



Reluctant Press presents:

Forced To Date The Boss' Son 2



B C

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Forced To Date The Boss' Son Part 2

By B C

We pick up Part II of the story of Marty Morris who by a fluke of bad timing came from the shower wearing his Mom's robe, his long wet hair wrapped in a towel on top of his head and his face covered in a facial mask to treat some pimples on his cheeks and chin. He thought that he and his mother were alone, so he walked in the middle of his mom explaining to her boss that the girl she'd set his son up for a date at a theater play and dinner at a top restaurant had gotten called away to a family emergency and wouldn't be

able to make the date. His Mother Anna's boss, Eric Sommers, had asked Anna for the big favor of fixing up a date for his son coming home for the weekend from his private military school.

He'd told her that it was very important to him to get a date for Frederick, as Frederick didn't know any girls around home, and he wanted to make this a special weekend for his son. When Marty came out and Eric saw him, he mistook him for a young lady based on how Marty was dressed. Anna panicked and when Eric asked if this was her daughter, she quickly and nodded yes out of embarrassment because of how her son was dressed. Anna had just recently been promoted and had become one of the top salespersons in Eric's company; she didn't want to let her boss down. Then he kind of shamed her into accepting on behalf of Marty before she realized what was happening. The date that night that Marty was forced to go on turned out to not be so bad after all...until the end of the night, that is. Eric invited them to go with he and Freddy to their cabin up north for a four-day weekend. Much to Marty's chagrin, he couldn't come up with a convincing way to get out of it. We pick up the story with him still preparing for the weekend date.

They drove home in their beach clothes. Mom told him to change, come into the bathroom and take a bath to get the oil and sand off of him. As he entered the room, Anna had already drawn a bubble bath for him. By now Marty knew that it was no use to argue with his Mom; he realized that whatever she wanted him to do was going to happen. Arguing only delayed it and made it take more time. The hot soapy water actually did feel very nice on his hairless body. As he looked down, he suddenly became aware of the milky white triangles over each breast, and also on his groin. The

contrast was very noticeable and really stood out, with his whole body tanned except for the very white triangles. Because of this stark contrast, the white made his breasts appear to be bigger than they actually were.

Anna walked back into the bathroom after Marty had been soaking for a good while. He was laying back and seemed really relaxed for the first time that day. Anna then helped him shave his legs and groin and his underarms. Marty actually had very little hair on his body so it wasn't much of a task to remove what little there was. For some reason, Marty was blessed, perhaps thanks to one of his mother's genes, and had no facial hair whatsoever, not even any peach fuzz. To Marty, having his mother help bathe him was beyond weird. Anna hadn't done this since Marty was a little boy.

First she pulled his long hair up on the back of his head and put a big butterfly clip on it to hold it out of the water. Then she washed his back with a moisturizing body wash. Then she took the soft soapy sponge, moved it over his shoulders, then slowly moved down and across his new budding breasts.

Marty started to pull away from embarrassment, but Anna said, "Marty, don't be so silly I'm not getting fresh with you, for goodness sakes. I'm your mother and I'm only checking out the swelling to see if there is any change." She continued to feel and cup each of them in turn. Marty's nipples became hard and erect as she brushed softly across them. Marty finally just laid back in the tub and closed his eyes. Anna's continued manipulation made him let out the softest little moan.

Anna stopped then. She had no intention of getting her only child stimulated that way, although she had to admit to herself that she was happy to see that Marty

was beginning to react like a normal young woman. She was also pleased to see that Marty's breasts were continuing to grow. She excused herself and stepped out into the hall outside the bathroom.

After a few minutes she heard him stirring as he got out of the tub. She walked back in and Marty said, "Mother, I'm old enough to dry myself off."

"Oh shh. Marty, I know that but I want you to start patting yourself dry and don't just rub," and she showed him what she meant. She helped apply a new moisturizing cream all over his body and then gave him a new pair of panties and a soft blue nightie.

They walked out into the family room and Anna brushed out Marty's thick, long, and softly curled hair for about fifteen minutes. She loved how it shined.

"Mother, what am I supposed to do about school? I know that there are only nine days left before community college lets out for the summer but surely you can't expect me to attend school looking like this. At least I hope not anyway," he said.

"Why Marty darling, why ever not? You will probably be the cutest one in your class," she teased. After a little pause, she said, "No honey, I don't expect you to go like this. That's the reason that we went shopping, remember? That's why I bought you that wig that will cover up your long beautiful curls and hide your eyebrows and pierced ears that you were so worried about. Plus I purchased a wide Ace bandage to wrap your chest and control these new and unexplainable little mounds. So you see, you should be able to go and take your finals and finish up the school year without any trouble," Anna told him.

"Mom, I just don't know if I can pull this off or not. School is one thing but I'm already dreading that whole weekend with Freddy and his father up close and in broad daylight. It's also so darned difficult going back and forth, acting as a guy one minute and then a young lady the next. I really have to be on my toes and try to remember which one I am at all times," Marty told her.

"Marty, I'm not being mean honey, but, I really have to tell you that you are actually more natural as Martha. There is a lot more of Martha in you than there ever was of Marty," she told him. "If you just continue to be yourself, I promise that somehow everything is going to work out just fine. Now we'd better get to bed, honey," Anna said. She then took him into her bathroom and helped him remove all of his makeup and apply a facial moisturizer. "I want you to do this every night from now on. It's important for your skin and your complexion."

Morning was there before Marty knew it. He slid out of bed (literally because of the silk night gown) and noted his bright red fingernails immediately as he bent down and reached for his slippers. Then as he put them on, he could see his bright red toenails as well. He got up and his long bouncy curls cascaded down over his shoulder. Then he stood and walked into the bathroom for his daily morning routine. He became aware of many new feelings. His now hairless legs tickled as the silk material of his nightgown rubbed against them. His hairless underarms felt odd but most noticeably Marty was completely aroused as the silk night gown rubbed against his swollen and very sensitive nipples. The sensation was sending wave after wave of body-shaking pleasure throughout his chest and all the way down to his hairless groin.

He stood facing the mirror as he pulled the night gown off. As his eyes focused on the reflection staring back, he gasped out loud. "Oh God!" he exclaimed. It was worse than he thought. There was clearly no mistake now, he wasn't just imagining things; it wasn't just swelling like Mother and the doctor kept telling him. Marty was growing his very own breasts and they seemed to be expanding at a fast pace. Plus now, thanks to the sunbathing the other day, they really stood out. His body was darkly tanned except for the totally white triangle patches over each tit and nipple. He turned sideways to see his profile.

The sight was unbelievable to him. Slowly he reached up and cupped his left breast with his right hand. It wasn't huge but it was firm and pointed right under the nipple. The touch sent a wave of pleasure through him. He noticed that his red fingernails sparkled in the light of the vanity.

"Oh my God, I've got to get this off before I can go to school," he said looking at the pretty red, perfectly shaped nails. Against his better judgment, he thought that they actually looked really nice. Just then, Anna came in. As if reading Marty's mind she had a bottle of nail polish remover. She helped Marty remove the bright red polish and let his nails dry for a while, then coated them with a clear polish, telling him that this would protect his nails from breaking or chipping.

Anna then wrapped his chest tight with the Ace bandage. She checked his penis gaff and found it was still nicely in place and doing its job. She handed him a pair of silk French-cut panties and a matching cami. Next came a pair of silk, thigh-high nylons. Then she had him put on a pair of boys socks to hide them. These were followed by a rather loose fitting button-up

shirt and a pair of baggy and soft dress pants, all designed to hide what was underneath. As Marty pulled on the pants, they slid on easily over the nylons and gave him goose bumps.

Next Mom had him sit at the vanity and she brushed and pulled his long hair back and pinned it tight in the back and on top. Then she placed the short wig over his own hair and combed it into place. She made sure that it covered his ears, hiding the earrings that were now part of him. The wig had bangs that covered his now thin and arched eyebrows.

Marty stepped back and looked himself over. Although he didn't look overly masculine, he did think that he'd be able pass as a boy, if no one got too close to check him out. He could tell Mother was not about to let him skip school so he would just have to do the best he could to get on with it. Then it hit him! How bizarre that Marty Morris who was born and raised as a boy would be working this hard to disguise himself to look like a boy at school now. Even he had to admit that this was kind of ironic and funny. He'd probably laugh his ass off if it was happening to one of his friends and not to him.

He said to himself, "I mean think about it, Marty, here you are, a boy who lately is more girl then guy, and you're trying to fool people and pass yourself off as a guy. Now just how crazy is that?"

School turned out to be much easier that he thought it was going to be. Marty didn't really have a lot of close friends, so people pretty much ignored him and passed him right by with hardly a second look. The few kids that he did know and had been friends with, either didn't seem to recognize him or notice that anything was different about him. One girl did ask him if

he'd gotten his hair cut and commented that it wasn't as long as he normally wore it.

By the afternoon of that first day, he actually began to relax. He did think that it was very sad that, as Martha, almost every head in the room noticed him as she entered or left the room but as Marty, the boy, no one seemed to care about or notice him. It was as if he didn't count or didn't exist. He had to admit to himself that it was kind of a kick and gave him a warm feeling to know that he could be someone pretty and sexy enough to turn heads and have people think he was hot. "Oh God Marty, there you go again. You're losing it. Even your thinking is becoming vain and feminine," he said to himself.

After school, no sooner had Marty walked in the door at home then Anna had him get out of his boy clothing and into something sweet and soft and feminine. She supervised as she watched Marty remove the wig she'd worn to school. This was a real relief to Marty as the wig over the top of all of his own hair was hot. It felt wonderful to let his hair down and shake his head from side to side, then brush out his long soft curls. Next he did his own makeup. Anna gave him only a couple of tips as he continued to learn the art of makeup that most girls his age begin learning even before they are teens.

Marty changed her panties and unwrapped that awful Ace bandage from around his chest. He reached up with both hands and very lightly rubbed his budding mounds that had been flattened and squished up all day under the Ace wrap. He replaced the bandage with a soft supporting bra. He almost sighed, it felt so good to free them from that pressure and lift and support them with that smooth silk bra. Anna handed

Marty a small cotton top with round neck and a short miniskirt. She gave him the white flat strap sandals which showed off Marty's pretty, shiny, red toenails. Finally, Anna help Marty slightly touch up her makeup. Marty had been getting better with each application he did.

"I thought we'd go out for dinner tonight, honey. Then you have a eye exam at 6:45 with Doctor Waters in the mall," Anna told him.

"Mother, please say you're kidding me. This is all going too much too fast. Now I've been doing everything that you've asked of me and what you've asked of me is some pretty heavy stuff. I mean it's not like you're saying, 'Marty take out the garbage,' or 'Marty do the dishes.' I really can't believe that my own mother is trying to turn me into her daughter just to please her boss and her boss' son. Now you're going to make me go to the eye doctor. looking like this!?"

"Come on, Mom. It's too much. I'm a nervous wreck over all of this. No more. I want out! I quit. I don't want to be a girl and I'm not going out looking like this," Marty said with as much conviction as he could muster up.

"Marty, now we've been over this...over and over again. I'm just as sorry as I can be that you got trapped into this situation but I'm going to spell this out for you for the last time. I'm not talking about just disappointing my boss here, honey. I'm talking about making a complete fool of him and lying to him not once but several times over this damned date thing for his son. I don't see how he could help but fire me for making a fool of him and breaking our trust. He'd have to remove me because you can't have lies in a business relationship.

“Now if you don’t think I’m just sick over doing this to my own flesh and blood, you have another think coming. Plus it’s not just the fact that I’d lose the best job I’d ever dreamed I would get. The company would see to it that I didn’t get another job anywhere else in this state. How long do you think that we’d be able to keep our home or car. And we’d have no medical insurance or dental insurance. And trust me darling, there wouldn’t be anyone we could go to, to take us in. Believe me, I’ve thought of every single person we know, and we don’t have anyone else to turn too. It’s just you and me, kid-o. So you may not like what you’ve had to do, but, you *are* going to see this through.

“We will try hard to find a way to let Freddy down easy and get out of this but we can’t just stop cold, not after we’ve gotten in this deep and Eric is counting on this big weekend. You are just going to have to tell Frederickk that you broke up with your boyfriend, you’re trying to work things out with him and you are not available romantically, or something like that. We’ll work on some story to tell him. Then the weekend will be over and that will be the end of this whole sorry mess,” Anna told him.

“So I hope that you are mature enough to see the magnitude of this situation. That’s also why I must have you practice and get comfortable in this role of Martha, so you don’t go into the weekend all stiff and frightened. You need the exposure to get into character and be relaxed around others. I’m proud of you that you could do as good as you have up to now with only just the couple of weeks that you’ve been doing this. We are only just a couple of days away—hopefully—from being done with this whole masquerade. One day we’ll look back at this time and laugh our

heads off. But that day hasn't come just yet. I'm sorry but I need you and you are not going to quit on me now. If you force me to, I'll take you someplace where they will remove your male parts and replace them with actual womanly plumbing. That's how serious I am, Martha. Do I make myself clear?" she said, leaving no room for doubt in Marty's mind that she was dead serious.

"Dear God. Why...why *me*? Yes Mother, you've made yourself very clear and I'll try. I just hope that I don't have a nervous breakdown before this whole mess is over with. I just wish I'd have had more time as it isn't easy unlearning everything you've learned as a boy your whole life and replacing it with things women learn from the time they are little, in just a couple of weeks," he said

"Yes, I know that this is true. Again, I'm not trying to hurt your feelings, honey, but from watching you these past few weeks, it's really not as big of a stretch as you might think. You were already somewhat feminine in many of your behavioral traits. The others you have picked up with out even trying. To me as your mother who's spent a lifetime observing you, you've always had a female persona hiding within you.

"Now if we have everything settled, let's get going or we're going to be late for your eye appointment," Mom said.

They had never been to this eye doctor before. Anna felt going to one Marty had never been to would be best. The doctor, having no record of Marty's past, there would be no suspicion in regard to his gender. When Martha Morris was called, Marty, still a little nervous, got up and went in. During the exam, Marty was almost sure that the doctor was trying to look

down his top. Without thinking, Marty raised his hand up to cover his small but very real cleavage. With the examination complete, Anna helped him pick out the cutest little feminine wire frames she could find . Marty's prescription wasn't too difficult and they were told they could pick her new glasses up in about two hours.

As long as it would only take a couple of hours, Anna decided they might as well make use of the time and do some shopping, so that's what they did. As they walked through the mall, Anna slowed down just a little. Marty was a couple of paces ahead of her, and she watched the way he carried himself as he walked. When Marty became aware of the fact he'd gotten ahead of his mother, he turned to see her smiling. "What? Why are you smiling now?" he asked

"Oh nothing. I just wish I had a video camera right now so you could see the way you walk. Honey, everything about you just screams WOMAN. I mean the way you wiggle your behind with each step, the way you're holding your purse, the way you hold your other arm, bent at the elbow with a limp wrist, even how when you stopped and turned around, you shifted your weight to one side and stuck your other hip out, just the way any other teenaged girl would do."

Marty just made a little 'tss' sound with his mouth and said "Whatever." They continued on and and visited several shops Marty once again tried to tell his mother that he already had enough outfits to get him through not just the upcoming big special weekend but probably enough to wear all the way to his honeymoon after Freddy asked him to marry. "I can't wait to hear what you'll have to tell your boss then," he said.

“Very clever, Martha. If we end up sleeping in the streets, then maybe you won’t think it’s a joke. Who really knows? Just maybe your Prince Frederickk is partial to your kind of woman. Wouldn’t that be something?” Anna teased.

Despite Marty’s little protest, Martha got two more dresses and a couple of skirts and tops, plus two pairs of fancy low-rider jeans. By the time they were done shopping, his new glasses were ready so they picked them up and started for home. Just as they unlocked the door, they heard the phone ringing, but, couldn’t get to it in time. The light was blinking on the answering machine. Marty pushed the button to hear, “Hey Marty, Fred here. I just wanted to say hello and tell you how excited I am for the weekend up at the lake. Sorry I missed you, I’ll try again later. Bye.”

Wednesday of the second week since their first date and only two days before they were to leave for the cottage, Anna picked Marty up from school. They hadn’t driven far when she pulled into a gas station and took him into the restroom. Once inside, Anna helped him remove his clothes and unwrapped the Ace bandage from around his chest. She replaced it with a bra. (Marty now wore a 34 B) With the aerobics Marty had been forced to do each night after school these past couple of weeks and the figure training corset he now wore daily, plus the daily hormones and the shots he’d gotten, Martha was materializing right before Anna’s eyes. Marty was now just a touch over five feet six inches tall and weighed about 114 soaking wet. Her

34-26-33 measurements were something to behold, and nothing short of amazing for having developed in such a short time.

Anna gave him a blouse and a shirt along with a pair of sandals, then she gave him the purse with his new makeup bag and told him to do his make up while she got ready. Marty was getting better and better each day and was actually taking to this art of makeup. He was applying it now just as naturally and easily as if he'd been born doing this. Marty made up his face almost to perfection. It would take a professional makeup artist to do much better. Anna helped brush out Marty's own long hair, then put in his two-inch gold hoop earrings and said, "Well, there's my sweet girl. Let's go honey. We've got a 4:30 appointment."

"Where are we going now, Mother?" Marty asked.

"You've got an appointment for a check up with Doctor Angela. She just wants to see how you're doing and she wants to make sure she didn't miss something on the first visit," Anna said

Marty really didn't like the sound of that. He wasn't sure if this so called 'doctor' was helping his problem or causing it. At the moment, he was leaning towards the latter.

They pulled into the small clinic only minutes later. Just as before, Marty sat alone in the waiting room amongst several other young ladies, while Anna went into the doctor's inner office.

It wasn't too long before the nurse called out, "Martha Morris! Please come with me, honey. Let's get your weight, dear. That's it, step right on here," she said, pointing to the scale.

"108. Looks like you've lost about 5 pounds since your last visit. OK honey, go right in this room. You can remove your clothes and put on this gown, the same as last time," she told him

The visit was much the same as his first visit there. The doctor checked him over from head to toe, stopping to make notes after measuring his bust, then his waist, finally his hips. Then she had Marty lay on his back. Just like the first time he was here, she/he felt a shape little prick right in the center of the nipple of his left breast.

The doctor slowly pushed the plunger down, injecting the milky-looking liquid into his growing tit. She had big hopes for this new formula and Marty was her first guinea pig. She pulled the needle out slowly. Then she grasped the breast with both hands and kneaded it like a potter does clay, distributing the substance equally to all areas, finally creating a cone shape. She then repeated this process on the other breast. This whole procedure took about 40 minutes. When the doctor was finished, she helped Marty sit up.

There was no doubt about it now, no question about what was happening to Marty. His breasts were bigger, fuller and as firm as rocks. The doctor lightly cupped them and moved over them with skilled fingers. "Are you sensitive in this area now, Martha?" she asked.

"Yes Ma'am, very much so" he replied.

"Well good, then I think that things are coming along nicely," Doctor Angela told him. As she helped him back into his bra, Marty was not surprised to see that his breasts now filled the B cups all the way up. Then as he stood to put his blouse back on, he felt the additional weight upon his chest immediately.

These now larger breasts pulled on his muscles and the skin more. He was getting used to surprises and changes in his life and body, so the shock factor wasn't as great as it had been. A tear did form in his eye though as he realized that these new mounds were here to stay and weren't fake. As he reached down to pick up his skirt, he also realized right away how odd it was going to be for him to try to adjust to these new mammaries constantly being in his way. His arms were bumping or rubbing against them with almost every move he made. He didn't want to admit it to himself but even though it confused and bewildered him and he told himself that he didn't want breasts, it did feel really good when his arm touched them or brushed against them lightly. His mind drifted off.

"Oh God, if I were alone right now, I would rub them and play with them until I got myself off in a major orgasm." Then, quickly, his conscience kicked in. "Marty, what the hell are you thinking, man. What's happening to you? You're not supposed to have tits, let alone be thinking about playing with them," he thought.

Marty jumped as he became aware that the doctor was speaking to him. "Martha honey, are you feeling alright, dear?" she asked, holding his hand in hers.

"Yes...yes. Oh my. I'm sorry, Dr. Kent, I guess I kind of drifted off and was daydreaming. Yes, thank you, I feel fine but, it does look like you made them bigger, not smaller. Please be honest with me. These (he cupped them in his hand) are not going away, are they?" he asked.

"That's OK honey, you were probably dreaming about the big romantic weekend coming up with your boyfriend and his father. What's his name? Frederickk,

is that it? And no honey, they aren't going to go away but your mother told me that's what you wanted. She said you were embarrassed around the other girls in your class and ashamed that you hadn't begun to develop like the other girls. Now you won't have to worry, you will be as sexy or even better than many of them. Not to mention what Frederickk is going to think when he sees you now," she smiled.

Marty could only blush now, thinking the exact same thing. "Yes, I have no doubt that Freddy will like them. I would too, if they were on someone else," he thought to himself.

"Now, Anna tells me that you're going up to their cabin at the lake? That does sound like fun. Very romantic too," the doctor said. "Moonlight walks on the beach, swimming and boating in your new bikini, which by the way, you'll be able to do justice to now with your new assets. Then there will be dancing and dining. Makes me kind of wish I was going along," the doctor continued.

"Well young lady, you are fit as a fiddle, as they say, and all ready to go. I just hope young Frederickk appreciates a special girl like yourself. Because honey, you are going to be turning the boys heads for a long time. Now I want to see you again in about four weeks, Martha. You and your boyfriend have a great weekend for me," she said as she walked out of the room to let Marty finish dressing himself.

The doctor never said anything about his very distinctive tan lines. The two triangles on his breasts and the small triangle patch on his private area. It was becoming quite a contrast, those three creamy white patches against his very golden brown skin. Even Marty was getting used to it. As much as he tried to

deny it to himself, it was a turn-on to look down and see that blossoming female body in the mirror.

The next day at school was a tough one for Marty. He'd forgotten to change his watch. He was wearing his small gold feminine watch and he wasn't even aware of it until a boy in his history class asked.

"Marty, what's up with wearing your mom's watch? And good God man, I didn't know that you got your ears pierced. Don't you think that those big gold hoops you're wearing are just a little too girlish?" Dan said.

Marty reached up and felt the big hoops now showing right through the short hair of his wig. He turned scarlet in color and didn't know what to say.

"Hey, it's no big deal. Lots of guys are getting one ear done these days but dude, you got both sides done. Some people might think that you're crossing over to the other side or something," Dan said kiddingly, not having a clue that he just hit the nail right on the head. Marty *was* 'crossing to the other side,' try as he might to deny it, even to himself.

As Marty lifted his hand to reach his ear to check it out, he dropped his book on the floor. While trying to catch it, he jerked his hand quickly in that direction. His finger caught in the ring and it pulled the wig right off his head. His long hair, ultra-feminine curls and all, fell free. Embarrassed all to hell, he ran into the bathroom as fast as he could. However, in his moment of panic from being so upset, and because lately he had been using both the ladies or the mens room depending on what he was wearing at the time, he ran right into the girls bathroom. Dan was shocked to see the long curly hair fall free and he got just the briefest sight of Marty's thin, arched eyebrows but it happened so fast that he wasn't exactly sure what he'd seen. Surely,

Marty, his old school friend, didn't have thin, shaped, eyebrows like a girl.



In the meantime, Marty was now standing in the middle of the restroom with girls standing everywhere. He ducked into one of the stalls as quickly as possible. His long hair covered most of his face and the girls only saw him from behind. He was convinced however that he was stuck in there. If he fixed the short wig back into place and came out as Marty, dressed like a boy, the girls would all start screaming for campus security, making him have to face them, the teachers and the principal. Then he'd have to spend hours, completely exposing himself.

Quickly, his mind raced for a solution to his dilemma. Then he came to the realization that no had one screamed or said anything as he dashed into the stall as Martha. So maybe...he thought, his mind still racing. Yes, that just might work. He undid his shirt and took the Ace bandage off his chest. "Oh, it feels *so* good to free my tits from their tight prison," he thought)

Next he put his shirt back on, then took a hair brush from his backpack, walked right up to the big mirror on the wall and started brushing his long hair out. He asked the girl standing next to him if he could borrow some lipstick, because he'd left her purse in her locker.

The girl didn't even look up from her primping in the mirror. She just reached out and handed Marty her deep pink lipstick. Marty took the tube, applied the lipstick to his lips quiet liberally, rubbed his lips together, smoothing it out equally, then handed it back to the girl. Martha then picked up her things and walked right out the door right in between two other girls. Dan who was still standing there didn't seem to recognize her and she walked down the hall and right out of the school . She walked all the way home.

She thought about what happened on her way home. It seemed that neither the girls in the restroom nor anyone in the hall even had a clue who she was. She just shook her head, believing her luck. Then suddenly it hit her. "I really *am* turning into a girl." On one hand this gave her confidence that she could pass as a normal female but on the other hand it meant that Marty the guy was slipping away more and more with each passing day.

Later, Marty explained to his mother what had just happened at school and what might have happened and nearly did. He wiped his tear-filled eyes and looked at her as though pleading with her to help. Anna just hugged her daughter and calmed her down as best as she could, then said, "It seems to me that you handled it very well, honey. It's OK now, you're home. It will be over after this weekend. You only have two days of school next week. Then you'll be out for the whole summer and maybe then we can get things back to normal."

"Mother, why do you keep telling me that it will all be over? You know that it won't be over after this weekend...or maybe ever! This isn't just swelling," Marty said, cupping his small but budding breasts, one in each hand. "And I don't think that you really want it to be over. I think that you want to have a daughter so bad that you are trying to turn me into her. Well guess what? Marty is just about completely gone, dead, vanished, and all that is left is Martha. That is if Freddy doesn't kill her this weekend when he finds out the truth about the person he thinks is the love of his life right now. I have no idea how I'm supposed to hide that little detail when I'm with him around the clock for a four-day weekend, in and out of bathing suits and skimpy beach clothing," Marty said.

“Marty honey, you are overreacting now. I’m sure that Freddy respects you enough not to try and force you into doing something that you don’t want to do. Just don’t tease him or get him all worked-up. You have to let him know that you have boundaries and he’ll respect them. You’re in control of your body and if you relax, everything is going to work out. You’ll see,” Anna told him, smiling.

Thursday flew by fast. Anna had Marty pack everything she’d need for the weekend on Wednesday night so that after work on Thursday they’d be all ready to go as soon as Eric came by to pick them up. Marty was still a little self-conscious about what had happened at school on Wednesday. Whenever anyone looked at him and smiled, he immediately wondered if they knew his secret. Actually no one could even remotely tell that the person they were looking and smiling at was anything but a very attractive and sexy young lady. They were just being friendly but his own guilt caused him to think that they knew.

After lunch, Anna came and picked Marty up at school, and they rushed home and finished last-minute details to get ready for their long weekend adventure at the lake.

Marty went straight into the bathroom and ran himself a bubble bath with the scented oils that Anna told him to use. He applied a creamy depilatory cream all over his body, from the chin down. He left just a very small strip just above his shrinking penis but immedi-

ately felt weird about it and said, "Marty, what are you doing, man?" Tellingly, though, he left it as it was.

After several minutes he got into the bubbly water and soaked for about 15 minutes. He got out and patted himself dry as Mom had taught him. Then he covered his body in a creamy vanilla moisturizing lotion and rubbed it in all over. It smelled so sweet and fragrant.

He slowly and carefully worked his testicles up into his body cavity, put his gaff on and pulled his penis back between his legs and secured it, leaving his groin looking flat as could be. He then pulled on a pair of pink high-cut black silk panties and a matching bra. Then he sat down at the vanity and painted his fingernails and toenails with a bright pink nail polish. When he was done, he held them under the light and saw that they shined and sparkled.

His mother picked out a tight-fitting sleeveless stretch top with rounded neck in a soft pink and a short black miniskirt along with a pair of tan strappy open-toed sandals for him to wear. She then brushed Marty's long hair back high on the back of her head and pulled it tight, adding a scrunchie to hold it, then fanning out the hair like a waterfall cascading down, touching her shoulders in back.

Marty wore her feminine gold watch, a gold necklace with a matching bracelet and a pair of gold 2-inch hoop earrings. Then she sat down at the lighted vanity and did her own makeup. First she dabbed a light foundation in several spots and smoothed it all in with a makeup sponge. She couldn't get over how flawless her facial skin had become. She used an eyebrow pencil and darkened her arched and thin eyebrows. Then with a liquid eyeliner, she carefully lined her upper

and lower lids. This was the hardest thing about makeup that she had to learn to do on her own. Next she used smoky gray, pink and some white eye-shadow and blended the colors from her lids to her brows, making her eyes look bigger and smoking hot, mysterious even.

She softly brushed a light pink rose blusher on her cheek bones, making them look higher, then she lined her puffy lips with a dark pink lip liner and filled them in with a lipcream, making them look kissable. She added a second coat, blotted them and added a shinny lip gloss. Anna walked in and spritzed her with a fragrant perfume behind her ears, on her wrists, then into the air. Marty quickly stepped into the fog.

Marty looked in the mirror and still couldn't get over how she looked each time she was made-up and dressed. Her skin was smooth and creamy, her lips looked like they begged to be kissed. Her tan combined with the dark pink lipstick made her perfect snow white teeth look amazingly beautiful. She was so thankful that her mom had stayed on her since she was little about dental hygiene.

Their bags, already packed and ready since the night before, were setting by the door. They looked at each other and Anna said, "You are one very beautiful young lady, honey. I just can't help but believe that *this* is who you were really meant to be."

Anna then made them each a drink while they waited on the fellas to get there. She thought that it would take the edge off as Marty seemed very nervous and fidgety, walking back and forth. Marty took the proffered drink and downed it in a hurry. She poured a second, felt a little buzz settle over her, and she calmed down a bit.

At 4:30PM sharp, Eric and Frederickk Sommers knocked on the door to Anna's house. Fred immediately walked straight over to Marty, took her in his arms and hugged and kissed her as if he'd had a fire burning inside. It took her by surprise somewhat and put her off balance a little. "God Marty, you look so fantastic. These past two weeks have been the longest weeks of my life. I couldn't wait to get here and see you again. I could hardly study or keep my mind on school work. I just couldn't get my mind off of you. I'm so pumped about this weekend, we are going to have a real blast up at the cottage," he said.

"Thank you, it's nice to see you again as well. I've had a pretty rough time at school myself the past two weeks. I just didn't feel like myself," Marty said, looking straight into her mom's eyes.

Eric walked over and gave Anna a little kiss and hug too. "I think that we have really started something here with these two, Anna. They sure look cute together and I haven't seen Freddy this happy in I can't tell you how long. He has really fallen hard for your little girl," Eric said, grinning from ear to ear as he watched the two of them.

"Well, are you two beautiful ladies ready to go? We have to get on the road if we're going to make dinner at 7:00 at the Chateau on the Lake," he told them, then he and Fred picked up the girls' suitcases which they said were ready, carried them out to the big Cadillac and put them in the trunk.

The drive up north was pleasant. Fred pulled Marty over next to him and put his arm around her. They talked about school and what kind of courses they each were taking. Eric and Anna were talking up in the front seat and he told Anna that he was so grateful for get-

ting to know her away from work. He said, "You have to know that I've always held you in the highest regard in whatever capacity you were holding at the time. God knows you've set records in sales since taking over a territory, and we've enjoyed 40% growth this past year because of it. So now it's time for you to relax and get a chance to enjoy some of the fruits of your labor. I have to tell you, just like Fred, I've really been looking forward to this weekend. I want to show you a really good time," he said and reached over and squeezed her hand.

Fred had his right arm around Marty; she reached up and held his hand that was draped over her shoulder and was close to her breast. Freddy looked over at her and couldn't believe how he felt about her. He couldn't put his finger on it but there was just something about this girl that he couldn't resist. This puzzled him because something his Dad didn't even know and he'd not spoken to anyone about was that he normally preferred the company of guys over girls.

At first he dreaded having his dad fix him up with a date; he thought he'd just go along and make the best of it. That way his dad wouldn't know about his true feelings in regard to his choices in partners. He had struggled with it in his own mind for years and didn't have a clue what to do about those feelings. However, when he met Marty Morris, she knocked him right off of his feet. He actually started thinking that maybe he wasn't gay. She was like no one he'd ever known before and he couldn't help being really drawn to her. There was just something special about her he couldn't quite put his finger on.

"So tell me, Miss Marty Morris, how could it be possible that you don't have a steady boyfriend? I can't

believe that every guy in your school isn't after you to be his girl," Fred said loud enough for his dad to hear, to reinforce his dad's image of him as straight.

"I've had friends that are boys, I've just never met any guy that I could say was 'THE ONE.' To tell you the truth though. I've never really had a lot of time for close friends that are boys or girls. Mom and I have been alone for a long time and I've always had to help out a lot at home," she said. In her own mind, though, she was thinking, "I've never dated boys because I AM ONE and if it weren't for your dad busting into our home at the wrong time, I'd still be one."

"You mean to tell me that you haven't dated that much?" Fred asked.

"No, I haven't and that's why I'm probably a little awkward at times. I've spent a lot of time on my own at home, helping Mom out by doing things around the house to save her a few steps whenever I can. Dating just hasn't been a big part of my life."

"No way! I don't think that you are awkward at all, Marty, I think that you might be the closest thing to perfect that I've ever known. I just meant that I can't believe that there isn't a line of guys outside your door a mile long wanting to take you out. You are so, so beautiful. Like I told my dad, I know we only just met but there is just something about you. I've never met anyone like you before in my whole life. I can't explain it or tell you exactly what it is about you but I'm just very comfortable around you and that's really unusual for me. I don't know, you just made me feel comfortable and good from the moment we met," he said, pulling her closer.

Marty was nervous but knew what was coming any moment. Sure enough, Fred leaned down and their lips

softly touched. The kiss lingered and passion took over. He nibbled and traced her lips with his tongue, tasting her sweet lips. Marty tried to think of something other than what was happening but not having a lot of experience in matters of the heart, and against her will, she really liked the feeling that was now stirring within her. She didn't fully understand it but she couldn't deny that his lips and tongue were driving her crazy with desire for more.

"Hey, you two," Anna said, half-turned to look at them. "Are we going to be able to trust you two together for a whole four-day weekend. It's getting a little steamy back there, and we haven't even gotten to the lake yet." She was half teasing but was also half serious and trying to give Marty a way out.

Her timing was just right. Freddy sat back up straight and smiled sheepishly as if he were a little boy caught in the candy dish just before dinner. Marty felt relieved but also a little guilty for not being stronger and making him stop before it got as hot and heavy as it had.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Morris. I meant no disrespect, honestly. I'm just so excited about this weekend, I thought it would never get here. I was just so happy to see Marty again. Please don't worry. I promise to try and be a gentleman," Fred said

Only moments later they pulled into the Chateau On The Lake, with a few minutes to spare for their reservation. Freddy didn't really care about fine food right now. He just wanted to get to the cottage and have Marty all to himself for the whole weekend. In his own mind, he still wasn't sure what it was about her that attracted him so much. He just knew that this girl had affected him like no other he'd ever been around. She

was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen but that wasn't all there was to it. There was something, well, *different* about her from other girls he'd known. One thing was for sure, his dad was as happy as he was about he and Marty hitting it off, and now he'd get off his back about finding a girlfriend instead of always wanting to be around his buddies, playing games.

Both Anna and Marty couldn't remember ever enjoying a dinner like this. This food was out of this world and they savored every bite, including the glass of wine and the dessert. Once the meal was over, Anna and Marty asked to be excused and went to the ladies room. Once inside, Marty was shocked by the size and the spotless facilities. They freshened their makeup in the huge lighted mirror on the wall and returned to their dates, looking and smelling like two angels.

Once back in the car, Freddy did his best to refrain from groping Marty but something inside of him was driving him mad; he wanted so badly to taste those wonderful pink lips of hers again. They talked about each other's likes and dislikes and it was almost uncanny that they were so much alike, without being fake and just trying to agree with each other. Freddy couldn't believe that Marty knew so much about sports, football in particular.

"You just continue to surprise me at every turn, Marty. You are cooler than all my guy friends back at school," he said, then reached his arm around her and pulled her close. Once again, before she knew it, his lips were on hers. Marty wasn't sure if it was an accident or not but the hand he pulled her over to him with was just barely touching the side of her breast. She leaned away just enough so the contact was broken but her body was telling her just how good that had felt. It

was a wonderful, if odd, sensation to feel someone touching her breast, a body part that until recently she had not possessed. Her mind won this little war though; it told her she was playing with fire if she allowed this to continue. Reluctantly, she moved Fred's hand away from the hotspot.

Finally they pulled into the cabin. Even in the light of the moon, Marty could see that the place was huge. It was so beautiful and well-kept. Marty could see the lake right in front of the cabin, and it was like a mirror tonight with no wind present. She could see the big speed boat that Freddy had talked about tied to the dock. There was a large screened-in pavilion with a picnic table and grill and lounge chairs between the house and the lake.

Eric opened the car door for Anna and while Freddy and Marty got the bags out of the trunk. Eric opened the cabin up and turned on the inside and outside lights.

"Oh Eric, what a beautiful place you have. My goodness, I was expecting a cabin.. This is nicer than most of the houses in my neighborhood. This is an amazing place you have," Anna told him

"Thank you, Anna, it's been in the family for a really long time. My grandfather bought it when there were only a couple of places on the whole lake. Down through the years, each generation of the family has made improvements on it. It still needs a woman's touch, I must admit. My wife died when Freddy was only three years old and there hasn't been a woman here since then. I'm hoping that you might change that fact down the road," Eric said. He watched Anna's reaction to that remark and smiled when she looked surprised but didn't say anything negative.

"Dad," Fred said, running in from outside. "Can I take Marty for a boat ride?" he asked, hoping he could finally be alone with her.

"I guess so if it's OK with Anna. Make sure that there are life jackets on board and you know the rules for after dark. Keep the running lights on and no speeding in the darkness. People are settling down for the night and don't want a noise roaring through their windows." No one asked Marty if she'd like to go, or even if she could swim for that matter.

"Is that OK with you, Anna? Freddy is very experienced. He knows the boat and the lake and I'm sure he'll be responsible and safe," Eric asked

"I guess it would be alright if Marty wants to," Anna said.

"Alright then. It's 9:30. Be back in by 11:00. You'll have plenty of boat time over the next four days. Don't make me send the Coast Guard out after you," Eric laughed.

"Thanks Dad, no problem at all. I'd just like to cruise around and show Marty the lake and the area. We'll be back by 11:00 at the latest," Freddy said.

"Marty, you'd better grab a sweater or jacket, honey. It's always a little colder out on the lake than it is here on land. You may not even need it tonight as it's pretty nice but I've learned that it's better to be prepared," Eric told her.

"Come on, Marty. You're going to love the peace and quiet of the lake up here at night, especially when it's as calm as it is right now," Fred said as he lead her down to the dock where the boat was tied up. "Can you untie the back, Marty? Then jump in and I'll get the front," he told her.

All the way down to the dock, Marty's mind was working overtime. "Oh boy. Marty old pal, you'd better keep your guard up or you might have to swim for your life if you let Freddy get carried away and he finds out that you are more like him than he wants to know. You'll be way out there in the middle of nowhere with no one to call for help.

"Oh Mother, what were you thinking? There's no way I'm ever going to make it the whole weekend without him finding out I'm not a real girl. Now damn it, Marty, don't do anything to get him worked up and feeling frisky. Try to be cool and let him know that you are just friends," she said, trying to talk herself into being strong.

Just as she finished thinking that, the other little voice in the back of her head said, "Who are you trying to kid, Marty? Don't try and pretend that you don't remember just how good that Freddy's lips felt on yours. I don't remember you fighting him to pull away from those soft lips and hot tongue. Come on kid, at this point you are really more girl than boy and have been for some time. Just look at yourself. Don't pretend you don't like looking pretty and having those cute little tit-tles," the little voice said.

The other voice reasserted itself at that point. "NO! Stop it. Damn it, Marty, it's that kind of thinking that got you here to start with."

As the boat was pushed off from the dock, Fred was fighting thoughts in his own mind. "I must be losing my mind. I don't think that any person in my life has ever made me so mixed-up and crazy. If I'm honest with myself, I know that I prefer guys over girls, but then she came along and made me doubt my own feelings. I was so pissed at Dad when he made that first

date, but after meeting her and being with her that night, she had me thinking, maybe I'm not really gay. Or maybe I'm at least bi.

"Then he invited them up here and I was pissed all over again, until I saw her face again and my confusion started all over again. What the hell is it about her that is driving me mad? There's something very special and different about this girl. I've got to be polite to her and try and show her a good time but I've got to keep my distance too. Well, at least this weekend will please Dad and keep him off my back about girls and dating for a while."

Fred, always the gentleman, drove the big boat slowly out onto the big lake. They could see the lights of the houses sprinkled around the diameter of the lake. The full moon was up and the stars were shining as there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

"You must really love it up here, Freddy. It's so beautiful and peaceful and there are really very few houses here. It's like you have your own little world. I can see why you said you love to come up here at every opportunity. It's really *so* romantic..." She cut herself short as her mind yelled, "Where the hell did *that* come from? Damn it, Marty stop it, you really do sound like a girl. You're starting to think like one, too."

Fred steered the big boat out into the middle of the lake. As Marty talked, he looked around and it was if he was seeing this place for the first time. "Damn if she isn't right, it really is romantic," he thought. "What the hell am I thinking? Romantic? She's killing me, she's put a spell or something on me," the voice in his head screamed at him. Then he thought, "Yeah right, like you aren't thinking about kissing her again just like the other night when she sent you home with a raging

hard-on. Don't lie to yourself, Freddy. You want those lips of hers on yours again. What *is* it about her"

When they were out in the middle of the lake, Fred turned the engine off and let the boat slowly drift. There was almost no wind tonight, so he wasn't worried about drifting too far. For a minute or two he just stood there and watched Marty, who was staring out over the water at the stars and the now small and distant lights along the shore line.

"What is it about this girl that makes me feel like a Junior High boy, crushing on the hottest girl in school. Sure she's really pretty and yeah, she knows more about sports than half my buddies do, and she's so easy to talk to. But it's more than that. Damn it, I'm usually pretty good at reading people and figuring them out but she's a mystery to me. It's like I don't even know my own mind any more. I can't help that I just want to hold her and kiss her. Something about her kisses set a fire burning within me. That's really weird since the other girls I've known didn't effect me in that way at all," he thought to himself. "It's not like she's going out of her way to flirt or tease me. Hell, it almost looked like she didn't want to be here any more than I did, at first."

Just then Marty suddenly felt like she was being watched. She turned to see the smile on Fred's face. "What, what's the matter, you're laughing at me?" she said. "What's so funny, Mr. Sommers."

"Nothing. I was just noticing how you were so intent looking off into space and watching the stars. I wish I brought my camera. It makes me happy whenever I get to share my little piece of heaven up here at the lake. I can see that you seem to feel the same way about this place as I do. I could see it in your eyes. It's

so nice to leave the hustle and bustle of the real world back in the city and come up here and not have a care in the world. It's like all your worries and troubles are forgotten and you can just kick back and breathe in the fresh air and be whoever you want to be," he said.

"That's easy for you to say, Freddy, because your mother isn't forcing you to grow real breasts, wear cute little skirts, dresses, makeup and get your hair done to turn you into a girl against your will," Marty thought. What she said, though, was, "Yes, I can see that it would really be a tranquil place to think and be alone with your thoughts."

"Hey, we didn't even take the time to show you the inside of the boat. Would you like to go below and see the rest of my humble craft?" Freddy asked. When she looked back at him a little hesitantly, he said, "It's OK, Marty, I'm not going to bite you... unless of course you want me to. Just kidding. It's really pretty cool, it has all of the conveniences of home. It's actually pretty self-contained. It has a shower and rest room, stove and refrigerator. It sleeps four comfortably. Dad and I had her out on the Great Lakes last summer for a couple of weeks at a time," he told her.

"Come, let me show you around," Fred said and he opened the hatch to the cutty cabin. As Marty walked past him to step down into the cabin, the boat rocked a little and she bumped into him. Fred caught her and held on until she got her balance.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Fred," she said, blushing.

"No problem, I'm just glad you didn't fall. I should have warned you that while your out on the water, you have to be ready for waves, as they can make you lose your balance easily," he said

Marty then held onto the rail and started down into the cabin. Fred got a whiff of her perfume; the scent was intoxicating to say the least. She turned and looked back at him.

He smiled and said, "I don't know what you have on but you smell really, really great."

"Thanks. I think Mother told me it was Ambush, or something like that. Are you sure it isn't too much?" she asked.

"No no, not at all, It was a compliment, it's very nice and I just wanted to tell you I like it a lot," he told her. Fred showed her around the cabin and told her to make herself at home. He said she could help herself to anything she wanted, and had a big smile on his face as he said it. When she looked him in the eye, he quickly clarified that he meant if she wanted anything to drink or snack on or needed to use the bathroom, she should just feel free to help herself.

After he showed her the cabin and got her a Pepsi, she asked him, "Shouldn't we get back up top? We might be drifting out too far. What if we're not able to find our way back in the dark?"

"We're fine, Marty, the boat has GPS and the automatic navigation will take us right back to the dock. I guess that we really should get started back in, though, it is getting late," Freddy said. Once back on top, he showed Marty how to set the GPS and let her sit at the helm. He told her to just push the button and the boat would take them home. Then as the boat idled toward their cabin, he stood right next to her and asked, "Marty, I've been meaning to ask you this. Did you want to go on that first date or did your mother kind of force you? Don't worry about hurting my feelings. It's OK either way. As a matter of fact, I'll go first."

"My father almost had to drag me, I was dreading another blind date arranged by good old Dad, but then when we stood in your living room and you walked in...I couldn't believe it. I didn't even know any thing about you, we hadn't even spoken yet, but somehow I just knew I was going to really like you. You're a really easy person to like, you know. It seemed that we really hit it off right away but every once in a while I get the feeling that you can't or don't want to commit. So I'm asking, are you here because your mother is making you be here?" He asked.

"Wow, you get right to the point, don't you? Well, I can't lie. Remember, I didn't know anything about who or what you were, so at first I was afraid and mad at Mom when told me that I had to fill in for the girl who was originally going to be your date until an emergency came up and her family had to rush off to Ohio. It's really hard to explain but I've just never been one to date that much. It's just been Mom and me for as long as I can remember. I've always had to help out at home a lot, while mom had to work. So I didn't date very much and I didn't get involved in extra-curricular activities at school. I really never developed many friends my age.

"I can tell you this, you weren't anything like I was expecting. I wasn't all that sure that you wanted to be there that night any more than me. If you can remember, it turned out to be a really good night. Well I thought so anyway. I also haven't forgotten what your kisses did to me. I haven't had much experience with kissing but you stirred something inside of me I didn't know existed. It seems that our parents are determined to keep us together, whether we want to stay together or not but, hey, you're not that bad of a kisser. I guess I can stand being around you for a little longer!" She

laughed and punched him in the arm to let him know that she was just playing around.

"Yeah, you're not so bad either. Now I don't want you getting a big head or anything, but as homely as you are and all..." He laughed. "I couldn't wait for this weekend to get here. Trust me, if any one would have told me a month ago that I'd be up here this weekend with a beautiful and smart girl like you...well, let's just say I'm glad I didn't have to bet the family business on it, or I'd be in the poor house. You, my friend, have no idea how you've turned my world upside down," he told her with the biggest brightest smile she'd ever seen.

"If you only knew, my handsome new friend. You can't know what having your world turned upside down really is," she thought. What she said, though, was, "I think I know just what you mean. So I guess that we'll just have to make the best of it and tolerate each other somehow. Right?" She laughed and without thinking about what she was doing, she leaned in, put her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his tenderly. Fred responded by putting his arms around her and returning the kiss with passion. They stayed in that embrace with one another until Fred saw the big flood light at the cabin getting close.

He took control over the boat and with the skill of an expert, brought the boat into the dock like a professional. They put the bumper pads out and Marty got up on the dock and tied the front off while Fred brought the back around and tied off. Once he shut everything off, he got on the deck and said to Marty, "Let's make the old folks happy then, shall we?" He took Marty's hand and together they walked up to the

cabin. Eric and Anna watched them and grinned at each other, pleased with their matchmaking.

Eric and Anna greeted them as they entered the cabin together. "Well, how was the boat ride, honey?" Anna asked.

"Oh Mom, wait until you see the lake. It's so peaceful and beautiful out there. There are only about a half-dozen other houses sprinkled around the lake. It's as if they have their own private paradise up here. Plus wait until you see their so-called boat.....it's about the size of our apartment. It has its own kitchen, bathroom and beds. I believe that you could live in it if you really wanted to," Marty told her.

Eric asked if they would all like to have a glass of wine and sit out on the screened-in porch and talk before calling it a night. Anna said that she thought that would be fine. Eric took down the wine glasses and handed two of them to Fred and he grabbed two more along with the chilled wine and they all went out on to the screened-in porch overlooking the lake. Eric poured the wine. Fred and Marty sat on one of the porch swings and Eric and Anna on the other.

As they sipped their wine, Eric put his arm around Anna and said, "You're cold. Let me get you a blanket to put over your shoulders." He went back into the cabin and brought out two quilts that his grandmother had made years ago. He handed one to Fred and draped the other over Anna's shoulders. Then he sat back down beside her and put his arm back around her shoulder. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Yes, it's wonderful. Thank you for being so thoughtful," Anna said as she cuddled up against Eric. She noticed that Fred had done the same for Marty. They all sat talking and sipping their wine, listening to

the crickets singing in the night air. "This is so lovely, Eric, We can't thank you enough, what a wonderful way to relax from the stress of the city and our jobs. It's marvelous to be up here in this beautiful setting and enjoy nature and its peace and quiet," Anna said.

Finally it was time to call it a night. Anna and Marty were to share a room and Marty was shocked to see the biggest bed he'd ever seen in his whole life. This was the master bedroom; it had its own shower and bath attached. Eric, being a gentleman, gave this room to Anna and Marty, knowing that they would be more comfortable with a little privacy. Eric took the room across the hall which had a Queen-sized bed, and Fred took the room up in the loft overlooking the living room. Both Anna and Marty slept like babies all night, as both were tired from the stress of the week at work and school and the anticipation of the trip and the long weekend.

Marty woke and as he became aware of the strange surroundings, it came back to him slowly where he was. As he looked down at his still changing body, he could only shake his head and wondered where this would all end. He swung his legs out of bed and couldn't help but notice his bright red toenails. Then as he brushed his nightgown down in front before standing up, his long fingernails shining in the morning sun and their red nail polish caught his eyes. The next thing he became aware of was the aroma of bacon, waking his senses and making his stomach rumble from hunger.

He hurried into the bathroom, taking note that his Mother was not in the room and must be in the kitchen, having her morning coffee. Marty noticed with amazement and some amusement and consternation that just walking felt different now. His small breasts bounced

with each step and they changed his center of gravity. It was as if he was occupying an alien body. Marty then hurried and showered and put on pair of shorts after carefully pushing his testicles back up into his body cavity, folding his penis back and pulling his panties up tight to hold it out of view.



Then he took a halter top from the suitcase and tied the top behind his neck. He looked into the mirror and saw the reflection of the stranger he hoped would not be there. He shook his head as he couldn't help but notice the small but firm mounds pushing the top out and telling the world that his breasts were growing.

Marty washed his face, applied a neutral color base to his forehead and cheeks and smoothed it all around his face and neck with a makeup sponge. He then used a little eyeliner and eye shadow and put on a little deep pink lipstick. He slipped his feet into the flip flops and joined the others in the kitchen.

Eric and Anna were sitting, talking at the table and sipping their coffee. Fred was standing at the stove, making breakfast. When he heard Marty come into the room, he surprised her by walking over and giving her a nice soft kiss right on the mouth. He said, "Good morning sleepy head. Please have a seat. Would you like some coffee, or tea, or orange juice?"

"Coffee please. That sounds good but I can get it, Freddy. It looks like you have your hands full," Marty offered.

"No no, I've got everything under control here," Freddy said. He took out a coffee mug, poured her a cup of hot coffee, took it over and set it down on the table in front of her. "I hope that you are hungry, because I've made scrambled eggs, bacon, pancakes, and fresh strawberry topping for the cakes."

Eric jumped in here and said, "Yes, the thing you'll find out, Martha, is that Fred loves to cook and bake and has become very good at both. Not having a mother around has made it necessary to learn to do a lot of things for himself. You are in for a real treat if you like trying different dishes to eat."

“Wow, I’m impressed. It just so happens that I do, in fact, love to eat, I guess that makes me different from other girls. I’m not bashful when it comes to food, and I like just about anything. So yes, I’m hungry and ready, thank you,” she smiled at him.

Eric was right about Fred being a good cook and they all complimented him on an excellent breakfast. As they finished up, Marty insisted that they all take their coffee and go out on the porch and enjoy the morning sun. She told Fred to let her do the dishes and cleaning up, as he’d done all the cooking.

Once she’d finished in the kitchen, she joined the others. Jointly, it was decided that they would all go for a boat ride and check out the lake and surrounding area.

Marty showed Anna around the big boat while the men got the boat ready to go. Soon they were cruising around the lake. Anna recalled Marty’s comments about the area and readily agreed with her assessment. It was a beautiful place and the lake was as still as a mirror this morning. Eric let Fred pilot the boat and he sat back on the big cushioned seat across the back of the boat with Anna. They both watched and grinned as Fred let Marty steer the boat and stood at her side with an arm around her. Every now and then, he would playfully tickle her side. She’d jump and squeal, then laugh. Eric said, “They really make a cute couple, don’t you think, Anna?”

“Yes, I was thinking the same thing,” she said. What she was really thinking was, “Please Lord, protect my child and forgive me for this deceit that I got us into. Don’t let that young man expose her secret. This is going to be a very long and dangerous weekend.”

They cruised around for a couple of hours. Then Fred once again piloted the boat back into the dock with skill and precision. As they walked up to the house, Fred asked Eric if he and Marty could go back out for a while in the boat and maybe take a dip. Eric said it was fine with him, thinking he'd be alone with Anna for some quality time.

The kids ran into the house to change and get their swimsuits on. Marty opened the suitcase and couldn't find her new one-piece suit. She opened the other suitcase and it wasn't there either. She opened the door and called out to Anna. "Mom, can you come here for a minute?"

When Anna came in, Marty told her that she couldn't find her bathing suit.

"If it's not in either suitcase, Marty, perhaps you didn't pack it, because I haven't seen it," Anna said.

"Oh no, I can't wear *this*!" Marty said holding up the two little pieces of material that constituted the bikini she found in the suitcase. This was supposed to cover her body?

"Well I'm sorry, honey but if the other one's not in the suitcase you don't have any choice in the matter. That's all there is for you to wear. Besides, that's what you wore all the time at home to develop your nice dark tan lines, remember? Besides, I think that you look just darling in that suit."

"I'll just tell him I can't go because I forgot my swim suit, cause I'm not going to parade around in front of him with this little nothing on," Marty said.

"Don't be ridiculous, Martha Marie. You can't hide out like a stowaway all weekend. Come on now, I have a nice terry-cloth beach top and bottom that you can

wear over your swimsuit. They will allow you to keep your modesty," Anna told her.

Marty didn't like it one bit but let Anna help her dress. First she put on the top of the bikini and moved the small triangles to cover the still very white places on her breasts. Anna tied the strings in the back and behind the neck. Anna had Marty push his testicles back up in his body cavity again. Then she had him pull his limp penis back between his legs. She took a piece of flesh-tone surgical tape and applied it over the penis to hold it back. Next she pulled up the tiny bikini bottom and tied it on both sides of her hips.

Marty felt slightly better after putting on the terry-cloth beach top and bottom and didn't feel as exposed. Anna handed Marty a beach bag filled with her makeup and suntan lotion, a towel and sunglasses. When Marty walked out, she could see Fred walking down to the boat with an armload of groceries and drinks to stock up the kitchen.

They loaded up and headed the boat out into the middle of the lake. They cruised around for quite awhile. Finally Fred stopped the boat on the far side of the lake opposite the cabin. Marty couldn't even see the cabin or the house on the other side of the lake. Fred put out the anchor, then went below and got them some sandwiches and chips and beer. He brought the snacks up top and they went out of the bow of the boat and ate and drank. Soon Fred went back down and came back with another beer for each of them.

Marty had never even tasted beer before and thought it was bitter. Not wanting to be rude, she made herself drink the second bottle sip by sip. She didn't realize until she tried to stand up how dizzy the beer had made her. She had a pretty good buzz on from just the

two beers. As she carefully tried to walk around the cabin of the boat, holding on to the small hand rail to get to the back and go down below to use the restroom, she stumbled and lost her balance and went over the side, down into the cold water.

As she fell, she felt something poke into her side around her hip. Her terry-cloth cover-up and tiny bikini caught on something which tore them clean in two along her right leg. She wasn't aware of this at first because it all happened so fast. As she hit the water, she grabbed the spot where the pain came from and quickly looked to see if there was any blood. There was no sign of blood; she began to bob up and down with the waves and began to dog paddle to stay on top of the water.

Fred dropped his beer and rushed to the side of the boat. When he saw that she appeared to be OK, they looked at each other and broke out laughing. Fred leaned over the side and reached his hand out to her. When she grabbed on to him, he began to pull her up and into the boat. Just as he pulled her over the side and into the boat, Marty felt like something was rubbing on her left leg. She thought for a minute that something was on her leg. She yelled out and kicked her leg in panic and the remainder of her terry-cloth cover-up and her tiny bikini flew out into the water and began to sink into the deep water.

As Fred got her in the boat and she stood, she looked at the shocked look on his face. It scared her and she looked down to see what he was looking at, thinking that she was cut or something. She wanted to die right then and there when she looked down to see not only her terry-cloth cover-up but her bikini bottom as well were both gone. Right there in front of God and

Freddy was her penis hanging free between her legs. Instinctively, she jammed her two hands down to cover herself but in the depths of her mind, she knew that it was too late to save any dignity. Tears filled her eyes immediately and fear gripped her mind and heart. The look on Fred's face didn't give her a sign as to whether he was going to strike her or throw her overboard and leave her there to drown.

"Please don't hurt me. I...I...I can explain if you'll only give me a chance." she pleaded. When Fred didn't speak or move and only kept staring at her, she panicked. "If you hurt me, I'll expose you. I'll tell your friends at school that you did it with me, I'll send pictures to your school. I'll tell your dad you raped me," she said. She stopped in mid-sentence as she looked up. She saw a grin on his face from ear to ear. Then he began to laugh out loud.

"What, you don't think I'll do it?" she warned. He laughed harder, shaking his head from side to side. "I will, I'm warning you. If you try to hurt, me I'll fix it so no other girl anywhere will want you," she said, beginning to wonder if he'd lost his mind. He just kept laughing.

"Wait. Please wait. Give...give me a minute," he kept laughing. "Honest, I'm not laughing at you." He took a deep breath and tried to compose himself. "I'm not laughing at you, but, rather at the situation. Let me explain and maybe you'll see the humor in this as well. You see, my dear old dad was hell-bent on putting this weekend together. He was so happy that I was showing interest in a girl for the first time. See, I've been gay for as long as I can remember. Hell, that's why dad sent me to that school to begin with. Sure, it's all boys, but they are very strict there and run it like a military acad-

emy. You see, Dad wanted to make a man out of me. He has tried fixing me up with girls in the past. He doesn't say that's what he'd doing but I've known since the very first time what he was doing. He was always disappointed when I never hit it off with any of them in even the slightest way.

"Now I know what it was about you that that I loved so much from the first time I saw you but couldn't put my finger on it. And now I see why Dad was so happy after our first date and tried to put this weekend together so fast. It made him very happy that you and I hit it off so well. It's just about been driving me nuts trying to figure out why you were the first girl in my life I just couldn't get out of my head. You even had me doubting whether I was really gay after all.

"Hurt you? Hell, I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the whole wide world. I want to marry you and spend the rest of my life with you. Wait a minute. Here I am spouting off like an idiot. I didn't even think of this from your point of view. Do you already have a boyfriend? I know that your mom made you come on these dates with me. Were you just acting to please your mom or do you feel anything at all for me?" he asked.

"Oh God, I'm sorry, Marty. Here," he said handing her a towel to cover herself with. He had been so involved in his own thoughts that he only just then realized that she had been standing in front of him naked all this time.

"Thank you. Well, first of all, up until a month ago, I'd never worn or even thought about wearing women's clothing. My mom promised your dad she would help him and find a date for you for the play and dinner. She really did have a nice girl all lined up.

It's the truth. Like I mentioned before, the girl had a family emergency at the last minute. Your dad stopped by our house unexpectedly and I just happened to be walking out of the shower, not knowing that anyone was at our house. I had my mom's robe around me and my long hair pulled up and clipped with hair clip. For the first time in my entire life, I put some of mom's facial cleansing mask on my face to clear up some zits.

"Your dad saw me and asked my Mom if I was her daughter. She panicked and said yes because she was embarrassed to have anyone see her son like that. He then put pressure on my mom to have me fill in for the girl who couldn't come. Because of that, I, for the first time in my life, became Martha M. Morris. The rest is history," she said, taking a breath.

"So you don't like me...or you did feel something for me? You didn't really say either way."

"Oh, I hated you at first. Well, that's not fair, I didn't really *hate* you," she said, scrunching her face in a very girlish way, Freddy noticed. "I hated trying to become a girl and be forced on a date with a guy," she said

"And now? How do you feel now?" Fred asked.

"Well, after we've been thrown together and spent these past several weeks either together or on the phone or computer, I'd be lying if I said that I didn't feel anything for you. But, you have to understand, Freddy, I have never dated anyone before you, boy or girl," she said. "Now I wouldn't have ever said this or believed this in a million years, but I think that I kind of like dressing up and making myself look pretty. You have to understand, most of my life no one in school even knew who I was or that I existed. I was like...invisible. But when I've been out with you to those nice

restaurants, I couldn't miss the way people were staring at me. I have to say it was flattering and I kind of liked the feeling it gave me. Plus I liked being with you, you made me feel safe. Then there was that kiss. I'd never kissed or been kissed like that in my life. As afraid as I was that first time, I can't lie to you. You took my breath away....literally."

She paused.. "So, yes, I do like you and I do like being kissed by you but I have to tell you, I'm not experienced at all, in dating or relationships, or even what you'd want from me," she said shyly.

"Cool. I was hoping that you'd have some feelings for me, because I sure have them for you. I don't expect anything from you. We've only known each other a month and a couple of days but I do know that I like you a lot and want to really get to know the real you. I love the way you look beautiful all dressed up and wearing makeup and pretty clothes. And knowing that you have that little secret down there, well, that is just the icing on the cake. So let's just keep on the way things are and let things come as they may," Fred said.

"Now what about your mom? Is she going to put you back in boys clothes after this long weekend?" he asked

"Well, that was the plan, at least according to what she told me. I'm starting to suspect that she has been giving me female hormones for some time now, and against my better judgment, she's been taking me to see this female doctor who has been giving me shots in the butt and putting some kind of fluid right into my breasts, which is making them bigger by the day. So, you see, these are not fakes anymore. They are real and they are sensitive as hell. As a result, I am reasonably sure that my days as Martin are over and Martha or

Marty is here to stay if Mom has her way. I have to be honest, I'm not sure that would bother me anymore because I have to admit I'm starting to like me better this way," she said. As she spoke, her eyes darted down and she got a little thrill from the cute figure she saw.

"Well then, will you do me a favor?" Freddy asked. "Let's not let my dad know about any of this. Let's just keep it our secret as long as we can. You can tell your mom that I know and love you anyway, or you don't have to if you don't want to. That's up to you. I think that my Dad has more than just a little crush on your mom. He has talked about nothing for the past month but your Mom and how happy he is that we've hit it off so well. To tell the truth, it wouldn't surprise me in the least if your mom's home address doesn't change in the near future. With any luck, she could be becoming a lady of leisure soon," he said, winking at Marty.

"OK, I agree. Let's just let things go and see where they take us. Now, can I ask you a favor?" Marty asked with a sinister little grin.

"Yes, and what would that be, my lady?" Freddy, said returning her smile

"Could you please get over here and bring me those hot lips of yours? I didn't come out here to just stand around and talk," she said.

"I think I can grant you that favor over and over again. It would be a pleasure, Martha my darling." Fred said. He walked over to her, took her in his strong arms and kissed her passionately. This kiss seemed even better than their previous ones. It started out soft and sensual, and grew stronger and more passionate by the minute. She felt his warm moist tongue tracing her full lips. Suddenly she sensed something she'd never felt before.

Her penis, which for the first time wasn't all folded up and held back, was free to grow harder than it had ever been. As Marty only had the towel wrapped around her waist, Fred felt the stiff member rubbing on his own leg. This turned him on like nothing he had ever experienced before. He kissed her with even more passion bordering on lust. Yes, Fred had no doubt that Marty was everything he loved all rolled into one really great person. He was certain that he couldn't possibly be happier. Responding to his passion, Marty became bolder than at any point in her whole life, slowly inching her hand down and feeling the lump in the front of Freddy's pants. The ship-to-shore radio on board squawked out loud and they both jumped so hard that Marty fell overboard for the second time that day.

The two of them laughing their heads off now. The cold lake water took effect on Marty's erection and it shrunk quickly. Fred helped her back up into the boat, then went to the radio.

"Yes, go ahead, this is the Blue Jay," he said.

"Hey, how about heading the Blue Jay back in now, Son. We can't even see you with the binoculars. We want to clean up and go into town, so we are waiting on you two," Eric said.

"OK Dad, we're on our way. We were swimming out by Clay Point. We'll be there in fifteen or twenty minutes." Fred answered.

Fred slipped below and brought up a pair of underpants and a pair of shorts for Marty to wear back into shore. "They aren't as nice looking as the ones you were wearing but believe me when I say anything would look spectacular on you, Miss Martha Morris. At least they will provide you some modesty until we get

you back ashore and into your own clothing again." he said, just beaming. Then he added, "Marty, I can't tell you just how happy you have made me. For the first time in my life I really feel like I have something to look forward to. I get up every morning these days with a purpose and reason to look to the future with a full and glad heart.

"I don't want to put pressure on you, I'll try hard not to do that but I have to say that I love you more and more everyday. I'll try my best to make you love me back some day, even if it's only a fraction as much as the way I feel about you," he said. Then he took the helm of the big boat, started her up and headed her for shore and the cabin, where their parents were waiting.

Marty moved up to stand beside Freddy after getting the shorts on. She put her arm around his right shoulder and laid her pretty head on his other shoulder. After a few minutes, she raised her head and kissed Freddy on the cheek and whispered into his ear, "Thanks for not killing me. That would have ended this beautiful weekend on a rather gloomy note." She kissed him on the cheek again.

Soon they were tying up at the dock in front of the cabin. They walked up to the house hand in hand as Eric and Anna watched, smiling. "Anna dear, I believe that we've really started something with those two. I'm really happy for Fred and I already think the world of Martha. She has very quickly become a very special girl in our lives." he said. I have to tell you, her mother is also a very special lady in my life. I've watched you blossom before my eyes over the past couple of years and have wanted to ask you out in this kind of a setting for a very long time. I hope I'm not scaring you away but I've been falling in love with you for a very long

time. I thank God for the times over these past several weeks when we've been able to get away together outside of the work environment," he said, watching for her reaction.

"I...I care very much for you too, Eric. You've been a wonderful friend over and above being my employer and it's been wonderful spending time with you these past months," she said. Instantly, she turned red in the face as Eric got down on one knee, took out a beautiful little box and opened it.

"Anna Morris, I've been alone a long time. I've waited patiently for that special woman to come into my life and I truly believe that you are that woman. Anna, would you do me the honor of becoming my wife and let me shower you with love, spoiling you with gifts and giving you everything else that your heart could desire?" Eric asked.

"Oh. My. God. Eric, this is so sudden. I had no idea that you even thought of me in that way. I'm truly attracted to you and I have really loved being with you, but. I don't know what to say. I sure wasn't expecting anything like this on this weekend. Please, can you give me time to get my head around the whole idea? There are so many things that you don't know about me or Marty and as much as I'd just love to jump up and holler yes, well, I just need some time to digest all this," she said, hoping she wasn't hurting his feelings.

How could he feel this way? How could he love her so much? They'd never made love, they'd really only kissed over the past three or four weeks. Sure his kisses drove her mad with desire and sure she knew that he'd given her special treatment at work. She knew that he cared for her, but, she thought it was because of her work itself. Suddenly she knew why she got promoted

to the best sales territory in the company over several others who'd been there much longer.

She knew in her heart that she'd love to say yes, but, also knew that she could not do so in good conscience. She just never knew that their friendship would lead to this. She actually thought that this was all about the kids and fixing up Freddy with Marty. Now she was afraid that this whole thing had gone too far. It was way beyond the point of no return, this could only end badly both for Marty and for her. Why didn't she put a stop to this before it ever got this far along?

In the meantime, Eric was still on his knees waiting, holding the box with the huge diamond engagement ring in his raised hand.

"Yes Anna, take all the time you need. Just know that I really love you and want you for my wife. I've been alone ever since Freddy's mom died many years ago. I didn't think I'd ever love again but you, dear Anna, have changed all that. I feel more alive when I'm around you than I've ever felt before. I know that I can make you happy and we'd have a wonderful life together. I want to grow old with you and spend the rest of our lives sitting here at the lake on our porch, rocking and watching our grandkids play and swim here at the lake. Yes Anna, I'll wait. Take some time and think things out. I hope that, in time, you'll tell me that you'll be my wife."

Anna could hardly catch her breath; she was about to panic and run, she had to get away and think. She knew in her heart and soul that she couldn't accept but how could she tell him her secret? She never once saw this coming or they wouldn't be here this weekend. She had to figure a way out of this, without destroying

their friendship or their working relationship. This job meant too much to her to lose it now.

All she could think of to say was, "Thank you very much, Eric. I'm truly flattered that you'd consider me in that way. It would really be an honor but I just have to have a little time to think this through. I really do care about you and any woman would be thrilled to be your wife. I'll try to give you an answer soon. I guess I'm just still in shock. I never dreamed something like this would happen to me. I, too, have been alone for a long time. It's been years since I lost my spouse. Marty was very little and never really got to know her other parent at all. I've been both mother and father to Marty and it's just been the two of us for all these years," she told him.

Eric got up off of his knees just as they heard the screen door slam downstairs telling them that the kids were back. Anna said, "Let's not tell the kids any thing about this just yet. Let's not get them all excited or worked up about this until we know for sure where it's going, alright?" she asked. Eric nodded in assent.

Eric put the ring back in his pocket just as the kids came in. Marty saw the familiar little jeweler's box and thought, "Oh my God, either Freddy has told his Dad he was in love with me or he's asked Mom to marry him. Can this get any more confusing? How on earth did our boring, dull lives become like some weird television soap opera. You can't even write stories like this. Where is this going to all end? I just hope that we don't all end up on the Jerry Springer show before this is all over with.

Eric broke Marty's thoughts. "Hey, how was the lake? From the looks of Marty's hair, I guess you two

ended up swimming after all. The lake has got to be pretty cold this time of year, right?" he said.

"I'll vouch for that," Marty said. "I'll tell you this much, you don't want to stay in very long, 'cause you'll turn blue. As a matter of fact, I didn't really mean to go in. I fell in, not once but twice," she said, laughing.

Eric didn't seem to notice but Anna saw right away that Marty was wearing what appeared to be a pair of Fred's shorts. She went immediately into panic mode. Had he found out her secret?

"We'd better hurry and change, Marty. It looks as if you'll need a hot shower first, then I'll help you with you hair. Eric wants to take us into town for dinner so we'd better get started," Anna said. She took her daughter by the arm and they went off to get ready.

Once out of ear shot of the boys, Anna asked, "What happened? Does he know?"

"You aren't going to believe this Mother but yes, he does know. It was an accident. I really did fall overboard. While he was pulling me back onto the boat, my cover and bikini bottom caught on something and were ripped right off me. They sank down to the bottom of the lake before either of us could act. I panicked and cried when I realized what happened. Freddy was staring and couldn't look away. I threatened to tell everyone in the world that he made love to me knowing I was really a male, if he tried to hurt me. He started laughing his head off.

"Long story short, it seems our dear Freddy is gay and likes me even more as Martha with a penis than he did before. His dad has been trying hard to get Freddy in a relationship with a girl to help him go straight,

even to the point of sending him to that private military school. He is thrilled about my little secret and doesn't want his Dad to know about me. Freddy even told me that he loved me. Can you believe that?" Marty said.

"Now what's going on between you two love birds? I saw him hurrying to put that little jeweler's box back into his pocket as we walked in. Was that meant for you?" Marty asked.

"Yes Marty, I'm afraid that it was. Just moments before you walked in, Eric asked me to marry him," Anna said.

"Oh my God. Mother, that's wonderful! And what did you tell him? When are you getting married, are we going to live with them?" Marty was asking questions a mile a minute.

"I told him that I needed time to think this through," Anna said.

"Mother, are you nuts? Why wouldn't you jump at the chance? I know that you really like him and he is like your knight on a white horse. You've been alone far too long and you've had to fight for yourself every inch of the way. This could be a dream come true for you," Marty told her.

"Marty, I can't marry Eric!" Anna said.

"Mother, but why?" Marty came back.

"Because Marty, I can't marry anyone...or any man, that is."

"Mother, that's just crazy. Why would you say something like that, for goodness sake? Any man would be happy to have a wife as good as you. And you deserve a truly wonderful Man like Eric," Marty

said. He looked up to see his mother crying. Big tears were running down her cheeks.

"Mom, what's the matter? Why are you crying? If it's because of my situation, everything will be OK. I told you, Freddy loves me BECAUSE I'm special. We're perfect for each other, because now he is free to love me. On the surface, I appear to be a total girl to everyone else's eyes. Underneath and inside, I'm enough boy to satisfy his true nature. Plus, you might not believe this but I actually think that I'm starting to like myself as Martha Morris. I think I'm also beginning to love Freddy back," Marty told his/her mother.

"Marty, I thought that I was prepared for just about anything in life. I mean I picked myself up after being divorced and raised you as best as I could. I was happy in my job and we were starting to really get on top of things. I never dreamed that I'd ever have to deal with a man wanting to have a loving relationship with me. As a matter of fact I've gone out of my way to avoid any relationships with men. I never planned on anything like this happening so I've never even hinted to you why I can't marry Eric or anyone else. Marty, I'm not who you think that I am." Anna paused for a long moment before continuing. "Honey, I'm not your mother," Anna said.

"What do you mean you aren't really my mom? You have to be kidding me. If you aren't my mom, then just who are you and who are my real parents?" Marty asked, totally confused and shaken up.

"I didn't say that I wasn't one of your parents, Marty. I said that I wasn't your mother. Honey..." Anna paused again, long this time. "I'm actually your father." Anna said. She saw the blank look on Marty's face, and realized that she didn't believe her.



"I'm sorry honey, I really am. You see when your mother ran off with another salesperson, it wasn't a man. It was another woman. She left me and you for another woman. I was ashamed, hurt and embarrassed

for anyone to know that my wife left me for another woman. Those kind of things just didn't happen back then. I was destroyed inside, I wanted to die. I looked at you, my baby, and knew that I had to be strong and take care of you. Something happened, though, and I didn't know what to do or how to deal with it.

"Your mother left everything behind, you, me, the house, even her clothes. She didn't want anything from her prior life. She wanted to cast everything and everyone from her past aside. At first I slept with her clothes beside me, smelling her scent and crying myself to sleep each night. Then I slowly starting taking something of hers to work with me, hiding it under my outer clothing. Then little by little, I began wearing them completely and tried to become her. You were too little to know the difference, and you just started calling me Mama. We just went on in our lives like that and the rest in history as they say," Anna said, tears rolling down her cheeks

"Holy Shit! I thought my life couldn't be any more screwed-up. Now I know that we're headed for the damned Jerry Springer show. My story just keeps on getting better and better," Marty said, shaking her head and feeling numb. "So what are we supposed to do now?" Marty asked "Wait a minute. Mother , please tell me that you are just pulling my leg. This *has* to be a joke. I've lived with you all of my life and you've always been a woman," Marty said

Anna slowly raised the skirt of her pastel summer dress and pulled her pretty silk panties down. There it was. It wasn't very big anymore but it was still definitely a penis. Marty had had one of his own for long enough to know what they looked like. Anna slowly

tucked it back away, let her dress back down and shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know what else to tell you, honey. I didn't do this to myself on purpose, something inside of me just took over. I fought it for several years, then finally just gave into it. This is who I am and have been for many years but that doesn't change the fact that I have to turn Eric's proposal down. Can you imagine what a man like Eric would say when he found out the truth about the woman he was about to marry? I just hope that this won't hurt my working relations with him. I don't need to tell you how much I need this job. As for you, I'm sorry, honey. I guess I hoped you'd never have to find out the truth about your dear old Mom," Anna said.

"I just can't believe this! How could you hide this from me for all of these years? I mean, you don't have even a single male feature. You don't have any facial hair. I know that your breasts are real, I've seen them a few times over the years. How could I not have known about this?" Marty asked Anna.

"I started taking hormones while you were still young, honey. Over time they have changed my body and mind, and created a very feminine person. The only thing that is contrary to that is the little fella still between my legs. It isn't much good for anything anymore. I've dreamed of having it removed several times and replaced with what should be down there. You see, I go back a long time with Dr. Kent. She's helped me along my path from the very beginning and she has told me many times that she'll complete me anytime that I'm ready to go. As a matter of fact, I've been saving up for that day for many years. I have almost

enough money in a special little account that I have," Anna said.

"Well, could you maybe put Eric off long enough to get your surgery and he'd never be the wiser?" Marty offered.

"No, it still wouldn't be right for Eric not to know the truth before he married me. That just would be fair. I'm afraid that that just wouldn't work. You can't start out a marriage on a lie. No, he has to know the truth about me, even if it means that he doesn't want me anymore," Anna said

Meanwhile, across the hall in Eric's room, Eric had just told Freddy that he'd asked Anna to marry him. "That's great, Dad. I had a feeling that would be happening before too much longer. I don't remember you being this happy in a very long time. She's smart, very kind and a very pretty lady all rolled into one. I'm very happy for you and her," Freddy said.

"Well not so fast there, Fred. I said I asked her but she hasn't accepted my proposal yet. I guess I really caught her off-guard and she needs some time to think about it. I guess I can't blame her. She wasn't really aware that I've had deep feelings for her for several years. You're right, though, I haven't been this happy in a very long time. When I'm around her, my heart just wants to have her more and more. She has really brightened my life a lot and I'm not going to give up on her. You can count on that," Eric told his son.

"I sure hope not, Dad. She's one of a kind and she's definitely the right one for you. You two look good together. Plus, I think that you can see that I'm pretty crazy about that daughter of hers. I really think that Marty and I have a future together. You don't find

women like those two coming along every day," Freddy said, grinning from ear to ear.

They finished getting ready. Anna helped Marty do her hair; she brushed it out and left it down for tonight. The shampoo and conditioners they'd been using were making very positive changes in the fullness and shine of Marty's long locks. Anna parted it on the right side and brushed it over to the left, leaving it slightly covering her left eye. She brushed both sides out, then took an iron and made big curls on the ends that fell across her shoulders and laid softly on her upper chest. Anna plucked a few more hairs from her brows, then watched as Marty, now getting very good at doing her own makeup, did an excellent job on applying her eyeliner, eye-shadow, and lips. Then she added a touch of blush to her cheekbones to make them look higher than they actually were.

Marty finished up with a dusting of powder to set her makeup and added a touch of Tabu perfume to her wrists, then behind her ears and added a dab at the top of her growing cleavage. She wore a pretty summer dress and a pair of thigh-high nylons and a matching pair of black pumps with two-inch heels.

Anna did her own makeup while Marty dressed. From time to time she caught Marty watching her out of the corner of her eye. Marty still hadn't gotten over the bombshell that her mother had dropped on her only an hour or so ago. She still couldn't get over the fact that she'd never found out about her mom's secret in all these years.

When Anna and Marty walked out into the open living room, the guys were waiting on them. Both men stood, shaking their heads. "We have to be the luckiest guys in the world, Frederick my boy, to have the most beautiful women in the world on our arms tonight. We'll be the envy of every man up here at Table Rock tonight," Eric said.

"You don't have to tell me, Dad. They will just eat their hearts out when we walk in with these two beautiful ladies," Fred added.

They drove into town and, just as they predicted, the ladies turned heads everywhere they went. Eric and Fred were so proud of their dates. They had a wonderful seafood dinner and enjoyed a glass of wine. Then they drove back home, kicked off their shoes and walked along the beach for a while, stopping every once in a while for a hug and a kiss before going back and turning in for the night.

The next morning, the smell of bacon cooking woke Marty once again. She put on her robe, did her morning toilet, brushed out her hair, put on a touch of lip stick and wandered into the kitchen, where everyone was already enjoying a cup of coffee. She poured herself a glass of OJ and Mom handed her her daily vitamins to take with her juice. They enjoyed a great breakfast together, then they all changed and went out on the lake in the boat for the day. Marty had to wear her one-piece swim suit until they could buy her another two piece in town.

As they drove out into the big lake, Anna noticed that Marty kept pulling at the top of her swim suit, try-

ing to adjust it to situate her breasts which now filled the cups out very nicely. Anna remembered way back when her own new breasts were developing and how they itched and were so sensitive to touch. So she knew what Marty was going through. Anna also remembered just how weird it was to see breasts grow on a previously flat, masculine chest. After all, she had been a man for her entire life to that point. Even though it brought some pleasure, seeing her body become more feminine with each passing day was still something of a shock.

The day was wonderful and free. They enjoyed the wide open spaces and the beautiful landscape around the lake. They had a wonderful lunch with wine, then they all laid out on the upper deck and worked on their tans. Afterward, they swam in the cold spring water of Table Rock Lake.

In the afternoon they returned to the cabin and Eric grilled the most wonderful steaks on the grill. Then after dinner, they cleaned up and went into town for the Saturday night dance. Marty couldn't believe all the people there. "Where do they all come from? I didn't know that there were this many houses in the whole area for miles," she said.

Eric answered, "Well many of them are summer campers from all over this area and there are actually quite a few permanent residents up here. Most of them live within shouting distance of the town itself."

The dance was fun, the music was quite a mixture of old and new, country and soft rock. The two couples danced the night away. Before long, both guys held their woman close and floated around the dance floor as if in a dream. Anna put both of her arms around Eric's neck. He let go of her hand and put both his arms

around the small of her back. Eric would sneak in a kiss every now and then and whisper softly in her ear about how much he enjoyed her company and how he loved her and wanted to spend the rest of his life taking care of her.

This was against everything Anna knew to be holy and good, she also knew that she shouldn't enjoy his touch, his smell or the way his whispering send chills down her spine. She should be pulling back and keeping him at arm's length. She just couldn't do it, though. She was so starved for affection and the touch and feel of another human being that she simply got lost in the moment; she let him hold her tight and felt the stimulation as his manly chest moved against her now more than ample breasts. She found herself kissing him back as his tongue traced her lips and dueled with hers. She completely lost track of who she was, where she was and with whom she was helping work himself into bundle of sexual nerves about to explode. His kisses were starting to get longer and hotter and more passionate.

Across the floor, their two children were really heating things up themselves. After a couple of hours of dancing and bumping and grinding, Freddy asked Marty if she'd like to step out by the lake to get some air and cool off a bit. She was more than ready so they did slip out. They found an old boat house along the beach and slipped inside. Freddy pulled Marty in and they kissed and hugged and kissed until Marty was feeling lightheaded. She'd never felt like this before and didn't know what to do about it. Freddy began to lightly run his fingers over her breasts. Marty had never experienced any feelings like these in her life. He put his tongue in her ear and let his hot breath send goose bumps all through her body. She suddenly felt

his hand down around her groin and before he ever touched her penis, she shook from head to toe with a mind boggling orgasm that nearly made her pass out. She knew right away that her panties were a mess, but she didn't let go of him.

She reached down and began rubbing Freddy's member, which was already rock hard. After rubbing it for a while, she looked into his eyes and said, "I'm really sorry, Freddy. I want to please you and give you release but I don't really know what to do or how to do it." she said sincerely.

Before Fred could answer and tell her what to do, he too exploded into a huge orgasm. He gave out a long moan of pleasure and said, "It's OK, don't worry about it, when the time comes we'll work it out together. Just being with you is more than enough for now. I love you, Martha Morris," he said.

"I love you too, Frederick Sommers," she said and kissed him again with both arms around his neck, holding on tightly. To herself, she thought, "I think that I really do love him. Dear God, how could I have been a plain and homely guy just a month or so ago and now I'm a hot chick that is feeling in love with a boy, or should I say a young man?"

"A penny for your thoughts. Let's try not to hold anything back from each other. If we are always completely honest with each other, we won't end up hurting each other."

"You serious? You really want to know what I was thinking just then? Are you *sure* that you want to know everything?" she said.

"Yes, I really do," he said.

"Alright. Well, I was wondering how I could have been a plain old guy just a month or so ago, and now I'm a pretty good looking girl who believes that she is falling in love with a guy," Marty answered

"And you didn't think that I'd like hearing that?" Freddy replied

"Who said that you were the guy I was falling in love with? I didn't name any names," she said, laughing. She jumped up and started running back towards the dance.

Freddy chased her down, turned her to face him and kissed her long and hard. "I'd be pissed but I happen to know that I'm the only guy you ever kissed or even dated for that matter, .so it has to be me, you little tease you," he said. He kissed her over and over and started tickling her, making her jump repeatedly. They laughed and returned to the dance hand-in-hand, where they saw their parents dancing closely and kissing a lot.

Finally the night ended and they drove home, each guy with his new love hanging on his side. They sat out on the porch and had another glass or two of wine before the grownups said goodnight and headed off to their rooms. Freddy asked if he and Marty could stay up awhile to sit out on the porch and talk, because they weren't really tired or ready for bed yet. "Don't stay up too late. And no leaving the house, no telling what kind of wild animals you'd run into in the night," Eric said.

Eric went to his room to get ready even though he really wanted to go into Anna's room and spend the night with her. Anna took a shower and was standing in the tub shaving her legs when Eric knocked lightly on the door. Anna didn't hear him knock and he didn't hear anyone answer. He thought no one was in the

bathroom so he opened the door and walked in. Out on the porch, the kids heard a blood curdling scream and came running to see what happened.



Eric stood there, mouth open, unable to speak. Anna stood in shock as Eric saw her in all her glory, her limp penis hanging between her legs. She grabbed a towel much too late and tried to cover herself. Eric turned and left the room, closing the door behind himself. Freddy and Marty stood, afraid to move or speak.

Eric walked right out of the house and down to the dock. He didn't know what to think or say or feel right now. Freddy decided he'd better go check on his dad and went out the back door. Before he got down to the dock, he heard a loud splash. Eric had jumped right into the cold water. He came up fast, shaking his head. Quickly, he climbed back up onto the dock. He headed back for the house.

"Dad, are you OK?" Freddy asked.

"I don't know, son. I'm really not sure right now. I think that I just saw the woman I love and asked to marry me standing in the bathroom naked with a penis hanging between her legs," he said, then laughed. "Maybe I'm crazy but I'm pretty sure that's what I saw."

"What are you going to do, Dad?" Freddy asked, worried that his dad might be so mad that he'd do something foolish, maybe even hurt Anna.

"I don't know, son. I think I might just go for a ride and think this out," Eric said.

Anna met him at the door. "Eric, I'm so sorry, please can we talk? I don't know if my explaining anything will make you feel different or not but I never intended to fool you or humiliate you in any way," she told him. When he didn't answer, she said, "If you want me out of your house, I'll understand and walk to town if I have to. I don't suppose they have any taxi-

cabs up here. I'm so sorry. I never meant to hurt you in any way. As a matter of fact, that's why I couldn't give you an answer when you proposed. I would never do something like that to you," she said.

Eric looked up at her. "That...was a lot to take in all at once, Anna. There is no place for you to go at this hour up here, you'd better get some sleep. I'm going to go for a little drive. I just need some time alone to think. Don't worry, I'll be back after a while." Having said his piece, he headed out the door.

Freddy ran out and got in the car with his dad. "Fred, go back in the house, I'll be fine, I just need to be alone for a while."

Eric said, "No, Dad. I want to be with you." He wasn't whether his dad was upset enough to do something crazy or not.

Eric drove out onto the road and headed to town. It was only 10:45 PM so the bars were still open. Eric order a scotch straight up and a coke for Fred. They went to a table where Eric sipped his scotch and looked out the window into the night.

"And I was going to marry her. Damn her, I loved her more than words can say. Now I'm right back where I started, all alone. Only now it's even worse because I was filled with hope and joy. Damn it, I loved her. What the hell am I supposed to do now?

"And you...here you were the one I was worried about. I knew that you were headed for a life of trouble. It's no easy life being gay. Yes, I knew all about you and your preference in partners. And now it turns out you are the one that ends up in a normal life with a great girl to live with and I'm... I don't know what the hell I am," he said.

"Dad, just hours ago I heard you tell me that you've never been this happy before in your life, and that Anna was the reason for that happiness. I know that you are too upset to see this right now but she is still the same person that you have liked and loved for a long time now. She is the one that made you so happy. She's the person who set records in sales for your company; she's the one that made you happy to get up each morning and go to work so you could see her and spend as much time as you could with her.

"You were drawn to her as a person, not as a male or female. A penis doesn't make her any less of the same person that you loved. I'm shocked too but Anna is still Anna, a wonderful, smart, kind-hearted and loving woman. If what's between her legs is the only thing standing in the way of you loving her and wanting to be with her every minute, as you said you wanted, surgery can fix that little mistake.

"I know that I'm young but you don't have to be old to see how your eyes light up when she's in the same room and how her eyes do the same when she looks at you. All I know is that if you run her off without giving her a chance, you are going to be one lonely, sad, and miserable man. Hell, you didn't want to have any more kids anyway, right?" Freddy said, doing his best to make his dad think this through.

"You make it sound so easy, Freddy. Well, it isn't that simple. People are not as accepting of people like Anna as you seem to be. Even if I could accept her as she is, just one leak about this to anyone and my life would be ruined and I'd out of business before the day was through." He took a long drink of his scotch and sighed. "I'm just wired that way. My God. My parents would have a heart attack on the spot if they ever got

word of this. Plus, I'm not gay, damn it all," Eric said. Then he ordered another double from the bar.

"I know that I'm young and don't have the life experience of someone like you, Dad, but all I know is that I've never seen you this happy. You can't tell me that kissing Anna wasn't the best kiss you've ever had. I don't think that she would have ever hurt you for the world. Marty told me that her mom was so excited about this weekend and being with you that she barely slept at all the whole week. She said that her mom has loved you for years and never made a move because she didn't want to hurt you or disappoint you in any way. At the very least, you need to not do anything tonight. Just sleep on it and talk to her in the morning," Fred advised his father.

It was quite late when they got back to the cabin. Both Anna and Marty were in their room and it was so quiet that Eric believed that they must be asleep. He figured that was probably for the best as he still had no idea what he was going to say to Anna. So he and Fred went off to their rooms and went to bed. Eric couldn't fall asleep, he tossed and turned all through the night, seeing image after image of Anna at work with customers, Anna and he dancing and kissing. Then he'd see her standing in the shower shaving her legs and arms and face, with her penis standing at attention.

It was about 5:30 AM before he finally slipped off to sleep. Suddenly he thought he heard a car door close. He rolled over to see the sunlight coming through the window and he looked at his watch. It was 7:00 AM. He sat up as he heard a car motor rev up. Eric got to his feet and went out into the kitchen. He noticed that the door to Anna's bedroom was open but the room was empty. He didn't hear any noise in the whole house.

He could smell the coffee and went to get a cup. There on the kitchen counter top, right by the coffee pot he found a note.

“Dear Eric, I’m so terribly sorry for deceiving you and hurting you and for the way you had to find out about me. I never, ever planned on hurting you. I’ve had feelings for you for years that were very hard to keep from telling you about because of who and what I am. You’re the kindest man I’ve ever known and you deserve the very best. I’m just sorry that I couldn’t be what you wanted or needed. I called a friend to come and pick me up. She’s taking Marty and me home, so things won’t be so uncomfortable for you.

“I will have my company computer and records along with my the keys to my company car on your desk on Monday morning. You can’t possibly know just how much I wish I could be the woman that you want and need. It breaks my heart that I hurt you like this. I wouldn’t willingly do anything to hurt you, so I’ll just go away quietly. Please have no fear as you and our two kids are the only ones that know about my secret. As much as it hurts me, I’ll pray that you will find someone soon that can make you as happy as you deserve to be.

“Love, Anna”

Just then Freddy came in. “Dad, where are Anna and Marty?” he asked

“I’m afraid that they left and went home. Anna called a friend last night while we were out and she came and picked them up. Anna left a note and said she wanted to make it easy on me so I wouldn’t have to face her,” Eric told him.

"Dad, you *have* to go after her. You can't let it end like this!" Freddy said, all worked up. "I can't believe it, not only am I losing the greatest girl I've ever known and the first one I've ever fell in love with, but you are losing the greatest woman you'll ever know. Trust me, you *are* going to regret this," Freddy said. Then he went outside, slamming the back door behind him.

The day just dragged on out and finally Freddy said, "We might just as well go back to the city. Neither of us are going to enjoy even one minute of the rest of this weekend.

Eric wanted to argue and tell Freddy that they should try and make the best of it and stay but he couldn't fool anyone. He was as miserable as Fred was, if not more so. So they covered the boat, closed up the cabin and loaded up for home. They drove in complete silence all the way back to the city.

The minute they got home, Fred went to his room and tried several times to call Marty. He got her answering machine. After several more tries, he told his Dad he was ready to head back to school early. Eric was in a fog-like daze; he made one weak attempt to talk Freddy into staying but that didn't work and he ended up taking him back up to school.

As Fred got out of the car and grabbed his bag, he said. "Dad, you are a fool if you don't go see her. In your heart you know that nobody else will ever be good enough for you now that you've known Anna. I love you and we'll take later in the week." Fred walked away to his dorm.

Eric returned home. He was miserable all day and through the night. He decided to go into work Monday, even though he'd scheduled the day off. He couldn't get her off his mind. When he got into the office,

sure enough Anna's laptop, customer lists and orders that she'd been working on were all on her desk along with the keys to her company car. It began to sink in to Eric's mind that this was for real and that she wasn't coming back in. His heart hurt and he felt completely empty inside. He tried to get a couple of other sales-people to split up her accounts and take care of them. By the third day, his phone was ringing off the hook with Anna's customers calling in and raising hell over her not being there for them. Some of the customers even cancelled orders and others threatened to do the same.

This went on for a week. By the start of the second week, not only did Eric want her back at work but he couldn't motivate himself to get work done even the tiniest bit. He had fought with himself for the past three days straight and was about to go out of his mind. He tried not to miss her and want her but to no avail. The heart knows what the heart wants and Eric Sommers' heart wanted Anna. It didn't care whether she was 100% woman or not. He broke down and called her four times that day but she didn't pick up.

He started leaving messages. "Anna, please come back to work. Your customers are driving us crazy with calls and threatening to cancel orders if you don't come back and take care of them. Call me, please."

This went on for three days. Finally, on the fourth day, after one more attempt to call her, he jumped in his car and drove over to her house. He knocked and Marty answered the door. "Hello Marty, is your mother here?" Eric asked nervously.

Marty opened the door and stepped aside for Eric to enter. It surprised Marty completely when Eric gave her a very firm hug. "I...I've missed you and your

mom. I'm really sorry about the way the weekend ended up getting ruined," he said

"Yeah, me too. How's Freddy doing?" Marty asked.

"Well, he's pretty mad at me still but we did at least start to talk the other day. He said that you two finally spoke to each other. He really misses you," Eric said.

Just then, Anna came into the room as she'd heard voices and came to see who it was.

"Hello, Anna. I've been trying to reach you all week. Your customers are madder than hornets at us because they really miss you. Everyone at work has been asking about you too. We'd really like you to return to work, Anna."

"I'm sorry I didn't take or return your calls, Eric, I just felt it was best if I didn't. I'm so ashamed and so sorry I hurt you. I've been hurting too and I don't think that any of the customers would want me around in the mood I've been in. I still think it's best that I stay away. I'm sure you'll find someone else to fill those jobs easily. It would really be awkward now to come into work and be right across from you in light of what happened up at the cabin." she said.

Marty started walking out of the room. "Excuse me, I'll give you two some privacy," she said, went into her room and closed the door.

Eric and Anna talked for quite awhile. Eric continued to try and get her to come back to work. When Anna didn't respond, he finally walked right up to her and said, "Alright Anna, the hell with everyone else. I'm the one who wants you back and I don't care if it's a work or in my house. I'm really sorry for the hurt you've been through. I'm miserable without you. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I don't want to go to work

and...and... Damn it, Anna, I love you. There, I've said it.

"Please, you have to understand. What happened that day at the cabin...I was shocked. I didn't know what to think or feel. Surely you can admit that walking in and finding out about the woman you love the way I did would shake up any man. I'm still confused somewhat about everything in my life right now but the fact is that I don't want to live one more day without you.

"My son was smarter than me. Freddy told me that first night that I was going to be miserable without you and he was so right about that. I don't expect you to just come running back to me. I know that we'll have things that will need to be worked out. I don't care about anything as long as you'll give me a chance and let me show you that I love you," he told Anna and it was clear that he was speaking from the heart.

"Are you sure, Eric? I mean, I haven't changed since the weekend up at the cabin. I could see that you were repulsed when you saw the real me...I mean the way I am right now. Are you sure it's not just the customers complaining and the downturn in sales making you talk this way?" she asked hesitantly.

"Anna honey, I don't care if you sell one more item for the rest of your life. I don't want you to come back just to go to work. You can stay home if that's what your heart wants you to do. I just want you back with me. I wasn't just making all this up. I'm not a whole person without you. I cared about you long before you took the sales position. You can work, you can stay home, you can come in and be in charge of the sales department or do whatever you want. I've finally realized the business and the money are all just things.

You...you are the real thing. You made me feel alive, really alive, until I freaked out. Please, just give us another chance, I won't let you down ever again," Eric pleaded.

"Do you know how much I love you, Eric? I've lost eight pounds since the weekend at the cabin. I've been a wreck. I haven't been able to sleep or eat.....I've been a total basket case. I hope that you mean what you're saying, because that would make me the happiest woman in the whole world," Anna said.

Eric didn't wait any longer; he rushed forward, took her in his arms, kissed her and hugged her and lifted her right off the ground. Tears were streaming down both of their cheeks.

As he finally set her back down on the floor, she said, "Well, at the risk of ruining all of this, we might just as well clear the air and not keep any more secrets from each other ever again. She paused for a moment, considering whether she should continue. "My daughter Martha...she is really Martin."

Eric said, "NO WAY! Are you kidding me?"

Then Anna told him the whole story from the beginning, starting with setting up the date between Marty and Fred after the neighbor girl Debbie got called away the night before the date and about how Marty just happened out of the shower at the wrong time. Then she made a pot of coffee and they sat and talked for hours. She tried to explain as best she could about her own transition and how it came about. Marty, who'd come back out to the kitchen unnoticed some minutes ago, had been standing out of sight, listening to them.

"Is everything going to be alright, Mother?" she asked.

"Yes honey, I'm sure we'll have our days but I believe that we're going to be better than just alright."

"Eric looked at the two of them and said. "Damned if you two aren't the most beautiful ladies I've ever know. And you, young lady, are you going to become my step-daughter? Or my daughter-in-law?" he said.

"If Freddy and I have anything to say about it, it'll be daughter-in-law, Dad." She ran over, wrapped her arms around him and gave Eric a big kiss.

"I can't wait to tell Freddy the news," Eric said, "He'll be so happy."

"Sorry Dad, I have a little confession to make. The walls in this place are paper thin so I couldn't help but overhear most of your conversation with Mom. I called Freddy and gave him a minute-by-minute update," Marty said and looked at her watch. "As a matter of fact, he has probably already left the school and is on his way home as we speak. Looks like we are just going to be one big happy family from now on. It's kind of like the old cliché, 'Like father, like son.'"" They all started laughing.

"Will you ladies please grab what you need for the next couple of days for clothing and let's go to my place. Oh wait, I mean *our* place. We'll wait for Fred, then we'll all leave and start our vacations all over again up at the cabin. Only this time, there'll be no surprises. We're going to be the happiest two couples in the country."

Anna and Marty closed up their house and got it listed on the market with a Realtor. Two weeks later they had a huge property and household auction. They

moved in with Eric and Fred and it would be hard to find any happier couples anywhere in America. Eric and Anna decided to get married in Vegas with Freddy and Marty standing up for them. Eric pulled some strings and had his lawyer get Anna the needed documents to make the marriage legal.

Freddy taught Marty all she would ever need to know about pleasing her partner in bed. They were both so happy with each other that they began making long-range plans of their own. Marty never looked back on her past and began loving every minute of being a woman. Plus she and Freddy started working at Eric's business, learning the ropes with an eye toward possibly taking over some day. With more money than she ever knew existed to help her transition, Marty's body continued to blossom and her wardrobe of sexy feminine clothing grew a well.

Who would have thought way back when that just because of accidentally coming into a room at the wrong time while wearing his mom's robe, his long hair up with a towel wrapped around it and with a face cream mask covering his whole face in an effort to get rid of a few pimples, followed by a series of circumstances out of his control, he would end up as a beautiful young woman, living happily with the man of her dreams?

Marty hadn't ever had a thought in his head before that fateful night about becoming a girl, a woman, certainly not such a feminine one at he had now become. But as seemed obvious in retrospect, his mother Anna had plans along those lines for her only child all along. Was he ever sure that Anna had changed his diet months prior and had begun putting female hormones in his food and drinks months before that night when

Eric came into their house and the events that followed sealed his fate forever? If Anna were to confess to Marty about all that now, would Marty be angry or would she smile and see it all as fate pointing her in the right direction in life?

When she looked in the mirror now and saw her beautiful face and perky, youthful breasts staring back at her, it was hard to even remember the awkward boy she had once been. No, this was what she should have been all along. She was Marty, a girl blossoming into womanhood, and it was better than good. It was *right*.

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