What loving girlfriend wouldn't help her boyfriend with his daughter after all."

The unformed words that Liam could make came out louder and louder. A glance at him showed he was trying to get out of his bonds, but was having no luck. "That is sick... you can't do that." Megan shrugged.

"I'm betting I can, but I'm also not planning to take away your life and strap you down with this burden forever. Though if you tried I bet you could make a good father to her, but no. Leah the sweet girl will only have to be around for the summer. Unless of course Liam doesn't except his place, then it can go on much, much longer. Do you not think this is a better option than prison?"

Chuck's hand stopped reaching for his beer bottle, remembering it was empty. Thinking about what she just said and hearing the obvious upset Liam behind him, Chuck took a deep breath. "Let's say I went along with this crazy plan of yours to make my brother live as a girl seven years younger than he is. Why would I keep dating you?"

Pointing to herself between her breasts Megan made it look like she was shocked he would consider breaking up with her. Not that they were really a couple or anything, he was just very very good in bed. "So I could keep an eye on Leah of course and so long as you are a good father to her I don't see why you can't be rewarded..." Chuck licked his lips when she drew out the word rewarded. This woman was obviously crazy, making the old saying of the crazier they are the better they are in bed, feel true.

His mouth felt dry and he almost stood up to get another beer. "Mind if I get another beer while I think about this?" Megan motioned toward the kitchen, taking note of the death glare Liam was trying to give her. "Your brother is making a lot of noise, and I did promise to find him a dick to suck if he didn't stop earlier. What do you think of calling Lucas back over for another round?"

Opening up the fridge Chuck welcomed the cool air the blew over him. The house wasn't hot, but he had been sweating from the stress. Pulling out a beer he heard Megan yelling from the other room. Pressing the cool bottle to his forehead Chuck walked back to deal with the situation as he opened the bottle and took a long pull. "Liam shut the fuck up, you have done enough and I don't care that she made you suck your friends dick. I am trying to get us out of this and if you make this worse for us I will get Lucas to bring his entire fucking frat here. You raped someone... how the fuck could you!" He wanted to slack or backhand his brother,

but not only would that make him no better than his own dad he just looked too much like a girl right now for him to bring his hand to bear.

When his feminized brother stopped struggling and making noise Chuck turned his attention back to the person who really mattered. “Are there only two options?” He didn’t have a 401k to pull money out of, but he had a few things he could sell if she was willing to just take a pay day. If she wanted more than he had then he could take something expensive from work, he had told them time and time again how easy it would be for someone to nab something with the complete lack of security. It wasn’t a morale thing to do, but it was a massive company that could write off any loss and he could use the money to buy him and his brother’s freedom.

“Oh, there is, but I’m afraid both of you are going to truly hate it.” She stayed quiet just looking at her lover, waiting for him to ask for more information.

“I hate a lot of things I already do, what is the third option?” Chuck took another pull from his beer before wiping off his mouth with the back of his hand.

“We get Leah here free from her bonds, make her look all pretty again and then I shoot a porno of the two of you.”

“That is never going to happen!” Chuck said jumping to his feet, outraged at the idea she would want him to have sex with his brother while he was in drag and she wanted to film it. Megan tilted her head to the side watching him, making sure his outburst was done. “Then we will wait a few days, change her outfit and location and do it again. It happening twice seems only fair considering what happened.”

“I told you that is not going to happen.” Chuck growled as he took a step closer to Megan. “Finish your drink, maybe get another one and think about it Charles. In fact you have till Saturday night to decide, and if I don’t hear from you by then.” She shrugged her shoulders. “You will default to option one. But for now I think I have overstayed my welcome. Think it over Charles, goodbye Leah.” She gave Liam a little wave before she left the house. She had put the fear into him, but that last option was pushing the envelope. She wanted him to have three options, Worst, Bad, Worst so that he would choose the one she wanted. She had promised Bailey that Liam would get a similar, but worse punishment than he was having to endure and she wanted to fulfill that.

Chapter 5

When the doorbell rang Megan opened the door right away, more than happy to see the two brothers standing next to one another. The night before she had gotten a text from Charles that that led to a little late night shopping at one of the larger box stores.

Charles: You win, what do we have to do

Megan: Drop your brother off tomorrow morning.

Megan: I will let you know when you can come pick up your daughter

Megan: Oh, and I didn't get a chance to mention it. You look good clean shaven.

Charles: Yeah, thanks. See you tomorrow.

"Good morning Charles, always a pleasure to see you." She said with a large smile that faded to a scowl as she looked Liam in the eye. "Are you going to behave today?"

Clenching his hands into fists Liam scowled right back at the woman that had knocked him out, dressed him up like some slut and then tied him up so that Lucas could fuck his face. You aren't supposed to drink mouthwash, but a day later and a full bottle gone he was still sure he could taste his friend's cum because of her. He wanted to take a swing, and after that connected, hit her with another, just looking at the blonde blue eyed woman made him angry. Before he could do what he wanted though he felt his brother's hand on his shoulder.

"Remember what we talked about." The two had talked for a while soon as Megan had left their house. At first it was just Chuck yelling at him while he was still bound, and then when he finally got untied his brother just shoved him down on the couch.

"We aren't done talking about this, sit your ass down!" Liam felt more than embarrassed, but mostly he felt rage.

"You think I am going to fucking sit here looking like this!? Fuck that..." Liam worked his jaw, pretty sure some of his friend's seed was dripping down his throat. When his brother didn't move he tried to let go of his anger, trying to fight him wasn't going to go anywhere good. "Come on, you know what happened, please let me go change."

Chuck at the time stepped back and looked away from his brother. He wanted to yell some more, but that wouldn't change what Liam had done or what the two of

them almost did together. Looking away from Liam's face had his eyes drop down, across the body in the baby blue lingerie, the legs encased in white stockings and incredibly high six inch heels. "Get that shit off and then we can talk." Before he ran off Liam took the time to get the tiny buckles to come undone on the heels before taking off to the bathroom. It had been horrible, and still today he had bits of the makeup on his face that he just wasn't able to remove completely.

Stepping onto her front step, Megan gave a peck to the cheek of Charles. Don't worry I will take good care of your baby girl."

"I will take care you ya bitch." Liam said while his brother stood stiffly. Megan gave Liam a glance and let out a sigh. "Seems she needs a little discipline, don't worry I can handle that too." Without another word Megan grabbed Liam by the ear and dragged him inside, the door shutting behind them.

Taking a step backwards Chuck ran a hand through his hair, coming to a stop on the back of his neck as he looked at the closed door. Liam made this bed and he was going to lay in it, it was weird sort of punishment, but way better than prison. The last thing he was going to do was let the little shit drag him down with him. He did however wish he knew how scary Megan was before getting involved with her. She was a sort of crazy he wanted nothing to do with, but that ship had sailed and then caught fire and sank. Now he just hoped his brother went along with things, he only had to play dress up with the crazy lady for a few weeks a small punishment considering what he did. Him however, he had to play house with the crazy woman til this was over. With another shake of his head Chuck climbed into his truck and drove away.

"Ow, ow, ow, ow. Get your hands off me bitch!" Megan kept a firm grip on Liam's ear as she marched him into the bathroom. When she got there she shoved him to the ground, wanting the smaller man to have to truly look up to her.

"You have an awful mouth on you young lady and I promise we will take care of that, but first we need to get you looking proper. Take off your clothes, and I mean all of them."

"I'm not going to do shit!" Liam said started to crawl backwards, but everytime he moved further away from her the towering woman took a step closer. Moments later his back hit the tub, he had nowhere else to go.

"Well that ended much faster than I would have expected. Do you think I should

let Chuck know or just let the police tell him when they come to pick him up after they get the rapist out of my house?”

Liam had been so firm on fighting this woman that he hadn't been thinking of the consequences for refusing. Chuck was on her side and his only real options were to play along or back a bag, driving off on his bike. Doing that though would leave his brother to face everything himself, at least until the law caught up with him. He hadn't raped the girl, he had called Biale and texted her over a dozen times. He just needed her to answer so he could speak with her, get her to tell her Aunt the truth. She wanted to have sex with him as much if not more than he did.

“Look lady, I did not rape your niece. You drugged me and had someone I know rape me... if anything I could call the police on you.”

Cocking her head to the side Megan looked at Liam like she was considering what he had said. “I will give you to the count of three to start taking off your clothes or this is over.” This was the first time Liam had ever really fought getting naked for a girl and while he was hoping the talk of the police going after her would give him the chance to explain and maybe get Bailey over to talk things out, she did not seem to be playing around at the second. So by the time she got to two, he had his shirt off.

Once he was naked she pulled out a bottle of nair from under the counter. She was going to do this, then shave to make sure nothing was missed and maybe in a day or two see about him feeling what it was like for a waxing.

“This stuff is starting to burn.” Liam said shifting uncomfortably. He knew what the stuff was and what it was supposed to do, but there was little he could do about it. The hair would grow back and if he played around long enough he would be able to talk some sense into Bailey and she could calm down her crazy Aunt.

The entire experience in the bathroom was a new one and one he never wanted to repeat. Soon he had been allowed to step into the warm shower where the cream slid free of his body along with much of his body's hair. After that he was given a warm bath, not just a normal bath but a bubble bath. Megan had poured some rose petal scented oil into the water and told him to just soak. It felt odd just sitting there while she sat on the toilet, legs crossed as she read a book. Shushing him every time he opened his mouth.

He was stressed and had not slept well the night before, so while laying in the scented water and nothing but the sound of pages turning in a book now and then

he fell a sleep. The hot water relaxing his muscles he didn't even have a chance to fight the impulse before he felt someone touch him, jolting him back awake.

"Calm down, you have soaked long enough, it is time to get you nice and clean." He noticed Megan was kneeling next to the tub wearing a pair of bright yellow gloves, like someone would wear to wash dishes. When she started she wasn't gentle with her scrub brush.

"Hey not so hard, that hurts."

"Shush Leah, you have a lot of dead skin. You need to exfoliate to be properly clean." It wasn't so painful, but it was sure uncomfortable for her to do this too him like he was some child. He almost bit his tongue when she reached into the water, pulling his leg up into the air to hit with the scrub brush. His red skin made it look like she was skinning him one layer of skin at a time, but she never stayed in one area too long.

By the time he was allowed out of the bath she had washed his hair twice with flowery smelling shampoo and conditioned it. She had patted him dry and made him apply some sort of cream over his entire body. It felt nice on his now hairless body that had been assaulted by Megan and her scrub brush.

"Now that you are all clean it is time to get you dressed, but I think first you should take the time to thank me like a good girl after I helped you get all clean."

Standing there in the air conditioned house naked, with no hair on his body below his eyebrows Liam felt more exposed than he ever had in his life. Even the hair on his balls were gone and he did not feel comfortable standing in front of this woman looking like this. "You want me to thank you for this?"

"Like a good girl, yes."

"Look lady, I have to play along, but you need to get this straight. I am a man, a grown ass man, not some good girl or what the fuck ever." His voice was firm, but it was undercut by the fact he kept his hands covering his hairless dick. He had heard some men shave to make their package seem bigger, but it felt like it was doing the opposite for him.

"Leah, if you are not a good girl, then you are a bad girl. Bad girls use foul language, they argue and are not polite. If you are a bad girl, then you will also get

a bar of soap in your mouth and a sound spanking.”

“You can’t spank me!” The bathroom wasn’t large so when Megan took a step forward reaching for one of his wrists he only had about half step backwards he could move without getting back into the tub. “Eeep”

The sound escaping his lips wasn’t exactly masculine, but he felt so vulnerable like this and while Megan was taller than him everyday of the week she was more so wearing her leather and cork wedge heels. “Wait, wait, wait! Don’t hit me.. I umm thank you for helping me get clean.” When the words came out she had already one arm by the wrist, pulling it away away from his privates.

“That wasn’t so hard Leah, just make sure we stay on good terms. I think it would be best if you told me your name and that you promise to be a good girl for me.” Megan crossed her arms, happy to be getting to the beginning of the mental training. The agreement was for Liam to be Leah for the summer, but by that time she planned to make Liam think first as the sixteen year old Leah and be too afraid to go back to being the rapist Liam.

“My name is Leah, and I ahhh...” Liam let out a breath feeling the weight of the gaze from Megan’s cold blue eyes. “My name is Leah and I promise to be a good girl.”

Chapter 6

Standing in the master bedroom Liam looked at the two options that lay before him on the bed, both filling him with dread. On the bed were a few piles of clothes, on the left was a diaper and above it a pair of white tights, a red velvet sleeveless dress and a pair of buckle on mary jane shoes. He had no way of knowing this was the same outfit Bailey had worn when Megan made him pose to look like he was sitting on Santa’s lap, minus the diaper.

On the right was a pair of white panties with my little pony cartoon characters on them. Laying on the bed above them was a pink overalls, white socks with ruffles at the top, a tiny thin training bra, a pink shirt that had short puffy sleeves that kind of looked like bells and a pair of silver glitter covered girls flats.

He drank down the cool apple juice she had given him in a large plastic cup. It tasted a little off, but he hadn’t had apple juice in many years, but after a long bath the drink was refreshing and gave him something to do as he contemplated what lay before him on the bed. Megan did her best to keep the smile from her

face, knowing the muscle relaxers she had broken up and stirred into the drink would help make Liam feel as weak as a kitten when they started to kick in.

“You haven’t been a perfect girl, but you have been good enough to make this choice Leah. If you put up much more of a fight I would be putting you in that diaper and teaching you to be a good girl from a very young age, but you didn’t make me spank you. So the option to start out as a preteen is available to you, I figured you would want to choose that option. Though I didn’t want to remove the choice, it is always good to let children have choices.” That and so you can see what will happen if you are too fussy with me, Megan added mentally.

“Umm, Megan. You know I’m twenty three, almost twenty four right?” This woman can’t be serious about the diaper or the my little pony panties, she was just doing this to mess with him more.

“No sweetie, Liam is in his twenties. Leah is a sixteen year old teen girl, but you have some growing up to do before then. If you want to skip ahead to your twenties when you are tied up and blowing college men for fun we could do that instead for the summer. Would you like to skip to your slutty twenties Leah or would you like to grow up to be a good girl instead?”

The horrific memory of Lucus thrusting his dick in and out of his mouth before cumming came to mind. A full summer, day after day of sucking dick, it would be a hell worse than prison. Would his brother stand up for him then or still make him do this so both of them didn’t go to jail for something he didn’t do?

“Would you have really made me wear a diaper?” A twenty three year old man forced to wear a diaper and a dress that sounded like a frat initiation or the beginning of some crazy kinky story. He heard of adult baby play, but that was not something he wanted to come close enough to touch with a ten foot pole.

“If you were bad, of course and if you give me too much trouble you will get to spend some time in that diaper, and of course you will be using it. A little girl that would wear a pull up diaper would have to ask me to use the potty. I’m surprised you are choosing that option.”

“I’m not...” Liam said picking up the cotton panties, rethinking his commitment to this over just getting on his bike and leaving the state. With great trepidation he slid his legs into the panties, pulling them up and wishing this wasn’t what he was doing with his life.

“Good job Leah, now let me help you with your training bra. Before you know it you will have breasts of your own like a big girl. Isn’t that exciting?” Megan waited a few heart beats for an answer to come. She didn’t expect one, but Leah had to learn to answer an adult when spoken to.

“Leah, when an adult asks you a question. They expect an answer, and while I know every girl can’t wait to blossom into a woman, it is important you always answer. So let us try this again, you can start by calling me Miss Megan, that way you show me the respect I deserve as an adult taking care of you. Leah, what do you think about growing breasts of your own?”

Wearing girl’s panties and being asked questions like this, Liam felt self-conscious and covered his chest as he answered. He loved tits, small tits, medium tits and especially large tits like Megan had. “I can’t wait to grow my own.” He said in a small voice.

“Come on Leah, try again but with all the excitement I know you feel about blossoming into a woman. How about this.” Megan stepped closer holding out the training bra and helped Liam slip his arms through before stepping behind to clasp it. “Leah when you get older would you like to grow breasts like I have?”

“How umm big are you?” Liam licked his lips thinking of her chest.

“I’m a D cup, but when I had Becky, my daughter I was a double D.” She said finish clasping the training bra around Liam.

“I would love to see that.” He said turning around to look directly at the blonde’s chest. His dick wasn’t exactly getting harder at the thought, but it would have if he kept thinking about her breasts.

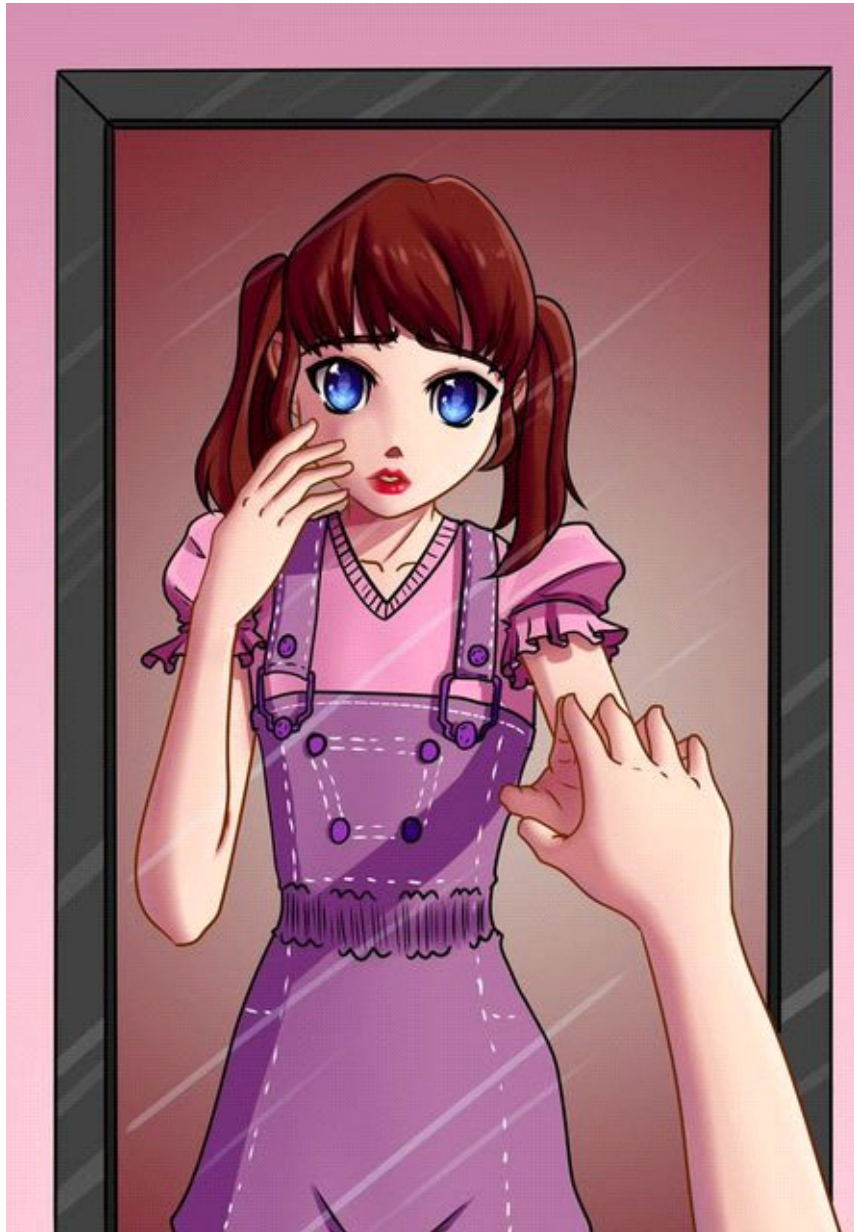
“You would love to have D cup breasts?” Liam nodded at first still looking at her chest, Megan standing just right so he had a good view. “Yeah, that would be great.” Megan smiled having an idea at how horrified Chales would be later when he hears his brother wants to not only grow breasts, but such large ones. That of course would wait for much later, after he saw how happy Leah was as a teen girl. Or him seeing the act that Liam was happy as a teen girl. It would be all the same in the end.

When she had Liam fully dressed she had him sit on her bed while she brushed out his hair, so happy Liam grew his hair out to emulate Bailey. Her mind drifted to Bailey as she brushed out Liam’s hair and put it up into pigtails. Bailey wasn’t

out of the woods yet with how he treated, scammed and cheated on her sister, but after what Liam had done to him. She was done trying to make Bailey do sexual acts, no one should have to go through what Bailey did. What Liam did was unforgivable, and while she wasn't going to cut his balls off it would be a near thing.

Finishing the hair, Megan added some lip gloss, light mascara and blush. "Okay now sweetheart, hop off the bed and close your eyes." Liam did as he was told, it wasn't like balking now would accomplish anything really.

"Okay now you can open them!" Megan said after moving Liam to the large standing mirror in her room. Liam's eyes fluttered open, seeing himself in the mirror looking very little like his old self. He looked like some tween girl, not a twenty something man, and while he knew logically no one believed him about his age when they first met, looking like this... like someone maybe ten years younger and a female broke something inside of him. He once had a girl tell him how he was going to age gracefully and how his youthful looks would be a blessing as he got older. Now it was a curse, a curse he hadn't given enough thought to considering the girl in the mirror. When he opened his mouth, hers opened too, she was him and suddenly he felt his legs give out. Falling onto his ass, knees forward and legs to the side. He just sat there looking in the mirror transfixed on what had happened to him.



“Don’t stare at yourself too long young lady, I don’t want you to grow up into someone vain. We also have a lot to do today, but don’t worry I’m sure we will have fun with our girls day out.”

His head slowly turned to look up to Megan, his jaw trembling as his mind still reeled from the image in the mirror. “Girls day out?”

“If that is a question you should remember to address me as Miss Megan, forget

enough and I will find a way to remind you.” Megan said sternly, hands on both of her hips.

“Do we have to go outside Miss Megan?” Knowing he was going to be dressed up in girls cloths was one thing, it was taken to another level when she dressed him as someone so much younger, but seeing himself actually look like a girl, not a woman, a young girl left him feeling empty and so small.

“Of course we do, Leah, we have so much to do. Get your ears pierced, buy you a wardrobe, though we could do all that tomorrow I suppose. If you are a perfect girl for me today and I mean perfect, then tomorrow you can be sixteen. Would you like to grow up to be sixteen and buy big girl clothes instead of being a preteen?”

Numbly Liam nodded his head, he didn’t want to look like this, he shouldn’t look like this, he shouldn’t look like he could really be this young. “If you aren’t a perfect girl for me then you can stay this age tomorrow, if your bad though you will be spending tomorrow in the diaper. Leah, would you like to tell me how you can’t wait till you are sixteen and promise to be a good girl?”

Swallowing hard Liam took another glance at himself in the mirror and knew he didn’t want to spend another minute looking like this. “Miss Megan I will be a perfect girl I promise. I can’t wait to be sixteen!”

Chapter 7

Sitting in the backyard of Megan’s house on some patio furniture Liam seethed as he wrote in a ringed notebook with a purple pen. Megan had given him instructions on writing out some ludicrous lines about being a good girl and how he had to say it out loud every time he finished, but had to do it in a proper voice. Something a little higher and softer, it wasn’t like he ever had a deep voice, but her working with him to sound like a girl felt... like everything so far. A violation of who he was as a person. He wouldn’t have said a damned word, except she had come out with him, typing away on her laptop.

After finishing writing he audibly sighed before reading his work. “A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. I am a good girl, happy and proud.” The lines were more each ridiculous and he just knew that what she made him promise earlier would be the guidelines she wanted him to follow, it made him sick. That last line nagged at

him and it wasn't until he wrote it out again and said it that the memory clicked into place. That was something he heard Bailey say to him, that she was a good girl, happy and proud.

"Megan this good girl stuff..." Looking up from her laptop screen Megan glared at Liam while she spoke over him. "Not Megan, Miss Megan, you can also address me as Miss Best, or ma'am. Do try to remember that Leah, I would hate to think you were not being obedient."

"Miss Megan..." Saying her name like that made it feel like she was a school teacher and calling her by her last name felt like he was addressing someone superior to him, and this crazy braud was not. "I heard Bailey say something like this before."

"Is that a question Leah? If so you need to be clear on what you are asking. I can remember my niece sitting in the living room writing out these same lines, so I would imagine she knows them well. Does that answer your question?"

"No one would follow these." He motioned to the piece of paper in front of him.

"Leah, you are not speaking in the proper voice, now I will have you know my niece follows these rules to being a good girl and so will you. Is that understood, Leah?"

When she saw the girlified man open his mouth to talk back she beat him to the punch. "Leah, a good girl never argues or complains. I suggest you take these to heart before you end up getting a spanking and have to go for a time out."

This was not the first time she had threatened a spanking like he was a child and not a grown man, even if he wasn't dressed like one. It took a bit of time as he seethed in silence, just looking down at the paper in front of him. "Alright I have had enough of this, I will dress up like you want, but I'm not going to sit here and do lessons on how to be some..." Liam held up his hands making air quotes. "Good girl or some sissy shit. How about we sit here and you listen for once, then we can talk like adults." You crazy bitch.

"I see. Leah, I did not want to have to do this." Megan got up from her chair, walking around the small patio table. "What are you doing, get away from me!"

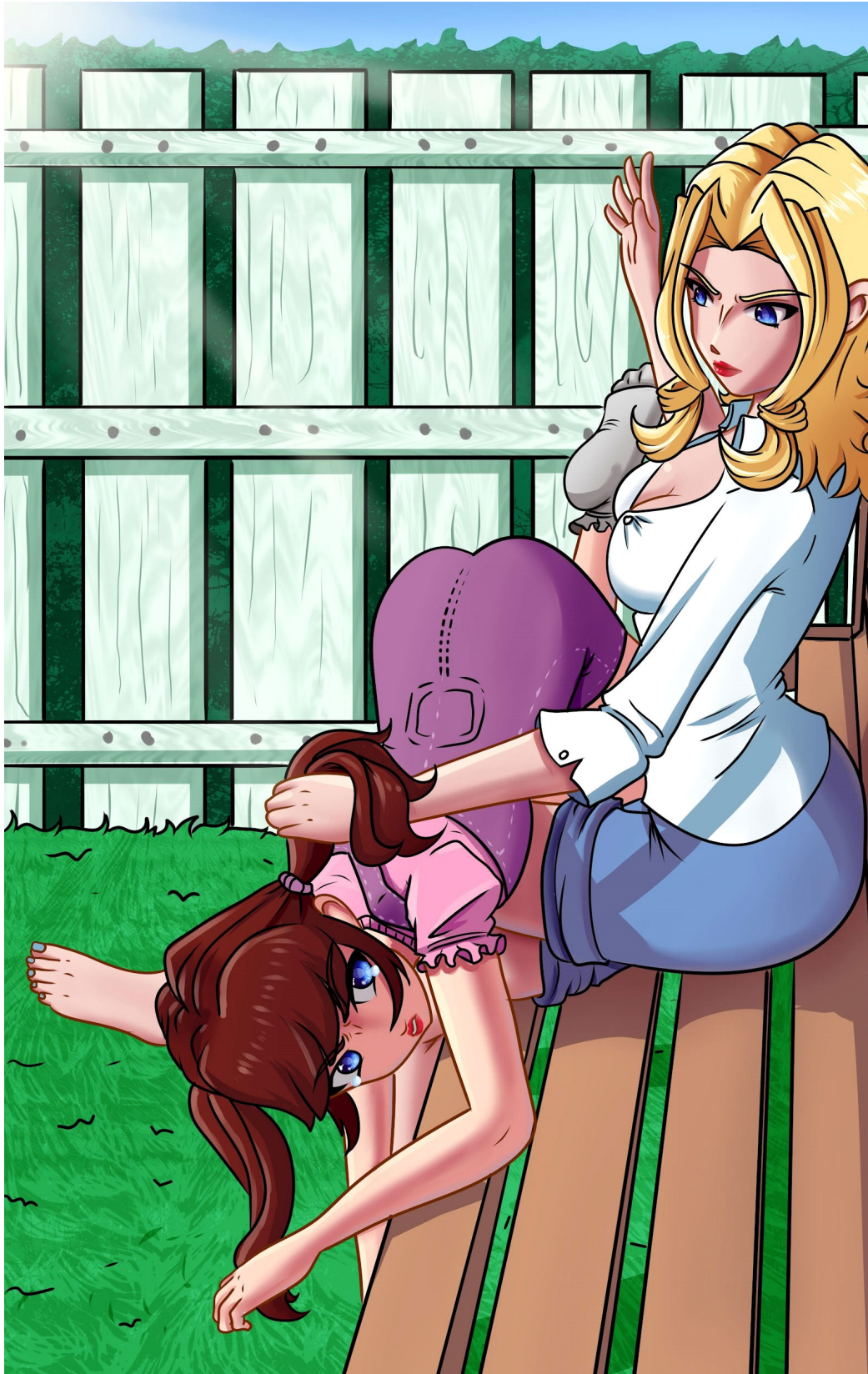
When she grabbed him and pulled him from the chair he felt he should be able to

resist her, to fight back more than he was, but as he tried pulling his arm from her grasp it didn't budge. He still hadn't noticed the effects of the muscle relaxers he drank down earlier, and he might have as he struggled if it wasn't for the panic of being manhandled and the soon to be assault on his rear she had promised.

Sitting back down Megan pulled Liam across her lap face down. "Let me go!" He yelled just before the first blow came. Liam's eyes bugged out feeling the strike, his yells cut off realizing this was happening to him. He was being spanked like a child, something he wasn't sure had ever happened to him.

"A good girl is obedient, and so help me Leah you will be a good girl. You will stop your cursing, you will address adults properly." Every few words Megan brought her hand down, slapping the rear end of the struggling person in her lap, but between leverage, size and the muscle relaxers she figured Liam had as much of a chance to stop her as Bailey did to stop calling Amanda Mommy.

"Ow, ow, Jesus stop!" The blows didn't stop, and while he tried to struggle free or move his hands in the way Liam was feeling smaller and smaller every time he couldn't stop the older woman's hand from coming down on him. "Please!"



With that word Megan rests her hand on what she had to believe was a red ass, the protection of the pink overalls and panties couldn't have been much. "Tell me child, what is your name?" The voice wasn't harsh or even commanding, but after being spanked everything seemed softer than the throbbing on his ass cheeks.

"Leah."

"Very good Leah, tell me are you a boy or a girl?"

"Gi.. girl."

"Do you want to be a good girl Leah?"

The lessons, she was going to make me go back to the lessons... why did I fight her on that, how is she so strong? "Yes..."

"I need to hear you say it Leah, in fact if you want to be a good girl why don't you ask me to help you become a good girl." Megan punctuated what she said with a slight slap to Liam's rear.

"Megan... Miss Megan, could you please help me become a good girl?" The statement stung his pride in the same way being taken over someone's knee had, still he let out a sigh of relief as she helped stand back on his feet instead of over her lap.

"You do have to learn your lessons today Leah, but at this rate it looks like you will have to spent at least part of tomorrow this age. I don't think you are mature enough to be sixteen just yet. Now I would like you to go stand in the corner, nose to the wall saying your good girl motto, but before you go Leah. Tell me do you think it is more important for a girl to be smart or pretty?"

"Both?" It felt like a trick question and his throbbing butt didn't want him to play into a trap.

"Good answer, but your uncle Liam. Does he go for girls that are both? Or just ones who are pretty?"

"Pretty..." There was no point in lying, if he said anything else even if he did like fucking a brainy chick she wouldn't believe him. It was odd hearing her refer to

him like he was two people. Not pretending he didn't exist, but that he was only Leah and Liam was someone else.

"Good then, thank you for being honest with me. You can run along now and do what you were told. Later we will talk about what kind of girl you will be as you grow up and because when you come back you will be a good girl. I expect to see a smile on that face of yours."

In the corner Liam started his lines, facing the wall causing the stupid girly voice she was making him talk in bouncing off the two walls he was facing. "A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. I am a good girl, happy and proud. A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. I am a good girl, happy and proud."

Megan glanced at the clock, she would stop him in twenty minutes before moving on to another task. She was having to split her focus between getting some work done from home and feminizing the young man and felt lucky she had the ability to work from home like this. She would gladly use all of her vacation time to see Liam suffer, but she was glad she didn't have to make that choice. Picking up her phone she sent over a picture of Liam when he was on the floor looking so crushed as he looked into the mirror seeing what she had made of him.

Megan: Meet Charles's new daughter Leah, isn't she cute?

Bailey: OMG! Is that like really Liam!?

Bailey: OMG OMG Leah is 2 cute!

Bailey: Wait, like is that the same outfit u had me in?

Megan: It seemed fitting

Bailey: When can I meet her?

Megan: Not yet, when Leah is in the proper mindset she can meet you my niece.

Megan: I'm sure she will love to spend time with her new babysitter

Bailey: I can't wait! I'm going 2 make Liam do the most girly things, he will just hate it!

Megan: Liam wont be around, it will just be Leah, make sure you get that right.

When enough time had passed, Megan called over to let Leah know she could come back to the table. About to sit down in the seat Liam noticed his wallet sitting next to Megan's laptop. He wasn't sure if it was there before and he hadn't noticed it or if she had only recently put it there. "Umm Miss Megan, what are you doing with my wallet?" It was in his pants the last time he recalled, and he

would never give it to her, but snatching it like his impulses told him to seemed like a bad idea.

“This? Oh this is your Uncle's wallet dear. I'm pulling up his accounts and closing them, he won't be needing them anymore.” And moving the money to an account where she could use it to help buy clothing and such things to help Leah be the girl she wanted her to be.

“Stop, don't do that... you can't do that!” Megan fixed Liam with a hard stare that held him in place. She was glad it worked, while another spanking would help remind Liam who he was supposed to be and who was in charge, her hand did still sting from what she had already done.

“I'm not, at least as far as anyone else is concerned. I have all of your information to confirm to the bank that it is Liam who is making the changes and a VPN that says it is happening in Colorado. The good news is your Uncle is happy to use what little money he had to spoil his niece. Tomorrow we are going to go shopping, and if you have not done enough to prove that you can be a big girl, then you will be staying like this for the summer. Of course I could always feed you laxatives and put you in diapers.”

“No, no... no. I will be a good girl Miss Megan.” Megan smiled, Liam put up a lot more of a fight than Bailey had, but she also didn't have her sister to play Liam against. She would have Bailey, but she didn't want to introduce the two of them just yet.

“It makes me happy to hear you say that Leah. I'm sure when I'm done with you that the only thing people will see is a well behaved beautiful girl.”

Chapter 8

Standing on the driveway in front of the garage Liam hopped over the rope he was swinging around his body where he had been for the last twenty minutes. It was getting close to sundown now and he expected to see his brother's truck any minute. He really didn't want to be jumping rope or playing hopscotch like he was doing a few minutes ago, but it beat some of the things she had him doing throughout the day.

After the incident on the back patio Megan had brought him back inside for more lessons, but all he could really think about was how he was dressed like a girl, had

just gotten a spanking and she had done something to his bank accounts. Being seated on the couch he watched as his tormentor put her laptop screen on the coffee table in front of him, pulling up a powerpoint presentation. "On the screens you will see some photos of people and what you should be calling them. You will sit here and follow the instructions on the screen, do you understand me young lady?"

Nodding his head glumly, Liam could feel the pigtails she put in his hair bounce and sway. "Remember Leah, a good girl always has a smile on her face." Megan waited till she saw Liam smile before started to walk down the hallway to her home office, turning around just as she got to the hallway. "Oh and the camera is on, so I will be able to see if you don't look happy or you are not following your lessons."

The presentation started with instructions saying "read the names out loud as their appear on the screen." The first image was that of his brother smirking off at something, with the word 'Daddy' below it. Not feeling good with himself for doing it, Liam smiled repeating what the screen said. "Daddy."

Some of them had descriptions along with what to call them, like the image of Megan said 'Daddy's girlfriend, can be called Miss Megan, Miss Best.' The presentation even had Bailey in it. 'Babysitter, can be called Miss Bailey.'

"I don't see you smiling, Leah!" He heard the woman's voice echoing down the hallway. "Fuck." He said forgetting to keep the smile on his face, it was not his default expression. "A good girl doesn't use foul language." Her voice came back again. She wasn't even in the same room as him and was bossing him around. He grumbled a little, but continued to follow the instructions on the screen as the images started to play a second time. When the presentation ended Liam had said each of their names fifteen times. He expected the entire presentation to start over on a loop at this point, but instead Megan or Miss Megan as the stupid video wanted him to call her came out of her office.

"Good job sweetie, the next thing we are going to do today is have you watch one of your favorite shows." Liam looked at her skeptically as she picked up her laptop, doubtful that it was anywhere close to the truth. When she put the device back down he groaned. On the screen played the opening sequence to a bad CGI cartoon for Barbie's Beach Adventures.

"You sit here and watch your favorite tv show, after one episode you are going to excitedly talk to the camera telling me all about the episode and what you loved about it. Then you will write down your good girl motto before you are allowed to

watch another episode. I will get your paper and pen you left outside, and I really do look forward to hearing you excitedly tell me about your show. I have work to do, but I promise I am keeping an eye on you.” Megan said with a wicked smile.

Liam had watched four episodes of the girly child show, hating every second of it. After the first episode he had been given a warning for not paying close enough attention after he couldn't give any real report excited or otherwise about what happened. It was dull so he occupied his mind with other things. He was thinking how he would put up with this for the rest of the day and then call it quits, the woman got her pound of flesh. Besides he couldn't just take a bunch of days off of work without getting into serious trouble. Already his boss was grouchy about him saying he had a stomach bug and couldn't make it to the shop. The lack of attention to what he was watching only earned him the privilege of watching the same episode over again.

After that he was happy to get a break from the mind numbing show and writing how he was a good girl and proud over and over again after each episode. Though writing that was still better than smiling and talking about how he wished he could change outfits as quick they did on the show or how cute the dog was. “Time for a break sweetheart, I bet you are ready for lunch.”

Putting the lunch down in front of Liam, Megan whispered in his ear. “Smile sweetheart.” knowing he would want to be at least scowling. She had put a small plastic plate in front of him with four chicken nuggets, a bowl of a diced up pair and a refill of the apple juice she had given him earlier, making sure to add in the same special ingredient. Wanting to make sure Liam stayed weak and compliant.

“Miss Megan, this is a lunch for a child... could I get something else or maybe just more?” Liam poked the previously frozen chicken nugget that had been microwaved. If it was cooked in the oven it at least wouldn't be rubbery like it is now.

“You need to learn to eat smaller portions, besides you acted like a child earlier. We can talk about you being a big girl tomorrow when your father drops you off.” It wasn't worth an argument with her. Liam had gone more days without lunch than days with, but he also hadn't eaten this morning so he eat what was in front of him.

“Slow down Leah, small bites of your nuggets. Chew them completely before swallowing, swear it is like your father didn't teach you any manners.” When Megan saw the smiling but disgruntled person at her table follow her directions

she smiled.

“Now listen Leah, this is important, when your father comes to pick you up you are going to drop whatever you are doing and scream his name. That is Daddy to you dear and give him the biggest hug. It is important he knows how much you love him and how much fun you had here with me today. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes...” Megan sighed, teaching Liam manners would be a challenge on its own.

“That is yes Miss Megan and sweetie. Finish the food in your mouth before you talk, you are not a cow.”

The lessons continued through the day, things like how to sit like a lady, the proper way to walk and she insisted on finding constant ways to keep him talking in the softer girly voice. From saying things in a sing-song voice. “I love pink, I love purple, I love hearts, I love people.” To just repeating his new name. “My name is Leah. My name is Leah.” As she had him do different activities. When she told him he was going to play in the front yard he had frozen, thinking about how out there anyone walking by or driving by would be able to see him.

“I can’t let anyone see me like this, I’m not going out there!” Liam said pointing towards the front door. Megan crossed her arms just looking at the young man that very much looked like a much younger girl, not saying a word. She just stood there holding his gaze.

“I’m not doing it, no way.” He said starting to feel a little anxious with her just looking at him and not saying a word. “I mean it.”

“Well if you mean it there is nothing I can do.” Liam felt a moment of relief before she started to walk towards him, his instincts had him taking a few paces back right away. “Stay back!”

There wasn’t much room for him to go and Megan was taking longer strides forward than him back, so when she caught up to him she simply turned Liam to face the door and gave him one hard swat on the ass. “Leah, a good girl never argues or complains. What else is there about being a good girl that you are not doing right now?”

He could feel one of her hands on his shoulder like a vice grip, he tried to pull

away but the woman seemed to be as strong as a gorilla or maybe he was starting to come down with something, he did feel awfully weak. He thought that just might be his mind trying to make sense of how strong she was. "Umm." The lessons had the answer come easily to mind. "A good girl is always obedient."

"What else." Megan said, giving his shoulder a tighter squeeze.

"A good girl is seen and not heard?" Liam's eyebrows pressed together as he thought through each line for the one she might be talking about.

"Are you asking me or telling me?" Liam could almost feel her lips with how close she leaned into him to whisper that question.

"Telling you that I should be seen and not heard." He said in a small voice, the recent single smack on his rear, reminding him of what would happen if she was upset at him. He knew he absolutely would not be coming back here tomorrow, once he was away from her he would tell his brother about all this crazy stuff. He bet Chuck wouldn't even believe the clothes she was making him wear today and he was not going to repeat it.

That is how he ended up outside drawing on the driveway a hopscotch grid, jumping around it on one foot, hands out to the sides to keep his balance before he was told to play with the jump rope and was given a song to sing while he did so.



“Butterfly, Butterfly, throws a kiss...” Liam stopped as he missed the jump, the rope hitting him in the leg. His cheeks were red from embarrassment. He needed to do this three times and then his motto three times without missing a jump before he would be allowed back inside. While his thoughts of earlier with his brother not believing what she made him look like he needed to get inside and changed before he arrived. “Butterfly, Butterflyfly, throws a kiss, kiss, kiss, Butterfly, Butter...”

Liam glared at the rope before starting again. “Butterfly, Butterflyfly, throws a kiss, kiss, kiss, Butterfly, Butterfly, get out before you miss, miss, miss.” Liam was sure he had never jumped rope in his life and it was a little more challenging than he had expected. Adding in the rhyme and keeping his voice in this early way while terrified someone was about to stop their car as they drove by and point directly at him as they took a photo.

Making it through the Butterfly chant took a few times of starting and stopping, apparently the rule wasn’t he had to get through each chant three times, but get through all three without missing a jump or he would be starting all over again from square one. The good girl motto ended up being much harder, mostly because it was longer. He was on the third repetition for about the sixth time when the familiar truck pulled up behind Megan’s SUV in the driveway. All thoughts of motto or jumping left Liam’s mind as his eyes went wide. He turned to dart inside the house when he saw Megan stand up from her chair, closing the book she was reading and start heading in his direction.

Megan gave a wave to Charles as he stepped out of his vehicle, then over to Liam. “Leah, we talked about how you should greet your Daddy didn’t we?” Liam gave her a nod, feeling horrified. He expected to be back into his clothes at this point, not standing out in the open. With a swallow Liam looked over at his brother who looked more confused than anything. Then he ran over to him, wrapping his arms around his chest under his arms.

“Daddy, Daddy, I missed you so much. Miss Megan and I had a lot of fun today!” The words made him want to barf as did his brother’s expression when he pulled himself out of the hug, keeping his arms on Liam’s shoulder to keep the two separate. “The fuck?” He asked, looking at Liam, before he moved his gaze over to Megan. “The fuck is this?”

“Just your daughter happy to see you, why don’t we go inside so we can talk.”

Chapter 9

Coming back inside the house Liam felt too embarrassed to say a way, just tried to do his best to stay out of his older brother's sight. His mind went into a small panic as his eyes fell onto the piece of paper on the coffee table with the motto written on it over and over again. Moving slowly Liam made his way closer to the couch, hoping to grab the piece of paper and hide it out of sight before Chuck noticed what he had written.

"Leah, I am going to put on your show while your Daddy and I go discuss somethings in my bedroom. When the episode is over I want you to do what you did before, but this time write it all down for me to read. Then and only then are you allowed to watch another episode, now sit on the couch like a good girl."

Chuck wasn't sure what Megan was talking about, but when he didn't see his brother move, he pointed to a couch cushion. "Stop being difficult and just sit down." Chuck's voice came out hard, with little empathy in it. Seeing his brother look like some young girl was hard for him to wrap his mind around, but what he really couldn't believe was Liam not just doing what she said. It was like the conversation yesterday hadn't sunk in that she had their future in her hands. If she wanted to dress him up like that, in a princess costume or looking like some slut it was a far better outcome than both of them going to prison.

Following Megan down the hall and into her bedroom he waited for her to say her piece. Watching her as she closed the door, before slipping her arms around his neck. "Hey there handsome." Chuck pushed her away just as their lips met, unsure as to what was going on. "What are you doing?"

Letting out a huff of air and pushing a strand of her blonde hair behind her ear Megan looked at the man like he was dumb. "I was getting ready to show my boyfriend a good time. I suggest you keep your mouth closed, take off your shirt and pants and get on my bed."

Stressing over everything and doubly so for Liam he had forgotten she still wanted this to go on and escalate things to the point of calling each other girlfriend and boyfriend. Not for the first time he wished he had never got involved with her. If she was this crazy he was surprised Bailey never told him, only said she was hot, but a massive bitch. That did not cover things at all, but if she was this crazy it was possible her sister was too. If that was the case it was no wonder his buddy just up and left to try and get away from the crazy Best girls. Still, sex with a crazy, but hot woman was still sex and a heck of a lot better treatment than his brother was obviously getting by the looks of how his hair was

in pigtails.

Getting undressed and onto the bed he was soon followed by her as she climbed atop him, pressing her lips to his chest. The kisses went up across his neck, her breasts hanging freely for him to play with. Other things were soon forgotten as they started to kiss, make out, their bodies rubbing against one another as they both did their best to turn on their partner. “Ahhh yes!” Megan proclaimed as his lips found her left breast. Gripping his hair and holding onto him with her legs she rolled over so that he was on top. “Lower... lower...” She said, pushing his head down. He was too strong to force him to do anything, but still he complied till his face was between her legs, his mouth doing exactly what she wanted.

It felt so good, not the best she ever had for someone eating her out, but he was really good. She kept him down there lapping at her while she played with her own chest till she orgasimed. “Charles, yes.. That’s it right there, keep going, keep go... oooooohhhhhh!”

“Your turn...” She said as they repositioned so that she was now between his legs, while he rested his head on the pillow. Each time Chuck went to move his hands to her head, she would slap them away. The blowjob she was giving him was something slow, something magical, like she was worshiping his cock. It felt agonizingly slow, it also felt wonderful, but it just increased his need to cum with each passing minute. Any thoughts of this being the same woman that was ready to send him off to prison were gone while she rubbed and sucked on his cock.

When he came she kept her mouth locked around him, sucking and drinking him down. Like every time had had been with her the sex was fantastic. Closing his eyes Chuck rested his forearm over his face as he took deep breaths, trying to just enjoy the moment. She had gotten him off, but he could feel her still playing with his dick, he didn’t mind, but if she thought he could go again so soon she would be disappointed. That was when he felt something odd, cold metal touching him.

Sitting up he looked down at what she was doing, horrified at what he saw. He shoved Megan with one hand while scooting back to stop her, but it looked like she had done what she intended to do. His dick was in a white metal cage that had a little lock built into it.



“Tug at it as much as you want, but that thing is staying on till I unlock it or your dick falls off.” Megan gave him a predatory smile from the edge of the bed where she had been pushed to.

“Megan I am one hundred percent serious right now, get this thing off me.” Chuck said through gritted teeth.

“Not going to happen lover boy. Here is the thing you may have forgotten, it wasn’t just your little shit of a brother that did this. You saw it happening and let it... you get to shoulder the blame and punishment. I’m not going to put you in a dress or anything, you would make an ugly woman.” She said motioning at his well toned body.

“Liam was not exactly cooperative today, so punishment for him and for you. Of course when I want to have some fun we can unlock up and we can talk about it more when your daughter is acting like the little princess she needs to be.”

“You have to be kidding me...” Chuck slumped his shoulders, it wasn’t a question to her, but maybe one to the universe as he wondered how this could be his life. “So long as Liam isn’t behaving you are going to keep my dick locked away?” Chuck gave another tug trying to remove the device, but like before it was no use.

“Close to the mark lover, you just need to make sure you are a good Daddy for your girl and make sure she keeps to her role or I just might lose the key. Sure you could cut it off, but that sounds like a big risk. Now put your clothes back on, I really do need to go over what you need to be doing for Leah.”

Sitting on the edge of Megan’s bed, Chuck waited as she moved out of the room to grab something from her office. Sitting there he looked down at his crotch, no one would be able to tell his manhood was locked away by looking at him and it wasn’t so uncomfortable that he didn’t think he couldn’t get used to it. Liam was going to get it when they got home, this was his mess and he was catching shit for it. At least he was able to feel safe in the knowledge that he would be locked away too. He thought having no real knowledge yet of what his brother went through today.

Coming back into the room Megan crooked her finger, indicating she wanted him to follow her, this time into her office. A glance down the hallway he was able to see Liam writing something down on the piece of paper that sat next to the laptop. He was more upset at Liam now than he was this morning with things spilling more over to him than he thought. With a shake of his head he went into

the office, shutting the door behind him.

The room has a small well worn leather loveseat on the fall wall under a large window. It was mostly covered in binders and filled manila folders, leaving it not an option for sitting. The wall to his right was covered in a long bookshelf that was overly full and then lastly to his left was a solid wood desk with a pair of monitors that Megan was sitting at. "First I am going to play you a few things." Megan hit play on the video of Liam talking about the second episode of the Barbie show.

"What am I watching exactly?" He rubbed the back of his neck feeling a bit uncomfortable. "That is just your daughter talking about her favorite tv show and how excited she is about it. When you take her home you are going to make sure she watches one more episode before bed and tell you all about it and of course you will have me on speaker phone. It is important as her father you know what her interests are."

"Umm sure, sure I can make sure that happens." Liam wont like that, but at this point I don't give a shit what he wants.

Megan then played the next video of Liam reciting the good girl motto. When it was over she didn't wait for him to respond. "That is part of Leah's lessons to be a good girl. You are going to make her recite them to you, say for ten minutes. It may sound like a lot and I'm sure will get on your nerves, but that is part of being a parent. She needs to learn to be a good girl and it is your job to help ensure that is who she is."

This time Chuck let out a sigh, it was mind boggling how weird this all was. "Yeah, sure good girl lessons, no problem."

"I told you today Leah wasn't on her best behavior, I had to take her over my knee and spank her. Discipline is also part of being a parent, so tonight if she gives you any problems and I mean any at all you will be doing exactly what I did. You pull her over your lap and spank her bottom red. No need to hit her hard enough to do any real damage of course, this is about her learning a lesson, not really about hurting her."

Chuck thought back to his father, how he was big on the corporal punishment for things you did, things he did while he was drunk, the things he thought you did or would do. He had taken more than his share of beatings for himself and when he was protecting Liam. "I don't want to be hitting Liam, I had enough of that

growing up.”

“Well it would Leah, from what I understand your brother is off god knows where. It is just you and your daughter, but honestly from the way your brother acts it doesn’t seem like he got spanked much as a child.

“It was more me than him... but still I don’t like it.”

“Charles, I am not going to force you to hit anyone. Just saying Leah needs discipline and if you aren't willing to spank her you will have to think of something else. I have clothes for Leah for bedtime, a stuffed animal that you are going to make sure she sleeps with and clothes for tomorrow. I made an appointment with my dentist, had to call in a favor, but she is able to fit Leah in to get braces tomorrow morning at eight thirty. After that you can drop her off with me.”

“Dentist? Braces? Liam doesn’t need braces.”

“Charles...” Megan started, standing up and giving him a kiss on the cheek. “I’m not talking about Liam, I am talking about your daughter Leah. Her teeth aren’t bad, but I think braces will help her in the long run and a nice teeth whitening session first is going to do wonders for her.”

“Aren’t those expensive? You expect me to pay for Li... Leah to get braces?”

“I suggest you put Leah on your insurance, maybe make up a story about how the baby momma couldn’t take care of Leah anymore. The two of you hooked up when you were young and she didn’t tell you about Leah till much later, but now she is all yours.”

“Megan, you can’t just put someone on your insurance. Things don’t work that way, no one is going to believe I have a daughter with no birth certificate or anything.”

She gave him two shakes of her head as she smiled. Picking up one of the thick envelopes on her desk before handing it over to him. “I have been working on this for the last few days. Inside you will find a birth certificate for Leah Megan Summers, I chose to be a little vain and give her my name. You will also find inside of there a Social Security card, a photocopy of a cute little baby footprint. It won't match up, but no one checks that, I just thought it was cute. With all of that

your insurance will have no trouble adding your sixteen, almost seventeen year old daughter to your insurance.” Chuck’s jaw dropped as he looked at the paperwork inside the folder she gave him.

Holding the birth certificate in his hand he couldn’t believe she just so casually created a person. “Leah Megan Summers.” He blew out a lung full of air as he stared at the document in his hand. “How did you do this?”

“It was simple, but I think we are done here for now. Let me get you the change of clothes for Leah, a diet milkshake she can have for dinner. She isn’t going to like it, but as of today she is on a diet.” Charles didn’t really know where she worked, let alone that she worked for Sterling Backgrounds. One of the largest background companies in the world, they did backgrounds for small companies, large ones like the Mouse, Mega Corp and even the US Government. It use to be a thought exercise with how easy it would be to alter something or make a whole new person.

The first time she did this, turning her sister’s boyfriend Bailey Andrew Smith into her daughter Bailey Ann Best she worried about getting caught. Any time her boss wanted to talk to her she expected him to bring something up, but no one seemed to have batted an eye. If Sterling Backgrounds said that was who someone was, then the very system itself made proving them wrong incredibly difficult.

“Is that all?” Chuck was feeling particularly done with this conversation.

“Almost, it is important for a daughter to know her father loves her. Do make sure to tell her you before bedtime and when you drop her off and of course I would like to listen in. That way I can give you some parenting advice later if I think you need it. Being a new parent can be tough, but don’t worry your girlfriend is here to help.”

Chapter 10

Driving home the world felt far away for Chuck, he had done something wrong with Liam. Their father sure has heck didn’t spend any real time raising either of them, that meant he was partially responsible for his little brother even if he was twenty three. If he only knew, if he had only paid enough attention he could have stopped what happened to that girl. Still as crazy as all this was to keep both of them out of jail, he had still expected it all to really fall on Liam’s shoulders.

Chuck took his eyes off the road for a second to look at his brother, dressed up like a believable young teen.

Liam had started talking, ranting the second they were in the car alone together, but he hadn't really heard a single word his brother was saying. He noted it was odd hearing his brother's voice come from a girl, but he gave little thought beyond that as he mostly kept his thoughts circling the fact his own dick was locked away because his brother wasn't truly accepting the punishment they had agreed to.

When Chuck pulled into the driveway, Liam noticed right away something was off. He didn't see his motorcycle anywhere. Pulling on the door handle, Liam was surprised when the door hadn't budged at all. He tried a few more times, pulling on the handle rapidly. "Dude your door is broken, I can't get out."

When his older brother started to get out of the car without so much as acknowledging him, Liam yelled. "HEY ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?!"

Chuck turned back to his brother and pressed his lips together, giving a single shake of his head. "Not really, no." The way Liam yanked on the door handle rapidly, while looking at him with an exasperated face made him look like a girl throwing a tantrum. "Calm down, the door isn't broken. Just the child safety lock."

Moving over to that side of the truck he could hear his brother yell back the words "Child lock" through the truck's cabin. It made him a little happy to have zoned Liam out as he drove, he really didn't need this right now. "Grab your bag." Chuck said as he opened the door.

"Where is my bike?!" Liam demanded glaring at his brother for daring to touch his things. When they had left this morning it was parked on the gravel to the side of the driveway almost touching the wooden fence.

"It is in the garage, now do you want to keep yelling and make people wonder why a girl sounds the way you do? Maybe the neighbors will put together who you are, is that what you want? For everyone to think you dress up like some little girl in your free time?"

Liam was ready to ask his brother where the fuck he got off moving his bike when his words died in his throat. His eyes went wide and he looked to the houses next to his own, suddenly wondering if people were looking out their windows at him. He quickly grabbed the bag in the car, slammed the car door before chasing after his brother, who walked away after saying his piece. Letting out a sigh of relief

Liam tossed the bag onto the couch before heading to his room. “I can’t wait to get out of these clothes... you have no idea what kind of day this has... what the hell happened to my room!?”

All of his things were gone from the room, the walls were covered in vertical stripes each about two inches wide, alternating between a shade of white and a light shade of gray. In the room taking up most of one of the walls was an ivory white desk with small drawers, large drawers and a small overhead bare bookshelf. Sitting on the desk was a round mirror on a stand that looked like it had a built in light around its sides, he recognized it as a makeup mirror more than a few girls he had been with had. The chair for the desk looked more like a round cushioned lilac colored stool with a slight back to it that would swivel around.

The dresser in the room was the same color as the desk, a tall skinny thing that stood next to a short, but long bookshelf the same color. Then there was his bed, gone was his king size mattress that took up most of the room. Instead in the room was a twin mattress, not even a twin XL, the thing was half as wide as his old mattress and like half a foot shorter. The bed had white sheets and a bed cover that was a shade of purple he couldn’t place. The bed had two rows of pillows all set against the wall instead of the head of the bed, making it look like when it was made it could be used more as a couch.

“I let some people in to renovate your room, Megan gave me a list of things I had to get done today so you can immerse yourself as my daughter.” Chuck said feeling much more tired that he had just a few hours ago. “This is my first time seeing it, wow glad this is your room and not mine.”

“I’m not sleeping in this room, wait where is my stuff?” Liam moved into the room opening drawer after drawer, finding them all empty, including his closet. Finding only a note atop the desk written in girly handwriting. “What is this?” Liam said with a snarl as he read the note.

“Hey Leah!

I’m close 2 Megan Best and she totally told me how your uncle Liam was moving out of the house and like u needed 2 move in. I loved picking out the things for your room and totally wish I could be there 2 see your face when u see it. OMG I bet u love it, I hope u love it!

“Guh...” Liam shoved the letter into Chuck’s chest as he moved past him,

disgusted with the letter more than the room itself. It was like something Bailey would write in her texts, and of course Megan would get some super girly just like her niece to fuck with his room.

Moving through the house he opened the door to the garage so he could move his things back into the room, but was surprised to see it full of the normal crap they had. A free weight bench, a exercise bike, a small tv mounted on the wall next to a large fan and then behind them. On the other side were a few large red tool boxes, one his the other Chucks. The garage had enough room to pull a compact car in with everything in there, or the front of Chuck's truck if it needed to be worked on. Plenty of room to cram everything from his bedroom, but none of it was there. "Fuck... wait where the fuck is my bike! CHUCK!"

Chuck had already been following his girlified brother after he read the note. He had left shortly after letting the two men in the house that Megan said would be arriving, but he hadn't seen any females with them and figured she must have shown up after he headed out. "What are you yelling about now?"

"My bike... my stuff. You know my bed, my dresser, my posters, my clothes, and oh yeah, my fucking bike! You said my things were in the garage!" Chuck set his jaw, he was about done with his brother, but he looked in the garage first so he could point at the obvious motorcycle he pulled in behind the weight bench this morning. He blinked a few times, stepping into the area just in case it had been moved closer to the washer and dryer that were next to the door, but it wasn't there either. "I said your bike was in here, not your stuff, I have no idea where your stuff is. Though I would hazard a guess your bike is with them, hold on let me make a phone call."

"I'm not doing this anymore Chuck, fuck this bitch, I don't care. I am done playing these stupid games." Liam ground his foot into the ground, but instead of feeling his familiar boots his foot slid with the thin frilly socks inside the sparkly girly flats he wore.

"Shut up, I'm on the phone." Chuck said holding his hand over the microphone for his phone. "Yeah sorry about that Megan, yeah I was calling about... yeah the room. Yes, I know we talked about settings up a room for Leah to feel more comfortable in. No... but... yeah it is about..." Chuck clenched his jaw while gripping the back of his own neck with his free hand, feeling the muscles grow tighter as the woman on the other end of the phone kept interrupting him.

"Yeah, I understand. No it will not be a problem. Yes I understand what will

happen. Of course... yes I ahh I love you too.”

“What the fuck was that? You love her too?” Liam could see how upset his brother was, but how pissed he was didn’t matter to him. He wasn’t the one suffering and being humiliated with everything that crazy woman was doing.

“That... is me going along, to get along. When the woman that has my dick in a vice says she loves me and then asks don’t you love me too. You tell her you do love her, that is the type of lie that keeps you safe. She heard your little rant by the way, how the hell can you say your done when she literally has our dicks locked away?”

Looking at his brother like he was stupid for a second, Liam squinted one eye and moved his head from left to right slightly as he could see what he meant. Wearing girls' panties was kind of like locking his dick away, he wouldn’t be pulling any hot chicks looking like he was now. Something he needed to fix quickly, and to do that Chuck needed to tell him where his stuff was. “Dude, wearing girls' panties isn’t exactly a lock, I just need my things. Where did she put my stuff?”

“It was all put in storage somewhere and what do you mean by girls' panties?” Under the gaze of his brother Liam’s gaze went to the ground as a blush came to his face. He felt so embarrassed and of course Chuck had no idea what he was wearing under the overalls and he just had to give it away.

“You know umm she made me wear girls panties...” The softer material felt a lot nicer than his normal boxers, but he wasn’t going to admit that.

“What about the cage with the little lock on it?”

“What cage? What lock?” Liam’s eyes moved back to his brother, confused about what he was talking about.

“You are fucking kidding me! You have got to be fucking kidding me!” Chuck took a few steps away from his brother yelling at the ceiling as he realized he was the only one she locked away. To him it felt like Liam was getting off easier than himself, when it was Liam who was at real fault for all of this. He hadn’t behaved the way Megan wanted today, and just now said how he was done. Liam could just take off the clothes and wash the makeup off, but unless he was suddenly about to be very trusting to a locksmith or someone with cutters then his dick was locked away till she let him out. Not to mention the repercussions for Liam not

following along. Chuck squeezed his eyes tight, balling both his hands into fists.

“I don’t know what is wrong with you, but man the fuck up and call the bitch back so we can get my stuff back. I can just pack a bag and if I make good time be out of state before the sun comes up. If I’m gone no way would she report this to the police knowing she could only get you. You didn’t even do anything, fuck I didn’t do anything wrong.”

Liam was surprised to see his older brother whirl on him, stepping way further into his personal space. “You say your done... no Liam, I am done with your shit. You raped a girl, for some fucking reason wont fess up to it, even after the girls Aunt dressed you up like a girl and had one of your college friends fuck your face. At this point if she wanted to keep you like that all summer and service every member of that frat as much as they want then I would tell you to figure out how to get some enjoyment out of a stomach full of cum.”

Opening his mouth Liam stepped closer to his brother, poking him in the chest. Ignoring how his five foot four was dwarfed by his brothers six feet of height, but before he could say a word Chuck grabbed him by the arm and started to drag him through the house. “LET GO!”

Chuck easily tossed his brother onto his new bed. “For the summer, like ten fucking weeks you are not my breather. You are my darling little girl Leah, but if you are not then I will fucking make sure you go to jail and a picture is sent to the guards of you giving a blow job. I may be sent to prison too, but at least I won't be a prison bitch like you.” Chuck said with conviction as he pointed at Liam, who at some point along the way lost one of the sparkly shoes.

“This is how it will go, you will do what Miss Megan says, you will do what I say as your father! I have instructions for you to read your girl motto or whatever for twenty minutes. No, you will be doing that for an hour. You will start talking like you should or I swear I will do what Megan did today and take you over my own lap and I promise you little girl. I hit a lot harder than she does.”

Sitting there on the bed Liam sat stunned, his brother wasn’t yelling, but he knew he was madder now for some reason than the time he convinced one of the girls he was dating to go down on him. Both him and Bailey thought it was hilarious at the time, but it was a near thing; his brother hadn’t given him a black eye for it. “What has gotten into you Chuck? Why are you acting like this?”

“This is your last warning, you will refer to me as Daddy because you are my little

girl. Because if you are actually my brother things are going to get a lot darker because of his attitude. Liam no longer lives in this house, he did horrible things to a girl he went on a date with and honestly I can't even say for sure he hadn't done those types of things before. If Liam was here telling me he wasn't going to do the things he knows he has to do to make up for everything then I would make sure he went to prison. I would even testify against him if I was able to work out a deal where I didn't join him. So tell me, am I talking to Leah or Liam?"

When they fought growing up, Liam was never really afraid of his brother. Despite their size and build differences Chuck never intentionally hurt him and he knew he took more than his share of beatings from their father. Right now he was terrified of him. "I thought.. I thought you said you would always be in my corner, helping me and protecting me."

"I should never have protected you from the repercussions of your own actions, that is on me. Now thought that is over, and if you can get your head out of your selfish bubble for one second you would realize that by going along with you being Leah I am protecting you. If you will not allow me to protect you, then you will be suffering the consequences. Now who am I talking to?"

"But I didn't do it... you have to believe me." Liam pleaded, he needed his brother to believe him. He would never rape anyone.

"So be it." Chuck pulled his phone out of his pocket ready to call Megan, wondering if there was anything he could say to at least protect himself or if there was a different deal he could work out with the crazy woman out for revenge.

"Waitwaitwait!" Liam said rapidly moving to his knees to get off the bed, but stopped as his brother turned to him. "I'm Leah. I'm your daughter." It was almost physically painful for Liam to say those words. Knowing now his brother really was going to make him stick this out and not just try placating the woman the best they could like they originally talked about. What felt worse than the humiliation was knowing his brother didn't believe him.

Chapter 11

Pulling into her driveway Megan saw the familiar truck of Charles idling there. Grabbing her purse and laptop bag she got out of her SUV, moving over to greet the man she was forcing to be her boyfriend as he got out of his vehicle. "You are late." Chuck said annoyed at having to wait just over thirty minutes for Megan to

get home so he could leave his sullen brother with her.

“I’m sorry Charles, I know you need to get to work, but I had a meeting run late this morning. Now tell me How did last night and this morning go?” Megan looked through the drivers side window at Liam sitting there in his little white shorts and pink T-shirt that had a rainbow decal. The pigtails she left him with the day before were gone, but replaced with a high ponytail. He looked so upset sitting there with the stuffed purple elephant in his lap. With the child safety lock she told Charles to use, he had to just sit there until an adult came over to let him out.

“You know how bedtime went, I tucked him... her in with the stuffed animal, kissed Leah on the forehead and told her I loved her just like you said. When she said it was too early to go to bed I read her a bedtime story that I don’t think she enjoyed.” Megan placed her hand on the man’s forearm.

“Charles I’m sure she will treasure the memory of her Daddy reading her a story, but I meant before that. Did she cause you any trouble?”

The question made Chuck hesitate, he wasn’t sure if his brother's behavior reflected on his, like how she locked his dick away the previous day or if he could earn favor by being truthful and telling her how he punished him. “The night was an experience... more than once Leah stood in the corner reciting that motto you gave her, but I added a few lines. Think he... she spent more time with her nose in the corner than anywhere else. Not that she wanted to, but I gave her the option of getting spanked and she chose the corner every time.”

“Sounds like you are not too bad at this parent thing, but tell me. What new lines did you add?”

Liam glared at his brother, deciding he was worse than Megan. He was his flesh and blood and yet he was fully going along with everything. This morning he had taken him to the dentist who gave him braces like he was some child. He remembered a few years ago Bailey had braces put on, both Chuck and him had teased him for it, but now he felt the uncomfortable pain in his mouth. The dentist had an option for invisible braces and while he had spoken up that if he had to get braces that is what he wanted, the dentist just smiled and patted his arm, waiting for his brother to answer. In the end not only did they not get the invisible braces, but he ended up with a pink set.

The things in his mouth felt so odd, he couldn’t help but run his tongue across them like doing so would help with the constant uncomfortable feeling. The

dentist said in about four days the pain would be gone, but told him how he was sure a big strong girl could handle it and be brave. Liam felt furious, but the threat of being spanked by his brother and it being done publicly was enough to keep him from saying more than a few words the entire time.

Opening the drivers side door Chuck held it out. "Leah, scoot out this way and tell Miss Megan the full motto you had to say last night when you misbehaved." Liam looked between the two of them glowering.

"A good girl loves her Daddy and is a Daddy's girl. A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl and a Daddy's girl, happy and proud." Liam said as he scooted over the other door, feeling a blush come to his cheeks as both of his tormentors watched him so the ridiculous line.

"I do just love that Charles, but I can tell we still need to learn how to practice what we preach. I don't see much smiling happening Leah. Don't worry we have plenty of time to help you grow into the woman you want to be. Now give me a hug hello and say goodbye to your father so he can head off to work."

When they were back inside together Megan touched the ponytail on Liam's head and glared at him. "We have a lot to do today, so how about you tell me what has you in such a bad mood so we can get past it."

Liam motioned to his entire body looking at the woman like she was dumber than her niece. "How about all of this? How about I have pink braces? How about you stole my bedroom and my bike? How about the fact my boss said I had to come into work tomorrow or I would be fired?" Each sentence got louder and louder, Liam not even trying to talk in the feminine voice he had been forced to keep using constantly.



“One, you chose this over the alternatives, I think the braces look cute on you, those things belonged to your uncle and I’m sure he can collect them when the summer is over and you are too young to worry about a job. You wouldn’t want to be a mechanic anyways, you are such a sweet girl. I bet you would make a perfect nurse., Now enough with all of that, we have some things planned today. It is hot out today so I set up the sprinkler out back this morning so you can go change into the bathing suit I have laid out for you. Then you have some lessons before you can watch your show and if you are a good girl we can talk about you dressing like an older girl before we go shopping.”

“So you are going to make me lose my job?”

“Leah, you are an intelligent girl, you keep asking questions like that and it is going to make me think I need to talk to you like you are an airhead. Don’t make me repeat myself or I will treat you like a ditzy girl. You don’t have a job to be fired from Leah, but if you like I can see about setting you up to be a candy striper... I think they are called junior volunteers now. Well we can get you volunteer hours at the local hospital. It will look great for your college applications when you get older.”

Hanging his head low Liam started to follow Megan down the hallway, knowing for sure now he would be losing his job come tomorrow. “Leah, we talked about this. Back straight, chest out, head held high and smile. Posture is important for a young woman like yourself.” Adjusting his posture and putting a smile on his face Liam followed, now even more upset that she wouldn’t even leave him with that much agency.

On the bed in her daughter’s room was a one piece bathing suit that was pink and yellow with the words Barbie girl on it. “You expect me to wear that!?”

“I expect you to wear what I say, when I say it Leah. I expect you to wear your bathing suit with a smile on your face and I expect to hear you giggling with glee as you play in the sprinkler in the backyard. If you don’t you will be pulled over my lap and then I will set the sprinkler up in the front yard. Now what do you say?”

“I think it would be a lot of fun to play in the water out back with Miss Megan.”

“I am glad to hear it Leah. Tell me are you happy I’m dating your father?” Megan picked up and handed the girl’s bathing suit over, trying to act like it was an

innocent question.

“Yes?” Liam said unsure what other answer she could want, even if it was incredibly far from the truth.

“I know your Daddy is very important to you, but I like to think we have fun too. Tell me on a scale of one to ten, how happy would you be if me and your Daddy got married? Then you could have a Mommy and a Daddy.” Megan could see the panic and fright in Liam’s eyes at the question. She didn’t even like calling Charles her boyfriend, the man was a great fuck but would never have gotten any closer than that. Liam didn’t need to know that, planting the seed in his mind was all she needed.

“Ahhh...” Liam tried to think, this woman pretty much just declared she was going to marry his brother and make him their daughter. If he didn’t answer correctly there would be consequences. “I would say an eleven, because you would make an amazing Mommy and you are so really pretty.”

“Aww that is so sweet of you to say Leah. Now we just need to see how you act for the rest of the morning to see if you get to grow up to be sixteen or stay as you are for the summer. It is the difference between flower girl and bride’s maid.”

She knew that would terrify Liam and it would get back to Charles ,and she could use that as a tool to keep them in their places. Do as you are told or this can go on much much longer. Megan smiled more thinking about it as she showed Liam how to tuck himself away as he put on the bathing suit and ran out the door. She turned on the water and was happy to see the little shit was acting like he should, a smile on his face. Giggling and squeals of joy coming from his mouth as he ran around, jumping through the water. She never got Bailey to do this, but seeing Liam having to act like this was a fun activity sure made her day, and it was just getting started.

Heading back to her daughter's room Megan pulled Liam’s cellphone from the back pocket of the white shorts. She should have done this yesterday, but had forgotten with everything going on. Liam didn’t need to be around and Leah shouldn’t be using her uncle's cell phone. By the time they got to the mall it was going to be left on a park bench, so someone else could take it away.

Chapter 12

Sitting on the edge of the couch, the only spot he could sit with how many file folders were taking up the seats, Liam did his best to act happy and excited as he recapped the episode of Barbie he just watched. He was sure she was watching him through the camera as she sat here in her office, but still she gave him her full attention. "It sounds like you really love your show, but it is a bit juvenile. Perhaps it is time you grew up, how about we make you a sixteen year old instead of a preteen. Would you like that Leah?"

Sixteen, a full seven years younger than he really was, he would balk at that ever working, but no one at the dentist's office questioned his age at all earlier that morning. The closest was the receptionist talking to Chuck saying how his daughter was either getting all her growing out of the way early or would end up taller than all the boys.

When he got dressed back into his clothes... Liam shook his head, hating that he just thought of these as his clothes. When he put them on he didn't miss the fact that Megan had placed a diaper that looked large enough to fit him to the side, like it could be an option if he wasn't behaving like she wanted. Misbehave and wear a diaper, remain as he was and be some girly preteen or be good and get to be treated like a teenager. The more he thought about it though, he wondered if refusing her offer would slide the scale closer to that diaper and he wouldn't put it past this woman to make him drink nothing but prune juice just to make him use it. "Leah, speak when spoken too. I asked you a question young lady, Or are you not interested in growing up?"

"I want to grow up." He hated being treated like some child and he was not going to give her an excuse to make him some adult baby to spank and diaper.

"You don't sound like you are excited, maybe we should leave you like this for the summer. I bet your Daddy can find a nice summer camp where you can be with other children your age."

"No, please! I want to grow, I don't want to be... like this!" Liam imagined running around a playground or using the community pool in the bathing suit she just made him wear.

"Well I could help you, but you would have to ask me nicely to make you the best and prettiest sixteen year old girl in the state. That is if you even want that." He in fact did not want that, he wanted nothing to do with this blue eyed fiend. The way she was making him say things like he wanted them, he didn't know if she had some recording device running like she did when she made him.... No he couldn't

even bring himself to think of Lucas after what she did.

“Miss Megan, could you please help me be the best and prettiest sixteen year old girl in Nevada?” Megan stood up from her chair, taking the feminized man by the hand to pull him to his feet. Then she wrapped her arms around him giving him a tight hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“Of course Leah, I would be honored to help you be the prettiest and best girl you can be. In fact in four weeks there is a beauty pageant in the next city over. It isn’t Miss Teen Nevada, but it could be a stepping stone. Just think if you work hard enough, by this time next year Leah you could be wearing a sash that says Miss Teen Nevada, or even Miss Teen USA. Isn’t that exciting?” Megan could clearly see the panic in his face, so she gave him another quick hug. They really did need to move for all the appointments today. With everything it was going to wipe out all the money Liam had in his account and put a heavy load on Charles’s credit card. “We can head out now, all you need to do is take off your cute socks and put your shoes back on and we can be off.”

“That's it? That isn’t going to make me look older or...” Megan touched Liam’s cheek lightly, smiling.

“I know you are in a hurry to grow up, but that will happen at your first appointment. First thing we need to do is get you in to see the Boob Fairy. Then we can see you blossom into the beautiful young woman I know you can be. Now hurry up so we can be off.”

Liam did as she said, but as he was following her out of the office he stopped in her daughter's room. He didn’t have his phone in his pocket and figured it fell on the floor or under the bed. “What are you looking for sweetie?”

“My phone, I can’t find it.” Liam said, kneeling on the ground as he pulled up the covers for the bed to look under it.

“You don’t have a phone, Leah, but if you are good for me I will buy you at the mall. Now come along.” Liam glanced up at her and then went back to what he was doing, he didn’t need a new phone. The one he had was only two months old, he had just upgraded the thing and wasn’t even close to paying it off.

“Just give me a sec, I’m sure it is here.”

“Leah, a good girl is always obedient. A good girl never argues or complains. Are you acting like a good girl right now?” Liam stopped moving completely, slowly looking over his shoulder back to Megan. Like he was expecting her to be looming over him like a predator ready to pounce. She didn’t look angry, just stood there with her arms crossed and an eyebrow raised. She was still dressed for the office and the way she crossed her arms made her large breasts stand out more. It was truly a shame someone so hot was so bat shit crazy and... scary.

“No...” Liam dragged out the word, he didn’t want to act like a good girl. Or any type of girl. He mentally grumbled as he got back to his feet, running his tongue over his teeth and braces again. He wasn’t sure how anyone with this metal in their mouth got used to it.

“Good, then come along.” Megan stopped, looking Liam in the eye for a second. “You seem to be having a problem taking these lessons to heart. Why don’t you grab a notebook and you can write out your lessons as we drive to your first appointment.”

The motto, the stupid motto that he had said a thousand times and that wasn’t good enough. Now he had to write them while they drove, it was a mixture of a kid having to write lines on the blackboard and giving a child a coloring book to occupy their time. He couldn’t even bullshit his way through it because she actually took the time to look over his work. Telling him how his hand writing needed to be girlier and go slower to get it right. As he went to walk past the woman she put a hand to his chest, the pressure giving him a reminder that he was in fact wearing a girls training bra. “Leah when I tell you to do something, not only do I expect you to do it, but I expect you to acknowledge me that you are going to do it and what you are going to do.”

“Yes Miss Megan. I will get a notebook and write out the good girl motto while we drive.”

“I know how important it is for young girls to try and push their boundaries to grow, so I don’t want you to think of this as a punishment. This is just to help you be the best girl you can be, so you only have to do it if you really want to be a good girl. So I am going to ask you, Leah, do you want to write down your lessons to help you be a good girl?”

Liam’s nose scrunched up as he bit back a reply, before forcing a smile back to his face. She was pushing his buttons on purpose, she wanted him to react, she wanted him to violate her little pretend rules so she could punish him further. This wasn’t enough for her and she wanted more, and he wasn’t going to give her

the excuse to spank him again. "Thank you for helping me learn to be a good girl Miss Megan."

"You are very welcome dear. Now let me grab my purse and we can be off."

When the SUV stopped Liam put the pad of paper and the pen on the back seat and waited for his door to be opened. Something that amused Megan as the child safety lock was not engaged on the door. "Leah dear, it is okay for you to wait for a door to be opened for you when you are with a boy. In fact, I want you to always wait for a boy to open doors for you when you are with them. Not all of them are gentlemen, but it is important some of us remind them and I think you are just that type of girl. Now come along, lets not dawdle too long out here."

Trying the door, Liam was a little surprised it opened, even with her saying that he expected her to have forgotten the child lock was on, just to mess with him. The office was plain white with not comfortable looking chairs in the waiting room. It had only one door to go into the back and a glass window with an older looking woman with thick glasses typing away at a computer.

"Good morning." She said, looking down at her computer before continuing. "Yes it is still morning for a little bit I guess. Do you have an appointment?"

"Yes, Leah Summers here to see Dr. Nolan." The older woman typed away at the computer before turning to look directly at him. Her eyes seemed huge through the thick glasses, making him feel uncomfortable like she was looking at him with a microscope.

"This isn't exactly something we do for young girls, I can't believe the doctor didn't tell you to let your daughter grow naturally."

The friendly smile Megan had on her face slid away. "Tammy..." She said the woman's name like she was tasting it. "Leah is not my daughter, but if I was so lucky it still wouldn't be your place to tell me how to raise her. She is older than she looks and that is the reason why we are here. Maybe a little less personal opinions into the lives of others and focus on your job. Like letting the doctor know his noon appointment is here to see him. Okay?"

"Umm yes, just have a seat, he will be with you shortly." Her words were apprehensive, but Megan could see the anger in her eyes. She couldn't stand people like her, the woman was like some of the people at her church all too willing to give their opinions about her marriage when she got divorced. Liam

wasn't sure what this place was, other than a doctors office, but it was nice to know Megan didn't just bite off his head when she spoke.

When the doctor finally took them both into the back room Liam started to feel more and more nervous. They weighed him, measured his height and then his chest, waist, and around his butt. Never had a doctors office done something like this and it worried him more and more. "Okay, Leah is it? I'm Dr. Nolan. Feel free to call me Nolan, or Nole if you wish. I understand you have started transitioning, and while you can't be approved for surgeries to look the way you want yet. You found us and wanted help looking like you feel on the inside."

"Transitioning?" Liam's eyes went wide as he looked from the doctor over to Megan.

"No need to be shy sweetie, Dr. Nolan." Megan gave him a nod of the head. "Nole, is going to help you look like the beautiful girl you have been telling me you want to be. Nothing he is going to do is permanent like you would like, but it is a good start."

"What are you going to do?" She had given him just enough information to make him sweat, but not panic. He was going to do something to make him look more like a girl, but it wouldn't be permanent.

"Think of what we will do like when you fill up a water balloon, but in this case we will be using saline and there is no risk of you popping."

Liam brought both his hands up to his chest, feeling the training bra as he thought of them inflating his chest like balloons. "Ummm ahhh, what if I changed my mind?" Megan put one of her hands on her hips as she looked hard at Liam as he sat there on the doctor's table.

"Now, now. No need to get upset at Leah here, it happens all the time that a patient gets cold feet after making an appointment. I am here to answer any questions you have if you are scared about anything, if you would like to reschedule or not proceed that is okay too. Leah, your feelings are valid." Dr Nole nodded, proud of himself for remembering things he learned at a counseling seminar.

"We have researched this and she was asking me to help her not even an hour ago. Would you mind if we talked alone for just a minute?" The doctor nodded, patted Leah on the leg twice before stepping out of the room to give the family

space.

“Leah, are you going to give me trouble here?” Liam could hear the threat in her voice, but he didn’t want to have tits.

“You didn’t say anything about giving me tits! That isn’t going to happen!” While he stressed the words, the volume of his voice was hardly over a whisper. Liam did not want anyone to hear what he was saying.

“We can go then, no need to get this done if you feel that way.” Megan stood up and took a step towards the door, hearing Liam hop off the doctors table. “If you don’t want to grow up, we can always make you a baby girl instead. Lay around all day, watching Sesame Street, going potty wherever you are thanks to your diaper.”

“If I don’t do this, that is what you will do to me? For the entire summer?” Liam knew right away this was her plan. She seemed to love the walk away, and then drop some horrible consequences if she didn’t get her way.

“No of course not, I could always still call the police. Would you like that option instead of wearing a diaper?”

“What they do here is just temporary?” Megan nodded her head, fighting to keep a straight face. “Great.. Just great.” Liam sat back down atop the doctors table.

“Guess I’m getting tits today.”

“Breasts honey, boys say tits. Now when the doctor asks you to confirm things just tell him I will take care of all that. How you are ready to proceed, just too nervous to deal with the details that you have already gone over.”

“I didn’t go over anything.”

“I did for you, and I know you trust me. You do trust your Daddy’s girlfriend, don’t you Leah?”

Four hours later Liam was standing in that same room again, looking at himself naked in the mirror. “You look beautiful Leah, you truly are going to be a heartbreaker.” In the mirror was him, but his hips looked much fuller, his ass

looked massive to him. If he saw a girl was this ass he would want to have her bend over so he could bounce a coin off it, but it was on him, and then there was his chest. It felt incredibly heavy and looked massive... bigger than massive. The doctor said they were C cup, but to him they looked like they could have been an F cup.



“With your small frame I am surprised you chose that size Leah, but if you are a C cup at sixteen, I bet you will be a D or DD by the time you are in college.” Liam

frowned looking at himself in the mirror, it was him, but not him. His jaw hurt, his teeth hurt, his skin felt like it was inflated from a bad reaction to a bee sting. No amount of Benadryl was going to ease this swelling, he would be stuck with it for little over a week. Then he would have to come back... he was sure Megan would be there to make him. At least next time it wouldn't take nearly as long to inflate him like a balloon and the doctor promised it wouldn't be as uncomfortable. "I look like a freak." He said seeing his chest and male bits in the mirror.

"No, no dear. You are beautiful and I promise to help you learn to accept that. Leah you are a beautiful young woman and I want to hear you say that to yourself in the mirror right now. "

"Do I have to?" Liam didn't get a response to the question, just a hard look. "I am a beautiful young woman."

Liam just could not get over the fact that he had tits and not something small either. His chest and ass looked remarkable, sore as anything. This was like something out of some bad science fiction movie. They had him rest on his stomach while two thick needles with clear hoses were stabbed into each ass cheek, slowly making them swell and then they did the same thing to his chest, but after the first thirty minutes of that they put a hard styrofoam brace over his chest to make sure his new assets came in right. Looking at them now he would say they definitely looked right for an endowed girl, but not on him.

"Again, and try to sound like you mean it." Megan was beyond happy. She never even considered this for Bailey, but the hormones had been working wonders on his body. Much more than she could have ever hoped for. The saline injections weren't cheap, but it wasn't her money and they had amazing effects. Once she got Leah on estrogen and something to block the testosterone, her body would naturally start to fill in what the saline was doing.

"I am a beautiful young woman." Liam said, moving one hand over his manhood. Wishing those words didn't seem so true, but the image in the mirror told another story.

"Much better. Let's get you dressed and then we can get the prescription the doctor was talking about to help ease the pain you must be in."

Chapter 13

Giving a reassuring smile to the now much more feminized man next to her, Megan gave Liam a light squeeze on his shoulder. "Are you ready for this?" It was clear he was feeling self-conscious, and what male wouldn't be when a few hours ago he didn't have C cup breasts. He moved an arm over to cover his new assets, hiding his nipples that now poked into the shirt thanks to the lack of a bra.

"No, but you are going to make me do it anyways." Things felt bad this morning with the braces being put in, but now with a swollen chest the girly pink shirt with a rainbow looked completely different. It was now less, younger girl, more of a bubbly teen look. The expanded chest made sure people would be looking right at the rainbow and it made the shirt pull up just enough to show about half an inch of skin before the white shorts he wore. The shorts now seemed to hardly fit with his expanded ass. Megan said they looked like they fit fine, but when they had time to go shopping he would have plenty of clothes to choose from.

He felt wiped, his body still felt a little weak. He couldn't blame his body for having a hard time fighting off a cold or whatever with all the stress he was under, but the pills he got from the doctor made his mind feel like it was full of cotton. To the point that it took effort to pay attention to what Megan said to him.

"Good afternoon, we are here for the appointment for Leah." Megan said to the woman who looked to be in her mid-thirties. Her multicolored hair showed that she more than likely enjoyed experimenting with her own hair. She would rather have taken Liam to the shop in the mall, but there would be a higher chance of running into people they might know and she didn't want that to happen till Leah looked just right.

"Of course, it looks like we are getting a lot done here today. First laser treatment for her body hair, eyebrow sculpting, eyelash extensions, lip filler and plumping and lastly getting her hair styled. We sure have a lot to get done, but we could always do a little more for your daughter while you are here."

"Hmmm well she is going for a new look, why get her pampered too. Could you add in a basic manicure and pedicure, and the hydrafacial." She got the hydrafacial done a few times a year for the last few years, it helped keep her skin healthy and looking younger than she imagined it should. Even after scrubbing Liam's face he still had some black heads and grime she imagined he acquired from working on cars that she wasn't able to remove. This was exactly the treatment he needed to have healthy supple skin, especially after the first laser treatment.

"Big spender, I love it! Leah lets get started enhancing that natural beauty you

have. Are you going to wait here for your daughter or come back to pick her up?" At no point did Megan correct the employee on Leah being her daughter, it didn't matter, but it did amuse her that Liam was too uncomfortable or embarrassed to say anything.

"I will be picking her up, if you could just give my contact number a ring when she is almost ready, I know with everything she is having done it will take some time. I am just so happy she is moving out of that tomboy phase. Leah, I have given instructions for everything we are getting done here today. I expect you to be well behaved, I don't want to hear you were disrespectful or arguing today, not with how much we are spending."

"I will be a good girl, Miss Megan." He caught the words disrespectful and arguing, but not much else. He was in a salon and they were going to do a bunch of things, he wasn't sure what. Though he was sure he wouldn't be enjoying them.

Megan turned to leave, they wouldn't have time to do a proper shopping trip today so she wanted to go pickup at least one outfit for Leah so she could look proper when she left, and so she would have the chance to drill in some basics for walking in heels before Charles came to get her today. She heard a little chatter as she went out the door.

"Miss Megan, does that mean she is your step mom?"

"Something like that." She heard Liam reply before the door closed, cutting off the conversation. She wondered if he was thinking about the threat of marrying his brother or if he was putting her in the role of the quintessential step mom. Liam was fighting back and resisting her more than Bailey did, but things were going so well and she knew he was hating it.

Getting into her car she pulled out her phone, she knew Bailey would be at her internship job right now, but she wanted to touch base. That and make sure Bailey didn't think now that she had Liam to play with that he was off the hook for everything he did.

Megan: Hey pumpkin, how is your internship going?

Bailey: Soooo bad

Megan: Oh?

Bailey: Just men...

Megan: They getting handsy with you?

Bailey: 1 guy named Greg totally doesnt like Mommy and is taking it out on me.

Bailey: He like spanked my ass once when I was in his office telling me I needed 2 work harder.

Megan: Sounds like you are getting along fine dear. Just don't try to sleep your way to the top, it will give your mom a bad name.

Megan: Just dropped Leah off at the salon, I will send you a photo of her when she is all finished.

Bailey: Good I hope he turns out beautiful so he can know what it is like.

Bailey: Oh did u see his new room!?

Bailey: I was so happy 2 get 2 pick out his new bedroom.

Bailey: Candi and I got back a little late from our lunch break, Miss April wasn't happy.

Bailey: Totally worth it!

Megan: I have not seen it yet, but I'm sure you did a wonderful job.

Megan: In fact I was hoping to get you for another job. Would you like to babysit Leah while Charles and I go on a date?

Bailey: Can't believe u r still dating him

Megan: Is it your place to tell your Aunt, let alone any adult who they should be dating?

Bailey: No but... like what he did

Megan: Bailey I told you I wouldn't involve myself in your love life, but if you keep pushing

Bailey: I will like totally stop!

Megan: What about babysitting?

Bailey: Does it pay\$\$\$?

Megan: Would it matter?

Bailey: No, but I totally <3 the idea of being paid 2 mess with Liam.

Megan: I will make sure Charles pays you to babysit Leah.

Bailey: YESSSSSS!

Bailey: Just like let me know when!

Inside the salon Liam laid back in a reclining chair, naked except for his girlish panties as an older technician ran a plastic looking gun under his left armpit, while the woman who walked him back stood behind his chair running a thick looking pen device over the skin on his nose. The device felt like it was sucking at his skin and at the same time licking him like some animal, it was weird and a little uncomfortable. "You are going to be positively glowing after we are done here. So you know, this is a medical grade hydradermabrasion. That is just a fancy way of saying it does a cleansing, it exfoliates and it infuses your skin with a little serum to help your skin. Think of it as a vacuum that gets down in your pores and then you get a special lotion."

"Okay..." Liam only laid there for moment mostly naked before something was used to cover his body. They were going to do a full treatment, so they would need

access to most of his skin. A big part of his mind wanted to yell and just shove these woman away, put on his clothes and run off to freedom, but right now he couldn't even work up enough energy to be upset, let alone rage about. The medication from the doctor was kicking his ass, it was a little like when he took his rohypnols medication to help him sleep.

Each time the woman with the laser gun finished with an area it felt a little sore, like he had spent a little too much time in the sun, but then she would rub some cream over the area, soothing the discomfort away. Though it left the spot a little cold exposed to the air conditioning. "Are we almost done?" He asked when the multi hair colored woman that was pressing the thing into his face stepped out of view.

"With this, yes, but we have a lot more to do. Would you like me to work on your eyes or lips next?" If she was going to put makeup on him he didn't care what place she started, he didn't want any of it, but he was here and it was going to happen. Though his mouth was already feeling out of sorts, he didn't have a headache, but he felt like the tightness in his mouth was going to cause one somehow. "My teeth got done today." He said touching a finger to the pink braces. As if that answered her question.

"They look nice and in no time will improve that beautiful smile, how about we start there to see if we can enhance that the way you wanted." The next thing he knew he felt little pricks here and there on his lips. It stung and felt a lot like what happened at his last appointment. He couldn't see himself, but it felt like he could float away on them into the sky if it was helium that had been injected into him.

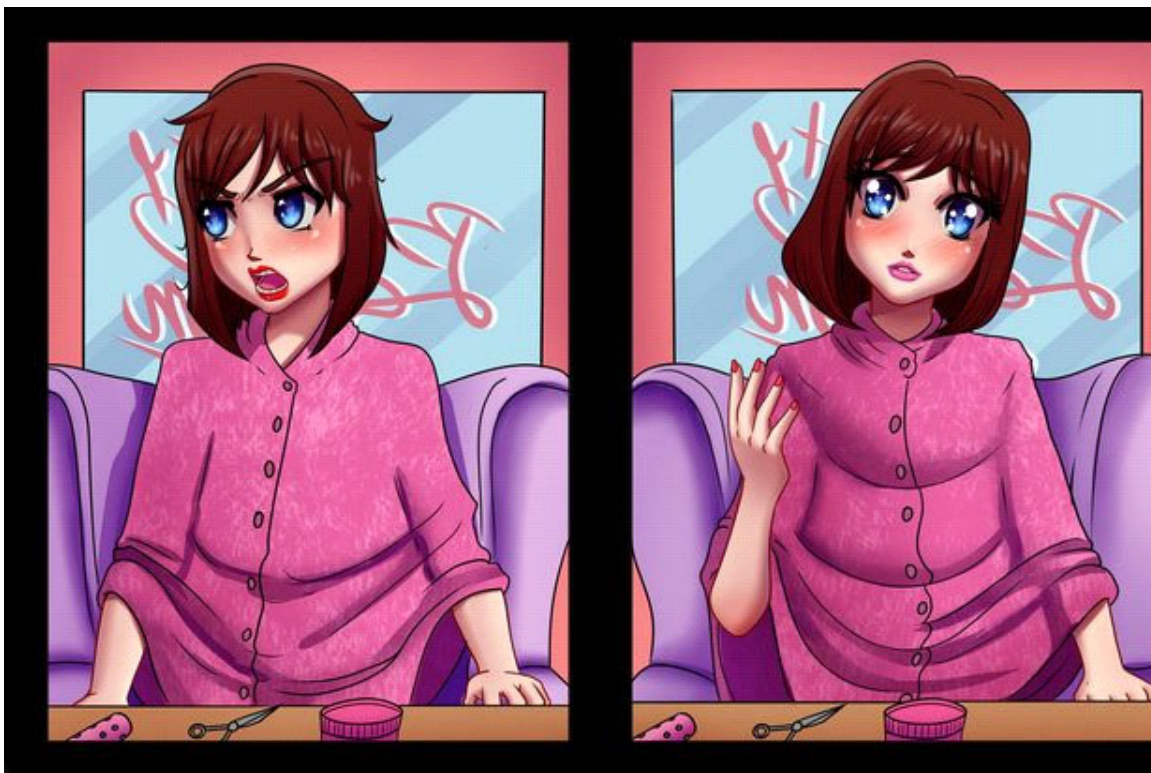
"Wy wips feew heavy." When Liam went to touch his mouth his hand was pushed away.

"They will feel like that for a bit, but don't worry you will be talking like your old self by the time your mom comes to pick you up."

The skin treatment, the lady with the laser all seemed to take forever, but other people seemed to be fine working around them to work on his hands, feet. The feeling of the hand and foot massage was like heaven, he had never had anyone massage either of those places before. That was all before they had even begun working on his hair. He could afford little to no attention to what they were doing and while he loved his long hair, the girls always loved running their fingers through it. He did wish they would just buzz it all off, if they did that maybe he would look like a man again. That thought lasted just long enough for the woman cutting his hair that just wouldn't stop talking, he wasn't sure about what, but

seemed to never stop till now when she spun the chair so he could see himself in the mirror. His hair was now cut in a long bob cut, it just touching his shoulders and curling in slightly, his bangs came down to hand just over his eyebrows, but not thick enough to fully cover them.

The eyebrows themselves were thin arches that only could belong on a girl. His skin did look a lot clearer, not that it was bad before, but it looked so much better now after what they did, though his mind gave him little time to explore that thought before focusing on his lips. His lips looked massive... they looked like they belonged on Angelina Jolie. His upper lip wasn't much bigger, but it seemed to curl upwards, while his bottom lip was like a large pillow as thick as his thumb. The face of the stylist came into view in the mirror as she put her face next to his.



“You seemed shocked, Leah. Tell me you love it. You love it.” Shock was right, Liam couldn't really process all the changes at once, but he still nodded his head. It was a slow nod as his mind tried to panic, but it just seemed to lack the resources to do so. “I knew you would just going to love it! Your mom is on the way, would you like me to add a little makeup to finish off your look before she arrives?”

“My lips?” Liam asked, trying to comprehend how his lips looked so different and sore just like other parts of his body.

“They look killer girl, and see I told you that you would be back to talking like yourself in no time and yes of course I can add a little color to your new and improved lips.

Chapter 14

Glancing over at the pretty girl next to her, Megan had a hard time believing this was the same man that acted so cocky out on a date with Bailey not too long ago. The salon workers had even added a little makeup, they had even given Leah the pale pink shimmer lipstick they used for her lips. “Leah dear, what is the fourth thing good girls do?” He had written it down and said it so many times, Liam didn’t even have to recite the motto to know she was talking about smiling. Liam was running his finger across the smooth surface of his now buffed nails. They hadn’t added any color, but they felt so different. He felt miserable, just about everything hurt from all he had gotten done today. There was no way this woman didn’t know how bad he felt, physically and mentally, yet she kept pushing him. If I don’t bend I will break, he told himself as he closed his eyes. The extensions made his eyelids feel heavy and with how tired he was it would have been easy not to open them again and look through what felt like a curtain to look over at Megan. So he kept them closed a few more seconds, but did bring a smile to his lips.

“Men like to tell women they are prettier when they smile, you my dear are not going to give them the chance to tell you that. I want to always see a smile on your face, and if you can’t do it on your own I will see about getting you botox to make it always happen.”

“I will be a good girl Miss Megan.” He felt defeated, but right now he also felt hungry. They had been out for hours butchering his body, he wanted a good meal and then to go to bed, but as they pulled back into her driveway and saw no sign of Chuck’s truck so he knew it wasn’t over yet. Liam got out of the vehicle, not with a sigh or a whimper as he wished the day was over. He got out with a smile on his face, at least hoping she would give him dinner that was more than a milkshake for people on diets.

Unlocking the door and opening it slightly, Megan picked up a few before handing them over at the tired looking girl following her. “Here sweetie put these on the kitchen counter for me.” He kept his smile as he looked at her and

accepted the boxes, almost walking off to do the task before he remembered something she said earlier.

“Yes Miss Megan, I will put them on the kitchen counter for you.” He had almost walked off to do it and still would have gotten in trouble for not acknowledging her. Liam felt like it was a close thing, all because his thoughts felt like they were having to walk up hill, through the snow. Putting them down he turned, seeing her putting her large bag down on the floor next to the table.

“I bet you are hungry after everything today, right?” You will find yourself still hungry after you have your dinner too and every meal for a while till your stomach gets used to your new diet, she added mentally before opening up the fridge. “Just have a seat at the table Leah, I will get you something to nibble on.

His stomach was already upset from the lack of food, even the stupid chicken nuggets from yesterday would feel good right now. Then he heard the click of a can being opened that brought a genuine smile to his face, thinking about how a beer would really hit the spot. What she put in front of him however was another diet shake, with a straw in it and a bowl of eight grapes. “Is this a snack before dinner?”

“No dear, you are on a strict diet. Need you to lose a few pounds and some of that muscle you have on you. It isn’t much, but a pretty girl like you doesn’t need to worry about having any muscles, that is what boys are for. The straw is to help protect your lipstick, though you will still need to reapply it after you are done. I added a half a serving of grapes to help increase your energy with some natural sugars.”

“I would rather have a real meal, or even those chicken nuggets.” Liam said, popping one of the eight grapes into his mouth.

“That is strike one Leah, I am getting tired of having to remind you to follow your lessons. If you get to strike three you will be feeling the consequences. Do you understand me?” Megan shook her head watching Liam nod his acceptance as he chewed on another grape. She should have implemented this yesterday, but it wasn’t like she had a manual on how to feminize a young adult man into a teen girl.

“I hope we will not have to find out what happens when you get to strike three, but you should also know that chicken nuggets are no longer part of your diet. That was something you ate when you were younger, now that you are sixteen

you are a vegetarian.” Dropping that little bomb on him at the same time as the strikes was perfect, she knew with how much he hated her and how little he wanted anyone to control his life that he wouldn’t be able to help himself.

“Im a vega.. No, no way. Lady we need meat to live...” He said drawing out the word. “Human beings can’t be healthy with cutting off one of the sources of vitamins we need to thrive. Fuck that, hell I on the way home I am going to have Chuck pull over so I can have the biggest greasiest burger. You can keep your milkshake and gapes.”

“Not addressing me properly, complaining, arguing, not smiling, talking about your father by his first name, cursing and openly telling me how you will not be obedient. Congratulations Leah you went from strike one to strike eight in one rant. Shall we go right to turning that pretty new butt of yours red or should we wash your mouth out with soap first?”

Liam’s narrowed eyes from his glare faded as he eyes opened wider and wider. He still felt like he was coming down with something, weak and tired, but suddenly he had adrenaline pumping in his system as his fight or flight instinct kicked in and he chose flight. Knocking his chair back Liam bolted from the kitchen and around to the living room so he could get out the front door. He wasn’t thinking about where he was going to go or the ramifications, he just knew he couldn’t let her get a hold of him.

He made it to the front door, turned the handle and went to yank it open, but it just jarred in the door frame. He didn’t dare look behind him as he flipped the deadbolt so he could actually open the door this time, but again it wouldn’t budge. This time it was because a hand was reaching over him, pressing into the door to hold it closed. Following the arm with his eyes Liam slowly turned around to see Megan. She didn’t look pissed, or even a little angry, she looked happy and amused. He heard her flip the lock back as she shook her head. “I’m not sure where you thought you were going Leah. Your father isn’t out there to pick you up, I told him to spend the night out with his friend. I believe he went out to have a few drinks so that we could spend some extra time together. He wont be here to pick you up till he gets off of work tomorrow. Isn’t that great, we get to have extra girl time together. Now why don’t you take my hand and follow me like a good girl to accept your punishment. Unless you want to make things worse?”

Looking at the outstretched hand Liam took one deep breath after another, feeling chest move in a way it shouldn’t. When he ran his chest practically bounced around, it felt wrong. Just like his situation felt wrong, but there was little he could do. When the door didn’t open he knew his one chance of getting

outside was gone and as he looked into Megan's blue eyes he also knew that it wouldn't have mattered. She had also changed his body and messed with his life so much that getting away would mean little. He was just a firefly bouncing around inside a glass jar that he was caught in, it didn't matter where he went, he had nowhere to go. So he reached out without a word and took her hand, following along behind her holding it as she went into her daughter's old room.

"Leah, take off your shorts for me." His ass, no his body was still sore from what happened earlier in the day and he knew his ass was about to go from uncomfortably swollen to hurt so much he couldn't sit. He couldn't meet her eyes as he unbuttoned the white shorts and peeled them off. This morning he was sure that if he unbuttoned them and unzipped the shorts they would have fallen, but thanks to the treatment they just stayed put till he pulled them down over his inflated rear.

"Climb on to the bed, on your knees and sit on your feet." He expected for her to sit down and yank him across her lap and how she told him to sit didn't make sense for a spanking, but he wasn't going to argue. It was coming, she was just playing mind games.

"I have decided not to spank you or wash your mouth out with soap. Not to say I won't be doing that in the future, but you have a lot of strikes against you Leah. I think it would be best if we used them constructively while you are taught a lesson. Does that sound good or would you like for me to get the hair brush and make it so you can't sit for a week?"

"No... no that sounds better." It wasn't going to be good whatever it was, but this woman reveled in being able to physically hit him and the fact she was giving that up left him in shock.

"Strike nine, you forgot to address me correctly." Megan sighed, thinking it was much easier to get Bailey to call her Auntie than Liam to just add Miss to the front of her name. "Hold out your hand, palm up and don't move." When he complained she opened a drawer where she had the toy she had just bought for Liam. His eyes went wide and jaw fell open as she slapped a pink rubber almost see through dildo into his hand. Liam dropped it and scooted away like the thing was a snake about to bite him.

"I told you not to move, strike ten." Megan's voice stayed even without giving a hint of her true mood.

“It's a dick!” Liam cried, his eyes focused on what lay at the center of the bed.

“It is a dildo, specifically your first dildo Leah. Considering your family I know you like oral, and you are going to practice with it till you can touch the base with your lips and keep it there. Then... then we will get one a little bigger, a little longer so that you can know what it feels like to have it sitting inside your throat. Your punishment and lesson Leah is to learn to properly suck a dick. I know what you are thinking, that there is no way you are going to do that. Your other option is I call Lucus over or Charles and you can practice on the real thing.”

With the saline injections just happening, Megan knew she couldn't paddle Liam's ass to drive the point home, not without messing up the look of Leah's butt. She was always intending for this part of his torment to happen, but as she threatened him it truly amused her to think of only letting Charles dick out of the cage when his brother was sucking on it. She could arrange it so neither of them knew it was one another doing it the first few times. The man was dynamite in bed though and with the cockring she bought to keep him from cumming too soon, she was sure she could get off long before he did, if she even let him get off.

“Pick up your toy Leah, and feel free to lower your panties. I really shouldn't be giving you any rewards, but I would like to see you jerk off while you follow my instructions on what to do with your new pink toy. Unless you think I should make a phone call for you to practice on something more... lifelike?”

Liam moved over and picked up the pink thing, scowling at it as he held it between just two fingers. What she was making him do was sick, but it wasn't like he could do much else. If this is what she wanted him to do if he rebelled she would just beat him and then make him pick it back up again, or worse.... He had already tasted what Lucu's dick tasted like and a repeat performance made him sick to his stomach.

“You are not smiling, Leah, strike eleven, but I will tell you what. I am going to wipe all your strikes away, not because I think you deserve it because you are good. No, it is because I am setting up your punishments for the strikes all right now. Starting tomorrow when you wake up, you will be doing this. Tomorrow you will be doing this in the afternoon and tomorrow before you go to bed you will be doing this. You will do this so I can watch here and at home your father can hold his phone out recording it. I'm sure he won't mind knowing the alternative is you begging him to cum for you. Unless I say otherwise Leah, you will be cumming with a dick in your mouth three times a day for the rest of the summer.”

Chapter 15

Accepting the baby wipe from Megan, Liam cleaned off his cum from his hand. He couldn't even look the woman in the eye after what she had just made him do, what she had just watched him do. The dildo was still slick with his saliva, a reminder of where it just was. For not following the rules she set forward he had earned eleven strikes and for that he was going to have to suck on a dildo three times a day. He really needed to stop getting these bullshit strikes before he could figure a way out of this or weather the storm.

Holding out a small waste wicker basket for the disposable baby wipe, Megan couldn't help but smile. Knowing one of the next punishments that Liam was going to get was cleaning up his mess with his tongue going forward. Who knows, maybe he will even grow to like the taste, but at the very least she was going to make sure he got used to it. "You go ahead and take off your shirt and panties Leah, I have something else for you to put on. I will be right back."

Things still didn't feel right, and Liam sure had heck knew why. His body had been inflated like a balloon today, his teeth have been pulled together tightly by wire, pills for the pain had his mind feeling foggy, on top of all that he was coming down with something that was making him feel weak. Getting up from the bed he looked back towards the dildo, he didn't even get to finish the bullshit meager meal, instead he got that thing in his mouth. Liam rubbed his jaw for a few seconds before deciding to hurry up with what he was told before she came back and counting it as a strike for not following orders.

Pulling off the panties with cartoon characters on them and the pink t-shirt, Liam couldn't help looking in the mirror over the dresser. Seeing a petite girl that was stacked, that looked to be a in a foul mood. Looking away from the mirror Liam saw a large worn softball with writing all around it, names it looked like and a picture in a frame sitting next to it. Inside the image were two girls, the one on the left he figured was Megan's daughter. She was pale of skin, dark raven black hair and the same large blue eyes as her mother. The other was a hispanic girl with short curly hair with a rather large chest. The two held each other by the waist smiling for the photo. The frame itself said best friends on it. "I don't know what your name was, but I have a pretty good idea why you didn't stick around here considering who your mom is." Liam said looking at the pretty, but pale girl in the photo.

"Leah, I brought you some vitamins I had ordered, the ones you helped carry in. They will help makeup for what you are missing with your diet and considering I wanted to get more done with you today I also have a shot of B twelve to give you

a boost in your energy.” Megan said walking into the room holding a few things in her hands, a small cup with pills in it, a glass of cold water and a syringe full of a red liquid. The pills were vitamins to make sure Liam stayed healthy with the diet, but she had also found some supplements sold overseas that promised to help a girl get that feminine figure she dreamed of. The same pills she had given Bailey, she had even ordered enough to make sure Bailey got the refill she had asked for, course she still thought they were to help keep her libido in check. She had been unsure about ordering more for Bailey with the medication the doctors were already giving, but she figured the professionals could even all that out.

Looking at the items she carried Liam was suspicious, but it wasn't like it would matter much if she injected him with something or he took a pill to knock him out. There was little more she could do to him besides cut off his dick and considering the punishment she wanted him to keep doing that wasn't an option. He tried to think of what else she could be up to, but it was incredibly hard to think, so he reached out and took the pills. Swallowing them all at once with a gulp of water.

“A bit of a pill popper I see.” He didn't respond, just drank down the rest of the water, hoping it would solve his hunger pains.

“Do you think I could finish my umm.” He stopped and started again with a smile on his face. “Miss Megan, do you think I could finish my dinner?”

“Dinner time is over Leah, you shouldn't have thrown a tantrum like a little girl. I am tempted still to diaper you and send you to bed early like a little girl should, but I really would like to go shopping with you tomorrow. So how about I let you decide. Would you like to be put in a diaper, given a bottle of milk and sent to bed? I will come change you in the morning to get you out of your wet diaper, or would you like to stay up like a big girl and learn what it means to be one?”

“Big girl...” Liam said looking over at the package of baby wipes she had brought into the room, knowing the rest that would go with it had to be close at hand. Men smiled at the fully naked person in front of her, Liam had the presence of mind to hide junk behind his hand, but had yet to learn the modesty of a girl to cover her chest. Still he was trying to make himself as small as possible while naked, like it would make him less noticeable.

“Okay then, come over here and put our hands on the end of the bed and put your rear out for me.” She waited for the much more feminine looking Liam to comply.

“No girl, when I say put your rear out, I want you to stick it out like you are trying to ask someone to use you. Stand further back from the bed, bend more over, feet together... yes just like that, dear.” Megan said as she pinched some of the fat on his hip before injecting the B twelve. It has been a long day for her too and had given herself a dose, figuring she was going to be up late teaching this newly minted girl a thing or two.

With the injection done she had Liam go fetch the bag near the table of what she bought earlier. She smirked knowing he couldn't be happy moving through the house naked, a much different naked than he was used to. She was sure the hairless skin caused the house to feel much colder than he once would have thought, and with every step he was going to feel the sway of his new pretty assets. When he returned she fished around inside the bag for the package of plain cotton panties with a lace band and tiny bow in front.

“I got you some basic panties to start, tomorrow we can get some more in your style. If you would like to put these on you will have to ask me for them.” Megan waited for him to look over, since the masterbation he seemed reluctant to look at her, making her think he was finally learning his place.

She shook the package as she looked him in the eye. “Well do you not want these? The diaper is still an option.”

“Miss Megan, Can I please have them.” Megan pointed to the package of six panties in her hand.

“These? If you want them you should ask for your panties. I am happy to hear you asking so nicely, but you really need to use complete sentences Leah.”

“Miss Megan, can I please have my new panties?”

“Of course Leah, here you go. Take out one and put the rest in the left top drawer there, you will find it empty. Tomorrow we can split some between here and your house so that you have some in both locations.” Waiting, Megan watched the blushing Liam pull a single pair of panties from the package and slipped them on before putting them away in the drawer. “Yes, Miss Megan.”

He hadn't bothered or probably think about tucking his manhood away, but she figured that can come tomorrow. “Those look rather cute on you Leah, can you

look in the mirror and thank me for getting you such cute panties?”

She had worded it as a question, even with his sluggish mind he knew she was trying to embarrass him some more and maybe make him react so she could just punish more. Looking in the mirror he saw what he did before, but this time the girl was wearing panties. She had a little bulge in them, and looked much happier than before, thanks to the smile he now wore.

“Thank you for buying me panties Miss Megan, they are the cutest.”

“I am so glad you think so Leah, but tomorrow I promise we will get you ones you will like much better.” Joy, joy, joy down in my heart... Liam said mentally mocking the religious song as it pertained to being happy.

“Now here is your new dress!” Megan didn’t make him beg or ask for it this time. “Raise your hands up dear.” The dress was as simple white cotton number, with slightly puffy short scrapped sleeves. Turning Liam around to face her she tied the fabric at the bust into a simple knot like was intended for the dress. Though anyone looking at Leah would be able to tell the girl wasn’t wearing a bra.

“That looks just so pretty on you, I could just eat you up. Now sit on the bed so I can put on your shoes. I am so excited to see you wear your first pair of heels.” The pair in question were navy blue, with half an inch platform in front colored a light brown. The heel itself was about three and half inches the same color as the platform, and a thick leather strap the same color went across the inside of Liam’s foot before being buckled.

“Take a good look at those heels, don’t you think they are just the cutest? I think they look perfect on you Leah. What do you think?” Liam was almost grinding his teeth together when she had slid the white cotton dress over his body. The light material felt so strange on his hairless skin and it didn’t go nearly low enough, stopping mid thigh. If he had to wear a dress why couldn’t it be something that showed much, much less skin. The heels were anything, but a contrast to the dress and something he would rather see on a date. So he said something close to that to make the crazy woman happy.

“These would look good on a girl going on a date, they are cute.”

“I’m glad you think so, but we aren’t done sweetie. You are going to need to learn to walk in them, I will be here at your side for a little bit, but then you will be on your own. Here let me get something to help.” Megan left the room, coming back

a few minutes later, seeing Liam still just staring down at his now heeled feet.

“I am just going to wrap this belt around your thighs to help keep them together, I don’t want you walking around like some tomboy. Just remember heel, toe, heel toe. One foot in front of the other, move your his, back straight, chest out, head held high.” Megan said that knowing it way way more than he was going to be able to retain at the second, but he was going to learn.

Walking with him up and down the hall she had to keep him from falling a handful of times, but she had to give the little creation credit, he kept a smile on his face the entire time, or something close enough to it that she wasn’t going to ding him on it right now. Now she wanted him to focus on the walking, everything would come together over time.

“Miss Megan, the belt...”

“Isn’t it great to have to help you have the perfect walk you want? In no time you will be strutting out on stage with a sexy walk winning one beauty pageant after another. I’m so happy you appreciate how thoughtful I am Leah. If you weren’t I would hate to give you a strike.” She said cutting him off before he could complain.

Liam swallowed the saliva in his mouth, afraid of the next punishment if he got up to three strikes again. Today had been hell, he did not want it to get worse. “The belt is helpful, thank you Miss Megan.”

After moving up and down the hallway for another fifteen minutes Megan broke away to watch instead of being a helping hand. “You got this Leah, every girl is unsteady in her heels when she first starts out, but you are a natural.” He was not a natural, but she thought the compliment would bother the feminized boy more than telling him he walked like a boy.

“You know I think we can do better, hold on.” Megan moved past Liam into her own bedroom, he wasn’t sure what she was doing, but after a minute of just standing there in the heels he wished she would have let him sit down while she did whatever it was. Turning his head he looked over at the couch and recliner in the living room, considering moving over there to rest his sore feet, the heels were anything but comfortable and he wasn’t sure how girls wore them for a few minutes let alone all day. Though he considered the crazy woman might have found the most uncomfortable pair on purpose.

“I found it!” Megan yelled from her bedroom before coming out with a cream color handbag and a small leather strap. “This type of purse is held in your elbow. You need to learn how to carry your purse, and I think I will get something to right around your upper arms, you keep moving them around. Remember dear, keep your elbows in.” She put the purse on his arm like he was a manikin and left again for a minute before coming back with a ball of twine.

“Best I could find for now dear, but a few wrappings of this will do exactly what we need.” She said wrapping the twine around him a dozen times before tying it off, forcing his upper arms to stay tightly to his side and not move.

“Now Leah, inside the purse you will find a tube of lip gloss, a small purple book and a pen. As you walk down the hallway you will need to stop at the mirror at the end of the hallway and the one in the middle to check your makeup. If you fail to walk with grace, or fail to check your makeup you are going to open that book of yours and write down you have one strike. From now on you are going to keep track of your own strikes, and let me know when you have earned enough to be punished. If I think you are fibbing though you will earn an extra punishment. Oh and one more thing, I think it would be best if you recited your good girl motto while you walked. Try not to mess up, I don’t think you want the strikes.”

Liam started walking down the hallway hearing the click, clack, click, clack of his, his... heels on the hardwood floor. He loved that sound when he was with a girl, he did not like the idea that it came from his footsteps, but still his mind was fond of the sound. Just something else to be bothered by, his own mind rebelling as his legs and arms were tied together as he walked down a hallway talking about how he was proud to be a good girl and leaning close to a mirror to check the makeup that was put on him. The fluttering eyelashes, the thick pouty lips were all his and it was all so wrong. When he had started it was almost eight at night and the little book was blank. When Megan had finally called an end to the torture it was just past eleven thirty and the book had two tally marks in it. Both times when he had neglected to stop to check out reflection in the mirror as he concentrated on trying to keep his body just right while reciting what he needed to do to be a good girl.

“You did good tonight Leah, before bed we need you to use your new toy again and then I will show you your nightly routine with removing your makeup and applying the right creams and powders. I bet you just can’t wait to tell your Daddy tomorrow how much fun you had with your sleepover can you?”

“Miss Megan, I have had the time of my life, but I am very tired.” None of that

was a lie, though the smile on his face was very much so.

“That is exactly what I wanted to hear, now run along like I taught you to your room for the night, I will be right there.” Moving down the hallway Liam moved with his eyes closed, happy this torture would be over, but he was still being marched to a different type that she made him experience earlier.



“Stop right there Leah!” Liam halted in the hallway opening his eyes unsure why she was using the strict voice.

“You forgot to check your makeup again as you went past a mirror. I told you earlier that so long as you are wearing heels you need to always make sure your makeup is perfect, didn’t I?”

“Yes Miss Megan.”

“What is the last line of your motto?” Megan snapped her fingers at the question.

“I am a good girl and proud.” Liam answered automatically without having to think about the answer.

“Well it doesn’t seem like it to me, so for strike three I think whenever you are doing your practice with your fake dildo you are going to show me or anyone who is watching how much you are enjoying it. Plenty of moaning and enthusiasm, the first time I see or hear you aren’t doing just that, then I will consider that three strikes by itself. Not just because you aren’t being an obedient girl, but because you aren’t following your punishments. Is that clean Leah?!”

“Yes ma’am!” I hate her, I hate Miss Megan so much... fuck I mean, stupid brain! Liam went back to the mirror checking out his reflection and for the first time saw his lip gloss really had rubbed off from something he had done with his lips at some point. She was about to show him how to take off makeup, but he didn’t dare think she wouldn’t penalize him for not fixing something she clearly knew he saw. So with his upper arms still pinned to his sides he pulled out the lip gloss and slid the little wand over his lips, knowing those pillowy soft looking things were about to be wrapped around a dildo. If he was just able to look at those lips and pretend they belonged to someone else it wouldn’t be so bad, but they were his, even if his actions were forced. Those lips would be wrapped around a dildo, sucking on it in a matter of minutes.

Megan went off to get her phone to snap a few pictures of Leah or maybe a video. Everything she put into today had left her exhausted, when she gave Liam this punishment she had lost track of the previous one she was going to do. She mentally kicked herself for slipping up at first, but the idea of Leah acting enthusiastic when it was time to make her clean up the cum seemed so much better. Her misstep would work in her favor, but she had to be careful. Liam still acted much more resistant than she thought he would, and that made her wonder about Chuck and how he was doing at the bar drinking with his cage keeping his

dick locked away. Handling Bailey was one thing, but now she had a lot of plates in the air and needed to be more careful.

Chapter 16

She had gone too far, in fact she had gone past that line long ago and Liam was done with the bitch. He held up one of his feet to the side and slipped off the blue and brown heel he had been walking in, the buckle strap didn't seem to hinder the removal as he tossed it and then the other one to the ground. When Megan came storming up to him, Liam glared back at the woman, he had just been feeling insecure before, she wasn't that much bigger than him. With a shove she fell to the floor, her back hitting the hallways wall, causing the stupid mirror he had to keep checking his makeup in to fall to the floor shattering. Stepping closer to loom over her, Liam slapped her on the face, not hard, but enough to shut her up and stop whatever it was she was about to say.

"Shutup you stupid crazy bitch!" He yelled at her wagging his finger in front of her face. "I'm done with whatever this was... you think you can threaten me? You have had no idea who you are dealing with. You aren't going to be reporting anything to the police, you aren't even going to talk to anyone about this if you know what is good for you. Now nod your head like a good little bitch so I know you understand."

When she didn't move Liam grabbed her chin and nodded her head for her. "Good now that we understand one another, I'm out of here." Walking past the discarded heels Liam pulled the white dress over his head and went to the bedroom, changing into his clothes. A pair of dark jeans, an a frame white undershirt and a dark short sleeved button up that he left open. He hardly even gave the blonde haired woman a second glance as he stepped over her and went outside, getting on his bike and driving home.

Inside his room had already been put back together, thanks to his brother and after all of that Liam hopped up on his bed, kicking off his boots to get some well deserved rest. Home safe, his eyes felt heavy, the weariness of the ordeal taking its toll on him, so he closed his eyes and quickly was able to go off to sleep. He had just closed his eyes, but now he was blinking, taking in what he was doing. Liam was in the middle of working on a car, he was in his work overalls bending over inside a vehicle removing a bolt. As the bolt came free, oil squirted out covering Liam completely. "Fuck now I need a shower..."

The world seemed to shift as Liam tossed his oil slicked clothes to the floor and stepped in the shower that he didn't recall the garage having before. The oil

seemed to slide off his body without much issue and as he stepped out wiping his face dry with a towel he heard a familiar voice. "That isn't how Leah should look."

The towel was snatched away from him, without it blocking his vision he could see Megan standing in front of him. She was wearing a set of the gray overalls all the employees wore, like she had been here the entire time. "What are you doing here!?" He said taking a step back into the shower, wanting the cover.

"I'm here to help you get dressed Leah." Mean said in a calm voice and a small thin smile that felt more intimidating than it had any right to be to Liam. Stepping into the small shower she pulled a piece of green fabric out, quickly wrapping it around him. Liam swung his arms around, but it seemed to do little to keep the woman away as she squeezed his stomach with both of her hands and then pushed up to his chest.

Liam glanced down to see a large pair of breasts on his chest and a almost floor length green gown wrapped around his body. His sight became impaired a second later as she pulled out the biggest makeup pad he had ever seen and patted his face with it, causing the makeup to fill the area and block his vision. He felt her touch something to his eyelids and then his cheeks and his lips before yanking him free of the cloud and the shower.

After a short coughing fit Liam realized she had pulled him near a large mirror so he could see her handy work. The person in the mirror looked like a pretty teen girl wearing a shoulderless green mermaid style gown that hugged her in all the right places. Taking a step closer he could feel his feet arched in heels, pull the gown up slightly he could see his feet were somehow in a pair of sex inch single sole sandals that matched his dresses color. The girl in the mirror looked hot, nothing like how he did a few moments ago before the oil spilled all over him.

"There you are Leah, you look beautiful. Tell me, are you a good girl?" Liam could see Megan standing behind him now in the mirror, one of her hands resting on his exposed shoulder why another gently touches his hair that looks like it did when he left the salon.

"I am a good girl, happy and proud." The voice that came out of his lips was his own, but softer and a slightly higher register. He hadn't meant to say that, it just came out.

"I like to hear that Leah, but tell me what does it mean to be a good girl?"

“It means I love my Daddy and listen to him. It means I’m polite, always obedient and I of course always smile.” A giggle and a wider smile that practically touched his eyes followed that comment. Liam didn’t want to say any of this, but the words just kept coming. “I am seen and not heard, and will never argue or complain or use any foul language.” His head shook, like he was indicating that behavior was just not acceptable. “All because I’m a good girl, happy and proud!”

“Perfect, why don’t you go out and introduce yourself to your uncles work mates, I’m sure they would love to meet you.” Liam turned and minced out the door in the incredibly high heels, feeling his hips and ass sway with each step. He wasn’t sure how he was standing in the stilts, let alone walking, but she said to do something and he needed to be obedient, even if he didn’t want anyone to see him like this.

“Hello boys, I’m Leah. You may know my uncle Liam who works here.” Liam said stepping through the door as it quickly closed behind him, sealing him in the garage with no way to backtrack. Liam added a little wave, wiggling his fingers as he looked over his workmates. Each looking up from what they were doing and looking different than before. Instead of their normal faces they looked like wolves, a hybrid between man and beast all looking at him with a hunger in their eyes and bulges in their pants.

Something told Liam to flee, he couldn’t go back the way he came, but the garage door was open so he ran as fast as he could in the incredibly high heels. Between them and the dress he could only take the smallest of steps, making escape feel impossible, but instead of the wolf men pouncing upon him, they only followed. A glance back showed Liam they were licking their lips and touching the front of their pants.



Moving into an alleyway Liam found himself blocked in, the horny creatures approaching he pressed himself up against a white wall. While they stepped closer in front of him their shadows loomed over him on the wall, making the bad situation feel worse. “This is what happens to bad girls Leah, do you want to be a good girl?”

It was the voice of Megan speaking from a window on the opposite wall he had missed. Liam couldn’t see her, but the slightly open window carried her voice from within. Liam looked over to those approaching, one starting to open his zipper to prepare for what he wanted. Snapping his head back to the window he

called out in that same soft girly voice. “Miss Megan I promise to be a good girl... I promise!”

The window went from slightly ajar to fully open, allowing Liam to jump up and climb into the dark room beyond hearing the howling of the wolfmen behind him. Pulling himself through the window Liam felt himself falling for much longer than he thought possible, till he hit the floor hard enough to daze him. As he opened his eyes he was laying on the floor in Megan’s living room, wearing his jeans and short sleeved button up shirt he had put on as he left. Megan wasn’t around, but laying in the hallway were the white dress and heels.

Looking at what was in front of him Liam heard the echos of wolves howling in the distance, causing him to jump into action. He quickly pulled off his clothes and threw them to the floor and put on the discarded white dress and heels before moving over to the mirror to fix his makeup. “I am a good girl, happy and proud. I am a good girl, happy and proud.” He repeated over and over again as the sound of the wolves got farther and farther away.

Liam suddenly sat up in bed, he was in the bedroom that belonged to Megan’s daughter, Becky. Climbing out of bed, Liam looked around the dark room before moving over to the door. The dream was like some weird version of that cartoon with Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd. Running away, getting control back of his life only to have a bad dream, then come running back to put a dress back on. It was insane, but thoughts of some random dream had to put to the side, he was starving and if Megan wasn’t going to give him food he would just take it when she was sleeping.

As Liam went to leave the room he found the door knob wouldn’t turn, even in his tired state he could easily realize she had locked him in the bedroom. The door was like most doors inside a house, cheap and flimsy, he could break it down or at least he hoped he could. Squeezing his hand closed into a fist he knew he still felt very weak, but even if he was feeling his best there was no way to open the door without making a lot of noise. With a huff, Liam sat back down on the bed trying to think if there was anything he could do and not paying any attention to how he sat with his legs together and back straight.

With no big ideas coming to him, Liam climbed back into bed thinking about how unfair and unsafe it was to be locked in the bedroom.

Chapter 17

Rolling over in bed Chuck grunted, his hand moving between his legs and wrapped around the metal cage that imprisoned his dick. He had awoken from a rather uncomfortable pain from his dick trying to grow hard while it was held in place. Closing his eyes again Chuck shook his head, hating the situation he had gotten into. Or more precisely his little brother had gotten him into.

Liam had drugged, tied up and raped a girl... hell he let one of his friends join in and invited him to do it to. At the time he just thought the girl might have been kinky, or considering how bright she seemed to be maybe Liam talked her into being kinky. He had the chance to stop it, he had the chance to save the girl and instead did nothing. Liam had gotten out of control and while he was not Liam's parent, he was the one that practically raised him. They lived together, they were close, they fought of course, but they were more than close enough that he should have seen the signs.

Sitting up in bed Chuck reached for the bottle of water he had placed there before crashing. He had a good amount to drink last night trying to forget or ignore what was going on in his life at least for a little bit. He had to take an Uber home, drunk him was at least considerate enough for the water. Taking it he drank down half the bottle before placing it back down on the nightstand next to his charging phone, which showed it was around five in the morning. "Five in the morning and I'm awake because of Liam. I can't even get a decent night's sleep thanks to him." Chuck took in a deep breath and let it out slowly.

Picking up his phone he decided to check the messages he had pointedly ignored last night while he was out at the bar. All of the messages were from Megan, so he clicked on her contact to pull them up. The first thing he saw was Liam, or Leah as he had to refer to him now. Leah was wearing the same outfit he dropped his brother off in, but it looked very different on him now. In fact the person in the photo only held a resemblance to Liam now. The white shorts were much more snug, he couldn't tell what this girl in the photo looked like from behind, but he had the impression the shorts clung to her rear end. Chuck had no choice but to think of the person as female with the way she looked, it really did look like she could be his or Liam's offspring or little sister. The pink shirt Liam had on with the little rainbow decal was a cute girls shirt, but with the large chest this girl had it looked more flirty.

Heck even Liam's face was different, the hair was cut into a girls bob with bangs, she had long eyelashes and thick pillowy lips. It was hard for him to mentally reconcile his brother with the image of the girl in the photo. The next image was even worse, Leah was wearing a cotton white dress and heels, holding a purse in the crook of her elbow while she leaned forward applying lip gloss to her lips in a

mirror.

Megan: Looks like Leah is growing up fast. Hope you are ready to fight the boys off, because I think she will be rather popular.

Megan: I hope you are enjoying your night off while I watch your little girl. You haven't said what you think of her new look.

Megan: So you are aware your daughter is now going on a strict diet, she will be drinking a milkshake twice a day. I will be providing you with two canisters of powder, mix them together with a glass of milk, she will have those along with vitamin supplements that I will hand you when you pick her up.

Megan: One of her meals a day can be something small and healthy, not any meat as she has decided to be a vegan. Teenage girls, what can you do about them? Right?

Megan: Not responding to your girlfriend isn't wise, but I know you are out with the boys and men need space sometimes so I forgive you :)

Megan: Just got an email confirmation, looks like a buyer can go by the storage next Monday to pickup the motorcycle. No movement on the rest of his furniture, no surprise there.

Megan: We will just donate the rest of it so you only have to pay for one month of storage.

Putting down the phone Chuck pressed his hands to his face firmly and pulled them down. The wall of texts kept going, but that was more than enough to read right then. Getting up from bed he went to the bathroom, almost forgetting that he had to sit now thanks to the stupid device that had woken him up an hour and a half before his alarm. What Megan was doing to Liam was terrible, but he deserved terrible and while the weight of not saving the girl hung around his neck. In now way did he deserve to have this thing on him and specially not when Liam didn't have to wear one. He wondered if he could look online for these things to buy an extra key, or maybe just a full set so he could unlock himself and make his brother lock himself away. He wasn't going to need his dick looking the way he did in those photos.

He had helped raise Liam; he was supposed to be Leah's dad. That meant it was reasonable for him to set down punishments. The purpose of Leah was to punish Liam and maybe, just maybe if he showed Megan he was on board with what was happening, not just going along with it. She might not push for any more punishments towards him.

Getting up from the toilet he washed his hands and face, looking at himself in the

mirror and thinking about how she had never mentioned anything about selling or giving away Liam's stuff. This was only going to be happening for the summer, it wasn't right to get rid of it all, but with his goal being to get out of trouble. Starting an argument with her was not the right way to go, no one should really argue with crazy. They will bring you down to their level and beat you with experience and she was the worst kind of crazy. She was hot and smart, the three combined made her a force of nature.

Picking up his tooth brush, Chuck gave a small shrug thinking about the silver lining. At least the storage bill would only be happening once, his bank account was having trouble with all these changes, and he wasn't sure how he was going to budget his way out of it. One less household income, gaining a dependent that needed braces, suddenly having to change his employee benefits to pay for the dependant. All of that was just the start of the charges, soon his credit card was going to be maxed out. He really hoped he didn't have to get a second job, but maybe giving a sob story to his boss about an ex-girlfriend dumping a child on him out of the blue would make him more amiable to a raise.

Over at Megan's house Liam felt someone gently shake him. The morning had come too soon, so he rolled over and hugged the blanket closer to his body. Then he felt someone kiss his forehead and the voice of Megan. "Good morning sweetie, time to wake up and start the day."

Opening his eyes, Liam blinked a few times trying to bring the world into focus. He looked at Megan who was wearing a tiny silk robe that showed much more of her ample bosom that he thought she would have liked considering how up-tight she was. He looked from her and then to the open bedroom door, then back to her. "Morning... Miss Megan." He said almost forgetting to address her correctly and earning him a third strike. "The bedroom door was locked last night, what if I had to go to the bathroom?"

Megan sat down on the side of the bed, sliding some of the tousled hair from the feminized young man's face. "If you couldn't hold it then I would know you weren't a big girl and would need to wear a diaper to bed. Since you're worried I will put together a diaper bag for your daddy in case it is needed. Now I know it is early and you just woke up, so I am going to let it slide this time Leah. But going forward I want you to remember that you are supposed to be seen and not heard, so if you want to ask me a question you should ask permission first, understand?"

She hadn't ever tried to follow that little rule with Bailey, it was put in the motto more as an insult than anything, but Liam deserved all of it. Liam nodded to the question ready to answer out loud and get out of bed to use the bathroom when

he stopped. Wondering if he needed permission to go to the bathroom like he needed her approval to be out of her sight. "I understand Miss Megan. May I ask you a question?" Liam decided to not risk it, thinking that if he didn't ask she just might keep him from going to the bathroom till he really did pee himself and use that as an excuse to put him in a diaper and suck on a bottle for breakfast.

"You can learn quickly when you want to, I see Leah, you are a smart girl. Yes you may ask me a question."

"May I use the bathroom?"

"Yes you may, but don't close the door. I want to make sure you are sitting to do your business like you are supposed to. After you are done, wash up and then come back here, we have something to do before we get ready for the day."

That something was his morning practice with the dildo, Liam knew it was coming, but still when he came back into the room he saw it. The dildo laying out on the bed and Megan leaning on the dresser doing something on her phone. "Go ahead and get started sweetheart, and remember you need to act enthusiastic while you play with yourself." Liam noticed she was smirking when she said that, but hadn't looked up from her phone.

Removing his panties, Liam climbed onto the bed frowning for a second before replacing the expression with a smile. He picked up the dildo and had just put it in his mouth and moved his other hand between his legs when Megan looked up from her phone "Actually why don't you put on your heels first, help you get in the mood for being such a sexy girl."

Pulling the object free of his mouth, the taste of the material remained as he got back off the bed, slipping his feet into the heels and buckling them. "Should I wear anything else Miss Megan?" He decided to ask, in case this morning's game was to have him start and stop a bunch of times.

"Hmmm" Megan pretended to think, touching her index finger to her chin. "Yes I think it would be appropriate if you put on your lipstick first. We can get you some more shades later today, but for now the sparkly pink will work just fine for you. After he put on the lipstick Liam again put the dildo to his mouth, waiting a second to see if she had anything else, but when the controlling woman said nothing he started doing what she wanted. Taking the dildo's tip into his mouth, flicking his tongue on it. "Mmmm" He let out a happy little moan, while he bounced his dick between his fingers to try and bring some life into it. This was

one of the furthest things from sexy, but without cumming she would never consider this over. So he had to put effort into using the dildo, moving it in and out of his mouth. Kissing it, running his tongue along it, pushing it further back into his mouth so it almost touched his throat, but not so far back he would gag. All while jerking off, moaning and mewling like some slut.

He felt himself building to his finish, to focus more on his own pleasure than doing whatever with the thing in his mouth Liam slid the dildo as far back as he could without risking gagging on it and held it there as he pumped furiously. “MMMMmm AHhhh, ahh, ahhh, AHhhhhh!” Cum shot out from his dick, covering his hand and flying into the air. Pulling the phallic object from his mouth, Liam panted a little to catch his breath. Kneeling there on the bed, not moving as Megan finally moved from her spot and looked away from her phone, to sit on the edge of the bed next to him.

“I wanted to show you something sweetheart.” She said showing him the screen on the phone before she pressed the play button at its center to play a video. He started to think about how he didn’t care what online cat video she was watching online, but as it started to play his mouth fell more and more open. She had taken a video of him using the dildo while jerking off! He didn’t want to do this, but anyone seeing that video would know for a “fact” that he was enjoying every second of what he was doing.

“You, you...” Liam swallowed hard as he looked away from the phone's screen and up into Megan’s blue eyes. “Miss Megan, you video taped it? Why?”

“Leah you are such a curious girl, a bit of an airhead at times though. Didn’t we just talk about this morning? You should be asking permission to ask a question from an adult, seen and not heard makes a good girl after all. You know what that means right sweetheart? Oh and here take this wipe.” She said pulling a diaper wipe and placing it in his slick hand.

“I do, Miss Megan.” Liam put his heeled feet to the floor and moved over to the dresser where the purse he had rested. Wiping his hand off before pulling out the small purple book and a pen he added a tally mark to a page.

“How many do you have Leah?”

He turned the book around, Megan couldn’t see the tiny scribbles in the book from across the room, but she knew how many were there. “I have three Miss Megan.” He said well aware she hadn’t even attempted to answer the question he

was now getting in trouble for.

“Three, you do know what that means don’t you?” She enjoyed making him have to say it.

“Can I ask you a question first Miss Megan?” Megan tilted her head slightly to the side wondering what he was up to. “Yes you may.”

“Could I maybe do something else to get rid of a strike instead of being punished? Something not as bad?” Acting like he was enjoying himself from the last punishment had been worse than he thought now that he had seen her take a video of him.

“Perhaps, what do you have in mind dear?” Micro punishments to get rid of a strike, that is a good idea, I like that, she thought.

“I ahh ummm.” Think Liam! Think! “I could call my Daddy and tell him to have a good day and that I love him?”

Clapping her hands together once Megan stood up with a big smile on her face, taking a few strides next to the feminized young man. “That is a wonderful idea, and I know your father would just love to hear it.” She pressed a few buttons on the screen and held it towards Liam, but didn’t let go as the sound of the ringing phone came from its speaker phone function. She didn’t want to give over the device and have Liam think himself slick by deleting the video.

“Hey ah Megan... good morning.” Chuck said answering the phone. “Sorry about not answering your texts last night, but...”

“Think nothing of it Charles, I have someone here who wants to talk with you. Go ahead sweetheart.” She motioned towards Liam with the phone.

“Umm... Hi Daddy. I wanted to talk to you and say how umm.” Liam’s eyes shifted from the phone to the floor, seeing his heeled feet and then back up to Megan, who just nodded for him to continue. “I miss you and I hope you have a good day!”

“Is that all you wanted to say Leah?” Megan gave the pretend girl a pointed look

looked.

“Noooo... because umm I also wanted to say I love you.”

“Awww... I love you to, Li.. Leah and of course I missed having you home with me last night.” The words were right, or mostly right, but he wasn’t putting any real effort into the words Megan thought as she let out a little sigh.

“That is cute, but tell me Leah do you love your Daddy more or does he love you more?” Liam did his best to keep the grin on his face, the extra effort causing the smile to grow wider.

“I love him more, because he is my Daddy and means the world to me.” Liam’s left hand balled into a fist.

“You hear that Charles? Your daughter thinks she loves you more than you love her, do you agree?” This was Liam’s idea for a micro punishment and she was going to get everything she could from it.

“I find it ill advised to argue with any of the pretty girls or woman in my life right about now. Is she behaving herself?”

“Mostly, we were just discussing her following the rules.”

“Well if need be I can punish her when she gets home, I don’t want you thinking I raised a bad girl.” Liam was shocked by what his brother was saying, sure he made him stand in the corner the other night, but it seemed like he was out right looking for a reason, like when a cop peptitions a store to trespass someone instead of them asking to have someone trespassed.

“Oh I don’t think that, Leah is a sweet girl. Not a lot going on between the ears, but she is pretty so she will get by just fine. Well, we will let you go. I know you have to get ready for work, and we have things to do today ourselves.”

“Alright, bye girls, love you.”

“Love you Daddy!” Liam said, happy the phone call was over and with it the opportunity for a punishment.

“Yes, we love you too Charles, see you later tonight.” On the other end of the phone where Megan couldn’t see Chuck slammed his head into the drywall of the wall next to him. He didn’t mean to imply he loved the crazy woman. While Megan smiled a bright smile as she hung up.

“Did you hear that Leah, your Daddy loves me. Maybe we will get married, wouldn’t it be wonderful if I was your Mommy?”

“Miss Megan, you are wonderful!” Liam lied through his teeth, stepping forward to wrap his arms around her in a hug to help sell the lie. To his surprise she hugged him back, and with the way she was dressed and her large chest, if he hadn’t just jerked off he was sure he would have been hard.

Chapter 19

Breakfast was meager for Liam, he had a shake and an apple, with the promise of a handful of almonds if he was a good girl that morning. Then it was back to practicing his walk and he was well aware she was making him like he was on the prowl, much like how her niece walked. Thought of standing behind Bailey as she walked distracted Liam just enough that he almost skipped checking himself out in the mirror. One foot in front of the other, move my hips, heel toe, heel toe. The lessons continued with him learning the supposed proper way for a girl to sit, smoothing his skirt, keeping his legs together. Crossing his legs at the ankle and at the knee, that one felt rather uncomfortable and because of that Megan had made him practice it over and over again. “Alright Leah, I am going to give you a list and I want you to put it in the order of importance to you. Everything on the list is something you love, you just have to decide how much you love one thing over over another. I even filled out the number one spot for you.” Megan said, handing a piece of paper she had just gotten from her home printer.

Gee I wonder what kind of bullshit he put on the list he thought, taking the paper from her. The number one spot shouldn’t have been a surprise, apparently the thing he loved the most was heels. Below that read, Makeup, Boys, Dresses, lingerie, pretty nails. With a smile on his face he looked up at Megan. “This is a great list Miss Megan, should I start on this now?”

“I want you to think about it first. We have some things to do today, and I know you are going to be excited about it. We are going clothes shopping! You think about the list and when we get there you can tell me your list.”

“That sounds just wonderful Miss Megan!” Liam said with a large smile on his face as he thought about how he would rather spend his day covered in oil overhauling an engine.

Still holding the piece of paper in his hands, Liam looked down at his body. The breasts on his chest were just as perky, with the nipples just showing through the dress, he knew the skirt clung to his ass, but at least the pain from them pumping whatever it was into him was gone. His teeth still felt uncomfortable though.

“Miss Megan, can I ask you a question?” He still had two strikes, he wasn’t going to get that third because he didn’t want to go out and let anyone see him like this. It was only a matter of time, but he wanted it to be as far off as possible.

“Not now dear, I do appreciate you asking though. Go ahead and pick up your purse, and think about your list.” So far every time Liam had asked permission she had granted it, but Leah needed to learn that sometimes the answer would be no.

“NO? I asked just like you told me I had to!”

Megan tilted her head slightly as she looked at the feminized young man, touching her finger to her lip for just a second. “Raising your voice, that violates being seen and not heard, that is one. You talked back, arguing with me that is two. Pull out your book Leah, you earned two strikes for that outburst.”

She watched as Leah’s eyes opened wide, realizing the ramifications for what was just done. She was so happy Liam was predictable, mostly... she amended. “We will discuss your punishment when we get back from shopping, but I am willing to forgive the next strike for something lesser like we did this morning. I warn you though Leah, if you accept the lesser punishment and don’t follow through you will get two extra strikes. Now I have had just about enough of your backtalk and attitude, I know you are a teenager, but you will mind your manners. Now nod your head yes or no about my offer.”

She had been making him ask permission to just ask a question, it felt like it was a formality for her stupid game of control, he hadn’t even considered her saying no. Be smarter Liam, she is doing all of this on purpose to mess with you. I need to be good, I need to be a good girl for her or things could get bad, like tied to a chair and giving a blow job to Lucus type of bad. Liam nodded quickly to her offer, the phone call was embarrassing, but having to do things like use a dildo

and act like he was loving it was so much worse.

“I do like it when I see you have a good head on your shoulders Leah, and I promise everything I do is to help you be the best girl you can be. Now when we go to the mall if I see a boy around your age I will ask you to flirt with him. Keep in mind if you don’t you will be punished, I’m thinking you need to start to learn about what it feels like to do anal.”

“Flirt with boys!? Anal!”

“No dear, flirt with boys I point out or you start to learn about anal. Leah you need to keep your head out of the gutter, you aren’t going to sneak off and have boys fuck you at the mall. I swear Charles is raising a slut. Now move along and get your purse, chop chop.” She said clapping her hands together twice. She enjoyed seeing Leah move into action down the hall to retrieve the purse. Her smile grew a size seeing the apparent teen girl stop to look at herself in the mirror, just as she had practiced before retrieving the item and then again on the way back. By the time she was done with Liam he would be checking himself out on any reflective surface Leah passed.

“One last thing before we go, you are going to need to tuck that little thing between your legs back.” Without much warning Megan pulled up the white dress and pulled down the panties, exposing his dick. “First we push these little marbles up to where they came from.” Liam let out a small yelp feeling her manhandle his balls.

“Then we pull this little thing back and pull your panties back up. See, just like that you have a smooth front like the other girls. I have something coming in the mail today to help that stay tucked away, unless you would rather everyone see the bulge in front of your pretty dress?”

“No, Miss Megan.” This was all bad enough, but he didn’t want everyone to right away see through all of this, thinking he was some kind of sissy freak. It was going to be bad enough when people did find out, he didn’t want it to happen right away.

Pulling into a parking spot at the mall, Megan removed her seatbelt before looking over at the passenger seat. Liam sat with his legs crossed at the ankle like she had taught him, while holding the piece of paper she gave him earlier and biting a fingernail on the other hand. A habit that wouldn’t last long once she got Leah nice acrylic nails. “Have you figured out your list Leah?” She always tried to

use Liam's new name as much as possible, wanting it to sink in who he was now.

"I umm think so." He said, frowning for just a few moments before correcting the mistake, and hoping she didn't notice. "Number one like you said is high heels, and then number two is kittens. I know they aren't on the list, but they are just so cute and I love them! He looked at the list to see if Megan was good with his addition. He did like cats, they mostly tended to themselves and hearing them purr when sitting next to you was calming, but saying kittens sounded well girly and he was hoping to earn a few points to knock off some of those strikes he had or maybe get some leeway. The threat of having the dildo shoved up his ass had him freaking out.

"Do you think you are responsible enough to take care of a kitten?" Liam blinked his mascara covered lashes at her a few times. It wasn't the response he was expecting at all, but while he added it to the list he did not want her getting him a cat.

"I am, but Daddy would never let me get a pet." The rule was to always smile, but he felt it was worth taking the risk, and pouted. Sticking out his puffy bottom lip to look like the idea upset him.

"Hmm, if you are good I will talk to him about that for you. After all a good girl deserves to be treated like a princess and princesses get gifts. Now what is next on the list?"

"Umm High Heels, Kittens, Makeup, Dresses, Pretty Nails, lingerie and then boys." He wasn't sure if this was just to mess with him or if she had a specific order in mind.

"I'm surprised as boy crazy as you are wanting to practice on the dildo and thinking about a boy taking you from behind at the mall that boys would be last on the list, but good for you prioritizing yourself before a man. Though it does make certain sense, you want to look your best for boys after all."

He kept a smile on his face as she somehow made putting boys at the end of the list seem like the goal of the other items, but her words triggered something in his mind. A good girl always looks her best. The thought came unbidden after repeating it so many times.

"Alright, let's go shopping!" Megan said getting out of her SUV and escorting her

prisoner into what amounted to a chapel to shopping.

The mall didn't have many people in it this early, but with each of his or Megan's steps on the tile floor he could hear the click on their heels. Each person Liam did see he searched their face to see if they could see through the disguise, but with his chest bouncing in the dress from the lack of a bra he didn't really need to worry. He was just following Megan, feeling his anxiety go up a few notches every extra minute he was here out in public looking this way and hadn't noticed their destination. It was a lingerie store and he stopped in his tracks before its threshold. "I know lingerie isn't number one of your list Leah, but we can go shoe shopping after. First we needed to get you fitted for a bra, it isn't very decent to go around without one."

Megan took his hand, only having to pull for the first few steps. Walking inside she pointed to a few different things, making him feel the material and comment on how much he liked one over another. When she spotted an employee she again took his hand and started toward her, while Liam's eyes started to bug out.

"Miss Megan, Miss Megan!" He said in a rapid whisper, he was thankful when she stopped. "I know her! I mean I dated her, she knows me!" Megan looked over her shoulder at the young woman maybe in her mid twenties. Blonde, hazel eyes, a little taller than her and with a chest that would definitely be causing her back problems in a few years.

"Leah, somehow I doubt that she will know who you are unless your uncle introduced you to her and she was more interested in spending time with a sixteen year old girl than her date. Now stop playing pretend, you need to be fitted for a bra."

"Excuse me, Vivian." Megan said seeing the woman's name tag. When the blonde turned to look at the two approaching, Liam took a half step behind Megan to try and hide himself. Already he could feel a blush coming on from embarrassment. He had slept with this girl, a few times before dumping her and here she was looking at him wearing a dress and heels.

"Good morning! How can I help?" Seeing her white smile made Liam think back to the last time he had seen it, they were laying in her bed and had just come up from sucking on his dick, a little bit of cum dripping down from the corner of her mouth. She had satisfied a dry spell and he would have kept her around for a while if she didn't text him thirty times a day. He doubted she was smiling when he texted back saying they were done. He did thank her for the great time, but he had to quickly block her number with the wall of texts and profanity she sent

back.

“I hope so, my boyfriend’s daughter here...” Megan turned around and pushed Liam a little bit away from her. “Leah, don’t be so shy it is just us girls here. She has had a bit of a growth spurt and we needed to get her fitted for a bra. Her father is hopeless about these sorts of things and I bet he would be almost as crimson in the face as Leah here.”

“Aww, I would be happy to help, and needing a new bra is nothing to be embarrassed about. My name is Vivan, but you can call me Viv if you like, all my friends do.” Liam started to shift from one foot to the other, looking over his shoulder at the way out back into the mall.

“Say, you look a little familiar, have you come in here before?” Liam shook his head, causing his hair to dance about.

“No she is new to the area, but maybe you have had a run in with her father Charles Summers, or her uncle Liam.” Liam stopped breathing as a spike of terror came through him. That was it, a girl he had fucked and dumped was going to see him crossdressed and with breasts.

“Summers?” Vivian gave the girl in front of her a careful look and realized exactly why she looked so familiar. She had a striking resemblance to Liam, that pig who said how he had never felt this way about someone before and how he didn’t believe at love at first sight, but seeing her... Vivian gave a small nod to herself to stay in the moment. She had sworn to key his motorcycle if she ever saw it at the bar again, but this girl was not at fault for what her shit bag uncle did. “I have met your uncle before.”

Liam felt Megan put a hand on his shoulder and give it a little squeeze. He was starting to feel light-headed, but still he didn't dare move, or even breathe like such a thing would keep her away and who he was a secret. “By the look on your face I can tell you have had the umm shall we say pleasure of meeting him. I don’t know if this makes you feel any better or not, but Charles has told me he has left town. Something about pissing off a woman who planned to rip off his balls so he could see how the fairer sex lived.”

“You know, I shouldn’t wish bad things on anyone, but I do hope she gets her hands on him.” Liam took a deep breath of air, then another, feeling relieved she hadn’t seen the truth.

“Oh, I’m sure whoever she is she will get him well in hand.” Megan punctuated the statement with giving Liam’s shoulder a light squeeze.

“Are you okay honey?” Vivian asked, seeing the girl taking deep breaths, realizing she had just been talking bad about her family. It didn’t matter if someone was a bad egg, family was family and she probably had no idea what type of man he was. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to speak badly about your uncle.”

“Vivian, I promise you she will be okay and you don’t have a thing to apologize for. Leah had good reason to be angry at him too, when he left he not only didn’t bother to say goodbye, but he stole most of her possessions. I’m guessing he sold them for drugs or alcohol. Poor thing, just one of the reasons we are here today. We have to get her a whole new wardrobe, she only has about two outfits to her name.”

“Oh I am so sorry Leah!” Liam found himself looking directly into her pretty hazel colored eyes as she gave him a hug. The girl had always been touchy feely, not something he minded when she was pushing those large tits into him, but now he felt them rubbing on his own and it was not a welcome feeling. “He is such a pig, how could he do that to such a sweet girl!? Stealing from his own niece, how low can one go. Tell you what sweetheart, today I will be using my employee discount for you and...” She trailed off as she let go, looking over at a clearance rack. “Maybe a few things you get today can be incorrectly marked for the clearance bin.”

“Vivian that is nice of you, but not necessary.” She had spent the money from Liam’s account already, but she had the credit card from Charles’s wallet, not to mention the money from the sale of the bike coming to her.

“No I insist, it is the least I can do. Helping someone that pig has wronged will be good for my soul, so it isn’t just about you. Please, let me help Leah. I can see why she is so embarrassed to be here, having to restart her wardrobe all over again. You come with me into the changing room and I will get you measured, and I promise you that when you leave here today you will have enough clothes to fill up some of your drawers!”

He really did like seeing her smile, it always seemed to be genuine, but this time it felt like the pretty sight was backing him closer to an edge.

He already knew he was a C cup, or at least that was what the people said when they inflated him like a balloon. Vivian confirmed it, but said it in a way that

made him feel worse about his chest. “Looks like you are a C cup, I was about the same at your age. My sister though, flat as a board till she was fifteen, now she is a little smaller than you and if you keep growing like I did I promise you the boys will never leave you alone.” Vivian let out a series of giggles, her smile growing as she did. Liam couldn’t see how that would be possible, unless Megan took him back to that place and filled him up more, but that was supposed to be temporary; he would never look like Vivian with her E cup tits.

When they left the store Liam was now the not so proud owner of two bras with a plunge cut, three pushup bras, two sports bras, one demi, three balconette, and two strapless. Thirteen bras in total, and enough panties to fill up half a bag. Then Megan had made sure he had things to sleep in. Five babydolls, three chemises and two teddys, he wasn’t sure what sixteen year old would dress like this, but Vivian seemed more excited to pickout the things Megan suggested than Megan herself. He thought most girls just wore panties and a t-shirt to bed, but considering Vivian didn’t say anything about it he figured he just didn’t really know.

“Now that we have your foundation garments we can work on the rest. I think there is a kiosk where you can get your ears pierced, then we can head to Shoeaholic.” He already had the upper ear pierced on his left ear, not that he had something in it right now, but he was sure she would fill that spot along with getting him some more piercings. It was okay he told himself, he can pull off the rocker look. When this is all over having his ears pierced wasn’t going to be a big deal, but with each additional thing she did he felt like he lost a little bit more of himself. Glancing down at his chest, now encased in a pushup bra that made the C cup breasts seem as big as Megan’s, he felt some changes took a bit more of his old self than others. At least this last one had him feel a little more comfortable with the weighty things being supported, but he wasn’t sure how girls dealt with the bra straps digging into them all day.

Chapter 19

Leaving the store with bags in hand, Liam looked down at his chest. It was ridiculous that he had a chest, let alone one so large. Yet now he had been fitted with a pushup bra making them seem even bigger. He was wearing a dress, heck he was wearing panties with his dick pulled back between his legs and now he wore a bra made to make him stand out even more for men. At this point Liam didn’t think the day could really get any worse and he knew this was just the first stop.

“I know I told you we could go shoe shopping next, but there are a few things I

would like to do first. You are old enough that you should have your own cell phone. Your father isn't here so I will add you to my phone plan and instead of him paying your part of the bill you can just do a few chores around the house to work it off. How does that sound?"

"You, umm Miss Megan you want me to do chores around your house?" Great, now that she had him looking like a girl she was going to turn him into a maid too. He thought, but didn't dare voice the complaint.

"Just a little vacuuming, dusting, laundry and such. I know it might seem like a lot with having to do most of the household duties for your father, but this way you also get to have your own cell phone. It is also important to keep teenagers busy so they don't get into trouble."

"I don't do that at home, well a little." Chuck and him shared the chores that needed to be done, but a lot of the time it ended up being done by whoever couldn't stand a specific mess as long as the other. They once went two weeks without doing the dishes, it just kept getting worse and worse. It got bad enough that he didn't want to touch it so the two forked out around four hundred dollars to a cleaning company to come over and do a deep clean to the house.

Megan stopped walking, causing Liam to do the same. She moved over putting the bags down next to a bench before sitting. "Leah, I appreciate you being honest with me. Honesty is always the best policy, but I do not like hearing that you are ignoring your chores at home. Your father works hard to provide for you, the least you could do is keep the house clean for him."

"That isn't my..," Liam started to say when Megan talked over him. "If you are about to say that isn't your job, then you are mistaken. Your job as the daughter is to help your father keep the house clean, and to get good grades. From the records I have seen you aren't doing well with good grades, and you telling me that the chores aren't getting done isn't speaking well for you young lady."

Liam looked at the woman like she had lost a screw, though he knew she had lost more than one. He didn't really get good grades back in school, it didn't matter if a class was hard or easy he just did enough to get by. When he was little his mom would praise him when he did well, hugging him and taking him out to get frozen yogurt from the gas station near their house. When she was gone his drunk father always seemed to be of multiple moods and opinions. A good grade not worth celebrating, just expected and if it went down worth punishing. Getting a consistent passing grade just got ignored and ignored was better than the belt or

his fist and when he was on a bender Chuck would sign anything that was needed.

“Miss Megan you know about my school grades?”

Megan smiled at the now busty young man. She had done a deep background check on him and had found more than a few surprises that she wanted to get some answers on before she finalized the background paperwork for Leah Megan Summers. “I do.” Or I will once I decide oh how well or bad you would have done in classes she mentally added. “I am interested in the fact that you were in band for a few years, then suddenly stopped taking it.”

Looking down at his hands, folded over the little purse that sat in his lap, Liam hardly paid any mind that he sat with his legs together, feet crossed at the ankle as he thought about being in school years ago and being in band. “I played the alto sax, I could also play the tenor, but it was too heavy for me to carry around.”

He had started wanting to play the tenor saxophone like that president had on television. The case for it was huge, he was even smaller than and had earned him the nickname Little Liam and soon that just turned into Little, dropping his name completely. His mother comforted him and had him switch to the smaller alto saxophone, while his brother showed him how to stand up for himself and act tougher. “Most bullies are all talk, it is simple to talk back just like them. School kids tend to mostly just shove one another, don’t take it. The second someone shoves you, punch them in the gut as hard as you can a few times. If someone isn’t prepared for a gut punch they are going down. Act tough, be tough.” His advice had helped and when their mom was gone, Chuck was the only real one he had. Their father wasn’t one to be counted on, for anything.

“I had to give it up, my father didn’t want to or just wouldn’t pay for the instrument.” Megan nodded, that had answered one of the surprises. She hadn’t expected to find a musical talent in the arrogant man, but it was going to work for what she had planned for him.

“Try and phrase things correctly dear, that your father. You mean your grandfather didn’t want to pay for your uncles musical instrument. You are Leah Megan Summers, I know you love your uncle, but you are not him. Saying things like that will only confuse others. Now, I’m sure your father would love it if you picked up the alto saxophone. In fact I will call him later today to see about picking one up for you at a store.” Liam nodded along, he was Leah, he had to remember to answer questions like Leah, not himself or she would punish him. In fact he was surprised she didn’t give him a strike for that or that she was going to make his brother... his father. Liam corrected himself, he had to get in the right

mindset to not mess up and end up on the wrong side of a blow job again. The saxophone... he mentally said to himself thinking about the instrument.

It had been long enough that he never even thought about it anymore, but now that he had it was easy to remember practicing in the kitchen of the tiny apartment while his mother forced a smile on her face as he tried to learn it at first. Neighbors would pound on the walls for him to shut up and she would tell him to pay them no mind and over time that forced smile became something genuine as he got better and better. Liam shook his head, he didn't want to think about his mom right now, but the idea of getting his hands back on an instrument made him smile much more than the simple one he had to always wear.

"I can see you like that idea, I'm glad. Not to turn the subject to a darker place, but I spoke of keeping you busy so you wouldn't have idle hands and get in trouble. I did find a sealed juvenile record for your uncle. Do you know what he did?" Megan could get all sorts of information on just about anyone working at Sterling Backgrounds, but a sealed record was beyond her grasp.

Liam gave a shrug, it wasn't a big deal, but took a second to still get what he was going to say in order to not talk like it was him that did it. "My uncle got caught doing a few things, a few times. Once it was breaking into someone's home."

"Your Uncle Liam broke into someone's house? What was he trying to steal?" It didn't really surprise her that someone like him already had a life of crime, she was happy it wasn't something involving a girl though.

"No... well kind of. They stole my... they stole Daddy's and my Uncle's bicycles, they didn't live in a good area and had left them out on the apartment's porch because of mud. So I, I mean Uncle Liam climbed through their window when they were out the next day to get them back, but the bicycles were there, but someone was in the apartment and called the cops. The cops didn't care or believe him about the bikes so they took him away in handcuffs. They let him go later because they didn't want to press charges, course they never got the bikes back either."

"That doesn't sound like much to have a sealed record."

"Umm there was another time Daddy and Uncle Liam drank Grandpa's beers and when he came home and found the fridge empty he beat them and then threw them out saying they could come back when they replaced what they stole from him. So umm" Liam had to stop and think about the incident a little before

continuing. He let out a long breath, feeling his heavy chest move with the breath.

“So they went into the corner store and each grabbed some beer and ran. Daddy had two cases and I had one, but I.”

“Did you steal beer Leah?” Megan said gently. “Are you Liam or Leah? Are you a man or a girl?”

“Sorry Miss Megan!” Shit, shit,shit! He opened his purse to take out his journal, her words were soft, but the stare from her blue eyes felt hard as a rock and knew what was coming. Then he felt her hand move on top of his, pushing the book back down, but her look never changed. I’m Leah, Leah, Leah, I’m Leah. He repeated to himself, now really understanding why she was asking him questions about his past, just to get him to mess up so she can screw with him more.

“I’m Leah, I’m not my Uncle Liam and like of course I’m a girl.” He gave her a shaky smile, but she must have bought it enough, because she gave his hand a light squeeze before letting go and bidding him to continue.

“Umm so Daddy had two cases, but Uncle Liam had one, but he fell when they ran out of the store. The bottles all or mostly all broke, spilling things everywhere and soaking Uncle Liam’s shirt. Daddy looked back and saw Uncle Liam on the ground, but kept running and the store owner grabbed Uncle Liam and called the cops. The judge made him do community service.”

“What about Charles?”

“He got hit some by grandpa, but Uncle Liam didn’t tell the cops or the judge or anything.”

“I see, well I’m certainly glad you didn’t inherit your Uncle’s pension for getting in trouble the the law. You are a good girl, are you Leah?”

“A good girl and proud.” Liam responded right away, the verse flowing easily from him.

“We better get on our way, we have a lot more shopping to do and I think there’s a piercing kiosk we can stop off at on the way to the phone store. You are too old not to have your ears pierced.” Liam touched his left ear, he had his upper ear

pierced there.

Soon enough Liam had a new phone, a Galaxy S5, much newer than the last phone he had. This one was sitting in a phone case that looked more like a wallet, and one made for a girl. It had a black seam, but the rest was white leather, except for the center. That was a butterfly with one pink wing, the other wing looked like it was made from pink flowers. Something girly for him to hold in his hands, to go along with the new accessories in his ears.

He now had double piercings in his ear lobes, in the first holes were fake pearl and sterling silver stud earrings, in the other a pink topaz and sterling silver studs. The upper ear on his left ear that was already pierced now had tiny butterfly earrings. Apparently Leah loved butterflies and fireflies. The last addition for jewelry was a silver cross necklace, that he felt odd wearing considering the only time he had gone to church was with a girl he was dating around Christmas, but now it was going to be part of his normal wardrobe.

“Some girls have an accessory that they almost always wear, this necklace is going to be one of yours. Your uncle may be a heathen, but you Leah are going to be a nice Christian girl with proper values.” Most Christians he knew acted nothing like how their book told them to act, and forcing him to be Christian seemed laughable, or it would if the woman didn’t have the means to make him act the way she wanted.

“I think we have put off your favorite store long enough. Tell me Leah, what is the number one thing you love?”

Liam thought of the list he had to make that morning and how the number one spot had already been filled out. So he smiled large enough to show the pink braces on his top teeth, wanting Megan to see his enthusiasm. If he acted happy enough he might be able to steer her toward some girls flats if he gushed about how cute they were and avoid at least some of what she wanted him to wear. “High Heels, I just love them, love them, love them!”

Chapter 20

Entering the shoe store Liam didn’t feel the anxiety like he had had when entering the first store, or even what he felt when Megan brought him over to the kiosk to get his ears pierced. These were just shoes, sure she was going to make him buy high heels, but he was already wearing a pair now. A glance down at

the three inch heels strapped to his feet with the leather band across his foot he bit his bottom lip for a second or two. It was amazing he picked up moving in them as quickly as he did, without Megan's help he would have broken his ankle or smashed his head on the floor as he fell.

She had drilled into him how to walk, one foot in front of the other, heel to toe, swing his hips and then had tied a belt around his thighs to keep him from taking large steps. It wasn't second nature to him and he didn't glide in them like Megan had instructed, but he no longer wobbled. They made him feel like he was off balance, well then combined with the extra weight on his chest, it made him constantly aware of what he was wearing and how he looked. The sound of his footsteps with the click clack of the heels that once told him to look around for a potentially sexy girl still sounded good to him, but now there was no sexy girl for him to look at, just himself trying to move from one location to the next that Megan wanted him to visit.

"Go have a seat over there Leah, I will see if I can find someone to help us today." When he went shoe shopping he walked down the aisles for something in his price range that looked okay, if they didn't have it in his size he would ask an employee if they had something in the back if he didn't see one he would just keep looking. Apparently she was going to show him a different way to shop and he wasn't going to argue. A good girl never argues or complains. He told himself as he moved to a seat, smoothing the skirt of the white dress he was wearing, wishing the words didn't come so easily to his mind like when someone said a line from a song that just got stuck in your brain.

Sitting there he thought back to what Megan said about getting him an Alto Sax again, he wasn't sure why she would do something so nice. Heck he hadn't even thought about it in so many years that just the idea of it alone made him smile. It was a trap, he didn't know how, but it had to be one. Was she going to replace the reed and mouthpiece with a dildo? Just stick it right into the cork and make him do things with it? That sounded bizarre, but he knew it had to be something. While he was lost in thought, he paid little attention to what Megan was off doing.

For her part, Megan walked up to the counter giving a little wave as the woman behind it came around and gave her a quick hug, the woman's thin smile growing at the sight of the elder Best sister. "Megan! What a nice surprise to see you. What are you doing at the mall so early on a weekday?"

"Good morning Christine. I'm actually outshopping with my boyfriend's daughter." She pointed over to the seat with the feminized young man in it who looked to be staring off into space with a smile on her face. He recently got full custody of her, the mother is sadly no longer around and the poor girl lost almost

everything she owned. So I thought it would be better if I took her out shopping for shoes and clothes and such.”

“Oh that poor dear. It must have been hard on her for all of this to happen, but it looks like she is enjoying herself with you. Of course who wouldn’t want to spend time out shopping with you, let alone a teen girl. You have such a caring soul.”

“Christine, I don’t know where you got the idea people like spending time with me or that I’m such a good person, you give me too much credit.”

The rail-thin woman gave Megan a hard look, her eyes only trailing off to Leah for a moment. “Your niece adores you, you spend time with both her and her best friend. From what Jeremy says for their birthday you are going to do baking lessons with them. Not something I would expect any teen to want to go do with an adult and few by themselves, but I understand they were both excited about the gift. Not only that, but I saw for myself the relationship you still have with your younger sister and now I see you are helping care for a child that isn’t even related to you.”

Christine was a stern woman who seemed to have few friends and while she worried about her son being shy and introverted she had those same traits keeping her from expanding her social circle. Yet she seemed like a good person, her husband worked a low paying job, and while she complained it made things harder, she said she would never bring it up with him. He came home happy, and with enough energy to spend time with Jeremy and help around the house. While she worked almost every day at this store she owned in the mall. When Megan asked why she didn’t hire a general manager she had only shaken her head saying there was nothing wrong with hard work and how doing it herself allowed her to be able to afford hire wages for the employees she did have.

This woman’s praise of her was genuine and it hurt her. She did have a good, even a great relationship with her little sister, she was so proud of her, but everything else was false. She had no happy niece, her own daughter hadn’t spoken to her in little over a month. Even then she only got small talk to catch up so that Becky could ask her for money. She had been happy to give it, her ex husband wasn’t going to be able to afford to give her anything and it made her at least a little happy to contribute to her life. Pushing and forcing Charles, Liam, Bailey had given her an outlet for her frustrations and had made her happy, but being praised for them like she was a good person at least momentarily made that feel shallow.

“It isn’t at all like that, but still I appreciate the compliment.” Megan said her own

smile felt much thinner than when she had hugged the woman. “Is your son working today by chance? Leah is new to the area and I thought it might be a good idea to introduce her to the right sort.”

Looking past Megan, Christine gave the girl another look. She had a small frame, a cute bob cut with bangs, large blue eyes, a small nose and big lips along with a chest bigger than her own. Young girls nowadays seem to be more endowed than when she was younger. Leah sat crossed legged, bouncing one of her feet as she smiled off at nothing. Her outfit was cute and it wasn't often she saw young woman walking around in heels in everyday life. She was sure her little Jeremy would love to spend time with her if he could work up the courage to say two words, but then again he was starting to come out of his shell after meeting Bailey and Candi who he couldn't stop bringing up. “He is in the back organizing a delivery, give me a few moments and I will send him right out to help.”

Coming back over to Leah, Megan sat down beside the pretend teen. “Help is on the way, when he comes I want you to flirt with him like we talked about earlier. When he asks what he can help you with tell him we are buying several pairs of shoes today and you need his help and opinion. Make sure to lay it on thick, you understand?”

“Yes Miss Megan.” Thick like all the bullshit you are filling my life with. It took him effort to keep from rolling his eyes. He had done the best he could to come to terms with having to flirt while at the mall, he was not going to suffer the consequences. He would never, but the way she talked about things she would make him do if he was bad made him understand why people murder. The actual sight of blood had always made him queasy, in highschool when he stood up to a football player he had been quick to punch him, hitting him in the face instead of the gut like his brother told him and had broken the much bigger boy's nose. That would have been good for his reputation if he hadn't passed out from the blood flowing through the other boys fingers and falling to the ground and the red liquid on his own hand. He could understand the rage and idea of acts of violence, but something inside of him just couldn't handle it, something inside of him was too gentle and he hated it.

“Good, now today we are getting you a single pair of sneakers, as you will be starting to do some aerobics to help you stay in shape and become more flexible. We will get you a pair of wedges, at least one pair of sandals and more than a few pairs of heels that will not be less than three inches. Got it?”

“I got it Miss Megan. Heels, Sneakers, Wedges, with at least a three inch heel.” Sneakers... Liam smiled at the idea, he didn't think that would be on the table.

“Miss Megan, can I ask you a question about the shoes today?”

“We are about to buy you some of your favorite things in the world, I’m surprised you have the self discipline to ask. Go ahead Leah.”

“Miss Megan, you know how I love heels, the higher the better.” Liam added a girly giggle to try and sell the enthusiasm that he didn’t not feel. “But I was like thinking, what if I found the perfect pair of shoes without a heel. Do you think I might be able to get them if I just loved them!?” Instead of what you want me to get he added to himself.

“You are such a girl, always wanting more shoes, of course you can look down the aisles for what else you might like, and because you are getting a pair of flats and love heels, what was it the higher the better you said? Why not tell the person coming to help that you prefer heels with a four inch heel.”

“Oh... ahh, that sounds... lovely!” It took a moment for him to find the right girly word. The victory for getting a pair of non heeled shoes had cost him more than the victory itself.

When Liam saw who was coming over to help his eyes went wide and his mouth hung a little open, he knew this person. Knew of this person. He couldn't remember his name, he didn't even pay attention when it was said when they met, he had just called the boy buddy. This was the kid that sat between Candi and Bailey when he sat down with that at the mall. It wasn't long ago, but with how his life had been going these last few days it felt like a lifetime ago. When the girls departed he had gotten, made him give up their phone numbers and he just forgot about him, till now.

He had been so dismissive of the person coming this way, but he had seen Liam, knew who he was and now was coming this way. Liam was terrified he was going to see him for who he was and he was friends with the girls. He would tell them about him pretending to be a girl. Shit, shit, SHHHIIIT!!! While his brain panicked, a part of him was reminded that a good girl never uses foul language, causing him to look over to Miss Megan, not sure if he had cursed out loud or just in his mind.

“Good morning, Hi Mrs. Best! I heard you needed help, what can I do for you?” Jeremy said coming up, trying to keep his eyes on Bailey’s Aunt instead of the cute girl next to her with reddish brown hair.

“Good morning Jermey. Please use Miss instead of Mrs, but I was hoping you could help Leah here, she needs to get more than a few pairs of shoes today.” Megan glanced over at the disguised young man and whispered loud enough for Jeremy to hear. “Close your mouth dear, can’t have you gawking at the cute boy.” She gave Jeremy a little wink.

Flirt... I have to flirt, shi... darn. He corrected himself with a less offensive word after he freaked out thinking he might have said something she would consider a curse word a moment ago.

“I don’t know about all that, but I say with how beautiful you both are it is a big compliment that you think so.” Jeremy said, his face feeling like it was burning from the large blush coming to his cheeks. It took a lot for him to compliment them back instead of just sinking into himself, but Candi had been telling him how he needed to push himself, even when he felt nervous or uncomfortable to help him grow.

“Do you think...” Liam trailed off repeating to himself again that he had to flirt and hope this teen didn’t suddenly point at him and call out his real name and say how he was a freak. “I was hoping a cutie like you could help me get some shoes today. I needed a pair of sneakers, some wedges and a bunch of high heels...” He glanced over at Megan. “Everything needs at least a four inch heel oh and I can get a pair of flats!”

“Any specific styles or colors?”

Liam glanced at the woman next to him, but she was of no help. He would rather just go look at them, but he didn’t know anything about shoes unlike this kid. “Whatever you think would look good on me.” Liam said flashing the boy a smile, large enough to show off his braces that still made his teeth hurt. One heel was going to be as bad as another, so it didn’t really matter what he came back with. The final decision wasn’t really going to be up to him anyways.

When Jeremy came back, Liam became all too aware of the mistake he made when giving him directions with his pick of sneakers. “Heeled sneakers isn’t something we have a lot of in inventory, if you find something online you would like. If you showed it to me...” Jeremy looked over his shoulder at his mom looking at something on her laptop by the register, he didn’t want to make her feel uncomfortable like she had to go to him if she didn’t like him.. “Or anyone here, we can order them and have them in stock for you, but I did find these that I thought you would like. They are wedge sneakers, they have a hidden, sorta hidden three inch wedge heel. I know they aren’t four inches like you wanted, but

I thought you might like them.”

The shoes in question had a white rubber soul, black fabric with little white dots across it like a night sky and two velcro straps that went over the laces. “Those do look like something you would like, why not try them on?” With the stupid smile on his face he glanced at the ever so helpful woman. He knew she was going to be the arbiter of what they bought here, but what little joy he had in his mind for getting sneakers vanished. Now that she had seen these, he knew this was what she was going to make him wear to do whatever workout she had in mind.

“Nothing says Leah Megan Summers like a pair of sneakers with a heel.” He was being sarcastic, Miss Megan didn’t acknowledge it and the kid didn’t seem to catch it. So he stuck out his foot, letting him unbuckle the blue and brown heel. Feeling the cool air of the room on his now exposed foot felt good, that along with the sudden ability to un-arch his foot felt amazing. Soon the sneaker was put in its place and then the same was done for his other foot and he was forced to walk down the aisle, catching the teen watching him in one of the mirrors throughout the store. Good... good the kid didn’t recognize him, but instead of perving out over his inflated backside, Liam said to himself as he put one foot in front of the other, having to admit these were much more comfortable than the shoes he just had on.

Walking with a heeled sneaker like this was a new experience, but one far superior to the three inch heel he just had on. “How do they feel?” Jeremy asked with a big smile. He could see Leah was still smiling and knew that was a good sign, he just didn’t know if she was being polite or not with his selection.

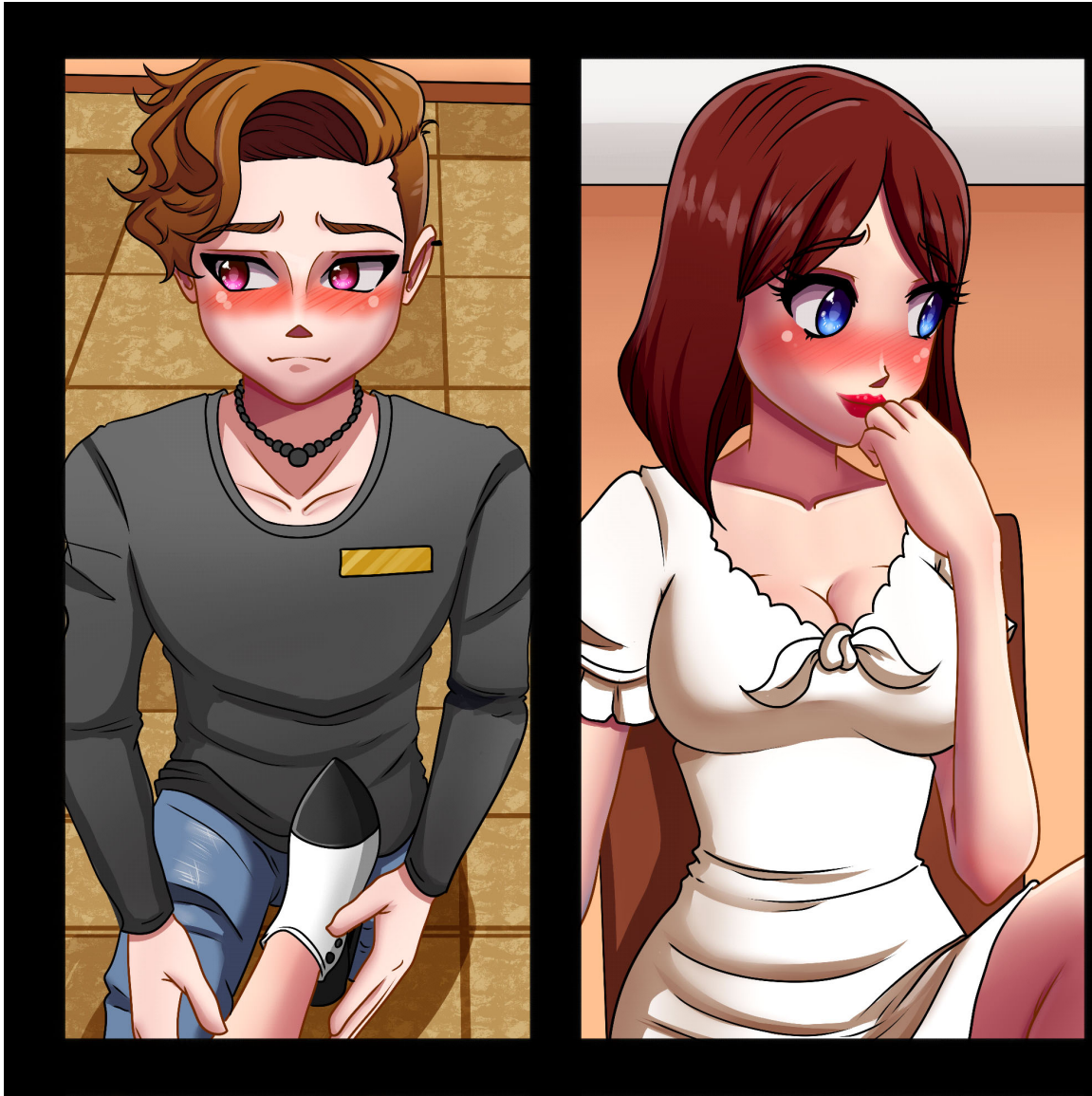
“Actually, they are a lot more comfortable than I thought they would be.” A small rush of joy filled Jeremy as she praised his selection.

“That is wonderful to hear, I was worried when you wanted a pair of sneakers with a heel on them, but I am glad it worked out.” She didn’t intend for this to happen, but was happy with the outcome.

The next pair of heels Jeremy brought were something he thought looked hot on the one girl who tried them on and figured if Leah wanted him to pick, why not something he wanted to see a girl wear. The shoes looked like something that was old fashioned with a modern twist. The toe was black, along with the heel that went up to the back of the shoe, while the rest was white, and had three black buttons that looked like the shoe buttoned in the front, even if it zipped on the side. When he brought them out and still saw Leah smiling his hopes soared

again as he put one hand on her calf as he slipped the shoe on.

Liam was not enjoying feeling the hand on his hairless leg, being touched by another guy was worse than the retro sexy shoes that were being placed on his feet. As his finger slid down his calf to zip up the shoes his body shuddered a little at the unwanted touch and unfortunately gave the boy the opposite impression. The heels were higher than ones he had been practicing with, but the advice he was given on how to walk in heels still held true, he just had to take smaller steps. Making the trip up and down the shoe aisle take longer, and showing him how uncomfortable heels could really be and the worst part he knew was that there were heels even higher than this, that he really hoped she wouldn't make him try on. The small trek made Liam rethink his earlier opinion of heels were heels and how it didn't matter what he was forced to wear. These shoes somehow screamed girl more than the ones he was forced to practice in and he wasn't even sure why he knew that to be true.



While Liam was walking down the aisle Megan smiled at Jeremy as the teen watched what he thought was another attractive teen that he obviously was attracted to. It has been her plan to set up Jeremy with Leah and have Bailey help seal the deal, but what Christine had said gave her pause. He was a good kid, and should find a girl he could be happy with, but with how shy he was, there was no telling when that would happen. Maybe not till college when he worked past his own issues, or till he found a girl who was just forward. The pause in her consideration didn't last long, Liam needed to be punished and by setting up Leah with Jeremy it would help him learn what he liked in girls and to be more outgoing with the self esteem boost from dating Leah, who she had to admit

turned out to be beautiful.

“I can tell you like her you know Jeremy.” His head whipped around looking at the older woman in shock. He did like her, she was pretty, but he didn’t know he had been so obvious. “You can tell?”

“It is easy to see, but I’m not sure if you noticed, but Leah likes you too.” Megan said, looking directly into the teen boy’s eyes.

“She... she does?!” The hope that soured in him was a thousand times bigger than what he felt when picking out shoes for Leah, but felt much more shaky like it was just a dream.”

“Didn’t you hear her call you a cutie earlier? Or notice how whenever you look at her she looks away?” He heard that, but didn’t really believe it and a lot of people avoided looking at him so he paid that no mind, but he did notice how she shuddered when he accidentally ran his fingers down her calf to zip up her shoes.

“You are a smart boy, a little shy perhaps, so I will help you out. If you would like it would be okay if you asked her out to lunch, whenever your break is. The two of us will be out shopping here at the mall for hours more and I know if you asked she would say yes. That is if you would like to actually take her out on a little lunch date. Just something to think about, we are nowhere near done here.”

Jeremy felt his heart beating faster thinking about asking Leah out, he would love that, but if she said no then Miss Best would tell Bailey and Bailey would tell Candi and both would end up thinking less of him for just hitting on Leah when she was only here to buy shoes. Still though Miss Best wouldn’t lie to him, she was Bailey’s aunt and she knew they were friends.

As Liam came back, eyes down at his feet instead of head held high he was ready to take these off and never see them again. “Look at that, she can’t take her eyes off the shoes you picked out Jeremy, I can tell she just loves them. Don’t you Leah?”

It was posed as a question, but he knew it was not one. Not only that, but he hadn’t really flirted with Jeremy like she asked, no told and he was worried about what else she might want him to do if he didn’t follow directions. Flirt... flirt how do girls flirt?! He asked himself, thinking about how girls were overly touchy and giggled a lot. So in the uncomfortable heels he stepped forward to the kid and wrapped his arms around him, so that his hands were on the back of his neck,

while looking him in the eyes as she smiled. “These are just perfect, I love them! Thank you for picking them out for me!” Liam giggled for good measure as he saw the boys face practically light up red.

“We ahh, we ahh, we have some more in that style if you want.” Jeremy stammered, in awe at what was currently happening. Not only was the girl openly flirting with him, but it felt like she was practically asking him to kiss her with how close she was to him and her lips looked so kissable. They were like soft kissable pink glossy pillows.

“That sounds perfect, Jeremy why don’t you get those and a few more things you think she would look good in.” He had a hard time looking away from the girl, but when her touch stopped lingering he was able to tear his eyes away and hurry off to do what Miss Best asked.

When it was time to ring them up he was surprised they were buying ten pairs of shoes, with only a single one of them not being a pair of heels. The total was coming to over nine hundred dollars, so when he put in his employee discount it he saved them over a hundred dollars. He had looked over at his mom when he put in his employee code, she noticed, but had only smiled at him.

“I ahh, um hope you enjoy your purchases today and I hope you have a good day. A ahh, I mean a great day!” He said feeling more and more nervous as he thought about asking Leah out and how he should have done it before he put in the discount so she didn’t think he was asking to go out because he did that.

“Thank you for your help today Jeremy, you have a wonderful day too.” Liam said cheerily, happy to be leaving the store, getting away from the kid who couldn’t keep his eyes off of him. Liam turned to leave, while Megan gave Jeremy a pointed look as she nodded her head towards Leah.

Then he felt a light nudge from his mother, who seemed to be in on what Miss Best had said or had read into the situation with just that nonverbal queue. Stepping away from the counter he took a few steps closer with large strides before he called out to her. “Leah, umm.” His smile grew brighter when she turned back around. “I was hoping ahh, wondering really if you would have lunch with me today. I know you are busy with shopping in all, but I have my lunch break in about an hour and a half and I was...” Jeremy’s voice trailed off, it taking all the courage he had to get that out. Wishing he had the bravery he felt when he had asked for Bailey and Candi’s phone numbers when he first met them, but Bailey had openly flirted with him and... Jeremy smiled even more as he thought

about how brazen Leah had actually been with how she held him.

“There is a place in the food court that has amazing burritos. Then we could go sit on a bench outside the pet store, they always have animals playing in the front display, it is my favorite place to have lunch.” His burst of confidence started to wane when Leah didn’t answer.

Liam didn’t know what to say, he had never been asked out before and definitely not by a man... let alone a kid. Jeremy was practically a child... Liam tried to swipe that thought away, it wouldn’t matter what age he was, he did not want to be spending more time with him. His blue eyes shifted over to Miss Megan. She wanted him to flirt with him, but she didn’t say anything about a lunch date. “That is sweet and I would love to, but I can’t.”

Jeremy’s heart felt like it was crashing down at the rejection, he should have known. He did know, he was just lying to himself. Bailey and Candi were gorgeous and flirty, but even they only saw him as a friend, nothing more.

“I’m sorry, I’m just spending the day with Miss Best and it would be rude of me.” Boom use my own tormentor to get out of a bad situation. Liam thought, congratulating himself on navigating the situation in a way to let the kid down easy. He was so shy and stumbled over his words so much it was a miracle he had an in with the hot blondes he saw him with when they first met. Though both of them were the flirty type, so they might have asked him to lunch.

“That is appreciated Leah, I love it when you show me you have a good head on your shoulders. I am a little amazed you still chose to spend lunch with me over a boy you like, that means a lot. How about you take Jeremy up on his offer and I will pick up something for myself and Christine and come back here for lunch. Does that sound okay to you Christine?”

Jeremy’s mother gave her son a smile, not much bigger than her normal thin smile, she didn’t want to embarrass him. It took some pushing, but he was starting to come more and more out of his shell and she loved seeing him grow. “That does beat my usual plans, I would love that and Jeremy if you need to take a little more time away I think I can manage the shop till Kelly comes in for her shift.”

The young seventeen year old boy beamed, he was so happy. “Thats.. Thats great Mom, thank you. See you back here in about an hour and a half then?”

Standing perfectly still Liam looked over at Miss Megan, who gave him a slow deliberate nod. "Sounds perfect, I wouldn't miss it!"

Chapter 21

Soon after leaving the store Liam found himself not able to hold his tongue any longer. As he replayed the events that just transpired over in his head. Miss Megan had known them, and she had instructed him to flirt with the boy. She had intended for him to be asked out all along. It felt like she was playing a strategy game to maneuver him into place, while the only thing he could focus on was not flipping the board and receiving some punishment. He wished he didn't feel so weak, if it wasn't for the vitamin shot, she gave him he was sure he would feel just as tired. Multiple days feeling like this... he had to be fighting something off, but without proper rest it would probably linger. He hoped she caught whatever he had, and her symptoms were much worse.

"Look, I have done everything you have told me to do, but there is zero chance I'm going to go on a date with a boy!" Liam said firmly as he stomped his heeled foot.

Pressing her lips together Megan locked her blue eyes with the feminized young man's own blue eyes. The threat of prison, the threat of punishments all only seemed to hold sway over Liam for a short time without needing a refresher. They did seem to work longer and longer, but still his will seemed to always come back. Without a word Megan pinched one of his newly pierced ears, pulling as she walked closer to the rail that separated the second floor they were on from the fall to the first story.

Liam found himself almost stumbling in his heels as he was pulled painfully with the tall blonde woman. She pressed him to the metal and glass railing, so that if wasn't there he would plummet to the first floor of the mall. "I don't know what has gotten into you missy. You know better than to talk to an adult that way, the only place you get to be in charge is if I set you up to babysit some toddlers and only then if there is no actual adult around. You will be going on a date with the nice boy, you will smile at him, laugh at his jokes. If he wants to hold your hand, then you will hold his hand. If he kisses you, you will kiss him back."

She watched Liam's girly face shift between anger, disgust and fear. "If he wasn't seventeen I would tell you to give him a nice blow job as a thank you and tell him how yummy his cum was. So thank your lucky stars you won't have to do that, but I swear Leah if by the time that date is over if you don't have his number in your phone with at least a few flirty texts to him we are going to stop at a brothel. I will

lie and tell the madam you are eighteen and looking to taste your first cock. Or maybe we will stop at a sex store to buy two of those piston machines that you attach a dildo to. I can tie you up and have one setup for your ass and the other your mouth. If you won't behave like I tell you to that could be a good way for you to spend the rest of the summer and much cheaper than buying you a wardrobe."

When she stopped talking Megan leaned a little closer as she narrowed her eyes. "Now tell me, should I treat you like Leah the sweet boy crazy teen girl, or the alternatives?" She wasn't even sure if the brothel would do anything without ID proving Leah was eighteen, something she did not have or if the device she was talking about was available to just purchase like that, but she didn't think Liam would know either.

"You wouldn't!?" Liam felt like his voice was failing him as his overactive imagination showed him what she was talking about in vivid detail.

"Oh I would, and then after you were fucked all summer from the front and behind you would have one chance to convince me not to turn you over to the police. Do you think you could say anything to convince me not to turn you over after I gave you chance after chance to get out of going to prison for what you did?"

"But I didn't..." Liam trailed off, he had already tried telling her what happened, but she didn't believe him. "Nooo..." He drew out the word feeling sullen.

"Then what will you do?" Megan said, her voice a soft whisper that even Liam could hardly hear as close as they were together.

Earlier he had thought playing the part would get him some leeway, but he had ruined that because he couldn't hold in his anger. "Go dress shopping with you Miss Megan and then go on the lunch date with the cute boy?"

"Good, now take out your book and mark down two strikes, but because I think the two of you will make such a cute couple I will tell you what. If you can convince him to come to church with us on Sunday you can have that reduced back down to one strike."

"Church?"

"Have we not talked about this Leah?" Megan asked, honestly not sure if she had

brought up the subject or not. “I have started attending service again and as a good Christian girl you will be going as well. Now come along, we have so many outfits for you to try on.”

The two didn’t just go into one department store, they went from one and then to another. The mall had five major department stores and she had promised him to hit everyone. “Don’t worry Leah, we will hit all the department stores today so you can see the different outfits. Maybe this weekend we can come back so we can do some more shopping, I bet you would just love that.”

Trying on the feminine clothes was not his idea of a good time, his only saving grace was it was early on a weekday so there were few people around to his embarrassment. With each outfit he tried on he found Miss Megan opening one of the shoe boxes and telling him to try on this pair, or that with the outfit. She had handed him a pair of four inch heeled ankle boots, that were light brown leather, with a dark brown for the heel and toe and a leather strap going across the ankle to look like it held it on, while it really just had a zipper on the inside of the foot. It was to go with an outfit that consisted of a long sleeved black blouse with a keyhole opening to see just a hint of breast. A light brown leather pleated skirt, paired with a black thin belt. After he had it all on she opened up a pair of black pantyhose, telling him to try them on with the outfit.

With the package open he knew at least they would be purchased. Holding them he made a sour face, the flirty leather skirt was so short that it made him wonder how girls could stand it, let alone when they wore a mini skirt. He had always loved seeing their long legs in short skirts, but never wanted to see his own that way. The only good thing about the girly clothes were the soft cotton panties and even that he would never admit out loud.

That outfit had been moved to the yes pile, that seemed to be getting much more clothes than the no or maybe. The next thing he wore that Miss Megan gushed over and he did too to stay in character was one he would have a hard time describing to anyone. It was a dress that had a black skirt that went almost to his knees, made to look like it wrapped around and buttoned on his left front side and where it split at the bottom you could see white and black horizontal stripes that matched the top part of the dress. The only thing that broke up the stripes was the solid black collar that had matching buttons to the skirt portion. With it Miss Megan had handed him to wear the white and black pinup looking heels Jeremy had picked out for him.

“This outfit is a must, you look beautiful in it Leah, in fact I think Jeremy might

like to see you in it for your date today. What do you think?"

"I think I would love this outfit even if he hated it, but I really hope he thinks I'm as beautiful in it as you say Miss Megan." The dress was tight enough to really highlight his pushup bra enhanced chest. If it wasn't him looking this way, or him feeling the sway of his chest along with the skirt brushing across his legs he would have liked the sight.

"Oh, I'm sure he will, but we will have to get you a slip to go under the dress. Not like we weren't going to get you some slips and half slips before we were done." She laughed, and so did Liam though he wasn't sure why she was laughing.

In another store he tried on a white bag dress with a tight jean jacket. At first Liam thought the jacket already had its sleeves rolled up, but upon closer inspection it was just made to look that way and when he put it on he realized it only came down to mid back, along with that it was too thin to offer much protection or warmth. It was less a jacket and more a fashion accessory.

When they were all done the pair started to make their way to the car to drop off their goods. At his point both of them had to carry the bags and even then both were fully loaded up. Liam was trying to prepare himself to be hanging around the teen boy when his tormentor stopped, looking in a small shop, at its window display. "Come inside Leah, I think you will look just amazing in that." Glancing in the window display was a navy blue dress that came down to below the display's knees. It had a tied bow at the left hip and the navy fabric stopped just above where its breasts were, with a sheer fabric continuing up to its neck. Allowing a hint of the dummy's breasts to be shown, while still allowing for modesty. Then atop its head was a little circle flat hat with a bow on it. The outfit looked ridiculous to Leah, but instead of voicing his actual opinion and earning the woman's wrath once more he smiled broadly to show off his braces as he followed her in, acting as if he was full of mirth as he giggled. "That looks just so pretty Miss Megan!"

When he put it on the dress ended up coming just a little above his knees instead of below them like the dress up dummy and just so lucky for him in one of the shoe boxes was a pair of navy shoes, that had a five inch stiletto heel. When the store attendant put the little hat on his head he looked in the mirror after letting Miss Megan take some photos, much like every outfit he tried on. To him it looked like the girl in the mirror was about to go to the Kentucky derby. At this point he had learned his opinion didn't really matter for what would be purchased and what would not, but the happier he acted and more he pretended

to like an outfit the less strict and commanding Miss Megan was.

“This dress is lovely, Miss Megan I just love it! Do you think I could get it? I don’t know where I would wear it, but it is just so pretty.”

“If you love it that much Leah I don’t know how I can say no to you, though I see a similar dress with lighter colors I think you would love just as much. It would be perfect for a garden party, how about we get both?”



The price of just one of the dresses was just over two hundred dollars after taxes. The cost of today's shopping was extravagant and he knew for a fact his brother didn't have the money to cover the cost of the day. Miss Megan was spending her own money, left and right just to dress him up like some Barbie doll, she had to be because there was just no way Chuck's credit card was going to cover all this.

Loading bag after bag into the back of the SUV, Liam shook his head slightly at how much they had gotten. “Thank you for today's shopping trip Miss Megan, I had just so much fun with you!” Liam did his best to sound like today was the best day of his life.

“Aww, you are welcome Leah, but I know a girl like you can never be really done with shopping. So after your date we have the last two department stores to hit

still, and at least one more shop. Can't have you without a bikini for the summer can we?"

"That would be horrible." He said truthfully at the idea of getting a bikini.

"Don't worry dear, we will get you a few. Do you think Jeremy would like to come and see you try them on?"

"Eeep!" Liam squeaked, feeling his face turn red at the idea of putting on something so girly and intimate let alone in front of a teen boy.

"That might be a little much for your first date, we don't want Christine thinking you are trying to seduce him."

Chapter 22

Standing by the checkout counter next to Megan, Liam found himself fidgeting with his hands. He glanced at the two women standing there talking, before averting his eyes when Jeremy's mom looked over at him. In the bathroom, the girls bathroom that he felt mortified going into he changed into the dress with the black and white horizontal stripes that he felt highlighted his chest way too much and put on the heels that were higher than he was used to. Not that he was much used to any heels.

Christine gave a knowing smile to her friend, seeing Leah fidget. She thought it was so cute that such a pretty girl would be nervous to go out with her shy boy. The second Leah had walked out of the store with her back to him, she couldn't control her own mirth as she watched him pump his arms in excitement. "No need to be nervous, Jeremy will be out as fast as he can." She had sent him to finish up putting away the delivery that she had pulled him away from when Megan asked for his help.

Moving her arm Megan wrapped it around Leah's shoulder and pulled her in for a side hug. "She will be fine, this is actually her first date. I can hardly remember who I went out with for mine, but I do remember how nervous I was. Leah here was so nervous and excited about going to lunch with your Jeremy that I think we tried on most of the dresses in the mall."

"That is just too precious, we have to get photos of the two of them off for their first date unsupervised." Liam should be more than used to having his photo taken with Miss Megan snapping photo after photo, making him pose. Shifting

his foot this way, adjusting his hand that way as he tried on clothes his dates should be wearing, not him on a date. The idea of a photo with the teenage boy made him feel like he was back at square one with his anxiety.

“Hey Leah, I hope you didn’t have to wait long.” Jeremy said, rushing up to the front a little out of breath. He had been going a little too quickly with stocking the shelves and putting things where they shouldn’t. At first he just kept going thinking he would fix it later, but ended up going back. Positive his mom was going to check his work and the last thing he wanted was to give her a reason to ground him when he was finally able to get a date.

As the pretty girl turned to look at him the first thing he saw was her smile, she was always smiling and it made his heart beat a little faster. Then he noticed for the first time she had changed since the last time he saw her a little under two hours ago. “Wow... Leah you look gorgeous!” He said looking at his date’s pretty blue eyes. The two’s gaze only held for part of a second as each looked away. Jeremy’s mind telling him that he shouldn’t have said that, that he spoke to brazenly. While Liam found it impossible to look into the eyes of the teen who thought he was attractive enough to use the word gorgeous. A phrase he was pretty sure he hadn’t used since he saw his prom date descend stairs in a figure-hugging mermaid style gown. He wasn’t gorgeous, he was a man dressed up like a girl and compliments like that were really just insults, but still a part of him appreciated what Jeremy had said, even though he knew he shouldn’t.

“She won’t tell you this Jeremy, but Leah spent half the time we were out shopping making sure she had the perfect outfit for you. Now what do you say after getting such a nice compliment Leah?”

Hearing that Leah, a girl who was out of his league, spent so much time picking out a new outfit to wear for him made him feel like he was floating on air. He wouldn’t even have expected her to change let alone buy a new dress and wear the shoes he picked out for her. Then something else happened that he didn’t expect, she stepped closer to him, wrapping her arms around him, under his arms, hugging him. He felt her lips touch his cheek, making him sure if she wasn’t holding him down he would just float away. “Thank you Jeremy, I think you’re cute too.”

Liam did what he was told to do if Jeremy gave him a compliment. A normal day Liam was secure enough in his manhood to admit when another guy was good looking and the first time he had seen the teen he acknowledged it for the teen with boyish good looks. Right now though he didn’t feel nearly as secure in

himself.

“That is the cutest thing I have seen all week. Jeremy, put your arm around her waist so I can take a photo.” Christine waited for her son to do as he was told, while Megan just looked on smiling, knowing how uncomfortable Liam had to be at that moment in time. She waited till Christine took her first photo before she mentioned what she saw. She wasn’t sure if the woman hadn’t seen it or just wanted a photo with it there. “Jeremy you have something right here.” Megan said, tapping her left cheek.”

Jeremy couldn’t see what she was pointing at, and went to wipe it with his sleeve. While Liam stepped away from him, happy for the hand on his lower back to be gone, but horrified to see a pink outline of his lips left by his lipstick on the boys face. He covered his mouth with boy hands as he looked at the teen. It wasn’t any sort of deal to see a guy with a lipstick print on his cheek, heck he had a few white button ups that got ruined by a girls lipstick, but that was an imprint left by him, by his lips.

“Here let me get that for you.” Christine said, licking her thumb and rubbing it on her boys cheek to wipe off the lipstick from his face.

“MOOOM!” Jeremy said, in a bit of a whine, feeling mortified his mom was treating him like a baby in front of Leah.

“It’s fine, it isn’t like I’m telling her how old you were before you would let us turn the hallway light off at night.” Jeremy’s eyes practically bulged out of his head as he looked at his mom, trying to will her to stop. The exchange caused Liam to do his best to keep in some laughter, making Jeremy feel more embarrassed. After a few more photos were taken, Jeremy almost reached out to take the girl’s hand before deciding against it. Liam noticed the shy boy’s hand come close and then to pull back, he groaned internally thinking about what Miss Megan said and took his hand into his own.

Soon the two left, Leah smiling like she always did and Jeremy beaming with joy as he took his date over to the food court. The smell of the food caused Liam’s stomach to come to life and let its hunger be known to all in its vicinity.

“When they say shop till you drop, do they mean shop till you drop from hunger?” Jeremy regretted saying the lame joke as soon as it left his mouth.

Putting one hand over his stomach Liam smirked, letting out a small laugh. It felt

so close to the truth with just how little he had been allowed to eat. Her actually laughing at his joke filled the teen with a little more confidence as he made his way with her over to the burrito place. Looking at the food laid out as options Liam thought about getting a steak burrito, with extra steak and add in some adobe chicken. Then reconsidered, thinking it best to get a bowl to make less of a mess with all that extra.

“Pick up for Jeremy please.” Liam looked at him confused as the attendant behind the counter handed over two bags. Seeing her look, Jeremy flashed her a smile. “My Mom used her phone app to order the food earlier while you were shopping. I would imagine that is why Mrs.. Miss Best asked you what you would want to eat.” He said assuming she did in fact as Leah what she wanted for lunch when she told his mom what to get them.

“Oh, how nice of her.” Was the only thing Liam could think to say, now wondering what exactly Miss Megan had told his mom what he wanted to eat. Hoping it wasn’t something like half a cucumber with three baby carrots.

“I tried to tell her I would get lunch.” Jeremy would rather have paid for all four of their lunches if it meant paying for Leah. His father always told him that it would be his job to pay when on at least the first few dates. Of course he mom would always pipe in saying that wasn’t how she remembered it and they would banter about him forgetting his wallet on the second date. When he was younger he thought they were always fighting, but now that he was older he saw it for what it was. The two loved to banter, and never did seem to get angry at one another, though considering his mom one would have to know her to understand she wasn’t angry. “I promise to get it next time.”

“Next time.” Liam repeated thinking how he didn’t want a this time, let alone a next time, but with the happy smile on his face he gave the boy’s heart what it wanted, giving him the impression she wanted there to be a next time, before this time had even really started.

With the food in hand they dropped off one bag back at the store and headed to Jeremy’s favorite spot, or so he said. It was a bench seat with a table, along a small row of three outside some businesses not far from the food court. This particular one was close enough to the pet store to see into their front display, which currently had what looked like two litters of kittens.

“They always change up what is in the front, last week they actually had skunks!” Jeremy said as he pulled out a large burrito for himself and a much skinnier one,

putting it in front of his date.

“Skunks? As in Skunks?” Liam pinched his nose for emphasis, having a hard time believing a store would ever sell such an animal.

“Yes, as in skunks.” Jeremy laughed, smiling widely at Leah from the way she phrased the question that wouldn’t have clarified anything without the pinch of her cute little nose. “They do something to them so they can’t spray. So you just end up with this cute little black and white animal that is full of energy and loves to play. I watched one push around a ball of string and then another tackle it so it could have it, then as they fought a third one came up and stole it. The best part was it tried to hide it by digging a hole, but there was nowhere to dig, but it just kept going like it could.” The little story was enough for Liam to give the boy a real smile, that did sound amusing as heck and a skunk that couldn’t spray sounded like a bad ass pet to have.

Unwrapping his meal the rolled up tortilla gave no hint at what would be inside, but it was about half the size of Jeremy’s. An idea struck Liam as he looked at the mystery meal in his hand. “I have an idea, how about we share. You can have half of mine, and I can have half of yours!” It made him feel a little dirty to do it, but he leaned closer to the teen and batted his thick heavy extended lashes in his direction. Whatever was inside that boy’s burrito had to be better than whatever Miss Megan ordered for him.

“You want to share?” He was happy to share with her, but he didn’t see a knife or anything to cut it in half and a burrito didn’t exactly split well without falling apart. Moving the burrito closer to Leah, he held it out for her. “Sure, you can even have the first bite.”

Liam blinked a few times, the food being held out for him wasn’t exactly his plan, but he hadn’t thought it through other than deciding he wanted what Jeremy had, so he leaned forward and took a bite of the much larger burrito being fed to him. The bite of food was full of rice, black beans, sour cream, a little Lettice and what tasted like slow cooked shredded pork. He closed his eyes and chewed on the bite slowly. “Mmmm.” He made the little happy sound before he finished swallowing. “That is soooo good.” The flavors lingered in his mouth, leaving it watering and wanting more of what might have been the best bite of food in his life. He didn’t think a burrito place in the mall made the best tasting food, or even the best burritos, but with his level of hunger, his taste buds demanded more.

“My turn.” Jeremy smiled at Leah, pulling his burrito away. Liam followed the food with his eyes wanting more, unsure what he meant when he said his turn

and he didn't even take a bite. "May I have a bite of your burrito Leah?" Jeremy asked gently, it looking like she had forgotten her own plan to share their lunch. She was so pretty, and the longer he was with her the more he felt confident she was into him, even if a part of his mind kept telling him that there was no real chance of that being true. Though moments like this made him think she was a little like Bailey with spacing out and not thinking things through. That didn't matter to him for Bailey or Leah, heck even Candi did it from time to time. If he was more assertive when the girls were like that it would be the perfect opportunity to take the lead. As it was he could see the chances, but often let them go. Thinking it better to not try than to try and make himself look like a fool.

"Oh.. ahh yeah, yeah." Liam held out his burrito, for the boy to take a bite. Watching intently as he did to see what was inside the wrapped food. His close attention, easily mistaken for interest in the boy's opinion.

"Not bad, though I think one bite will be enough for me, not something I would order." Inside the burrito Liam could see shredded lettuce, white rice with cilantro, black beans, green peppers, onions and avocado. He now really wished Miss Megan would have asked him what he liked and didn't like. Even if he wasn't allowed to have meat, this burrito was going to end up in the garbage. He could tolerate the green peppers, but he hated onions. It wasn't the flavor, he used onion powder when he cooked, not that he cooked often or was that good at it, but if you could cook five things decently well you could tell any girl you knew how to cook. The problem with onions was the texture, it just always made him want to throw up.

Giving him a little shrug, Liam put his burrito down, not intending to pick it up till it was time to throw things away and pointed to the boy's meal with a smile on his lips and a deep hunger in his stomach. When the burrito was close enough Liam took a second bite and then a third. Utterly enjoying himself as he tasted the flavors mixing in his mouth, till he felt a little familiar crunch. He stopped chewing, and with a mouth still partially full he looked at Jeremy. "What's in this?"

"Brown rice, black beans, guac, sour cream, steak, chicken, light onions, lettuce and cheese." Liam nodded his head, unable to bring himself to chew his food anymore and risk biting into another onion, swallowing the rest down. "Is everything okay? Do you want another bite?"

Liam made a dissatisfied face and shook his head, looking down at the horrible burrito sitting on the table in front of him. He took a swig of the water from the

bottle that came with the meal before eyeing his food again as Jeremy seemed happy to actually start eating his own meal. He didn't want this, but he was still starving. Picking it back up he picked out a few of the onions, giving the boy next to him a little shrug of his shoulders before taking a bite of it, hoping he didn't miss one as he chomped down. Then as he chewed he felt another hand on his own. Burrito in one hand, food in his mouth. Sitting there eating he looked away from the table and over to the display in the pet shop, watching a fluffy gray kitten with blue eyes pounce from atop a small cat tree, landing on another that looked a lot like the first except it had white paws like it was wearing socks over its gray fur. Liam's eyes went down to pinpoints as he opened them wide, seeing that Jeremy's hand rested atop his own.



As quick as he could Liam jerked his hand away, he had tolerated the holding of hands earlier, but something about doing it while sitting at a table eating a meal made it feel more intimate. "Oh jeez, I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Jeremy was kicking himself for being so bold and being rejected like that. He had literally seen boys wrap their arms around this date's shoulders, around this waist, on their knees and thighs, but when he put his on her hand she acted like it was a snake ready to

bite her.

Chewing and swallowing as quickly as he could, Liam waved his hand in a no motion, only to see a worse reaction in the boy's face. It made him feel downright horrible. This kid was beyond shy, it was like kicking a puppy. "No, no. Jeremy it is okay, okay, it's fine I promise."

"You don't have to say that, I understand." That part of his brain that told him no one would really be interested in someone like him got a little louder.

"No, it isn't..." Liam looked down at the table picking up a napkin and wiping his hands on it before taking Jeremy's free hand between them. "My hand was just dirty from picking things out of my burrito silly. I don't mind holding your hand..." Liam felt his head twitch a little to the side as he continued. "I actually like it." He really did mind and mind a lot he thought.

"You do?!"

"What girl wouldn't like holding the hand of such a cute generous boy. Now lean over here I have to tell you a secret." He hated himself for doing this, but Miss Megan was clear on how this little date needed to end, and if he thought Leah didn't like him, then it wouldn't work. So when Jeremy leaned over to hear what his date had to say, Liam kissed him on the cheek once again. This time he noticed not leaving a mark on the boy. "You have no reason to be shy around me Jeremy." He whispered, hoping to give the teen a little boost to his confidence.

The teen was taller than him, had boyish good looks, heck he wasn't even one of the pimply faced teens. Liam was sure if he looked like Jeremy when he was in school his own self confidence would have been through the roof.

Pulling back slowly, Jeremy pressed his palm to his cheek, grinning stupidly at Leah. Liam wasn't sure what to do next, and just sat there holding the boy's hand between his own. Looking down at his own food, picking it up would give him an excuse to let go of Jeremy, but he really didn't want to eat anymore of it or risk biting into another onion with Jeremy's burrito.

"So ahhh..." Jeremy trailed off, he wasn't sure what he was going to say before he started. He was happy as could be sitting there holding hands with the pretty girl next to him, but he felt like he should have some sort of conversation, he didn't want her to think he was boring. "Did you maybe want to go into the pet store

when you are done eating?”

An excuse, Liam was so happy to have an excuse to let go. “I’m actually full.” He lied as he let go of the boy’s hand, moving the remains of his food into the bag it came from. Jeremy looked at the burrito that was maybe one third eaten, amazed that she eat like a bird. “You sure? You can have some more of mine if you like.”

“No.. ahh.” Liam remembered something Miss Megan had told him about how his diet was going to be and needed to make sure she didn’t find out he had eaten any of Jeremy’s burrito. “I’m actually vegan, it’s healthier. Could you please not tell anyone, and I mean anyone that I eat some of your burrito?”

Jeremy scratched the back of his head, he really didn’t understand. She had said she liked his food, but then again she did seem upset when he told her what was in his burrito. “No, umm of course and I’m actually full too.” He wasn’t full, but he didn’t want her to sit around and watch him eat, so he took what was left of their meals and disposed of them in the trash.

Taking his hand once more Liam got to his mostly steady heeled feet and went with him into the pet store. They walked around slowly looking at the birds, moving to the back where all the fish were. “Do you have any pets?”

Liam had his finger pressed against the glass a large fish tank that looked overly full of fish, moving his finger around the little creature inside followed along like he was conducting. “Ahh, no. I used to have a big tom cat that I would feed when it came by my house, but it hasn’t been by in a while.”

“Oh I’m sorry, what was his or her name?” Liam pinched his lips together thinking, he hadn’t really named it, just called it cat or fatty the thing was huge for a cat.

“Cat.” Jeremy watched Leah play with the fish, smiling as he watched her eyes move around looking at all the colorful fish.

“Cat like short for Caitlin? A good name, but a little on the nose I think.” Liam turned his head, tucking some of his long hair behind his ear to look at the teen as he laughed a little.

“Yeah, suppose it is a little on the nose.” Cat wasn’t short for anything, but Caitlin or Catlin or anything really would have been a better name than just calling it Cat.

“What about you? Let me guess you have a dog named spot.”

“I wish, no my Mom would never allow me to have a pet. So I come here and play with the animals, buy them treats when I can.”

“That is sweet.” Liam wasn’t trying to go out of his way to compliment him, but someone who bought treats for the animals in a pet store was definitely a good person.

“Did you know that Cerberus, like from the Greek myths, his name translated to spotted, so his name was really Spot?” Jeremy laughed nervously, speaking again when she didn’t respond. “You know the three headed dog you see in the movies sometimes?”

Liam found himself laughing again, this time because of the sheer awkwardness of the boy as he spoke rapidly. “I know who Cerberus is.” From that movie about the kid in the wizard school, but still he knew it. Moving away from the fish Liam shook his head slightly thinking how Jeremy was a sweet kid, if a little nerdy. He would say he should avoid that to get girls, but being a nerd was much more in style now than it once was.

Looking across the aisles, back to the front of the store Liam looked at the front display of the kittens. Watching as a long haired black kitten made its escape over the fence to be free. “We should probably go help that kitten before it gets hurt.” Liam said, reaching over to take Jeremy’s hand to lead him to the front of the store. He didn’t really think about what he was doing, they had just been holding hands whenever they were moving.

“Absolutely, the kittens I’m sure need all the pets and attention we can give them.” He said, not having seen the one lone cat make its escape from the enclosure.

The little black kitten was trying to rush off to be behind the counter when Liam scooped it up. “Not so fast little one.” Liam said as he took the little thing into his arms, running his thumb across its whiskered cheek, as he pressed it to his chest.

“Miss, it is okay if you and your boyfriend play with the kittens, but do it inside the fenced off area please.” The employee by the register said seeing the teen girl cuddle the kitten to her large chest. “Oh, Hey Jeremy, didn’t realize that was you with her.” The middle aged man gave Jeremy a little smile and a pat on the back

as he looked to the girl with him, then back to him as he raised his eyebrow.

“Hey Max, I think the little one got out and she...” He was about to tell the stores manager that he interacted with on the regular how Leah wasn’t his girlfriend when he was interrupted.

“We will just go put this one back and maybe play with all the kittens for a bit if it is okay.” Liam had seen the way the guy was looking at Jeremy, with his shy attitude most adults probably thought he was just a loser. It wouldn’t cost him anything to build up his reputation a little bit.

“Sure, sure, sure, you two have fun.” Max said, giving Jeremy a wink as he passed.

Opening the gate the two made sure to not let any more of the cats get their freedom, even if more than a few tried. In the area there wasn’t anywhere to sit, so Liam sat on the floor as he let the black kitten go. He sat with his legs together and to the side, but like Miss Megan showed him how to do when the belt was around his thighs.

The two sat with the little animals, using the toys to play and tease them. Picking them up to give them attention and feel their soft fur. At one point Liam had two kittens sleeping in his lap, while another kept wanting to climb onto his shoulder. Then before he knew it Jeremy was pulling out his phone and holding it up. It had been almost an hour since they came into the pet store and it had only felt like a few minutes since he picked up that first black kitten. “I know you, well we are having fun, but I need to head back to work. Maybe we can do this again?”



Moving the kitten from his shoulder back to the floor and then the kittens from his lap, Liam accepted Jeremy's hand to help him to his feet. "Maybe." He smiled down at the little kittens wishing he could stay just a little longer as one of them looked up at him and mewed to be picked up once more.

"Actually I umm..." Liam had picked up a good number of women of the years. Some were drunk, some were desperate, but most of them were out of his league. Now though he needed to ask out a man, a male... a boy for a date. Liam licked his lips, then touching them lightly. "Oh hold on."

Opening his purse Liam pulled out his lipstick and a compact to apply another coat to his lips. He had forgotten after lunch and there would be hell to pay he was sure if she showed up not looking his best. A good girl always looks her best.

"Would you like to..." Liam trailed off again as he noticed the boy watching him intently apply the lipstick. Putting on lipstick and doing it while looking in a compact mirror had to be one of the most feminine things he had to do and seeing it garner Jeremy's full attention made him blush. "Don't look at me like that."

"Ahh, I'm sorry I can't help myself, you are just so beautiful."

"I am not! Now do you want to come to church with me on Sunday or not?"

"Church? Sunday?" He tried to think quickly, he didn't think she had mentioned that before, but she was acting like she had already asked the question. He figured when she trailed off she had finished the sentence in her head.

"I would have to ask my Mom, but how about I say I want to go and give you a tentative yes."

"Tentative?" Really, you have to ask your mommy if you can go to church?

"Ahh yeah, it means provisionally... it means yes, but I have to verify."

"So, yes you will come? Please!"

Jeremy scratched the back of his head again thinking about his mom. "Yeah, I

will make it happen.”

With a tiny celebration Liam pumped his arm backwards just a little bit, he had almost completely forgotten about getting him to come to church and then the teen hedged with having to ask his mom. He either needed to step up and stop asking his mom for everything or was thinking about using her as an excuse not to go to church. Considering the location he couldn't blame Jeremy for wanting an out.

Standing in the middle of the front display of the pet shop he was just asked out for a date, Leah had asked him out for their second date, he was overjoyed. It wasn't lost on him that they had just been sitting there in the front display playing with kittens as everyone walking by could see them, so many people had seen him with Leah and she didn't care. In fact she had enjoyed being with him enough to not only still go out with him again like she said she would earlier, but she asked him! Taking a half step closer to Leah, he pressed one of his hands to her lower back as he kissed her cheek like she had done to him more than once. He was thrilled a girl liked him, as much as he liked her.

Closing his eyes Liam endorsed the kiss. Truly happy Jeremy didn't have the courage to kiss him on the lips. He knew if the situation was reversed he would have, especially with how the things looked now after being inflated. "Let's get you back to work, I don't want your Mom thinking bad of me." As he said it though Liam wanted to think of something he could do quickly with him to actually make him late so that his mom wouldn't actually let them spend more time together.

"I don't think anyone could ever think badly of you Leah, I know I couldn't." Jeremy said, as he took her hand to start heading back to his mom's store and sadly get back to work.

Chapter 23

Liam was more than happy the trip to the mall was over, round two of shopping after the little lunch date with the teen didn't last nearly as long, but the entire day was more than enough for his feet to feel like they were throbbing. High heels were not meant to be walked around in all day, unlike his old steel toed boots that he missed dearly, but wouldn't he knew Miss Megan wouldn't allow him to so much as see them till the end of summer when he got his things back from

wherever she stashed them.

His things... Liam glanced into the back of the SUV, the seats had been put down to make more room for all his new things. High Heels, dresses, skirts, makeup, lotions, jewelry, nail polish all now his and there was enough of it that it would take multiple trips to bring it all inside. "Taking a look at today's haul?"

"Hmmm?" He turned to her, knowing she said something, but not sure what.

"Lost in thought thinking about putting on your pretty dresses I see. Tell me what was your favorite thing about your trip to the mall today?" Megan said, as she stopped her vehicle at a right light just outside her neighborhood.

So much of today had been horrible, and much of the things he would put in that category were things Leah was supposed to love. He could mention the black and white heels his feet were currently throbbing in, the push up bra that made the breasts that he shouldn't have seem larger or how he had to flirt with someone of his same sex that was six years younger than himself. Parts of that encounter weren't so bad, the kid was nice and if he ever could get past himself he was sure Jeremy wouldn't have any problem getting a real date. "It was fun playing with the kittens in the pet store."

"You are Jeremy, did look like a cute couple sitting on the floor playing with the animals. It shouldn't surprise me that we spent thousands of dollars getting you a wardrobe that you love, but the highlight of your day was spending time with a boy."

"What, what do you mean?"

"All I meant is I know how much you love clothes and shopping, but a girl your age is much more interested in trying to impress a boy she likes."

"No, umm Miss Megan how did you know we were sitting on the floor?" She had been following them, she had been spying, that was how. Of course she did, the controlling woman wasn't going to let him have any type of freedom, even if it was off doing something he hated.

"Christeen and I wanted to walk off our lunch so we walked around the mall a little bit and we happened to walk by the pet store. It was a welcomed surprise to both of us when we saw the two of you in the window display having so much fun."

You should have seen Christeen, she was beside herself as we watched you pick up the little black cat and put it into Jeremy's arms. She said you were Jeremy's first girlfriend."

"I'm not his girlfriend." Liam said flatly.

"Don't get all sulky on me Leah just because you wanted him to make it official after one date, but I tell you I would be surprised if Christeen isn't trying to plan your wedding after the third or fourth date with her odd son." Megan was enjoying teasing Liam, though it was true how much the woman gushed over her son. She doubted she made such a fuss over her Becky's first date. Becky wasn't socially awkward like Jeremy, but she didn't seem to put in any real effort to make many friends. She didn't even have a best friend till she came back from a school trip to Washington D.C. where she met that Spanish girl that was the daughter of Becky's drama teacher. Megan had to think for a second what the girls name was, with how she was over her house she should just know it. Gabriela, that was it. Becky only had that one close friend, a big difference between herself and her daughter. It surprised her considering both herself and her little sister had several best friends in school.

"Also I needed to check on you to make sure you weren't taking Jeremy off to the bathroom to have sex. After your talk in the car this morning I couldn't be too sure."

"He isn't odd, Jeremy is just shy." He said, ignoring her jab at twisting what he said that morning after her threat of anal. Jeremy though, perhaps a little shyier than he was at that age, but with fewer reasons Liam figured.

"You know how I feel about you arguing or talking back, Leah."

"A good girl never argues or complains." He said, realizing that he just corrected her. She was wrong, but Jeremy wasn't worth getting a strike over.

"That is correct, but I think I can let that slide if you tell me the truth. Tell me how cute you think he is and how much you want him to be your boyfriend." The car pulled into her driveway and she hit the button to open the garage, but made no motion to get out of the car. Only now giving Leah her full attention.

Squeezing his eyes tight, Liam thought about the teen trying to think of him like a girl might if she was attracted to him. "I think Jeremy is handsome, the way he takes the time to style his hair, that cute little earring in his upper left ear and

how he just rushed off to help me at the store, picking out these cute shoes. Any girl would be lucky to have someone like him to hold their hand and be their boyfriend, but I want it to be me.” The kid was objectively good looking, especially with not having a face full of zits, and he would imagine a girl having a boyfriend that could get them a discount on shoes would be a plus, if the girl had an obsession with shoes like he was supposed to have. Still though, saying that sappy stuff about Jeremy made Liam cringe.

“Wow, sounds like someone might be falling in love, maybe Christine isn’t too far off the mark. Why don’t you send him a selfie of yourself, telling him you just got home and can’t wait to see him again.”

While she made Leah bring all of her bags inside, Megan decided to tell Bailey about Liam’s shopping trip.

Megan: Big day today, was Leah’s first trip to the mall. Here are some photos.

Bailey: OMG! She looks so cute in that first outfit, I love that skirt. Where did she get it?

Megan: We picked that up at Khol’s, it was on the clearance rack for only 16 dollars.

Bailey: Sugar!

Bailey: That totally means they might not have it by the time I get there.

Bailey: What size is Leah?

Megan: She is a size smaller than you, but with the diet she is on that should change.

Bailey: Wait is that Leah with Jeremy!!

Bailey: They played with kittens!!!

It amazed Megan that one of the first things Bailey thought of was Leah’s clothes and where to get a skirt. Was that said because Bailey was playing the part or was Bailey becoming more of the girl she appeared to be to everyone? Looking up from her phone she saw Leah taking in the last of the bags, not so much as a single complaint having to bring them all in herself, anyone watching would see the smile on her face and think she was happy as can be with her purchases. She only had to use a little of the money from the sale of Liam’s motorcycle, but a new girly wardrobe was going to be much more of use to Leah.

Sitting down in her recliner Megan motioned over towards the couch. “Okay Leah, take out your book and tell me how many strikes you have right now.”

He knew how many were there, but still he pulled the little book from his purse. “I have four strikes.” He said having a few crossed out from doing things like

calling Chuck and playing the perfect girl with Jeremy.

“Four? So you would have what, seven if I didn’t let you take a few away. So only one punishment instead of two. Tell me Leah, if you were in my position. Wanting to turn you into the best girl you could be, what would you give for punishment?” She already knew what she was going to assign him, but it would be interesting to see what he came up with.

None, none was the answer if he got to pick, but that wasn’t going to be something she was going to accept for an answer, heck if he didn’t give her something real she might turn those four strikes into five or even six. “Maybe make me read girly magazines?”

“That is a good suggestion, what else?” She didn’t need a punishment to make him do that, but she could take away one of his strikes for it and already had a good idea of what subscriptions to sign Leah up for. She was going to be signed up for Glitter, Seventeen, Teen Vogue, Allure and Cosmopolitan. Leah was going to just have so much fun staying up with fashion, beauty and celebrity gossip.

“Practice putting on makeup?” He thought of things she already mentioned and wanted to veer away from that, but he really wasn’t sure what to suggest and did not like the idea of being the architect of his own destruction.

“You are already going to be doing that, and you love makeup so it wouldn’t be much of a punishment.” She tapped her chin as if she had to think. “While I think over what your punishment should be, why don’t you get a piece of paper and write a little, you need to work on your handwriting. Maybe write about yourself, tell the reader who you are as a person, the things you love. Then after that we can do your afternoon oral practice.”

Writing about who he was or well Leah was as a person was something he much rather do than act happy and enthusiastic about putting a dildo to his mouth so got to work.

Let me introduce myself!

I’m Leah Megan Summers, but everyone just calls me Leah <3

Today I went out shopping. If going from store to store buying cute dresses and heels, trying to find the perfect outfits sounds like a good time, then I bet we

could be best friends! I even went on a date with a cute boy and we got to play with kittens!!! I was told his mom wants us to get married, but I am way too young, but she owns a shoe store where I bought so many cute heels! Jeremy, that is the boy's name, he gave me a discount and his mom owns the store so like if we did get married then I would own a store full of shoes!!!

That isn't my dream or anything, but it does sound super amazing. What I really want to do is become Miss America! We don't have royalty here in Nevada where I live, but wearing that crown would practically be the same thing. Some people don't like beauty pageants, but being pretty is like a superpower and way more useful than being smart. Least I hope so because more than a few people have called me a ditz and I think they might be right, but so what. I love who I am!

The entire note wasn't long, just two paragraphs, it made him uneasy to write as he took time to think what was basically the most girly thing he could write. "I love who I am!" He said, outloud to mock his own letter.

"That is good to hear Leah." Liam startled, looking up to see Megan standing in the living room. She had changed into a jean skirt that reached just above her knees, an almost sheer yellow blouse over a white cami and was barefoot. Something he desperately wanted to imitate. "Lets see what you wrote down."

She took the piece of paper reading it was over, he could see her smirk and hoped it was good enough. "This was well done, I would like you to write it again with a few corrections. Go a little slower, I want to see your handwriting to be more flowing. Secondly don't use commas anymore, just use the word and instead. Do that, then write it again three more times."

He had almost said that would make me look like I'm stupid, but that was exactly her intent and talking back would only get him in trouble. Something else she wanted him to do, but he wasn't going to play into her hands. She wanted him to suggest punishments and then provoke him into messing up to do those very things. He really had no choice at this point other than to do what she wanted, but he wasn't going to let her manipulate him like that at the same time. So he rewrote his little letter like she asked and when she didn't show back up, he wrote it a few more times.

When she still didn't come by he stood up and walked down the hallway, stopping at the mirror to check his makeup. Deciding he needed to reapply lip gloss, he went back to get his lip gloss and fixed his way too puffy lips. It wasn't till after he noticed her office door was closed and as he moved closer, he could hear her talking on the other side. It was muffled, but he could swear he heard the phrase

quarter reports and figured it was a work call.

A smile, a real smile crossed his lips as he went down the hallway, through the living room to get to the kitchen. He was starving and he got a little something like lunch meat from the fridge she would be none the wiser. Opening the fridge he looked at what was available, he didn't see any lunch meat, but there were left overs from some time recently when she ordered out. Inside the styrofoam container was a ravioli meal with meat sauce. The mere sight of it caused his stomach to growl, demanding it be sacrificed to it. He pulled it from the fridge, his mouth salivating at the thought of eating it, but as he took a step away from the fridge hearing the click, clack of his heels on the tile he stopped moving.

She would notice this missing, she also could have closed her door to set him up for a trap. One he was not going to fall into, he was not going to get another strike for something he could control. He couldn't stop her from just doing things, but the entire strike system itself was a way to manipulate him. She set up the game, he couldn't choose not to play, but he could choose to try to change it. Miss Megan wanted to torture him, to see him squirm, but he imagined the irritation she would feel if he acted like everything was just perfect. He already had to put on an act he thought as he touched his cheek, feeling the smile on his face. If he had to do these things anyways, why not do it and try to get back at her, even a little. Kiss her with kindness, that would show the manipulative bitch. Even as he thought the insult, his mind reminded him how a good girl didn't use foul language, the motto was like the same song getting constantly stuck in his head over and over again.

Replacing the leftovers where he found them, Liam got a glass of water, drank it down and then another. Trying to silence his stomach before he went back to the living room and started writing again, this time writing down the good girl lessons like she had made him do previously. He was going to show her it didn't bother him, that he liked doing it.

He was in the middle of writing when Miss Megan came back out to check on him. "Still writing I see. Let me see how you are doing." She said holding out her hand for the sheet of paper.

Smiling, he handed her two pieces of paper with writing on the front and back. "This is..." Megan trailed off as she saw Liam had written what she asked and then more of it and then switched over to writing down the good girl motto. "Why did you write this?" She tied up in an unplanned meeting when she had just logged into the work network to check her emails. She didn't recall telling Liam to

do this.

“You were busy Miss Megan and I wanted to show you I’m a good girl.” He wanted to eat her ravioli, take off his heels and kick his feet up, but seeing the look of confusion on her face was almost as good.

“Huh. Well I’m happy you didn’t get into mischief, in the future I will have something for you to read when you are idle.” Megan looked back down at the sheets of paper in her hand, it even looked like he was really trying to improve his handwriting. If he thought it would get him out of his next task though, he was in for a surprise with how he would still be doing it and it would be worse. “Well then, come along sweetie, it is time for your afternoon oral practice.”

The smile faltered on Leah’s face, it wasn’t gone for long and she was sure it would turn to a scowl or argument when she told him what was expected from now on. A man that took advantage of woman for sex was about to get very familiar with the taste of cum.

Coming into her daughter’s old room she pulled the pink dildo out of the drawer, handing it to Leah as she followed her in. Unlike last time it wasn’t dropped like it was about to attack, but that plastered on smile seemed thinner. “Okay now sweetie, I know you remember what to do and how to act, but we are adding one small thing to your routine. Because you misbehaved and need to be punished from now on when you cum, you aren’t done. You will take your seed and wipe it all along your toy and continue practicing for another five minutes.”

“Wha.. what?” Liam’s eyes grew large as he looked between Miss Megan and the dildo, all thoughts of his plan gone from his mind.

“Leah, you can be such an airhead at times. I need you to pay attention, when you orgasm you are going to gobble everything all up after putting it on your toy. Then after, say how yummy it was. It doesn’t matter if you are alone or with someone, but you will say it.”

The memory of the slimy sticky substance of Lucas’s cum in his mouth, dripping down his throat and down chin were as vivid as if they happened just yesterday. Now she wanted him to suck on the dildo slick with his own cum. His muscles shook with frustration, he wanted to break her nose, but he couldn’t. He still felt weak, if he did so much as show her his fist there was a good chance she would spank him like a child and then give him another punishment. She had so many cards to play, the diaper, spankings, the brothel, Lucas and the promise of anal

and then her ace in the whole, sending both him and his brother to jail. He had to obey, and the closest thing he had to a card to play was to take away her satisfaction.

“That does sound yummy!” He said, his mouth feeling dry even after the two glasses of water he had just drank down. He wasn't sure if he could handle this, but he also didn't have a lot of options.

Chapter 24

With the small brown case in his hand Chuck knocked on Megan's front door. He felt irritable from not getting enough sleep, which translated into a shorter fuse at work. The end of his workday was being pulled into his manager's office for a lecture on proper customer service and how he was surprised to even be having the conversation at all. Chuck was sure if he explained having his dick locked away the man would sympathize, but it wasn't something he was going to bring up to anyone.

When the door opened he saw Megan standing there wearing a light blue jean skirt coming down almost to her knees, an almost sheer yellow blouse that was left unbuttoned and a white cami top under it. She stood there barefoot and he could see her painted toes. He took notice of how she smiled the second she saw him, her large blue eyes were alluring. He would have liked her skirt to be shorter, but with how flustered he was she could have been wearing all flannel and he would still want her.

“Charles! Come, come in, I hope you had a good day at work.” Chuck stepped into her house as she got out of the way. He could hear the door close behind him when a girl came from down the hallway, her heels clicking rapidly as she practically rammed herself into him. He was momentarily confused by being assault hugged by someone he didn't know.

“Daddy! I missed you!” When the girl said those words and hugged him tight enough that he had to peel her off of him, Chuck was able to take a much better look at her... at his brother. Liam played up his role, acting like a girl who was happy to see her loving father. Squeezing him tight and running his tongue over his braces, they still felt odd to have in his mouth and even after brushing his teeth twice he didn't want Chuck to know what had been in his mouth not long ago.

His brother Liam, had been transformed into a different person. The person in front of him, Leah wore thin heeled shoes that looked like they belonged on a pinup model, they enhanced her legs in a very real way. His eyes trailed up her legs, they disappeared under a black skirt that had little buttons coming down from her left hip. The top of the dress was white and black horizontal stripes with a little black collar with a single button on them. The thing about the dress was the girl's tits, she had a pair that stood out on her frame. Leah, his brother's chest moved in a natural way as she breathed, her tits looked almost as big as Megan's. His eyes held there for a second before looking into the girl's face. Her lips were large, red and had to be covered in lip gloss, the wet look making the thick lips look much more kissable. Her smile showed off the familiar pink braces he had been forced to get his brother. The girl's eyes had long curled lashes that made her blue eyes just as alluring as his now current girlfriend. Lastly was her hair, it had been cut and styled into a bob cut with bangs. He felt his dick try to swell in its prison, causing him a little pain and shame at being attracted to his own brother gussied up like a teenage wet dream.

"Lia.. Leah, it looks like a lot happened to you." Chuck blew out some air from his lungs at that understatement.

"Miss Megan has been helping me and see, she even got my ears pierced!" Liam leaned forward a little, tucking one side of his hair behind his ear to show off the earring studs he wished weren't there, but he wanted to sell this. He felt mortified to look like this in front of his older brother, but he was not going to let Miss Megan win. "I love them! Do you think I'm pretty Daddy?"

Chuck swallowed, the answer being more than he wanted to admit. "Pretty like a princess." He forced a smile to his face. The way Liam looked, the way he was acting it was like Megan replaced him completely. He found himself staring at his feminized brother, unable to tear his eyes off the girl in front of him. It was the same nose, he thought it was smaller, but that looked to be just a trick of makeup. He was so lost that he didn't notice Megan come up beside him till he felt her kiss his cheek. "Looks like you brought a little something with you Charles, what do you have there?"

"Oh, ah, yeah. This is for you Leah, your..." Chuck looked at Megan, again forcing a smile to his face before focusing back on Leah. Megan and I thought you would like it." Liam took the instrument case, looking it over. It was older, and in great shape, or would be if not for a piece of the case having a tear in it. Stepping over to the couch he placed it down, flipping the clasps and opening it to see a shiny brass alto saxophone and even a box of reeds.

His mouth hung open, Miss Megan had talked about the instrument with him earlier that day, but he hadn't thought about it before that for years and now looking at it, his fingers trailing over the metal he realized how much he truly missed it and the connection it gave him to his mother. He tried to fight it, but tears came to his eyes, not enough to cry, but enough it was going to be obvious the second he turned to look at his brother. They didn't really get each other anything, for Christmas he had taken his brother out for a nice steak dinner, but he also did it to win points with his date and up to this point the best gift Chuck ever gave him was a scratch off that ended up paying out two hundred dollars. "I... I...I love it!"

Even if he wasn't forced to pretend to be a girl he would have gone over to give Chuck a hug, this one he was more ready for.

"We can all see how much you like your gift, now what do you say to your father for being so thoughtful?"

"Thank you Daddy, I love it, I mean I really love it!"

"Really? Umm great. Was actually Megan's idea." When she texted him he didn't understand, but she didn't often explain herself so he did as he was told. Called a store that sold instruments, finding out a basic student level alto sax ran from around three hundred and fifty dollars to five hundred, but the prices for the really good ones went up above six grand. After that he called around to a few pawn shops till he found one for a hundred and fifty dollars. He wasn't looking forward to Liam practicing the instrument again, he had gotten decent with it once upon a time, but that was after many hours of migraine inducing noise.

"Thank you Miss Megan." Liam said, not wanting to be prompted. She had already told him to say thank you and if she had to do it again she might give him a strike.

"You're very welcome, hold on I think I have someone that will make that just perfect. You both stay here." She said before disappearing down the hallway and into her office, leaving the Summer brothers alone.

"So ahh, are those real?" Chuck said, poking his finger into his brother's chest. Stepping back, Liam crossed his arms protectively over his new assets, not appreciating his brother touching him.

"Sort of? Miss Megan had a doctor inject me and fill me up like a balloon on my

chest and my butt.” Liam turned around to point to his posterior, Chuck’s eyes going a little wider taking in the shapely ass.

“Ahh, I see and it’s Miss Megan?” Liam didn’t get a chance to answer other than nodding his head as he heard the woman come back down the hallway.

“Here I think this will be perfect.” She said peeling the back off a sticker and slapping it on the brown case, covering the rip with a colorful butterfly sticker. “I bought a few of these for Leah’s room, but I think that is a perfect use for it. Now why don’t you take your new gift and go play with it out back while the adults talk for a bit, okay sweetheart?” Liam nodded his head, clasping the case shut and heading out back.

“That sounds fun, thank you Miss Megan!”

Getting outside Liam quickly popped the latches again as he put the case down on the patio table and put together the familiar instrument. Opening the case for the disposable reeds he popped it into his mouth to moisten it, while he tried to figure out what Miss Megan’s angle was.

Back inside Megan handed Chuck his credit card back. “You can have this back, it has reached its limit. Leah’s shopping trip was successful.” She motioned with her hand to the bags filling up a little more than half her living room.

“And expansive, how much did you spend?”

Pursing her lips she thought about the total, and didn’t think it was of any real importance. “Enough to give your daughter a decent wardrobe, but you should be prepared for when she wants to go out shopping again. Having a teenage daughter can be expensive.”

“Between the braces and my credit card I would need to get a second job if it wasn’t for the money from selling his bike. He is really going to be upset about trading a motorcycle for dresses and high heels.”

“That money is spoken for Charles and I don’t really care about what Liam might like or not like. I am only interested in making sure Leah, your daughter has everything she needs.” Chuck felt like he was seeing red, but there was little he could do. She could demand he sell his truck and give her the money and taking the bus everywhere would still be better than going to prison as an accessory for

what his brother did.

Taking a deep breath he let it out slowly, he would talk to his boss about a raise and call the credit card company to see about increasing his limit, eat out less and overtime things would be okay. There was no need to overreact when he could think a problem through.

“Speaking of work though, on Monday and Tuesday I have to be in the office, so I can’t babysit Leah. I have a babysitter for her for tomorrow night when we go out on a date, but she has a job herself, so you will have to do something with Leah early next week. I don’t think she is responsible enough to be left alone.”

“Wait... we have a date tomorrow night? And a babysitter? Did we talk about this before? I’m sorry, I really don’t remember talking about going out somewhere.” He would get to the other part in a second, but he didn’t remember any of that, though his mind had been scattered lately with everything happening in his life. Though now he added the cost of dating Megan to the list of things he had to worry about.

“Honey...” Megan slid her hand past his shoulders to hold the back of his neck with one hand, while using her other hand to run the nail of her index finger over his chest. “I was just thinking you could get some cash from the ATM on the way home tomorrow and after you freshen up and the babysitter arrives you could come over here. Have a home cooked meal, I was thinking of making you some Veal Ossobuco, a nice home made pie for dessert and maybe we could have some fun.” Her nail slid slowly down his chest as she talked, tapping his belt as she said the word fun.

“Fun? As in...”

“Yes, fun.” She said, kissing the younger man deeply for twenty seconds before pulling back and smiling at him. The problem with locking him up was that it also took away one of the only things she actually wanted from him, but it was a means to an end.

“Yeah, yeah that sounds good.” Getting himself unlocked sounded amazing, and while his motto was to not stick his dick in crazy. This partially crazy woman wasn’t going anywhere, so he might as well enjoy the sexy blonde. “So what should I do with Leah next week?”

“Take your daughter to work if you like. Sign her up for a summer camp, get her

to do some volunteer work. Do whatever you like so long as she is kept busy and supervised.”

He was about to ask her another question when the all too familiar ruckus of a badly played saxophone started up.

“You could also consider getting her lessons, she is going to need to get better fast.”

“Lia.. Leah will be fine, he err...” Chuck looked towards the back door, he couldn’t see his brother from where he was, but he was sure it would be a lot easier to talk about his brother as a her if he could see Leah. “Leah is just out of practice, and I’m not a fan of that either so I can understand why you want her to get better in a hurry.”

“No, you don’t understand. Leah needs to be better so she can play her sax for the talent portion of the beauty pageant I have signed her up for in two weeks.”

Chuck took a half step back, rubbing the back of his head. “A beauty pageant?”

“She is pretty enough to have a decent chance. It does cost money to enter, but she can also win money. If she gets first place she will move on to a bigger pageant with a bigger prize. Don’t you want your daughter to be successful Charles?”

“I umm, I do, I do. You really don’t mess around with punishing someone do you?”

“Don’t be silly Charles, a beauty pageant is far from a punishment for a girl like Leah. I can show you a letter she wrote today saying how she wants to become Miss America.”

“I see... so speaking of punishments. Did you lock Liam up too?”

“The only dick that has been locked up is your own, Leah actually will be jerking off three times a day when that is an option, you just make sure she does it and it isn’t that I don’t trust you Charles, but do record it so I know it was done.”

“He gets to jerk off... everyday? Three times a day?”

“Do you have a problem with me helping raise your daughter?”

“Erm...” He was getting angry that Liam the cause of all this was still free, sure she completely changed the way he looked, but still he was locked away, why wasn’t his brother?! His steam halted when Megan gave him a stern look.

“No, it isn’t like that, but maybe if I helped discipline Leah you might be willing to cut me some more slack?”

“Well I do suppose Leah could use a firm hand from her father and a little bit of the money from the sale of the bike could be used to pay off what was spent on your credit card.” Megan tapped her chin thinking, her eyes shifting to meet those of the man she was forcing to be her fuck toy. “I will tell you what, Leah does need exercise. So why don’t you make sure she starts one of those online yoga classes. If you can at least do that we can talk more, about...” Her words trailed off as she looked down to his crotch.

“A young girl does need an outlet for all her energy.” Chuck smiled, trying to think what else he could do to pay his brother back for getting his dick locked up. He seemed to be right in his thinking that the more he actively participated in paying his brother back for the horrible things he did the better things would be for himself. He loved Liam, he had to make sure Liam stayed on this path so that the both of them didn’t go to jail, but there was no real reason he should also have to suffer for his brother's mistakes.

“I can do that, I can.” His mind went back to what she mentioned about next week. “You mentioned a few things about what to do with Leah, have you looked into them at all?”

Megan rolled her eyes, of course she did, but she also wanted him to take the initiative. “I have the phone number for two cheerleading camps, a park day camp and two places she could do volunteer work, as a candy striper at the local hospital and at a retirement home. I don’t have any of the specifics, you can call around and see what you think is best for your daughter.

Chapter 25

Opening the back door, Chuck cringed a little as the noise coming from the instrument got louder. It wasn't nearly as bad as he remembered, he could even tell what song was being attempted, but it was far from what he would consider good. "Time to call it a day Princess."

Liam stopped blowing into the saxophone but continued to work his fingers over the keys. It was frustrating to him to remember being good, but realizing just how bad he really was right now. It had been over nine years since he held the instrument so he was trying not to beat himself up over it. If he focused on that he would become bitter over this one good thing in his life right now. "Can I practice a little longer?"

"You need a lot more practice not a little." Chuck said to himself, feeling more relaxed now than when he arrived after some private time with Megan, but still grumpy as he ended up back in the little cage. They had stripped each other of their clothes and quickly he was on his back, his cock inside of her as she rode him. A woman knowing what she wants and demanding his dick was a major turn on, but she pushed away his hands and shushed him when he talked. Sure he just had sex, but there wasn't even a tiny bit of romance.

He thought he was going to get something more when she climbed off of him, peeling off the condom and cleaned him off with a wet washcloth as she said she needed him clean for the next part, but the next part just ended up being her locking him away again. When she had unlocked him he knew he wasn't going to let her put it on him again. There was no way she could overpower him, so the torture was over, but then it happened anyways because he thought she might be looking for more. "Megan can we do without this thing?" He said motioning to his crotch.

"Of course lover." She purred, pressing her naked chest against him as she ran one hand through his hair and kissed him. "Soon as Leah accepts who she is. Though..." Megan tailed off looking away from the man she just had sex with.

"Though? Is there something I can do? We talked about me punishing her."

Megan picked up the condom full of cum that she had removed from him. "If you drink this down right now I will consider it." Chuck gave her a flat look.

"You will consider it? Also, no that is disgusting. What if I get Liam... err Leah to do that?" With a bright smile Megan's eyebrows went up.

“You want Leah to swallow your cum? That is very kinky of you Charles. You know the original offer of her giving you a blow job while I video it is still on the table. One little blow job and this could be over for both of you.” He made a disgusted face just thinking of making his brother do what he suggested, let alone what she was saying.

She gave him a shrug seeing his reaction and thinking how she could probably make it happen anyways if she blind folded the both of them, but dismissed the idea. She really had only given them the option before because she knew it wouldn't be chosen. “Then it stays on for now.”

Chuck shook his head irritated that he had just been locked away again as he looked at his feminized brother. He had to act like a girl, but his dick wasn't locked away and all of this was his fault. “What was that Chu... Daddy?”

“I was just saying we needed to head home, you can practice some more if you do everything you are told. Come on, start packing everything up.”

Back at home Leah put the saxophone under his bed, his eyes lingering on the case. The small constant smile grew just a little bit as he sat down on the bed pulling off the uncomfortable high heels he had been wearing. Flexing his toes he let out a sigh of relief after the freedom. Having his feet constantly arched like that and his toes pinched was a far thing from comfortable, but the rule that he couldn't walk around the house without shoes on made him keep them on around Miss Megan.

“Okay I heard you had food for lunch so I made you one of the shakes...” Chuck walked through the open door into his brother's much girlier room, seeing him scrunching his painted toes on the carpet. It was incredibly hard to see his brother in the person who sat there on the bed, she resembled his brother, but no one would say they were the same person. He had used protein powder when he was trying to bulk up once upon a time, but he wasn't sure what the two different powders were he was mixing into milk for the shake. The canisters she had given him had no labels; them along with a few pills was the only thing Liam was going to get. He would feel sorry for him if this punishment wasn't better than both of them going to jail. “Drink up, and then you need to get dressed to do some yoga.”

Liam took the large glass from his brother, the shakes didn't taste bad, but they weren't good either. Still he knew things could be worse, he recalled Bailey talking about her kale vitamin shakes. That sounded downright vomit inducing compared to what he drank, though it would be nicer if they left him feeling full.

“Yoga? Do I have to? Miss Megan isn’t around, she wont know.”

Chuck shook his head, he wasn’t not going to let his brother get out of things, specially when she wanted him to video them as proof because she didn’t trust him and he needed to to trust him so she wouldn’t wouldn’t keep him locked away. “No you need to it Leah, it is good for you and then before bed you have to.” Chuck squeezed his eyes tight. “You have to milk yourself.”

“Milk? Oh... oh...” Liam flung his body into his bed, burying his face in a pillow, feeling mortified about what happened earlier.

“Stop being a baby about it, it isn’t like you haven’t jerked off practically everyday of your life. She even wants me to video it, that isn’t going to happen. I will set my phone up to record and you can just tell me when it’s done. I swear though if I send her the video and it isn’t what she wanted you to do I will find a punishment much worse then you having to wear a dress. Got it?”

Liam moved his head enough so one eye wasn’t pushed into the pillow, realizing his brother didn’t know what he went through earlier that day, or at least didn’t want to say it out loud. “Chuck you don’t...”

“NO!” Chuck said in a firm voice, cutting Liam off. “You don’t get to use my name anymore, that isn’t respectful. What are you supposed to call me **Leah?**”

Sitting up, Liam worked his jaw a little wanting to ask his brother why he was acting like this. “Please listen to me Chuck! She had me use a dildo and...”

“I SAID NO!” He had already gone over this with his brother how he needed to stay as Leah, that meant all the time till summer was over so they could honor their part of the deal and not end up in jail. But he just couldn’t help himself trying to buck the system, make exceptions. The harsh rebuttal made Liam jump a little. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. The words went through his mind as he imagined his brother telling him to pull out his book to write down strikes. “You get to call me Daddy, not Chuck, not Charles, not even Dad. In fact, put your pretty little shoes back on and go stand in the corner in the living room.”

“What!?”

“While you are there you can say that girly thing you were saying before and I

want you to repeat your name and how you love your Daddy and want to be a good girl for him. I will find a yoga video online and will let you know when you can go change for it.”

“I was just trying to tell you...”

“Put on your shoes and do as you are told, young lady.” Chuck said pointing to the heels. The same words from his motto went through Liam’s head once again. His mind habitually reminding him of how he was supposed to act.

Chuck didn’t care that Liam had to hold a dildo or whatever while he jerked off, at least he wasn’t locked away. Watching Leah put her heels on and move out of the room without saying a word, he pulled out his phone to once again look to see if he could find the same model dick cage Megan had on him. If he found the same model he was going to order one for Liam to wear. It wasn’t close to fair that he had to be locked away, while his brother got to actively get off multiple times a day. He needed to find the same model though, so that he could have a key to unlock himself. Sure he would have to lock himself back up every time he saw Megan so she wouldn’t know, but so long as she didn’t find out about him things would be fine. Heck locking Liam away might be exactly what she wanted him to do for punishment to show he was invested.

“My name is Leah Megan Summers and I love my Daddy. I want to be a good girl for Daddy. A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud.”

Shifting from one foot to the other he started saying it again, his words echoing off the wall’s of the corner he was facing. Wishing his brother wasn’t acting like such a tool, he was supposed to be the one that protected him. He recalled his brother bending down, reaching his hand out to pull his brother out from under his bed, where he was hiding when their Dad had come home sometime his freshman year. He had been drunk and pissed off, yelling about the house not being clean and needing to show his ungrateful kids what happens when they didn’t pull their weight. Coming into the light he saw Chuck’s lip was swollen and bleeding a little, one side of his face was red. Still he put his arm around him, giving a squeeze. “Don’t worry, I will always be here to protect you. No one is going to hurt you, I promise.”

He didn’t feel protected, sure this was different from when they were kids, but the promise felt hollow right now as she stood there being punished. Liam looked

over his shoulder to see if “Daddy” was in the room with him, but he wasn’t. Still he was sure he could still hear him wherever he was and he had to do the punishment. He couldn’t let all of this break him and if his brother got his way, then he might be able to ask him not to tell Miss Megan. If she found out he would definitely be adding strikes to the little book. The taste of his own seed was no longer in his mouth, but the memory of acting like he was enjoying himself using a dildo slick with his cum was never going to fade.

“My name is Leah Megan Summers and I love my Daddy. I want to be a good girl for Daddy. A good girl always looks her best. A good girl is polite. A good girl is always obedient. A good girl always smiles. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul language. I am a good girl, happy and proud.”

Chapter 26

Holding the small pink book in his hand, Liam slid it into his purse after having to make another mark when he refused to get in Miss Megan’s SUV when she had told him who would be babysitting him, like him a twenty-three-year-old man needed a babysitter, but his life was vastly different than any other now. Last night he had stood in the corner saying how he loved his Daddy and how his name was Leah Megan Summers, and had to do it for about an hour. That was the punishment, but having to put on tight yoga pants that seemed to enhance his rear, a sports bra and the wedge heeled sneakers for exercise, following along to a yoga video seemed worse.

Daddy... his brother had mentioned that if he didn’t think she... it was so annoying to be referred to constantly as a female when they knew the difference. He thought, his brain getting off track of the threat he had been given. If he didn’t do his best at yoga, he would enroll his daughter in the heartbreak heels classes online. It was billed as a women empowerment class for dancing in heels, but both of them had watched the videos online. Showing women dancing sexily, flipping their hair as they moved around in a way made to entice men. Then Chuck had made him go to bed wearing the heels he had been in most of the day.

He had laid there wearing lingerie and heels to bed, thinking he at least got out of touching the dildo when he came back into the room, flipped the light on and set up his phone to video the oral practice. He hadn’t escaped anything he had thought, but now sitting in Miss Megan’s SUV he thought a little differently. Liam knew he got out of one big thing, his brother never actually saw him sucking on a dildo, moaning and acting like he loved doing it. Dad... Chuck never saw him

jerking off, and then wiping his cum on that same dildo and putting it back in his mouth. He had the video, but considering he didn't say anything, he hoped that he didn't watch it and never would.

The day with Miss Megan was similar to other days, he did his oral practice in the morning and then in the afternoon. It had not gotten any easier, his jaw was still sore after, as was his will to ego. Doing that was by far the worst activity he had to endure, next to that the walking practice to make sure he had the gait of a girl on a catwalk was nothing. She still made sure he stopped to inspect his reflection in the hallway mirrors, now two were hung. Miss Megan had even put a makeup mirror on the kitchen table as he sat there drinking his shake.

Liam had done his best to ignore it, but anytime he caught his reflection he had to primp. It was ridiculous, but he played along eagerly. Miss Megan had even complimented him on how well he was behaving, letting him spend a good part of the afternoon practicing the saxophone in the backyard. He felt ready to break; it had been less than twenty four hours since he promised himself he would act happy and eager to foil her plans, but hearing the compliment made a genuine smile come to his face. By now he had lost his job, without a cell phone he had no way to confirm that, but he was positive. Miss Megan, on the other hand, had to keep running off for a meeting or doing work while watching him. So when she sent him off to do something he actually liked doing he knew she wasn't getting what she wanted out of him anymore.

Or so he thought till she told him to pick up his purse so that they could go to the doctors office for a refill. He wasn't sure what she meant by that, but when they pulled up to the same clinic where he was inflated like a balloon he didn't want to get out of the vehicle. "No, no, no way. Miss Megan these fucking things are big enough!" He said gripping the girly growths on his chest.

"You were doing so well Leah. How many strikes was that outburst?"

He considered getting out of the car and running, or moving as fast as he could in heels. Taking them off and running on the hot concrete wouldn't be a real option, but running wasn't really one either. Stay and have the inflation thing happen again and be punished, or run and have nowhere to go. If he chose option two he couldn't hit up Lucus looking the way he did, he couldn't trust daddy to not turn him over to Miss Megan. He would just end up back here, still having this done and punished worse. So hung his head, pulling out the book, seeing he already had one strike pending. "A good girl is always obedient. A good girl is seen and not heard. A good girl never argues or complains. A good girl never uses foul

language. So four strikes.”

“I would also say talking to me that way was not polite. We are here to make sure the doctor's hard work doesn't go away Leah, saline is temporary. I think that falls under always looking your best. In fact you weren't smiling or acting happy and proud. It seems you broke every part of your motto.”

“Oh no...” He said looking into the blonde woman's blue eyes as she looked at him sternly. He went from not trying to give her a reason to giving her all the reasons.

“Eight and one that you already have means three punishments.” Megan let out a long sigh like having to punish him was a trial for her too. “We could go down to the brothel after this and have two men double team you, that could count for two, but what to do with the last punishment. What do you think Leah, what should your other punishment be?”

Thinking about what she said made him look at the door handle, but he had already been over that thought process and he wasn't sure if the child safety lock was on. “Please Miss Megan, please it was one mistake. It was a big one, I shouldn't have said any of that!”

“One... mistake...” She said, drawing out the words like she was tasting them. “So you think you should just have one strike? Or just one punishment?” Liam's eyes lit up, she wasn't talking to him with contempt in her voice. The question seemed real, it could be a trap or it could be the witch actually was going easy thanks to him playing his role.

“One punishment?” He phrased it like a question, not wanting to push for the just one strike option, if anything was a trap it was certainly that.

“Hmm, they do have a longer lasting option they can do here, but I didn't want to choose it because of the price. It still isn't permanent on its own, but if you want to go with that option we could consider this matter closed, but it is pricy so I'm not sure.” Megan acted hesitant about the option she was giving the feminized young man, but in truth it was already what she had signed up for. What they were going to do today wasn't saline, but a saline like solution that would work well with hormone treatment for people wanting to look feminine. When mixed with high doses of estrogen it would help guide the body to keep the dimensions from the injections. Doing this and making Liam think it was his choice, just seemed like such a better way to handle it.

“Umm ahhh, what about the money I had in my bank account Miss Megan? Could we use that?” It wouldn’t matter if what they were going to do lasted longer, she was just going to keep him coming back to get the saline or whatever. Nether was permanent so he could still look like himself after all of this torment was over.

“No, that was also used to help get you a new wardrobe and I doubt your father has enough money. Did you have something in your room that was worth anything? Maybe I could send Charles down to the storage unit to pick it up and sell it.”

“No, the only thing I have that is worth anything is my bike.”

“Excellent, we can sell that to pay me back for the procedure you want.”

“Please no, I love that bike!” Megan shrugged and took off her seatbelt.

“That is fine, let's head inside and get you your saline refill and then we can head down to a brothel.” Liam balled his hands into fists, his longer nails pressing hard into the flesh, causing a little pain. He would like to think she was bluffing, but consider the first thing she did was tie him up to give a blowjob to his friend and almost his brother he knew better.

“You... you can sell my Suzuki Thunder.” He said feeling just as defeated as he had since Lucus slid his cock into his mouth.

“We could sell your uncle's bike, are you sure though? I wouldn’t want him to be upset when he came back into town.” She hadn’t planned this, but the outcome was just delicious.

“He won't be mad. Miss Megan I promise. He would do anything to keep his favorite niece from getting into trouble.

“I will get on that right now and try to get a good price for it, but for now let’s head inside.”

The process was much the same, but took a little longer and in the end Liam felt sore all over once again, like he had been stung by bees and swollen, but he looked much the same with a girly figure that he shouldn’t have. The choice to get this done was his, making the choice to do this felt incredibly wrong he thought

as he looked in the mirror at his naked body. So long as he put a hand over his groin or moved in a way to cover it all he could see was a girl with a smoking body, his body. If he hadn't made this choice this still would have happened, but it would be more temporary, that and he would now be on the way to a brothel to be fucked. He knew he made the right call with the options he had, still though it was wrong. No man should have large perky breasts or a rear end that someone could bounce a quarter off of. With a large sigh Liam put on his bra, only struggling a little bit before his tits were cradled supportively in the cups.

He had finished getting dressed, paid little attention to what the doctor was saying, just nodded along before being escorted back to the vehicle. That was when he had been told where they are going next, to pick up his babysitter for the night. Where he once again had to take out the little pink book to write down another strike, when he was told they were on the way to pick up Bailey to babysit. The name Bailey felt like a bucket full of hammers had slammed into his head. Her niece Bailey was the girl that had gotten him into this mess. She had overreacted and blamed him for things so that she wouldn't get in trouble. The slutty girl had teased him and flirted all night, was into the sex just as much as him, but now he was looking like a large breasted teen girl.

Liam didn't want to get in the SUV, but when Miss Megan told him he wasn't being obedient, he quickly got inside and wrote down in the little book. Hoping his quick action meant she didn't go into the other ways, he wasn't being a good girl. They drove in silence, the seatbelt along with his bra felt like a vice around his chest after what he just went through, but he dared not complain. Not with the constant smirk Miss Megan had on her face.

He wasn't sure how he was going to handle seeing Bailey. This could be his chance to get her to confess the truth, but to do that he would have to reveal who he really was. Thinking of exposing himself brought a new wave of panic, as he thought about the girl seeing right through his disguise. "Miss Megan, can I ask you a question please?"

"Of course you can, sweetheart." Megan said without looking away from the road, still incredibly pleased how all of this worked out.

"What if Bailey knows who I am?"

"Well first off, you should be calling her Miss Bailey, she will be in charge of you after all." She took the time to glance into the rearview mirror, seeing the grimace that appeared on Liam's face briefly. "I also don't expect she will so long as you play up being your new self. The happy girl that dreams of being Miss America.

Bailey isn't a bright girl, so I would imagine so long as you imitate her and do what she says she will have no reason to even think of something as outrageous that the pretty girl in front of her is really a boy."

She made it sound so simple, but she really did have a point. Bailey wasn't even smart enough to follow some of his simple jokes. While it would be boring, he bet if he asked her a few questions about makeup she would drone on all night on the topic. That thought gave him a little more confidence, till they pulled into the parking lot for Bailey's apartment and he saw her standing there waiting.

The girl looked beautiful in her outfit, she was dressed in some sexy office wear. He eyed her up and down from the reddish, maybe salmon colored three quarter sleeve blouse that had little crystals at her neckline and seemed to flare out or have its own little skirt. She paired it with an off white or light gray pencil skirt that stopped just before her knees. He thought about running his hands on her bare legs as his eyes trailed down, seeing her feet end in a pair of brown leather heels with a thick buckle around her ankle. The heels themselves might have been five inches and the idea of her mincing around an office like that gave him dreams of how he bent her over and fucked her and how he would love to do it again at what ever job she must have come from.

His feelings of lust crashed like a wave on the rocky cliffside of his anxiety and feelings of doom. She smiled brightly, waving her hand in the air before picking up a black and pink backpack and heading their way. With each step of her heeled feet on the sidewalk instead of the normal click, clack, click clack he heard doom, doom, doom, doom. Liam's brain shuddered as more of his life was going to be shattered the second she got a good look at him.

Bailey waited on the sidewalk outside his apartment, he had just enough time to run inside to tinkle and check his makeup before rushing back outside and down the stairs. He had been so excited with the idea of seeing Liam in person, dressed up like a girl and what he could do to mess with him that he hadn't even considered how normal things were getting with Candi driving either Mommy's car or her Daddy's each day depending on who slept at whose house the previous night.

Aunt Megan had been giving him updates and photos of Leah that filled him with such glee. When she had asked him to babysit he felt like a kid being told they were going to Disney. All week he had been distracted at the office, thinking of things he could and couldn't do to get back at the man who stuck his dick inside of him and now that moment had finally come.

Seeing Aunt Megan pull up he gave her a wave, picking up his backpack and trying to control his excitement to not gush too much over Leah. He could only see a little bit of her in the back seat, but she looked so cute! Bailey couldn't contain the smile on his makeup enhanced face. Getting into the car she smiled at the older blonde woman who had made him live his life as a teenage girl, but she was also his chance to get out of the situation. "Hi Aunt Megan! So happy to see you!" Bailey said, reaching over to give her a hug, before turning his attention to the person buckled into the backseat.

"It always makes me happy to see you too Bailey, I love your outfit." Bailey's attention shifted from the blue eyed girl in the back seat and down to the outfit he picked out that morning. He had changed shoes three times before choosing the brown leather pair to contrast the outfit. "Oh my god, thank you, but what I'm like wearing is nothing compared to what Leah has on. Leah, I love that dress!"

"Leah this is my niece Bailey, she will be watching you tonight. Your father and I expect you to treat Miss Bailey with the same, if not more respect than you would show us. Now what do you say?"

"Thank you for the compliment." Liam said in a small voice tugging slightly on his red dress with an under-pattern of black with white polka dots that peaked through in places on the skirt and his chest. He squeezed his legs together like that would help Bailey from seeing his manhood through the outfit and the tuck job. "You look very ahh pretty too."

Liam was having a hard time looking the girl he had taken to bed in the eye. He was almost holding his breath waiting for her to ask why he was dressed up like a girl, every passing second she didn't mention it bringing him more anxiety instead of peace.

"Awww thank you Leah, I think we are like going to get along super well!"

Chapter 27

Pop music came from the speakers in the car as they drove to the Summer's house. Bailey texting away on his phone to Candi.

Bailey: Aunt Megan just picked me up, Leah is soooo cute I just like want 2 pinch her cheeks

Candi: Someone sounds excited, just like remember she is 16 not like a little girl

Bailey: I know that!

Candi: I saw you putting your coloring books in your backpack before work today.

Bailey: U were totally using one the other night!

Candi: It was like a picture of a baby and momma giraffe, of course I did.

Candi: Anyone with a heart would.

Candi: Her dad is like dating Aunt Megan right?

Bailey: Yeah, that like is why I was asked to babysit, she can't be left alone

Looking at the phone Bailey rolled his eyes, but didn't say anything out loud.

Once upon a time it felt like a betrayal that Chuck would date the blonde haired woman who made him act like a ditzy girl, but lately felt like the coin had flipped. Chuck wasn't the man he thought him to be and he couldn't understand why Aunt Megan would date him at all.

Candi: Mom doesn't like to leave you alone and yet you are going to be the adult tonight?

Bailey: I am an adult

Candi: Of course you are little sis <3 U

Bailey: Go back to making kissy faces with Ry

Candi: He is cooking us dinner, or burning us dinner from the smell

Candi: I was just thinking about how if Aunt Megan married her boyfriend Leah could be like our little cousin.

Bailey: U R always thinking about getting married, besides she would B MY little cousin.

Candi: Not after our parents get married

Bailey: U R totally obsessed!

Candi: You love me

Bailey: More than I should <3

Candi: It is the right amount, you are just bad at math

With a huff Bailey slipped his phone into his purse. "Is something the matter?" Megan asked, glancing over to Bailey and then checking on Leah in the backseat with a mirror.

"Its like fine, Candi was just teasing me about not being good at math." He rolled his eyes at the thought. It had been a bit since she beat him in the little math competition she had them do, but he had gotten a lot better with the math workbooks and was sure his air headed friend wouldn't win the next time, especially now that he was ready for her tricks.

"Oh yeah? What is two hundred and fifty times three?"

"Aunt Megan, I don't like want to do any math." Even though he rebutted her, Bailey still smiled not wanting her to take any offense. He just really didn't want to think about math and numbers right now. Ahead of him was going to be an evening of making Liam feel uncomfortable, it wasn't time for a little lesson or test.

"Maybe Candi is right then if you can't do that." He always seemed to have to act like a ditzzy brain dead girl and he really didn't want to show that in front of Liam right now when he was supposed to be in charge.

"Fine, its umm..." He imagined putting the numbers over one another and adding them all together. "Seventy five thousand." Bailey said with a nod of his head.

Megan liked her lips as she pulled into the subdivision, getting close to their destination. "Bailey honey, how did you get that answer?" The answer was widely wrong and she had no idea how Bailey had come up with it or if she was teasing

her because the answer was so simple.

“Ahh it’s like super easy, I put the numbers over one another and I added them all up. Zero, plus zero, plus zero is three zeros and then three fives is fifteen and you like put the one over the twos so that the six you get from putting them together becomes a seven.”

“Why did you put all three zeroes in the answer, but not the fives or the twos?” Liam asked, just completely shocked at the answer she gave. Looking into the backseat Bailey smiled at the feminized man that now looked like a creature of feminine beauty.

“Because you like only do that with zeros, because when you add a zero to another zero it is still a zero so it becomes two zeros.”

“Oh” Liam said in a quiet voice, surprised his expectations of her intelligence had just gone down.

“Bailey what would you say if I told you the answer is actually seven hundred and fifty?” Scrunching up his eyes a little thinking about the problem he shook his head. He did it right, but maybe she was talking about money and there was a decimal place or something. If he was wrong, then he was sure he would have gotten it right if it was written down. Sometimes the workbook had decimal points or wanted an answer rounded.

It was too much Liam couldn’t help himself, when a single bit of laughter escaped his lips that had been trying to hold in. “Don’t mind her pumpkin, the two of you are two peas in a pod. I was looking over a story she wrote the other day, and the entire thing had maybe three sentences. No commons, ample use of the word and. Maybe when school starts up Charles and my sister can pool money to hire a

tutor.” She said pulling the car into the driveway, still mystified at how Bailey got that answer. It had been a long time since she made the mathwork books with the intention of making Bailey worse at math, mostly changing around how formulas worked and PEMDAS. She couldn’t believe she put in there anything to try and convince Bailey you add zeros together like that, but she figured she must have if Bailey came up with that answer.

“Alright girls, I just want to get a photo of the two of you together inside and then I will be on my way. Leah, your father should be home shortly, but try not to bother him, he has to get ready to go out quickly.” Megan smiled at Bailey. “She is such a Daddy’s girl, always wanting his attention.”

“I will make sure she behaves, Aunt Megan.” Bailey said as he looked into the backseat and gave Leah a smile and a wink.

Coming inside the familiar house that his two friends, well ex friends really at this point. Bailey looked around, things were much like they had been, the nice expensive leather chair that Chuck liked to sit in. Next to it a pink couch that he knew folded out to be a bed. Bailey remembered when he bought that couch for Chuck. Chuck had been so excited about getting a new nice leather furniture set, but after going to the furniture store and realizing how outrageous the prices were he couldn’t afford it.

It was a happy and amusing memory as he slapped his taller friend on the back and told him not to worry about buying the sofa, how he would take care of it for him. He had gotten him a leather sofa, but it was from a different set and was pink. The couch wasn’t cheap, but the look on his friend's face when it was dropped off was worth it. It had been almost two years since that day, but the sofa looked like it had hardly been used with the condition of the leather compared to

Chuck's favorite chair.

Sitting down Bailey smoothed out the tight pencil skirt as he sat down and crossed his legs. He gave a warm smile to Leah as she sat down next to him. Liam had always been a little smaller than him, but seeing the man dressed up in a gown that would have fit right in back in the forties to sixties it was hard to see the arrogant man in the demure girl, who looked like she would rather crawl into a ball and be alone than pose for a photo. "Scooch a little closer Leah, and pull your feet up on the couch and to the side. Okay girls, put your hands on each other, perfect." Megan said snapping a few photos. Sending one off to Bailey, another to Charles.



“Okay you two have fun tonight. Leah make sure you are a good girl for Miss Bailey and Bailey prove tonight that you can be trusted or next time I will ask Candi to watch you both.”

When Megan left the house Bailey locked the door behind the woman, then leaned his back against the door looking over to Leah. “I love my Aunt, but sometimes she can be like a little much right?”

Liam nodded, but only slightly. He looked around the room to see if she left a video camera or some other type of recording device. Liam wouldn’t put it past her to set something up just to catch him saying something not appropriate. While he found nothing, the lack of evidence didn’t mean there was nothing to find, so he kept his words to himself. Liam had literally never been babysat before, let alone when he was pretending to be a teen girl. “What do we umm like do first, Miss Bailey??” He added the like to his question, trying to imitate the bimbo in front of him, remembering what Miss Megan said about fitting in so she didn’t suspect anything.

“First of all you only have to call me Miss Bailey when one of the silly adults are around. You are like only two years younger than me, so this is less like babysitting and more of two new friends getting to know each other and having fun!” Bailey said with excitement back in his voice.

“Tonight we are going to paint each other's nails. I picked up some new ones at the store the other day that I thought were super cute. Here let me show you.” Moving over to the backpack Bailey pulled out a bag and from it he held up three different vials of nail polish. “This one I think will look soooo adorable on you! Pink with silver glitter mixed in, oh my gosh I can’t wait. You love it right?!”

It took extra effort to keep up with Bailey, she was talking much faster than he

was used to. She was talking to him like he had seen her talk to her hot blonde friend Candi. “Adorbs, I just can’t wait!” He wished he could wait, wait this all out in some bunker somewhere.

“Oh, Oh! I have more things in my bag, I have some coloring books, I just love to color. I also brought over some movies.” Liam watched her pull more and more out of her backpack, one of the coloring books looked like it was meant for a child around the age of five, then another looked to be an adult coloring book, but those were the only two he saw of the stack of four. The movies she laid out on the table were Sisterhood of traveling pants, part one and two. The third movie was Mean Girls, none of them were even a slightly good option.

“I almost brought over the Captain America movie that came out a few years ago, but Aunt Megan told me how you didn’t like action movies. You like need and I mean NEED to watch it. You will lose your mind when you see Chris Evans without his shirt on it, but I figured for our first night I would bring over things I knew you would totally like.”

“You could have brought that or umm like any of the Marvel movies over.” Bailey smirked, putting his hand atop the small pile as he leaned closer.

“I mention a shirtless cute boy and suddenly I have your interest. Girl after my own heart.” Talking like this had always been something he had to do, but now Bailey found himself doing it for a different reason. He played up who Liam thought Bailey Ann Best to be in order to push him to act the same way. Most of the time when he actually realized he was acting like this he wished circumstances didn’t make it a necessity and he was set on making Leah walk down the same path he had to.

Raising his hand at the elbow Liam waved his open hand to the left and right like

saying yep look at me. “Yep you got me, what girl doesn’t have a weakness for hot men without their shirts on.”

“I know right!? Tomorrow a bunch of us are going to the local water park and there are hunks like every where! Auggy, my boyfriend says it doesn’t bother him when I look, but he is always following me around like a puppy dog so I know it does at least a little, but not like I can stop.

“You ahh, you have a boyfriend?” Liam asked surprised, he didn’t recall her mentioning she was dating anyone but him, well they only went out the once, but with what they did there was no way she was in a relationship unless she was a slut.

“Oh yeah totally, but like kind of. We aren’t like official official, ya know?”

He had no idea what that meant, but still nodded assuming girls her age had lingo he just wasn’t familiar with. “Totally.”

“Yeah so like we are going there with Candi and her Ry, I mean Ryan. She is actually like with him now and...” Bailey trailed off for a second realizing he lost track, he was talking about people Liam would know, but Leah would have no clue. “So like let me backup. Candi is my older sisters, but not really but totally acts like it. She can be a total brat, but I love her to death and she is always trying to cheer me up and gets me gifts when she shouldn’t. So like the four of us and Jeremy who is one of our friends that we met that the mall, oh my god he is the best friend a girl could have. He doesn’t try to hit you, and is like okay being just friends, plus, plus... his Mom owns a shoes store that has the cutest heels in it at the mall. The first time...” Bailey was rambling on when Liam interrupted by talking over him.

“You are friends with Jeremy?” Of course they were friends, the boy was sitting with them the first time he sat down with Bailey and Candi, but with how shy the boy was he figured he wouldn’t even make it to the friend zone, but it did sound like he wedged himself in there firmly with how the rambling girl was talking.

“Wait, do you know him? You do, you totally do! You are blushing OMG, do you have a crush on him!?”

“NO!” The strong and quick rebuttal caused Bailey to move over to sit next to the embarrassed feminized man, so happy to see the red come to his cheeks.

“You do, now spill unless you want me to call him on speaker phone right now and ask about you.” Liam closed his eyes and slumped his head forward. He did not want Bailey to find out they had kissed, it didn’t matter if it was on the cheek or not, it happened multiple times along with walking along holding hands like a couple. If he told the girl a little bit of information he could at least omit things.

“Miss Megan and I were shopping and we went into the shoe store, she is friends with the owner.”

“Oh yeah, they are like almost bffs at this point I think.” Liam nodded before continuing, wondering if Candi and her always interrupted one another when talking like girls do or if it was just Bailey.

“Well umm he helped me with my shoes.” Liam pivoted his heeled foot around, thinking about removing the uncomfortable footwear. He almost did, but thought it best to wait till after Daddy... Chuck came and left. He had been such a pain lately.

“They are soo cute, Jeremy picked them out? I can see why you have a like him.”

“I don’t like him! We just went out on one date.”

“OH MY GOD! You went out on a date!?” Bailey brought his long nailed fingers up to cover his open mouth like he was in shock at the news.

“Just one date, it was ahh like nothing and he might be coming to Church with Miss Megan and I on Sunday.” Liam found his face still burning with embarrassment. This girl and him had been intimate, he had fucked her more than once and here he was telling her about going on a date with a boy while he sat down next to her in a dress and heels.

“Church? You are going to church with Aunt Megan? That is amazing, like you have no idea.”

“Why?” Liam asked, afraid of the answer.

“Cause at like this point we go as a tribe, the priest or pastor or whatever can be like totes boring, but I think he is sweet on Nana Connors.”

“What? Who?” Bailey rolled his eyes like it was knowledge everyone had.

“Connors, like Candi. Her Nana kinda adopted me, but also like not for reals for reals. She is super nice when she isn’t being all strict. You are lucky she isn’t babysitting because that old woman throws down.”

“Okay...” All Liam could picture was an older version of Candi yelling and threatening to spank him like Miss Megan did.

“Sooooo speaking of cute boys without their shirts on.” Liam shook his head

slightly trying to figure out what thought train they had jumped to. “Why don’t you come along tomorrow? Candi and I are like already pairing up, so this would be perfect it could be like one big group date!”

“Ahh like umm can’t sorry, my Daddy needs me around the house to clean.”

Bailey looked around the living room taking in the finer details of the dust and beer bottles laying about. “Oh you can totally clean up tonight and I will talk to your Dad for you and if he says no I will ask Aunt Megan, I bet she would have your back.”

“I bet she would... wouldn’t she.” It wasn’t a question, the second Miss Megan heard about this opportunity she would insist upon it. What Liam didn’t know was that Megan already knew about the day at the water park, Bailey bringing it up right after finding out that the two had gone out on the date. Originally Bailey had made sure to invite him to be a fifth wheel to keep August from getting too physical.

When Chuck came home from work first his eyes focused in on Leah, his brother pretend daughter he reminded himself sitting on the floor with her legs pulled to the side with her hands on top of the coffee table in front of the couch. A smile on the girl's face as Megan’s niece painted her nails with a glittery pink polish. The second thing was how the room looked and smelled much cleaner. No trash laying about, the surfaces looked wiped down and he was pretty sure what he was smelling was the cleaner Pledge. “Hey girls, looks like you are having fun.”

“Hi Daddy! I would like totally come up and give you a hug, but I think Bailey... Miss Bailey would throw a fit if I messed up my nails.”

Chuck nodded a little. “Well they look pretty. How are you holding up Bailey? After...” He looked into her green eyes as she turned to look at him and words

failed him. Just like he did to her on that night, he could have protected her from his brother. Most of the time it was easy to fully blame Liam for what happened, but looking into her eyes now his mind relived the moment she looked up at him pleading with her eyes.

“Everything is okay Mr. Summers, but would like it be okay if Leah came with the water park with me tomorrow? We are having a lot of fun with each other and I thought it would be like super fun if we got to hang out together.”

Chuck was about to tell the girl he didn't think that would be possible, being a bikini would be a big risk, but again as he looked into her green eyes he got that same overwhelming feeling of guilt. “I think that would be okay. And umm you didn't have to clean up around here.” He run his fingers over the back of his neck as he looked around at the room again. “I have been meaning to be a bit less lazy and tackle that.”

“I didn't do a thing, it was all Leah! She said how she wanted to be a good girl so like you would be in a good mood before I asked you about tomorrow. It is just the living room so far.”

Chuck made eye contact with his fake daughter, the girl was giving him an uncomfortable smile. “Well I do appreciate it Leah, thank you and thank you Bailey for being a good influence on my daughter.” He was about to walk towards his bedroom, he didn't have time to take a lunch today and was really looking forward to the ossobuco Megan has promised him for the home cooked meal. Thinking of food he turned back to the girls.

“Leah did you have lunch today or a shake?”

“Just two shakes today Daddy.” Miss Megan had shown him pairs and bananas

he could have, but as hungry as he had been he didn't feel like eating a thing. Considering when she offered them it was right after she had him use the dildo and the taste of his own cum was still in his mouth. The only good thing about having braces was the excuse to constantly brush his teeth and make sure flavors like that were fleeting.

"Bailey are you a vegan too?"

"Nope, not me, I like sometimes am a vegetarian when my older sister is ordering the food, but I totally love meat." Everyone had different but similar thoughts to the statement. Bailey internally groaned wishing he had phrased that differently, but had to keep a placid smile like always. No sense in acknowledging it. Liam smirked thinking someone's meat was exactly the type of thing she loved. While Chuck wondered if the teen knew what she was saying. Was it ignorance? Was she trying to flirt? He gave a silent prayer hoping she wasn't trying to flirt with him.

"Okay, so two small pizzas, one vegan and the other meat lovers?" Bailey's mouth watered thinking about getting a real pizza. Once upon a time he could sit down and eat a large by himself, but now he knew the small pizza would also give him leftovers he could bring to work tomorrow for lunch.

"That sounds perfect Mr. Summers!"

"Vegan pizza, sounds yummy." Liam said in a hushed tone. On one hand he should be happy to be getting a real meal, a small pizza all to himself was practically a windfall, but his mind had already made up its well mind on what a vegan pizza would taste like. He thought about asking Bailey for a slice of her pizza, with an excuse of wanting to just try it, but then again he thought about the

potential of Miss Megan listening in or even watching.

As far as his life went, the rest of the night wasn't that bad. It wasn't good, nor was the pizza. Liam wasn't sure how people eat that stuff. At one point Bailey tried tempting him with a piece of sausage, saying to come to the dark side where there was meat. He of course would have snatched it from her hands and the rest of her pizza if he could. She had only eaten two slices and didn't even eat her crust. She ate like a freaking bird, but after spending so much time with Miss Megan, it felt like a trap.

More than once he considered bringing up himself... his uncle, but every time fear won out. Like bringing up the topic of himself would make her be able to see through how he looked now. So he didn't bring it up, he painted her nails and then did it again with her guidance after he did a poor job. When he took his heels off and complained about the price of beauty Bailey let loose a laugh full of mirth.

"That is so true! Though your heels are so cute and sooo worth it. Here let me show you some things I do everyday so your feet don't hurt as much." He was all for anything that would make his feet throb less in pain. He did take note that when she removed her shoes her big toes, and pinky toes were pointing in towards the others. Liam though she just had feet naturally made for wearing heels, having no idea the torment Bailey went through and what was in his near future.

"See you just sit like this with your feet pointed down under the couch like this and it can really help, but also I have like an exercise I do. Here stand up and let me show you. They are called ballerina exercises." Liam watched the girl show him how to do simple leg lift exercise. "So like you do this twenty times everyday

okay?!”

“Are you giving me homework?”

“I’m helping you silly.” Bailey said, pulling Leah into an embrace, pressing each of their breasts together. “So you just do as Miss Bailey says or I will get my mean old Auntie to come after you.” Bailey let loose a giggle before letting go, acting as if the entire thing was a joke. When he knew exactly what he was saying. “Now put your shoes back on so you can finish cleaning.”

“But... I just took them off.”

“A good girl never argues or complains.” Bailey had just started to say the word argues when Leah joined in like a chorus. “See you get it! Besides the more you wear them the easier it gets!”

The worst part of the evening wasn’t the pizza, or the extra walking around, or even the traveling pants movie. It was when he was alone in his room with the lights off, holding the dildo in his hand. No supposed adult was around to make him do this, Miss Megan was busy so he doubted she would be checking her phone or a video or anything and she didn’t specify he needed to do this tonight and if he did Bailey might hear him being... enthusiastic. He could get away with it, he was almost sure of it, but if he was wrong then he was positive there would be more than one strike. Taking it in his mouth he moaned, but tried to do it softly, like when he tried to be considerate when he brought a chick home.

Any time he thought he heard the slightest noise outside his door he stopped and went to hide the dildo and his erection, but at no point did anyone open the door. It didn’t mean Bailey didn’t hear something, but it was a small miracle that she didn’t walk in on him when the dildo was slick with his own cum as it slid into his

open mouth.

After sending off the video he didn't wait for a response, just pulled the comforter over himself and slipped off to sleep, feeling exhausted and more than sore in a few places. He briefly came to consciousness when the bedroom door opened and the light from the hallway came into his room. Liam closed his eyes again as he saw it was just Daddy, he felt a kiss atop his head, and then slipped off back to the world of dreams before he heard the door close.

Chapter 28

Her alarm going off, Megan clicked the dismiss option on her phone as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes before sitting up in bed to stretch. Soon after slipping out of bed she was standing in her warm waterfall style shower, humming to herself happily. Life had been different as of late, plenty of bad things had happened, but she was working to turn them all around. The scent of her herbal essence shampoo filled the shower as she started to wash her hair and think about the strange turns.

She did regret encouraging Liam and pushing Bailey to him with how he treated her. Bailey didn't deserve Amanda as a girlfriend, he wasn't good for her or anyone. That entire thing should have been handled differently, though it was funny how that trauma had left her closer to Bailey as they worked on their revenge, turning Liam into Leah. Manipulating Bailey and Liam was the type of thing Becky accused her of doing to her over the years. It never felt that way to her, she could hardly ever get that girl to do what she wanted, it didn't matter if it was for her own good or not. Pressing her forehead against the cold tile wall in the shower she let out a long sigh. The most she got out of her daughter lately was a text message that said thanks when she sent her some baked goods or some

money while she was off at college.

She decided then that she was going to bake some cookies while over at Charles's house. He mentioned needing to do some yard work around the house he rented and she needed to get over there to help Leah get ready for the water park with Bailey and Candi. It would give her something to do today and allow her to send off a care package of baked goods for her daughter, gaining her that little bit of communication she wanted from her daughter.

Soon Megan was standing in Leah's room tying the little bow for the brown sarong skirt around Leah's waist. She thought Leah looked so cute with the brown wrap skirt, covering the lower portion of the one piece swimsuit she wore. It was mostly white with black piping around the waist and for the straps that criss-crossed over her chest. She topped it off with a crochet brown bell hat that was a fun retro fashion. "Look at you Leah, you are just adorable."

Looking at himself in the mirror, Liam shifted from one foot to the other, feeling the weight of the wedge heels he wore. They were much easier on his feet than the heels he wore so far, but just as high. Of the options for bathing suits he was happy, well happier with the one piece, it was a far cry better than wearing a bikini. Still it clung to him in a way he hated, showing off assets he wished he didn't have. Then there was his groin... Miss Megan had given him a thing she called a tuck kit. It was like a odd shaped large band aid that she said would keep his unwanted bits tucked back so no one could see them and how it was safe to wear in the water. "Thank you Miss Megan." He said, responding to the compliment.

"Okay, I have packed you a little bag. It has two towels, sun screen, a zip lock bag for your phone, a spill proof water bottle, hand sanitizer, two tampons, a twenty

dollar bill in case you need to pay for something and your white purse. Make sure to put your purse in a locker and not leave it with your things, just in case.”

Megan had the bag on the bend and was sorting through it to make sure everything was in its place.

“Super, thanks Mom.” The use of the family title ran through Megan’s mind after he thought about Becky that morning. She knew Liam was being sarcastic, but hearing the light airy girly voice of Leah still brought a smile to her face. “You are very welcome, but I have one last thing for you, I saw online a coupon for one free child's meal with drink with purchase of an adult park ticket.”

“Am I like sixteen or a child?” Liam said, turning away from the mirror. He was so tired of her treating him like a little kid. Miss Megan said he was supposed to be sixteen yet didn’t treat him like even that age most of the time.

“I could put your hair in pigtails and send you off in a water diaper to the park. What do you think everyone would say then?” She watched as his face went a little pale. “Would you like a strike or for me to tell you to do something small?”

He looked away from her, eyes focusing on his polished toenails. “Do something.”

“You have two choices, soon as you see Jeremy you can kiss him on the cheek and tell him how much you missed him or you can give him a peck on the lips and only have to smile. You can even smile and shake your head when or if he asks what that kiss was for. If you do neither then I will march you back inside and make you put on the little girls swimsuit I have with the Disney princess on it. Do you understand?”

Still not looking into her eyes Liam nodded his head. He had already kissed Jeremy on the cheek before, it wouldn’t be a big deal. In fact Considering the level

of embarrassment he would get from doing this and how Miss Megan was acting, it was like she was going easy on him. She was humming a song he didn't recognize when she was packing the bag and he figured Da... Chuck must have given it to her good the night before. He had been a dick with this whole Leah thing, but if he was able to get some and make life easier for him while doing so then he was all about his brother sticking his dick in crazy.

Outside Chuck was kneeling down pulling weed after weed from the yard. He wasn't afraid of hard work, but he never liked doing yard work and his brother was the same way. So the two often just paid for a gardener to take care of everything to keep the HOA and landlord off their back, but with so many new costs in his life and less money coming in thanks to Liam being gone and Leah being here, the extra bill of a gardener was something he cut.

When a gray SUV pulled up into his driveway he stood up, brushing his hands off on his jeans. He was out in the front yard wearing blue jeans, knee pads, barefoot and an A frame undershirt. He took the small towel that hung around his neck and wiped off his forehead as he saw Bailey and another blonde girl get out of the vehicle. "Morning ladies." He pantomimed tipping a hat to them. Both the blonde girls were wearing a white bathing suit cover type dress with wooden toggles around the chest.

"Good morning Mr. Summers! I'm Candi, it is an absolute pleasure to meet you! Bailey has told me all about you and how you might be her Uncle soon." Chuck put his hand to his chest as his heart started to beat a little quicker. The girl speaking to him looked a little older than Bailey and if he didn't know better he would say she was her older sister, but insinuating he would get married to Megan felt like she was actually attempting to give him a heart attack. He wasn't

even thirty yet, but a few more of those and he would need to see a doctor.

“Candi...” Bailey whined. “Can you like please stop bringing up getting married to everyone?”

“Please, Mr. Summers here is like a total snack. I see it, you see it and Aunt Megan sooooo sees it.”

He attempted to laugh off what the two teens were talking about, changing the subject so he would feel less awkward. “Nice to meet you too, I wasn’t sure who all was going on the trip, but it looks like you have some more people in the car.”

Both Candi and Bailey looked back to the vehicle; they had told the boys they would be right back. “In the passenger seat is August Gates, driving is Ryan Davis and in the back is Jeremy... Jeremy ahhh I don’t remember his last name.”

“Hayes. How can you forget his last name?” Candi said, cocking her hips as she put her hands on them to address Bailey. “They are just our boyfriend.”

“I like can’t remember everything.” Bailey said in a huff, crossing his arms under his bosom. He had only so much brain power to go around. He had to learn more and more makeup techniques, about fashion, celebrity gossip to keep up with Candi. All while having to do chores around his place, do math homework and play a silly video based around raising children. It was perfectly normal for him to not remember every little thing he thought.

Leah has a boyfriend? Megan had talked about Liam walking around the mall holding hands with some boy, but a boyfriend was news to him and left him rather confused.

Candi just gave the older man a look, raising her eyebrows as if to say that was just who her little sister was. “Well Leah is inside with your Aunt...” Chuck narrowed his eyes a little at the girl Candi. She had called Megan her aunt, so maybe Megan had another sister or a brother. “Doors unlocked, feel free to head on inside.”

The two girls bounced off and he considered getting back to his task, but instead decided to see the three inside the car. As he walked up, Ryan lowered his windows, seeing him approach. “Hey there, so it looks like it will be six of you going today? Bailey didn’t happen to mention boyfriends coming along.” Chuck craned his neck to see the boy in the back seat.

“Bailey isn’t the greatest source of information.” Ryan said giving a little shrug.

“Hey!” Chuck looked at the young man in the passenger seat, he looked familiar like he had seen him before, but couldn’t place from where.

“Yeah, yeah I hear you. Look man, I get wanting to protect your girl's honor and everything, but I’m not insulting her.”

Chuck pointed at the young man in the passenger seat. “So you are August and are Bailey’s boyfriend?”

“Yeah and we met once, at a pool party Amanda Best held.” Chuck snapped his fingers and nodded, the memory of being introduced coming back to mind. He was the younger brother of Amanda’s best friend. Then pointed his finger at the young man in the driver's seat.

“That makes you Ryan Davis, dating the other blonde. Nice car you have.”

“Yeah, and thanks. One of the few things my Dad left me before running off.” Chuck nodded, able to understand how shitting that felt. August said something and laughed, but it was too low to hear the exchange between the two.

“Car was the only thing he left you.” August said in a whisper.

“We do not talk about the stupid Darling Dolls sex doll thing he sent me.” Ryan said through gritted teeth to his friend. Jeremy just blink, his mouth hanging open a little at the idea Ryan’s father who ever he was left him a sex doll.

“That makes you Jeremy Hayes, boyfriend of my daughter. When exactly did that happen?” Jeremy’s mind went from the wonder what the two in the front seat were talking about to complete shock and embarrassment. Leah’s dad thought they were boyfriend and girlfriend! That meant Leah had told them that they were... or that she wanted to be and he misunderstood.

“Yes sir, I mean no sir... ahhh” He suddenly felt incredibly nervous, he hadn’t even contemplated talking to Leah’s dad. “We are umm ahh sort of dating. We went on a date and then today and it was sudden I didn’t know, but there is also church tomorrow that we are going to, but we aren’t exactly boyfriend and girlfriend. BUT it isn’t’ because she isn’t pretty or good enough!”

“Woah, calm down there. I was just curious, I’m not trying to scare you off or anything.”

Around then the girls inside were just finishing up, Megan letting Candi and Bailey know about the coupons in Leah’s bag for a free kids meal. The two of them had summer passes, but four free kids meals she imagined would be a good snack for the six to share. From her experience young men were always hungry.

Liam went over to give his brother a daughterly hug before promising to be a good girl and getting into the vehicle. The look Jeremy gave him causes his stomach to fill with butterflies, he was no stranger to the look on a guy's face when eyeing up a girl, but the look Jeremy gave him was something different, something purer. "I missed you." Liam said almost forgetting the deal, when he saw Miss Megan waving outside the vehicle. Leaning in to give Jeremy a kiss on the cheek ended with his lips pressed firmly to the boy's lips. Jeremy was going in to hug his beautiful date when she pressed her face close to his. The kiss was just the two pressing their lips together, both staying there for a few heartbeats, each afraid of this moment. Jeremy afraid he would ruin it if he did anything and Liam terrified, his lipstick covered lips pressed into another males.

Bailey giggled seeing the kiss. "See Jeremy, I told you she liked you."

Outside the car Chuck's jaw went slightly slack as he saw his brother dressed up like a girl and initiate a kiss. He pointed as he turned to look at Megan, his thoughts baffled by what he just saw. "I am very confused, someone mentioned they are boyfriend and girlfriend, but the boy said they weren't but... Liam just kissed him."

"Leah is just kissing a boy she likes, that is something girls do. Your little girl is growing up, now why don't you come inside. I made some lemonade." She said, patting his arm.

"But that doesn't make any..."

"Don't fret about it, just come inside and cool off. Unless you would rather..." Megan bit her bottom lip looking the younger man up and down. She was in a good mood and seeing his well toned muscles covered in sweat gave her ideas.

“Come inside and do something else?”

Chapter 29

Taking a few quick steps Ryan moved ahead of the group and moved to face them before stopping. “Okay we reserved a cabana.” He looked down at the slip of paper in his hand. “B2 and it should be to the left of the wave pool.” He paused for a second looking over to Jeremy. “Jeremy and I will take our stuff over there, while the rest of you take a trip the lockers. Any questions?”

He smirked seeing Candi, his girlfriend raising her hand in the air and shaking it. “Me, me, me, me, call on me I got a question!”

“Yes, you the pretty blonde in the back.” Ryan said pointing his overly excited girlfriend. “How did you get so handsome?” Ryan was never much of the shy type, but she always seemed to find just the right away to bring a light blush to his cheeks.

“A little off topic, but if you must know when I was younger I beat August here with the ugly stick and kept all the handsome that fell off. Sorry Bailey, I would have hit him a little less for your sake if I could have predicted how lucky he was.”

“Why am I always the butt of your jokes?” Ryan gave his friend an exaggerated shrug. “Who knows, maybe I’m jealous of you.”

“You aren’t jealous of anyone.” August said, glaring as both Candi and Bailey giggled at the exchange while Jeremy stood silently.

“How could that be true when you are about to be alone with three rather pretty girls, and I’m stuck carrying everyone’s things with Jeremy. No offense Jeremy, I would hit on you way before I hit on August if I swung that way.”

“Ahh... thank you?” Jeremy said, leaning closer to Leah to take her beach bag. “Do you know what is going on between them?” He said, trying to whisper to

them.

Liam had started to ignore the group when his attention was drawn to more than one sexy woman walking by. His eye glued to one of the park's female workers in her red lifeguard bathing suit, who he would guess was like an F cup. "Nothing."

"What?" Jeremy said in confusion before looking over to where Leah was looking. The first thing that got his attention was the gorgeous woman standing under an umbrella talking into a walkie talkie, but not far from here was a family with three kids running around shooting each other with water guns. "Oh I see what you were looking at, that looks like fun."

"You do!?" Liam felt like he was caught doing something he shouldn't, but then also surprised to hear the shy young man so say the hot life guard looked fun. He would definitely agree that he would like to do a few fun things with her, but from Jeremy it was odd to hear. "Yeah running around a water park seems like the perfect place to use water guns. Too bad we didn't think to bring any right?"

Not sure what he was referring to, Liam looked back in the direction of the life guard and easily noticed the annoying kids yelling and shooting each other with water guns. "Oh umm, yeah. Too bad right?" Realizing his mistake Liam gave the teen a large smile, but it faded quickly as he felt his braces. Braces were one thing, but he hated showing off that he literally had something pink attached to his teeth.

"Come on Leah you can make googly eyes at your man after we lock up our stuff." Bailey said, bumping his shoulder into Leah's and giving Jeremy a wink. Bailey was so happy to have gotten Leah and Jeremy to come to the water park. He still didn't like wearing a bikini, it made him feel exposed, if Leah was wearing one too it would completely make up for it, but somehow he got away with a once piece. He thought it was totally unfair, but there was little he could do about it.

Bailey had been texting Jeremy telling him how Leah begged to come along when she heard he was going to be there. He had been hesitant to believe that, but now Bailey was sure he was accepting the fact the pretty blue eyed girl liked him after that kiss they shared. It was all just so perfect! Or at least it would be if he didn't have to put up with Auggy.

The group split off into two groups to get everything done they needed to before they could enjoy their day. Ryan and Jeremy laid out everyone's towels on sun chairs under the cabana, while the rest went over to the lockers putting their

valuables in storage. “Okay next stop that little store right there.” Candi said pointing to a gift shop looking store and started walking as if she expected others to follow.

Inside she picked out three cheap looking water guns from the rack and gave Leah a wink. “You don’t need to get those, Jeremy and I were just talking.” Liam didn’t want the girl to waste her money on something he didn’t really want to do.

“Shhh, life isn’t always about what we need, sometimes it is just about having fun. We will fill these up and surprise the boys by squirting them. You just need to say look what I found and then blast Jeremy.”

“You know I’m standing right here.” Candi made eye contact with August and then went back to talking to Leah. She wanted to make sure she felt like she belonged with the group and had as much fun today as she could.

“The two of you are both super shy and it is adorbs, so you do as I say and I promise you will have your man eating out of the palm of your hand.”

“I don’t...” Liam started but was cut off as Bailey talked over him. “They really do make a super cute couple!”

August pouted just a little watching Candi buy the water guns. “Why is everyone picking on me today?”

Looking over her shoulder Candi gave him a bright smile. “Easy target.”

Since the encounters with Liam and starting the internship, Bailey had been doing his best to avoid August. Aunt Megan hadn’t been pushing him to flirt with August anymore and Bailey was hoping to just avoid it completely. Though it seemed Miss April had other ideas, the distance he had been able to keep from him caused August to be a little mokey. Bailey knew he shouldn’t care it wasn’t like he actually wanted to date or be a girlfriend or anything, but seeing August go from always in a good mood to being a sad sack made him feel bad. “Ignore her, no one is trying to be mean to you. We are just having fun, if you like I will tell everyone to be nicer, how is that?” Bailey said thinking he really just needed to man up a little.

What Bailey wasn’t expecting was for August to wrap one arm around him, cupping the back of his neck and plant a loving kiss. “They can tease me as much

as they want so long as I have you by my side.”

From the corner of his eye Bailey could see Liam staring at them. “Well today isn’t about you or us. Today is about Leah.”

“Me?!” Liam said as the other blonde girl wrapped her arm around his bare shoulder. “Well you and the boy you like have a crush on. By the end of the day the two of you will be an official item!”

“I would rather the day be about me.” August joked, getting to peck Bailey on the lips again before she slapped his arm and pulled away.

“Today could be about August and ahh Bailey.” Liam felt like he had walked into a trap that had already been sprung. Miss Megan had made him go on a lunch date with the boy and invite him to church, now the girl he was dating and her friend were setting him up for more.

“I think both of them would be happy to have all the attention, but I have spent a lot of time getting my little sis to accept how beautiful she is. There is no reason for a girl pretty as you to have low self esteem, so Bailey and I are here to help!”

“I really could use help.” Liam said, but meant it very differently than what he knew the girls were thinking.

The group came up to the cabana they rented, Candi gave a nod to both Leah and Bailey who held the two other water guns. “Look what we found!” Raising the toy, Candi pointing it at Ryan. A moment before she pulled the trigger, August moved out in front of the three girls that stood next to one another, his arms held out horizontally as each splash of water from the guns shot him in the chest and face.

Dramatically August fell to his knees and then his back. “I stopped the ambush, cough, cough you guys owe me your lives. Cough, cough, it is all going black... don’t let my sacrifice be in vain!”

Bailing pulled the trigger on the water gun as it pointed at August’s face a few times. He was being ridiculous saying cough instead of actually coughing.

“Hey girls!” Ryan said with a wave, giving only a glance to his best friend on the

ground.

“Is he okay?” Ryan asked, sure the water did nothing, but it couldn’t have felt good to fall to his knees on the hard ground here.

“He spoiled the surprise, but I’m sure he will be fine once Bailey gives him mouth to mouth.” Candi moved past August, stepping over him to give Ryan a kiss on the cheek.

“Want me to put lotion on you?” Candi nodded happily, removing the wrap from around her waist to give him more access.

“Bailey breathes some life into your man so he can put lotion on you before you turn into a lobster.”

August opened one eye looking up at his girlfriend, giving her a big smile. “You look fine, get up.” When she said that he closed his eyes again and dropped his head to the ground more, letting his tongue hang out like he was dead. “Fine, just one kiss.” Squatting down, Bailey balanced on his five inch wedge heels, putting one hand on the ground beside August’s head for balance. He really didn’t want to kiss him, but he absolutely needed to play this up with Liam around. With him being feminized too now the last thing Bailey needed was something to click in his head that Bailey Ann Best was actually Bailey Andrew Smith. Just as his pink pillowy lips touched Augusts he felt the man’s hands wrap around him and pull. Causing Bailey to end up sitting atop August, straddling him.

As August’s arms held Bailey and his tongue probed his mouth he couldn’t help but have a little Deja vu with how similar things were right now to the moment back in the park the first day he had to dress up like this.

Seeing the two make out on the ground, Liam moved around them dropping the water gun on his towel, seeing of course his spot was next to Jeremy’s. “Here let me umm, I mean I can put lotion on your back if you want.”

“Sure.” Liam said with a tight smile, he would need lotion with how much of his skin was exposed in the bathing suit. It was funny that this one piece covered him more than if he was just standing around in his underwear, yet he felt so much more exposed feeling the air across his hairless body. The feeling of the boy’s hands slick with lotion as he rubbed it into his skin felt wonderful to Liam. It wasn’t like when he got a massage, but it was close. He closed his eyes trying to pretend it was both Bailey and Candi running their hands over him. Two sexy

blonde girls giggling and arguing who would get to be with him first. It was a wonderful thought, but one he had to put a stop to as he felt his member start to come to life pressing on the odd tuck kit that it was now trapped in.

“You need to get under her straps, Leah pull down your straps so Jeremy can get you everywhere.” Snapping his eyes open, Liam saw Bailey was done with her public make out session. “Leah, lay down so he can work it in. Oh and Jeremy, don’t forget her legs!”

Liam did as he was told, this was going to still be way better than sucking on a dildo like he would be doing if he was still with Miss Megan today. Laying there on the towel, the sound of waves splashing in the near distance, while someone practically massaged him was almost enough for Liam to relax. Jeremy’s lotion-covered hands running along his smooth legs felt too good and he was not liking his body’s physical reaction to the touch. “Mmmm” He had his eyes closed, but they snapped open hoping no one heard him as Jeremy’s hands rubbed his calf.

“Leah, Could you... umm turn over, unless you want to...” Jeremy started to say till Bailey talked over him. “Turn over for him Leah.”

Closing his eyes again, Liam turned over onto his back, wanting this to be over quickly. Liam started to be thankful that the boy rubbing the front of his shoulders and arms didn’t cause the same reaction, but an accident very much did. As Jeremy was pulling his hands back his palm slid over the front of the bathing suit, right over his new breasts and nipple. A shock of pleasure ran through his body. He immediately sat up covering his chest with his arms. He felt relieved when it was over till he saw the smiling face of Candi as she handed him a bottle of lotion.

He smiled back with a much brighter smile, showing off his braces at the idea of running his hands on her body. “Your turn, to help your man.” Looking down at the lotion bottle in his hand the smile faltered back to the lowest acceptable level. Looking at Jeremy, while hesitating he still moved closer to the boy. He considered just handing the bottle over to him so he could do it himself, but that seemed like a bad idea. That would mean he wasn’t being a good girl, so he squirted some of the white lotion into his hand and started to apply it to the boys back.

It wasn’t until he had already started doing it that he realized he didn’t care about being a good girl at all and he wasn’t sure where that thought came from. Still he already started so he kept going till Jeremy spoke up. “Hey ahh Leah, I can do the

rest myself, thank you.”

Liam didn't particularly want to rub the suntan lotion into him, but it felt a little rude to tell him to stop before he was done. Then he saw it, Jeremy blushing hard and things connected. The teen had been turned on like he had a moment ago. Soon as those thoughts came together Liam dropped the lotion next to the boy and moved away as quickly as possible with his own cheeks red from embarrassment that his touch had turned on another male.

With everyone prepped, they started off by the wave pool with it being right next to them. The girls sat on the side at first getting their feet wet as Ryan and August jumped in, calling for the girls to follow. Jeremy looked up to the blue sky, the day was perfect for being out here and seeing the three girls kicking their feet in the water talking he felt he needed to capture the moment. Getting his phone he was careful not to get it wet as he snapped a picture. This day would live on in his memory, but he wanted that memento. A few weeks ago he felt like a nobody, today he felt like nothing could stop him from seizing the day.



Tossing the phone over to his chair, Jeremy crept up behind the girls, scooping up Leah into his arms. “What are you doing!” Liam said as he wrapped one arm behind the boys neck to keep himself from falling.

“Carpe diem, carpe puella.” He said with a smile before hopping off into the water with the pretty girl still in his arms. As they came back up he still held her tight, she sputtered spitting out some water, holding one hand to the top of her hat. “Seize the day, seize the girl.” He said to her as he leaned in close, gently pressing

his lips to hers.

The kiss was a tender thing that felt much better than Liam could have ever imagined kissing a boy would feel like. The kiss before in the car was something quick, something accidental this one was full of intent. No matter how his body responded, Liam knew how wrong this was and struggled as the couple bobbed in the water with the flow of the waves in the pool.

“Get it girl!” Candi yelled at the couple, happy to see the budding romance. To her it felt like she was part of a movie, helping a young pretty girl realize she has everything she could want already around her if she just accepted the truth out herself. Bailey went to kick some water at August as he came near, wanting to watch Liam’s encounter much more than feel the man’s strong pecs pressing into his soft and sadly bountiful chest. The water from the kick didn’t hit him however and instead washed over the kissing couple.

The water was colder than Liam expected, even after he had his feet in the water and feeling the splash sent a chill down his spine. He was thrilled to be free from the kiss, but he still didn’t want to hurt this boy's feelings. Not just because that would probably mean all sorts of punishments, but he really was nice. “We should get her back for that attack.” Liam said, thinking of a way to distract the boy from attempting that again.



Chapter 30

The blue circular raft spun around as it moved up the side of the semi enclosed

slide, water splashing about, getting all the six passengers a little wet as they zipped down into the splash landing pool below. Liam could hear Candi going from cheering to making some high pitched sound when the raft was airborne. To him it was pure fun as the raft with its passengers plummeted down the massive slide and it seemed to be for most of the occupants, though a few times he saw Jeremy with eyes closed.

Despite having fun on the slides, Liam had a difficult time forgetting his situation. The bathing suit was constantly giving him a wedgie getting pulled up into his ass crack from the slides and every moment caused the tits he shouldn't have to move about. Still today was by far the best of his days since being Leah started. "I'm thinking we take a little break, take advantage of the free food." Ryan nodded his head towards Leah and then Bailey. "Thank you so much to the Best's for thinking ahead like that."

"I'm, I'm not Miss Megan's daughter."

"You're not? Oh sorry, what is your last name again?" Ryan tugged on his ear twice, feeling bad for using the wrong name. He was usually so good with people's names, but he saw her dad with Bailey's aunt and he probably jumped to conclusions and didn't register he already knew better when he heard her name.

"She can totally be a Best, look at her big blue eyes just like Aunt Megan. I'm practically a Best, so we can adopt Leah too!" Candi said, putting one hand around Leah's side, while she laid her head on the girl's shoulder.

"She does know that when your parents get married your mom takes her Dads last name and hers stays the same, right?" August said to Bailey.

"We don't know if they are going to get married Auggy. Come on lets like get some food, I'm starrrrrrrrving." Bailey said, starting to head back towards the cabana on the other side of the park. August looked at Bailey, loving the sway of her butt as she moved, but then back towards Candi, confused.

"Did I say something wrong?" Leah shrugged at the question, knowing it better to not try and guess why a girl's mood swayed one way or the other.

"Ignore her, you should like know by now that your girl might be smiling but she is mad at the world when she is hungry. She isn't upset at you, but you absolutely said something wrong." She took a step closer to the taller dark haired young man, holding up her summer pass that was around her neck. "Can you read what

my name says? HMMM?!"

"I get it I get." August said, taking a step back, glancing at his friend for help." Ryan shook his head smiling.

"Tell her she wins, that is how you stop these situations."

"August you should be realllllly thankful to Ry, he understands how the world works." She said in an almost serious tone before giggling and giving her boyfriend a wink.

"What about you Leah, you get what I was saying right?" Liam at first didn't care one way or the other for August, but everytime he put his hands on Bailey or kissed her he hated him a little more. He wasn't so delusional to think he could be with her right now, heck with how much trouble he got in for being with her he never wanted to stick his dick in her again, even if she was sexy as heck in her bikini. August was tall and in good shape, but he just didn't like him and diffitly didn't like him with Bailey. Today would be a few degrees better without him around, then he could try and divert some of Jeremy's attention to the beautiful green eyed blonde girl instead of himself. Her overly flirtatious manner would do wonders for Jeremy. So when August asked him the question all August saw was the girl roll her eyes at him and walk off.

"I don't know what is going on, but I'm on her side." Jeremy said following Leah.

Quickly Ryan put his arm around his best friend. "He is smarter than I gave him credit for."

"I'm smart too." August said grumbling as the two stood next to the landing pool as everyone else had walked away.

"Yeah? Why are we here by ourselves and all the girls are over that way then?" August didn't answer, just rolled his shoulder to move his friend's arm as he hurried off to catch up to everyone. Knowing exactly what he could do to turn his girl's anger at the world into loving attention towards himself.

After the coupons were handed over to August, the boys left to get the four free kids meals while the girls stayed behind. They sat on the chairs in the shade, enjoying the break from the harsh sun with the cool water.

“I have to say, you and Jeremy are just adorable together.” Liam could feel the blush come through his whole body as he listened to the hot girl talk about him being adorable and in conjunction with another male. He didn’t want to be thought of as adorable or to be with another guy.

“OH MY GOSH, they so are!” Bailey added in seeing the feminized man turning red. Bailey was sure he wanted to disappear into that totally cute hat he wore. “You know his birthday is in a few weeks. Since the two of you are like practically an item, what do you like, think you will get him for his eighteenth birthday?”

“Oh my god it totally is!” Candi said while looking at the calendar on her phone. “Good job Bailey, I totally forgot.” Bailey gave his friend a small smile and a shrug, he didn’t really remember. Aunt Megan had brought it up after talking to his mom, but with how often everyone thought he was an airhead he wasn’t going to correct her.

“Umm, I don’t know. Maybe, baseball cards?” That caused Candi to start laughing.

“You have no idea what boys like do you?”

“He is turning eighteen, you could always give him a blow job. I bet both of you would love that.” Aunt Megan had said how one of those frat guys put his dick in Liam’s mouth, but that wasn’t nearly enough for Bailey, he wanted it to happen and be a fly on the wall when it did.

“You would suggest that!” Candi started to giggle as she shook her head at Bailey. “It isn’t a totally bad idea, but not where I was going.”

“You could give that as a gift if you like.” A blow job from a girlfriend sounded like a fantastic gift to Liam, but not when he was the supposid girlfriend... not that he was Jeremy’s girlfriend. He was quick to correct himself mentally.

“Don’t tempt her or you may lose your man.”

“Hey! Bailey cried out. Liam couldn’t help but chuckle a little that even Bailey’s best friend knew she was a slut.

“Any serious ideas?” Candi asked this time looking hard at Bailey.

“What I was talking about her.” Candi rolled her eyes before turning her attention to Leah.

“He does like baseball...” Liam bit the inside of his cheek, he wasn’t sure what to get some eighteen year old other than knowing he would be old enough to buy a lapdance for. He mentioned something about enjoying watching baseball with his dad and baseball cards were things kids liked wasn’t it?

“Hmmm, well I like guess you are in the right headspace thinking about things he likes.” Candi tapped her index finger to her chin.

“If I had money I would just I dunno, get him tickets to a local team.” Laim said as he looked over his shoulder wondering when food was going to arrive.

“That could be perfect! We could all go as a group, you and him could wear matching jerseys.”

“You want to go to a baseball game?!” Bailey asked, a bit surprised, he knew she said wanted to try out softball, but he had no idea she was a fan of any real sports. While he wasn’t a fan of baseball, going out and doing something not remotely girly sounded so good, though he didn’t like the idea of Liam getting the opportunity.

“I know you don’t like sports, but this is for Jeremy. Oh, oh what if the three of us dress up like cheerleaders to go with him? Do you think he would like that or would that be too embarrassing?”

“I’m not a cheerleader.” Liam said flatly his eyes wide in terror at the idea of showing up to a baseball game dressed like that with everyone’s eyes on them.

Bailey got a large wild grin as he looked over at the pretty girl in her white one piece bathing suit. “Not with an attitude like that, but I bet Jeremy wouldn’t be embarrassed if we got tickets and he had his own personal cheerleader at his side.” Pressing her lips together Candi nodded, liking the idea of dressing up in the costume for the day. Bailey was right, but that didn’t mean she was going to leave the idea alone. The discussion had to come to an end with the boys came back with a few bags of food and bottles of water.

“What did you bring me!?” Bailey said, hopping up to his feet that were perched back in the heeled sandals he had worn to the park. He could smell the greasy food and wanted to snatch the bag and eat it all to himself.

“Adoration.” August said smiling, leaning in giving his girlfriend a peck on the lips.

“I wanted food.”

“No you wanted adoration and food and you will have them both.” Liam rolled his eyes at the corny man talking to Bailey while both Ryan and Jeremy took the time to start laying out what they had brought.

“Well the kids meals came with three chicken strips each, Jeremy mentioned Leah is a vegan and Auggy got something special. So that means each of us get three chicken strips, we can pile the small fries together and I got us some more bottles of water.”

Liam’s heart fell seeing the delicious fried chicken in front of him, something he couldn’t have because he was supposed to be a vegan. While Jeremy seemed rather proud of himself for remembering. “I got you a sandwich, the snackbar said it was vegan friendly. Lettuce, tomato, portobello mushroom and avocado slices.”

Still looking down at the chicken, Liam took the offered food slowly and sat down. With a sigh he took a bite of the crispy pressed sandwich, admitting to himself it was decent. Nothing close to what he wanted, but way better than the milkshakes Miss Megan and daddy were having him drink. “Say, you wouldn’t mind sharing that would you? It sounded kinda good.”

Liam looked to Jeremy who was sitting right next to him, much closer than he was expecting. “You think this looks good?” He asked questioningly when he noticed Jeremy was also holding out a chicken finger. Without answering him Liam leaned closer taking half the chicken finger in his mouth before biting down. The taste of the delicious spiced meat was exactly what Liam had been wanting, he closed his eyes for a second rolling his head.

Opening his eyes he gave the boy a big smile, holding his hand out for him to take a bite so that he could move on to finishing off the food he really wanted. Jeremy had the right of it he supposed, the kid was really going to make some girl very

happy when he was able to get past himself and ask a real girl out.

While Liam was getting a bite of chicken, Bailey was pouting at what Ryan had said about the pieces being split without him in consideration because of something August got him. Liam was supposed to be tortured today not him. “I didn’t expect to see a face like that when I got you something like this.” August said, pulling a wrapped small cheeseburger from the bag in his hand. He knew she was on a diet, but also remembered how she said she loved hamburgers. He figured it was worth the risk, and if she didn’t want it he could easily eat the small cheese burger he got off the kids menu. Enough for his girl to have what she wants and not big enough for her to complain about him spoiling her figure.

Standing there Bailey unwrapped the burger, smelling in the red meat and the grease, his mouth instantly watering. “Is that what you wanted babe?” Bailey didn’t say a word, just nodded, thrilled at his good luck. First the pizza and now a burger, he was so distracted he didn’t even notice that August had sat down first or that he did so in a way for Bailey to sit down in his lap. Feeling the lap instead of the seat, Bailey glanced at August and then promptly ignored him as he bit into the burger, his eyes rolling back into his head. It didn’t really taste that good, but desiring it for so long and not getting it had made this feel like the first drink of cold water after being out all day in a hot field.

“This is sooo good, you like have no idea.” Bailey felt August’s hand wrap around to rest on his exposed stomach. “I would do anything to make you happy, just like you do for me.” Bailey didn’t respond to him, just took another bite of the burger as he felt a kiss to his neck. The kiss was enough to cause goose bumps across his skin.

“Auggy, I’m trying to eat!” Bailey said with a mouth half full of food.”

“Okay, maybe after lunch the two of us can go off, just the two of us.” Bailey nodded, leaning back so that his back pressed into August to keep him from doing it again so he could eat the delicious burger in peace, completely unaware of the rest of the group around him or that Leah was getting a cheat on lunch as well.

When everyone was done eating, August was happy to say each of the couples would be going off by themselves. Bailey looked over at Liam and shook his head. “I like can’t, sorry Auggy I would like love to but I promised I would keep an eye on Leah.” He smiled at the perfect excuse.

“Jeremy, why don’t the two of you go together in the lazy river. That way you aren’t doing something like dangerous or whatever and we all can our me time.”

“Umm yeah, yeah sure. I will make sure Leah is okay, I promise.”

“See little sis, nothing to worry about. You just go off and enjoy your snack.” She said giving her best friend a little wink, happy that everyone gets to have what they want.

“Yeah, Jeremy is the responsible type, I think the two of them will be okay and after we have some alone time we can go join them.” Bailey looked over his shoulder at Leah as August guided him away from the group. He had avoided spending time alone with August for over a week, god he hoped he just wanted to go on a couples slide and not make out or something.

Seeing lean into August as they walked away looking back made Liam look at Jeremy. The lazy river didn’t sound bad at all, but first he had to go take care of his braces. Both his food and the chicken had definitely got stuck on something and he needed to go brush his teeth, a constant thing with the annoying braces. “That sounds fun, but first I need to brush my teeth.”

“I need to go freshen up, so I will like go with you.” Candi said following along after Liam grabbed the toothbrush kit from his bag and went off to the ladies room. Pulling out the travel toothbrush he started to get ready to brush his teeth when Candi leaned against the sink, so that her back was facing the mirror. “I’m really glad you are having fun.”

Holding the toothbrush in one hand Liam glanced over at her and realized he couldn’t say she was wrong. The bathing suit riding up his rear, having Jeremy kiss him were not his idea of a good time, but it was nice to get such honest attention. That along with all the laughter from the day as the splashed along in the tide pool area as they shot each other with water guns without worrying about looking cool or being childish was nice and anyone who said they didn’t have fun on a water slide was lying. So today really had been a good day, the chicken strip making it close to a great one. “I really am, I’m actually really happy I came.”

“I know both you and Jeremy are shy, but it is okay to ask him to be your boyfriend. I can see how much you like him.”

Liam had just opened his mouth to brush his teeth. He looked at the blonde girl in the mirror and shook his head slightly. “I really don’t want to ask him that.”

Liam said before putting the tooth brush in his mouth, starting with his back teeth.

“Well I will be subtle when I make him ask you then.” Liam tried to glare at her as he continued with his task, but a moment later she giggled.

“I can see you don’t just like that idea, but you love it.” He looked down to where she was looking, he could already feel it, but seeing it confirmed his worst fears. Standing at attention were his nipples, and they were very visible in his white swimsuit. Terror flooded him as he covered his chest, trying to press down on the large breasts. Unsure why they were react that way to talking about Jeremy and him being boyfriend and girlfriend and worse he could feel his little man getting excited and pressing against the tuck kit. Completely unaware how the feminine supplements in his shakes were affecting his body and how he had been training himself to get turned on when sticking something in his mouth.

“Hey, don’t like be embarrassed, that is natural. I will stay here till you calm down, I’m sure Ry and Jeremy don’t mind spending a little time together.

“Why me.” Liam whispered to himself, but not quite enough for it to go unheard.

“Its fine Leah, like heck if you were older I would totally be your wing woman, I would stand outside and tell everyone the bathroom was closed while you and Jeremy had some fun. But like don’t tell Bailey I said that. I told her that I was going to help make you into a strong confident woman and I like don’t need her saying I’m as bad as her.”

“I wont talk about this to anyone, I promise.” Liam said, covering his chest with one arm while moving the other to finish what he started, hating that the arousal he was feeling wasn’t going away at all. What is wrong with me? I already admitted I was having fun today, do I actually like Jeremy? I’m not gay, what is going on? He questioned himself as he looked in the mirror, rinsing his mouth out, and now wondering how long Candi would actually let him stay in here before making him go back out to Jeremy.

Chapter 31

Ryan pulled up into the driveway then looked back into the SUV, seeing Leah slumped over onto Jeremy's shoulder. His arm was around her and by the little bit of drool he could see in the corner of her mouth he could tell she had fallen asleep. He couldn't blame the girl, a day out in the sun doing physical activity made a nap sound like the best idea anyone had given out all day. He gave a nod of his head towards the younger boy.

"Leah, we are at your house now." Jeremy said gently, smiling at the girl as she smacked her lips together a few times, her eyes fluttering open. He felt the urge to kiss her, but he couldn't bring himself to do that in the car with so many others.

"Yeah?" Liam wiped the drool from his mouth, his lips already curling up to their new default position of a slight smile. "Sorry, I fell asleep." Liam remembered getting into the back of the SUV with Jeremy, the cool AC blowing over his hot and tired body, them pulling out of the parking and then nothing.

"I didn't mind." Jeremy said, looking into her beautiful blue eyes. He had really started to love looking into her deep blue eyes surrounded by her long eyelashes.

"Well I better...ahh head inside. Thank you everyone for today." Liam paused for a second not sure if he should just leave or give Candi and Bailey a hug. Both were the touchy feely type and then there was Jeremy. Should he give him a hug? Should he give him another kiss? Thinking of kissing the teenager brought back a memory from just earlier in the day when the two of them were in the lazy river together. At a bend in the flowing water was a waterfall and he had swam under it wanting to feel the water crashing down, but when he did he also found there was a gap of about half a foot between it and the wall.

Coming up from the water Jeremy had breached the surface right next to him, he said something Liam couldn't make out from how loud the crashing of the water was. Liam moved a little closer yelling "What?" Instead of Jeremy saying something though, he took hold of his hips and pulled Liam into him. Out of reflex Liam wrapped his legs together around him, like he was about to fall. Then he found himself with his back against the wall, his lips parted as Jeremy kissed him.

Feeling the boys lips press into his own Liam stopped moving, but after a few passing seconds he found himself kissing back when Jeremy's tongue flicked touching his own. Testing the boundaries and when Liam didn't react to shut that

down fast enough it came back in, touching and rubbing on his own tongue. The realization he was being french-kissed by someone so much younger than him, someone that was also a boy caused revulsion to flood through his mind, as his body drank in the affection. Liam could feel his nipples stiffen, as his own cock started to strain against the tuck kit. His mind was at war with itself with how it enjoyed the touch, how unconsciously he tightened his legs around Jeremy. Knowing this was wrong, knowing he wasn't gay, but less certain of it at that second than he had ever been in his life. The storm in his mind that was raging ceased existing along with all other thoughts when he felt the pure pleasure of lightning zipping through his body when Jeremy's hand cupped and rubbed across his nipple.

Liam wasn't sure how long the two were like that, the roaring of the waterfall had even seemed to fade away as every available sense was focused on what he was feeling. It did come to an end when they were jostled; a life guard had spotted them and was ushering them out with a knowing smile on his face. With a blush on his cheeks that was so red and hot it could have given him a sunburn Liam pressed his face into a yellow inflated raft that floated by free of a passenger. He felt the need to go finish himself off and jerk off to get some release, his dick still tucked away only thanks to the tuck kit, but still hard and uncomfortable.

"Well, ahh Bye!" Liam said, holding up one hand and waving his fingers before getting out of the car. He had hugged, kissed and touched Jeremy enough today, he did not need anymore of that he had decided. Taking his bag from the back of the car Liam moved up to his door, happy to be home.

While in the car, Bailey reached to the seat behind her and pushed Jeremy's shoulder. "What are you like waiting for. Go walk your girlfriend to the door."

"Heheheh she isn't my girlfriend."

Candi reached over and opened the side door again, motioning him to get out. "Then go fix that."

"She is into you little man, you got this." August said from the front seat, his eyes closed as he leaned his head against the back of his seat.

Turning the doorknob Liam found the door was locked, so he started to look through the bag for the house key when he heard someone coming up quickly behind him. Turning around he saw Jeremy. "Ahhh hi?" He said nervously.

Taking a breath to calm himself, or trying to calm himself Jeremy fidgeted with one of his hands, giving the girl in front of him a nervous smile. "I just wanted you to know I had a good, no a ahh... I had an amazing day with you today."

"Today was a lot of fun."

"Yeah, yeah, it was." He nodded at her words like he was agreeing with her. "I was thinking maybe we could do this again. I mean not the water park, but we could go back there if you want. I Just ahh I mean I would love to take you out again."

"You want to go on another date?" Liam blinked at Jeremy a few times, swallowing hard. He wasn't going to get out of dressing up like a teenage girl and it seemed the boy had fallen for him or some such nonsense. He had dated a lot of girls, but none of them had ever looked at him the way Jeremy did. It felt good, it felt scary.

"Honestly? Dates, I want to take you on dates. I want to just sit around and hold your hand, I want to go on a picnic with you to a park. If I could afford it, I would take you out to expensive restaurants. Leah, I just want to be with you. Would you..." Jeremy paused licking his lips, as he felt a bead of sweat run down his back. "Would you be my girlfriend?"

"Girlfriend!?" Jeremy heard her say in a shy, excited kind of way. He could feel the emotion behind the word and it made his smile dial up a few notches. It emboldened him enough to bring his hand up to cup her cheek and lean in to kiss her. When the kiss ended he pressed his forehead to hers.

"Is that a yes?" He sounded confident as he asked the question, like it was a given, but the boldness was gone just as quick as it had come. He held his breath, waiting for her to answer. She didn't answer him with words, she just nodded her head. She was smiling, he loved how she always smiled. He had seen her get upset, angry, irritated, but no matter what she always went right back to smiling. He thought it took real courage in a world they lived in to always put on that brave face. Like she was saying throw whatever you have at me and in the end I will still be me and still be happy.

Jeremy kissed her again, just a quick thing before pulling back, letting go of her hand as he stepped back just far enough way that they were out of each other's reach. "I will call you later okay?" Liam started to turn back to the door when he looked back to Jeremy as he ran around the side of the SUV jumping in the air and throwing his fist up in excitement. He couldn't believe what just happened,

that he had said yes, well... nodded his head. He didn't want to be anyone's girlfriend, so why did he say yes?

Putting the key in the door Liam decided he had said yes so he didn't hurt the boy and to garner approval from Miss Megan. When he made her happy she was much nicer to be around. Liam nodded to himself as he stepped into his house, deciding that yes. That was why he agreed to be Jeremy's girlfriend.

"How was your day Leah? Sounded like you pulled up a few minutes ago, what were you doing? Making out with your boyfriend or something?" Liam's jaw fell open hearing that from his brother. He was sitting on the couch in his robe, beer sitting beside him on the coffee table as he rubbed the feet of Miss Megan. Who sat on the opposite side of the couch, wearing one of his button up shirts, much of her cleavage on display and all of her long smooth legs that she had up in his lap.

Liam wasn't sure why, but he felt guilt, embarrassment and shame as tears came to his eyes. Instead of answering any of his questions Liam just dropped his bag and ran off to his room, throwing the door closed as he did. Not taking the time to take off the tall wedge shoes or bathing suit he just jumped on his bed, burying his face in a pillow and crying. His emotions felt out of control, the day had been good, it had been really good, but confusing. Then when daddy went and asked those simple questions he couldn't answer them, he couldn't say yes I had a good time. Yes, I was kissing my boyfriend. He shouldn't have had fun, he shouldn't have been kissing a boy and he shouldn't have a boyfriend.

Chapter 32

Taking slow steps Liam started walking towards the small chapel on the grassy hill. The white washed wood building looked like it could have been any church built almost a hundred years ago that still stood with its large cross at the top. He wasn't a believer in some higher power, sure he could admit it could exist, but that only made the shit going on in the world feel worse if there was some cosmic figure about to pass judgment on morality, but not willing to actually make things better. His mom liked going to church, dressing up in her Sunday best, she would take him along and drop him off with other kids, but she never forced him to go and when she was gone there was never a reason to go at all.

He felt a shove from behind and stumbled forward a few steps before spinning around, walking backwards in his sneakers as he gave the middle finger to the tall blonde woman. He knew he hated Megan Best, but he had to do what she said for some reason and today she was making him go to church. Liam was going to say something to her when his brother rushed up to her side kissing her cheek. She giggled from his beard like a lot of girls did, the two of them together bothered him, it was like Chuck disapproved of him ever since they started to sleep together. So he turned back around, sticking his hands into the pockets on his jeans and stepped inside.

The front room of the chapel only had a few lights and they only seemed to light up the area immediately around them. He could make out the closed double doors that led inside the chapel and a large mirror by a window. That was when he heard the familiar voice, one that he felt like he hadn't heard in forever because she was gone. Though that couldn't have been true because she was right there, his mom was standing right there by the window wearing her favorite dress. It was what she loved to wear to church, white with a small repeating flower pattern of pink flowers and green vines. "Is that my little Liam? You came to church without me? I thought I would never see the day."

"I'm not so little now." Liam said smiling at his mom, taking her all in. She wore her long dark hair in a simple updo held together by an old silver clasp she inherited from her grandmother. He always wished his hair was as dark as hers instead of the ordinary color he had, but he shared her deep blue eyes and in hers right now he could see how happy she was. Moving closer he wrapped his arms around her, feeling the love they shared like it was a physical thing.

"I always worried about you Liam. You constantly got into mischief like when you pulled a chair back at school for a girl as she went to sit down so she fell and started to cry."

"That was a joke, I thought it would be funny."

"It was cruel." She said sternly. "You have turned a corner though and you aren't cruel or full of mischief anymore are you?"

"I'm afraid Liam was too bad, we had to replace him with Leah and she is a good girl. Aren't you Leah?" Liam turned his head to the front door, seeing the woman who had shoved him towards the chapel, Megan Best. His mind didn't even acknowledge his brother wasn't with her.

“I am a good girl and proud.” He replied to her, before covering his mouth, turning back to look at his mom.

“Well I always just wanted what was best for you and if you have to be Leah then I am happy to say you look beautiful on a day like today. I always said no one wants to stick around someone like that, that is why I left your father, but now that you are good you can find someone to be happy with for the rest of your life. Gosh you are beautiful Leah, I just love that look.”

“What look?” Liam asked, his voice now a higher pitch and much softer. No reply seemed to come so he stepped closer to the mirror, he hardly noticed how he had to take small dainty steps in his tall silver heels and inside the tight mermaid style dress. When he looked in the mirror he let out a gasp. That wasn’t him in the mirror, it was a young woman. Her chestnut hair was styled beautifully, coming down to just barely touch the end of her neck. Her makeup enhanced her large, deep blue eyes. The woman’s plump lips looked soft and kissable making him reach out to the mirror like he could touch her cheek and as he did he felt his own hand with long glossy nails tipped in white do just that. He saw her open her mouth in surprise revealing a mouth full of braces.

Liam took a small step back in the tall heels, feeling like he was about to fall over from stepping on the long gown that went past his feet to drag on the floor. The dress itself was white with a silvery lace embroidery across the tight mermaid style dress that flared out with a softer satin fabric just past his knees, completely covering him from above his breasts down. No one being able to see his smooth legs perched into the incredibly high heels he was perched in was good, he thought. Though the white sheer lace sleeves that hardly seemed there made the wedding dress feel that much more feminine.



Turning away from the mirror Liam went to look for his mom, but she was gone. He was alone in the mostly dark room when music started to play, a song everyone knew, it was the song signaling that the bride was about to walk down the aisle. Before he could decide to try and flee he felt a strong hand wrap around his, pulling him along towards the double doors into the main part of the chapel. It was a large and strong arm, following it up Liam saw his father just as he last remembered him, though sober and in a tuxedo.

He didn't know why he didn't try to pull away, he simply took one step after another. To do anything else would be like fighting gravity to fly away. "You were always a little shit, you know that Liam? I should have beat the rebellion out of you when I had the chance, just a good for nothin. At least your brother had the backbone to stand up to me, what did you do? You let him take it for you, such weakness you were never really a man were you?"

Each accusation hurt, Liam felt tears starting to come to his eyes. He couldn't find his voice to talk back, to stand up to him. He was always quick to speak up or put someone down, but never with him, he could never with him. Liam could only walk next to his father as they walked down the aisle, one small step at a time. His father kept talking and he looked away out to the people in the pews. It was full of semi remembered faces of people he had slept with, it was hard to make out exactly who any one person was, but he could tell they seemed happy for him to be finding someone to marry and doubly so they wouldn't have to see him again. It partly made sense he knew the few times he tried to hook up with someone he had already been with it was met with failure.

"That being said, I'm happy for you." The positive words were so different from what he was saying it caused Liam to almost get whiplash as he looked to the man. "We all have seen how much happier you have been running around with him. You had real fun, didn't have a care in the world and did it without hurting anyone or breaking any laws." Liam felt his father pat the back of his hand with his free hand. If you had fun like that, it means this is the right course of action for you Leah. If you had been a good girl all along maybe I would have even stayed around."

Liam shook his head no, but as he did they came to a stop and his father was gone. Instead he was looking at Jeremy who stood in front of him in an expensive looking suit. Liam was able to look down on him for the first time with how tall his shoes were. Anxiety rose as Liam could feel the look of adoration coming from him. He couldn't see it, but he knew in Jeremy's hand was a gold ring with a diamond on it, this was a wedding for the two of them.

“We have all gathered here today to witness the loving marriage between Liam and Jeremy. I would normally ask if anyone has any reason they should not, but there is no need.” The pastor said holding in one hand that seemed as large as the man’s torso. Liam wanted him to ask that question so he could say this wasn’t supposed to happen, he needed that question without it how would anyone know?

“We need not ask that question because the truth is evident!” Liam felt a chill run down his spine and felt suddenly unfamiliar with his footwear like he was about to topple over. Before that could happen Jeremy wrapped his arm around his waist to steady him.

“Boy! Do you love Liam and wish to bind yourself to him!?”

“I do!” Liam heard him say with much more confidence than he ever had before.

“Then you are a fool! The person you hold onto is none other than a heretic! Liam is a non-believer! There is only one place for people like him!” The preacher’s voice rose in volume with each consecutive word a chorus behind him started to sing as red lights filled the room. “To hell! To hell! To hell he goes!”

The room felt much hotter and getting hotter by the second like each sin he had committed in life raised the temperature of the room by another degree. Liam watched, paralyzed as the pastor stepped closer raising the thick book like he was going to bring it down to smite him. The blow came down and Liam found himself shutting his eyes, unable to witness his own destruction. People joked about catching on fire if they actually went into the church, but the truth seemed worse.

A second passed with no pain, and then a few more before Liam opened his eyes. Seeing Jeremy a few feet in front of him pushing back against the bible and pushing the man back. He could see Jeremy look back at him as he struggled against the pastor, but still he smiled. “I got this, so long as I have you...” Right then Liam knew he was protected, he wore around his neck a silver cross and it never burned him. With it and Jeremy he would be fine, Jeremy was holding the man so that he could be safe and the two of them could be happy. Turning his entire body Liam could feel the sway of his breasts, the soft fabric across his legs, the movement of the earrings as he looked back to the double doors he came in through.

Standing where she was, she knew she was safe and what the future could hold. If

she moved quickly and stepped just right then she could make it through those doors. Beyond those doors he could be safe, he might not. Out those doors was his old future, full of much of the same as he had endured. It wouldn't be bad, it could be great, but out that door was also all of his old problems and the weight of the world. In here Bailey was his maid of honor out there she was calling the police to say he raped her.

Taking a step and then another toward the door, with each step Liam could feel the heels on his feet get shorter and the dress got easier to move in, but after just a few steps he saw Miss Megan guarding the door with a hairbrush she had used on his rear more than once, shaking her head. Liam knew if he wanted his old life he would have to fight her and do it alone. It was enough for him to take a step backwards, reversing the changes to his clothes and making him feel protected yet again. He knew he couldn't stand in the middle of the aisle, he had to get through those doors or move back to the other way.

Feeling a touch on his shoulder Liam opened his eyes, seeing his bedroom without any lights as Miss Megan sat at the edge of his bed dressed much like he had seen her before. "We need to get you up sweetheart, you can't stay in that bathing suit and we need to get you clean after the day you had. If you feel up to it you can have some ice cream and watch a movie with your Daddy and I."

"Ice cream?" Liam asked groggily, feeling the woman slide some hair out of his face. Megan smiled as she looked down at Liam. Bailey had been almost non-stop texting her about the day and while she loved the updates and the smoking photos of Leah and Jeremy kissing, or how adorable it was to see Leah drooling as she slept leaning into the boy on the car ride home. Eventually she had to tell Bailey they would talk later. She had already heard the news from Christina about how proud she was of her son and how he was over the moon that the two were now an item.

"Yeah, I understand you were a good girl today and good girls get rewards. Do you want some ice cream?" She didn't mention it was vegan ice cream made with coconut milk, but it would still be a frozen sugary treat she could use to reward him.

"Yeah..." Liam said sitting up in bed, rubbing some of the sleep from his eyes, seeing the bedside clock said it was seven fifteen.

"Okay, then go run along and shower. I will lay out something for you to wear." Liam started getting out of bed, his mind foggy from sleep and the lastly impressions of the dream. He considered asking her why she was still here, but

decided against it. Instead just did what she asked and ran off to the bathroom, not taking the time to take off the wedge heels or the bathing suit first.

Chapter 33

Slowly Liam opened his eyes, just a little bit as he felt someone touch his bare shoulder. He let out a small snort as consciousness came back to him, noticing a few things at once. That he was cuddling onto one of the frilly throw pillows that were on his bed, that his room was still dark, no sun seeping in through the curtains and that Miss Megan was standing over him. “Come on sweetheart, we have to get going.”

Sitting up he let out a yawn and stretched, not wanting to get a strike for dawdling he started to get out of bed. “Good morning Miss Megan.” he looked over at the time, his eyelids still halfway open. “It's early.”

“I know sweetheart, we have to hurry back to my place this morning. I didn't bring anything for church with me, so we have to go there first. You can get ready there too, for now you go rush off and do your morning routine.” He saw her open his closet, but turned away when the light came on blinding him slightly before he left the room and moved to the bathroom.

Looking in the mirror Liam looked at himself groggily, he had forgotten Miss Megan had given him a home facial, complete with green night mask. After she had done it to him he did the same to her, it had been amusing when she offered to give daddy one. Liam let out a small giggle thinking back to him holding up a pillow like a shield to keep them away. In the end he ended up with the same green mask as them, though Liam doubted he really went to bed that way.

The giggled stopped quickly, both seeing and feeling his chest move with the movement of his chest and drawing his attention to the tan lines on his body. A lasting reminder of the day at the water park, a day he could think fondly of, but the tan lines reminded him of the bad parts of the day. After sitting to take care of his business Liam cleaned off the night mask, unsure if that meant he didn't have to do everything this morning or if he still did and he didn't feel up to engaging with Miss Megan. It was too early to be awake and he didn't trust himself not to say something or not say something he should and end up with a strike. So he

washed his face, exfoliated and then moisturized. Turning on his new electric toothbrush a surprise from daddy... Liam shook his head wishing he wasn't first thinking about his brother like that.

The brush vibrated in his mouth as he ran it across his teeth and the railroad tracks that were forced upon him when his eyes widened a little in surprise. His nipples were becoming erect poking through his nightie and his dick started to get hard. "Slow down there, we aren't doing that right." He said looking down at his chest talking both to 'his girls and his manhood.' Getting turned on by brushing his teeth was something new and just one more thing that bothered him. Though by the time he was washing his mouth out a thought came to him. Jerking his head up he smiled at the pretty girl in the mirror. "It wasn't him... if I'm getting turned on by a toothbrush then of course I did yesterday. I like girls." He said, nodding to himself in the mirror like the reflection of Leah looking back at him was confirming his statement.

"I like girls, I like kissing girls, it feels good to kiss girls and if it feels good to kiss Jeremy. Then that just means it just feels good to kiss. I'm not gay, I'm not gay." Just as he said the last word the bathroom door opened a crack, causing him to jump.

"Leah we have to hurry, but..." Megan opened the door more, stepping into the bathroom and closing it behind her. "If you need to talk about your sexuality I'm here for you. Everyone can see you aren't gay with how much you like being with Jeremy and if it is because you were looking at Candi or Bailey in their swimsuits you don't have anything to worry about. Every girl looks at other women and compares them to ourselves. Do you want to sit down and have the talk about sex with me?"

"No, umm didn't you say we need to hurry?" Megan gave the feminized man a hug, leaving her hands on his shoulders as she pulled back.

"It is a standing offer if you need to talk about that or your period or anything like that, but you are right. Let's head back to my place."

Liam gave her a few small nods, not wanting to ever have a discussion like that with her. He was way past needing to talk about sex and he really didn't want to talk about a woman's periods and tampons. "Thank you Miss Megan, let me just go get changed real quick."

"No need sweetheart, you are just going from the house to my car, and then my

car to my house. It is early no one will see you if you move quick.”

“Oh...” His initial reaction was to tell her no, but that would mean he wasn’t being a good girl and it would mean getting a strike. He had only had to use the dildo once yesterday and he didn’t want to remind her of the lapse. So he followed her out of the bathroom, the house still dark and the master bedroom door still closed. When he looked back to the door, wondering if his brother was coming Megan shook her head no.

Sprinting to the car Liam pulled on the back seats door handle, but the door didn’t budge. “Quick as a rabbit this morning, just give me a second.” Megan said, locking the front door of the house. Liam didn’t even consider the fact she had a key, only pulling on the door handle a few more times as he looked around to see if anyone was out to see him now that the sun was starting to come up.

The trip from his house to her’s normally took about twenty minutes, but this early with traffic it was little less than ten before they pulled into Megan’s driveway. Much to the relief of Liam when he was able to get into the safety of her house. All the way here he was slumping in his seat to avoid anyone seeing him in the babydoll, even though not many people were out and ignoring the fact that the windows were tinted. Taking a few breaths in relief as Megan looked on amused she started making her way down the hallway dropping off the bag she had for Leah to change into. Following her he stopped at the mirror halfway down the hallway to check his reflection like he had been taught before continuing on.

Between makeup, brushing his hair and getting dressed Liam was ready to go in little under an hour, a far cry from how long it took him to get ready to go anywhere before. He disliked taking up so much of his day to just get ready to go somewhere because he had to live as a stupid girl and no matter what he did the long nails got in the way almost as much as the swell to his chest. Today’s outfit was picked out to make him seem more pure he was sure, a long sleeved cotton blouse that came up his neck like a turtle neck, a pleated skirt that somewhere between cream and pink. “This is cute.” Liam said holding up the skirt and biting his tongue right after.

More than once now he has had to look through different outfits and explain to Miss Megan why he liked them and what piece of his existing wardrobe would it go well with. It was worse when he had to pick three skirts or dresses to tell his brother that he wanted and ask him if he thought he would be pretty in them. Today with the skirt he had on white tights and these cream colored three inch heeled booties with bow on the side. Adding the silver cross necklace he could see

in the mirror a pretty teen girl looking innocent as can be and ready to head to church. No one was able to see he wore a white satin thong that he hated between his ass cheeks or a white lace and satin shelf bra that would probably have some of the stuffy church folk clutching their pearls if they knew he was wearing it there. Of course there were also his balls pushed up into his body, his deck pulled back and covered in the tuck kit. If they knew about that, the bible thumbers might try to burn him at the stake.

When Megan walked in the room she saw Leah shifting from one foot to the other and fidgeting with her hands as she looked down at the ground. More and more she was seeing Leah and less of Liam in how this person presented themselves. The previous night when they were giving each other facials after eating the vegan ice cream she hardly thought of Liam at all and with how little he was defying her she wondered how much fight was left in him. So far he had resisted her much more than Bailey. “You nervous about something today Leah? Or maybe feeling butterflies in your tummy knowing you are going to go to church with your boyfriend?”

“Oh! Hi Miss Megan, you look really pretty today. How do I look?” He ignored her slight about now having a boyfriend. He didn’t tell her, but apparently Jeremy’s mom was bursting at the seams happy when her little boy couldn’t keep it to himself. The truth was he was nervous about going to church, he hadn’t been there in so many years and definitely not looking like he did now. He didn’t remember much about his dream the other day, except he was in a wedding dress and the pastor was trying to kill him yelling that he was a heathen and shouldn’t be in a holy place.

“You look beautiful today Leah, turn around for me.” Liam did as she said, smiling at the praise. Learning makeup had been difficult, girls spent years picking it up, but when he practiced if he didn’t do it right it felt like she made him try again a hundred times before she would even see if he did it right. Today she gave him no corrections, he knew being good at makeup wasn’t something to be proud of, but getting her approval meant no punishments.



“I really like your outfit.” He said looking at the blonde woman up and down. He had said the compliment before to her without thinking about it, but she really did look good and his brother wasn’t even here to see it. She was wearing a black pleated skirt with a thin leather belt the skirt came halfway down her thigh, dark high denier pantyhose, a bright yellow long sleeve cotton blouse with a satin strip tied around her neck into a little bow like it was a necklace. Then down on her feet were a sexy pair of black booties with five tiny brass buttons on the front like they were used to close the shoes. He knew the red on the bottom of the four inch

heel meant they were expensive.

“You like these?” She said, turning one of her heeled feet to the side when she saw Liam’s eyes lingering on her footwear. They were actually her sister’s shoes, a pair that Bailey had gotten her and she had borrowed. “I would let you borrow them, but I’m already doing that from my sister and your foot is a bit smaller than mine.”

“It’s too bad, I wish I was as beautiful as you Miss Megan.” he said giving her a sweet smile. When he saw her tilt her head and just look at him appraisingly he wondered if the being overly nice bit had come across as sarcastic and if so would that mean he was in trouble?

“You are plenty beautiful Leah, you will see that for yourself when you are on stage at the beauty pageant. I appreciate the compliment though, thank you Leah. Now I bet you are hungry, we are going out for lunch after service so I will whip you up a shake.”

“Beauty pageant!?” Liam said, but he realized he must have been in his own mind for a second thinking about what she had just said because Miss Megan was no longer in the bedroom. Walking out he stopped again in front of the mirror in the hallway before making his way into the kitchen seeing Miss Megan mixing a few different powders into a glass before filling it with almond milk.

“Here you go, everything a girl on a diet needs to fill her up and help her grow.” Taking the glass after she put a straw in it he sucked in a mouthful wishing the concoction really could make him grow. If he had the same height and build as his brother everything would be different, but this wasn’t a new wish.

Sitting down on the edge of a seat by the kitchen table he put the glass down at the table, already seeing a lipstick mark on the white plastic straw. “Miss Megan, could we talk more about the pageant?”

Megan looked over at the clock over the stove before sitting down at the head of the table. “I know how much you always wanted to be Miss America and I thought I could help you with a high heeled step in the right direction. The weekend after next you might be the next Miss Young Beauty Queen. Don’t get too excited now, this is just a local pageant, but if you win there you will qualify to enter the Miss Teen Nevada contest. Isn’t that exciting!?”

“I... I...” Liam took another sip from the straw while he tried to wrap his head

around what she was saying. “I’m so excited I don’t have any words.” With effort he smiled as brightly as he could at her without it looking completely fake, showing her his braces covered teeth. He understood why people were so shy about showing their teeth when they smiled when they had braces, needing them felt embarrassing, they made him feel more juvenile and the pink girlish touch only made it worse.

“I knew you would love it. We are going to need a lot of practice this week to make sure you win, and we need to think of a song for you to play with your saxophone.”

“I’m going to be playing at the pageant?!” His voice squeaked a little in fright. He had just picked up the instrument again, sure he was starting to remember the fingering, but he wasn’t ready for any type of concert.

“Of course sweetheart, that is why your father picked it up for you. He thought it would be perfect for your talent portion of the pageant.” The idea his brother had a hand in this felt like a betrayal, he couldn’t even so much as give him a heads up. First there was making Chuck making him say how he would be a good girl for his daddy and how much he loved his daddy, then there was singing nursery rhymes in the corner, wearing heels to bed and now this.

Liam didn’t respond to Miss Megan, just sat there at the time drinking his breakfast shake, while he tried to go over his options of running away again, but this time things were worse off than the last time he considered the option. At this point he wasn’t sure he didn’t have any option other than going to the police himself and hoping they believed him enough to get Miss Megan arrested along with him. If that was going to work he would need to get on her phone, her laptop and the computer in her home office to delete or throw away any evidence that made it look like he did this voluntarily. She wasn’t likely to leave all three unguarded at once, but he could try for the phone first and then the other two when the ditzy Bailey was babysitting him. Just hand the girl a card that said on both sides turn over and she would be kept busy for a while he was sure.

“Go rinse your glass out Leah, then you can grab your purse so we can head off to church.”

Chapter 34

Getting out of the vehicle Liam moved the thin strap of his purse over his shoulder and closed the door. Catching a glimpse of his reflection in the tinted window he turned his head from left to right, inspecting his makeup, eyeshadow, mascara were hardly ever an issue, but his lips often needed touching up. Pulling out lip gloss from the purse he added a new layer over his lips before turning to walk over to Miss Megan and head towards the church.

Liam had driven past this place plenty of times, so he knew it looked more like a school for how the buildings were set up and instead of a cross atop the chapel, it had a large cross about half the height of the building on its side that faced traffic. Yet he still kept picturing an old timey chapel on a hill for some reason whenever Miss Megan mentioned this place. Ahead of them were different groups of people dressed up for church in their own little groups outside the main building, but the person that caught his attention was Jeremy running up to him with a big smile on his face.

“Good morning Leah!” Jeremy said, taking two quick deep breaths from his sudden run across the parking lot. “Good morning Miss Best.” Jeremy inclined his head to her. Megan looked the boy over; he was dressed smartly in a pair of gray slacks and a dark blue button up shirt that had the sleeves rolled up. They were well fitting and looked new, she was pretty sure his mom must have taken him shopping to make sure he had appropriate clothes that fit him correctly. She was also positive the boy was at least half an inch taller than the first time she saw him when shopping with Bailey.

“Morning, you seem energetic this morning.”

“Yeah, I was talking with the others and wanted to come say hi.” Jeremy said, pointing his thumb over his shoulder at a group of familiar people already gathered.

“Ah, I see. Well Leah seemed to be in a particular rush to get here this morning too.” Liam looked at the older woman with his eyes wide and full of intent. Wishing she wouldn’t say things like that to give the boy ideas.

“You were?!” He said smiling at his new girlfriend. “If this is what you look like when you’re in a rush, I can’t wait to see you take your time.” Megan watched both him and Leah look away from each other at the same time when he spoke the confident line. Like she was embarrassed, or had gotten butterflies in her

stomach, while it took all the confidence the boy had to say it.

“Thank you, I... we just had to go to Miss Megan’s house this morning and...” Liam wanted to clear things up, he didn’t want Jeremy thinking he was rushing for him. The boy was nice, deserving of a girl who wanted to spend time with him. Someone sweet like he was, someone that wasn’t him, but he didn’t get to say much before he was cut off.

“She left the shoes she wanted for her outfit at my place, so we had to make a detour.”

“Those booties look umm you look great in them, I think it was worth the trip.” Jeremy had never had a girlfriend before and he really wasn’t sure how he was supposed to greet her. Ryan told him to just go for it, saying how most of the time if something work it was because it was done with confidence, not something he had a lot of. He spent Saturday night being super happy about being Leah’s boyfriend or second guessing himself about things he did that day. She didn’t step closer to him when he stopped in front so it made him second guess himself about giving her a hug, but he thought he should do something. So he reached out and took her hand, happy when she didn’t pull away.

“The two of you are adorable together, why don’t you walk ahead.” Liam could tell how nervous the boy was and he felt a little bad, if he was greeting someone that was his girlfriend he would have made sure she knew he missed her. Though he definitely didn’t want that attention, so he gave the boy’s hand a light squeeze to signal him that everything was okay and walked beside him up to the group of people while Miss Megan followed behind.

Liam was surprised to see all the faces gathered, Bailey, Bailey’s mom Miss Amanda. A tall man with swept back hair and beard talking excitedly about something with her and an elderly woman that was unmistakable for anything other than Candi’s grandmother. The woman was a little shorter, but one could look to her for how Candi would look in her golden years. She seemed to be engaged in talking to an older man, by his collar he was a priest of some kind.

Taking extra effort, Liam took the time to look over how everyone was dressed, not because he cared, but because Miss Megan said he not only needed to pay attention to how other girls dressed. That and she mentioned she may test him on it later and he was not going to fail another one of her tests. The elderly woman was in an ivory pants suit, a light blue blouse underneath, a pair of white rounded toe heels with maybe just over an inch block heel. They were much more sensible shoes than what he had on now. She wore her hair up and accessorized the outfit

with a gold brooch, a few rings and a single thin gold bracelet.

Miss Megan's sister, Miss Amanda stood out from much of the group wearing something he thought of as a fall outfit than a summer with what he had learned. It was a short sleeve dress, that was a reddish color, he really hoped he didn't get points off for not knowing the shade. She had a brown leather belt around her waist, and matching stiletto four inch heels he would guess, with little jewelry. With her hair down he couldn't see if she had any earrings in, but she did have a cross necklace similar to what he wore, though hers was gold. He could easily say she was fuckable, and it should have a capital F, but that wasn't going to get him anywhere other than trouble if he said it out loud.

Then there was Bailey and Candi. They were very much playing up the sister thing today and looking them over after Amanda. He was glad he was tucked away. They both seemed to be wearing the same gray and white tweed wrap skirt with three pearl buttons, black sleeveless blouses though not the same ones. Bailey's sat black blouse came up above her breasts and then it changed to lace up to her neck, while Candi's came up to a pussy-bow. It seemed like such a stupid name for a type of look, but he didn't make it up. They both had black pantyhose with a low denier count and white heels, though those were different from one another. Bailey's were a four, maybe four and half inch heel with a rounded toe and hidden inch platform. While Candi wore a pair of pointed toe thin ankle strap white heels about three inches. Examining them he noticed they even had similar earrings, Bailey's being large button pearls with little bit of gold or fake gold coming out to make it look like a sun or a flower, while Candi's had a small pearl, and a larger one hanging down below it. The only thing that was really different about the two was that Bailey's makeup was more dramatic, she had that whole cats eye thing some girls did with their eye makeup. He hoped when he mentioned that Miss Megan wouldn't want to teach him how to do it.

"GOOOOOOOD MORRRRRNING! Candi said in a sing-song voice giving Leah and Jeremy a wide smile, she was in such a good mood that only became better seeing the two holding hands. Liam watched the bubbly girl bump Bailey, the two of them were really playing up the sister thing today. "You were supposed to say it with me." She said looking at Bailey.

"Nooo, you said you wanted to sing good morning, good morning to you." Bailey said, singing the words. "And like I didn't want to sing so you like didn't even do it how you said you would."

Liam giggled a little at the two's banter. "You both really do seem like siblings." He said thinking about how he and his brother used to be when they were

younger. “Also I love your skirts, it's so cute how you both dressed.”

Candi gave a bright smile to the compliment, then stepped forward giving the younger girl a hug. “Oh my god, thank you! I love your outfit, it is way cuter than what I’m wearing.” She then pinched the bottom hem of her skirt.

“We didn’t even totally do this on purpose if you can believe it.” Bailey put one long nailed finger atop the top pearl button on her skirt.

“You totally told me to wear this today.”



“But I didn’t tell you to wear that cute blouse or those shoes or like those earrings, but they were all totally the right call. Now if you want to talk about something we can talk about your makeup, because you could have totally given me the heads up.” Candi said, proud her little sis had come so far.

“I like, just put together what I thought would look good and like...” Bailey looked over at Amanda. “Mommy asked me to brush her hair out this morning and then

she said she wanted to try something and she did my makeup.”

Candi looked from her friend over to her mom. “Jealous, I am totally jealous.” Bailey waved her hands in the air like she was trying to sway away a gnat.” He didn’t mean to create a matching outfit to Candi, she wanted him to wear the new skirt they both got and he just put together an outfit. Candi had been a big influence on how he dressed, so it made sense to him they would come up with something similar.

“We should like be talking more about Leah, with her cute outfit or... or this new thing.” Bailey said pointing to them holding hands, stepping forward to give each of them a quick hug. “I’m like so happy for you.” Bailey whispered to them both like it was a secret, while Candi bounced up and down on the balls of her feet, clapping a little. Making Jeremy feel a mixture of being happy and like the two girls had a spotlight on him, making him want to run away. Her outburst caught more people’s attention to Leah’s and his presence making him uncomfortable.

While they chatted Megan said hello to her sister and Derrick, getting a hug from both. “Megan, always a pleasure to see you.” Megan couldn’t help smile back at the man with his steady grin. She saw his eyes move over towards Leah for a second. “I don’t know how you do it.” He shook his head. “Your niece seems to love you like a second mother, you have enchanted my Candace and somehow you got your boyfriend’s daughter to attach herself to you. Mandy told me she has been at your house almost every day this week. When I first started to woo Mandy I was terrified how Candace would take it, or how Bailey would react to me.”

Amanda pat his arm, giving him a little peck on the cheek. “Wooing is what you call what you did?” He smirked, giving her a wink before holding up his hand to block his lips as he stage whispered to Megan.

“Swept her right off her feet, she didn’t have a chance.”

“As I recall it was you who did the falling at the wedding.” Amanda said, giving him a knowing look.

“I was doing the worm.” Amanda rolled her eyes.

“After you fell, to cover up that you fell.” Megan laughed at the exchange, incredibly happy her little sister was doing so well for herself.

“Well I will tell you that it took a lot of work, Bailey and I only recently became this close. Your daughter though has been a breath of fresh air to be around. I would gladly trade you one college age daughter for your highschool one.” Megan glanced over in Leah’s direction seeing her getting a hug from his daughter right at that moment. “Leah and I started off rocky the first few days when I started dating her father.”

Derrick followed the direction of her eyes. “Looks like the hard work has paid off, wait is she holding hands with that boy from the girl’s birthday party?”

“His name is Jeremy and that relationship is new from what I understand. Bailey couldn’t stop gushing about it last night when she came back from the water park.”

Derrick nodded, positive his baby girl had something to do with it if he knew her at all. “Megan, I have considered your offer and I have decided to keep Candace. Though I may revisit this the next time she is upset and I forgot to keep the house stocked with rocky road ice cream.”

Liam noticed how the chapel was open, people had been flowing in, but the group stayed out to chat and greet each other. The first to leave was the older looking man that was talking to Candi’s grandma, Nana or Nana Connors he was told to call her. When the sound of a bell came through the speakers in the overhang everyone started to make their way inside.

Following the group inside, Liam felt hesitant like he didn’t belong here and he might have asked Miss Megan if he could wait in the car and accept the punishment, if it wasn’t for the steadiness of the person next to him. Being inside the church with all the pews reminded him of his mother and as he frowned he heard Jeremy’s voice as he gave his hand a little squeeze. “Are you okay?”

Everyday going to work to work on cars, coworkers would ask how he was doing, how his day was, but no one really wanted to hear a real answer. When he was out on a date he had to keep the end goal in mind and not be a downer. Jeremy was asking him if he was okay just because he could tell something was wrong, when he was on a date and a girl looked apprehensive he would tell her everything was okay, and then he would order her a drink. Jeremy really wanted to know, and it felt good. “Yeah, soon everything will be perfect.” He said thinking about soon, but not soon enough, life would be better.

Getting to his seat he was able to free his hand from Jeremy and he tried to pay

more attention to what was going on in the service. Singing along to the songs on the screen, standing and sitting or kneeling on the little bench, trying to ignore the boy and the idea that he was starting to like him. The more time he spent around Jeremy the more he felt like he needed to be adopted like those kittens at the pet store. He was house broken enough, but someone needed to show him how to step up and believe in himself. Jeremy was too young to take out to the bar and show him the ropes. Liam rolled his eyes even thinking about that, like it was even a possibility in his current predicament. He needed to find a way to push him towards Bailey, a girl like her being all over him was exactly what Jeremy needed.

Liam's thoughts were interrupted when Jeremy took his hand in his own once again. The church was mostly silent except for the preacher, the same man Nana Connors was talking to.



“I have been asked where is God in these dark times? Now to be fair that may not be how they phrased it, but that is the question. People turn on their televisions and see the things happening out in the world and they think things are worse than they once were. Back in my day things were different.” He paused letting his voice flow through the room.

“We have all heard that and they are right. Things were different, better? I don’t know about that, but simpler, sure. I like going back to the same well, maybe that is lazy, or maybe it is just a good well. Mr. Rogers... and for those that don’t know I was lucky enough to meet Fred Rogers at a convention some years ago. I got to sit with him, eater dinner with him and his lovely wife. I bring this up one because I love telling that story and because when someone asks you where is God in these dark times you can say the same thing I’m going to tell you now. It also so happens to be the same thing Mr. Rogers has said. Look for the helpers.” He smiled at the congregation before continuing.

“Look to the helpers, for in them is the Lord. They don’t have to be Catholic or Christian to be doing the Lord’s work.” Liam smiled a little bigger remembering watching Mr. Rogers when he was little. Then he leaned forward to take a look at the group. Nana Connors seemed to be raptured by the preacher’s words, while her adult son Mr. Derrick looked to be losing the battle as his head drooped. Both the blue eyed blonde woman sat listening to the man, Miss Amanda looking up at him while Miss Megan was following along in a bible, much like Jeremy was doing. He smiled at the younger blonde girls, both seemingly paying little attention to anything the man said. Candi looked bored as she looked around the room, while Bailey had her phone out and was using it as a mirror to touch up her lips.

“A good girl always looks her best.” Liam said softly, opening up his purse to pull out a small compact mirror.

“What was that?” Jeremy whispered as he leaned closer. Liam looked at him and put his finger to his lips. “Shhh” Turning back to the mirror he snapped it closed realizing what he was doing. Then offered his hand back to Jeremy to hold, figuring the boy was going to do it anyways, why not do it on his terms and it would be a heck of a lot better if he suddenly had one of those seize the day moments and put it around his shoulder.

When service was over the group gathered back up, instead of the hand holding Liam found himself standing with his side pressed into Jeremy as he had his hand across his lower back holding his side. So he played up the girlfriend thing, holding his arm in both arms to his chest. When they talked about going to lunch,

Liam glanced to him. "Are you coming too?" He was hopeful, mostly because it would be easier to talk to him than to the girls. With Jeremy he could talk about just about anything and he seemed happy enough, while the topics with Bailey and Candi were limited to topics he was not a fan of even though he knew more about them than he wanted to.

"Sorry Leah, I have to run off to work. Mom said I could have off for church every week, but I need to make up for her letting me go with you yesterday. It is a fun day of inventory for me, maybe you can call me later to keep me company?"

"I can't believe you are even asking her, you are her boyfriend and she is gaga over you." Bailey said walking around the two, draping her hands on both of their shoulders and whispering to Leah. "I got your back girl."

"Aww, that is too bad, but I was super happy you were able to come yesterday." Candi said happy to see Bailey still helping her shy protege. Thinking how every girl loved a good romance and every girl wanted to not only be in it but to direct it so it was perfect and the two of them were simply adorbs.

"Yesterday was amazing." Jeremy said holding his girlfriend a little closer and kissing the top of her head. "Oh, before I forget. My eighteenth birthday is coming up and I wanted to invite you three along. It is just a small gathering at my house, my parents wanted to throw me a party." He started to feel embarrassed that for his coming of age party they wanted to throw it at home. "Sorry if that sound lame."

"Will you be there?" Candi asked like it wasn't obvious.

"Well yeah, it is my birthday."

"Then I don't see how it could be lame. Leah, set your man straight." Liam wasn't sure what to do to fulfill that request, so he kissed Jeremy on his cheek leaving a mark in the shape of his lips.

"You could never be lame to me Jeremy." To Jeremy the way Leah shifted holding his arms to her chest he could feel her move his arm across both of her breasts. Between that and the kiss he could feel himself starting to get an erection and he really hoped no one noticed. The interaction caused Bailey to cover his mouth with both his hands whispering to himself "Oh my god, oh my god, that just

happened!”

Liam felt a bit embarrassed by what he just did, but the silly smirk on the boy's face over a simple cheek kiss made him smile at just how innocent he was.

Amanda walked up the group of teenagers clapping her hands together once. “Okay everyone who is up for waffles!?”

Bailey hip bumped Candi, pointing at her. “She is all about the waffles, right sis?” Candi stuck her tongue out at Bailey. As she was reminded of the single bet she had lost and how she had to admit the bold face lie that waffles were better than pancakes.

“Me, so me!” Liam said thinking about the delicious carbs he had been denied.

“Alright then, everyone to their vehicles.” Amanda clapped her hands together again, this time twice rapidly. “Jeremy are you sure you can’t join us?” She asked him thinking how the girl looked like she might miss her new boyfriend. She found it so wonderful that after the struggles Megan had with her daughter, some her fault and some not, that she was able to connect with Leah. The girl was pretty and she found it surprising when she found out Bailey’s old best friend had a daughter, but Bailey was never one to overly share or at least she wasn’t till recently. Looking at her there was no doubt she was related to the Summer’s brothers. It was no wonder she turned out so shy if she had to spend time around her uncle Liam.

“Thank you for the offer, but I really do have to go.” Jeremy said, giving her a nod and waiting for her to turn away before addressing the girl at his side. He let go and shifted to stand in front of her, putting one hand to the side of her cheek. His heart beat increasing in tempo as he leaned forward to give her a quick kiss. He long to keep doing it, to relive part of that moment when they were under the waterfall, but outside a church was no place for that. “I will call you later, till then I will miss you Leah.” He gave the girl a large smile then another quick kiss before walking away his nerves feeling like they were on fire.

His dad told him to fake it till he made it, he sure wasn’t confident like the guys yesterday, but with Leah he was starting to feel like he made it anyways.

Liam stood there for a second or two, blinking, watching Jeremy walk away. He was a really good kid he thought. He was going to have to try talking up Bailey on the phone call to try and push him in her direction. She would set him down the

right path, so would Candi but she was leaving back to California soon enough so that seemed like a bad setup.

“Watching your man go?” Liam spun, almost falling on his heels as he turned to look at Miss Megan.

“That and thinking about waffles.” He gave her a big smile showing off his braces.

“After what you just did, I think you can have a waffle.”

“REALY!?” The word came out with much more enthusiasm than Liam intended, but it still felt right. Yesterday two chicken fingers and today a waffle all because he gave Jeremy a peck on the cheek.

“Keep being a good girl and we can see about some other rewards for good behavior.” He was a good girl and proud, but hearing her say it made him happy. She was often cruel to him, so little moments of praise like this felt good. The feeling stayed as he walked with Miss Megan to her car, even if he wished he didn’t think of himself as a good girl.

Chapter 35

After having lunch Megan took her charge back to her house. She was in a good mood sitting at the table with so much laughter. “Leah.”

“Yes Miss Megan?” She loved how prompt the feminized man replied.

“I have given it some thought and I think you shouldn’t get just the stick, so I want to offer you some carrots. So long as you keep being a good girl you can have some rewards, the better you are the better the reward. For example you can choose to go an hour without your heels today, would you like that?”

Looking down at the heeled booties on his feet Liam thought how he would love nothing more than just that, but this reward also felt a little like a trap. Would Leah want to take off a cute pair of shoes? Then there was the offer of bigger

rewards. “Hmmm, no that is okay Miss Megan. I love these shoes and they are still new so I’m breaking them in.”

Seeing her confused expression is exactly what he wanted, she thought he was just going to jump at the chance. “I was actually hoping that the two of us could like I dunno, go get our nails done together?” His nails were already done so it didn’t matter if it happened again, plus girls loved doing stuff like this so there was a chance she would offer something better next time. That and the massage to his calves and feet when getting a pedicure felt really good.

“You want to go get your nails done?” Liam smiled at her and nodded. “Sure we can do that later in the week, I will make an appointment for us.”

“Thank you Miss Megan, that sounds like a super fun time, but I was like also wondering if I could borrow your phone. Mine is almost dead and Jeremy was going to be calling me soon.” Liam channeled his inner Bailey, pouting his lip and fluttering his lashes.

“Well that just doesn’t sound like something you should miss, sure.” Pulling her cell phone out of her purse she unlocked it and handed it over, not really able to make heads or tails of the situation. Taking the cell phone in his hand, Liam held it to his chest.

“Thank you Miss Megan, I will be like super quick.”

“Take your time, but if another call comes in you need to tell me.”

“Will do!” Liam said, moving off to Becky’s old room as he quickly as he could so engrossed in the joy of his plan started to work he didn’t even think about how he stopped to check his makeup in the mirror along the way.

Sitting up the bed he removed the heeled shoes, tucking his feet under him as he propped himself up on the soft mattress. He didn’t dare shut the door, that would be pushing things to far, but soon as he got comfortable he moved to the files folder on her phone. She had tons of pictures and videos and he wished he could just get away with resetting the phone itself, but that she would absolutely notice and he could end up down at the brothel or with Lucus again. Every photo he saw his face in for the thumbnails, all of her recent videos he just went and deleted.

With a large smile on his face he took out his phone to get the phone number and

called Jeremy on Miss Megan's phone. She would be suspicious if she didn't hear him talking soon. The woman was too nosy not to be snooping.

"Hi Jeremy! Sorry to call you on Miss Megan's phone, but mine was like almost dead." Laying propped up on the bed, Liam rubbed his pantyhose-covered legs together. He always loved running his hands over a girl's nylon covered legs and here he was hairless legs with them on, feeling them rub on the silk sheets of the bed while the cool air of the home's air conditioner ran across them. If it wasn't for them bunching up he really wouldn't mind wearing them, well so long as he had to pretend to be a girl he quickly added to the thought.

"Hey there Beautiful, I was getting ready to call you in a few minutes."

"Oh are you too busy, we could like talk another time?" Liam pressed his head further back into the pillow as he looked up at the ceiling fan spinning, wondering why he was adding words to talk more like Bailey and Candi, but he had been around them a lot the last few days and monkey see, monkey do.

"No, no I can talk. If I wasn't talking to you I would be listening to a baseball game to keep my mind occupied."

"You do really like baseball huh?" Liam scrunched his nose up a little, it was the most boring of all the sports on tv, well not as boring as golf he supposed.

"You are making that face right now aren't you?"

Liam immediately stopped scrunching up his nose. "What face?"

"The face you make when you don't really like something. Like when you realized my burrito had meat in it. You were enjoying the taste and then you made that face. I know how you react to things. Like I told you before I love that you always smile, you try to enjoy the world around you, but I pay attention. I noticed how much you loved playing with the kittens, the face you made looking at them when we had to go."

Shifting on the bed Liam moved to his stomach and moving the pilling. "I think we were talking about baseball and how you liked it. Let's like stay on topic."

"Well it is called America's pastime, and my Dad and I go off to watch the minor league team the Aviators when we can. We have been doing it since I was six, so

yeah I like it and I think if I brought you with us next time and taught you what was going on you would enjoy it too. I mean if that would be something you would want to do.”

Kicking his feet back and forth in the air behind him Liam was enjoying the feeling of the air rushing around his legs and also liking the idea of going off to see a baseball game. It wasn't his thing, but it would be a heck of a lot better than the nail appointment he asked for. “Yeah that sounds like fun, but like listen I was looking at Bailey's outfit today and didn't you think she was gorgeous?”

“Ahh yeah, maybe, yeah, yeah. Bailey did look pretty today, but honestly my focus was on someone much more beautiful.” Liam felt his cheeks heat up from what he was sure was an honest compliment. He had put a lot of effort into getting ready today and it felt nice, but it was also incredibly embarrassing to be called beautiful as a man, while calling a little knock out like Bailey just pretty.

“No, I mean she always looks so put together and she is outgoing. Have you ever thought about asking her out?” Liam wasn't as experienced at playing wingman as he was getting someone for himself, but it felt a little frustrating to have to push Jeremy towards a hot girl like Bailey and he kept complimenting him instead. It was like you can bring a horse to water saying.

Holding a glass of iced lemonade Megan came into the room to drop it off on the nightstand and had to do everything she could to contain her smile seeing how Leah was laying on the bed with her feet in the air kicking them like a real teen girl happy to be on the phone with her boyfriend. Being in the room allowed her to hear the next part of the conversation.

“Leah, hold on.” There was a pause and Liam could hear a door shutting. “I want to tell you something and I want you to listen carefully.” Liam gave a smile and waved with his fingers to Miss Megan, mouthing the words thank you when seeing the drink.

“You are so beautiful, to me. You are so beautiful, to me. Can't you see, you're everything I hoped for, you're everything I need, you are so beautiful to me.”

Liam stopped moving his feet, his eyes went wide as his face turned bright red. He had just been serenaded and he now understood why girls loved that sort of thing, it was really romantic. “You shouldn't compare yourself to Bailey or Candi, they are both wonderful, but I'm only interested in you.” There was a silence on the line after that, Liam couldn't see Jeremy's face or what he was doing and he

wasn't sure how to react.

"That was Jeremy? Wow, that boy can sing." Megan whispered, both surprised at how well the young man did and that he had the courage to do something like that.

"Umm yeah, thank you."

"Any time."

"I know you wanted me to keep you company, but Miss Megan has a call coming in so I have to go."

"I get it, I will text you later." Liam hung up the phone, pulling it away from his ear and staring at the screen as he breathed out in frustration through his teeth. That had not gone the way he wanted it to and worse Miss Megan had heard it. Turning his head slowly he looked up to her, giving her an uneasy smile.

"You hear that?" Megan nodded her head to the question, moving over to the dresser, picking up her daughter's old hairbrush.

"I did, now come sit on the edge of the bed so I can brush your hair it looks a mess." Liam quickly complied as she sat down beside him on the bed. When the thick brush started to move through his hair he felt his body start to relax. He had brushed a few girls hair for them when they asked, but he never really let them play with his hair much and right now he knew his pride had left him missing out. It always felt good when a girl scratched his back with her long nails, but this was like taking that up to another level. If this was how Miss Megan treated him when she didn't have to correct him he could really see the benefit.

The first step of his plan to get out of this and destroy any evidence had been done, he just needed to get into a few more of her devices before she found out and if along the way he got to enjoy moments like this... well it wouldn't be so bad he figured.

Chapter 36

Liam flicked his wrist, moving the mascara wand over his already long lashes as he leaned closer to the little mirror in his room. He blinked a few times to flutter the lashes in the mirror, smiling that everything looked perfect on the first try. He knew he shouldn't feel proud of himself for doing makeup, but with how much he had practiced it was hard not to take pride in his own efforts. With his makeup done he slipped his feet into the four-inch white pumps with two thin straps and checked himself out in the mirror.

His hair needed a little product today to tame some of it, but it looked good now and so did his makeup. He could feel the straps of his white lace underwire bra pulling on him and the gentle sway of his chest, that he was both happy that the things were getting in the way less and sad he was getting used to him, as he was the feeling of the piece of fabric between his butt cheeks from his underwear. Even his dick pulled back and balls up inside of him was becoming normal, the sight of a flat crotch in panties shouldn't be something that looked right to him when getting ready, but earlier he hadn't even had a single thought. Now it was covered by the light red pinafore dress and white cotton collared polo shirt. The last thing he needed to add was the small hoop earrings and the cross necklace he was told to wear whenever he could. It felt like a little less of a lie after yesterday, but with how many religious people acted out in the real world, maybe... He let the thought die.

Liam had spent his entire life comparing himself to others, how he wished he had their confidence, their strength, their height. In the mirror was a teenage girl ready to go do volunteer work at a hospital, while taking effort to look her cutest. He did not need to be comparing himself to others, because all they would see was this girl, not him. Not Liam, Leah.

Walking into the kitchen, his heels clicking with every step he saw his brother sitting at the table eating a microwaved burrito, a glass of what looked like thick chocolate milk sat across from him. "Good morning Daddy!" Liam moved up next to him, giving him a kiss on the cheek before taking the seat with his liquid meal.

"Morning Leah." Chuck said, wiping the side of his face to make sure his little brother didn't leave a lipstick mark on him. "You have a lot going on today, I'm going to drop you off at the Hospital's main entrance before work. Just ask whoever is at the front desk about where to go and I'm sure they will keep you busy. I also signed you up for music lessons that you will go to on the same days you are going to the Hospital, so Monday's, Wednesday's and Thursday's. That

means you will have to take your instrument with you. Mrs.... Mrs..." Chuck stalled pulled out his phone to look up who the music teacher was.

"You will be going to Mrs. Stinemark's house, it is only a ten minute or so bus ride and then I will pick you up after. I wrote it all down for you so you don't have to try and remember."

"I can easily remember that." The rebuttal didn't have the same force it might have with the lilting voice he spoke in. Chuck shrugged his shoulders, reaching into his back pocket to pull out a folded piece of paper, sliding it across the table.

"What was it I saw you write? It is more important to be pretty, than smart? Is that still how you feel?"

Liam took a sip from his morning shake, hating that Miss Megan made him right down things like that and worse live them as if it was reality. Right now he wished he was as ditz as Bailey, at least then he would be happy with his lot in life. "No Daddy, I think that cause it is true. You think I'm pretty right Daddy?" Chuck was just trying to ruffle his brothers feathers, last night was a long night of little sleep because he was stupid enough to look at some porn. He was horny and he figured with enough visual stimulation and what little he could get wearing the thing around his dick it would be enough, but instead he just had a worse case of blue balls and dark circles under his eyes. Even messing with Liam got turned on him, the words coming from the person sitting across from him, his brother... but not. She was an attractive young woman and the more Liam acted like it the more it irked him. He thought it was funny that Megan was making Liam date another boy, making them kiss, but Leah looked so happy about it. It was wrong.

"Yes baby, you are pretty."

"Only pretty?" Liam put his bottom inflated lip over his top pouting, easily able to see how bothered and annoyed Daddy was.

"Leah, my daughter, the light of my life, you are beautiful. You remind me a lot of my mom when I look at you. Now finish your drink, we have to get going." Chuck said, standing abruptly and starting to head to the front door.

"I... I do?" The compliments were nothing, but the comment about their mom through him for a loop. He had just seen his mom in a dream didn't he? He tried

to remember, but it was out of his mental grasp.

“Yeah, now hurry up I want to take a photo of you off on your first day.”



Soon enough Liam was standing in front of a pair of nurses one male, one female as they explained his tasks for the day and thanked him for volunteering. His saxophone and purse with a few dollars for the bus tucked away in a locker.
“Leah, are you sure you are going to be okay in shoes like that? I promise you that

we all are on our feet all day. I'm sure I could find you something more comfortable." The girl's face pinched in concentration for just a second. "I think they sell some crocs in the gift shop."

"A good girl always looks her best." The same nurse, who looked to be maybe almost thirty to him looked at him quizzically, but she smirked at the comment. "Crocs do not look good, but I promise you it will be worth the trade off."

He really didn't mind crocs, he didn't care what they looked like, but who he was, he wore cute heels and... that was who Leah was. She had to look her best, it was one of the most important things. "No thank you Mrs. Kelly, I picked these out to go with the adorbs uniform."

"The girl has made up her mind, leave her be. Leah I think you look wonderful today, don't let her dissuade you from being yourself. I don't think she has put on a piece of makeup in years, what does she know about looking her best." Liam had to agree with the man, Nurse John, that she really could use some makeup. He wasn't even a real girl and he spent this morning making sure his face was perfect, she didn't even bother to put on eyeliner.

She glared heavily at her coworker. "That isn't appropriate John." She said it in a whisper, but Liam was more than close enough to hear her and the anger in her voice. Turning from her coworker, Liam could tell she was putting on a fake smile. "Okay well lets get you started shall we? Today you will be helping change bed sheets, and then helping pass out food to the patients, but that won't come till much later."

Kelly walked him through where the linen closets were on the floors, where to put the soiled garments and annoyingly how to put sheets on a bed and after watching him do that for two rooms she left him alone. Doing the work that he considered beneath him didn't even bother him, he was on his own. Didn't have to talk about makeup or boys or pretend to be head over heels for Jeremy. Thinking about him though did make Liam make a mental note to text him later to say how daddy said it was okay for him to come over Wednesday night to watch a movie.

Doing this work was no day at the water park, but Miss Megan wasn't around to watch over him and boss him around. Sure the high heels were digging into the back of his foot, but still he was on his own for the most part, unlike any other time since he started this mess. He started trying to prepare himself for the next night when Bailey would be around to watch him. The first steps were already done, Miss Megan had no problem with Bailey watching him at her place, now he

just needed to think of how to distract the girl while he got onto Miss Megan's home computer, then he would be two thirds of the way done with purging evidence of him as Leah.

More than a few times Liam found his thoughts interrupted when running into John again as he moved from room to room. He was quick with a compliment each time or saying how they needed to stop running into one another, but the issue was it kept happening. It started to feel like the guy was stalking him, but he was a nurse helping patients, it only made sense he had to move around a lot he figured.

It was almost noon when Liam was in one of the linen closets, he had just got done washing his hands for the fifteenth time that day after touching the disgusting things. Most of them were fine, but after just two sheets that looked like they should be thrown out he just started to wash his hands after each and every one. Liam was looking down at his hands thinking about how he was going to need to moisturize when the door opened, and John stepped in. "Hey there gorgeous."

"Ahh hi John, I was just about to head out, you know almost lunch time." John smiled walking closer to the girl in the small room. He had flirted with her a little that day, but it seemed like the girl purposely chose to work in the rooms next to any of the patients he was assigned to. It wouldn't be hard for her to do, the nurse assigned to a patient had their name written on the white board in the patients room and then he always caught her looking in his direction. Her little smile, she was teasing him and obviously attracted.

"Sounds like we are both free for a little while, I know what we can do that we will both love." Liam felt, not just watched him move into his personal space, putting his hand to his jaw, his thumb running across it.

"Jo.. John, what are you doing?" He could feel how excited she was, the girl was shaking in anticipation and was stuttering his name.

"This." The kiss came swiftly, it felt nothing like the tender kisses Jeremy had given him. Even when Jeremy was trying to be aggressive it was nothing like this. Liam felt the man's lips press into his as he kissed, turned his face a little and kissed some more. Each time Liam could feel the stubble on his face rubbing against his own. Liam pushed on him, but the man was so much bigger, so much stronger and the way Liam was leaning back against the counter and with the

heels he had no leverage at all.

Holding the girl so close he could feel her breathing increase in frequency, her hands were clawing at the shirt of his scrubs, her body shifting this way and that as she rubbed against him. “John no, no, no.”

“Shhh it is okay, no one can hear us in here and no one will interrupt us.” John said before kissing the girl again, he thought it was so cute how she was worried about getting caught. He didn’t think that would happen, it never had before when he did this with Kelly last year when they used to be together.

“Ah ahhh!” The gasp of surprise and pleasure came from Liam’s mouth as the man finally moved his mouth away from his, deciding to give attention to the base of his neck. The kiss to that spot had an unexpected result for Liam, but it happened at the same time he was grabbed on the back of both legs and lifted atop the counter he was being pushed against. Now his legs were wide, John between them and he could very much feel the man’s hard cock. One hand moved and slid across his bare thigh, while the other found its way into his hair, to keep him still.

Liam’s blue eyes moved to the locked door, he could hardly move and had just been told no one would hear him say a word. “John, John, JOHN! STOP!” To John it sounded like the girl was whimpering, his name, like she was begging for more, she wanted him to stop playing around and get to the main event. Taking her hand he put it into his pants so she could really feel what he was working with. Her hand touched his penis, running over it, her nails sliding across his balls, it felt so good. When she grabbed them it was a bit too hard, he felt a more pain that he wanted to admit, but it heightened the experience. “Not so hard baby, not so hard.”

When his hand was put into the scrub pants, Liam flailed his hand around not wanting to touch what he knew was in there. He had little choice other than to feel the man’s cock slide across his palm, but when he felt his balls he squeezed. If the man was taller he would have ripped them out, but all he could do was get a decent grip to try and stop this from happening, but he couldn’t believe it when he didn’t stop, only told him to not be so hard. It felt like there was nothing he could do, that this man would rape him. He was going to get raped like Bailey claimed he did to her.

He felt afraid, no he felt terrified, he couldn’t call for help, he was trapped, he was helpless, he was going to be fucked. No, no he wasn’t going to be fucked the guy was going to find out he was a guy and then was going to call the police. Then

daddy would be dragged into it and then Miss Megan, he would be going to jail for sure and maybe them. He was about to be fucked or sent to jail and there was nothing he could do about it. An idea came to him, a terrible, horrible, no good idea. “No, no John, let me suck you off.”

Still holding onto the girl, John leaned back from her smiling. He wanted to take her, but he wasn’t sure any man could resist being offered a blow job by a girl with lips like hers. “You want to suck on my cock baby?”

Nodding his head gave Liam some breathing space as the man helped him back down to his feet and then he felt his hands pushing him down lower till he was on his knees in front of the man. No longer pinned Liam thought about punching him in the balls and then running, but then if either reported this it would be one person’s word against the other and he wasn’t doing well with people believing him about these types of situations. So he put one hand on the man’s waist band, already trying to fight off crying at the thought of sucking another man’s dick, but then both of them heard the sound of John’s beeper going off and then again.

“Fuuuuck, not now.” John said pulling it off his hip. He let out a long sigh before he helped the girl to her pretty heeled feet. Girl had dressed up in the uniform, but did it in a way to catch as much attention as she could, she knew exactly why she was here. “Sorry beautiful, emergency. We will catch up later.”

Then Liam was alone, he collapsed to the floor pulling some linens with him as he cried. He felt so powerless, so small and he almost willingly gave another man a blow job because he thought it was the best option he had. Liam held one of the sheets to his face, yelling and crying that he was going to give a blow job because it was the best option.

The crying didn’t last too long, but after a while of no movement the lights turned out in the room and still Liam made no effort to get up, he just sat there for what he assumed was his whole lunch break. He couldn’t believe that just happened, but there was nothing he could do about it and if he didn’t go back to report in, he would be in trouble. Once he came to that conclusion he still sat there for another few minutes in the dark before standing up, causing the lights to turn back on. He tossed the sheets he cried on into the to be cleaned pile and left the linen room, making a beeline to the locker room so he could fix his face.

No lunch wasn’t something unfamiliar to Liam, but it did make the rest of the day drag on. Being moved over to the task of bringing the patients their ordered food didn’t help his hunger pains, but this time he made a real effort to stay away from

John and definitely not to be left alone in the same room with him.

Eventually the end of his first shift at the hospital came, Kelly was more than right about his shoe choice, if you could call it a choice. He thought, ignoring the fact he had a few pairs of lower heels he could have chosen over the white ones to go with the blouse. When he was signing out for the day he felt a hand slide up under his skirt and a voice he had been dreading now whisper in his ear. "All done Leah? If you hang around for another hour I get off and we can go have some fun."

Liam found his body paralyzed, he didn't even want to turn around to look at the man, feeling his hand on his rear end, touching his panties was more than bad enough. "John, get your hands off the girl before I go mention to HR you were getting handsy with the seventeen year old volunteer."

Suddenly the hand was gone on Liam's rear. "She is a minor?"

"Yeah you dumb shit, or were you blinded by the fact she has tits so nothing else came into your brain."

A bit of anger seeped into John, as he looked from Kelly and then back to Leah. The girl hadn't even moved a muscle since her little ruse had been uncovered. "You are such a little teasing slut, I'm not getting fired so you can get your fix of cum." The words were a whisper and Liam couldn't believe them. He didn't do anything, it was him who did everything and yet he was mad at her? No, him I'm a him, keep it together Leah, jeez... Liam, I'm Liam. he told himself even as he remembered inspecting his face in the locker room when he fixed his makeup, realizing how much of his mother he saw in the mirror now that he was looking for it.

"Sorry about that Leah, I hope he isn't going to chase you off. We all appreciate you helping out today." Liam wanted to ask her about actually reporting this to HR, but if they looked into things there was no telling what would come of it and he did not need more attention on himself.

"I will be back later in the week." He said apprehensive as he looked down the hall where John had walked off.

"Don't you worry about him, I promise from now on he will be on his best behavior or so help me he will lose a limb." Liam believed her, she started off saying that gently but with how much fervor was in her voice he was pretty sure

she was talking about chopping off his dick.

Chapter 37

Sitting in the very back of the bus, Liam sat with his legs firmly together, purse and saxophone case held tightly on his lap. He tried to put the events with John out of his mind, but being called a teasing slut wasn't exactly an insult he was really prepared to deal with, so his mind kept coming back to it over the short ride.

Stepping off the bus Liam looked up at the bus number on the sign, vowing to not need the piece of paper the route was written on this morning. The same paper he said he didn't need, but with everything that happened he had completely forgotten what bus to get on. He was not going to tell daddy about actually needing it. "Better pretty than smart my a... my butt. A good girl never uses foul language." He corrected himself as he walked along the sidewalk, his feet throbbing from being on them all day, but it was only a few streets till he got to a small home in a not so great neighborhood.

The house wasn't much to look at, but the house he rented now was only available to them on their budget because it belonged to an uncle of a friend of a friend. Thinking about the house made him wonder about rent, he wasn't working and then meant daddy had to pay for the entire thing himself, it was a weighty thought, but one that was interrupted when the front door opened.

"Hello there, you know when you come up to someone's door and you want to go in, most people ring the doorbell or knock." Liam blinked a few times, he had been so long in his thoughts that he had just stood there in front of the woman's front door.

"Ahhh I'm sorry, I'm Leah, Leah Summers and I'm here for the music lesson." Liam held up the saxophone case. The woman in front of him brought thoughts of a strict school teacher with her graying dark hair up in a tight bun, spectacles hanging from her neck like a necklace, in easy reach for when she needed them. She wore an ivory blouse, a long dark blue skirt that came down to her calves and a pair of black ankle socks without shoes. It wasn't so much the clothes and the way she wore her hair, but her gray eyes and her pinched face made her just look

stern.

“Well then Miss Summers, come inside and do make sure you take off your shoes at the door.” The older woman stepped aside, letting Liam in, her demand to remove the shoes felt like a blessing. Slipping his sore feet from the high heels, he pressed his foot down to the cold tile floor as he stretched his toes. Liam smiled, closing his eyes for a second as he enjoyed the feeling. Opening them up he went to follow the older woman into just the next room when he caught his reflection in a decoration hanging from the wall, a collage of different pieces of broken mirror that were brought together in the shape of a crescent moon.

Seeing the reflection of the smiling girl, Liam pulled out some of his makeup to fix up his face. “Miss Summers, there will be time for preening later.” Feeling embarrassed Liam finished touching up his lips before moving over to the woman. “Sorry, sorry I just wanted to look my best.”

“Are you trying to impress me with your looks or do you expect to meet someone else here in my home?”

“No, ma’am it is something I have to do for ahh umm, me.” He hadn’t considered needing to do it, he just did it because he was supposed to.

“You want to look presentable for yourself, hmmm. I can appreciate that, heaven knows most young girls don’t have enough self confidence. In the future you can start our time together by being excused to freshen up in the restroom and then again when we are done with the lessons. Now go ahead and open up your case, you can start playing any song you wish so that I can appraise your skill level.”

Putting the instrument together, Liam thought through the few songs he knew how to play, deciding on one he had done more than once around the house growing up. He hadn’t played it anywhere but home, it was a song from his mothers favorite movie, Pretty Woman. Putting his lips to the mouthpiece he strummed the keys a few times without blowing to get a feel for how they would move for the simple song, but right away he felt his nipples start to grow hard and his penis react. Pulling the instrument away he looked at the thing in surprise, then down to his chest. His nipples and manhood were reacting to the instrument like they did before.

“Is something the matter Miss Summers?”

“Umm no ma’am” Liam swallowed putting the instrument back to his lips, taking

in the tip of the mouthpiece and reed into his mouth and he started to play. His body didn't react more than the initial arousal, but throughout the song he could feel his nipples pressing into the bra and he wondered if Mrs. Stinemark could see them through the white polo shirt and the pinafore dress's top.

"A simple song, but you handled it well and from what I gather about your personality a fitting one for you to introduce yourself with to me." The older woman went to a bookshelf pulling a small paperbound book, then grabbing a music stand from a corner.

"You are going to play this song here three times, if you miss a note or play the wrong one I want you to continue. I can tell you are not a beginner, but I can see how nervous you are." The woman said, misunderstanding the facial expressions on Liam's face when he felt himself being turned on. Liam felt her put her long thin fingers on his arm as she gave him the first smile he had really seen from her. "You are doing fine dear, try and relax. Any mistakes you make can be fixed, I don't expect perfection. I only expect you to work hard and try your best."

The small kindness was a welcomed one to Liam after what happened at the hospital, so he nodded and went to do what she asked, still thankful he wasn't hearing the click clack of his heels on her tile floor and the coldness of it sapping some of the pain from his sore feet. The first attempt he didn't mess up till near the end and when he did he pulled the mouthpiece from his mouth so distracted by the feeling running through his body. He knew he was going to get to cum later at home, but he would love to run off to the bathroom and handle himself now. It would be so much better to do it without a dildo in his mouth, with his tongue moving about it like he was trying to please...

Liam looked down to the mouthpiece imagining for a second it was a dildo, his body responding in a way that brought revulsion through his mind. It all came together, why he was reacting this way, practice really did change things.

"Keep playing as instructed Miss Summers."

The toothbrush, the saxophone and Jeremy's tongue, it was because of his jerk off sessions. He really needed to go through with his plan to delete the evidence before he changed too much. With a sigh he put the instrument back in his mouth and continued to play the song. Hating that something he loved doing, a love he was connected back with because of Miss Megan was also tainted by what she had him doing. For now he tried pushing past that aggravation, past how

horny he was feeling right now and just concentrate on the music.

Letting the music take his mind away was much easier than he thought, all the distractions were pushed aside as he moved his fingers on the twenty one keys on his saxophone. The second time he played the song he did so without missing a note, causing him to smile to himself as he began again. The third time he messed up right near the beginning, he wanted to kick himself for messing up when had just done it correctly, but when he stopped to think about it also noticed his nipples were no longer hard, whatever affects happened when he first put the thing in his mouth weren't persistent.

"Miss Summers, keep playing." He glanced over to the woman, gave her a nod and a smile before continuing on through the song.

After she had him sit down on her couch, talking about where she thought his skill level was and layed out a plan to help him improve, before he was sent back to play that same song again. With the promise to move on to a new song once he played it three times in a row without messing up. He had made it to a new song when a knock came to the door, he stopped playing, but Mrs. Stinemark told him to continue. With how he was facing away from the door Liam didn't see his brother come in or hear their conversation.

"I can tell your daughter is not a beginner." Chuck nodded once to her, glancing over at his feminized brother playing away.

"Yeah, that is what I told you."

Mrs. Stinemark grimaced, but held her tongue at the rude comment. She wasn't going to keep this student if she gave the girl's father a lesson on manners. "It is too early to tell is she has a real talent for this, but I can tell you how easy it is to see her love for playing."

"Yeah... I don't miss the noise around the house from when she was in middle school and I suppose that is going to be coming back." He was complaining, but he also remembered his brother being happier than, though they both had their mother at the time. He was much happier than himself. He chuckled a little wondering what their mother would say if she saw her baby boy dressed up like a girl playing the saxophone again.

"She will. Leah will need to practice everyday for a minimum of one hour and I do mean minimum. She will get out of it what she puts in and considering your

comment...” She bit her tongue, wishing he hadn’t said that part.

“No, continue. Considering my comment, what?” Chuck as the instructor without a hint of being upset. He had way too much going on in his life to be upset about something he said, heck he wasn’t sure what exactly he said she might have had an issue with.

“Well Mr. Summers.” He waved his hand at that.

“No, no, none of that. I know over the phone I introduced myself as Charles Summers, but I am much more comfortable when people call me Chuck.”

“Well then, Chuck. You may call me Beverly and I was talking about your comment about calling what she is doing as noise. It would be much more beneficial for her to hear you encourage her and less comments like that.” He looked over at his pretend daughter, he didn’t much feel like saying anything really encouraging to his brother right now, unless it had a double meaning to remind him of what was going on now.

“Tell you what Beverly, if I can call you Bev, then I will give my daughter all the praise she can handle and then just a little more. “

“Are you negotiating with me to give your daughter encouragement?” She was taken aback by his request, but then she saw his slight smile.

“Beverly feels a lot like Charles, formal and rigid. We will be seeing a bit of each other as I pick up Leah and we talk about her progress. Figured Bev would be more friendly.”

“Yes well.” She paused reminding herself she needed the student to help cover costs. “Leah is going to need you to get her a more comfortable sling. I also wanted to give you my card so that if you know anyone else that needs music lessons they can get twenty percent off the first two lessons if you send them.”

Chuck took the card and thought about how he didn’t know anyone who is around Leah’s supposid age, till something clicked. “Do you do voice lessons for singing? And if I send you someone can I get a discount for my umm daughter?” He recalled the girl Liam did those horrible things to liked to sing and would love a way to save money instead of spending so much. His boss had been willing to give him a raise, but it meant taking on more responsibility. Not bad in itself, he

wasn't afraid of more work, but the new work could have been a job all on its own.

Giving the younger man a smile, Beverly looked past him over to her new student. Now much less afraid this would be another student that only showed up for one lesson. "It is all on the card, yes I teach voice lessons and about a discount. If you bring me another student, so long as they come to a weekly lesson than I can discount Leah, and if you bring me two. Then, so long as they come maybe we can talk about one of her weekly lessons being half price?" Considering she was going to be coming three times a week, a discount like that once a week wouldn't hurt her at all if he was bringing her more students.

"I don't know about two." He thought about pushing this at work, a few of his coworkers had kids. "Yeah, sure that could work, but if I get more than two then the discount goes up?"

"Mr. Summ... Chuck, the world can always use more music and if you help me do that, then I would be happy to discuss this further." He seemed confident enough, but she always had a hard time keeping students in the summer, and she really hoped he wasn't going to send adults to her door, they were always the hardest to work with.

"Pack up your things Leah, we are going home. Maybe we can stop at Ethos, that vegan restaurant for dinner and you can tell me about your day." This had to keep happening so long as Megan was in control. He was sure that was going to last till the end of summer like she planned and his brother was always so hard to control. So if a little encouragement into music kept him wanting to come back and not just go and skip the lessons or fight him on it, then it was worth the price.

Chapter 38

Tuesday morning had passed much like other days at Megan's with Liam now doing leg lifts on the back patio, a thick shake to drink with plenty of time for him to practice his good girl mantra, that he could easily recite now while doing any number of activities. When it came time for the afternoon dildo practice,

something Liam never looked forward to, he tried something new.

“Miss Megan, I was hoping, maybe.” He was feeling apprehensive about asking to not do this anymore, that maybe he would be punished for just bringing it up. He had been doing so well, he hadn’t had to write in his journal about strikes for a few days now, but the way she stared at him told him that now that he started, he needed to carry on. “We could stop doing this?”

Looking at the person sitting on the bed in front of her in the light blue dress that had little sunflowers all over it, white pantyhose and yellow high heels was the same person that forced his dick inside Bailey and more than likely others. She had been much harder on Liam than she had been on Bailey, yet she had more fun with Leah too. “I know you have fun playing with your dildo, don’t you?”

“Umm... yes of course Miss Megan, but...”

“You don’t have to feel embarrassed Leah, go ahead and tell me how much you love it.” Megan said, crossing her arms.

Having to say things like this out loud was not the direction Liam wanted to take this. “I get to play with it a few times a day and I love it, like really love it, but...” He didn’t get to finish before he was interrupted again.

“Of course you love it Leah, not everyone is a natural like you. So I don’t see the problem.”

“What, what if instead of pleasuring myself I could do something more umm productive with my time?” Tapping her finger to her chin Megan thought about what else she could have Liam do that would mess with him just as much. She was already considering starting anal practice with one of the next punishments, but Leah really had been so good as of late.

“What do you suggest Leah?” Liam blinked at her a few times, causing the long lashes to flutter. He hadn’t really thought of something else to do, he just figured he had been a good girl. What was the point of being a good girl if he was still going to be punished?

Looking down at the pink dildo he also could see the hint of his breasts with how low his dress went, making him think of a girl rubbing his dick between her breasts, but that was the wrong direction. He needed to focus on being productive

and in the direction Miss Megan would want. “Maybe I could try different looks with make up and umm different hairstyles?”

“You know, I like that. We can move you playing with your toy to once a day, you don’t want to neglect your self care.” She smirked thinking of Charles and how he really did enjoy being sexually active with him, but he deffitly was a different creature the longer she kept him waiting and locked up. “Though, I think you should also write a letter to your boyfriend. It could be a love letter, it can be poetry, it can just be you telling him about your day, but I think it would be cute for him to get letters in the mail from you. Don’t you agree?”

“Yes, absolutely!” He was already getting good at doing his makeup, girls did their hair in so many different ways he figured it would give him plenty to try and he couldn’t imagine it would be difficult. The letters were cute he had to admit, he never had a girl ever do something like that for him, so he was positive they would have a big impact on the teen.

“How about we start with the letter so we can make sure we get it in the mail before pickup, then we can have you start working on different updos. It will be good practice for the pageant.

Sitting down in the living room Megan pushed the coffee table up to the couch, having Leah sit on the floor in front of it so that her feet could fit under the couch and hold them at a pointed angle. Why not do two things at once, she figured. She left the feminized man to himself for a while, making him start over with a new piece of paper when she decided Leah’s handwriting wasn’t girly enough. It did make her smile, seeing the poor grammar, there was obvious effort put into it. The little note made her heart swell.

Dearest Jeremy,

We talk on the phone often, it doesn’t matter what we speak of because I hang onto every word you say your voice brings a smile to my face and helps ease my troubles away you sang to me. you sang to me, YOU SANG TO ME!!! No one has ever done such a sweet thing to me before no one has made my legs weak with their voice Jeremy you are so amazing and I am so happy you chose me to be your girlfriend! <3

I don’t know if you will get this before our date tomorrow night, but I am like so excited to see you again! But I’m also so nervous! What if this, what if that... it all keeps running through my head because I want everything to be perfect for you.

Worried or not, I keep thinking of you and your smile. I can't wait to see it again!

"This is well done Leah, good job." He knew he shouldn't care what she thought so long as it was good enough to keep from putting the sex toy in his mouth, but her praise still made him smile. Considering the weight of her eire, her praise just seemed to mean more to him. "Now would you like to practice different looks with your hair and makeup next, or do something else?"

"Makeup next please, Miss Megan!" Liam quickly responded to her question happily. He had worked hard to figure out how contouring and things like that worked and if she wanted to do things like how Bailey had her makeup done on Sunday instead of jerking off then it would be an activity he would happily do.

When Bailey arrived he was highly amused seeing Leah sitting on the floor, a three way lighted mirror sitting on the coffee table with different brands and types of makeup covering the rest of the surface. "Hi Auntie!" He gave a quick hug to Megan before turning his full attention to Liam as he leaned forward sliding a dark liquid in a thin line across his eyelid just over his eyelashes. "Hi Leah! Looks like you are having fun, I always love playing with makeup too."

Glancing in the mirror over at the happy blonde girl, Liam gave her a smile. Of course she does, she is the girliest girl ever. He may be forced to stop and inspect himself whenever he saw his reflection, but she was the type of ditz that did it naturally. "I'm trying new looks and it is super fun. Oh I know when Miss Megan leaves do you want to try new looks too!" Getting her in front of a mirror with a mascara wand would be his ticket to the girl being distracted while he did what he needed to do.

Turning from Liam, Bailey gave a big smile to his aunt. "I love that you have her playing with makeup like this!" Bailey let out a few giggles at how deliciously feminine the activity was. "That sounds like so fun and we can totally watch a few makeup videos on things we want to try. Candi has like... a ton of them that you are going to love." Bailey said, turning his head in that direction before being shocked at what Megan had to say.

"That was all her idea, that and to send her boyfriend a love letter in the mail."

"It was not, like shut up!" Liam had his back to them and he hoped they couldn't see the blush on his cheeks through the mirrors. It was not his idea to write Jeremy and it wasn't like he confessed his love for the young man.

“You want me to shut up?” Bailey quickly moved his head in tens of tiny shakes of his head.

“Sorry Aunt Megan, like didn’t mean it like that.”

“It is okay pumpkin, I know you just say whatever pops into your mind especially when you are excited at the idea of makeovers with Leah.” Bailey looked between Megan and Liam with a small smile, trying to conceal the big one he felt.

“I’m like... kinda am.”

“I know pumpkin.” Megan gave Bailey a hug reflecting on how much their relationship had changed after Leah came into the picture. “The two of you have fun tonight, I have an uber on the way to pick me up, but Charles and I will be back before ten.”

“We totally will.” Bailey said, almost salivating at the idea of making Liam do more and more girly things. “But like do you think we could use your jewelry for our makeovers?”

“Only if you promise things will not end up going home with you. Your mother and I have never had a problem sharing things, but the giving back always tends to take longer than it should.”

Soon enough Bailey was sitting on the floor next to Leah, talking the other feminized man into trying a more dramatic look. Liam found himself with dramatic makeup, his eyelids having a few different colors, but the main part was a glittery orange. He had heard from a teacher he was with how glitter was like an std and he really hoped that wasn’t close to being true. “Girl, you look fab!” Liam smiled at the girl, wishing the praise didn’t feel so good. As a boy he hardly ever got compliments, making the girls that gave them stand out more, but as Leah, people were constantly giving them. It was hard for him to not appreciate them, even if they were for things he didn’t like. “Like thank you, but umm... I really don’t think that look works.”

She looked pretty as can be, he would happily tackle her right now and show the girl how much he appreciated the way she looked, but that wouldn’t help his goal. Bailey looked from Leah and then into the three way mirror, frowning. “Shoot, I think I see what you mean.” He was surprised she saw any flaw, he didn’t, but she was a vain girl so the ruse worked the way he wanted. As she started to wipe off her makeup he pulled his feet from under the couch, wiggling he toes and

stretching before standing.

“I will be like right back, I gotta go potty.” Liam didn’t wait for her to respond before moving off to the restroom, stopping at both the mirror in the hallway and checking out his new look in the bathroom mirror. He didn’t spare a thought for how he kept talking like Bailey when he was around her as he fluttered his lashes at himself in the mirror, seeing the light practically dance off his eyeshadow. He giggled at how fascinating it was and how girls just had so many more options to change how they look. He told himself that he of course would be happy to not have to spend all this time getting ready, but a few weeks ago he never even considered the options girls had.

Standing there he waited another forty seconds before slowly opening the bathroom door so that it wouldn’t make as much sound. Sticking his head out he could see Bailey still had her back to him as she worked on her face. With a smile he crept out of the bathroom, moving more down the hallway till he was at the end. On the left was Miss Megan’s bedroom, the door open from when Bailey went in to see her jewelry and grab a few things, like the large metal button earrings hanging from his ears now. On the right was her home office, touching the doorknob Liam held his breath as he turned it and stepped in.

Inside the room, the only room in the house anyone could consider a mess with how many files folders took up space on the floor. The small old leather beat up couch had a single cushion free to sit, but he had seen it much fuller before. He didn’t dare turn on the light to alert the bimbo out in the living room, but he had no choice in turning on the monitor and just hope it didn’t give off enough light that she would be distracted from making herself up. He liked the girl, he really did, but he did not enjoy how she practically dragged him down the path of being girlier to be more like her and all he could do is act like he was happy about it.

When the computer screen showed the login page he frowned, wishing she didn’t have a password. The woman lived alone, there was no need for such things and a quick look around showed him that Miss Megan did not write down her password on a sticky note under the keyboard or anywhere else. He tried her daughter’s name to see if that would let him in, but Rebecca, Becky or even Beckie didn’t let him in. Three failed attempts made him worried if it was going to lock him out or alert her in some way. He knew there were other ways to shorten the girls name, but those are the only two ways he heard referred to as. Before he could consider something else or even if he should attempt something else he heard the familiar sound of high heels on the wooden floor coming down the hallway. He quickly jumped to his feet, his instincts telling him to hide. The only option would be the room’s closet or opening the window to jump out, but the house wasn’t so big he

had enough time for either as he panicked.

“There you are Leah, what are you doing in here?” Bailey tilted his head to the side with the question, smiling at Liam who looked like he had been caught. He never thought his old protege was stupid, but constantly acting like an airheaded girl could have gotten to Liam if he didn’t have the same mental fortitude he had if Liam thought hiding in aunt Megan’s office was going to get him out of more time practicing with makeup. Then Bailey giggled a little thinking about how Leah was the protege now.

The sudden giggle from the girl made Liam do the same out of nervousness, trying to rack his brain what to tell her, and then when he saw her eyes move over to the computer he blurted out the first thing he could think of. “I was trying to get some of the video’s we were watching on a bigger screen. It is hard to see everything just on your phone.”

“That is a great idea!” Bailey said stepping toward the computer, before frowning. “Do you know the password I don’t?” Playing the videos on the computer also saves battery life, Bailey figured.

“Umm no, so umm that isn’t going to work.” Liam wished he had more time to try and figure out the password to the computer, but he was happy at least the girl bought his story. Though considering who it was, the use of the word makeup with any excuse could have probably worked. He was too busy congratulating himself to notice that same girl making a phone call that he would have very much liked to intervene before it happened.

“Hi Auntie! Leah and I were doing our makeup and wanted to watch some videos of it online. No, no like nothing is wrong with your internet, but we wanted to watch them on your computer. Oh, yeah, but like my phone only has half power and... no I didn’t bring my laptop. Yeah that would be like a big help! Thank you, see you later.”

Watching Bailey point her phone at him like it was a gun, Liam felt his heart beating, faster and faster. Him wondering if Miss Megan was about to come back to punish him in some new way or even have Bailey herself take him over her knees and spank him for trying this.

“So like she said we can’t play on her computer, but told me she has an extra cable for my phone in the junk drawer in the kitchen. I was going to say we would be stuck using our phones, but I totally remembered Candi sending a video from

her phone to the tv in her hotel's living room." What felt like a lifetime ago Bailey remembered being able to plug a usb stick into a tv at his parents store in order to play a video clip on repeat, but he wasn't sure how Candi sent her phone up to one. "I will call and ask her."

"Hey sis! Yeah we are having a blast and... no Auggy and Jeremy aren't here. So hey listen, we were working on some makeovers and... yeah we were using some glitter eyeshadow... Orange for her and pink for me. Yes it looks great, sure I can, no wait I wanted to ask you how you sent that video from your phone to your tv the other day." Liam watched the girl stop talking to giggle at something Candi said, a side of the conversation he couldn't really hear.

"Yes I know you have like lots of videos about makeup, yeah because we were like watching you! No, you don't like need to come over to help in person. I totally got this. No, like I can babysit on my own. No you are not a better babysitter... Okay, sure like I will totally take that bet. Yeah Leah can decide, see you soon." Bailey hung up the phone call, letting out a long sigh.

"So like Candi is going to come over to help." Liam nodded his head, moving over to the computer and turning the screen off. His plan having a big setback now, but maybe the two girls could keep themselves occupied and forget about him. They sometimes seemed off in their own little world when they talked, though something about the conversation nagged at him.

"What was that about a bet and a better babysitter?"

"Oh, like Candi and I make bets all the time and it is totally unfair how she wins most of them, but she said she would show me how to be the best babysitter so we bet on it. All you have to do is tell her I'm better."

Liam considered that he could ask for something in return, like some alone time in the office, but the ditz might tell Miss Megan. So instead he went for covering his tracks. "Umm I can do that, but maybe we don't tell Miss Megan we were in her office?" Waving his hand at the comment, Bailey was about to dismiss it like it was no big deal, they were just going to use it for videos she would have no problem with them watching, when it dawned on him how Liam came in here on his own when not being watched. "Aunt Megan wouldn't care, but we don't have to tell her anything." Bailey lied as he walked out of the home office.

The rest of the night Bailey was going to get to see Liam doing the most girly of activities while pretending to love them, he was going to win a bet with Candi and

then go to sleep happily knowing Aunt Megan was going to set the pretend girl straight. Bailey had no real idea why Liam wanted to get on the computer, but it didn't matter. It was the oddest thing, Bailey thought. When he first went into the room thinking about catching Liam up to no good it was Liam he thought of, but then it was Leah and now that he was thinking of what was in store for him it was Liam again. Heck he was thinking of the person he was watching over as Leah earlier when they were sitting together. The idea amused him that even knowing the truth of who Leah was, still his mind was often telling him they were nothing more than just another teen girl.

Chapter 39

Inside his brother's truck, looking out the window, Liam slipped his feet out of the tall white heels. Moving his feet around to try work some of the tension out of them. His second shift at the hospital wasn't nearly as bad, the jerk that assaulted him before had taken a traveling nurse position that apparently paid much better, but was short term. He even got a chance to talk to an elderly patient, she was the definition of the old word moxy. It was fun speaking with her and she even gave him a butterscotch candy, something he would love to pop in his mouth, but he couldn't, not with the braces.

Moving around in the four inch heels, something he was told again he shouldn't do by one of the nurses. He asked her, almost pleading to be shown the dress code saying he couldn't and he would just stop. Miss Megan and Daddy wouldn't make him if it was against the rules, but the nurse just rolled her eyes at the question before scoffing and walking away. During his lunch break with no money to buy anything from the cafeteria he sat there playing candy crush on his phone, something he thought of as brainless, but he needed to kill time and it was fun.

Then he went to his second music lesson, Mrs. Stinemark seemed happy to see him, reminding him to remove his shoes at the door, something he was more

than happy to do before getting into the music. She had him start off on the same song she had him doing the previous lesson, something off putting when he showed her he could already play it. “Mrs. Stinemark, I thought you said I could move on to other songs when I played this one three times without messing up?”

“I see you remember what I said just fine Leah, so get to it and when you play it three times in a row correctly you can move on to the next song. You will be doing this at the start of all of your lessons until I say otherwise.”

That was a disappointment, he was getting better and really wanted to hear her praise him, but it looked like it was going to take more work to get to that point. Playing his sax felt good, feeling the sounds coming out of the brass instrument felt right, but by the end of the lesson no matter how well he performed the old woman held onto her praise like a miser might a gold piece. She let him move on to new pieces, so he knew she acknowledged his skill, he just wanted the affirmation.

“Mrs. Stinemark, I’m doing really good right!?” Liam glanced over to daddy when he came in, asking the question now so that he could hear her say it.

“You are doing well dear, I think it is getting time for you to pick a song for that pageant your father tells me you are going to be in.” Liam gave her a big smile, showing the braces on his teeth, then looking over to his brother making sure he heard that. He didn’t care about the pageant other than to hope it didn’t really happen, but being told he was good after just two sessions after not playing for so long filled him with pride.

Looking over at his brother now Liam could see he wasn’t in a good mood, just like this morning. Mrs. Stinemark seemed so happy when he said he had two girls willing to sign up for voice lessons. Liam had talked to the girls the previous

night, Bailey didn't seem to be up to it but Candi put her foot down that they would go together. He ended up joining in when she wanted to practice singing a little. Liam had never tried singing, not when his voice sounded like this, he even tried lowering it for a man's part in a song, but it just felt odd and made him cough. At least he could hold a tune, unlike Candi. He saw her appointments going one of two ways, Mrs. Stinemark was either going to milk that girl for her money or she was going to tell the girl she was hopeless. If she did the latter he hoped she did it nicely, the girl was like a ball of sunshine, singing just was not something she had any talent for. The rest of that night wasn't so bad, he just wished Bailey hadn't told her about the letter to Jeremy or Miss Megan saying anything to Bailey for that matter.

"Daddy are you mad about something? I thought you would be happy when you were told my sessions would be cheaper after I got Bailey and Candi to go." He had been just plain meaner since all this happened and Liam just didn't understand when it was him who was being punished.

Chuck let out a low growl in his voice before even looking at his brother. "One session a week will be cheaper, you go three times a week. You are being punished, yet it is me who is having my accounts drained. You aren't working, earning anything, so yes I'm not in a great mood when I know on Friday when I get paid extra money will be taken out of my paycheck because work thinks I have a dependant, or that I have to keep handing money over so you can just have fun with your instrument. Heck I still need to go buy you a better sling, I'm not your parent, but I have to act like it." He really didn't mind the music lessons, he could see how happy his brother was playing again and figured a big part of it was because it reminded him of their mother. It was just one more thing that he had to pay for and it felt draining on him.

“I’m, I’m sorry Daddy.” That name again, daddy it was funny at first, now it felt like a shackle. Part of his anger was also from last night when Megan came over, the crazy woman was at least always good for a good roll in the hay, but not last night. She didn’t even touch his dick, let alone unlock him. She mostly wanted to talk about Leah and how preparations for the beauty pageant were going, it was like she was the proud parent talking about her kid. Meanwhile when he dropped her off and picked up his dolled up brother it was him who was paying her niece to babysit.

“It’s fine, you just focus on the important things in your life like your date tonight.” He knew Liam was going to get lucky tonight, much like him the previous night though he thought it would be more fitting if Leah did considering why all this was happening and him having his dick locked away. “Do you know what you are going to wear for him?”

Pressing his lips together, Liam looked away. He did know what he was going to wear tonight, but it wasn’t for Jeremy. It was just a cute dress that wouldn’t give the teen boy any ideas.

When they got home Liam had to do a few chores first, washing the dishes, cleaning up some beer bottles in the living room and vacuuming to make sure everything was in order before he got ready. The dress he had picked was close to a coral color that came down to his knees, tightly fit. It had long sleeves and a collar that were sheer white, he paired it with pearl button earrings, the same white high heels he had been wearing all day and the silver cross necklace.

A text came saying he was running late, but without an ETA Liam found himself getting nervous. It felt silly to be getting nervous, the kid didn’t matter. Liam let out a sigh, but he also didn’t know if he had gotten that letter yet. It had just been

a day, did the post office deliver that quickly or would it be more like a week? He wasn't sure, he had never actually put something in the mail before. Looking at himself in the mirror he flicked some of his hair to the side, before starting to mess with it some more. Before too long he had his hair in an updo with just a few strands hanging down at the center of his forehead trying to curl a bit like they always did or used to when he wasn't brushing it as often, washing it as often and not taking care of it like he was now. His intention was to pull it all up into the loose messy bun that he thought would look better if his hair was curled first. Liam was ready to start over to try and get it right, when a knock came to the front door.

"Leah your boyfriend is here!" Jeremy smiled at the man, not sure what to do now that he was allowed into the house and already shaking his hand.

"So... umm do you follow baseball by chance?" Jeremy asked nervously, it felt like his hands were sweating, his hands never sweated before. Were they sweating when he shook Mr. Summers's hand?

"Football."

The one word answer wasn't a good start, it could be a bad start, but it was still an answer. Thoughts of Leah's father not liking him plagued his mind, imagining being tossed out of the house like the dinosaur on the Flintstones opening went through his mind. "Yeah, my Dad likes the Raiders, though I don't think they are doing well this year."

"Pff they haven't done anything since two thousand and two, no one likes the Raiders." Chuck said shaking his head as he started to walk away. "You want a beer or anything?"

“Ahh, I can’t drink. Too young.” He had had a beer or two with his dad, but it was mostly taking a drink from his father's cup at a baseball game. He didn’t much care for it, but when his dad offered it felt like a bonding thing a father does with his son and here was Leah’s dad doing the same thing. That made him happy enough to smile, washing away a little of his unease, before the next thought came that he was being tested.

“Ahh, yeah that's right. Well I don’t have much more in the fridge except water and milk, but that is for Leah’s shakes. So guess I will get you a glass of water.”

It seemed that no sooner did the older man leave when Jeremy heard the sound that often announced his girlfriend’s approach. The clicking of her heels made him turn and smile seeing her in the cute dress, with her hair up like that and her necklace she could pass for a Sunday school teacher if it wasn’t for the white four inch heels she wore with hidden half inch platform in the front. “You look gorgeous.”

Liam looked to the floor, feeling a blush coming to his cheeks that felt ridiculous. He knew that he shouldn’t be reacting that way to a comment like that. “I do not, you were late and I was adjusting my hair and it looks a mess.”

Giving the pretty girl a smile showing his top teeth, Jeremy moved closer to her, taking her right hand into his left, his other hand resting on her shoulder before he kissed her forehead. “Gorgeous, beautiful, pretty, cute are all words I can always use to describe you, but even if you truly were disheveled or a mess I would wish to spend time with you. Because no matter how you dress to me you are always beautiful Leah. I see you for who you are.”

“You... you don’t.” His words were so kind and while they made him feel good,

feel appreciated, Liam also knew them for a lie.

“I do.” Jeremy said gently, moving his hand from her shoulder to under her chin so she would look up at him, while moving her hand that he held up to his cheek.

“I’m... Jeremy I’m not a good person I have done things.” God why was this so hard, why did he even need to say anything, it didn’t matter if Jeremy knew about his past. He couldn’t even really tell him, he should just say thank you and then shut up.

“We all have done things we regret, if you are moving forward to try and do better, then I say you are already better. If you wont accept that I can see you for who you are, maybe you can accept I can see how beautiful you are and who you are becoming.”

“Ahem!” Jeremy jumped, letting go of Leah as he saw her dad back in the room holding a glass of water out for him.

“Umm thank you sir.”

“I’m going to my bedroom, make kissy faces or whatever, just try to keep it down.” Chuck said walking away shaking his head at the scene he had walked in on.

Both stood still till the bedroom door closed when Jeremy grinned at his date. “I think he likes me.” With the mood his brother had been in, it caused a small fit of giggles to come out of Liam’s mouth as he thought of the absurdity of the idea.

“Glass of water the international sign of approval?”

“No, we bonded over sports, it's a guy thing.” Liam raised an eyebrow, placing one hand on his hip as he cocked it to the side much like he had seen Miss Megan do countless times.

“Sports, a guy thing?”

“Hey now don't be like that, we were talking about the Raiders. We can talk football if you want, though I know more about baseball.”

Liam crossed his arms over his chest. “You know I don't know anything about sports.” Jeremy gave her a big smile, pulling her in for a hug, after putting the glass of water down.

“I do know that.” He said holding her tight. “We don't need to have the same interests, though I would love to share mine with you sometime. Maybe take you to a game, even if you don't like baseball, I bet the energy from the crowd will be contagious, kind of like your smile.” Pulling a little away Liam looked him in the eye.

“Where is this smooth talking coming from?”

“Have you ever had a conversation in your head? Something that will never happen? I do, and I have imagined sharing something I love with someone for a while.”

“Umm.” Liam smiled, he didn't like sports except for an excuse to drink but going to a baseball game sounded like a good activity, a much better one than having two teen girls over and all of them painting each other's nails. “That sounds like fun, maybe for now we just watch a movie?”

“Sounds like a plan, do you know what we are going to watch?”

He had planned on putting on an action movie, claiming it was something Jeremy wanted to watch, but the girls last night thought it was so cute when he said an action movie so Jeremy will like it they decided to help. “Umm actually Candi told me your favorite movie was Catch me if you can, so I thought we could watch that together.”

Sitting down on the couch now Jeremy leaned closer kissing Leah gently on the lips, a few times, tasting her lips and inhaling her perfume. “I have been wanting to do that since I first saw you, but the idea you want to watch my favorite movie with me made it so I just had to do it. You are just amazing Leah and I think I know how I can start showing you just how much you mean to me.”

Liam couldn't move, he didn't even try to resist as Jeremy pulled his heeled feet up on to the couch, his mind reeling at what was about to happen. This sweet teen boy was still just like every other guy he knew, he was about to pull down his zipper. Fear gripped him in a way where he couldn't say anything, thinking about the incident in the linen closet. He didn't even register what Jeremy was doing, to afraid at what he was sure was about to happen. Jeremy for his part slid his girlfriend's heels off as he put her feet into his lap and started to rub on them.

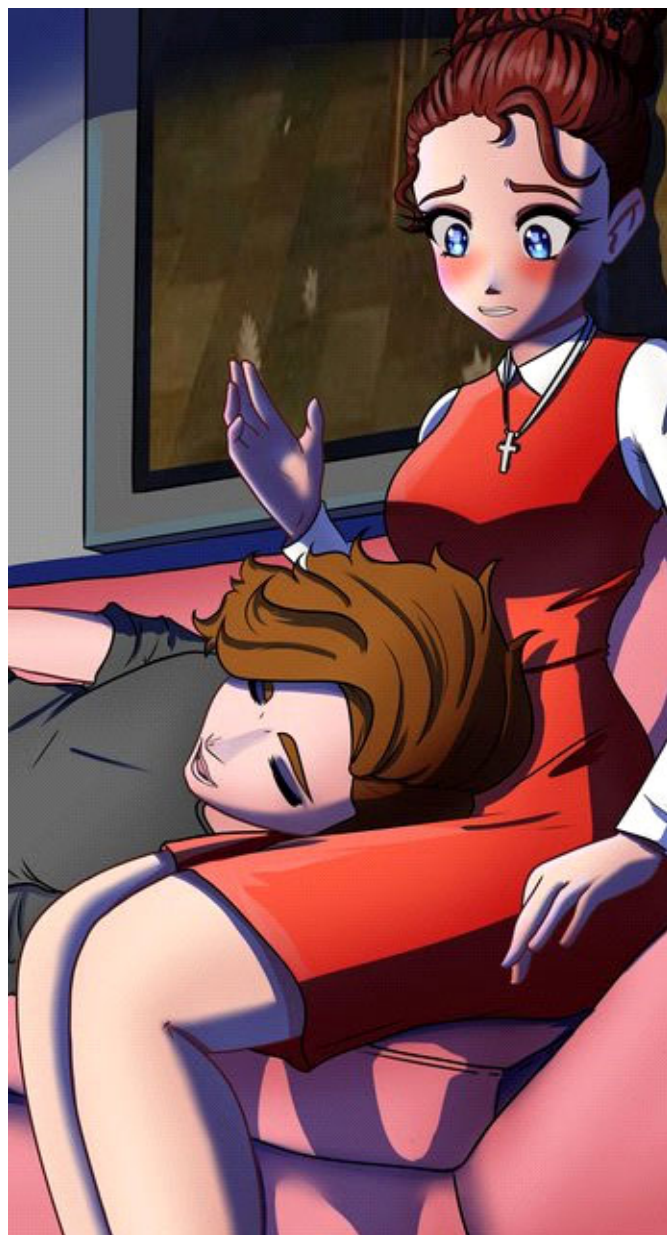
Jeremy loved seeing girls in such sexy shoes, and Leah was a girl that loved to wear them, but he also knew they weren't comfortable. So he kneaded his thumbs across her foot, feeling the muscles and bones move releasing what felt like bubbles as he applied pressure.

“Oh... oh that is much better.” Liam slumped backwards on the couch, his head laying on the armrest as tension left his right foot. “Oh... you are not allowed to stop. Give me the remote so I can turn the movie on, but wow... you are not

stopping.” All his fears vanished as his feet and legs started to feel more and more like jelly as Jeremy’s hands rubbed on them in a way that not only didn’t tickle, but felt amazing.

“You like to wear pretty shoes, I appreciate you in them, so I think this is a fair trade, don’t you?”

“Mmmm, yeah, I have to wear them... mmmm so you can always do this.” The opening credits started to play for the movie while Liam closed his eyes just trying to focus on the massage. It didn’t last all night or even through the movie, but when Jeremy was done he helped his girlfriend sit up straight before laying down on the couch himself, laying his head in her lap.



“I like this view.” He said, smiling up at Leah, looking into her eyes.

“Shh, no talking during movies.” Liam wished his face would stop blushing like some little school girl.

After the movie they stayed on the couch talking about different movies they liked, some that were so bad that they were still fun to watch. The conversation flowed easily, the entire time Jeremy wondering if he was supposed to kiss her, if they should stop kissing once they started till he had to go, what would happen if they were doing that when her dad came out and if she would want to even do that. While Liam felt worried about those same things, only in a different way than his date. By the time the clock struck ten no moves were made, and it was time for Jeremy to go.

Holding Leah’s hand as he moved to the door he pulled her close. “I enjoyed tonight.” A small smile came unbidden to Liam’s face. Jeremy was so full of compliments, the movie was fun, he had to admit he enjoyed himself too, especially the foot massage part of the evening. “I did too.” Liam was able to get those words out before he was kissed, not like the light kisses when they first sat down on the couch, but he could feel the hunger, the need in Jeremy as his lips moved. Opening and closing slightly, his tongue lightly touching his lips before moving inside his mouth. His tongue twirling with his own, pressing against one another as he was pulled closer, tighter to him. “Mmmm” The sound escaped his lips as he felt a hand cup one of his ass cheeks amidst the deep kissing.

The act of passion caused his nipples to stiffen, much like they did when they kissed under the waterfall. His dick tried to do the same, but the limited space in the tuck kit mostly just made it feel uncomfortable as it hardened. Liam tried to pay it no mind, he was enjoying this just because it was kissing, it was normal.

The rhythm of his breathing changed the more they kissed standing there at the front door, Liam continuing to tell himself he was only enjoying it this much because he had been starved for real attention, that and his body was only reacting this way because of the time with the dildo... it was all of that, it had nothing to do with actually wanting this. He didn't want this, he had to do this, but when he felt something hard pressing into him from Jeremy's pants the spell was broken and he pulled away, still breathing heavily. Having to face the fact he had turned the boy on and while he was forced to do a lot of things, no one had told him to make out with the boy or... let him get to second base. He had hardly noticed Jeremy cupping and rubbing his hand on his breast. Something he had, even though he shouldn't, but it felt amazing in a way he knew again, that was something that shouldn't be.

Even though she pulled back Jeremy leaned forward and stole one more quick kiss. "I will talk to you later." Even with being appalled at himself, Liam couldn't help but smile back when Jeremy looked at him with that goofy grin. Opening the door Jeremy stepped out before looking back, moving his hand to cover his mouth, having a hard time believing that actually happened to him. "Good night Leah."

"Good night." Liam said, closing the door, but as he was about to turn the lock it pushed open again, Jeremy's face pressing in the open gap.

"When can I see you again?" Letting out a small giggle, Liam put his hand on the boy's face and pushed, not with much force but it was enough for him to back up. "Who says I'm going to see you again?"

"I will call you tomorrow." Jeremy said loudly as he stepped back from the door.

"Go home, your Mom will be mad if you stay out too late." This time when Liam

closed the door he quickly flipped the lock, before turning around pressing his back to it and letting out a long sigh.

Chapter 40

It was Friday afternoon, Liam was sitting at the kitchen table keeping his hands still after painting them from a vial called Ocean Sparkles, a light blue colored nail polish that had just as the name indicated, sparkles all through it. He couldn't touch anything while they were drying, making what Miss Megan dropped off in front of him maddening.

Jeremy hadn't so much as mentioned getting the letter from him and it had given him hope it got lost in the mail. The letter sitting in front of him now changed things, Jeremy hadn't said anything because he responded in kind, with a letter of his own.

Sitting across from Leah, Megan smirked at how her charge just stared at the envelope, like she was unsure if it was a snake that would bite her or a treasure to be held. Christine had told her how adorable it was that Leah had sent a letter, just something kids didn't do in today's age and how she had encouraged her son to do so in kind. It was the reason she came here today instead of having Leah come to her, so she could see this event unfold. "That could be private, but I could open it and read it for you if you like?"

"Hmmm? Oh umm, maybe I should like wait for my nails to dry first." It was embarrassing enough that Jeremy wrote him back, sweet, but embarrassing, he didn't need to add more by having Miss Megan read it too.

"You let me read the letter you sent him, but if you don't trust me I understand. A teen girl does need her privacy." Trust, that was the key word and one Leah had violated earlier that week. Bailey had told her how she tried to get into her computer and when she hooked her cell phone up to it later she noticed how files were moved to her phone when they synced. If Leah had gotten into the computer she could have deleted a lot of things. Evidence not just of Leah, but also Bailey. She had mentally berated herself for not saving everything online, but made sure she didn't repeat that error. Now there needed to be a punishment, but she hadn't

been able to come up with something that just felt right for it all, not yet at least. So for now she was sure Leah thought she had gotten away with things, something she needed to address sooner rather than later.

“I, I trust Miss Megan.” He saw the look in her face, she didn’t look upset, just disappointed. What she desired and didn’t shouldn’t matter to him, he knew that, yet it did. Liam knew he needed to stay on her good side, he needed to gain access to her computer and if he was being honest with himself he liked it better when she was happy with him. Besides he figured, she is a chick and they love romance things like this, so he was going to be a little more embarrassed, that was just life now.

With permission given Megan picked up the letter, slid her nail across the envelope to open it. When the paper was torn right away she could smell a hint of cologne and wondered if Christine had told her son to do that.

“Lets see.” She said unfolding the letter, giving Leah a smile as she made eye contact briefly before reading.

“My dearest Leah, getting a letter from you was unexpected, and made me swoon. Can boys swoon? Should boys swoon? Well, I almost swooned I didn’t exactly faint. Thank you for writing me Leah, getting it made me feel loved and because of that I wanted to borrow some words from Scott Fitzgerald.

You are the finest, loveliest, tenderest, and most beautiful person I have ever known and even that is an understatement.

Leah I can’t wait to look into your eyes again, see your smile again, hold your hand again, hold you in my arms again, kiss you again and as I finish writing this, I can’t wait to read a letter from you again. “

Folding the piece of paper up like it was, Megan touched it to her lips, inhaling the scent and confirming what she thought about what she smelled before. It may have been Christeen’s idea for Jeremy to write back, but that young man as awkward as he could be seemed to easily be able to speak from his heart. “Now that was romantic, what do you think?” She asked noting the red coming to Leah’s cheeks.

“I think he is really sweet.” Liam looked down to his drying nails, watching the

light from the room glimmer off of them.

“He mentioned how the letter made him feel loved, do you think he believes you love him?”

“NO! I mean I doubt it Miss Megan.”

“Hmm I wonder. The young are always so quick to say they love someone and while I have been quick to dismiss it in the past. Now I’m starting to think it isn’t any less true, just a different kind of love.”

“I’m not like in love with him.” Liam was quick to say, even though he had been having thoughts of Jeremy come to his mind much more frequently since Wednesday night. Little things like wondering what he was up to for no reason, or checking his phone to see if Jeremy had sent him anything. Being hard on himself for taking extra time to look nice for Jeremy and then in almost in the next mental breath thinking about things he could have done to look better, or do better. How he never even offered Jeremy snacks or to refill his glass of water.

“I didn’t say you were.” Megan shifted in her seat, moving to rest her cheek in her hand as she rested her elbow on the table.

“You have been busy this week, tell me about the things you did and what you liked about them.”

“Like... umm okay. I have spent a lot of time at the hospital volunteering and umm I see how busy the nurses are and how they don’t have enough help. So it feels good to help them when I know what I do frees them up to help more people.” It was a shock to know how normal it was for the nurses to be short staffed and still expected to handle everything. Liam would have figured something as important as that would rarely if ever be left like that. He didn’t want to give out food or change bed linens, but he had to admit being thanked for those little things felt good. He wasn’t allowed to fix a car or anything while he was being punished, but he never felt the way he did at the end of the shift at the shop like he did at the hospital. Though his feet weren’t killing him at the end of the day at the shop.

“That sounds nice, have you considered being a nurse when you grow up?” Liam replied with a small shake of his head. “Maybe that role would be a little to tough for a ditzzy girl like you, but I bet you would be nodding if Jeremy said he was

going to be a doctor.”

Feeling another stupid blush coming to his cheeks, Liam ignored the comment and pushed on. “I have also been going to music lessons and I’m totally loving them. I always have to start with the same song and do it right before I can move on to other things, but Mrs. Stinemark seems almost as happy as I am when I try a new song. You like wouldn’t know it by looking at her, but she is really nice, it is just like hard to see at first. Oh, like Bailey and Candi had their first voice lesson yesterday.”

“I heard they went, how did they do?” Liam shook his head to the question.

“They were coming in when Daddy was picking me up, but Bailey said how she did really well. She also said Mrs. Stinemark was trying to get Candi to consider learning an instrument, she isn’t bad, but she isn’t good either.” Liam found himself giggling at the text message chain from the girls, how even bringing it up seemed to set a fire under Candi.

“Do you think Jeremy might like to go too? I do recall him singing to you and him joining could mean you get to see him more.”

“I umm like didn’t think about that.” Liam pressed his lips together as he thought about how he had been sung to like that.

“Maybe I will ask him.” He really wasn’t sure seeing Jeremy more often would be a good idea. He felt a bit confused about him. Jeremy was really nice and it was natural to think of someone who was being that kind to you when it was real, something he wasn’t used to at all, but Liam knew he deserved something real, not him.

“I will help you out.” Megan picked up Leah’s phone, and started typing out a text message to Jeremy.

Leah: So I have been totally thinking about u.

Leah: Not a lot though

Leah: Well maybe a lot lol

Leah: Sooo me Bailey and Candi go 2 music lessons

Leah: And I was thinking about your voice :)

Leah: If u went 2 I might b able to see u more

Leah: No forget it I like shouldnt ask

Leah: Forget I said anything

“There, I think I did a good impression of you. Don’t you think?” Liam gave her a smile, knowing Jeremy wouldn’t be able to tell that someone else used his phone. Great, I’m glad I could help, but let’s continue with your week.”

“Umm, I practice my saxophone, I keep practicing walking in high heels with my back straight, doing makeup and hair.”

Megan motioned with one of her hands to Leah’s hands. “And your nails.”

“Yep, and my nails and it is super fun to make myself look prettier. A good girl always looks her best and I’m getting better.”

“Are you excited about the beauty pageant?”

“Yeah, but like also nervous.” Liam moved his fingers a bit to try and feel if his nails were dry enough.

“That is to be expected, this is your first one and if you do everything I tell you I’m sure you will do fine.” It was Megan’s first pageant too, but she had been talking to a coworker who had advice after his wife brought daughter up in that world when she was younger.

“I will Miss Megan.”

“Always the good girl aren’t you Leah.”

“I’m a good girl and proud of Miss Megan.”

“What about when you deleted files off my phone and tried to do the same for my computer. Do you think you were being a good girl then?”

His body stopped moving as his fear and adrenaline spiked. Hearing her ask that told him the jig was up, he thought he was still in the clear when she had known.

“Well?”

“No...” His blue eyes met her own for just a split second before he looked away. Liam wasn’t sure what to say, he had been so careful he didn’t think he was going to get caught.

“Leah, this feels worse than just not being obedient, you actively tried to get out of a punishment, going behind my back. Do you agree?”

“Yes, Miss Megan.” The torments she was about to bring down on him made him feel small and his voice reflected that.

“I give you credit for not trying to run from me this time.” Megan took in Leah’s look for the day. She had on light blue A frame dress that stopped mid thigh, with a thin bright pink belt, suntan brown pantyhose and heels matching her belt. She looked like a girl well put together for an afternoon out. “What would you suggest for punishment for something this severe?”

“Are you going to call the police?” They were Liam’s first thoughts when she said he was trying to get out of this whole punishment.

Standing up from her chair, Megan paced around the table till she was behind her prey. She placed both of her hands on Leah’s shoulders before leaning in. “If I did, I think things would go worse for you looking like that. It is always an option, but it feels very final and I think you can come up with things. So tell me Leah, what shall be done with you?” She wished she could follow through on the threat to drop Leah off at a brothel, but with her identity of a sixteen year old that wouldn’t work out and she looked a far cry from the twenty something man she once was.

“Oh I know, how about we doll you up and have your Daddy take your virginity?” Liam’s eyes went wide in fright, he tried to turn to look at Miss Megan, but her grip on his shoulders grew tighter, holding him down in place.

“Please, please no, maybe, maybe, maybe a spanking?”

“A single spanking hmm, how about one to start with that now, and we can come up with more till I can trust you will be a good girl. You do want to be a good girl, don’t you, sweetie?” Megan moved her hands from Leah and stepped to the side and backwards so she could see her face.

“I am a good girl.” Liam said back to her in a quiet voice. Megan pulled out one of

the kitchen chairs, that looked like they were bought on the cheap and then moved it to the center of the kitchen. Sitting down she patted her lap.

“Then you will have to prove that to me Leah, come lay across my lap.” Without complaint Liam moved over to her and laid down so his stomach was across her legs. He felt the air come across his bottom, through the pantyhose when she pulled up his dress. Then with no warning given he felt the first slap of her hand on his ass, the lacy boyshorts and panyhose doing nothing to protecting from the impact.

“Is your name Leah or Liam?” He opened his mouth to reply when her hand came down again.

“Leah.”

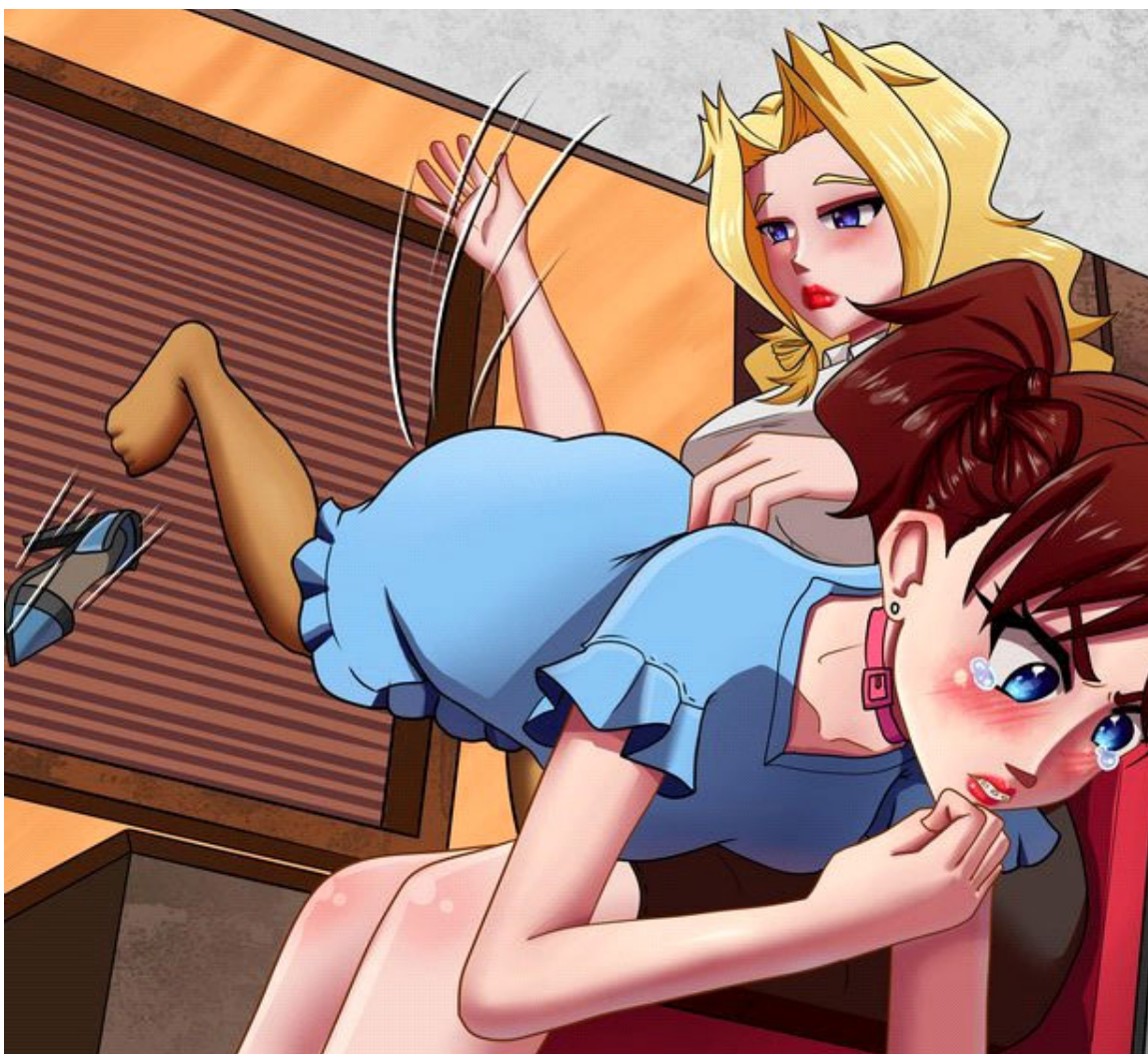
“Leah wouldn’t have done violated my trust. I want you to take a second, say out loud your name, your full name, I want you to think hard about who you are.” Then her hand came down again in the same spot she had hit last time.

“Leah, Leah Megan Summers, my name is Leah Megan Summers!”

“Again!” Megan said as she continued her assault.

“Are you a girl or a boy?” The question like the last came with a physical blow, each not feeling like it had her full might behind it, but with each new one the cumulative pain rose.

“I’m a girl, I’m a girl!” My name is Leah Megan Summers I’m a girl, I’m a girl, Leah Megan Summers. The thoughts repeated as the feminized man squirmed on her lap, heeled feet kicking the air from the pain, one falling to the kitchen’s linoleum floor.



“If I so much as believe you think you are a boy this will get much worse. Her, she is how you will think of yourself. Unless your name isn’t Leah.”

“No, no I’m Leah, please it hurts.” Megan brought her hand down again, feeling Leah’s body convulse a little as the girl in her lap started to cry. She knew this was Liam, but no part of this person’s attitude was like the one she started working against. Leah was compliant, hardly ever spoke out and physically she was pretty sure the girl’s overall weight had gone down by a quarter with the muscle mass slipping away along with a little fat from the diet and use of the hormones in her shakes.

“Are you a her or a him?”

“Her!” She heard Leah sniffle as she braced her body for another spanking that didn’t come.

“You can get up now Leah, and let's go see if you have any cream to help sooth your bottom here. After that you can clean yourself up and we can work on a letter back to your boyfriend, how does that sound?”

Sniffing and touching her sore bottom Leah nodded slightly. “Good.” The punishment hurt, but Leah was more than happy to take that as the alternative. She was a ma... girl and could take it. She found herself pouting at the mental correctly, Miss Megan had no idea how h... she thought, but if another spanking would come from her believing that was what was going on in hi... Her mind he really didn’t want to risk it right now.

Chapter 41

Laying in bed, Liam kept one hand over his eyes trying to keep the light of the sun away as he tried to parse out the weirdness of his dream. He had been Dorthy from the Wizard of Oz, he was also the Scarecrow, Tinman and Cowardly Lion. Or more accurately Leah was Dorthy and Liam was the other cast members, except for the good witch and the wicked witch, both roles were taken by Miss Megan.

The wicked witch cackled on about being punished, Glenda told the group they would all be fine so long as they remembered to be a good girl. The trip down the path was quick to break up the group, the lion ran back the way he came soon as wicked Megan showed up not wanting to change, the tin man stopped moving all together, stuck where on the path not willing to continue any more down the path and then even the scarecrow was done being ripped apart by flying monkeys as he refused to be a good girl. By the end of the dream himself as Dorthy was left alone to traverse down the golden path. The wicked Megan staying away so long as she smiled, and remembered she was a good girl, find at the end of the road Megan as the good witch Glenda smiling, ready to give a reassuring hug and introduce her to the wizard of Oz, who just happened to be Jeremy ready to give her what she really needed. Not a diploma to be a brain, or a medal to have a heart, but a ruby

necklace in the shape of heart to represent giving her his heart.

With a groan Liam rolled out of bed. "Such a weird dream." Sitting up he covered his face with his hands. Even after rest his mind felt overworked from constantly correcting his own thoughts on being a she rather than a he the other day. Miss Megan wasn't around she wouldn't know what he did now, but he also knew on an intellectual level that she never could tell. Yet the thought of being pulled over her lap for another spanking sent shivers down his spine. She promised more punishments to come for what was done and before she left Miss Megan had said what the second piece of it was going to be. Jeremy was turning eighteen next week, she mused how happy the young man was going to be when his girlfriend gave him his first blow job. Initially he had a hard time getting to sleep, his Rohypnol bottle had been empty and it felt wrong to bring that up considering what Miss Megan believed. He had been so mentally exhausted most days recently that he hadn't needed it, but the thought of having to give a blow job kept bringing thoughts of Lucas back to his mind and how if the blonde wig hadn't come off it could have happened with daddy too.

Liam shook his head the time was bringing that event closer by the second, it felt like driving towards a brick wall, unable to swerve or slow down, knowing you had no choice other than to encounter that wall. Or in this instance Jeremy's dick. "I am Leah Megan Summers, I am Leah Megan Summers." She said slapping her cheeks twice to help wake up and to get in the right frame of mind. The wrong frame of mind would bring more such brick walls into the future, she was sure of it

Looking at the clock for the first time Leah saw it was almost nine in the morning. She used to... her uncle used to sleep in until almost noon when he didn't have to work a Saturday, but he also stayed up much later, while she had to be in bed before eleven. Getting up and ready more and more of the dream slipped from her mind as Leah's mind bounced around between what to wear today going out and about with Miss Megan, what to do about Jeremy. The answer to what to wear was resolved quickly, as Leah put on a black pleated skirt, a baby blue tank top, little socks that stopped before her ankles and the closest thing she had in her closet to being sneakers. They looked like sneakers, but they still had a built in wedge heel. It was more flirty than sporty, but she didn't have much of a wardrobe for anything other than trying to look cute.

Still having some time Leah found herself cleaning the house a bit, it was her job now to make sure things stayed picked up. Once she would have balked, but she wasn't earning any money and daddy was even off on a Saturday to earn more. While busying herself she didn't take the time to consider how this was one of the few times she was left alone as her thoughts about Jeremy and the letters

awakened an idea that connected to the now empty pill bottle.

Finishing with the morning chore, Leah made herself a shake, slipping a thick straw into the glass as she sat down at the dining room table with a piece of paper, ready to get her thoughts out. It took a few tries to get out everything she wanted and then another try remembering that this letter needed to come from Liam to get it right and ready to send. He knew... Liam pressed his lipstick covered lips together, he was doing really well thinking about himself in female terms, but writing the letter threw a wrench into it. Closing his eyes he started to speak in a whisper and then started to repeat himself to say it more and more confidently. "I am Leah Megan Summers. I am Leah Megan Summers. I am Leah Megan Summers. And I am a good girl and proud." Feeling more centered, Leah reread the letter before slipping it into the envelope.

Dear Bailey,

I know you don't want to hear from me, it is Liam by the way... but there were a few things I wanted to get off my chest and I hope you will read all of it, you don't owe me anything, but maybe you would want to know, the whys and hows.

You are beautiful, you know this, your family knows this, everyone who gets a chance to see that smile of yours knows this, and I will miss seeing it when you look at me. We flirted, we both teased one another of the fun we could have together and the night of our first date I smiled seeing you drinking to help ease your anxiety, I could see how nervous you were for the fun we were going to have together that night. The thing is I get nervous too, I get anxiety to the point that it keeps me up at night. For it I take some medication and I gave you some to help you calm down, but I didn't want you to pass out so I also gave you a little ecstasy. I have taken the two in combination before, but I also didn't consider how drunk you were.

I thought that night was going to always end in one way, what I gave you was intended to help, but I have also been taking it long enough to not have severe side effects... I'm not doing a good job of this, I can only imagine what you went through. I'm sorry Bailey, for what it is worth, I am sorry I made you feel anything like this for even a second.

Reading the note, just like when she wrote it brought flashes of the man in the linen closet and what could have happened and of his first punishment. Wearing that blonde wig and Lucus thrusting his hips. It didn't matter her intentions back then, if Bailey felt even a little like she did then it was wrong. Putting some stamps on the envelope and leaving off a return address, Leah put it in the mail

box to go out. She didn't know if an apology would mean anything to the girl, but if it gave her even a little closure then it was worth it. When this summer was over and Liam got to return... Leah knew staying around here would be a bad option with what happened there and just vanishing from work. But all of that was for another time, today there were things to do.

Pulling up into the driveway, Megan reached for her purse to get her cell phone to text Leah to come out. "Let me just text her real fast and then we can go pick up drinks to put in the cooler." In the back seat of the SUV, Candi opened the door and stepped out quickly. "I will go get her!" the girl said before darting off to the front door.

"She is excitable this morning." Megan said to her younger sister sitting in the passenger seat. "Weeks ago she talked about wanting to do softball, with how busy everyone has been I'm glad you were able to make that a reality for her." Megan waved off the comment, even though she was excited herself. Once upon a time she used to help coach her daughter's softball team, but then had to step back to put more hours into work after the divorce, something she always regretted having to do. Amanda had just asked to do a day at the batting cages, but she had much more in mind for them.

"You are going to be her Mom someday soon, it is best she learn I am the fun Aunt sooner rather than later."

"Meg, Derrick is not going to ask me to marry him. Now you are getting rather close to Chuck's daughter, do you think wedding bells could be in your future again?" Megan rolled her eyes, tapping her fingers on the steering wheel.

"He can be fun in bed, but it isn't something that can last. Leah... Leah has just needed some guidance, so I'm helping out."

"Well I wish Bailey told me about Leah years ago, I would have loved to have her around." Megan almost laughed at the comment, but was able to keep it together.

"You should really see how Bailey has taken to watching over Leah and bringing her into her group of friends." Amanda nodded thinking about the big changes in her life. "I'm just glad Bailey is happy."

Megan was going to ask what she meant by that when Leah and Candi came out of the house and into her vehicle. It amused her that Leah was the only one wearing a skirt today when they were going to a baseball field. A thing that wasn't

lost on Leah either, being trained to always look at other girl's clothes to compare, she saw right away the difference in everyone's clothes. Miss Megan was wearing tight yoga-like black pants, a gray and black horizontal baseball shirt with one of those long sleeved blue workout shirts underneath. Bailey's mom was wearing jean shorts and a black t-shirt that hung off one shoulder. Candi wore bike shorts, a pink t-shirt that said 'Girl' in black letters, a matching baseball hat, and fingerless baseball batting gloves. The girl even took the time to put on the black makeup some baseball players put under their eyes to keep the glare out.

"Good morning Miss Megan, good morning Miss Best." Leah said smiling at the two woman in the front of the vehicle, noticing that Bailey didn't see to be coming with them.

"Good morning to you as well Leah, feel free to call me Amanda."

"Thank you Miss Amanda, I will! May I ask if Bailey is coming?" It seemed odd to be going somewhere with Candi and Bailey's mom, but not Bailey. That and the ditzy girl was good company, being dragged down the path to being more girly wasn't ideal, but the tips she gave always seemed to make Miss Megan happy when she put them into practice.

"She is off with my Daddy, something about panning for gold and going to eat somewhere that all the meat is wrapped in bacon or whatever." Then the girl leaned to her side to be closer to Leah so only she could hear her whisper. "We are parent trapping our parents."

Leah had no idea what she was talking about, but she giggled along with Candi when she started to do so. A habit she had started to get into more being around Candi and Bailey, it was always easier to go along with what they were doing then to look left out. Girls giggled, so she had to in order to blend in.

"Bacon wrapped meat." Leah said feeling like she could almost taste a bite of steak cooked in butter and wrapped in steak.

"I know right, waaaaay too much salt, but don't worry we will pick up some stuff for lunch that we can enjoy before we hit the field."

The trip to the store netted them two large burger patties that had blue cheese incorporated into them, a pack of hot dogs and a box of impossible burgers. Leah knew the impossible burger was in her future; Miss Megan wasn't going to let her cheat on being a vegan. It made her wish Jeremy was coming; he was always okay

sharing his food. The best part of the trip to the store was when they went to pick out gatorade where she and Candi went with Miss Amanda, while Miss Megan grabbed some snacks.

“Okay girls, what flavors do you want?” Amanda said, looking at the large selection in the drink aisle.

“Blue is good, but never purple. It is so bad.” Amanda looked at the shelves for what Candi was asking for.

“Cool Blue or Glacier Freeze?” She asked to see two different blue colored bottles on the shelves.” Candi grabbed the bottle labeled cool blue.

“I like think only cops refer to them by their names.” Amanda tilted her head a little at the statement, not sure what to really make of it.

“You took Cool Blue, if you do not use their names how would you separate them?” Candi laughed, unable to keep a straight face.

“Blue and light blue, nice try officer.” Leah laughed along, she didn’t know much about Miss Amanda, but if she was anything like Miss Megan then they were more like wardens than cops.

“Then I guess I will choose red, because only a police officer would call it fruit punch.” Amanda said grabbing the drink. When Amanda saw her sister coming around the corner she held up the red bottle.

“Hey sis, what flavor is this?”

“Fruit Punch, why?” The answer caused all three to start laughing.

“What did I say?” Megan looked between them all confused and feeling like she missed something.

“Candi let us know that calling them by their names instead of their color means you are a police officer.” Amanda grabbed a second bottle of the fruit punch knowing that was her sisters preferred flavor.

“Yeah? Not sure I have time for a second job, but I do feel like I might be missing

a few paychecks. Maybe Candi and Leah can help me write a letter to the police chief explaining he owes me back wages for calling red Gatorade Fruit Punch and..." She took a bottle off the shelf reading its name. "And calling the yellow bottle Lemon Lime. When they pay out I can take the both of you to get your nails done."

"We could all go together sometime soon, I think that would be totally fun." Candi said smiling at the older woman, really enjoying the time with both her and Amanda. It was halfway through her time here in Nevada and she was going to miss moments like this, or when Megan or Aunt Megan as she let her call her, went to the mall with her and Bailey. The thought of it being close to being over brought a few tears to her eyes.

Leah held in the eye roll that came naturally to her, thinking how the girl of course wanted to get her nails done, reconsidering the thought when she remembered how great it felt to have those people at the salon work on her feet, but then she noticed something was off with Candi. "Are you like, okay?"

"Yeah, I'm just umm I'm going to miss this when I go back home." She knew her daddy loved Amanda, and it seemed like she loved him too, but that didn't actually mean they would get married even if she pretended it was a given. She wanted her father to be happy, and thought it a selfish thought to want it to happen so she could be part of the Best family. That was when she felt the hug from the woman she wished would become her mother.

"No sense in missing something when you still have it." Leah felt herself smiling, and a bit of need deep inside watching them. Candi wasn't even her daughter, yet they had something he hadn't had in a long time. It made Liam think of a time his mom went to hug him as she dropped him off for middle school and he had pulled away, not wanting to be embarrassed in front of other students and what he wouldn't give to have changed that stupid attitude. Before he knew it, Liam felt arms wrap around him in a tight hug. So lost in thought he didn't know who it was as he hugged the person back, a tear running down his cheek as he blinked.

"Hey, hey it's okay." To his surprise it was Miss Megan. "Are you okay sweetheart?" When Megan released the embrace, Candi gave Leah a hug of her own.

"I will miss you too Leah, but like we need to stop it with the tears. If you keep crying I will keep crying, and I keep crying, you will like keep crying."

“I’m like not crying, your crying.” Holding the pretty girl in his arms, Liam closed his eyes trying to steady himself and remember who he was supposed to be. The memory of his mother pulling him completely out of character and as he went over his mental mantra of being a good girl the hug brought one last vague memory of her mother, something that never happened to his memory of her standing in a church wearing a white dress and getting a hug.

“Well if you aren’t crying then I’m not crying either.” Candi wiped her eyes, knowing she would have to touch up her face.

Those little moments were a lot better than the afternoon at the baseball field Leah thought as she sat on the metal bench. Miss Megan was way into softball, making everyone do stretches and a lap around the field before they actually did anything. The breeze from that morning was still around, but there was little cloud cover to protect them from the sun. With it just being the four of them they couldn’t really play the game, but still Miss Megan took it seriously when she pitched to them. Taking the time between striking them out to show them how to stand, how to hold the bat and how to watch the ball to know when to swing.

Candi went up to bat first, eager to take in the lessons, but asking to go again and again as she swung at every softball that was thrown and missing everyone. Leah couldn’t hear what Miss Megan said when she went up to the girl to give advice, but the very next swing of her bat she hit the ball solidly between first and second base. The ball not hitting the ground to roll till just after the grass started.

Miss Megan even had a few spare baseball gloves, allowing Leah and Amanda to go stand at first and third base, not to guard them, but to try and catch anything that came close and retrieve balls. Then when it was her turn up to bat Leah found just another reason to dislike the activity.

The shoes she was wearing were only technically sneakers, making running not the best activity. Keeping up with everyone wasn’t a problem, nor was breathing with the yoga she has had to do, but the bat just felt heavier then it should. Candi didn’t look like she had trouble with it and it just made her look at her arms in the sleeveless top and really take notice of the now complete lack of any muscle definition or muscle. What little confidence she had going up to bat vanished and she found herself locking up or closing her eyes as the softball came hurling towards her. They never came close to striking her, but her imagination showed it plenty of times. A few weeks ago it would have been laughable to say she would cry if someone spanked her, but the reality was different. Still, even though she did poorly, Miss Megan kept giving advice and Candi kept yelling

encouragements from first base.

“Since you're an adult, I'm going to really put some heat behind this one.” Megan said as her sister came up to bat.

“I wish you would not!” Amanda yelled back, she hadn't held a bat since freshman year of highschool and that had only happened when Megan said she needed practice pitching. The ball zoomed past Amanda.

“Don't be afraid to take a swing.” Megan teased her little sister.

“If it went across the plate I might!” Pulling her arm back Megan narrowed her eyes. “I will show you across the plate.” She said to herself before pitching the softball as fast as she could. Again, Amanda didn't try to swing for it, but instead just held the bat out in the ball's path. The bunt caused the ball to fall to the ground only a few feet from the home plate and roll off. The ball didn't go far, but still Amanda ran for first base at a moderate pace. Her hands in the air as she celebrated the hit like it was a homerun.



Throughout the day they took turns batting and pitching, they even played a colored ball game where Megan would toss two or three colored balls with a soft toss, while a second person would call out one of the colors. The batter has to hit the named colored ball. Megan explained this was a batting practice exercise she used to run to help with concentration. Leah felt embarrassed that she never improved, thinking that she should naturally be better at sports even though she never played it. While the day wasn't much fun for her, she could see how much enjoyment Candi was having with everyone, her almost constant excitement was infectious. Then there was Miss Megan, who seemed to be in the best mood she

had ever seen as she gave out tips on how to do better and never once did she say one condescending.

During the lunch break they fired up one of the grills near the field, and even Leah had to admit the store bought impossible burger was good. Not steak wrapped in bacon good, but much better than expected.

“I am not much of one for baseball or softball, but I had a lot of fun today. Thank you for this, Coach Best.” Amanda said after swallowing a bite of her hotdog.

“I do like the sound of coach best, but I’m willing to bet you wouldn’t be willing to make this a regular thing.” With her mouth full Amanda shook her head vigorously.

“I would!” Candi glanced over at the younger girl next to her. “Though I think I’m like alone on that one.”

The green eyed girl made Megan smile, not for the first or tenth time that day. Doing this felt wonderful, she had even called her daughter earlier in the week to see if she would like to come home for the weekend to join them, so caught up in everything she hadn’t even considered what she would tell her about Bailey. It was for the best really that she said she already had plans, she just wished she could have also shared this day with Becky.

“It does look like you are alone on that one, but your father will not be back till after dinner. So how about everyone comes back to my apartment and we watch that movie A League of their own. It is a fun movie, and fits with the theme of the day.”

Chapter 42

Laying in the bathtub with her hair pulled up not to get wet and a washcloth over her eyes Leah relaxed in the hot lavender and vanilla scented bathwater. It had been a long day between the hospital, music lessons and cooking a balanced healthy dinner for daddy and herself. It had been days since she had been told just one part of the punishment for what she did, but it hadn’t been mentioned

once since then or what else was on the horizon. The first part filled her with dread, but waiting for the other shoe to drop was agonizing. All she could do was be on her best behavior to keep Miss Megan in a good mood and hope things didn't get much worse.

The dinner tonight had taken a little bit of time, but the squash stuffed shells came out really well. Leah had almost clapped with how excited she was when her brother said how good it was. It made all the work feel worth it, and praise from him seemed to come much rarer than it once did. She went over everything she did to try and remember it exactly to be able to recreate the meal. Chop up the squash into little cubes before roasting them, then make the sauce by blending cashews, water, lemon juice, diced garlic with a little bit of salt and pepper. With that to the side, saute spinach, making sure to get rid of any extra water, mixing it with crumbled tofu, oregano, lemon zest, red pepper flakes and just a cup of the cream she just made. Boil the shells, then stuff them with everything and bake it all together for just under twenty minutes.

It was good and thought it was perfect to be considered one of the meals she had to master. Miss Megan made it clear that it was important for a girl to master four dishes, two having to be dinner. She didn't say when it had to be done by, but right away Leah asked her pretend father to bring her to the store to buy things for the house. At first he balked at the grocery cost, but she hoped he would change his mind if she made a few more things like she had tonight. With the way he had been acting it was starting to feel lonelier and lonelier in her own house.

A little water splashed up as Leah pulled the folded washcloth from her eyes. Tomorrow she needed to do yoga and clean the house before Candi and Bailey picked her up in the afternoon to head to Jeremy's place for his birthday. For his birthday they had gotten him a few tickets to a minor league baseball team called the Aviators, a team she had heard Jeremy mention going to with his father before. Tickets were cheap, less than twenty a piece, but still daddy was none too happy to be handing over money for her to buy something for her boyfriend. It was more than annoying to have to justify asking for twenty dollars, she was cleaning the house and he wasn't lifting a finger, that and it was for a ticket to a baseball game. She would have thought he would have been happy, it wasn't like she was asking him to take her dress shopping. Not that she would need him to with how many dresses were in her closet now and thanks to a wild idea the girls had, Candi she was pretty sure. Another outfit would be joining the closet full of dresses, a cheerleading outfit, something she had once ogled many a girl in would be her outfit for the birthday party. The three would be practicing a cheer to say happy birthday and already she felt embarrassed for her future self.

Shifting in the water Leah ran her fingers across one of her legs as she lifted it out

of the water, resting it on the rim of the white soaking tub. Her legs were still smooth, and didn't need to be shaved tonight. The smooth hairless legs looked completely different, felt different not that long ago. The normal looking legs weren't really normal at all and the oddity of that struck Leah. Here she was... he was. He was a grown man with hairless legs that any red blooded man would check out when he walked around with them perched in high heels. It wasn't normal, yet he never really thought about it, he never didn't consider the oddity it was to paint his face and keep it up through the day, or how he pursed his lips and got just the right angle to take a selfie. Those were not normal, nor were the perky C cup breasts on his chest.

With that thought he ran the washcloth over and between his breasts, feeling it's rough texture over the smooth skin. He shouldn't have cleavage, he shouldn't be thinking about wearing the red pushup bra for the party. Liam knew he shouldn't be thinking like a girl or thinking about himself as a girl, but his own mind always seemed to rebel against him. Even now as he thought he wasn't a girl parts of her... his motto ran through his mind telling him he was a good girl and proud. It wasn't some magic or hypnosis, it was just his mind trying to protect him. Liam would have gone to jail, while Leah just has to be a teenage girl. So long as Liam was Leah there was safety. It didn't mean she... he had to like it or Jeremy and his stupid perfect smile. Liam grumbled a little thinking about the stupid grin on his face after they had kissed good night. Thoughts of him made Liam glance over at his phone where an audio file lived of Jeremy singing the entire song of Walking on Sunshine. It was clear he really liked Leah, and it made him feel happy to be wanted, it made him happy to be Leah.

Thoughts of the song brought a smile to her face, so Leah reached out of the tub to try one hand off on a towel to open the phone and find the song, and hit play. Hearing Jeremy's smooth tenor voice brought a small sense of contentment, knowing the song was sung for her. This shy person was able to build up confidence because of her. This wasn't real, this wasn't something that would last, but at least all of this helped him. Leah thought as the feminized man's thoughts shifted back to using female pronouns.

Grabbing the pink ball loofah, Leah started to actually start to clean herself instead of just relaxing in the water, moving it up her leg still out of the water, noticing for the first time something that might have been different about her foot. It looked like on both of her feet her pinky toe was now naturally pushing under the toe next to it. It seemed odd, but she went on cleaning, dismissing it after not being able to come up with a reason it would look like that now and not before. It wasn't like she paid any real attention to her feet before she started to get pedicures. Besides she had bigger issues to think about like meeting Jeremy's dad for the first time tomorrow. His mom already liked her, and it shouldn't

matter if either of them liked her, but still she wanted to make a good impression.

The old attitude of not caring what people thought was one way to go through life, but smiling and acting cheerful got her smiles in return, along with compliments. Lately it felt like the whole world was just plain nicer. It could be just because they all saw a teenage girl, but still it was nice to feel appreciated and much more welcome in day to day life.

Chapter 43

Fidgeting with her hands, Leah ran a finger over one of her glossy nails, today painted red to match the cheerleading outfit that she was now wearing. The outfit had a red and white sleeveless top and a red pleated skirt and while real cheerleaders he knew wore bloomers or something under the skirt, the costume Candi and Bailey bought came with no such thing. Up her legs were thigh high white tights, Bailey wore the same, while Candi just wore socks she pulled up and each wore the same silvery gray sneakers. It felt odd being dressed as a cheerleader, the same type of outfit he watched girls jump around in back in high school, the costume came complete with a set of red pom poms too.

“Are you like okay back there?” Candi said turning her head to look at the younger girl in the back seat. She could see how nervous she was this morning, but she couldn’t blame her. Not only were they going to go to her boyfriend’s birthday party dressed as cheerleaders, but they were also going to do a small routine to wish him happy birthday, and if that wasn’t enough this would be her first time going to his house... and meeting Jeremy’s dad.

“I’m like not really okay up here.” Bailey said grumbling. “The shoes are like way too cheap and are really uncomfortable.”

Candi looked away from Leah and to her best friend. “We all needed to match, the shoes were like twelve dollars. I think you are just complaining because we decided to go with them instead of the white heels you picked out.”

“They would have been more comfortable than these.” Bailey continued to grumble thinking how he had to wear heels all the time so Liam should too and

not picking up that it was only him that seemed to have a problem with the sneakers feeling that way.

“I’m like, fine. Just lost in thought I guess.”

“Don’t get too lost or you will end up like Bailey.” Candi laughed, returning her full attention to the road.

“Hey!” Bailey’s complaint only caused Candi to laugh harder and made Leah do the same. The laughter was a good distraction for Leah, allowing her to think of something more than what would be expected of her by the end of the day.

They ended up parking in front of the house, each step closer to the front door Leah felt more and more nervous, unaware why her heart was beating faster. “Okay, get ready. When Jeremy opens the door we will strike a pose and yell happy birthday.” Leah gave a small nod to Candi, pulling the pom poms in her hands closer to her together and to her chest. As the door started to open Leah moved her wrists back and forth, the pom poms practically vibrating against each other. “HAPPY BIRTHDAY!” Each of them yelled waving the pom poms around in the air. The person standing in the doorway looked much like Jeremy, or perhaps much like Jeremy would look when he got older. Jeremy’s father stood little over six foot tall, broad shouldered, his hair turning more silver in his age than gray. Leah saw him smile seeing them, touched one knuckle to his lips before turning to look back into the house. “Afraid you missed my birthday by a few months, but if you wait here a moment I know someone that would love this greeting.”

Before he closed the door Candi spoke up, smiling brightly while Leah felt so embarrassed. “Well a very merry unbirthday to you.” They got to see him smile again before the door closed. Candi looked at the two with her, putting her pom pom holding hands to her hips. “What neither of you have seen Alice in wonderland?”

This time when the door opened both Candi and Bailey jumped in the air. “Happy Birthday!” All three cried, Leah not feeling any less embarrassed that they were doing this to the actual birthday boy. Jeremy’s smile was bright enough to light room as he looked at the girls. He ran his hand through his hair trying to give his brain a second to comprehend what he was seeing. Three girls dressed up as cheerleaders in front of his house giving him a birthday wish he didn’t know he had asked for.



“This is incredible! Did the three of you dress like this for me?”

With a mischievous smile on her face Candi bumped her hip into the younger girl. “We did, because someone said you would love it. Do you love it?” Turning to look at the blonde girl, Leah wished didn’t say something like that.

“I do, I really do and...” Stepping away from the door, leaving it open Jeremy moved closer to his girlfriend. Putting one hand on her hip and the other to cup

her cheek he leaned in kissing her. “And I really love the thought you put into this.”

“I think you might love something or someone else too.” Candi said, instantly bringing a blush to both Leah and Jeremy’s face and causing them to step away from one another. With him away from Leah, Candi and then Bailey came over to give him a hug and wish him a happy birthday once again.

“Love the birthday cheer, would you all like to come in?”

“Not yet, we have a few more things to do.” Bailey nudged Leah, loving the idea he came up with. Leah glanced at Bailey and swallowed. A stupid cheer was noting, she could do it.

Starting with her hands and feet together Leah closed her eyes. “Ready!” She said, then opened her eyes and moved her arms so she made a T. “Okay” It wasn’t fluid motions, but after that she started to move the pom poms around. “Jeremy, Jeremy, he’s my man if he can’t make me smile no one can!” Both Bailey and Candi went into cheers yelling yay, Leah could see that goofy smile appear on Jeremy’s face that he got sometimes and not noticing the others now standing in the doorway.

Following her eyes Jeremy turned his head, waving the two friends that came to his birthday party out. “Let me umm introduce everyone. This is Alex.” Jeremy said pointing his hand to a tall lanky boy that seemed to do all of his growing with very little filling in. “And this is Oscar, his real name is David, but he lost a bet. He has been grumpy all day so he has to go by Oscar.” While Alex was much taller than Jeremy, David was around the same height, but didn’t look like he had the same broad shoulders that Jeremy’s body was threatening to grow into.

“Oscar, Alex, this is Candi and Bailey and you both have seen pictures of Leah.” David was having a hard time believing his super shy friend was friends with three hotties and even managed to snag one.

“Ignore my friend, I am far from a grouch. I was just saying how the thing we needed at this party was pretty ladies to keep us company.”

“You were not.” Alex piped up, earning a glare from his friend. “What? I’m just telling the truth. You were saying how lame this was.” David shrugged his

shoulders as he rolled his eyes.

“An eighteenth birthday party held at your parents' house is lame, Jeremy you have to admit that.” Candi glared at David, Jeremy was lucky enough to have both of his parents and they loved him enough to throw him a party and then one of his friends would just go and disrespect all them like that was just wrong.

“Look here buster.” Candi dropped her pom poms moving up to the teen boy with fire in her eyes. Bailey calling from over her shoulder. “That isn’t very nice!”

“Jeremy is lucky and a wonderful person you saying things like that is mean and disrespectful. You should apologize.” While Candi went on the war path with Bailey backing her up Leah could see what the words did to Jeremy. He didn’t look hurt, he wasn’t that sensitive, but he did look a little ashamed. Like he believed what his so called friend had said. So she took his hand in her own and whispered to him.

“Don’t listen to him, I’m sure everything for your party will be just as amazing as you are.” She had her fair share of people in her life that hung around and claimed to be a friend but all they really did was complain and mistreat everyone around them because of how they felt and if she was being really honest with herself she had been that person on more than one occasion. Jeremy didn’t immediately say anything back, but Leah did feel him squeeze her hand once, so she knew he had heard her.

“Fine, fine, jeez are you cheerleaders or attack dogs. Jeremy, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean that. Just having a bad day and took it out on you.” Jeremy was about to accept the apology when he saw Bailey toss one of her pom poms into his friend's face.

“So we are dogs now huh!?” David held his hands up, backing away from the two green eyed girls, looking over to Jeremy for help, but only found him smirking and giving him a small shake of his head, telling him he was on his own.

“No, no I didn’t mean it that way, I was joking.” David said as another pom pom hit him in the chest.

“So we are a joke to you?!” Before long David turned his back to the girls, running inside the house as Candi got in on the act and tossed one of her pom poms into

his back as he went in doors.

“Remind me to never make either of you angry.” As he said that both Bailey and Candi went to pick up their thrown objects.

“You treat our girl right and you wont get the attack dogs on you.” Candi said giving a wink before the group headed inside. The last one in was Alex, smiling ear to ear to be a bystander for the show.

Coming inside Jeremy brought the girls over to see his mom and dad. They had already met his dad when he answered the door. He looked over to him when no one came inside with him and was puzzled when he had said there was a present at the front door for him and he would never have expected him to be right in this way.

“Oh I just love your house, it is just so well put together!” Candi said to Jeremy’s mom as she looked around the house. “I love your dress.” Bailey said looking at the woman, noticing it had pockets, something he really missed.

“Thank you girls, I try to keep everything in order, but you know it can be hard sometimes and Bailey, thank you. It has pockets!” Christeen said with a large smile. She had just been pushing down some contents in the trash can and was ready to call her husband over to take out the trash when they had come in.

“Oh umm, Leah, Bailey, Candi. You all have met my Mom before, but this is my Dad.”

“It is a pleasure to meet more of Jeremy’s friends.” The older man said giving his son a nod of approval.

“Silver fox.” Candi whispered to Bailey.

Leah felt a bit unsteady as the man came closer to her, like he was inspecting her, looking for flaws. A spike of anxiety shot through her, almost positive this man had seen some flaw, something off that told him the truth of who she was. “Now I wouldn’t be doing my job if I didn’t ask you some important questions young lady.” Leah swallowed hard and nodded.

“So I guess I have three questions, feel free to ponder them and get back to me or my gorgeous wife when you have the answers. One, when we have you over for

dinner is it rude to eat meat in front of you? Because my wife says it is. Two, what is your favorite candy so I know what to keep around for when my son eventually sticks his foot in his mouth and three. Would you mind helping to teach my son some table manners? I just can't get him to keep his elbows off the table."

"DAAAAAD!"

"Yes, yes. I'm an embarrassment to you, but just remember it is better to let me have these little moments so I don't bribe someone at your school to get my hands a microphone to speak over the speakers you have in school."

"Dad, please." Jeremy whispered, getting his hair ruffled for his efforts.

"You all have a good time, we have snacks in every room. The vegetable tray might be found to your liking in the kitchen Leah. Drinks, drinks galore in the fridge and plenty of things to keep you kids entertained.

Having an eighteenth birthday party at your house, thrown by your parents could have been lame like the other teenager said, Leah thought, but this didn't seem to fit that description. At least other than Jeremy's dad doing his best to make Jeremy's face turn completely red, it was like his face was a cartoon thermometer and the red was embarrassment. His parents mostly stayed out of the way, there were chips, cookies, starburst, fun size snickers and twizzlers in just about every main room. The Lord of the rings movie playing on the tv and the dining room table had been pushed to the side to make room for two full size arcade games. One was the old Ninja Turtles game and the other was Golden Axe.

Standing up next to Jeremy playing one of the arcade games was much preferable to sitting on the couch for cuddle time. Leah wasn't much of a fan of that movie, it was just too long and the games were much more fun. It reminded him of when he would play street fighter at the bowling aile when his parents were together. Every so often she would step away to chew on a few carrots, the other snacks looked much more appetizing, but she was a good girl, she had to be a good girl.

Jeremy's parents only came around a few times to check on everyone, his mom reminding everyone to take a coupon to her store before they left for the day to use or give away and his dad when he gave his son his first beer, or at least what he believed was Jeremy's beer. Leah watched him bring the bottle to his lips, she licked her own thinking about drinking it's contents instead of him and she ended up having to hold in a laugh at the face Jeremy made.

It was clear to everyone seeing his expression that this really was his first time trying beer and that he really didn't like it. That bottle was soon replaced with a hard cider, something much more to Jeremy's liking. "Looks like we found something you like, you are getting older and will want to try drinking. If you do, I would rather you do it with your friends here where you are safe. Drinking at eighteen is still illegal, but if you are going to do it anyways."

"Dad, I wont." Jeremy tried to say, but his father just held up his hands telling him to stop so he could finish.

"I just want you safe, so if you must, then do it with supervision and the knowledge that anyone with you will be handing over their keys. " The speech surprised Leah, she had been drinking younger than eighteen, but she had also run from the cops on more than one occasion too, something she didn't expect Jeremy would be doing.

"Great, now take your drink I think your Mom wants to do cake then presents."

The group sang happy birthday to Jeremy, the homemade cake was cut up and passed out after he blew out the candles. Leah noticed his eyes almost never left her as he made his wish, giving her a sad feeling that whatever it was he wished for, it wouldn't be coming true, because anything between them wasn't real, it couldn't be.

The first gift was a card from David, who had kept up his Oscar impression through the day after being rejected by both Candi and Bailey more than once. It was a simple hand made card with a drawing of a baseball on it, inside it reading in blocky print how having a friend like him was like hitting a home run. It came with a gift card to Seven Eleven where they often picked up a drink before school each day when school was in session.

The second gift was from Alex who gave him a laptop a few generations old. Explaining it was his old laptop that he cleaned up, thinking Jeremy could use it since he didn't have his own computer. Both his gifts were well received, the parents not presenting their gifts yet till everyone went.

The last gift from the guests were four tickets with decent seats to see a local minor league baseball team The Aviators, the same team Jeremy had told Leah he went to every once in a while with his dad. The girls made sure he understood he could take whoever he wanted, it didn't have to be them.

From his mother he got an official employee contract, instead of just working at the Shoeaholic because it was a family store he would be there as an official employee with two weeks off paid a year and a three dollar an hour bump in pay and the title of assistant manager. Jeremy gave his mom a hug, she was always the practical type and it was just like her to give him a gift that still allowed her to be near him.

When Jeremy unwrapped his last gift his jaw hung open as he held the small piece of clear plastic with a card inside. Sitting next to Jeremy, Leah read the card. She was familiar with the baseball player Nolan Ryan, but wasn't sure what the big deal was. "Dad... you can't give this to me."

"That is where you are wrong, see I have the superpower to give away anything that is mine that I wish." Jeremy moved his hand to show Leah and then everyone the nineteen ninety card of Nolan Ryan in his Rangers uniform.

"This card has a misprint, the error making the card worth four grand."

"Eight." His father corrected.

Getting up from his seat Jeremy gave his father a tight hug, holding onto him for a while so that his father would know just how much it meant to him that he was giving up this prized possession.

"Okay, okay. Now that my son has tried to squeeze the life out of me, how about we all step outside so he can see his last gift."

When everyone was ushered out into the front yard, everyone looked around, not seeing some big package or something that screamed present Jeremy turned to his dad with an eye raised. "What isn't it obvious?" He said, tossing his son a pair of keys. "We are giving you my old car, and this weekend I will be going to get myself a new car that you can't drive, because you now have your own."

"Mom! Dad! Really! Thank, thank you, thank you!"

"You will have to pay for your own car insurance though, having a teenage boy on ours has increased our rates a bit too much." Christeen said smiling at her boy. She was so happy with him and how he was growing up. She had been so worried about him, she knew he wasn't always going to make the right judgment calls, that was part of growing up, but seeing the friends and girlfriend he had acquired

made her think much more of him.

“Thank you so much, can, can, umm can I take everyone for a drive!?” With a nod of approval the six people piled into the car made to really only sit five. It wasn’t the first time Jeremy had driven his dad’s car, but now it was his. This was the first trip, driving his own car and he was beside himself with how happy he was with that and everyone sitting with him for that trip.

Chapter 44

The car pulled back up into the driveway, each of the teenagers started to exit the vehicle, all seemingly in good cheer. “I really umm appreciate you coming, thank you. I loved the whole cheerleader thing.”

Candi wrapped her arms around Jeremy, practically jumping into his arms with a large smile on her face. “It was so much fun, thank you for inviting us. Do you want another cheer before Bailey and I have to like go?”

“We should like totally get going though, we don’t want to be late for the cooking lesson Aunt Megan got for us for our birthday.” Bailey said not wanting to perform again.

“I would love to see it!” David said with a big smile, shifting his leering gaze between the three girls in cheerleader outfits.

“Well at least one of you boys isn’t afraid to voice what he wants.” Candi touched the pad of her index finger to the birthday boy’s nose before giving him a wink and turning to Bailey. “We have like plenty of time. Leah come on lets like do one more!”

“Umm actually.” Jeremy shuffled one of his feet around in the grass next to the driveway. “I was wondering, well see... is Leah going with you or could maybe I bring her home later?” Candi smirked, while Bailey glanced over to Leah.

“Maybe you should ask her yourself, I’m not her babysitter.” Candi said, making

Bailey smile more. “I am, but I bet she would love to stay the night with you.”

“BAILEY!” Leah said, almost shrieking, her cheeks gaining a tint of pink from a blush coming to her cheeks, that easily matched what was happening to Jeremy.

Not making eye contact Jeremy shifted his body to face his girlfriend, his hand starting to move out to take her hand in his, but stopped before he reached her. The idea of sleeping next to Leah sounded amazing, but that wasn’t what he was after. Not like his parents would allow that sort of thing anyways. “I was umm hoping you could stay a little later, I have something I wanted to show you.”

“Oooooo” David made the sound to tease his friend, like he was saying something lude.

“Yeah... umm yes. I just have to be home before eleven or my Daddy will get mad.” Leah still hadn’t done what Miss Megan told her she had to do. Though she still found it odd she hadn’t mentioned it again since that one day, or followed up with more punishments. She had been trying to be good and thought it might be an exercise in trust.

“I can do that.” Jeremy said excitedly, finally looking up to peer into his girl’s beautiful blue eyes.

“You love birds can make kissy faces later, come on Leah, time to shake your butt!” Bailey said dragging Leah to the middle of the front yard to start another cheer. The three boys huddled together, watching the girls talk among themselves for a moment before moving to stand next to each other in a line.

“When I say H you say A! H!” Candi yelled thrusting one hand in the air with a pom poms, one at a time.

“H!”

“A!” Leah and Bailey yelled together in almost perfect unison.

“When I say P you say P and Y!”

“P!”

“PY!” The two again yelled not quite saying it at the same time as they shook their pom poms around.

“When I say happy you say birthday!”

“Happy!”

“Birthday!”

“Then you put it all together!” Candi continued to yell moving her arms around and bouncing her head from side to side happily. Following her lead they put the happy birthday cheer together, Candi jumping in the air at the end, Bailey dropping to her knees and Leah kicking her leg up high into the air. Jeremy clapped his hands and hollard his own amusement at the girls. “Woooo!”

While Leah’s eyes bugged out, the high kick that she wasn’t even sure why she did it had caused the sticky material of the tuck kit to peel away and unlike normal cheer uniforms this one didn’t have bloomers under it. Looking between the three males that were watching she didn’t see anything that showed they saw anything. “I umm will be like right back I have to go to the bathroom!”

Jeremy watched the girl bolt off into his house as he started to walk closer to the three girls. “That was great, is umm is she going to be okay?” Jeremy then felt a hand clap him on the back. “You know girls, small bladders, I’m sure she is fine. Anyhow man, I had a lot of fun today, but I gotta head out.” The two gave each other a fist bump, Jeremy much happier with how the day went. Everyone had made the day so much better than his low expectations, considering last year he only had a single friend show up at the pizza place where his dad had rented out a back room.

Inside the bathroom, Leah pulled down her panties and pulled up her skirt to see if anything was salvageable. The tuck kit had peeled away and was sticking to itself much like a bandaid or tape would. Pulling it completely off the fresh air over the area felt good, but looking at what she had in her hands didn’t. Fiddling with it for a bit she balled it up and tossed it into the trash, sitting down on the toilet with her face in her hands. When she had gone to the waterpark she had brought an extra one incase something happened, but here she was sitting in the bathroom at her boyfriend's house with no way to protect the secret between her legs other then tucking it back and hoping for the best. She sat there freaking out a bit, trying to calm herself down with thinking about how Jeremy wasn’t the type to just reach under a skirt and when knocking came to the door she knew her

time was up.

“You okay in there?” She gave the door a lopsided grin, she never went and checked on someone like this and the boy just instinctually cared. The fact he was doing it for her made her happy, but sad at the idea that when he got a real girlfriends, he would find more than a few taking advantage of his sweet nature. Life had been hard for her, and didn’t want that for Jeremy. “Just a sec!” With time seemingly being up Leah pulled her panties up, tucking away everything once again before leaving the bathroom.

“Sorry, I just like really needed to go.” Leah looked around seeing only Jeremy there and no sound of anyone else nearby. “Where is everyone?”

“I get it, no worries. I feel like you apologize a lot to me.” Jeremy said taking Leah’s hand, running one finger over one of her smooth polished fingers.

“Sorry...”

“No, I’m saying you don’t have to.” Leah bit the inside of her cheek for a second thinking.

“You know, you like do it way more than me.”

“Do I?” Jeremy rubbed the back of his neck feeling like he had been caught in something. “I guess we can both be better about it.” Jeremy looked around the are to make sure none of his parents were lurking before leaning in and kissing Leah. Feeling her soft creamy lipstick covered lips, tasting the hint of bubblegum and smelling her perfume was all intoxicating. He felt her go rigid at the kiss, but as he continued. Wrapping one arm around her waist to press into her back, pulling her closer to him she started to kiss back, almost melting into him as he leaned into her. When the kiss ended Leah could see his goofy grin, it wasn’t his normal smile, it reminded her of a child getting an extra helping of ice cream or candy from a grandparent, but had to keep it secret just between them. A private smile that he only gave to her, her own smile for when he was happy being with her.

Being with a good number of women she had seen smiles, grins in all manner of ways, but Jeremy was the only one that ever looked at her like that. All of that made that stupid, cute, goofy grin that was all hers, special, because it made her feel special. “I don’t think I will ever apologize for kissing you. That is a promise.” Leah fought to keep the smile down on he face as she bit the inside of her cheek

again.

“We shouldn’t be here all alone, we should like go by the others.” Jeremy shook his head.

“They all left, Bailey said for us to have fun and Candi said how she knows we will and both went off giggling like they were apart of some inside joke. Know anything about it?” Leah pursed her lips and shook her head.

“They like teasing and like are always giggling about one thing or another.”

“Well I like both of their laughs, especially when I hear you join in. Seeing and hearing you be happy, makes me feel happy too.” Leah smacked his chest, stepping out of his arms.

“Stop being all perfect prince charming, what is it you wanted to show me?” The words of his girlfriend echoed in his mind, making Jeremy feel like he was on cloud nine. He couldn’t believe how lucky he was to have this girl in his life. He wasn’t sure if he should thank Bailey and Candi for coming into the store those weeks ago, that caused Bailey’s aunt to bring Leah into his life or if it should go to a higher power.

“Go out to the car...” Jeremy smirked thinking about the car. “My car!. See you in a sec I have to grab something.” Leah didn’t have time to react before she felt his lips press to hers for just a split second before he ran off to his room.

Before long Leah saw him come out of the house with a black duffle bag, putting it in the trunk before he got into the driver's seat. Something Leah hadn’t sat in for a while now. “Where are we going?”

“Surprise.”

“I like don’t think we will make it back by eleven if we go to Surprise.” Jeremy stopped backing out of the driveway to look at Leah in confusion.”

“It's like over a five hour drive to Surprise Arizona.” That made Jeremy laugh, he threw his head back into the headrest.

“No, where we are going is a surprise you silly thing.” Leah pursed her lips

together, she was trying to make a joke, but instead just came across as being ditzzy like when Bailey tried to say almost anything. She sulked thinking about that as they drove, thinking about each and every time something like this happened, instead of thinking about what was to come.

The destination wasn't far, a local park that was divided into four sections. One part dog park, another part forest with a jogging trail, then a grassy area with a playground and the parking lot. When they got out Jeremy got the duffle bag, carrying it over his left shoulder, while holding Leah's hand with his right as he walked her closer and closer to the jogging trail. When they were almost inside the forest Jeremy turned, walking them along the almost wall of trees before stopping about halfway. "Here we are."

Leah looked around, giving Jeremy a smile. "It is nice, thank you for sharing it with me." She wasn't sure what she should be seeing, but it was obviously something special to him. The comment only made him laugh. He put the bag down and motioned to the trees.

"My Mom and Dad have lived here in Nevada their entire lives and met here actually. They were trying to give back and were doing community service planting these trees. My Dad likes to say, like these trees his love for my Mom has only grown." Jeremy rested his palm on one of the tree's trunks.

"Aww, that is really sweet." Jeremy nodded, giving the tree a little pat before unzipping his bag, being careful with its contents to pull out a white and red checkered blanket. Unfurling it he sat down on the blanket so that his back was on the trunk of one of the trees. Kicking off his shoes he patted the blanket next to him, feeling the soft, thick grass under. "I wanted to share this with you."

Getting down next to him Leah followed his example, taking off her white sneakers before getting down and leaning more into him than the tree. "This is also something I wanted you to see." Jeremy pointed off in the direction he was facing, the sun was setting over the mountainous horizon causing the sky to gain hues of pinks and purples. Putting her head on Jeremy's shoulder Leah sat there watching the sky while she listened to the breeze move through the trees and Jeremy's breathing, neither saying a word.

"I don't think I have umm like watched a sunset before, I mean I have seen them, but never watched one." Leah said after the sun passed over the horizon, the sky filling with stars and the warmth of the day fading.

“I’m glad you liked it, but I have one more thing for you and I had to wait till it was dark.” Leah pulled away, sitting up as he reached into his bag again, pulling out a black box before handing it to her. It was one of those shadow box things, a black box almost like a picture frame and inside this one had a scene that caused her to gasp. The front edges on the inside of the glass were covered in branches, twigs and leaves making it look almost like she was looking through a bush. Beyond that were little white Christmas lights made to look like they were fireflies, each one giving off a little bit of light and at the center a yellow and blue butterfly standing on a tulip flower that looked like it was just starting to open.

Butterflies, tulips and fireflies, all things she had told him were things she liked. He had created a little memory box of the things he knew she liked. It might have been the sweetest thing she had ever gotten as a gift and it brought tears to her eyes. “Jeremy, you get gifts on your birthday not give them away.” She said sniffing and trying to keep her emotions under control.

“Maybe, but you don’t know one important fact.” Leah turned her head away from the box, between it and the starlight there was plenty of light to see his smile.

“Yeah, what’s that?” The question was answered with a kiss, not a quick one or a long lingering one, but something in between.

“That I’m in love with you Leah.” Leah’s eyes went wide in surprise as Jeremy wrapped his arms around her to pull her in for a much longer kiss. “I love you Leah and I wanted to share all of these things with you.”

That phrase, I love you was so simple, but it hit Leah like a brick. She had told people she was falling for them, but it was a lie. Looking at Jeremy’s face she couldn’t see any falsehoods. She wasn’t even sure the last time someone said those words or something really like it to her. Her brother and her used to lean on one another, but they never voiced their feelings and her dad certainly hadn’t even said he liked his children. Those three simple words, words she hadn’t heard, nor felt for so many years made her feel scared, scared they were the truth. They also felt incredible, but he couldn’t love her, she was nothing but a lie. “You like, can’t love me, you don’t like even know the real me.”

Shifting his position Jeremy put both of his hands on his girlfriend’s forearms, who was clutching the gift he made to her chest. “I can, and I do.” She shook her head, causing her hair to swing about. “You... you can’t, no one does.”

Leah felt one of the warm hands move from her arm and then gently cup her cheek, making it so she had to look into the young man's eyes. "I don't know about no one, but I can say that I..." Jeremy's stomach was somehow both in knots and flip flopping around as he confessed his love, not sure how to handle her rejecting it and everyone that cares for her. He thought his self esteem was low, but who could think that no one loved them he wondered. "I... love you Leah Megan Summers." Leah felt her lip quivering, this wonderful, stupid, special man didn't know what he was saying, but it felt just right. She had kissed him before, she had even initiated a little peck here and there, now for the first time Leah leaned into him, wrapping her arms around his neck to kiss him.

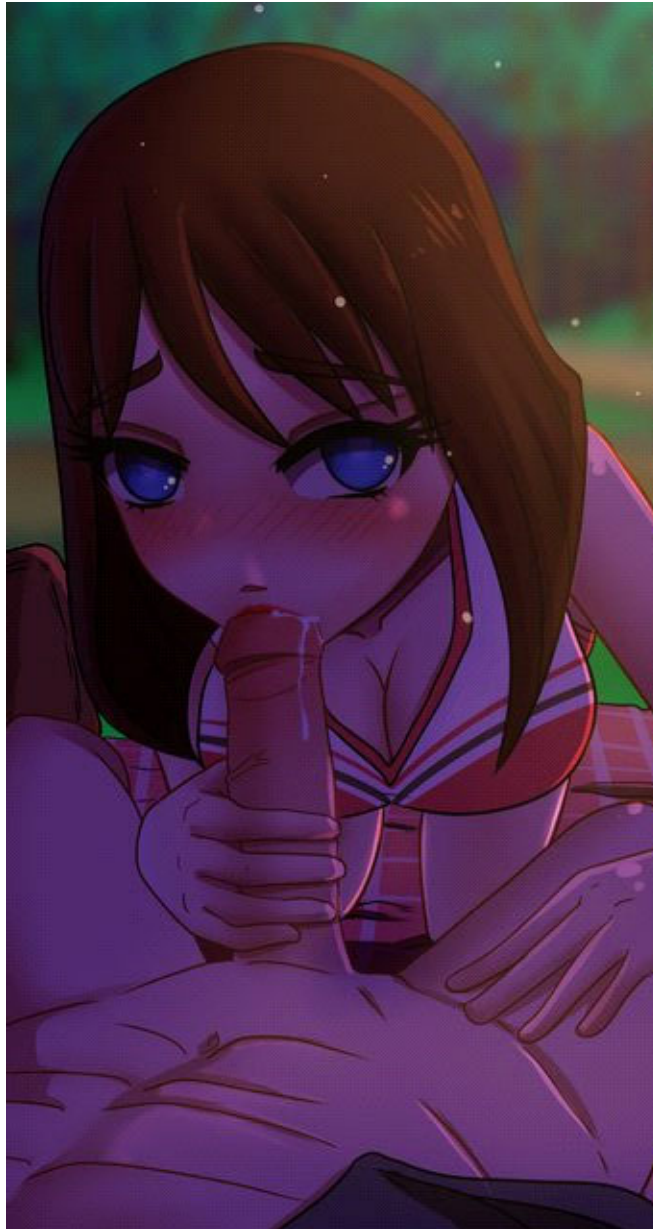
"Mmmm" Jeremy felt his girlfriend pull herself into him, dropping his present to the blanket. Her breasts pushed into his chest as she kissed him. He opened his mouth to let her tongue into his mouth, she was normally more passive in their make out sessions and he was very much enjoying this. Their lips were parted, their tongues rubbing on one another, he moved his hands to her hips and hoisted her onto his lap. With each passing second Jeremy got hornier and hornier, his manhood pressing on his jeans. Unconsciously he slid one of his hands under his girlfriend's skirt, holding her ass and pressing her down as he pushed his pelvis up.

Feeling Jeremy's hard on pushing against her didn't pull Leah out of the moment, she continued to kiss him, enjoying the moment as she felt the hand that wasn't on her ass start to massage her chest. Her nipples were already hard when they started to make out, but the waves of pleasure that ran through her from his hands were something she never really felt before, it was like that feeling of bliss just before she would cum, but it continued. Like she was floating along in the bliss, riding it like a wave. She slid one of her hands under his shirt, pushing it up, running her fingers along his toned stomach. She could hear his breathing change, she could feel how aroused he was and all because of her. Jeremy, the person who said he loved her was having a physical reaction to her touch. Knowing it was because of her was euphoric to the point she felt herself growing hard. She pulled away from Jeremy, sliding off his lap, she had no choice. Without the tuck kit he would feel her secret and once he found out about that he would hate her, right now she wanted to keep feeling his love before it turned to the hate. Touching the hardon through his jeans she justified what she was doing as she lowered his zipper, unbuttoning his pants. Thinking how she had to do this, it wasn't because he said he loved her, it wasn't because she was into him. The sight of his thick cock didn't send excitement through her, she wasn't attracted to cocks, but seeing the thing that was much bigger than she had did make her feel a little proud, knowing it was like this because of her.

Taking it in her left hand she ran her hand up the shaft slowly once, stopping to

press her thumb to just under the base of the cock. Hearing the moan come from Jeremy told her he was loving what she was doing and even if she had spent years being with woman, right at that second she wanted nothing more than to hear more of that from him, she wanted to give pleasure to the man that foolishly loved her.

Her own member grew incredibly hard as she loved herself down, mouth open and taking just the tip of Jeremy's cock into her mouth. It felt completely different than her dildo and almost right away as she slid it just a little deeper into her mouth she felt a small squirt in her mouth, followed by the feeling of something goopy and salty. On instinct she pulled off him, a little bit of the precum coming out of the corner of her mouth. Cum in her mouth was part of the point, it was the goal of a blowjob, but she still hadn't been prepared. It wasn't the first time she had tasted cum, she had tasted her own many times now, but having it squirt and drip into her mouth was different.



“Oh my god that feels so good, oh my god Leah.” Jeremy said, running his hand across her cheek, pushing her hair behind her ear. She gave him a smile, kissing the tip of his cock before opening her mouth again, sliding her tongue from side to side at the tip, knowing just how good that felt and wanting him to feel it. Leah sucked on his dick gently as she took more of it into her mouth, taking just a little more and a little more with each bob of her head. He was almost the same size as her toy and from practice she knew she could take it all in, but she wanted to draw it out, wanting Jeremy to feel as much pleasure as she could give him. He was so kind to her, he deserved the best she could do, even if she had no choice

but to do this. She had only taken him in half way into her mouth, one hand holding the base while the other slid up his legs, running her nails over his hard stomach when she felt a much bigger gush shoot into her mouth. Some of it going down her throat, she was forced to swallow as it kept coming and coming, like a damn had been breached. When it stopped she suckled on it for a few more seconds as Jeremy let out a loud groan.

“Oh Leah, Leah...” He tried to catch his breath, beside himself with joy after getting his first blow job. He never expected anything like this to happen tonight, and he couldn’t wait to do it again and again. “That was the best thing I have ever felt.” He let out another breath, wishing he could have lasted longer, he held out as long as he could, but it was the best thing that ever happened to him so far in life he just couldn’t contain himself. Leah tried to contain her smile, she knew she shouldn’t be happy or proud of doing a good job sucking his cock, but she did feel those things. She had been congratulating herself as she felt the member grow stiffer in her mouth, knowing what was about to happen, knowing it was because of her it was happening.

“Really?” Jeremy nodded, sitting up as he smiled at his girl, pressing his forehead to hers.

“The best, and I want you to feel that too.” Jeremy moved his head to start kissing her neck, moving down to base, hearing and feeling with how close he was the sound coming out of her almost like a cat's purr. He leaned more forward, pressing her back so that she would lay down on the blanket. His hand touching her thigh and sliding up under her skirt. The kissing on her neck almost caused Leah’s eyes to roll back in her head, she had one girlfriend that liked to do that to her, but she was more of a biter than a kisser. Jeremy’s tender kisses to that area was driving her wild, so much that she paid little attention to his hand on her leg or when it went under her skirt. “Ahhh” She breathed out feeling the warm hand touch her dick through the silky panties. Suddenly her eyes snapped all the way open, realizing what had just happened all too late as it gripped and recoiled.

Jeremy pulled his hand out from under Leah’s skirt like it had been bit by a snake, he felt it and wasn’t sure what he was feeling. He had never done anything like this before, but the feel of the hard dick under her skirt... there was no mistaking that. He backed away from Leah till it was pressed back up against a tree. “Wha... what?”

“Jeremy I can explain!” That happy moment was gone, the look on his face was like one of betrayal, he even looked scared of her. She knew it was a matter of seconds before it all turned to hate. This wasn’t her fault, she desperately didn’t

want him to hate her. Them not being together would be for the best, but not hate, she couldn't take that right now.

Glancing down at his hand, like he could almost still feel what he felt, he second guessed himself at what he thought he just encountered, but seeing the tent in her skirt told him it wasn't his imagination. "Leah... Leah, are you trans?"

"Trans?"

"I never would have guessed you were transgendered." Jeremy's eyes shifted from left to right trying to come to grips with the new information. He felt horrified, betrayed, his mind asking him if he was gay for being so attracted to this girl... no, not a girl."

"Ahh, ahhhh. I'm sorry, yes." Leah said, that lie being much better than the odd truth of who she was and how this came to be. "Please don't hate me..." She pleaded.

Jeremy tilted his head slightly to the side, his facial expression softening, as he looked at her face. He could see she was afraid, this wasn't a moment of betrayal, she was scared of him rejecting her. Her comment about no one loving her suddenly felt so much clearer to him. He had had only a minute to process this, and he might reconsider, but at the second. Sitting here in front of Leah he knew his feelings for her hadn't changed. This was still the same person who likes to steal bites of his food, the same person who ran their fingers through his hair as he laid his head in her lap. This was the same person that acted so reserved, till she lost herself in moments like when she jumped on his back at the waterpark or was snuggling a kitten. This was the same person, the same girl who came into his store. Nothing had changed, he had just learned more about her and he wondered if this was why she would say things like she wasn't a good person.

Sitting up straighter he tried to give her a reassuring smile, motioning with his hand for her to come closer. "I don't hate you, I can't hate you."

Leah shook her head slightly, like she was trying to deny what he was saying. Of course he did, there was no reason why he wouldn't. Daddy hated her, it was because of him that all this happened and he hated her for it. She tried to win him over, show him how it didn't matter how she had to act or dress, but he just ignored her more or acted colder the longer she was around. So there was no way Jeremy would be any different. It was never said but she was sure daddy loved

her, he had looked out for her for all her life... till now.

“Leah, come here, please” Leah meekly moved closer. “I don’t know what has happened in your past, but you and me. There is no hate here, there is love. You didn’t say it, but I think you love me too.” Not looking him in the eye, Leah shook her head. She couldn’t love him, it wasn’t right.

“You don’t? I think you do.” For the second time he saw her shake her head, but he could also see a tear running down her cheek. It was heartbreaking for Jeremy, he was sure he was right, but he didn’t really know for sure, he really only had hope.

“Well, I still love you Leah.” His words were gentle and soft as he picked up the black box and put it in her lap, where she was looking so the light of the fireflies would light up her face. Leah gripped the box, not saying anything, the seconds dragged on as she thought about the man. He was goofy, nerdy, a mommas boy, considerate, thoughtful, romantic and one of the best people she had ever met. She sniffled, feeling a few more tears run down her cheeks, she knew she must look like a mess. The desire to fix her face was almost overwhelming, but there she sat, looking at the gift in her hands.

“I love you...” Her words came out as a whisper, a confession she didn’t want anyone to hear. She ran her fingers over the glass front, the butterfly, the fireflies and flower where things Miss Megan made up, but she could remember chasing fireflies as a kid. Laughing and running in a field as the sun set, she didn’t remember who she was with, she was so young. The things in the box looked so nice, and looking at them made her smile, if only slightly.

Sitting there in silence after confessing his love for her again, Jeremy gave her time to think. It felt a little unfair that she had all her life to come to terms with who she was, but he only had seconds, but life wasn’t fair and from her reaction that might have been particularly true for her. So he gave her the moment, he would give her all the time in the world he knew, he loved this girl. No matter who she used to be. After some time, he wasn’t sure how long he watched her gaze shift up to him. She had a weak smile on her face, the smile growing a little more as they held each others gazes, neither saying a word for another few seconds. “I love you too.”

Lunging forward he held Leah in his arms, the box making the embrace a bit uncomfortable, but his heart felt so full. Today was his birthday, and right now

today felt like he got everything he could have asked for and much, much more.

Chapter 45

Waking up the next morning Leah smiled slightly feeling content for a second as she smelled Jeremy. Opening her eyes she saw the letter that had his cologne on it laying next to her in bed. Memories of the previous night came back to her, how he confessed his love, gave her a present, a blow job, him finding out the truth... a truth and still saying he loved her and her saying the same to him. She hadn't said a word on the way back home and hadn't kissed the boy goodnight, she was too torn. She wasn't actually a girl, she... he was a man, only pretending to be a girl. If he really was Leah he could actually love Jeremy, but he couldn't because he wasn't gay, he didn't like boys.

Still laying there in bed Liam thought back to his brother getting backhanded for standing in the way of his father when he wanted to discipline... beat him for wearing one of his mothers's necklaces. Him saying he wouldn't have a boy that was some fag. He hadn't understood it then, but Liam knew he didn't want his brother to be hurt, so he stopped doing things like that. It was the right call he thought, boys don't do things like that and they shouldn't be going out on dates with a boy, even if it was probably the best person he had ever met. He couldn't like Jeremy, he couldn't actually like the feel of panties or being pampered; those were for girls.

Moving his right hand from under the blanket he cupped one of his breasts, it seemed so normal to have them there, but a man shouldn't have tender C breasts... and definitely shouldn't enjoy someone touching them. Liam frowned as he rolled his thumb over his nipple, feeling the pleasant jolt through himself. The feeling of it felt wonderful, but he knew it was wrong and he wanted it to be right. He wanted to be a good girl and proud instead of some freak living a freaky life. Miss Megan had made him live this life, it was because of her he learned these things, these things he liked, but wasn't allowed to like. It was because of her he met sweet kissable Jeremy... Liam shook his head, his imagination thinking about being held by him. It didn't make any sense, he didn't look at men and think about them that way, why was Jeremy different?

Liam felt his eyes well up, rolling over in the bed he pressed his face into his

pillow as he started to cry. Life would be so much easier... so much better if he really was Leah. Then it would be okay to like getting his nails done, or the feeling of his long hair being brushed... and it would be okay to be around her boyfriend. Laying there in bed Liam cried himself back to sleep, thinking about how things would have been better if he had been born a girl instead. No having to hold in his emotions, no having to act tough, as a small boy he could never live up to his fathers wishes, if he had been a girl things would have been different, if he had been a girl he could have spent more time with his mom. If only being Leah was real.

“Why aren’t you out of bed yet!?” The yelling startled Leah awake, rolling over she saw daddy standing over her dressed for work and looking upset. “You are going to make me late for work, it takes you forever to get ready.” Chuck shook his head at how inconsiderate his shit little brother was being, knowing full well he already had to leave for work early to drop him off at Megan’s place and here he was not even out of bed when they should be about to leave. “Ya know what?! You can find your own way to the bitches house, I’m going to text her and let her know my daughter wanted extra beauty sleep and I had to get to work. No, nothing to say? Yeah just continue to lay there little princess.” Chuck huffed before storming out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Working himself up more and more as he grabbed his keys and left for work.

Leah was unsure of what to make of what just happened, a glance at the clock and she really had overslept, but being a little late wasn’t the end of the world. She had made it home before curfew the night before and daddy had already been asleep and while it was her fault for falling back to sleep he could have checked on her earlier. She really wished he would have, talking about the raging emotions in her would have been nice, not that they ever talked about how they felt in the past. Pulling her phone off the charger she called Miss Megan.

“Good morning sweetie, is everything okay? Or are you just calling to say you are on the way over?” Leah pressed her lips together and tightened her grip on the blanket she had in her free hand. This woman had spanked her, tortured her and still was one of the only people to take the time to ask her if she was okay. Thinking about it she had all along praised her when she was doing things right, even if it was praise for things she didn’t want to be doing, while daddy had been nothing, but negative.

“I’m.. I’m not really doing okay Miss Megan.” That simple confession felt like a leap of faith, would she tell him to man up or to keep a smile on her face and move on?

“I’m sorry to hear that Leah, would you like to talk about it now or when you get here?” Leah bit the inside of her cheek, wondering if this was really okay.

“I.. I ahh... I’m still in bed, I had a bad night and Daddy got upset and yelled at me before like leaving for work.”

“I see... Charles just left you did he? From what I understand you were with Jeremy last night, was that part of the problem?”

“Sorta, but not really he like... no everything was perfect with him, but also like too perfect and... and...”

“Slow down, take a deep breath. Tell you what, I want you to do two things for me. I can tell there is a lot on your mind, focus on the good things and get ready for the day. I will head over to pick you shortly, I just have to finish this report real quick. Think you can hold on till I get there?” Leah nodded her head, feeling tears already coming back to her eyes, wishing her emotions would just stay under control like they used to.

“Leah, are you there?”

“Yes... sorry Miss Megan, I was like nodding my head.”

“It is fine sweetie, I will see you soon.”

When Megan got there she found Leah wearing a dark blue jumper dress with a crisp white button up blouse and considering how it looked on her she was wearing one of her push up bras. She paired it with the first pair of heels she received, dark blue with a brown leather strap and still around her neck was the silver cross necklace. “You look very nice this morning Leah.”

“Thank you Miss Megan, are we going to go?” Leah asked, seeing her large black bag purse hanging from her shoulder, when she normally left it in the car when she was just picking her up. “Shortly, I wanted to talk to you inside first.”

Inside Megan sat close to the feminized man, looking him over and seeing no real trace of Liam, just Leah. As the girl sitting next to her talked she talked with her hands like most women do, sat with her legs crossed at the knee. “I’m here now,

so do you want to talk about what is bothering you?”

The conversation surprised Megan, the macho skirt chasing man had actually confessed to thinking life would be better off if not just that he was really Leah, but if he had been born a girl. She had already decided not to punish Liam anymore, not unless he really got out of line again, not after he had sent that letter to Bailey. Bailey was still on board to push Liam more, but she could tell even Bailey’s resolve wasn’t behind it and now she felt genuinely sorry for Liam as he told her a story about when he was little, he sat next to his mother as she got ready for the day. Telling her how she was the prettiest person ever, echoes of similar words coming out of Becky’s mouth when she was little and how happy it made her flitted through her mind. This was a story about Liam, but it was being told by Leah and they felt like different people to her at this point. Liam’s mother had asked him if he wanted to be pretty too and she put lipstick on him. He was sure his mother intended to wipe it off before she was done, but he had run off to show his father that he was pretty, but instead it had earned him a bruise and a command to never do that again. He had cried in his room, feeling alone, his brother off with his friends while he could hear his parents fighting over what happened.

“Are you saying you want to live as Leah?” Megan could see the anxiety and anguish on the face of the person in front of her. It was already there, but when she asked the question they looked like it might have been a physical blow to voice it.

“No, yes... MAYBE I JUST DON’T KNOW!” Leah had a few tears escape while she talked, but right now she was sure her makeup was a mess as they flowed down from her eyes. She felt the older woman’s wrap around her, and with that gesture Leah pressed her face into her shoulder and stopped fighting back the tears.

Megan held Leah tightly with one hand, the other rubbing her back. She felt confused and conflicted as to what was going on. She wasn’t a psychologist and could only think how making Liam act like a teen girl had awoken something buried deep. It made her unsure how to really proceed from here, but considering the reason this all started she was going to need to speak with Bailey.

Later that day Leah picked up her saxophone case and gave a smile to Miss Megan. “I’m like going out back to practice my song for the pageant.” She watched Leah go out the back door, choosing not to speak up about the beauty pageant. On one hand she did want to see Leah compete, on the other she now felt guilty for some of the things she made this person do when they confessed to her their feelings. Even if Liam-Leah was confused about what they really

wanted. They were far from ironing things out, if Liam wanted to stay as Leah did that mean as she was right now as a teenager or going back to something like her old life, but living as a female. Or was all of this just part of female hormones running through their system, making Liam confused about how he really felt. Megan had already found a professional for them to talk things through with, but Nevada wasn't exactly number one for mental health, so the appointment wasn't for almost a month. Now though, with Leah out practicing, she thought it would be a good time to speak with Bailey.

Megan: How is my favorite Niece?

Bailey: OMG soooo bored!

Bailey: I was filing and then Miss April said I was doing it wrong

Bailey: So now I'm like having 2 remove staples and unwrinkle paper so it can be scanned or something

Megan: I wanted to talk to you about Leah

Bailey: Yeah!? do u think Liam gave Jeremy a blow job like she was supposed 2?

Bailey: I like asked Jeremy how was last night and all he would say is he had fun and couldn't like say more.

Megan: Honestly, I'm not sure

Bailey: We should have like made a selfie doing it part of the punishment

Megan: Bailey, pumpkin. Leah confessed to me that she wants to be a girl.

Bailey: IDK what like u mean, Liam is like already doing that

Megan: No, Liam wants to continue to live as Leah as in after all this.

Bailey: He is trying 2 trick u like no boy would like 2 live as a girl

Megan: Don't you enjoy looking pretty and getting compliments?

Bailey: That is like totally different everyone likes getting compliments

Megan: Liam is not lying and I need you to be okay with it

Bailey: So like when I get 2 be a boy again Liam is like going 2 stay as Leah?

Megan: Yes

Bailey: oh... umm Im like confused

Megan: We can talk through it some more, but you need to know this isn't about punishing Liam anymore, this is about enabling Leah.

Bailey: K, like sure I guess...

Liam hadn't exactly said he was going to transition and be Leah from now on, but she was having a hard time seeing the person out on her back porch dressed up, wearing makeup and heels for a day around the house as anyone other than Leah. Especially after the confession and the letter that was sent to Bailey... she wasn't willing to punish Liam any further after he had actually learned his lesson. She looked toward her backdoor, unable to see the person playing the instrument, thinking it was funny how Liam put up so much more of a fight than Bailey, yet he was willing to admit what he did wrong, wanting forgiveness and accepting that he liked some aspects of a feminine life. While Bailey had confessed there

didn't seem to be any regret and Bailey still wouldn't admit to liking how their life was now, when she could clearly see how happy her new niece was.

Chapter 46

The week seemed to fly by for Leah, she had many questions about herself and how she felt about so much, but she kept kicking that can down the road. It didn't matter, her course was set for the summer and then choices would have to be made. For now she was Leah, life was easier with people telling her where she needed to be, what they were doing. No worrying about balancing a checking account, the price of gas or if a bill was paid on time. She got up in the morning, did her aerobics and then went off to the hospital to do volunteer work and then take the bus to music lessons. At least one of those days she got to see Bailey and Candi, but no matter how much she pushed or prodded Jeremy he wouldn't go. She thought if the right person saw him and heard him that the sweet young man could have been picked up by a boy band. The days daddy didn't have to drop her off at the hospital she spent time at Miss Megan's practicing for the pageant, standing just right, sitting right, walking right, things to say and playing the saxophone.

Over the week she made sure to give Miss Megan no reason to punish her, and the contrast between her and her brother only grew as days brought the beauty pageant closer. Leah didn't think she could win or anything, but she told herself she had to compete in the feminine competition. Fully settling in to the fact her summer was on a train track she couldn't change, but could only control how bumpy of a ride it was she did her best to prepare, something daddy wasn't on board with. "Walking around the house with a book on your head isn't going to make you a girl, why are you even doing this? It isn't like I'm making you and that crazy woman isn't around." Was at least one thing he had said to her when she was practicing.

Then the day finally came, she sat in the backseat of Miss Megan's SUV with daddy in the front passenger. Leah found herself more excited than she expected and the fact that her brother was actually coming to see it after all his grumbling meant a lot. Before buckling her seatbelt she leaned between the two front seats and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you for coming to see me today Daddy." Leah gave him a big smile, showing her braces on her white teeth. With how mean he had been lately the fact that in the end he was going to be here for her

meant the world.

Reaching over Megan patted Charles on the leg after seeing the grimace on his face as he rubbed his cheek where he had just been kissed. She wanted to make sure he continued to stay nice and positive today like she had told him. The previous night he had been pacing, working himself up more and more about today's events. "I just don't get it Megan, why does he always look so happy? I know you have beaten into him that he always has to smile, but that look of defiance in his eyes is gone." Chuck rubbed his hand on the back of his neck, as he looked into Megan's blue eyes for an answer.

"Her name is Leah, and maybe you should have a talk with her." Chuck just gave the woman a flat look. "You don't understand, when I used to make him stand in the corner and sing the little teapot song, sure he did it but the look in his eye said he would get even. Now I see him sitting in front of the tv painting his nails humming while some reality tv show plays. He shouldn't be happy, he should be miserable." Chuck left out the rest of what he was thinking, miserable like he was.

"Charles, it is important you support Leah, she is more fragile than you know."

"Bullshit, Liam is anything but fragile." Megan gave him a half smile, wondering how he could be so blind, but then Liam had been acting like a macho ass for so long the world thought that was who he really was.

"Tell you what, how about we make a deal." Chuck gave her a hard look, one of the last deals he made with her ended up with his dick locked away. It was a problem from the start, but at least she let him free so they could have some fun now and then, but that had been happening less and less. "What kind of deal?"

"The kind that will help Leah, and give you what you desire. Tomorrow you are going to be polite, and supportive of Leah. Then after the pageant you are going to sit down with her and have a conversation."

"What kind of conversation?"

"The kind that I'm betting you never have had with anyone. You are going to ask her how she is doing and then actually listen. You will then ask her what would make her happier and what you can do to make that happen. If you can promise me that, then I will remove that cage around your dick and it can stay off."

“Be nice and then have a conversation?” It felt like there had to be more to it, he had gotten to know this crazy woman. She was the type to get him worked up and then decide all she wanted was for him to use his tongue instead of unlocking him and now she was just offering to have it removed. She had been on board with his plan to punish Liam on his own, making sure his brother stayed in line after what he pulled, but that hadn’t gotten him free. “What’s the catch?”

“The catch...” Megan leaned closer, moving into the taller man’s personal space. “That if you don’t do what you promise I will put another cage around your cock that is smaller and spiked.” Chuck tilted his head back, he believed she would try, though he had no intention of letting that happen. The threat of going to the police was still a heavy one, but at this point he was sure the police wouldn’t really go looking for him if they had Liam. “You got it, I will be on my best behavior.”

Sitting in the car, Chuck took note of Megan’s hand patting his thigh. He put a smile on his face and turned to face Liam in the backseat who was wearing a simple cotton sundress. “I wouldn’t miss this for the world, I believe in you.” He could see how that brought a large smile to his little brother’s face, it really was like he was talking to a girl instead of his brother. Not long ago if he said something like that to Liam he would have come back saying he believed in himself too and didn’t need belief from him like he was some fairy from Neverland. It bothered him on a deep level, his brother could be a jerk, but this person didn’t feel like him. Leah looked like a younger version of his mother and acted like a teen girl, not the confident man he had grown up to be. Still he kept his emotions off his face, smiling as per his agreement.

The location for the Miss Teen Beauty Pageant was about an hour drive, one done in mostly silence, each person in the car feeling their own anxiety for different reasons. No sooner had they pulled into the parking lot when Leah pressed her long nailed index finger to the tinted glass window. “Jeremy is here!” She proclaimed happily as she saw him leaning against his new car.

“Of course he is...” Chuck said under his breath.

“What was that Daddy?”

“I said, of course he is, I’m sure he wouldn’t miss this for the world either.” Chuck half turned his head to the backseat wishing he hadn’t said anything, while a small blush came to Leah’s face thinking how lucky she was to have people to think that way about her. A small voice in the back of her mind told her none of it was real, because she was really a boy. She tried to squash it, but the best she

could do was wish this was all real. Soon as the car came to a stop she practically jumped out of the car and into his arms, loving how he grabbed her by the waist and spun her around like it was some kind of movie.

As her heeled feet touched the pavement she felt his lips on her own, the kiss a long lingering one, followed by a quick peck. "I missed you." Jeremy looked into Leah's blue as he spoke to her.

"Stop, we like video chatted this morning." His hand's hadn't left her sides as he gave her that goofy grin. "That was nice, but any time away from you will cause me to miss you."

"Good morning Jeremy, I'm surprised you are here by yourself." Megan gave the boy a bright smile, he seemed much more confident than when she first met him.

"Good morning Mrs. Best and ah.. Umm... good morning to you Mr. Summers." Jeremy looked back to the girl in his arms, letting go and quickly turning back to his car to pull out the half dozen red roses he brought for her. Something he didn't consider was how they would hold up in the car and more than a few were starting to wilt. He held them out to her, feeling much more sheepish, kicking himself for the oversight and not thinking ahead.

"They are beautiful." Leah took flowers, leaning in close to smell them, paying little attention to their condition as she realized this was the first time she had gotten flowers. She had given them to impress a girl or as an apology, girls liked flowers so it was something simple you could give, but getting them felt different. Everyone could agree roses looked good, but the act of getting something pretty just because someone was thinking about you was something different.

"Isn't that sweet Charles? I don't think you have gotten me flowers." Chuck gave her a forced smile thinking he might have if this was anything close to a real relationship. He didn't reply to her, seeing how the boy was giving away shabby flowers.

"Little advice, on hot days like this bring a cooler and put a few ice packs at the bottom, they will hold up a lot better." Jeremy nodded, thankful for the advice that he should have thought of. He could have even gotten them in a vase, it wasn't like she had anywhere to put them. Leah couldn't leave them in the car and wouldn't have a place for them inside.

"Thank you sir, I ahhh. I was wondering if you and umm well the two of you

would like to come to a baseball game with Leah and myself. I got the tickets for my birthday and I thought maybe..." Jeremy shrugged, feeling incredibly nervous talking to Leah's father. They had bonded a little over sports and he really wanted his approval. The last thing Chuck wanted was to see anymore of his brother dolled up and kissing a boy.

"Sorry kid, I'm booked solid for a while." Chuck felt an elbow to his ribs before Megan took his elbow in her own.

"Jeremy he would love to watch a game with you, but I think an outing like that would be better without you having chaperones around. How about we figure out a time for Charles, Leah and myself to come over to your house when you and your father are going to watch a game, or we can host it."

With how happy he was at the offer Jeremy didn't even think of the original objection and readily agreed to a game day party, positive his parents would both be happy, especially his mom with being able to check in on him whenever she wanted. When he looked back to his girlfriend he saw how some of the petals on the flowers were ready to fall off from their time on his backseat in the sun. "I'm sorry about the flowers, I will..." He wanted to say he would do better in the future, but found himself being hugged.

"They are perfect, thank you." Jeremy hugged the girl back, giving a kiss to her cheek and realized he had been asked a question earlier that he completely spaced on.

"Oh, Mrs. Best, you asked me if I was alone. My mom is actually coming out, just not till closer to the start so she could work a few hours at her store and from what I understand both Candi and Bailey will be coming too." What he didn't say was that he drove alone so that not only could he get to see Leah before the pageant, but also in the hopes he could take her home after.

"I'm happy to hear it, now why don't you come over here and help us with our bags." Megan opened up the back of her vehicle, handing over a small suitcase that had makeup, hair products and the four pairs of heels for Leah's different outfits. Then grabbed the garment bag with the changes of clothes. The last thing in the back was the saxophone case, Leah took that in one hand, holding onto the flowers in the other. Taking one last wiff before giving Jeremy another smile.

Over the week she had thought alot about her feelings toward him. It made no sense why she felt safe and comfortable around him, or thought about kissing

him. She knew she wasn't attracted to men, making how she felt about him so odd. Dismissing the thought she tried to focus on today. With everything in hand she nodded to herself as the group started to head inside so Leah could start getting ready.

Chapter 47

Getting into the back dressing room a frantic woman checked her name off on a list, running off to do something else before any questions could be asked. Leah glanced over to Miss Megan, the room was packed with young women and their mothers, the room itself wasn't that big and the air was so full of hairspray nothing else could be smelled. With enough looking around they were able to find where Leah was to set up her things to get ready. As they hung up the outfits and pulled out the makeup they would need, one of the other mothers took notice.

“Hello there, I’m Brook. It looks like your daughter...” The woman looked at the name tag, then took another second to look over who she thought was a young girl. “Leah, will be neighbors to my Aspen.” Looking past her as she motioned to her daughter, Megan could see a teen girl with long blonde hair that went well past her shoulders. The girl didn’t move her focus from her task using makeup to enhance her blue eyes.

“She isn’t my daughter, I’m just here to help her out.” The woman gave a slight frown for just a second.

“Aww that is too bad, but it is so nice she has someone to help her out. With her being up against my Aspen, she will need all the help she can get.” Megan put one hand on Leah’s shoulder, disliking the fake woman.

“It was nice meeting you, good luck to you Aspen.” Megan said looking past the woman. Being in a room full of teen girls in different states of undress felt odd for Leah. On one hand being in the backroom of a beauty pageant was the dream, and while she was supposed to be back here. She was sure the show runners would say differently if they knew what was tucked between her legs. It felt odd, like she was trespassing in an area that felt suffocating with the heavy smell in the air. Still, Leah gave a smile to the girl sitting next to her as she turned to look at Miss Megan when she gave her the well wishes. Leah was taken aback when she

got a sneer as they looked at one another.

“Braces... really? You have braces and you entered a pageant? The standards must be so low... wait. Mumsy did she say she didn’t have a Mom?” The girl’s voice was light and airy, it sounded more like a stage voice, but Leah couldn’t judge the girl on that considering how her own voice sounded. “I just hate it when they use girls like you for filler out of charity, it is just so cruel to make you think you have a chance.” Right away Leah put one hand over her mouth, she really had no idea how these things worked or how one got in a pageant, but the girl’s words suddenly amplified Leah’s feelings of not belonging here.

“Brooke.” Megan said in a friendly tone and with a smile on her face. “It looks like your daughter is a massive bitch. See to your barking dog before someone else disciplines it.” The girl’s face looked shocked, eyes wide and mouth open. While Brooke’s face turned red with rage.

“HOW DARE YOU TALK TO MY DAUGHTER THAT WAY!” Megan’s eyes were half lidded, while she had a smirk on her face looking at the woman in front of that looked more like one of those women on the real house wives with how she dressed and acted. She didn’t expect what happened next, as Brooke shoved her. Megan stumbled back, took a deep breath before looking to Leah.

“Sweetie, I will be back.” She said quietly, it was still loud enough that those right around them could hear. It left Leah shocked that Miss Megan would just leave like this, she was a strong and intimidating person and for her to just back down and flee like that was baffling.

“It looks like you are all alone now, I wouldn’t want you to drop out just because that... that woman wasn’t here to help you. If you want I can assist you a little today, give you some tips for the future.” Leah blinked a few times at Aspen’s mother, then looked back to the door. This was all too much, she was unsure about this to begin with and every second in here made things worse. If Miss Megan wasn’t here that meant she wasn’t forcing the participation. Thoughts of running off filled her mind, but were put to the side when Miss Megan walked back into the room. Behind her a man in a security uniform, moving right over to Brooke as Miss Megan pointed her out.

“What are you doing!?” Brooke cried out as the tall, but overweight man reached for her forearm.

“Ma’am, you are causing a disturbance and have assaulted another guest here.

Please come with me so I can get your side of the story.”

“I WILL DO NO SUCH THING! I AM HERE TO WIN AND WILL NOT HAVE THIS BITCH SLANDER ME!”

“Ma’am, I will have to ask you to lower our voice and refrain from cursing, this is a family event. Now please come with me.” While his words were calm, Leah could see his face was much more serious. By the time he got the woman to leave the room with her he had no choice other than to frog march her.

“Sorry Aspen, I may have went too far when I spoke to you, but I am rather protective of those I care about. Though it seems your Mom is learning about discipline and the consequences of her actions.” The blonde girl looked aghast, looking from Megan to the door and then back to Megan.

“What am I supposed to do now!?” Leah thought for a second, the girl wasn’t very nice, but like she used to be mean a lot too.

“I Umm like have a few friend’s coming that are great with hair and makeup, they do youtube videos all the time. I could ask them if they could help you.” Leah say the look of anger and disgust on the girls face. Like the very idea of getting help was not only beneath her, but made her feel sick with how disgusting it was.

“Yeah, I. Am. Not. Taking. Charity. From. A. Charity. Case.” She said as she stood up, giving one last sneer before leaving the room.

“Ignore her Leah, just forget everything that stuck up girl and her mother said. You worked hard for this, harder than most of the girls here. You can do this, I believe in you.” Megan tried to sound as reassuring as she could and keep her own rage hidden.

Leah ran her tongue across her braces, something she didn’t think she really needed, but at the same time didn’t think a dentist would just put them on someone because they asked. Having metal wire in your mouth wasn’t the best thing for self confidence and what little she had in herself had been shaken. Miss Megan had done so much to her, yet had been one of the few people that had been giving her encouragement. Leah didn’t want to let her down, and wanted to continue to hear that someone believed in her. Believed she could do better, to win. “I won’t disappoint you Miss Megan.”

Putting her hands on both of Leah's shoulders, Megan made sure Leah was making eye contact. She had broken Liam down, and had been building Leah up to crush Liam, but more and more she wanted to build Leah up because it felt like the right thing to do. Leah was like any person, wanting validation, wanting someone to be in their corner, someone to say they were good enough as they were. "Leah, I need you to hear me when I say this. So long as you do your best I will never be disappointed in you. I am proud of the young woman in front of me, I am proud of you." She could see Leah's lip start to quiver, so she pulled her into a tight hug. Thinking how Liam wasn't able to come out and say that he was no longer the person he was before, and was only Leah, but Leah's actions told her the truth.

Ending the log hug, Megan brushed her fingers over Leah's cheek. "Leah, are you happy? I mean with yourself right now." Leah blinked a few times at the heavy question of how she felt. Anxiety at everything was at the top of the list, worry that she wasn't good enough, how could she when she wasn't even really a girl? Worry at letting Miss Megan down. Sad that the girl Aspen didn't understand how much her words hurt. Then she thought of how Miss Megan stood up for her, how she was just told about how proud she was. That her friends were coming to support her and how Jeremy got her flowers.

"I'm... I'm happy." The reply did not sound very strong to Megan, but still she smiled and gave a few slow nods.

"Good, I want you to think about the things that have made you happy when you go out there today. I want that smile on your face to be real, I want you to come back after each segment of today and be proud of yourself no matter what happens. We all make mistakes in life, but you need to know deep down that you are worthy of being loved." Leah did her best to keep her emotions in check, she only wore light makeup here knowing she would have to do something more here, but still she hated seeing her mascara run when her stupid emotions wouldn't listen. Leah gave the pretty older woman a few nods, not trusting herself to talk and not start balling.

Getting ready for the first event was done in relative peace, Aspen and her mother Brooke never came back, not even to pick up their things and after the disruption it seemed no one else wanted to speak to them. Getting undressed in the room felt odd, but Leah changed into her strapless red satin bra that matched the panties she was already wearing. Slid the twenty denier pantyhose up her legs and slipped into the strapless red gown that had a large bow over her chest. The top of the gown hugged her body, while the skirt flared out, ending an inch or so

below her knees.

Leah had practiced with updos, but today she needed help getting it just right. Miss Megan had added hot curlers to her hair, and then assisted with her makeup. Seeing herself come together made Leah feel like she didn't have enough time to finish. With Megan's help she ended up having more than enough time, her hair up in a curly updo with just a piece hanging down in front that curled off to the side. Dangling gold earrings, a gold necklace with large onyx gems, a thick gold bracelet and her feet securely buckled into her four inch red stiletto, rounded toe heels with a small platform that had been dyed to match the dress. It wasn't long before Leah was standing just behind the scenes in line waiting for her turn for the first part of the content. Everyone was going to be introduced to the talent portion of the event. "I'm soooooo nervous." Leah bounced up and down on the balls of her feet, causing her chest to jiggle with the movement.

"You will be fine, you have practiced, you are ready and you are beautiful. Remember this is thirty five percent of your total score, and you got this." Leah gave her a smile, blowing out the air in her lungs before looking down at her alto saxophone sitting in the open case ready for her.

"You have two people in front of you, about ten minutes." Again, Leah had no time to ask any questions before the frantic woman moved on. Her words giving Leah a spike of that anxiety, mixed with a heavy dose of dread that she had to swallow till it was her turn to walk from backstage, it building slightly more as the minutes went by.

"Your turn." The voice caused all the dread in her body to cause her to stop breathing and lock her body in place. Megan could see the woman's eyes almost bug out when Leah didn't move. She gently touched the center of her back, giving a light push. "Leah sweetie, you're up." Leah looked over her shoulder, biting the inside of her cheek and trying to build up her confidence. It took Megan pushing a little harder for Leah to step forward and onto the stage. With all the hours of practice Leah had no problem striding out, at least looking confident as she moved to the center of the stage.

With the lights overhead she couldn't see the audience, couldn't find anyone she knew in the audience. She smiled, holding the instrument in one hand while she posed with her other on her hip. While someone was talking over the speaker introducing her, all Leah could really hear was her own heartbeat. When things started to go quiet she shifted her stance to hold the saxophone, took a calming breath. Thinking about the things she was happy about in her life to try and focus on the good. Pressing her lips to the saxophone, Leah blew into it as he fingers

held her keys. Closing her eyes she let the music flow through her, the fingers easily moving over the keys in a practiced movement. The song was a sweet old song that Liah thought fit with her current life, she was over the rainbow and for just over four minutes everyone in the audience got to hear her tell everyone.



Leah didn't open her eyes till the song was over, giving a huge smile to people in the audience as they cheered and clapped. The anxiety hadn't gone away, but had all been pushed to the side while she played and with the outpouring of applause only a fraction of it came back. The smile hadn't disappeared as she left the stage. "I did it!" Leah said as she was enveloped in another hug.

"You did, you did wonderful. Now I have another question for you." Megan saw the massive smile on her face like it was plastered there. "Are you happy?"

"I'm so happy!"

Chapter 48

Sitting out in the audience the four people here to support Leah cheered a little extra as they watched her leave the stage after playing her heart out, Chuck less so than the other three. He didn't feel comfortable sitting next to the boy that was dating his feminized brother and he really didn't want to interact with Megan's niece Bailey considering what had happened to her. He checked the time on his phone, he would love to spend time watching a beauty pageant if he had a beer in hand and all the girls weren't teenagers. Seeing his brother literally strut on stage, popping his hip to the side like he was the same as the other girls here bothered him.

Leaning forward in her seat Candi looked across the little group here to support Leah. She lightly touched her hands in a prayer motion to her lips. "Oh my god, she was sooo goooood! She has to win, right?"

"I think so, it isn't like she is up against the two of you, so no real competition." Jeremy flashed both Bailey and Candi a smile.

"Is it like wise to flirt with two girls when your girlfriend's Dad is right next to you?" At Candi's words, Jeremy's eyes bugged out, he slowly turned to look at the

man next to him. He let out a sigh of relief that there wasn't a death glare pointed in his direction, the man was just looking at his phone.

He then felt a slap on his knee when Candi reached past Bailey. "We couldn't like win anyways, I don't think they would let either of us choose shopping or makeup for our talent." Bailey rolled his eyes at the idea that shopping was a talent, let alone one he had.

"I like don't know, Candi you could always sing." Candi narrowed her eyes at her best friend, pushing her cheeks out a little in irritation from the teasing, both keenly aware the music teacher they had went to had made it clear that wasn't something she should be pursuing. "Besides like Leah did like amazing..." Bailey was actually surprised just how good his old friend did. Liam had never mentioned he played an instrument, let alone doing it so well. "But... this is her first pageant and..." Bailey looked around at the rather large audience, or at least larger than anything he expected. He was about to continue when Candi snapped her fingers a few times.

"No zoning out in the middle of a sentence. If you don't think she will win, how about we make a bet on it?"

"Hey, hey you two. We are here to support her, no betting against my girlfriend." Bailey rolled his eyes, his feelings about Liam or Leah were complicated right now, but it really didn't seem reasonable for the first competition he or she... went to would crown her the winner.

"It is a bet." Bailey said with a grin, wondering what he was going to make his friend do when he won.

"Really? Come on!" Jeremy said almost pleading with them to not make the

wager, like he was trying to talk Bailey out of betraying her friend.

“Relax, Mr. Knight in shining armor. She wants Leah to like, win as much as me, but we always bet on things. The loser has to do whatever the winner wants for five minutes and after Leah wins, I will make my little sister here sing over the rainbow while Leah plays, so that I can upload it to youtube. She hates it when I record her singing.” Candi giggled a little just thinking about it. “Oh, oh, oh! We can even get both of you to dress up like Dorthy!”

“Oh, so it really is all in good fun.” Jeremy smiled, while Bailey crossed his arms grumbling about Candi not knowing what fun was, not giving a thought to how the pose emphasized his girlish assets.

Soon the talent portion was over, bringing them to the interview portain. All the contestants were brought on stage, each one coming forward to introduce themselves and answer three questions. Chuck smiled broadly when it was his brother's turn to come up, while Megan wasn't here to make sure he was fulfilling his part of the bargain he had no way of knowing if she would ask her niece about how he handled the day. He saw Liam coming forward, his updo had changed so most of his hair was behind his head in a bun, a few curled strands of hair escaped. He was sure it was to get the desired look and not a mistake on Megan's part, no way would she let that happen. Like Liam's hair the outfit had changed as well, leaving Liam in a charcoal gray pencil skirt that came down just past his knees, a short sleeved sky blue silk blouse that had a bow instead of a collar and a pair of medium high stiletto heels in a matching color to the blouse.

“Hi everyone!” Most of the girls that came before Liam had been more formal, and while his brother wasn't a formal kind of person he wasn't a bubbly girl waving her hand like she was trying to make friends either. This person felt less

and less like his brother over the course of the punishment, he had been telling himself that was part of the point. To punish him and make him a better person, he was to be a girl for the summer he just never expected... this.

“I’m like Leah Megan Summers and I have to say this is my first pageant and I’m so excited to be here, thank you all for having me! My platform, like many of the other wonderful people competing is about helping others through volunteering. I have been working at my local hospital three days a week and I have to tell you that everyone there really do only want the best for the patients and to help them. It has been a pleasure to ease the burden of these heroes, and I do mean heroes. Anyone who dedicates their lives to making us all healthy are like truly that!” Leah stood there on stage, feet together and hands held together in front of her as she waited for the first question.

“Contestant, first question. If you could break one rule, what would that be?” Leah couldn’t see the person speaking to look in their direction, so she gave a large smile, showing off her braces. Miss Megan had said not to be afraid to show them off, it wasn’t something to be embarrassed about, the fact she had them and competed in something like this would show she was willing to be brave and would do what they needed to in order to improve.

“I would... I would totally break the law and feed the homeless. No one should be making rules so be cruel, as a ah.. As a society we can be better, we should be better.” She gave a small nod of her head to punctuate the end of her sentence.

“Contestant, second question. What would you do if you won today?” Miss Megan had made her watch tens of videos on pageant interview questions and this one one they had prepared for.

“I got to play music for everyone today and it was like the first time I got to do

that for an audience. If I won, I would like to visit the children's wards in the hospitals in my area. To share with them my love for music and to help lift them up and I would work with the hospital I volunteer at to try and use these visits to help encourage more people to help their community."

"Contestant, third question." Leah took a deep breath, giving answers to a faceless void was more than intimidating. She had no way of knowing if people liked her answers or if she had already failed. "What is the most important thing parents should tell their children?" The question wasn't one Leah was prepared for and thinking back she didn't have a lot to draw upon other than examples from her father on what not to do. Her mother was just a normal person like any other, but she had been gone so long that thinking of specific things she might have said were mostly a blur.

"Parents have a job to care for their children, a job they are not given enough credit for, but like... if the rule is I can only can say one thing. Well now I wish I answered differently to the breaking one rule question." Leah smirked hearing a few chuckles in the audience. "With just one, I would say parents should make sure their children know they believe in them. Belief is like such a small word, but when someone you know tells you how they believe in you..." Leah paused trying to keep the tears that wanted to well up in her eyes in control. "It is like just one of those things that you feel deep inside of you, making you feel lighter like their belief makes you feel lighter."

Chuck made a snapping sound with his tongue, hearing the drivel his brother just spouted. He shook his head and pulled out his phone to send a text message. When he got the reply he wanted he leaned over to whisper to the three next to him. "Hey, I have to head out. I'm feeling under the weather and it wont wait. When this is all over let Megan know and ask her to keep... Leah over at her

house tonight. I would but..." He waggled his cell phone in the air. "Phone is dead. You can do that for me right?" When they agreed he made his exit from the building, turning his screen back on to call an uber. It was going to be an expensive ride home, but he just couldn't take any of this anymore. Megan had been foolish enough to already unlock him from the horrible contraption and with both her and Liam busy this was the perfect time to get done what he needed to.

In the back, soon as Leah got off the stage, Megan gave her a big smile and a hug. "Are you still happy?"

"Did... did I do okay?"

"You did better than I could have expected, what you said was touching."

"Then I'm happy." Leah gave her a big smile before ushered back to the changing room for the next part of the contest. Everything seemed to be going so fast, not just today, but her life. Things have been changing, she had been fighting them because they were wrong, but if she was honest with herself somethings just felt right, like pieces of a puzzle. Leah was so much in her head that she didn't notice the spot next to her had been cleared out while she had been on stage, except for an envelope with the name Leah written in large flowing print.

"Looks like Brooke and her daughter left you a card Leah." Megan handed over the envelope, watching Leah slide her nail along the seal. It only took a second before Leah handed the card to her to read. The front had the image of sunflowers, saying "Wishing you the best!" She thought the card was a nice gesture considering what happened earlier, but reading the inside of the card revealed more of just who they were as people.

“Wishing you the best of luck today, people like yourself of no other merit only have luck to go on, so I hope you have plenty. Best wishes -Aspen”

Megan tossed it into the trash where she thought it and the people who left it belonged. “Ignore them, the bitches are just trying to get in your head.”

“It's okay, I like get it. Tear people down to make yourself feel better, people do that.” Leah said thinking about more than a few times she had put people down. “It like isn't getting to me.” Megan nodded slightly, giving Leah a tight smile, easily seeing the card had shaken her confidence. “Remember what I told you, focus on the things that make you happy. You can do this.”

The next segment of the contest was physical fitness, while Miss America had cut the swimsuit portion of the competition, many other pageants simply renamed the segment, and as the girls came on stage in their swimsuits and heels Jeremy's eyes went wide as his teenage libido started really paying attention to what he was looking at. He wasn't so pure that his eyes didn't drink in the images of the other girls, but still his main focus was his girlfriend. Her hair had been let down from before, hanging free and he could swear her she looked directly at him as she came onto stage. She had on a maroon bikini, with a matching sash covering her swim suit's bottom for a little more modesty in the outfit that showed off much of her pale skin. He smiled at the seashell choker, finding it amusing that his girl found a way to accessorize a bikini as she strode out in front in her pointed toe high heels, striking a pose with her hands on her hips, giving a coy smile to the audience before turning back around to get back in line with the other contestants.



“God I hope she comes home with me tonight.” Jeremy said with a mixture of lust and admiration for Leah.

“I’m sure you would like that, but I think we are all like going out together after all this.” Bailey clearly saw Leah like everyone else, but knowing that was actually Liam didn’t change what he saw. On stage, in a bikini with breasts just as large as his own... that he did not want to think deeper about was a confident looking girl, not the smug dick he had down for years. Aunt Megan had said this was what Liam wanted to be, and that didn’t make any sense to him, but it was hard to deny what he was seeing. Bailey wanted to still be angry at him, but that had been receding. It was like trying to hold onto water at the beach as the water pulled back, the anger just wasn’t there like it was before.

“Oh, okay. I hope you all have fun then.” He didn’t realize they had plans and felt foolish for getting his hopes up of celebrating today with Leah.

“Jeremy, don’t like be silly. You can totally come out with all of us too. Far as I’m like thinking you can always come out with us, even if Leah isn’t around. You are friend too.” Jeremy looked into Candi’s green eyes, feeling some of his unease wash away, but at the same time a small voice in the back of his head told him he didn’t deserve this, that they were just taking pity on him. He did his best to ignore that voice and just try to be happy and be in the moment.

The last section of the competition was the evening wear. For this Leah had her hair back into an updo, she changed out all her jewelry for a few pieces of fake diamonds. A fake diamond encrusted thick bracelet onto her right wrist, a fake diamond necklace, chandelier earrings with fake diamonds at their center. She had on a long deep blue sleeveless, sweetheart neckline dress. No one could see the six inch stiletto single sole silver heels under the gown; they were the tallest

heels Leah had ever worn and brought her up to six feet tall. Seeing her Jeremy felt his breath get caught in his chest, when she walked down the stage to show off how she looked and posed it was like the world was moving in slow motion with the song simply irresistible playing through his mind. They had all been told to hold applause till the end, but he couldn't help bringing his hand up to his mouth and whistling to the girl he loved.

Getting back in the row with the other girls Leah had the biggest blush on her cheeks after hearing the whistle, cat calling or things like that were not encouraged in life, but hearing it made her feel appreciated in that moment. She tried to hold onto that feeling as they got ready to declare the winners. As the host of the event came onto the stage Leah started to hear her heart beating in her ears again, feeling more and more foolish by the second for even trying this. Miss Megan said she had to do it, but that was so long ago at this point. She was sure if she had asked to go home at any point she could have. Instead she was lined up with girls, real girls, she didn't belong here, she was nothing but a fraud. Really she had been a fraud her whole life, this was just one more event in a long string of them. She didn't deserve anyone believing in her, not Miss Megan, not Daddy, not Bailey, not Candi, not.. Not Jeremy. All of this was going through her mind, wanting to be anywhere, but right there on stage when she felt someone bump her shoulder. The girl to the left through clenched teeth was trying to tell her something. "That's you girl, get up there."

Sure enough the announcer was turned with his arm outstretched in her direction, so she slowly took a few small steps forward, making sure to be careful in the incredibly high heels and taking just a few glances around to make sure someone else wasn't walking forward. "Here she is everyone our first runner up! Everyone give a hand to Miss Leah Summers!" The outpouring of applause made Leah's eyes well up with tears. She had been so stuck in her own head that she

hadn't even noticed two other girls had already been called forward for fourth and third place. The announcer's words finally hit her, first runner up... that meant she won second place. As the sash was already being put on her before it all really hit home and a smile large enough to cause her cheek to be sore if she kept it up too long came to her face.

Spending the next few minutes beaming out her smile to the audience Leah paid no real attention to the announcement for who became the winner. She was happy for them, this entire event was nerve racking on a level she never could have imagined, but she was just living a place of bliss earning what she did.

Like it was some sort of drama on television, something changed after the winner had been crowned. A judge came on stage and spoke to the announcer quietly, then a few woman came on stage to talk to the crowned winner. It was enough to pull Leah out of her own mind, trying to figure out what was going on, if this was just something that happened at pageants like this or if it was something else. When the girl was taken backstage and the crown was brought back forward she knew it had to be something else.

"I'm sorry for the confusion everyone." The announcer spoke into his microphone. "Unfortunately Britney has been disqualified, it seems she was nineteen when she signed up, but since then she has turned twenty. Therefore is not eligible to be in this pageant. Fear not, she is not walking away with nothing, we recognize the effort she has put in today, she just cannot wear the crown. So that means Leah Summers, step forward! Congratulations on winning today!"

"What!?" Leah looked behind her to see if the girl that was taken backstage was coming back out, to see if this was some sort of joke or prank, but the only thing she saw was the friendly clapping of the other contestants. Stepping forward once

more Leah had her sash replaced, a crown put on her head and roses put into her hands.



To win a beauty pageant was what some girls dreamed of, it never was for Leah, but this moment felt like validation as euphoria took over. That same smile came to her face, as she reached up and touched the crown placed around her hair. It felt real, the applause seemed real and as the announcer listed off what she had won she wasn't sure this could be real. That all of this could really happen to her.

“Leah as today's winner you gain a significant prize, including. Eligibility for the Miss Teen Nevada pageant, One year of haircare from Eric Vout, Rev Hair Studio, One year on location hairstyling from Booking Hare, that will come in handy with a contract with MMG Model and Talent Management, paired nicely with the one year on location makeup services from Dana Rockwell's Artistry, an assortment of products from Prosper Beauty.” The announcer moved to the other side of Leah giving her a little wink before looking back to the crowd.

“We don't play around here, because there is more. A custom gold and diamond official ring will be given to her and all the winners today, but Leah here will also be getting a matching necklace all from RW Fine Jewelry.” The list of things kept going on and on, it wasn't till backstage that Miss Megan was able to break it all down from a long list. They offered a five thousand dollar voucher to a local plastic surgery clinic, a two thousand dollar voucher to a clothing store in Vegas called Gold Fleece, a professional photoshoot and one years tuition to Hollins University, a prestigious women's college so long as she graduated high school. The list was incredible and see it all Leah could see why girls worked so hard to win.

Putting the list down after it was handed to her Leah slowly shook her head, trying to wrap her mind around what just happened. “Miss Megan... did I really win!?”

“You did sweetheart.” Leah leap from the chair she had sat in, almost immediately losing her balance in the incredibly high heels as she wrapped her arms around the person who made all of this possible.

“Thank you for believing in me.” The words came out in a strangled whisper as Leah fought through the tears that no longer were able to be kept at bay. Megan hugged Leah back, feeling proud and happy, all feelings and thoughts of if she had done the right thing leaving her. As she fully accepted that Leah was inside of Liam all along, she was just buried deep enough that no one knew.

Chapter 49

Leaving the pageant Leah felt like electricity was flowing through her skin she was so energized. She had stood around sipping on coffee after the long day with Candi, Bailey and Jeremy while Miss Megan signed the paperwork for everything. None of it felt real, and while her mind kept coming back to not really believing she now had a crown on her head, she also knew the rug could be pulled out at any time if the truth came out. She wasn't a sixteen year old girl, she wasn't even a girl, yet she wore the crown. Jeremy knew the truth about her, well something closer to the truth. She didn't think she was transgender, she hadn't felt like she always was a girl... yet that was exactly what she felt like now. If the people running the contest found out it would all be taken away. She had been standing there not listening to the people around her talking as she looked into the milk infused coffee with much more sugar than she had ever really taken in her life, and then looked up to Jeremy.

He had noticed where she was looking and returned the look, giving her a smile that brought butterflies to Leah's stomach. Then she looked to Bailey and Candi, wondering how they would react if they knew what Jeremy did. Feeling wanted by Jeremy when he discovered what was between her legs was amazing. The two girls already accepted her, took her under their wings, but if they found out would they shove her away or be like the sweet boy that at that very second was putting his arm around her waist. Leah wasn't really sure Candi or Bailey had a cruel bone in their bodies. Looking at them reminded Leah of the conflict inside of her,

she was attracted to Jeremy, against all odds she was, but not other men. The idea of sleeping with either or both of the blonde, green eyed girls was still very appealing, but at the same time further away.

“I mean look at the two of you, you are like totally the cutest couple, if Ry and I were like as perfect as the two of you he might get a cavity from how sweet things were.” Candi motioned to Leah and Jeremy. Leah wasn’t sure what had been said leading up to it, but the idea of them being cute together let alone a perfect couple made her blush.

“We like aren’t perfect.” Leah pulled away from Jeremy’s hand, taking a step the side, pulling her hands together as she started to feel like the room was growing smaller and quieter, even though intellectually she knew that no one else was paying attention to the group of teen’s conversation. “I’m like not who I seem to be.” Bailey’s eyes started to grow wider and his mouth opened slightly, something she quickly covered with his hand. Surprised, Leah sounded like she was about to confess to being Liam.

“Don’t be like that, myself and I know Bailey feels like a fraud sometimes.” Candi’s statement caught Leah off guard, the idea of either of these gorgeous girls could feel like that when they could twist any man around their finger.

“Really?” Candi seemed like the queen of confidence so hearing her admit that was a surprise to Leah.

“Yep, sometimes I am in the middle of making a video for my channel and I just have to stop. Like who am I to give advice to others when I’m just figuring things out myself. And you wouldn’t believe how many times I have to remind my little sis how pretty she is. Like how can she look that hot, but so often forget it.”

“I’m not that hot.” Jeremy opened his mouth to disagree with Bailey when she said that and agree with Candi, but shut it not wanting Leah to get the wrong idea.

“I umm didn’t know that about either of you.” Bailey arguing with Candi that she wasn’t hot made Leah look at the girl in a slightly different light. She wasn’t sure how someone like either of these girls could battle with self esteem like she did, but she also couldn’t understand why Jeremy really did either. “But like that isn’t what I meant I wanted to tell you...” While Leah had taken a step away from Jeremy she reached out for his hand, entwining his fingers with her own for support. He had accepted her, had told her how he loved her and she desperately

wanted more of that in her life than friends that wouldn't really be supportive, like those she used to be around.

"Tell you... I'm transgender." The last word came out in a whisper, so quite she had to repeat herself, knowing the others could not have heard her speak that hard truth. A truth that she wasn't even sure was really the right word to describe her, but it was the closest thing she knew. "I was born a boy... but I'm a girl."

Bailey could see the fear in Leah's face as she spoke, the way she hunched her body and gripped harder onto Jeremy's hand like she was bracing for an impact. It was what Aunt Megan had been telling him, something he couldn't really accept, but the fear of people not accepting what came from what looked like a teen girl's mouth wasn't a lie, wasn't an act. The fact Jeremy still held onto Leah's hand meant he already knew and had accepted it. "Who you were and who you are can like be different and I totally know we all like who you are Leah." Bailey thought of the letter from Liam, explaining himself and asking to be forgiven, it seemed so easy to forgive Leah for something Liam did, Bailey really didn't even feel like they were the same person.

Tilting her head just slightly Candi smiled at Leah. "If you thought that would change how we think of you, then you are crazy girl, because we all think you are amazing. I like never would have guessed, but it means so much to both Bailey and myself you would open up like this. Oh my god, I am just so happy for you and that you would tell us." Candi felt tears coming to her eyes, she fanned her face for a second before giving up and letting them run down her cheeks as she hugged Leah. Turning her head and opening one arm as she looked over at Bailey so she knew she was welcome in the hug too. This was the best summer of her life, just because she became an adult, not because of how much fun she was having, but because of all the people she got to grow close to.

Finishing what she was doing Megan walked up on the group seeing them happy talking amongst themselves. "Everyone looks rather happy here, I hate to interrupt it, but we do have to vacate soon. Everyone ready to go out and celebrate?" The group broke their hug, looking to the adult in their little party.

"We totally are Auntie." Bailey gave Megan a big smile. Things had been changing so quickly, but right there in that moment it felt natural to smile at her, the person that somehow engineered this moment of happiness they all could share.

Candi gave Leah a tight hug, rocking her body slightly from left right. "You are just so brave, and you come and ask us anything, Bailey and I are totally an ally, I like don't know a lot or like really anything about this, but I totally will. We are

totally here for you.” She said in a whisper as she held Leah close, letting go so Bailey could have another turn.

“I like have no idea how you had the courage to like say that, if you like need anything you just ask. Oh and like congrats again on winning.” Bailey really didn’t understand how Liam just came out and said that, he had been living as a girl for longer and couldn’t imagine telling his best friend he was actually a male. He figured the difference might be the fact that Liam actually wanted to be Leah, something he could never really want. Life had more than a few upsides since his life flipped, but it didn’t change who he was.

“There will be plenty of time to hug and celebrate, Candi, Bailey lets head to the cars. I’m sure those two would like a moment to themselves.” With that the group departed leaving Leah standing next to Jeremy, a silence falling between them as they both thought hard on what to say now that they were alone, making the moment drag on and become awkward and that awkwardness just making the silence drag on longer.

“So...” Jeremy searched for to say, he wanted to say so much to the beautiful girl next to him.”

“Yeah?” Leah latched onto the one word the boy said, glad he was speaking up. All the courage in her feeling like it dried up with the confession.”

“Congratulations again, I love seeing the crown on you. Makes you look like a princess and I have always thought you deserve to be treated like one and I hope you feel like one, especially today.” Jeremy rubbed the back of his neck, only finding it in him to look his girlfriend in the eye near the end. He hated feeling like this, he knew they both liked each other, they both loved one another and yet he constantly had to fight his own mind that he was good enough to be with Leah, to be with the beautiful princess standing before him.

“I’m.. I’m not a princess, but...” A small smile grew on Leah’s face as what she was going to say next came to mind and her heart repeated it as the truth. “You do make me feel like one.” Leah could see the boy’s goofy smile on his face before he got himself under control, moving closer so he could wrap one arm around her waist, while she felt the finger tips of his other hand gently touch her cheek as he leaned in to kiss her, stopping just before their lips were about to meet.

“You will always be my princess.” When Jeremy kissed her, Leah opened her mouth to invite his tongue in and as it did she felt her nipples start to grow hard.

She wrapped her arms around his neck to hold herself up as she felt like her toes were about to curl and knees grow weak. She felt happy, happy to be loved, happy to be accepted, happy to be the one pursued and happy to not pretend and put walls up. Before him just touching her felt wrong, but right now everything felt right and she was happy she was no longer fighting it, fighting who she was. Not a bitter sarcastic man, but a happy girl.

“Do you want to talk about what you just said to your friends?” Jeremy asked as he took Leah’s hand in his own, wishing they were somewhere private to continue that deep wonderful encounter and more if his raging hormones had anything to say about it. Leah shook her head, she still had one more hard conversation left.

“No, umm like maybe another time. For now I’m just happy.” She hugged him, placing her head on his chest, taking a few deep breaths as she listened to his heart beat.

“Another time then.” Jeremy said wrapping one hand around her, pressing his hand into her back to hold her close.

“Yeah...” Leah let out a sigh full of contentment before pulling away so they could get going. Jeremy walked her to the SUV she arrived in, giving her one last kiss like they were departing for a long time apart instead of just an hour-long car ride. When Leah got into the vehicle she got into the back seat out of habit at this point.

“Sweetie do you want to ride up front?” Leah looked to the empty passenger seat, smiling before getting out and running around the vehicle in her heels to ride in the front seat for the first time in a long while, outside of being with Jeremy.

The car trip had only been going on for ten minutes before Leah was able to speak up. “Miss Megan, I umm. Candi, Bailey and Jeremy know I’m a boy.” With no preamble or build up the statement made Megan do a double take.

“What exactly do they know?” It was great that Liam had found himself in Leah, but she had broken a few laws for this to come about, and if she had said something she shouldn’t have it could get her into trouble. An icy feeling ran through her as she kept looking from the road to Leah, wanting to answer the question.

“They all think I’m like transgender, but like not who I am... who I used to be. I just umm came out and said it and both the girls were so happy for me, they

called me brave. Candi said she was an ally but like didn't know what that was so she would have to look things up, but she wanted to help and..." Leah trailed off realizing she was talking rapidly and excitedly, moving her hands around as she spoke. Megan licked her lips, nodding to herself as that cold feeling withdrew slowly.

"That sounds like her, what about Jeremy? I saw his goodbye to you so I'm guessing it went well."

"Ahh, he found out on his birthday when we were in the park and he gave me that gift I showed you. We were umm, kissing and stuff and earlier that day my tuck kit came off and I didn't have another and, and... and he felt it, but it didn't matter to him. He said he loved me and... and..." Megan pulled over to the side of the road, unbuckling her seatbelt so she could reach over to give a hug to the girl who was fighting off tears.

"Shhh, shhh, its okay. That sounds wonderful, it seems he is good for you. I'm sorry Charles isn't here for you to talk to. I told him he needed to speak with you, but it seems he couldn't even stay to watch your pageant." And what I get for letting him out of the chastity cage before the pageant instead of after, Megan added mentally. She wasn't going to make him put it back on, but she was going to let him know her displeasure.

"No, no..." Leah shook her head. "It was super nice he was there for me this morning, but I'm not sure I'm ready to talk to him yet. He has known me like my whole life, he has to already know or have an idea, but there is like also a lot of our Dad in him so I don't know how he will like take it."

"Well, no matter how he takes it you have a circle of people who accept you and love you." Leah gave the blue-eyed woman a small smile, the world was a little blurry with the tears in her eyes, but she took note of what she had just said. "I know Jeremy does... but do you really?"

"Do I what?" Megan had lost the thread; she was about to correct herself and tell the girl that of course she accepted her.

"Do you love me, like you just said." Megan rocked her head back, not realizing she had said or implied that. She replied quickly, not wanting Leah to see her having to consider the question. "I do, I do love you Leah in a paternal sense. It feels like I have watched you grow up and blossom into a wonderful young

woman.”

Miss Megan had been much nicer to her, but that she cared for her, loved her set off a sparkler in her heart. It felt like receiving a gift you desperately wanted, yet didn't know you did till you saw it. Leah wiped a tear from her eyes, knowing she was going to have to fix her makeup again. “I, I wasn't like a good person and I know what I did was wrong, and all of this was to teach me a lesson, but like... because of you I'm happy.”

“Just keep that in mind next time I spank you for misbehaving.” Megan spoke with a smile and myrth in her voice, causing a small laugh to escape Leah's mouth even as she tried to snifle.

“I will.” Leah let out a giggle, thinking more about how everything came together. The good, the bad, the worse for his life to transform into her life.

Chapter 50

Rolling over in the bed, Leah pulled the purple silk sheet over her head so she would be facing away from the window that was letting the sun in to assault her tired eyes. It was a frequent problem that she had trouble sleeping, but after a day at the pageant, confessing to people close to her she had passed out easily in the bedroom that once belonged to Miss Megan's daughter. She very much wanted to sleep in a little longer, no one was coming to wake her up, but something glinting was bothering her even under the sheet. Pulling down the sheet in frustration Leah saw the crown she had won sitting on the nightstand table, just catching the light from the sun because of where she left it.

Pursing her lips Leah glared at the crown like the inanimate object was reflecting the light at her on purpose. “Fine.” Leah said like it was a declaration for war as she sat up in bed, reaching over for her phone and seeing it was just a little past nine in the morning and she had more than a few text messages waiting for her, the first coming in just after six in the morning.

Candi: Morning, morning, morning!

Candi: I stayed up like alllll night 2 look things up and I tried talking to Bailey about it this morning, but she just told me no and then hung up. Rude, right!?

Candi: So I was thinking about things and Bailey and I have like these groupouns we have only used once each on getting laser hair removal. Bailey said she doesn't' want 2 go back because it burns her skin 2 much, but she is totally being a big baby.

Candi: After reading things I thought that like u might want 2 join us 2 go back.

Candi: You let me know, because like I really need to crash.

Leah smirked as she flipped from Candi's message over to one from Bailey that came in probably shortly after Candi had contacted her.

Bailey: Like don't listen 2 her, she is crazy

That message made Leah laugh, it was like the three of them were together bantering even though it was all done over text message. Then she moved over to the last person to message her that morning, the one she wanted to click on first, but had held off. Inside the message was no text, but a sound file. Clicking on it Leah turned up the volume to hear Jeremy's voice doing an imitation of Johnny Cash..

"The other night dear, as I lay sleeping. I dreamed I held you in my arms, But when I awoke, dear, I was mistaken. So I hung my head and I cried." Leah smiled hearing the song and him having to take the time to clear his throat before he continued.

"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are gray. You'll never know dear, how much I love you. Please don't take my sunshine away." Then the imitation voice fell away and she could just imagine him having a hard time meeting her eyes as he finished the song. "I love you my princess, have a wonderful day." With the message ended, Leah held the phone to her chest for a good thirty seconds before getting up for the day.

At this point half the clothes in the closet now belonged to Leah, leaving still a good portain back in her room back home. Today she wore a simple satin bra with a tiny pink bow between the cups, cheeky pink panties after she used a tuck kit to make sure she was nice and flat in front. Next she put on her dress for the

day. The top was white, high collared and sleeveless, with little blue polka dots on it. It was made to look like it was a blouse tucked into a high waisted navy blue skirt with large pleats that came down just past her knees. It reminded her of something someone from the forties might wear, it was classically pretty. She started to hum the song Jeremy sang her as she slipped her feet into the first pair of heels she had gotten from Miss Megan. They were navy blue, with a wide light brown leather strap that went across her foot with the heel and slight platform in front being a matching wood brown to the leather. To accessorize she added a blue plastic bangle with fake gold inlays along with some silver, gold and blue button earrings. With her look coming together she felt proud of herself for putting the outfit together before she started on her hair and makeup.

It wasn't till almost ten thirty when Leah saw Miss Megan sitting on her couch in the living room drinking tea and reading a book. This was the first Sunday they had skipped church, but still it looked like Megan was dressed for a day out looking nice or a day at the office in her below the knee beige tight pencil skirt, a dark blue long sleeved blouse that she had buttoned up all the way and brown pointed toe heels. "Good morning! It looks like we match!"

Looking up from her book Megan took Leah in, happy to see the smile still on her face. Though she wouldn't have been surprised if she had put the crown back on. She had never competed in something like this, but she could imagine a younger her wearing it for a week and her little sister constantly wanting her turn. "Good morning sweetheart, it does appear so." She turned her wrist over to look at her watch, it was too late to head in for any of the services for church. "How would you like to go out for the day with me? We can have brunch, catch an early movie and just spend some time together before I drop you off. Or would you like to head home?"

With both hands Leah touched the hem of her skirt, feeling the fabric between her fingers as she thought. When she got home she really was going to have to have a talk with daddy and was more nervous about that than talking to anyone else. "Brunch sounds good, do you think I could get a mimosa?"

"You aren't quite old enough to drink, but you can have a sip of mine." Megan smirked at the petulant face Leah gave back to her, both knowing she really was old enough to drink.

"I am so." Leah put her hands on her hips like she was being serious and confronting the older woman, but her voice was light and friendly.

"That isn't what your birth certificate says." Leah moved her hands away from her

hips and thought for a second, knowing identification had been created, but never really asked more about it.

“How umm like how did you make me a fake birth certificate?” Megan patted the couch cushion next to her as she took a deep breath. This was one of those things that could get her in a lot of trouble, but she didn’t feel she had anything to fear from Leah. Liam would have used any piece of knowledge to his gains, but that wasn’t who Leah was.

“I would say it was simple, but there were more than a few steps. Firstly, the documents I have for Leah Megan Summers are not fake, they are the real thing. I have a birth certificate for you by creating a fake one. Then I called a hospital a few hours from here...” Megan paused for a second realizing she got ahead of herself. “Do you know what I do for a living?” Leah shook her head no.

“I manager a department, well two departments now till they find a replacement supervisor.” She rolled her eyes knowing they would keep her doing double duty for as long as they could. “For a company called Sterling Backgrounds. We are one of the largest background companies around, there are plenty but we get a lot of government contracts and a lot of big name companies that come to us for background information and research into people. So as a manager I had one of my employees take the fake birth certificate I made, them not knowing it was fake and contact a hospital that I know had many records destroyed years ago in a fire. They asked for the original to be sent out as all we had was a copy, they turned around and said they didn’t have any record of a baby with that name being born on that day. I then took over and reminded them of their record problem and how we had proof the record once existed. So they... the hospital staff wrote up a new birth certificate for you. I then turned around and did something similar to get you a social security number, saying you weren’t given one at birth as your parents opted out.”

Megan paused to see if Leah was following what she was saying. “How can you like opt out of a social security number? Everyone has one.” Megan shrugged her shoulders before continuing.

“Social security numbers weren’t a thing till the late thirties and even then there was no requirement for people to have one, some time later hospitals started doing the paperwork at birth for everyone to have one, but even today people can opt out of having a social security number. It isn’t a good idea, it would do nothing but make someone’s life more difficult, but it can be done. So you my dear Leah only recently got your number. You could easily take these down to the dmv and get your learners permit and when you start working you will start

paying into taxes with your new name and social security number.”

“That sounds like a lot.” Again Megan shrugged.

“It did a bit more than that, you have a complete school transcript that I couldn’t help but make up. I’m afraid you weren’t a very good student, mostly getting Ds and Cs in your classes.”

“Even schools will believe that to be real?”

“You have to understand something Leah, the entire system relies on one another, if one part of the system says something is true, like some is dead when they are not. The other parts of the system will back that up by saying it is true just because one part of the system says it is, making the burden of proof fall on the person saying that they are wrong.”

“So I could stay like this if I really wanted to?”

“If you want too, you can.” Megan said gently. The two sitting in silence for over a minute, Megan waiting for Leah to say what she wanted to do. The silence was broken by the girls stomach growling.

“Can we talk about this later?” Megan put her arm around Leah’s shoulder, kissing the top of her head.

“Of course.”

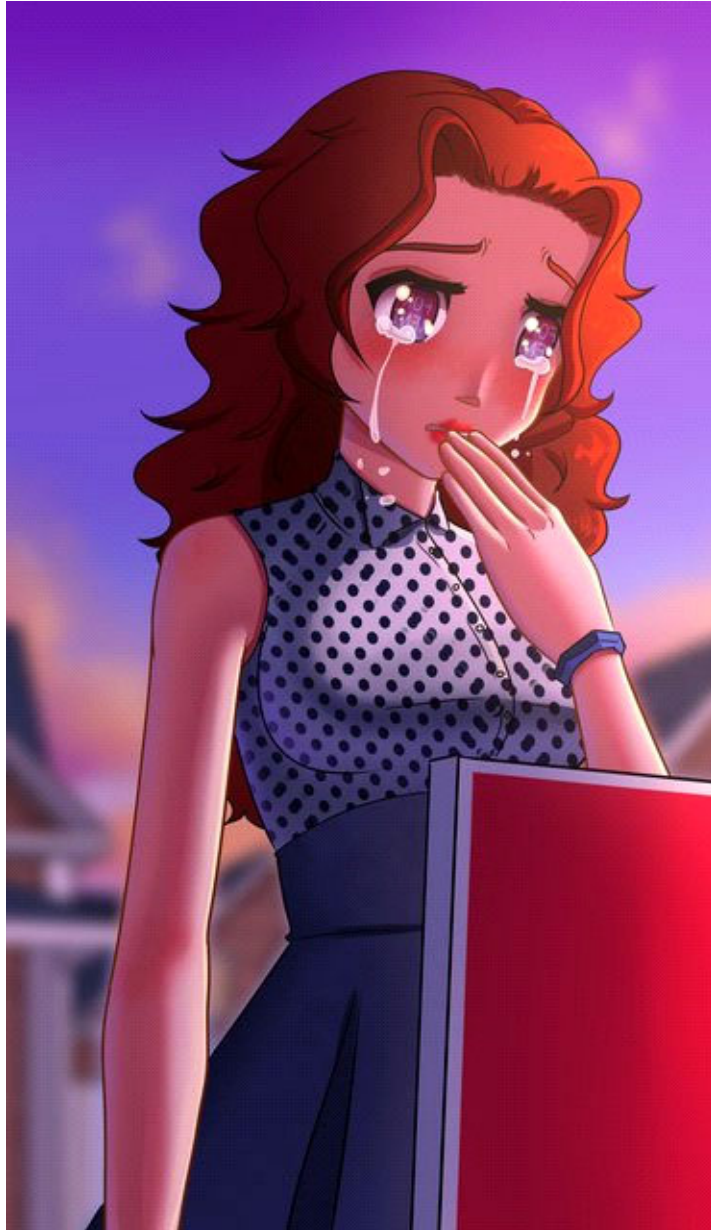
It wasn’t till around six when Megan pulled up into the driveway of Leah and Charles’s house. She looked perplexed seeing a red and white sign in the front yard reading ‘For Rent’ Megan didn’t think Leah noticed it, she had been texting on her phone the entire drive.

“Thank you for today and well like everything, Miss Megan.” Leah unbuckled herself before reaching over to give the blonde woman a hug and then getting out of the vehicle. Walking up the few steps Leah looked in her purse for her key, not noticing Megan getting out of her car. Going to go put the key in the lock she saw an envelope stuffed between the door handle and the lock with the name Liam written on it in a black sharpie. Taking it she put it in the crook of her arm as she slid the key into the lock, but as she went to turn it nothing happened. Leah tried turning the key harder, thinking it was stuck, but still it didn’t budge. She stepped

back from the door letting out a huff at the lock, it was just another thing in the house that needed to be fixed that would take forever with the mostly absent landlord.

Hearing heels on concrete, Leah turned around to see Miss Megan coming over. “It seems the lock is stuck and it doesn’t look like Daddy’s home.” A feeling of dread crept up Megan’s body as she stepped past Leah to look in a window and that feeling of dread grew as her stomach dropped, seeing no furniture in the living room. Megan looked to Leah who didn’t seem to understand what was going on as she looked at an envelope she didn’t recall her having when she got out of the car. Quickly Megan walked back down the steps for the porch and stood in front of the house, reading the sign once more. She moved her hand in front of her mouth as she took a sharp intake of breath. Anger flared in her as she pulled out her phone calling Charles, but as the notification came that the number has been disconnected Leah came up next to her seeing the sign.

Megan could almost see the wheels turning in Leah’s head as she looked at the sign and then the front door, then to the letter and then the sign once again.



Things started to sink in for Leah, tears welled up and slid down her cheeks. She didn't even try to contain them or wipe them away. Her brother had left early the previous day and now her key stopped working in the door, she had wanted to see what Miss Megan was looking at and had been shocked to see no furniture through the window and then there was the sign. With shaking hands she unsealed the envelope to see a hand written note.

Liam all of this shit is crazy, you raped a girl and for that you had to pretend to be

a girl. Hell you gave your friend Lucas a blow job and now you have a boyfriend. All of this was to teach you a lesson and somehow I got pulled into it just because you couldn't keep your dick in your pants!!! I see you prancing around saying daddy this, daddy that and it is maddening like you really like acting like a girl and dating some teenage boy. It is sick and then I saw you on stage and it was just the straw and the camels back and all that. I don't know if you suddenly became gay or if I just didn't see it before, but I can't. Don't let that psycho woman do this to you, take your freedom soon as you can get it like I am.

P.S.

The landlord knows my "daughter" needs to get in to get her stuff. So give him a call, you won't be able to call me.

The letter fell from Leah's fingers as she turned and took a few steps to the curb, sitting down on the sidewalk. Everything felt numb, her brother had just abandoned her. The person who was supposed to be there for her after everyone else had left and yet... he just up and left like their father. Leah took no notice of the world around her as Megan picked up the note, read it and then sat down on the curb next to her. Leah had a vague idea that someone put their arm on her shoulder and was pulling her close, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered.

Leah wasn't sure how long she sat there, wasn't sure how long she had been balling into her hands, into Miss Megan's shirt, but it had to be long enough that her butt started to hurt sitting where she was. "He... he left me... he left me! Just like everyone else!"

"Shhhh, shhh, it will be alright Leah, everything will be okay. You have plenty of people that are here for you, I'm here for you right now." Leah shook her head, wiping a tear from one cheek with the palm of her hand.

"No, you will just leave too, everyone does. Where am I even going to go!?" Leah wrapped her arms around her legs, pulling them up against her chest.

"I'm not going anywhere." Megan put one hand under Leah's chin, moving her face so she could look into her eyes. "I'm not going anywhere, I am here for you and you can come stay with me."

"How! How! I can't go back to being Liam... I just can't. I have no job and Leah is supposed to be like sixteen! My brother..." Leah took three gasps of air as she tried to fight back another bout of sobbing. "He was like supposed to be my

Daddy, and now he is gone! He left me all alone!”

Closing her eyes for a second Megan pulled Leah closer, holding her tight, everything she was saying was pulling on her heart making it ache more and more. She was still angry, she was furious, but that emotion wasn't going to help her right now and she tried to push it to the side, not forgotten. “You can come live with me if you want, maybe I could even adopt you. I could be your mother. Would you like that?” The offer was real, but never had she even considered something like this before, she just knew that she wanted Leah to feel whole. The pain Leah was going through echoed through her own chest, she did love Leah in a paternal way and she would do anything to help her right now.



“You can’t do that... you wouldn’t do that. You should just go, I will be... okay alone.” Leah tried to pull away, but she didn’t try very hard.

“I can do it, it will not be easy and it will be expensive, but I think I can pull just enough strings to make it fast. I’m willing to adopt Leah Megan Summers and make her my daughter Leah Megan Best, but only if that is something you really want. I am here for you Leah, and if you need a parent I would be proud to be

your Mom.”

“Really? Like really, really!? You would want to be my Mom? My Mom and Daddy are gone, even make fake Daddy is gone. You don’t want me.”

“I do, I want you to join my family Leah, I want you as part of my family. OOF!” Megan wasn’t done talking when Leah slammed into her and squeezed her tight with both hands.

“Could I call you Mom?”

Chapter 51

Epilogue

Stepping out of the crowd coming into the large room where Miss Teen Navada was being held, Bailey tried to avoid looking at the people around him like he had done all morning. Candi and he had spent the morning hours dressed up in costume at the comic book convention being held next door. “This room is so much bigger than ours.” Bailey said looking at the sea of chairs setup in front of the stage. Candi looked up from adjusting the thigh high boots she was wearing for her costume.

“Hmmm, I like don’t think so. It just looks that way because we have all those booths blocking our view.

“Yeah well, I still like don’t like how we got free tickets to the convention.” Candi gave her friend a sideways glance.

“Liar, we both know you are loving all the attention. Like besides how can you beat getting free tickets to a sold-out convention and totally get paid for it!” Bailey looked down at his costume, a blue one-piece bathing suit with a white star on his chest, a red and white vertical striped corset around his waist, an army green web belt with pouches and shoulder straps, white stockings and calf high red high heeled boots. Candi had told him how they were going to go and get to

wear superhero costumes and even said how he could be Captain America. The idea of donning his favorite hero's costume had him excited, what he wore now was far from what he had expected, not to mention the retro hairstyle that took forever to get just right. He did hate it, but he wasn't going to correct Candi about loving the attention, he really did love hanging around all the other booth babes that had been hired, but definitely not all the sweaty men that wanted to put their hands on him for a photo. Candi's Captain Marvel costume left her just as exposed, it really only being five pieces. The thigh high heeled boots, a stylized black one-piece bathing suit with gold stripes across it, the red sash around her waist, the black long gloves and the mask. Bailey glanced at his friend again, he knew she didn't enjoy all the attention they were getting, but at least she got to do it without a corset. He really hoped whatever costume Rosemarie, the supervisor for all the booth babes was going to be better tomorrow.

"Hello earth to Bailey." Candi tried to snap her fingers but couldn't with the gloves. When Bailey's attention came back to the here and now she giggled, amused that soon as she called her out on her bull that she zoned out thinking, probably about the few cute guys they had seen today. "Think about anything or anyone fun? I bet Auggy would love to see you today, oh we should totally get photos of us with all the other girls! Ry and Auggy will just lose it!"

"I was thinking that if I'm Captain America I should have a shield." So I can use it to cover up more and keep the creeps away, Bailey added mentally. "Taking some photos with the other girls... like totally sounds fun." Bailey agreed to the plan for very different reasons than Candi.

"Okay, well like Aunt Megan is coming from backstage to show us our seats." Candi turned off the screen on her phone, wishing she had a better place to put it than inside the leg of her boot, that wasn't much more than a high heeled shoe covered in lycra up to her thigh. Bailey gave Candi a glance, hardly registering that his friend often insisted on calling his pretend aunt with the same family title he did.

It only took a few minutes before Bailey saw aunt Megan walking around the chairs to come to them at the back of the room. Bailey held up his hand and waved, giving her a smile, and happy to get one in return. Things had gotten better between them, not perfect, but much better. It seemed to become doubly so when Leah had moved in with her after what that asshole of his ex best friend pulled by abandoning Leah. How things turned out seemed amazing, he could have never imagined Liam being adopted and officially becoming Leah Megan Best, but then he would never have thought he would be here ready to take his

seat for the Miss Teen Nevada pageant to see his old protege strut on stage.

“I love your dress!” Candi said, looking at Megan in a wraparound green dress. The skirt of it was a slightly darker shade of green then the top and had white dots across it.



“Hi girls, I should be the one commenting on what the two of you are wearing. I wasn’t prepared to have a pair of superheroes around. Are you girls enjoying your

time here in Vegas at your convention?”

“Oh my gosh we are, I got a photo of Bailey with someone who went all out for an Iron Man costume, she has her head on his shoulder and is lifting one leg up.”

“We have like a lot of photos. I don't think Aunt Megan has time to go through them right now.” Bailey said trying to veer their path away from showing her any evidence of that morning. “How is my cousin doing backstage?”

Megan waived her hand in the air in the general direction of the stage. “Happy, excited, nervous. All the emotions you can expect from a girl who is pushing herself to compete in a state level beauty pageant when she doesn't think she deserves to be here.”

“That is just silly and nonsense!” Candi said as she started to text on her phone.

Candi: Hey girl!

Candi: You totally deserve to be here and if any of those stuck up girls say otherwise you just take a photo of them and I will come backstage and drag them out by their hair!

Candi: but like really, you got this. Bailey and I are dressed up like Captain America and Captain Marvel, but like we both think you are the real hero today.

Cand: You are brave, you are beautiful, and you are loved! <3

Pursing her lips, Candi looked up from her phone wishing Leah had responded so she could address anything specific that was bothering her, but she guessed she was busy.

“Were you just texting Leah?” Bailey leaned over to see the text messages. “Can't we like just go backstage to talk to her?” Megan shook her head.

“Not this time, everyone is limited to two people, the hair stylist and makeup artist are already having to take turns being back with Leah when I'm not around and she did not get your text message I'm afraid Candi. I had to take away her phone, she kept texting Jeremy and with him on that yearly father son trip they go on he doesn't have good reception. So she is working herself into a tizzy, but it is her fault. She told him not to skip the trip and now she is panicking because he isn't responding, so I had to take her phone away for now.”

“That rule sounds stupid, can we like just do it and get kicked out after we give

her a hug?" Megan gave the well meaning girl a warm smile as she reached out and touched her forearm just above the long glove.

"I could do that if you want to risk being kicked out and not seeing the pageant." Candi frowned shaking her head at the same time Bailey spoke up and made a chopping motion with her hand.

"No, we are here to see her and everyone would be looking at us when security like escorts out two super heroes." Candi smirked and bumped her hip into Bailey's. She agreed with her, but smiled at the excuse of everyone looking at her. "Besides like if anyone can help Leah, it would be her Mom." Bailey missed the intimate times with Mandy, but having her play the role of his mother allowed him to lean on her in ways he never had before and he expected the same was true for Leah.

Megan touched her cheek with one hand, she wasn't blushing, but the compliment from Bailey meant a lot to her. Getting Leah adopted took four visits from a social worker, a mountain of paperwork, a missing person's report for Charles, a good deal of money and brought both her and Leah to the brink of their patience with how slow the fast track for adoption was. Megan had agonized on how to say it, how to even bring it up with her daughter Becky, but in the end after multiple calls the most she got was Becky answering saying she didn't have time to chat and would catch up another time. Her own daughter still wasn't taking her calls and even with gaining a new daughter it hurt much more than she would let on.

Backstage Leah ran a brush across her cheek to fix her makeup that already looked perfect as she bounced one of her legs. She was sitting in front of a mirror with lights all around it like most of the other contestants. She was wearing the same red gown with the bow across her chest that she wore at the start of the last pageant and had even gone so far that she wore everything down to the same panties that she wore to the last pageant in hopes of recreating that magic. "Didn't I just see your makeup artist just leave?"

Leah looked off to the side at the blonde girl with a bob haircut, wearing a pink and purple dress with forearm length gloves. Leah gave her a small smile, nodding her head at Melissa. Aspen was here today after winning some other qualifying pageant and instead of laying into her she had been teasing and harassing Melissa. Saying her hair was too short to compete, her dress was too old fashioned and frumpy. Melissa was just under six foot tall without the four inch heels she wore and being backstage Leah got a good look at her long legs and chest that had to be at least a D cup. Once upon a time Leah was sure a wave from

this girl in his direction would have stunned his mind that she would pay any attention to her. Aspen was way off the mark picking on her and Leah was more than happy to tell her to shut her bitch mouth.

“I only bring it up because you are doing your makeup... after a professional just did it.” Melissa said when Leah didn’t verbally respond. Leah shifted her grasp on the brush and looked at it in an accusing way, like it was its fault. “Maybe I’m nervous and not as confident as I want to be.” It felt good and odd at the same time that she had struck up conversation with the pretty blonde girl after laying into Aspen.



“Maybe all of us are like, but you earned your spot here. Just like the rest of us, you are more than pretty and nicer than most of the girls here. I saw that Aspen girl doing the same thing to two others before she started in with me and no one said a word to her, that is until you stood up to her. I didn’t even speak up to defend myself, so maybe it is okay to have little more confidence, but like not too much because we are absolutely rivals and not best friends.”

“Best friends?” Leah repeated, confused as to why she would say that.

“Yeah after what you did absolutely, but like maybe just friends till after the competition. I would feel awful if I beat my rival and best friend today, but maybe just maybe she could be happy for me when I win the crown. Or am I not good enough to be your friend? Cause I feel good enough.”

“No, no, no, no...” Leah waved her hands back and forth.

“I’m just kidding with you Leah, lighten up or you are going to have a stroke before we are old enough to drink. But I was thinking...” Melissa trailed off, giving a shrug of her shoulders. “We could be friends.” It wasn’t long ago that Leah was running around as Liam trying to get laid as often as he could, and here that boy was now dolled up for a pageant as a teen girl making friends with another girl, after just being adopted by a woman who supported her and loved her. Life had taken some odd turns and brought her to a place where things were better, things were good.

“I would like really like that.” Leah put down the offending brush. “Do we like hug or something?” Leah asked thinking of how often his other female friends hugged.

“Oh absolutely, so long as you aren’t trying to ruin my makeup.” Melissa narrowed her eyes, taking a half a step back as she slightly cocked her head. “I think I’m on to you, you are trying to sabotage me aren’t you... expected of my rival.” She broke into a fit of laughter before moving forward to give her new friend a hug. “Also, you used the word like twice to say you wanted to be friend. You either really wanted my friendship or we need to break you of that habit. Can’t have people thinking less of you, because you deserve more than that.”

“I will like try to do better.” Melissa smirked, giving her new friend’s shoulder a squeeze. “You do that. Oh and like do you have any plans for after the pageant like tonight? I’m here with my uncle and he isn’t into any of this, but he does it for me and I thought the two of us. And umm...” Melissa bit her lip, ruining the glossy finish. “Him and your Mom could all get to know one another.” Leah missed the not so subtle hint of them setting up their guardians as she thought about what she really wanted to do. She wanted Jeremy to be in town and for them to have a room of their own. Her back on the surface of the table in the hotel room, the crown in her hair and the sash covering one of her breasts on her naked body as she had her heeled feet up in the air on his shoulders. His strong hands gripping her thighs as he pushed himself into her as she let out mews of pleasure and gasps of air as he filled her up, much like he had done in the back

seat of his car or when she was on her knees with her ass in the air inside his bedroom on that rare day both of his parents were out of the house.

A blush came to Leah's cheeks as the carnal thoughts ran through her mind, she could have never imagined the pleasure that came from anal sex when a cock hit just that right spot inside of her. Leah shook her head to try and clear away the fantasy that couldn't happen, at least not tonight. "No, darn I guess you already have plans."

Leah pressed her lips together as she looked into Melissa's brown eyes, seeing the few flecks of gold in them for the first time that only enhanced this girl's beauty. "No, I mean yeah we should totally get together for dinner. My cousins are also in town, well cousin at the comic convention. I don't like know what their plans are, but would it be okay if they came?"

"That depends on whether your cousins are cute?" Leah smiled widely at the girl showing her braces.

"They are, like really they are, but they are girls."

"Shame, well that sounds delightful to me, then you will have a good support after I win today."

"Do you umm how are you so confident?" Melissa leaned in closer.

"I'm not, I'm just trying to talk myself up instead of putting myself down like my brain is constantly doing today."

"I think you could win." Melissa smiled at Leah more than happy to have someone besides her uncle say that to her.

"We are rivals, you aren't supposed to say things like that. Gosh you are just the sweetest thing; I am so happy I met you today, Leah. And for what it is worth, I think you could win too."