

Something
Borrowed,
Something
Blue



by
Pyrite

illustrated by femur

Prologue

Saturday October 19th 2002, 14:50pm

WHAT A BIZARRE TURN of events I've lived through in, what I'm finding hard to believe has been, just the last ten days of my life. My name is Charles, Charles Grayson, if you could believe that, and sometimes I wake up, just like I did this morning, thinking it's all been a bad dream. Then I look around 'my' room and see all the trappings of my new life and know that it is, indeed, real. I know that if Caroline fails with her latest plan then I am soon about to go through with something that no man should ever have to, and it was something that I have actually entered into willingly!

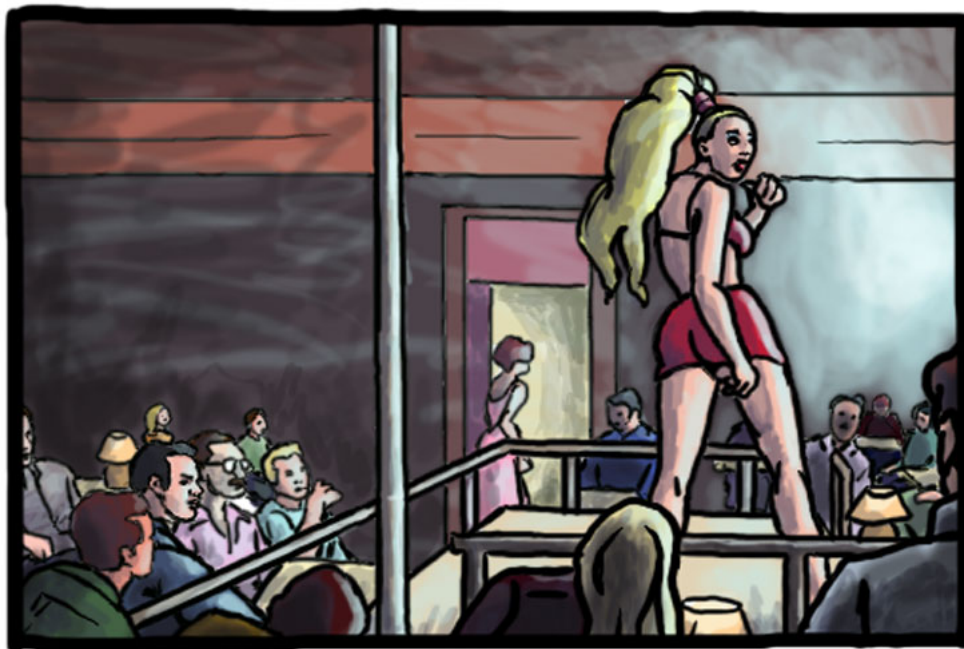
You'll have to pardon my ramblings, but you can just put it down to my pre-wedding nerves. Still, it should all be over in just a couple of hours and then I can get my life back to normal, but I am rushing things a little. I am finding it quite useful to run through these events again as it helps to pass the time, and its helping to take my mind off what's about to happen in just a very short while.

Maybe if I explain to you how I came to be here, sitting in this grand car, and speeding towards my date with destiny it will help to take my mind off of things.

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IT HAD ALL STARTED when I woke up the morning following my life long friend Graham Drew's stag night. It had been a little unusual holding it eleven days prior to his wedding but he had really had no choice. We worked for the same company and he had drawn the short straw during a heavy financial deal, meaning that it was highly likely that he would have to travel out of the country next week, although that still hadn't been confirmed at that time. My offers of substituting for him were turned down and although I promised him that I would offer again we didn't bear out too much hope on that score.

Well at first he was really down about it. The one thing he had been looking forward to was his stag night and now he wouldn't be able to go ahead and have it next Thursday as he'd planned. He has always been pretty resilient though, and despite his initial disappointment he soon pulled himself around and quickly re-arranged it for the following night instead. Hell, if circumstances permitted then there was nothing stopping us having another more 'low key' affair next week, he reminded me!



We moved on to a club where they had they everything that a traditional stag night requires. You know, drinks, comedians, strippers - the whole thing!

Well the upshot of this is that a group of us went to this pub in London's Docklands, called the Wheatsheaf. It was a heavy night, and I'm sure that we upset some of the locals with our behaviour, but what the hell! It seems most of them were only tabloid journalists anyway, and they don't qualify as human life in my opinion so no harm done. Anyway, afterwards we moved on to a club where they had they everything that a traditional stag night requires. You know, drinks, comedians, strippers — the whole thing!

But I digress. Let me take you back to last Wednesday morning.



Pre-Wedding Jitters

Wednesday, October 9th 2002, 10:30am

“OH GOD, MY ACHING head. I just hope it was worth it!” I said to Graham, as I dragged myself out of the double bed that we had shared last night.

Now I don't want you to go getting the wrong idea. There had been nothing untoward about our sleeping arrangements. It was just that his flat was the nearest to the club and it had seemed like a good thing to do last night, as we returned home drunk, following his stag night. The others had got a cab home but I felt some degree of duty for looking after him even if, in my own drunken state, I was most probably more in need of being looked after than him!

“Go away, I really don't need this right now,” was the only response I received; that and the sight of a pair of red-tinged eyes disappearing as Graham's head sunk beneath the duvet for some much needed sanctuary from the mid-morning light that was filtering through his inadequate curtains.

“You know, I really don't think it was such a good idea to go holding your stag-night in the middle of the week, AND during the week before the wedding! I mean, you've still got another ten days before you get married and work beckons!” I said, not feeling anywhere near as enthusiastic as I sounded!

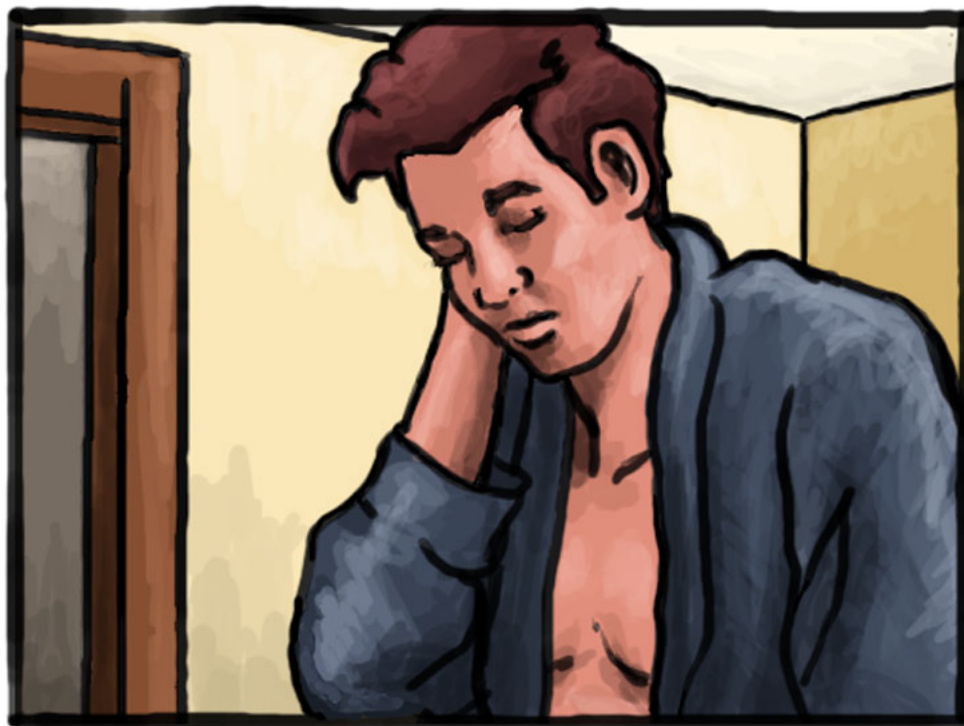
He knew all of this and didn't need reminding, but I felt like telling him anyway, sounding just like a nagging wife, I suppose.

All I received in response, justifiably I suppose, was a muffled reply which seemed to consist of something along the lines of “Piss off, and tell them to stick their job — they can all go to hell — it's their fault anyway!”

This I judiciously ignored and after attempting to freshen myself decided to leave him be and I set off for work, albeit late, feeling proud of the fact that I was made of sterner stuff than he was.

After walking half a mile towards the station, and breathing in all that disgustingly fresh air however, I came to the realisation that maybe the stuff that I was made of wasn't quite so stern after all. My recovering stomach fought with my pounding head to see which could reduce me to

tears first and I, wisely I think, decided to give up the ghost and seek out the sanctuary of my own bed. It takes a good man to know when to quit in my humble opinion!



My recovering stomach fought with my pounding head to see which could reduce me to tears first, and I, wisely I think, decided to give up the ghost and seek out the sanctuary of my own bed. It takes a good man to know when to quit, in my humble opinion!

I managed to call into the office on my mobile, impressing myself by the fact that I still had it and that I had not lost it last night, and offered both my own, and Graham's, profuse apologies. It didn't go down too well but they were as understanding as they could be in the circumstances and told me they would expect to see us both, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, tomorrow morning so we could make up for lost time.

Well that could wait until then, and I got home feeling satisfied that I had discharged my immediate duties. I opened my front door, took off my clothes, pulled the curtains shut, and hit the bed, praying for oblivion to claim me. I should have known that it was never going to be that easy though!

"Oh man — never again. That's the last time that I ever touch another drop!" I moaned, as the ceiling revolved around in circles above me, making me come over all-nauseous again, as I clung to the sides of the bed to stop myself falling off!

Eventually my desperate tactics seemed to work, and I had just managed to shut my eyes, forcing myself to ignore the spinning of the room, when I heard the shrill, bird-like warble of my phone ringing. I buried my head under the duvet, hoping that the answering machine would kick in after the obligatory four rings, but I realised that I must have accidentally knocked the off button again, as it continued its ceaseless noise. This was something that happened with monotonous regularity and I cursed, and resolved to get myself a more up to date model, and one that was idiot-proof this time!

I finally gave in after what must have been about twenty rings or so, and I wondered who on Earth it could be, rationalising that it must have been damn important for somebody to hold on for so long. It had better be for their sakes!

I pulled myself out of bed and back into the living room. After tripping over, and stubbing my foot on an earlier discarded shoe, I finally managed to reach the handset, holding my sore foot with my other hand, and trying to maintain my balance.

“Yes — what is it?” I said irritably into the mouthpiece.

“Charles — is that you?” a female voice replied.

Well this threw me a little. I had not had a girl call me for ages, and my existing love life was practically non-existent! I could only think that this must be one of those telesales operations, you know — double glazed windows or the like, or even worse, one of those dreaded market research calls!

“Yeah — now who is it and what do you want — I’m not in the mood for twenty questions?” I said tersely, desperate to get back to bed.

“Oh thank God it’s you Charles. I called your office but they told me that you weren’t feeling very well and that you were at home today!” the female voice answered, sounding on the verge of tears.

The sound of what was an obviously upset woman caused me to pull myself up a little, aware that I had probably been a bit too abrupt in my manner. It was then that I thought I could recognise the voice of Graham’s bride-to-be, Caroline Kennedy.

“Caroline — is that you?” I said, only to be greeted by a stifled sob.

“Y..yes. Oh, I’m so sorry about this — it’s just that I don’t know what to do. I really need to see you — I need to talk to someone Charles” she replied desperately.

“Oh Christ Caroline — can’t this wait? I’ve only just got in from your intended’s stag night and I really need some sleep right now!”

“Look I know that we’ve never quite seen ‘eye to eye’ Charles, and I know that you’re aware that you wouldn’t have been my choice for Graham’s best man, but I really need your help right now. Believe me — I wouldn’t call you if I wasn’t desperate!” she said, sounding as if she was going to burst into tears again, but properly this time!

“Can’t you just tell me what your problem is, and we’ll see if we can deal with it over the phone?” I said, hoping against hope that she would just get to the point as to what was troubling her!

“No I can’t — it’s too personal for that!” she said indignantly.

I suppose I must have left a pregnant pause while I tried to think about what to do. On one hand I must confess that I was starting to get curious, despite myself, as to what was bothering Caroline. She had never come close to confiding anything to me before! On the other hand I was just overwhelmingly exhausted and didn’t think I had the strength to listen to anymore of Graham’s overbearing girlfriend. My hesitation must have been just long enough to annoy her.

“CHARLES — this is important — both to me and to Graham. For heavens sake, just let me see you this once when I need to. You ARE supposed to be my fiancé’s best man after all — I

knew that he was wrong to pick you!” she shouted at me her hurt, at what must have seemed like my indifference, apparent!

This was just too much for me. There was no way that I was going to let her talk to me like that. I was a man – I couldn’t let this go without a reply!

“Oh all right, all right already! Look, just come over to my place and we can talk about whatever it is you need to talk about— just give me a break okay!”

I knew that I was beaten. I just wanted to get whatever she wanted over with and out of the way, then I could go back to bed and die.

Caroline’s voice changed instantly, and was immediately grateful and she almost wept with relief as she answered me.

“Oh thank you — thank you so much. I’ll be round in under the hour.”

“Great!” I sighed, and I slammed the phone back on the hook before going back to bed, just to lie down for a few minutes — nothing more!

As I lay down on the bed I thought back to how we had always seemed to clash, and had done so ever since the very first time that we had met. She had never been comfortable with the close relationship that I had shared with Graham, and had often insinuated that it was unnatural. Of course, it was nothing of the kind, it was just that we had known each other since we were small boys and had shared a lot together. I couldn’t expect a woman to see it that way though. They just don’t seem to think like that!

Our parents had also been the best of friends, so it was natural that we would get along — we were always around each other and had none of that sibling rivalry to contend with. We had even attended the same school, passed our exams at the same time, and had finally ended up working for the same company as each other. Yes we certainly had a close relationship and loved each other as brothers I suppose. Hell, he had even saved me from drowning once when I had fallen in the deep end of the pool before I could swim!

Bearing this in mind it was only natural that when Graham and Caroline decided to get married, that he would ask me to be his best man, and that I would accept happily. The fact that I knew that Caroline wouldn’t approve only made my acceptance that more pleasurable.

My last thought, as my consciousness slipped away, was of wondering what exactly it was that Caroline needed me for, and how would it affect Graham?



DESPITE MY BEST INTENTIONS I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew was that there was a hammering noise coming from the front door. I groaned and managed to force my eyes open wide enough to look at my bedside clock.

“Half past one” I groaned again, “oh no, it’s been almost an hour since Caroline called. That must be her outside!”

The thumping on the door continued as I dragged myself out of bed, threw on my bathrobe, and went to stop the unbearable noise.

“All right, all right. I’m coming!” I shouted as I swung the door open to reveal an angry looking Caroline.

“And about time too” she said, “I thought that you might have run out on me, or something.”

“Look don’t give me a hard time Caz — I’m doing you a favour by seeing you in the first place so why don’t you just tell me what’s on your mind then and give me a break. Coffee?” I said, and I walked into my small kitchen and put a pot on the burner.

Jesus! I hope that, one day, Graham appreciates this. The things you’ll do for a friend!

“I’m sorry Charles, it’s just that I’m a little upset and I can fly off the handle sometimes” she said, sitting down on the settee as I brewed the coffee.

“Don’t I know it!” I thought, as I poured out the brew and brought it into her on a tray.

“Okay Caroline — so what’s this all about then? It must be desperate for you if you need my help!”

“Oh don’t be like that — it’s just that sometimes with you and Graham, well — I just sort of feel left out of it at times. It’s almost as if he loves you more than he does me, and it makes me feel — well, sort of jealous!”

Oh no! Paranoid and neurotic as well as loud – what a combination! I had to burst this bubble of hers, and burst it quick. After all, he’s going to marry her — what more does she want him to do?



I had to admit Caroline was darn attractive, and I could understand why Graham had gone for her. She had shoulder length reddish brown hair, a figure to die for and these luscious eyes and kissable lips. There has to be more than looks to a marriage though, doesn't there? I idly wondered what she was like in bed before my mind came back to the present.

I looked at her sitting there and I had to admit she was darn attractive, and I could understand why Graham had gone for her. She had shoulder length reddish brown hair, a figure to die for and these luscious eyes and kissable lips. There has to be more than looks to a marriage though, doesn't there? I idly wondered what she was like in bed before my mind came back to the present.

"You're getting a bit heavy about this Caroline. You know that he thinks the world of you else he wouldn't be marrying you. You should know that I'm not, and don't want to be, and sort of competition for you whatsoever. It's not like that — Jesus, we're guys aren't we!"

Caroline sat looking pensive and lost in deep thought, as she took a sip of her coffee.

I continued.

"Anyway, I'm sure that you didn't come here just to tell me that. So what was it that you wanted and that was so urgent?" I said, maybe a little too abruptly because Caroline started to look tearful again.

She twisted her hands and looked sheepish at me, obviously finding it hard to find the words and say what was on her mind. I just sat patiently, deciding not to push her. Eventually, she plucked up enough courage to speak.

"Well it's like this Charles — I don't really know how to say this b...but, well I don't think that I can through with it!"

I was taken aback for a moment. I wasn't too sure what I had expected to hear but it certainly hadn't been that! I was shocked, and I couldn't really take in what she had just said. I mean, after all the fuss about being jealous and what have you; what was she on about? I struggled to find something intelligent to say and missed it by a country mile.

"Don't want to go through with what?" I said, feeling idiotic even as I uttered the words, as if there could be anything else that she could be referring to!

"The wedding silly — what else would I be talking about" she sobbed!

I leant back in my chair, the silence being broken only by Caroline's muffled crying, not really knowing what to say next. I breathed in deeply, trying to force more oxygen into my addled brain in an attempt to clear my thought processes, but failing as I looked across at the upset Caroline.

"Christ, this is going to destroy Graham. Why Caroline — why are you doing this! Is it that you don't love him any more — have you found someone else?"

"NO I HAVE NOT!" she nearly screamed at me, knocking me back a little with the vehemence of her protestation. "I love Graham as much as I ever did, it's just — it's just — oh, I don't know — it just sounds so silly!"

I decided to say nothing this time. She was obviously in a highly charged emotional state and I thought it better not to say anything that might make it worse. Maybe it would be better to let her get it out naturally. The last thing I needed was a totally hysterical female falling to pieces — I never knew how to handle an upset girl! It proved to be the most sensible tactic as, eventually, Caroline calmed down, took another sip of her cooling coffee to compose herself, and looked back me. She finally looked ready to tell me what this was about.

“I know that this might sound ridiculous to you Charles, but I have a phobia,” she said.

She could see my puzzled look but continued.

“It developed when I was at secondary school, when I was thirteen-years old. I’ll tell you Charles — you don’t know how cruel girls can be at times and especially at an all-girls school where it seems even worse. At mixed schools the girls will focus a lot of their energy and attention on looking good for the boys around them, and seeing and talking about who they fancy the most. At a single-sex school they haven’t got this so their energies focus on pulling each other apart — finding every little flaw in each others make-up and forming into small clique groups. However cruel you think boys can be — believe me — they have nothing on the supposed fairer sex!” she said, tears forming again, in her eyes, but this time through bitterness.

“Surely Caz, it can’t be as bad as all that can it?” I said, finding it hard to imagine that girls could be so brutal!

“Oh but it can Charles, but of course, it’s something you would never know or understand — how could you. Men just seem to miss so much of what’s really going on in the world sometimes. I have been to both types of school and while boys are more physically aggressive a girl will use words and mental bullying as her chosen weapons, and these can be most effective against a shy and sensitive girl.”

I was finding it hard to visualise Caroline, for that was surely whom she was referring to, as a ‘shy and sensitive girl’ and as a victim. She had always seemed so self-assured, and dare I think it — even a little pushy!

I let her continue.

“There was one occasion when it very nearly destroyed me Charles. It was when my parents had moved, my father moved around a lot in those days because of his work, and I had started an all girls’ school halfway through term. Well, by then I was the new kid on the block, so to speak and whatever evil-streak our year teacher possessed came to the fore that day. She made me stand up in front of the whole year and introduce myself to them.”

“But surely, that can’t be that unusual can it – why should that have affected you so?” I said, surprised!

“Well you may find it hard to believe but this gorgeous looking, sylph-like brunette babe, with legs to die, for wasn’t always like that” Caroline said, poking a little fun at herself. “I suppose you haven’t even realised that I wear contacts either?” she asked, and seeing my questioning look knew that she had her answer.

“I thought not. No, I was the original ugly duckling, and at least six inches shorter than my current 5’5.” I was a little dumpy, I had mousy and lank hair, and I had these great big glasses. I can tell you Charles; I cringe when I look back at pictures of myself from that era. It’s so depressing. No, I really blossomed when puberty really kicked in and I moved again shortly afterwards, to another school, but that didn’t help me that day. It was made even worse when I tripped on my way to the front of the class and fell flat on my face, breaking my glasses. I’ll swear that you could have heard the other girls laughter a mile away.”

“Gosh, that sounds awful but I don’t see what this has got to do with Graham, and not being able to go through with the wedding?” I exclaimed, beginning to get a little impatient and feeling my exhaustion kicking in, and wondering what all this was leading to.

“Well the girls crucified me after that day. I became an instant celebrity for all the wrong reasons and they made my life hell until I moved again, six months later. Ever since then I’ve had this morbid fear of being the centre of attention at a public event. I’m fine in small groups but I just can’t handle it with people that I don’t know” she said, and started crying, relieved at having unburdened herself of her dark secret.

For the first time I saw Caroline as being vulnerable, and I don’t mind telling you — I felt moved. I actually forgot about the discomfort that I was in and moved next to her and gave her a hug. I actually wanted to help her! She dabbed a tissue to her eyes and sat back as I spoke to her.

“I’d do anything to help you if I could Caroline, both for your own sake and for Graham’s. I couldn’t bear to see him suffer if there was anything I could do to prevent it. I just don’t see how I can help. Have you thought about holding the wedding in a small registry office?”

“No, my parents wouldn’t hear of such a thing. I’m the only girl of the family, having three older brothers and all married, and they want the full works for my wedding — the whole kit and caboodle! I’ve already suggested a registry office and they pooh poohed it, saying it’s just pre-wedding jitters and that I’ll be all right on the day. Honestly Charles it’s not just the jitters — it goes much deeper than that. If they make me go through with this I think I’ll run away!” she said, and started crying again.

Although I felt desperately sorry for her I just didn’t know what she expected me to do. How could I solve this problem for her, for them?

I let her bawl her eyes out again, and waited until she had finished, at which point she looked up into my eyes.

“There is one thing you can do for me Charles – and for Graham, and that is why I came here tonight. This is where you can truly prove that you are indeed not just Graham’s best man, but OUR best man. Now sit back. I’ve got something special that I want to ask you.”

I couldn’t even begin to imagine what Caroline was about to ask, and even if I’d known then I would never have believed what came next!

I just sat there as instructed, and Caroline, having breached the dam of her despair, was suddenly in full flow, letting her whole bizarre proposition flood out.

“Look Charles, you have always exuded confidence by the bucketful, and I got to thinking that if I could only tap into some of that, well I might just be able to go through with the wedding after all! Well daddy has been working on this secret project for quite some time now and it’s all been rather hush, hush. I know that it’s been hard for him, because he has been in such a mood of late, but it seems like he made a breakthrough last week, and it when I was washing a few dishes in the kitchen the other day that I heard him talking to mother. He was telling her all about this little machine, about the size of one of those mini-disc things, that can allow a persons memories and learning to be captured and stored onto some large computer or

other. Apparently, these memories and things can then be loaded into another person's brain, just like loading a program into a computer's memory I think!"

It still sounded like she was rambling hysterically at first, but as she started to explain that her father was a leading scientist for one of the top electrical conglomerates, then her claims started to gain a degree of credibility and I listened more closely. It also, maybe, explained why her father had needed to move on so often. He must have always been in big demand if he was half as good as Caroline was telling me!

I was actually starting to concede that she certainly meant what she said, even if it still seemed incredible, and started to consider the practicalities.

"But the amount of storage capacity must be incredible!" I said, "how can he do this with something that size. Surely it's not possible?"

Seeing that she had my attention she had continued, enthusiastically now.

"Oh I don't know all the details obviously, but it's true because I've seen it. I even know that mummy and daddy have already tried it out on each other, and have traded a couple of memories, because mother told me when I asked her later. No, the mini-disc thing just records and then transmits the data captured via a microwave link back to the main computer in my father's basement laboratory. Now are you going to listen?"

I nodded, wanting to hear more.

"Good. Well it seems like it operates on memory trade basis. Like it takes one of your memories and swaps it with whoever you're trading with, overwriting theirs in the same place from where their thought came from. Mother told me that after they had tried it she could remember a couple of people from daddy's work, whom she'd never met before."

I wondered what memory her father had taken from her mother, but didn't want to ask and interrupt her again.

"Well, I got to thinking that if I could trade a few experiences and memories with you, you know — as I said — tap into your confidence. If we could do that then I'm sure that I could make it through the wedding okay," she said all girly and smiling, and then went quiet, just looking at me and waiting for my response.

I took me a few moments to realise what she was asking for, but finally, the penny dropped. Don't forget — I was still suffering from the after-effects of the previous night's binge!

"Wait just minute. You're suggesting that you take some of my memories to make you feel more confident. Doesn't that mean that I'd have to have some of yours in exchange?" I asked her.

"I suppose so" she smiled, "but don't worry — I'll make sure that they're happy ones and who knows, maybe you can get an insight into what makes us girls tick!" she said, grinning.

"But how can you make sure of that?" I asked her, not even thinking as to whether this was really possible or not!

"Well it captures the thoughts and feelings that you are thinking of, whenever the machine is turned on. You just have to make sure that you're thinking positive thoughts for me that's all, and as far as I'll be aware, those thoughts will then be my own!"

There was still something I couldn't quite fathom out about all of this, something that was sending a few alarm bells ringing in my head, but although I tried I just couldn't grasp hold of it. I sat there fascinated, but feeling uneasy.

"Well — are you going to help me out here or not? All I'm asking is that you give it a try out — just a couple of memories that's all!" she said, starting to get impatient.

"After all — what have you got to lose?"



A Meeting of Minds

Friday, October 11th 2002, 19:30 pm

AND SO HERE I am, walking along the high street towards Caroline's house on a mild evening, looking forward to the weekend. We decided to wait until tonight so that Caroline could cry off meeting up with Graham, saying that she didn't feel too good.

I was still feeling nervous about this, especially since I had managed to identify my fears. It had been her plea of 'what have you got to lose' that had finally brought them out as I thought back to her earlier explanation, about how the memory transfer was supposed to work.

"Wait a minute" I had said, "you said something about overwriting parts of the memory with another's thoughts. Overwrite means that it has gone, or replaced, doesn't it — like you would lose that memory forever?" I had quizzed her.

"I guess, but it's only a memory or two isn't it. What harm can that do when you've got so many?" she replied, no doubt hoping that I wouldn't go cold on this.

"But if you take my confidence what will that leave me?" I asked.

"Oh I didn't want to take ALL your confidence away from you, just a tiny bit. Besides, after the ceremony all we have to do is reverse the process and everything will be back to normal, with nobody the wiser!"

Well despite my reservations I agreed to go along with her wishes and give it a try. As she had said, what possible harm could the loss of a couple of little old memories do?

Little did I know!

In hindsight I suppose that I should known better and just left her to her problems but, as they say, hindsight is a wonderful thing and I didn't want to do anything which might have caused her to leave Graham high and dry! Besides, my curiosity overcame my caution and so here I was, two days later and about to ring on Caroline's front doorbell. Her father was due away for a few days on business, and she could get access to one of his two machines, apparently. It would be the best time to try this, and we would have plenty of time for other opportunities if we didn't get it right the first time.

"Come in Charles" she welcomed me as she opened the door, "I can't tell you how grateful I am that you're helping me like this. It's so much nicer to be friends with you."

“That’s okay Caroline, and I feel the same, but I’m doing this for both of you. Shall we get on with it because if you need to do any ‘fine tuning’ tomorrow, as you call it, it will have to be early. I’m supposed to be meeting Graham for the football match in the afternoon” I replied.

“Yes of course, and I’ve got another dress fitting tomorrow afternoon anyway, so I want to get on with it as well. I don’t know what you boys see it this football business however” she said as we walked to her bedroom, “it all seems so boring to me. Twenty-two men running around and kicking this silly ball somewhere — what is the point in it?”

“Don’t you worry yourself about it Caroline — it’s a guy thing!” I answered as we entered her large room, wondering just how the female of the species could derive so much excitement from simply getting measured for a frock. Still, I suppose that we were never intended to understand, or experience, these things and that was what made the genders so different!

As I walked into her flat I looked around. This was the first time that I had entered her inner sanctum, and I was impressed. It wasn’t huge but you could tell that everything she had reeked of quality. It was a very femininely laid out room, but wasn’t too overbearing. Everything was very neat and tidy and my eyes settled on the dressing table, where a small machine was sitting, along with a twin-set of earpieces attached to it. It looked so small that I couldn’t believe that this could be what Caroline had described.

“Is this it then?” I asked, indicating towards it.

“Yes. Daddy calls it MOMM. I think it means Memory Overwrite Memory Module, or something similar. It’s all ready to go so let’s try it!” she said, sounding enthusiastic and like a little girl as she passed me one set of the earpieces, with a green end.

“What do I do with it? I asked her.

“Isn’t it obvious silly. You’ll see that the earpieces are marked left and right. Put them in your ears accordingly and I’ll do the same with mine” she said, putting the yellow earpieces in her own ears.

“Now on the front of the machine is a button and a percentage display. If I set it to minimum power then it shows only 1% and will trade just a moments thought or memory. It’s all on-line so let’s try it. Think of something now” she said, as she pressed the button.

I thought about Graham’s stag night.

It must have taken about fifteen-seconds before I felt anything but suddenly I became aware of a warm sensation spreading through my ears, and just as quickly it faded again. My mind felt sharp and alert and all of a sudden I got this strange memory of being kissed by Graham. It was as clear as if he were doing it to me, now, and I gave an involuntary shudder at the experience. I knew that I had never done such a thing with him so I presumed that it must have been what Caroline had been thinking about when she started the machine. I looked across and saw that she was giggling, and whether it was because she knew what I had done or whether it was at her own new ‘recollection’ of the stag night I didn’t know, neither did I care. This had proved to me beyond a shadow of a doubt that MOMM actually worked. I was eager to try it again.

“Caroline — that was absolutely amazing, although I could have done without having the sensation of being kissed by my best friend!” I said, trying to sound a little indignant.

“Well it serves you right. Now I know what you boys get up to when you’re left alone for the night, and it wasn’t as if that stripper was even pretty!” she said, still giggling at me. “How about trying it again?”

I didn’t need any encouragement whatsoever and agreed readily. This time she adjusted the power setting until it showed 2% and pressed the button again. As before, I had the same feeling of warmth and then the sudden recollection of when I was a small girl, and being lifted up on my daddy’s shoulders and carried around the room. I knew, intellectually, that this was only Caroline’s memory and nothing that I had ever directly experienced myself, but it was extremely disconcerting for I could feel every sensation that she had as if it was me actually living the experience. This included the feeling of lightness and the sensation of freedom around my legs as the skirt billowed from the movement! I also noticed that this sequence seemed to last far longer than the previous one had done, and I started to imagine what might have happened if the power had increased to 50% or more — it would be incredible!

“How was that one Charles? I don’t think I really appreciate the highlights from last week’s football match though, and I think it’s time that we got on with the real task now. I want you to try and remember what it felt like when you had to address your last big audience, and how you managed to cope with it. If you can do that successfully then I think it might be enough for me to lean on. Are you ready to give it a try?” she asked.

I hesitated for a moment. The truth was I was not really sure any more. I tried to remember the football match we had gone to last week and couldn’t remember anything about it at all! I cast my mind back to the stag night and I could remember virtually everything about it, well at least the sober parts anyway, except for the stripper that Caroline had described. I couldn’t remember what she looked like, or what she had done or even that there had been one! As I searched my thoughts though, I had a clear recollection of what it felt like to kiss Graham, and I could still vividly feel the sensation of being carried around on daddy’s, Caroline’s father’s shoulders!

I mean, this was seriously weird for I knew that I must have been through both of those things, but all memory of them had gone — they had been overwritten!

“Look Caroline, I’m not so sure about this anymore. I can’t remember either of those things you have traded and I don’t like that at all. Will it be possible to get those things back?”

“I should think so — we can try if you like. I’ll think about the stripper, you think about kissing Graham,” she said, sounding quite authoritative.

It didn’t take long and in the blink of an eye I had ALL my memories of the stag night back again. Feeling relieved I agreed to carry on our experiment.

“It’s a good thing nobody can see us like this. I think we might find this a little hard to explain if we did!” I said, as I watched her raise the power setting to 10%. 10% seemed a lot to me, and I wondered just how much of Caroline’s life I would get now, and just how much of my own I would lose as I watched her press the button. Before I could say anything though, she had pressed the button.



I wondered just how much of Caroline's life I would get now, and just how much of my own I would lose as I watched her press the button. Just as I started to feel the expected warm sensation in my ears, I heard a piercing sound, like a banshee wailing at the top of its voice, and I gasped in pain.

Just as I started to feel the expected warm sensation in my ears, I heard a piercing sound, like a banshee wailing at the top of its voice and I grabbed at my head in pain. I turned and saw Caroline's head spin around to the window and abstractly noticed that she still had her finger on the power button and she looked to see what the source of the sound was. The next thing I knew was of having the feeling that I had been suddenly thrown to the opposite side of the room, and then a voice that was both familiar, but different at the same time, shouting:

"It's my security alarm — it has set itself off again. Damn — it's always doing that! I'll go and.." followed by a scream.

I looked to where the voice was coming from and remembered seeing someone that looked remarkably how I remembered myself to have been. As I looked closer though I noticed there was something different about it, not the same as looking at your reflection in a mirror but pretty close. I suddenly realised that I was looking at myself, and just started to wonder how, when I looked down and noticed the two bulges sticking out from my chest.

I can remember a feeling of confusion and then panic and then nothing.

I guess, I must have blacked out.





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“CHARLES — CHARLES, COME ON — wake up!” I heard a man saying to me.

I thanked the heavens that my last memory must have been a weird hallucination for whoever it was, was addressing me as Charles!

I tried to sit up but something just didn't seem right and I opened my eyes as I felt a large hand help me. I felt some hair in front of my face and quickly brushed it out of the way only to discover that I was looking onto my own face! I still couldn't make sense of anything but something had obviously gone seriously wrong here!

“Thank God — you're awake at last. Now we can work out what we're going to do!” the man who looked like me said.

“Wh..what's hap..” I started to say but stopped suddenly at the sound of the girl's voice that was emanating from my mouth. My hand flew to my face and I saw the varnished nails and slim hand of a girl being held up in front of me. My befuddled mind still hadn't realised what had happened, but that confusion was soon dispelled as whoever this was in front of me got straight to the point.

“Come on Charles, snap out of it. It can't be that difficult to work out. It's me Caroline! Somehow I've ended up in your body and you must be in mine. I mean, it is you in there isn't it Charles?”

Of course, it was Caroline I was looking at and I..I must somehow be her. I looked down and saw her long slim legs peeking out of the short skirt that she had been wearing, but that I now had on. My hand went down towards my chest and felt the soft fleshy mounds that were

now mine. I squeezed them and felt every sensation as they moved beneath my hands. Yes, there was no doubt. I was now in Caroline's body.

My inventive powers of speech deserted me again as I looked up at her, standing there in my body, and said feebly:

"H..how did this happen?"

She picked up the machine that must have got dropped during the confusion and showed me the power setting that read 100%.

"I was holding onto it when that alarm went off and must have kept my finger pressed down in my shock. Daddy fixed up this security system and it either detected an intruder who then fled, or it malfunctioned. Either way it caused a power surge that I think has shorted out MOMM's circuitry. I'm afraid we won't be using this machine again," she said as she threw the smouldering remains into her bin.

I was amazed at how calm she sounded whilst I was on the verge of panic.



"B...but that means that we're stuck like this. We can't change back!" I screamed, sounding hysterical, just like Caroline had done two nights ago.

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"No we're not. Remember I told you that daddy has another machine. We can't get to it yet because he's taken it with him on business, but as soon as he brings it back we can get back to normal."

"Well thank God for that. When is he due back then?" I said, relieved that there was a way to rectify the results of this foolish experiment after all!

I didn't feel so relieved when I saw the blank look on her, er.. my face, as she realised for herself what the implications of her answer would mean.

“Well — actually, he comes back on Friday afternoon” she said, and then sat down on the side of her bed and put ‘my’ head in ‘his’ hands.

“Oh my God, so that means that we’re stuck like this until then does it? He’s cutting it a bit fine for the wedding surely!”

“I know, and its been causing endless arguments between mummy and daddy but he has no way out of it he says. The whole fate of this project depends on his trip and he’s said that he still have enough time to get over the trip and to get ready. He’ll do it — he’s a very stubborn man!”

I managed to pick myself up from the floor and wobbled over uncertainly, to join Caroline on the bed.

“I do not care how stubborn your father is. What I DO care about is finding out how we can change back before then. I can’t be you for a week!” I shrieked.

She was left speechless by my display as I continued with my tirade.

“And anyway — how do you think this actually happened. It wasn’t supposed to do that was it!”

She stood up and paced around the room for a moment, getting increasingly agitated before finally saying:

“Of course not. Look I just don’t know. I need to think – I need to think! Look excuse me Charles, give me a short time to think this through!”

Caroline walked into the kitchen and I heard her put on the kettle, most probably needing to do something normal to calm her nerves, I guessed. While I listened to her I lifted up my hands and looked at how well kept, and flawless they seemed. The dark plum nail-varnish showed not a single chip and I wondered how much effort she had to put into keeping them in this way, and where I would start if I had to do it.

I also became aware of the bare feeling around my legs for the first time, and lifted the hem of Caroline’s skirt to get a better look at what was under it. I ran a finger over her knees, marvelling at how soft and sensitive the skin felt to my touch. I lifted the skirt a little more, getting more adventurous, when the bedroom door swung open to show Caroline backing through the door and carrying a pot of coffee and two cups. I had a sudden vision of déjà vu as I recalled going through this same scene, just two days ago, and I pulled the skirt down quickly, feeling ashamed at what I had been doing.

“Here” she said, handing me my usual black coffee. I was impressed – she had remembered how I had liked it!

I took a sip but nearly gagged — it tasted so bitter and strong!

I was just about to complain to Caroline, asking her what in heavens name she had put in it when I saw that she was grimacing as well. Before I had a chance to say anything she handed me her cup and took mine from me.

“White with two sugars is how I like it – here you try.” she said, before taking a sip from the cup she had taken from me.

This was really getting confusing now, but I looked at the creamy and sweet concoction, expecting it to turn my stomach but found that it didn’t taste so bad after all! I could see that she

was coming to the same conclusion as her initial sip was repeated, and she put her cup down and looked at me.

"It's just as I thought Charles. We've got each other's taste now; it seems that we've inherited it along with the body."

I could think of nothing to say as Caroline continued.

"From what I can work out, I think we completely exchanged memories, 100%, when I left my finger on the power button too long. What that means is that ALL of my memories went into your body and all yours into mine. I don't know if that means that I am really Charles Grayson with Caroline Kennedy's memory, or whether I am really Caroline Kennedy — mind and soul — somehow transferred into Charles Grayson's body!"

My mind started spinning again, as I tried to make some sort of sense out of all of this. This was all going way too fast for me and I was struggling to keep up. Was she trying to tell me that I am really Caroline who only thinks she is Graham because she only has his frame of reference? This was starting to scare me and I could feel my eyes starting to water as I examined my feelings. I could remember nothing apart from what Charles had done all of his life, and every fibre of my being just shrieked out to me that I was Charles Grayson, twenty-six year old friend of Graham, so by my reasoning that is who I really was!

Before I could say anything else, Caroline interjected once again.

"I don't know about you but I'm also aware of another change — all my memories seem so much clearer now, as if everything is uppermost in my mind, and I'm finding I can think things through far quicker as well, and that was never my strongpoint before. I wonder if your brain is helping me to work these things out quicker — I don't know if I could have reached these conclusions so quickly on my own before!"

Now this was a much more frightening proposition to me. If what Caroline was telling was actually true then that could mean that I, now possessing Caroline's brain, would have a reduced mental capacity. I mean, don't get me wrong — Caroline was no 'airhead' or anything like that, but I had graduated with honours, and had since excelled in my job as a financial trader. Now that means that you have to be quick off the mark, and have to be able to work out complicated algorithms in your head, in real time. I really didn't think that Caroline had that sort of mental ability so would that now mean I would be hampered by her 'reduced' capabilities?

That thought terrified me, and it must have showed, for Caroline came over and put her manly arm around my small shoulders.

"Hey don't take on so. This is only temporary until daddy gets back, although I suppose that, if I'm correct, that our bodies are going to have as much influence on us as our thoughts will until we can get back to normal!"

I started to get scared as to just what extent that would hold true and started to cry openly now. As soon as I realised that this is what I was doing it only made matters worse as it seemed to prove that she could well be correct, for this is something that I would never have contemplated doing, when in my own body!

Well things got even worse after that, if that was possible. After I had pulled myself together, ashamed of having given in to such a female display of emotion, I asked her what she thought we were going to do until next week, when her father returned.

“I’ve already been thinking about that myself Charles, and the only thing to do until then is to become who we appear to be to the rest of the world!”

“Hey — just wait a minute there – if you think that I’m going to actually pretend to be you, and live your life, until next week, then you’ve got another think coming!” I exclaimed indignantly, trying to imagine having to cope with all the aspects of Caroline’s life in the week prior to her wedding.

“Well if you’ve got a better suggestion then I’d like to hear it! I don’t think that it would be that easy for you to stroll into your office next week looking like you do now. You might also have a few problems convincing anyone at all that actually, it was Charles in that body you’re now possessing. Besides, let’s face it — you ARE actually Caroline Kennedy in every way except your memories, so let’s try and deal with this sensibly, eh!”

She sounded so cool and logical, just like I would have done previously, while I was panicking like a tiny bird trapped in a room. Was this a portent of things to come, with my body dictating how I would act in the future? Why wasn’t I thinking like she had done?

Whatever the reason though, what Caroline said made a lot of sense I suppose, although I wasn’t really in the mood to acknowledge that just now. I was still reeling from the unequivocal fact that I would have no choice but to survive as Caroline for a whole week, and I realised that I didn’t have a clue as to what that would entail. I sat down on the side of the bed nodding dumbly, indicating my acceptance of her last words, before finally asking the obvious question that had previously escaped me.

“One thing I don’t understand Caroline. Why can’t you just call your father and tell him what has happened to us? Surely, he would postpone his trip and help us out for the sake of his only daughter in the week before her wedding!” I said.

She paused for a moment and then said firmly to me.

“You’re right — you don’t understand a thing about this. There are a number of reasons why that’s not an option, not least the fact that what he’s working on is supposed to be ‘top secret’. Top companies, these days, are quite paranoid about industrial espionage, daddy’s always telling us that, and that’s why this had been the first time that I had ever heard him talking about the details of anything that he has ever worked on, that day with mother. If daddy had to pull out of this crucial week long meeting at this stage then it may throw the whole of whatever he’s over there for in jeopardy and I wouldn’t want that to happen.”

I listened to Caroline’s explanation but something about it didn’t ring true.

“That’s not the only reason though is it? I can tell that you’re holding something back on me. I am sure your father would put your welfare first if it came to the crunch!” I told her.

She looked at me and smiled, sadly.

“No you’re right. Maybe that was an example of your woman’s intuition working” she said, causing me to flush slightly.

“There is another reason. I told you before about my three elder brothers, but what I didn’t tell you is how successful they’ve all been. Each one has excelled in whatever they’ve done, but I was never that ambitious and it’s always been held up as an unspoken symbol of male superiority to my mother and myself that I never really shone in anything that I’ve done. Now that didn’t bother me, I was quite content to be just another ordinary girl, and what that meant to me was getting married and raising a family, just like my mother did. I don’t think that constitutes failure in my eyes and it’s nothing to be ashamed of, but daddy would never understand that — what would a man know about something like that!”

I was surprised at the intensity of her feelings, and just let her continue.

“You see – daddy’s a bit of a bully really, and he’s always kept my mother in her place, as he would call it. I can’t let him see that I’ve even made a mess-up of my own wedding. I mean, a white wedding is supposed to be every girl’s dream and if I can’t even be trusted not to foul that up then it’ll just prove everything that he has ever suspected about me, and about women in general. I just can’t let that happen!” she said, her eyes almost pleading with me to understand.

Well you can call me a sucker but there was no guarantee that he would come running to save his daughter anyway. It seemed prudent to stop fighting what had happened and to start facing up to the reality of it.

“Okay — then. Since I really don’t have that much of a choice then we’d better start working out what we’ve got to do to pull this off. I know nothing about being a girl and you know nothing about being a hotshot high-flyer, so any suggestions on where we start?” I said.

I saw her visibly relax with my acceptance.

“Good. I’m glad you’re seeing sense, although I think I know which will be the easier of the two tasks. I think for a start that we had better start getting used to being referred to in each other’s name. It is going to look a little stupid if you keep answering to Charles now, isn’t it Caroline!” she said, as a simple statement of fact.

I gave what I thought was an audible gulp as her words penetrated me like a hot knife going through butter. There was no point in denying the truth of what she said and so I meekly I acknowledged my acceptance of what I now was.

“Yes Ch..Charles!”

There, it was done.

Surely, I thought, the worse must be over.

It had only just started.

Caroline, or Charles now, as I have got to start referring to her, er him — oh this was so confusing – looked at his watch.

“Well that’s a start anyway. Good God, it’s nearly ten o’clock now. I’d better be getting home. I am going to have to meet up with you first thing tomorrow. There’s going to be a lot we’ve got to learn between us and we haven’t got a lot of time to do it in!”

“Hey — wait up a minute Car..Charles. What do you mean you’re going home? Surely you’re alr..” I started to say and then remembered who I was supposed to be. This was going to take some getting used to.

Charles could see that I was finally catching on and, kindly, decided not to remind me that I was taking longer to assess the situation than he was, but I was making progress. I mean, already, I am even starting to think of the former Caroline as Charles now and of her as a he! Maybe we could just pull this off after all, I thought in a moment of optimism, starting to think how this might be a once in a lifetime opportunity to experience something that might even help me at some point in my life.

I hadn't exactly been a roaring success with the ladies to date, despite being so full of self-confidence. My mind was starting to race now, and I started thinking of how I could maybe use this spell in Caroline's body to prepare the ground for when I returned to being Charles again. I certainly wouldn't mind getting to know Caroline's best friend Angela a little better and I had a unique opportunity, as she was going to be Caroline's bridesmaid. I knew that I was bound to be seeing a lot of her over the coming week, and that maybe I could start putting in a few good words for 'Charles'. It might just make it easier for me to score after the wedding!

My nefarious plans were interrupted by a kiss on the cheek from Charles, which brought me back to the present.

"Goodnight Caroline, and thank you for how you're taking this. I'll be around tomorrow at about nine o'clock."

With that he went, leaving me alone with myself for the first time. The sudden silence was almost deafening, and I stood and walked towards the bathroom, recognising the need to relieve myself and grateful to have something to break my sullen mood. As I entered, I looked around, noting how neat everything was, and noticed how different a single girl's bathroom was compared to a man's. From my own experience I knew that my bathroom was fairly basic, the only items usually on permanent show being my razor, a can of shaving gel, whatever shampoo that I had happened to pick up, and a can of deodorant.

I don't know what I had expected to find here but Caroline's bathroom was very similar to mine, except that hers was tidier. There were none of the feminine accessories that I had expected to see, such as make-up and the like, but if I had thought about it I would have realised that these were most probably kept in her bedroom. A quick look in the bathroom cabinet revealed an assortment of goodness knows what, and an unopened pack of some feminine hygiene products, instantly bringing home to me what I now was, and I shuddered at this blunt reminder of the fact. Please God I never had to use such things!

I suppose I had been looking around to put off the evil moment when I would have to confront this body's more intimate areas, but I knew that I couldn't put it off forever and wondered what was the best way to start as I looked down at myself. Do I just sit down and hike up this skirt, having lowered the panties first of course, or do I remove it completely?

That I had to think so hard about such a basic act scared me as I realised that this was just the first example of how little I knew about the life of women. I was glad that Caroline – no Charles now, I reminded myself – was getting here early. I sure had a lot to learn.

As it was getting late, and I didn't exactly have any plans to go anywhere, I decided that I would remove the skirt completely and after searching for the zipper I found it at the back, and

started lowering it before finally stepping out of it. That left me in what I supposed what women call a slip, which I also removed. I was grateful that the weather had been warm and that Caroline had gone bare legged and at least I wouldn't have to contend with hose.

My heart fluttered as I looked down at the different shape that I now possessed, and saw the smooth shape of my front as it tapered away between my legs, and getting annoyed with myself for my indecisiveness, I pulled down the panties and sat down quickly, on the toilet. I eased my legs apart slightly and just let the liquids flow as I looked down at the soft downy hair that framed my new sex. As I looked beyond that at the beginning of a cleft my nerve failed me and I turned away, for there was no way that I could acknowledge it as mine. I finished performing this familiar act, in an unfamiliar way, and removed the rest of the clothes that Caroline had been wearing and almost ran back into the bedroom in a state of denial. I wanted to get something to cover my body so that I could pretend that this had never happened to me, and started looking through Caroline's drawers before finding a knee-length cotton nightdress. There didn't seem to be any other night clothes available so I pulled it over my head before burying myself in Caroline's bed, praying I would wake up in the morning and find myself back as Charles again.

That forlorn hope was my last conscious thought before sleep eventually claimed me.



A Rude Awakening

Saturday, October 12th 2002, 8:20am

I MUST HAVE SLEPT soundly because it was well past dawn as I started to stir. I twisted my head and turned over onto my side, trying to avoid the light, but something nagged at me, trying to tell me that something wasn't quite right. Now usually I'm pretty quick at waking up in the morning; it's always been a bit of a standing joke amongst my family. Today was much different though, and I seemed to drift between sleeping and waking for an indeterminable amount of time before I started to become aware of the world again.

My first feelings as I awoke, were of experiencing a warm, dreamy and comfortable feeling coming from deep within me. This was accompanied by a gentle build-up of tension that was both pleasant and addictive, and I found myself succumbing to it quite easily, before I finally became aware of what was causing it as my fingers ran idly along my skin. My overall feeling, at first, was just how soft everything felt to me, from the delicate stroking of my fingers on my chest to the feel of the sheets on my bare legs. This didn't alarm me at first; I always went to bed wearing just my boxer shorts and thought nothing of it!

I continued my stroking, and although I was starting to become aware that something wasn't quite right I just continued, running with the feelings that I was getting. As the intensity built I had an unusual desire to stretch my legs and as I did so I immediately felt something warm, moist and sticky coming from the area in-between them. Along with this was the feeling of sensitive skin parting and unfolding from a point where I was only used to feeling hardness. Even now I couldn't quite work out just what was happening as my muddled brain tried to operate in the sea of fog that I seemed to be fighting, but suddenly it all clicked!

"Caroline!" I called out, and sat bolt upright, having all my fears confirmed by the feeling of an unfamiliar movement from my unfettered chest.

I hurriedly pulled off my nightdress and my hands flew to the breasts that were hanging from my chest, and I gazed at them in disbelief before my hands grabbed them, confirming they were mine. I had feebly hoped that I was still having a dream but my notions were soon disabused as I felt as them move as my hands cupped and lifted them.

“Oh no — oh dear God no!” I cried and sank back onto the bed in despair, not knowing how to cope with all of this.

Let’s face it — I’ve had better starts to the day!

I don’t know if it was the tears but I became aware of a stinging sensation in my eyes, and I remembered that Caroline had told me that she wore contact lenses. I probed my eyes and, sure enough, they were there. Yet another new thing to contend with!

I managed to stop my pitiful crying and turned my head over to look through my bleary eyes at the bedside clock, noticing that it was now just after eight-twenty. Charles, as I forced myself to think of him, would be here in just forty-minutes and I panicked a little, not having a clue on what to do to get ready for his arrival. I soon stopped worrying though, when I remembered that this was the exactly the reason that he was coming here today — to help me get used to my new self so that I could pass as Caroline successfully. I became a little scared again at how easy I kept losing control and I thought about how hard I was finding it to think straight this morning. I resolved to ask Charles if he had always found it this hard to wake himself when he had had this body, and had he ever cried so easily as I seemed to!

Knowing that I didn’t need to rush quite so much I relaxed a little more. I still had a long way to go before I could come to terms with this body and decided that the time for a little exploration was probably appropriate; I couldn’t put it off forever and I was still naked so there was nothing to stop me. I plucked up the courage to look downwards, again, aware of feeling damp and sticky from in-between my legs, and I nearly lost my nerve again.

I was looking down the length of what looked to be a flawless body to see the raised flesh of my breasts. I noted that they didn’t look very big from this position, but supposed it was because I was lying down and that they’d be a little more impressive when I stood up. I felt a little shocked when I detected a sense of pride in those thoughts, as if I actually hoped that this would be the case!

I felt a shiver run through my body, and saw goosebumps appear around my large nipples as I moved my hand down past them, and to my real moment of truth, the thing that really defined my womanhood. I looked down beyond my breasts and saw the same dark hair that had been there from the brief glance I had taken the previous night. This time I looked at the area a lot more closely, and parted my legs a little to allow my fingers easier access. Again, the feeling of unfolding and freedom came to me and I swallowed as my hand moved towards it.

It is very hard to explain my feelings at that moment. When you’ve been used to, and indeed proud of, the bulge that had existed there since birth, it is a tremendous shock to find just an aching void there instead, or at least that is how I first thought of it. My small fingers soon confirmed that what was now lying at that smooth junction between my legs was actually far from a void, as they travelled through the soft hair that surrounded it, and started to probe the lips that protected what was, I forced myself to admit, my vagina. Yes, MY vagina!

I have always read about how a woman virtually goes into an instant orgasm the moment that anything comes with ten feet of her clitoris. Well I can tell you from first hand experience, if you’ll pardon the pun, that this just isn’t true! Sure, I was still feeling aroused from my earlier

dreamlike state, but all I could feel at this moment was just how sensitive it felt, and I experienced a little pain as I rubbed it with my finger. Maybe I would need some mental stimulation to get the full effects — I should think that it isn't enough to have just the equipment alone! It certainly made me think. I hadn't needed too much mental stimulation to do the necessary when I had been in my male body, though I had to admit that this was interesting and was something I was pretty sure that I would explore again before next week was out.

I carried on downwards, through the folds of my lips, and gently inserted a finger into my new hole. My first thoughts were of how warm it felt, and also how disproportionately large my finger seemed to be as it entered me. That feeling soon went as my body adjusted to accommodate it. This was certainly a whole lot different than pleasuring myself as a man and I found it, I confess, all a little scary. I wasn't used to the feeling of having something invade my body and there didn't seem to be too much pleasure in this equivalent act for me right now. I wonder if it's like that for other women (other women — now that's the first time that I've thought like that!) or is it something I will have to learn?

My mood had dropped a bit and I got myself up and went into the bathroom to perform my early morning ablutions and take a shower. It was still very disorientating to me when I started walking. It seemed like everything around my body seemed to move at once and not necessarily in the same direction, and it took a considerable mental effort to try and walk naturally. Again, it was a stark reminder of just how much I had to learn.

Anyway, I finished what I had to do, performing the basic hygiene routine, and turned to walk into the bedroom. As I did so I caught a side glimpse of my reflection in Caroline's full-length mirror. Despite the fact that I had accepted that this was temporary, my sideways glance still caught me by surprise, and it was the first time I had seen my new body in such a way. I stayed in the sideways position and marvelled at my lovely curves, especially on how my breasts hung down and looking like distorted teardrops.

The other main feature was obviously her, or my, behind and I think that this surprised me the most. As I have already said, I had never really liked Caroline before but that hadn't stopped me from admiring her body. I had always thought it perfect when I was male but now, well now that I owned it myself I thought my rear looked a little on the large size. I turned my body until I was looking back at myself over my shoulder. Yes, it was definitely on the large size I confirmed, and I walked into the bedroom puzzled. Why hadn't I noticed this before when I had been in my own body, that of Charles Grayson.

I was still pondering this mystery as I went to Caroline's wardrobe and looked for something to wear. After choosing an innocuous pair of slacks and a baggy sweatshirt I went over to the dressing table and pulled out a fresh bra and pantie set from one of the drawers there. I hadn't known that they would be there but it had seemed like a pretty fair bet to me. It took a few seconds to get the bra clasped together at the back but it had been nowhere as difficult as I had imagined that it would be. No, the difficult part was actually positioning my breasts in the cups.

As the bra had tightened they had seemed to take on a life of their own and I resolved that next time I would try and position them properly in the cups before doing up the clasp.

I pulled up the panties with no problem, although I noticed a new sensation as they fitted snugly around my flat groin. I moved around in them a little and, as they hugged my new genitals, I thought that they felt rather nice, if I was being honest. I sat down on the stool that I had pulled out from under the dressing table. I was still acutely aware of how big my behind had looked to me, and noted how it now seemed to spread as my weight eased on it. I looked down and visually confirmed what I had suspected — I could never remember my male equivalent doing that!

I just had time to pull the sweatshirt over my head when the doorbell rang, and looking through the spy-hole I gave a momentary shiver as I saw my own face outside. I may have been a small thing but it confirmed the reality of the situation to me and I noted how alien it looked from this perspective. As I opened the door to let Caroline, no — I must stop doing that for my own sake — CHARLES in, I shivered again as I realised that it STILL looked alien to me. If you could only see your own body like I had done then I think that you would know what I meant. I was already finding it hard to acknowledge that I had once been this man. I felt confused for a second as I tried to analyse my feelings. I knew that the real me, or whatever now constituted me, was still here, only it just inside this woman's body!

My confused thoughts were put aside as Charles smiled at me before leaning over and kissing me on the cheek.

“Good morning Caroline. Here, I brought these for you” he said as he handed me a bunch of flowers.

I stood there speechless. He was treating me just like a man might treat a woman!

“Well don't just stand there gaping with your mouth open — it's most unbecoming. There's a vase in the kitchen. Cut the bottoms off of these and put them in some water, along with a drop of bleach — they'll last a lot longer that way” he said, as I turned around and followed his instructions without thought.

I saw him shift in his seat as I walked back in with the vase and put them on a small occasional table.

“They look lovely Caroline, just like yourself” he said, as I blushed and looked at him, feeling a little angry now.

“Just what is your game CHARLES — do you think this is funny?” I said, as I noticed him covering his lap with his hands. Another shock to my system — I could remember doing this so many times myself in a feeble attempt to cover my embarrassment. The problem was I had never thought it had been feeble when I had been doing it — now that I knew that it was so visible, especially to a girl. I flushed again, thinking about all the other girls who must have seen me in this same way. I just hoped they had felt flattered!

“It's no game Caroline. I have always liked flowers so I thought that I would bring you some — it might help you to feel more feminine.”

He was right — it had certainly done that, and without thinking I looked down below his waist, to see that he was still trying to cover the signs of his excitement. As I did so we both raised our gaze at the same time and caught each other's eye. We both knew what the other was thinking and I just didn't know how to react until he put me out of my misery and smiled.

"Was it always like this for you 'cause it can be a real nuisance when you can't control it?" he asked me.

I said nothing, still not knowing what to say or how to react to such a personal statement. I felt intensely uncomfortable, maybe it was guilt as I recalled what I had doing less than an hour earlier.

"Oh come on now — don't be so coy. We've neither of us got any physical secrets have we! It was like it this morning when I woke up and it seems to have been like it ever since, despite the fact that I gave it every attention" he grinned, waiting for my reaction.

That statement shocked me out of my stupor.

"Wh..what — you mean that you've been je..jerking off, with MY cock! H..how dare you?" I said, feeling like I'd been violated.

"What!" he said, "don't tell me that you haven't played with your pussy yet because I don't believe it!" he laughed incredulously.

I thought back again, to how I had woken up myself this morning, and my own half-hearted explorations.

"I thought so!" he laughed, as if he had read my thoughts painted in large letters above my head. "Just a hint" he continued, "you'll find something in my pantie drawer, right at the bottom, that might just help you when you get the need again."

I turned my back on him, mainly because I couldn't look him in the eyes.

"Let's get on with it then," he said, breaking the mood. "We're going to have to choose something decent for you to wear today."

"Wh..what — are you saying that these — your own clothes aren't suitable!" I said pulling at my clothes, indignant at his apparent criticism of what I had put on.

"Oh, now come on — I can understand why you've dressed down for the occasion. I can honestly understand, but you're going to have to face up to your situation — you're a girl now and girls like to dress up nice — and you will certainly have to be a little more adventurous for your dress fitting this afternoon. I can't afford for you to be regarded as a slob for something so important to a girl" he said, and walked over to the wardrobe and pulled out a sheer blouse.

I just felt numb at being reminded of my current status and said nothing as he turned and lay the blouse on the bed before holding me by my shoulders, trying to comfort me.

"Let's not worry now though, you can put that on later — what you've got on is fine for now. We've got a lot to do. I'll help you get fixed up but you've going to have to pay attention — you're going to have to learn to do this yourself before tomorrow's out" he said.

He pulled out a make-up case and a brush and set about his task with a precision like vigour that left me reeling.



THE MORNING WENT BY surprisingly quickly as I undertook a crash course in ‘looking good’ and as I sat in the back of the taxi I pulled out my compact case and flipped open the lid to look at my reflection in its small mirror. My make-up had only needed a minor touch-up before Charles had left me and, I had to admit I really did look pretty good! I glanced at the small watch on my slender wrist and saw that it was almost ten minutes to two o’clock and looked outside the window anxiously. If the traffic didn’t clear soon then I would be late for the dress fitting. It wasn’t as if I was in a hurry to get there on time but I didn’t really want to go into explanations about what I had been doing!

I wished desperately that I could have been following my regular Saturday routine and wondered just how much Charles would be enjoying it. Sighing, I thought about what Charles and Graham were doing right now. First, a trip on the underground to Fulham Broadway and then forty-minutes in the pub, where they would just about have got to by now, to discuss their expectations of what was to come. After trying to guess how the match would go there would be just enough time for a burger, or some other rubbish, before taking our seats just before the teams came out.

Bliss — oh what more could a man want — and that just about said it all really because, at this moment, I was not exactly a man was I! Instead I was sitting, knees tightly together as instructed, being taken towards a fate worse than death as far as I was concerned, and I had been well briefed on exactly what to expect!

I thought back to what had happened after Charles had arrived that morning, and had finished helping me to put on my make-up.



“ET VOILA!” HE SAID, as he turned me around to face the mirror and, for the first time I had a chance to really look at myself.

It had been such a strange feeling. There I was looking at my reflection and seeing not only my new face, but also the grinning face I had worn only a day earlier looking over my shoulder. For one brief moment I could almost imagine that I was Charles again until he started talking and dispelled the illusion.



“Do I really have to go through all of this?” I asked feebly, “I look fine without make-up!” Charles smiled and shook his head in disbelief.

“So Caroline, do you think that you can do all this yourself tomorrow?” he asked, as I looked at the oh, so subtly painted visage that I now possessed.

I tried to remember the sequence that he had applied all this liquid and powder to me and I thought that I could just about remember what he had done. There was now only the question as to whether I had the necessary skill to mimic what was looking back at me!

“I..I think I can try!” I answered tentatively, not really sure at all.

“Well you can start trying now because I’m going to show you how to take it all off and then you can do it all over again” he smiled, as I nearly fell off the stool at the thought of going through that whole rigmarole again!

“You can’t be serious — do I really have to go through all of this?” I asked feebly, “I look fine without it!” all the time knowing what the answer would be as Charles smiled and shook his head in disbelief.

“Of course you do. I can’t have you leaving my reputation in ruins” he said and walked over to a cupboard to take a bag off of a hook inside of the door and put it on the bed.

Twenty minutes later I had done my best, with just a little bit of help from Charles, and the end product didn’t look too bad. I am sure that it wasn’t the best that Caroline had ever looked but Charles seemed relatively satisfied with the results.

“Okay, that’ll do for now. Go and put a jacket on and we’ll go and get something to eat. I haven’t eaten yet have you?” he said.

“Whoah — just hold a minute. I’m not going out like this!” I complained.

“Don’t be so silly. You can’t stay in here for a whole week – I’ve got too many things that need sorting. This is supposed to be the most important week of my life you know!” he exclaimed.

“Besides” he continued, “you’ve got the final dress fitting today. I can’t afford for you to miss that!”

My heart sunk at that point. I’d forgotten all about that, what with everything that had happened and all!

He passed me the bag he had put on the bed, and throwing on a jacket I followed him as he led me towards the door.

“You’d better not eat too much — I don’t want you to put on any weight while you’ve got my body else I’ll never get into that dress” he said as I followed him.

Well that had been earlier. Since then he’d filled me in on everything that he thought I needed to know to get through today, whilst I told him all about what was expected when he went to the football match. Somehow I knew that it would be more of an ordeal for me than what he was about to go through!



AND SO THAT LEAVES me here, with the taxi pulling up outside of ‘Beautiful Brides’ only five minutes late, and seeing Angela outside, waiting for me. I eased myself out of the taxi, paid the driver, and looked across at my bridesmaid to be’s face, which did not look happy. I walked towards her, forcing a smile and concentrating hard. I still had to concentrate on my walking to make myself appear as natural as possible — I wondered if I would be able to walk like a girl without thinking about it before I changed back?

“Come on girl — what time do you call this — I thought you’d changed your mind or something!” she said angrily to me. Anyone would have thought it was her wedding for goodness sake!

“The traffic was awful — don’t blame me!” I retorted, almost glad that I had to reply on the defensive, grateful that the sudden rush of adrenaline was banishing my nerves.

She pulled me inside of the shop and I was surrounded by an overwhelming display of femininity. This was a place where man was never supposed to have entered! It reminded me of nothing less than sitting in the window seat of a aircraft, and descending slowly into a white fluffy cloud, such was the sea of white dresses that faced me.

Well the rest of the afternoon went by in a blur. I had to put on Caroline’s dress, was prodded and poked, had pins inserted wherever they had needed to be, and had to turn and pose in every conceivable position to make sure that everything was just perfect. I found it all totally unbearable at first, somehow managing to make enough of the right noises to keep Angela and the fitter satisfied, but I soon found out that there were compensations. One of those, undoubtedly, was in sharing a changing room with Angela.

Getting the final fitting sorted meant that frequent adjustments had to be made, and then trying the dresses back on again, and then more adjustments. Of course, this meant we were

standing around in our underwear for a large proportion of our time, and although I had been shy at first, Angela was so uninhibited that it had rubbed off on me.

Seeing her in just her bra and panties had brought home to me just how pretty she was. More than once that afternoon I had felt a heat and moisture building in my panties as I had watched her out of the corner of my eye, and I remembered my thoughts of last night as I tried to disguise my arousal. That, I found, was far easier to do then when I had been a man.

It was when we had taken off our dresses for the last time, everyone being satisfied that everything that could have been adjusted had been adjusted, that I decided that I would try and take advantage of my unwanted situation. I would try to take this opportunity to set myself up for when I returned to being Charles — after all, all is fair in love and war. I just had to time my move right!

That didn't take too long. We were putting our street clothes back on — me still wearing the 'safe' slacks that I had dressed in this morning, but with the blouse that Charles had insisted on. Angela had asked me to pull the zip up on the back of her skirt and I was just checking myself out in the mirror when she joined me.

"I think Graham's so lucky Caroline — you're going to make such a beautiful bride" Angela cooed as we left the shop.

"And yourself Angela, you looked absolutely stunning in your bridesmaids dress. I think that you and Charles are going to be the perfect couple for Graham and I — you are both so lovely and that reminds me. I was going to invite both you and Charles out for a meal together with us before the wedding. It would be a sort of thank you for our two best friends in the world — what's your schedule like next week?" I asked her casually.

"Oh, that's nice. To be honest tomorrow would be a better day for me. Sundays can be so boring at times, especially since all you seem to have time for these days is Graham" she joked.

It was just as well that she had said that because I remembered that Graham was going to be out on business most of the week, so Sunday would be the only chance we would have. I didn't have a clue whether Charles had got anything planned for me tomorrow but it could wait if it did — he owed me that! Besides, if it all went to plan then he would be there too anyway. As for Graham — well, from what I had seen Caroline had always managed to twist him around her little finger whenever she had wanted to, so I was pretty sure that I could maintain that tradition. The end game of getting off with Angela would be worth it!

"Tomorrow it is then!" I said as we walked out of the shop and down the high street together, with me concentrating on my walk and looking for an available taxi.

"So what do you think about Charles then?" I said to her, curious to hear what she thought.

She didn't say anything for a few seconds as she hailed an empty passing taxi, and we both scuttled into the back seat. I began to wonder if she had heard me when she replied.

"I've never really thought that much about him much to be honest, apart from finding him a bit loud and brash — you know, a little bit insensitive!" she said turning to look at me.

"Insensitive!" I exclaimed indignantly, which caused her to raise her eyebrows.

“Yes, well he is when you compare him to your Graham. Graham always seems so considerate and makes a girl feel so special — I’m sure that you’re well aware of that Caroline. Now Charles — well, he just doesn’t come across that way to me.”

“Now hold on there a minute!” I said forgetting who I was, and feeling affronted at being compared to Graham in this way.

Luckily Angela took it the wrong way, thinking that I was getting angry with her comments about Graham, and laughed.

“Oh don’t go fretting yourself girl. I’m hardly likely to go and try to take your man am I — besides, you know he’s besotted with you!”

All I could do was to laugh with her, and inwardly admonish myself for my rash behaviour. Well at least I could start working on changing her views on Charles, I thought.

We passed Angela’s home first and she got out, promising to see me tomorrow night, and I was dropped off just five minutes later, telling her that I’d call her and confirm tomorrow was definitely on.



WHEN I’D GOT IN I just let myself fall back on the bed and let out a huge sigh of relief. I just couldn’t believe that I had passed my first test and in such intimate circumstances as well!

As I lay there I become aware of how my feet were aching from walking around in, what Charles had assured me, were just modest heels. I kicked them off and removed my slacks, still feeling strange when I looked at how my groin tapered away between my legs into a smooth nothingness.

I wasn’t in the mood for dwelling on this though, because I felt that I had achieved something today, so I went into the kitchen to see if Caroline kept any cold beers in the refrigerator. Damn Caroline and her diet — I needed something to celebrate with!

I should have guessed though; she didn’t have any. There was a consolation though, in that there was a bottle of Italian dry white wine chilling there, so I decided I would try that. It wasn’t exactly my favourite drink but I reasoned that if Caroline had liked it then I most probably would as well if yesterday’s experience with the coffee was anything to go by.

Another astonishing revelation on the difference between genders. Men are MUCH stronger than women.

Okay, so I’m being flippant but this basic fact was demonstrated to me in the most effective way as I struggled with the old-fashioned cork-screw I had found, and trying to get the damned cork out. It was something that I had done without a struggle in my own body, on numerous occasions. Now though, well – it seemed to take hours of tugging and pulling until I was brought to the verge of tears with frustration and shame at how feeble that I now was.

Thankfully common sense prevailed as I calmed down again. If this was impossible for me then it would have been so for Caroline as well, so she must have something else to do this with, unless she relied on Graham all the time, which I decided was pretty unlikely for a modern girl. I searched a bit harder in her kitchen and finally found a levered device, which seemed like it

would do the job. Sure enough it did, and in just a few minutes I had run myself a nice hot bath and was easing myself into it and sipping a glass of wine.

It was so relaxing to lie here in the hot water, and I could already feel the alcohol from the wine coursing through my veins as I settled down and watched my breasts bobbing above the water's surface, fascinated.

For the first time since yesterday I forgot about my problems and just enjoyed the moment, becoming aware of how different a bath felt to my more sensitive skin. Before I could enjoy it too much further though, the phone rang and my mood was broken. I lifted myself out of the bath and wrapped a towel around myself, cursing whoever it was for interrupting the only moment of pleasure that I had experienced since this whole mess had started!

"Yes!" I hissed into the phone, as I dripped all over the carpet.

"Hey, hey — I only rang to see if you were okay. We haven't spoken since yesterday," a man's voice said to me.

I was nonplussed for a moment, recognising the voice but also knowing that something was different about it. Hell, it was Graham and the reason it sounded so different was because of how he was talking to me, and not really because his voice was different at all! Of course, I was his betrothed and not just his life long friend!

"Oh — er hi Graham. Sorry about that — I was in the bath and you've just dragged me out if it" I replied, softening my tone a little.

"Oh sorry, well I'll let you get back to it. I was only ringing to see if you wanted to go out tonight. I know you've been busy, what with your dress and all, but I was hoping we could maybe go to a club or somewhere else if you fancy it!" he said cheerfully.

Oh God! I didn't think I was up to spending a night out with Graham on my own — I felt really freaked out just talking to him like this! Illogically, I lifted the towel higher to cover my breasts, almost as if he could see them.

"I think I'd better pass tonight — I really don't feel so good," I said, trying my best to sound woeful.

"Oh — that's a shame. Nothing too bad I hope!" he replied.

"No, nothing too much — it's j..just women's problems" I stuttered out, knowing that he wouldn't ask too many more questions after that explanation. I should know — men avoided that subject like the plague, and quite wisely too.

"Oh okay — well I hope you feel better. I'll give you a call tomorrow and see how you feel."

"Oh — wait a moment. I thought it might be nice to take Angela and Charles out for a meal tomorrow- you know, sort of like a thank you to them" I said quickly, before he had a chance to hang up.

He answered immediately.

"Yeah okay dear, if you're feeling up to it. I was hoping to get a little time on our own but it would be a nice gesture. I'll ask Charles in a moment. We're setting back now. Bye, and take care."

I suddenly remembered where they had gone, and I couldn't believe that I hadn't even thought to look at the football results. I had followed that team from boy to man and had forgotten all about the match!

I was about to ask him the result but he had already gone.

It may sound ridiculous to you but that had been my most depressing moment to date. Was all this being a woman business starting to change my sense of priorities I wondered, as I settled myself back in the bath to resume my meditation.

I took another long sip of wine, and had just laid my head back down when the phone rang again. This time I couldn't even be bothered to be angry as I trudged, resignedly, back to pick up the handset again.

"Hello.." I sighed into the mouthpiece.

"Caroline — it's Charles. I hope I haven't interrupted anything but we need to get together again. You've got to go to work on Monday and I've got to help you get ready for it. You're going to have to fill me in on a few things as well. Oh, by the way — how was the fitting — I hope you didn't mess up or anything. Did anyone suspect?"

He rattled off the questions like a soldier with a machine gun, and sounded a little slurred. He had obviously been drinking with Graham — just like I had always done, I thought wistfully.

"The fitting was fine and nobody noticed anything, I think. As for you coming round tonight, just forget it. I'm not up to doing anything. Come over tomorrow morning and we can spend some time then. Right now I am going to try for the third time to have my bath; I am going to finish the bottle of wine that I've started and then I'm going to sit in on my own and watch television!" I said determinedly.

"Hey — don't drink too much wine. My body can't take that much alcohol and isn't used to it!" he said with concern.

"It's MY body at this moment and I'll do what I like with it. Goodbye!" I said petulantly, and put the phone down.

I went over to the wall and pulled the phone socket out of the connector box before returning to the bathroom, topping up the bath with hot water, and sinking beneath the water again. I took a long and hard sip of the wine and then topped it up again.

Men — they think they know everything!

DAMN! I JUST HATE it when people are right, I thought as I dragged myself out of bed, nursing a colossal headache. I wouldn't be drinking that much again — not until I got my own body back again anyway!

It took me about an hour before I started feeling human again, and I was drinking my second cup of coffee as the doorbell rang.

“Good morning Caroline — oh my, are we feeling a little delicate then?” he said, grinning at my discomfort.

“Just shut up and sit down. Do you want some coffee?” I asked tersely, already going into the kitchen to get another cup. I knew that I could never refuse a coffee, at any time.

I sat down at the breakfast table, opposite Charles, and looked at him. I wasn't too sure what I feel right now but seeing my own body looking back at me didn't seem quite so alien as it had done yesterday. I didn't know whether to be worried or relieved at that fact but rationalised it by convincing my self that it was just a natural human trait, trying to adapt to an unwelcome situation.

“So then” I mumbled, “how did you get on with Graham yesterday. Did he suspect that anything was different about you?”

“Fine — I got on just fine actually. It's certainly a different relationship that a man has with a friend as opposed to a lover, and in a lot of ways I think it's a better one. I never got the feeling that he was saying what I wanted to hear which I suppose everyone does with someone that they love. I suppose that as Caroline he used to indulge me sometimes — I realise that now!”

For the first time since we had changed I could see that Charles was uncertain, as he pondered the nature of his dual relationship with Graham. I could understand his confusion because I was dreading this evening, and of having to relate to Graham as his girlfriend for the first time.

He continued.

“I really enjoyed the camaraderie, and going to the football match was a lot more fun than I would have imagined. I tell you — that first goal was so...”

The caffeine had finally started to take effect and I almost regained my faculties by now. I guessed that Charles was about to launch into a monologue about yesterday's match, and for some reason it didn't seem so important to me as it had used to. I decided to cut it short.

“Well don't you want to know about the dress and how I thought it had looked?” I said, feeling surprised with myself that I felt indignant that he hadn't asked!

Charles looked at me. At first his face showed surprise and then it started breaking into a grin.

“Hey — there's no need to pout, I was going to get around to asking you. After all, I want to look my best on the big day!” he said.

As he said that I became aware that I had indeed been pouting and took another sip of coffee in a futile attempt to hide it.

“It’s okay — don’t feel ashamed. You must be getting into the whole girl thing far easier than we expected. I know that it doesn’t seem so strange to be Charles today. Let’s hope that this doesn’t go too much further though, else we might not want to change back!”

“Don’t even think about it!” I retorted, as a shiver passed through my body at the very thought of remaining as Caroline.

“Don’t worry — I’m still a girl deep inside and I wouldn’t want it any other way!” he said, holding his hands up to placate me.

Charles, or Caroline, was certainly showing me a side to him that I would never have previously suspected was there before!



WE SPENT A FEW hours together. He had told me everything he had thought I needed to know to get by in his job, and then I did the same for him. I was relieved to find that his old job as Caroline was as a receptionist in a large private medical facility, and didn’t seem too complicated. It seemed that my most difficult task would be in maintaining a welcoming smile while greeting the patients who had paid large sums of money for the privilege of being seen by ‘experts’. I would have to give them coffee while they waited to be seen, complete any administrative tasks that were needed, and finally show them to whoever they had to see. How difficult could that be!

My old job was another kettle of fish though. I hate describing it as my old job because that seems to imply that I won’t be going back to it but you know what I mean! No, I knew that this new Charles would not be able to cope with such a high-pressured job without my knowledge and experience and I wasn’t sure what the best course of action would be. I mean, he might even get me fired if he makes enough foul ups, and there’s always plenty of scope for that in what I do. I have advised him that it might be for the best if he takes this week off on sick leave, that way he won’t be risking anything, although he is reluctant to do that. I must admit though, that I’m not keen on it myself as I am not exactly in their good books at the moment, having already taken time off this week. We didn’t agree a conclusion but I let him know that I wouldn’t be happy if he messed things up for me; he’d already gotten me into enough trouble as it was!

After he had gone I started to get bored. It was going to be another four hours until Angela called round for me to set off for this evening’s meal, and there was nothing on television to occupy myself with. I wandered over to Caroline’s dressing table and started looking through her drawers, feeling a little guilty but hey — I never asked for all of this to happen!

I found a vanity bag which had a whole variety of make-up and things that I hadn’t been aware of. The only cosmetics I had seen before had come directly out of her bag. As I started examining what she had I began to wonder what some of it would look like and before I was aware of it I was sitting down and cleansing my face, ready to experiment.



“**WELL IT’S A DIFFERENT** style for you, and interesting, but I think I prefer your usual look” Angela said, as we looked at ourselves in the mirror.

I was glad that she was here. I’d been dressing and putting on make-up all afternoon and had managed to totally confuse myself in the process. It hadn’t looked that hard when Charles had been here to guide me but I had soon found that there was more to it than just smearing the creams and colours onto your face. For one thing, they had to compliment your natural colour and I didn’t understand how to do that yet, neither did I really want to.

“I was only experimenting” I said, and started to wipe my face clean again. “Can you help me – I’ve been messing around with these all afternoon and I don’t think I’ve got the energy to do it all again. Besides, I like the way that you do it for me and it’s a long time since we had a girlie session like this!” I said, reasoning that this was something that Caroline and Angela would have done at some point.

“Oh yeah — that’d be fun, but we’d better hurry up — the boys will be moaning about how long it takes for just to get ready if we’re late!”

Well I had to admit that they had a point! I still hadn’t mentally gone over to the other side and I could remember my frustration as Charles, when you were waiting for a girl to get ready and watching valuable drinking time slipping away from you. Well the boot, or the heel, would be on the other foot this time, that’s for sure and I thought that it might be fun to make the most of it.

“Oh let them moan. They’ll do it anyway and at least we’ll have given them something to moan about!” I said, stepping firmly into the enemy camp this time.

By the time that Angela had finished, and I had gotten dressed in a small black cocktail dress that Charles had told me to wear earlier, we arrived at the restaurant some twenty minutes late. Graham and Charles didn’t look too bothered though as they were already sat at the bar, nursing a couple of beers when we joined them.

This was my real moment of truth, I thought, as Graham stood up to greet me in our first face to face encounter since the accident.



Graham stood up to greet me in our first face-to-face encounter since the accident. I could tell by his eyes that he was besotted with Caroline - or ME I should say - and everything about him just oozed charm. Hell, I had known him all of my life and had boozed, womanised, played and fought together as best friends do, but this was something else. He was making me feel special, and I wasn't sure how to react.

"Girls!" he said, leaning over to kiss me on the cheek, "we thought that you'd never make it, but I have to admit that whatever you've been doing the results were worth it."

"Oh you know us girls" Angela said playfully, "always finding some last minute adjustment, or something to do to ourselves to make ourselves look beautiful for our men!"

"And it certainly wasn't wasted" Charles chipped in, raising a glass to the pair of us, which solicited an amused smile from Angela.

A number of things seemed to flash simultaneously through my mind, the most prominent being of how tall Graham appeared from my new perspective. I had never thought of him as tall before, having been on a level with him, but now — well, he seemed to tower over me and made me feel quite diminutive and swamped by his presence.

Of course, I also was VERY aware of his kiss but the other thing that really struck me was his attitude towards me. I had expected him to be different but I hadn't been quite prepared for this. I could tell by his eyes that he was besotted with Caroline - or ME I should say - and everything about him just oozed charm. Hell, I had known him all of my life and had boozed, womanised, played and fought together as best friends do, but this was something else. He was making me feel special and I wasn't sure how to react. As I analysed my feelings I knew that it wasn't just special that I felt under his gaze — heavens, it was feminine!

I let him lead me to a chair, all the time focusing on my walk as I still needed to do, and sat down gracefully — at least I had managed to perfect that - while Angela sat next to Charles. I was distracted as I spoke to Graham, having to concentrate on everything I said, but I noticed

that Charles and Angela seemed to be getting on quite well together. Graham bought us all some drinks, passing me a gin and tonic instead of my usual pint of beer, and I sipped at it nervously. It was a drink that I could never abide before, just the smell of it made used to make me feel nauseous, but now it didn't seem so bad. In fact the more that I sipped at it the better it seemed to get!

We all carried on with the usual chitter chatter and small talk but were finally led to our table after another round of drinks. I sat down next to Graham, whilst Charles sat next to Angela who was opposite me.

The meal passed by pleasantly with Charles catching my eye from time to time as Angela gradually turned her attention away from me and towards him. I was pretty much fully occupied just keeping my end up with Graham, if you'll pardon the expression, to try and listen to what they were saying but whatever it was I could see that Charles was doing well. As the wine went down Angela even started to gush!

Happily, the meal passed pretty successfully with no noticed faux pas on my part, although I very nearly came undone when the coffees came. I was relaxing a little, thinking that I was nearly home and dry when I felt a hand rest just above my knee. I nearly choked and stayed frozen as I felt its light touch against the nylon. I supposed that Graham was just doing what he had done to Caroline, say maybe a thousand times or more, but this was the first time that a man had actually touched me in this way, if I don't count the kiss on my cheek from Charles. I started to tense up a little as it made me feel vulnerable in a way I didn't feel comfortable with.

I don't know whether it was psychological or not but my skin seemed to be on fire, such was its sensitivity at that time, as Graham's fingers gently stroked me and gradually started to move up my thigh. I felt like I was going to start hyperventilating at any moment, although I doubt whether this was visible as nobody commented, as it began its slow crawl towards its destination. How could this be happening to me, just two days ago a man!

I managed to calm myself, and I finally took control of the situation as I remembered how other girls had dealt with me in this type of circumstance, whenever I had got that lucky in the first place. I leant across to him, and whispered in his ear.

"Graham — for goodness sake, will you stop it!" I hissed gently, "we're in a public place!"

He leant back towards me and replied.

"I know my sweet but I thought that just this once that the ice-maiden might melt. Don't tell me that you didn't like it though!"

Ice-maiden! What was he talking about? I would have to ask Charles exactly what he meant by that when I had the chance.

Before I could reply to him the strains of music started up from a small platform at the front of the restaurant. All of a sudden I felt him grab my hand and before I knew it I found myself being pulled out of my chair.

"Come on Carrie, I feel like we've been sitting down too long. I need to stretch my legs. Let's dance!"

Dance — God, I could never dance when I had been Charles — what chance did I have now, especially in these heels. They might be a modest two inches but they didn't feel like that to me!

“That's a good idea” I heard Charles say, “how about joining them Angela!” he said and, as I turned my head, I saw her rise with him.

I fumed with annoyance. Any chance I had of backing out of this situation evaporated with Charles complicity, as I saw it. What was he thinking of?

As we reached the floor they were playing a slow number, for which I was profusely grateful although, as his arms encircled my waist, I almost forgot myself and went to put my arms around him as well. I managed to stop in time and, tilting my head to look up at him, I put my arms around his neck in the way that girls do.

As I had done with the rest of the evening, I noticed that it was the little things that underlined the change I had been through. Of course, I noticed the big things as well but you can't go around wondering where your cock is all the time, or spend all day being amazed at how your tits felt (although I had to admit I still was)! No, it's the more subtle changes that are so noticeable to me. Things like how naked I felt at this moment, even though I was properly dressed.

My arms felt so bare and fragile as they rubbed against Graham's course suit. I would never have thought that a suit, similar to those I had worn myself, was course but to my more sensitive skin it caused a small irritation. As well as that I could feel the smooth swish of my dresses skirt, as it rubbed against my smoothly shaved and nylon clad legs. If I was being honest then I'd have to admit that this was a really nice feeling and I felt rueful that I wouldn't be able to experience it again after I had changed back, but I really didn't want to get taken down that path!

The other thing I was experiencing was the feeling of being so very vulnerable. With Graham's arms around me he could have made me do almost anything that he had wanted me to and I would not have been able to do a thing about it. I knew that he wouldn't of course, but the whole point was that he could have if he had wanted to!

Despite my reservations I found it much easier to cope with the dancing than I thought. Hanging on to Graham gave me support, but there was a downside to this though as it meant I was put into a permanent clinch as long as I remained like that. I buried my face in his shoulder, not feeling able to look him in the eyes as we moved around the floor before I felt his hot breath on my ear.

“Are you okay Carrie — you haven't seemed quite yourself today?” he said, as I continued to move backwards, my heart thumping at his words.

I pulled my head away from his shoulders and looked up at him, trying to think of something to say that would not compromise me.

“Uh well, yes I am but I feel a bit quiet Graham. I suppose it's the wedding and everything that's playing on my nerves” I replied, and smiled at him.

“Well as long as you're not going to stand me up or anything. I'm going to miss you over these next few days and I was just realising that the next time I see you will be at the altar!” he

said, looking sad for a moment.

Oh God – I hope not, I thought to myself. That would be cutting things far too fine for my liking! Instead of saying that I made myself look up through my lowered eyelashes at him, noticing the effect and feeling a little scandalous at how I was playing with fire.

“Don’t be silly Graham. You know I’m looking forward to our big day. I would never let you down!” I said, realising that I meant it as well, although not in the way that he thought!

“That’s good Carrie — it’s just that I worry sometimes because I love you so much” he said, and leant down and gave me a kiss on my mouth as he drew me closer towards him.



By the time that Graham’s tongue had entered my mouth there was nothing that I could have done about it and I had no choice but to follow his lead as his body pressed up closer to mine.

He caught me unawares, but I suppose I should have expected something like this to happen at some point, and if you play with fire then sometime you will get burnt. Maybe I had just been too scared to admit this possibility to myself! By the time that his tongue had entered my mouth there was nothing that I could have done about it and I had no choice but to follow his lead as his body pressed up closer to mine, and that was when I got my next big shock.

I hadn’t quite noticed it at first due to Graham moving his hands to my bottom and rubbing my newly padded rear, but suddenly I became aware of something hard pressing into my stomach. Now it might sound stupid but you have to bear in mind that I had never had an experience like this before, and had no frame of reference. It’s not often that a red-blooded male gets up front and personal with another man in this way!

It took a few seconds for me to recognise what was pressing into me but as he ground his hips into me again I was left in no doubt at all. Suddenly, I recognised that this was Graham’s erection that I was feeling, and the intensity of his passion made it impossible for my smaller body to pull away from him without causing a scene!

My mind went into somersaults as I initially felt both revulsion and panic, but along with this I also felt a sense of shame as, I had to admit to myself, that I was also experiencing a certain amount of curiosity, in a detached way. I was desperately searching for a way out of my very public predicament when an unexpected ally came to my aid in the shape of the band as the music stopped playing. He pulled his head away from my mouth and looked me deeply in the eyes as he left me gasping for breath.

“Hey — that was good. A little different but nice. I can’t wait until next Saturday night, because I’m sure that the wait will have been worth it” he said as he pulled me in towards him again.

Well this was getting more than I could take, and I looked downwards for a moment, only to be confronted by the evidence of his interest in me.

“Graham — will you excuse me for a moment. I need to pay a visit to the little girls room,” I said, as I extricated myself from his grasp and made a beeline for the ladies cloakroom.

I didn’t turn around to see his reaction but made straight for the door before entering the empty washroom, and pushing my body against the door as I gave a sigh of relief. I had just turned towards the mirror to examine the damage that Graham had done when the door swung open again, and I saw Angela walk in.

“Hey — what’s the big idea!” she said, in mock annoyance, “you’re breaking all of the union rules.”

I just stood there dumbfounded, wondering what I had done to annoy her.

“U..union rules — what are you talking about?” I gasped.

“Well for a start — you know that we never come in here alone. We’re supposed to go the ‘ladies’ in pairs. What other chance are we going to get to compare notes otherwise!” she said, as I finally realised what she was on about.

Before I got another chance to say anything she came and stood next to me, and examined her face so that I could see both of our reflections.

“Well I’ve got to admit Caroline, I had it all wrong about Charles” she said, as she took out her mascara and brushed her lashes with it.

“Wrong — what do you mean?” I asked, curious!

“You know — when I said that I thought he was a little brash and insensitive. Well he’s been the perfect gentleman tonight; he’s been witty, charming and, well — he’s made me feel all sort of gooey inside” she gushed.

As she said that I became aware that I was feeling pretty ‘gooey’ myself, after that clinch with Graham. I excused myself and went into a cubicle, and then into the tedious process of baring my nether regions before sitting down on the toilet seat. Angela was still wittering on about Charles, with me making enough ummm’s and ahhh’s in the right places to keep the conversation going. I spread my legs and ran my finger in-between my vaginal lips and felt the stickiness that had built up there. It wasn’t much but it was enough to signify that Graham had produced some sort of effect in me, and I felt somewhat disturbed at that revelation.

I wondered whether I was turning gay, but then stopped as I couldn't really define what that meant to me anymore.

All the time I was musing Angela kept talking away, and I was sure that I had heard something about Charles and Angela having arranged to meet up at some point, but I wasn't really listening to the details as I still had my own problems to attend to. I heard Angela enter the cubicle beside mine as I finished with my call of nature and cleaned myself, and I was just touching up my lipstick as she came out and washed her hands, before we left to join the boys again.

The rest of the evening went by uneventfully in comparison to what I had been through earlier, and it was eleven o'clock when the evening finally finished with Graham dropping me off home in a taxi. This time, when he bent down towards me it was no surprise — after all, I had expected him to want a goodnight kiss — and I returned the pressure of his lips without holding back too much, if not exactly injecting it with a passion.

After finishing saying goodbye I went upstairs and shut the door behind me with a sigh. I was tired and felt numb but I still cleaned my face before finally slipping into my bed just before midnight to spend a disturbed night dreaming about things that I now can't remember.



Working Girl

Wednesday, October 16th 2002, 10:30 am

I RETURNED HOME FROM work this evening tired, and kicked off my heels before turning on the bath and then pouring myself a large glass of Chablis, something I had taken quite a liking to in the last few days. I unbuttoned my blouse and unzipped my skirt, letting it fall to the floor as I stepped out of it, before pulling down the slip and walking over to the side of my bed. The bra came off easily and I gave little smile as I felt gravity once again stake its claim on them as my breasts fell loose, causing them to swing free.

Confession time — I had really grown to like this sensation, despite the fact that it made it impossible for me to ignore my situation. It was quite erotic in its own way and I would often wobble my shoulders just to watch them swing, such was my amusement.

I pulled down my hose and watched them roll across the floor in little balls, before I walked back into the bathroom and tested the water. It was a little on the hot side but that was how I liked it so I stepped slowly into the rising steam.

I winced a little at the shock of stepping into it but as I got more comfortable I eased myself below the water, still fascinated at how my breasts breached its surface. They looked like nothing less than two small islands bobbing around in a placid sea and I felt so contented lying there, just letting any cares that I had work themselves out of my system as their movements sent me into a meditative state of mind.

As I relaxed I realised that, right at this moment I felt satisfied — not only satisfied but proud as well. I knew that I had coped well since last week and felt a certain sense of achievement. I had to confess that being Caroline Kennedy for the last few days had certainly been an interesting experience. It had certainly brought home to me just how vast the chasm was between men and women and, apart from Caroline being in my body, I had a unique perspective on the matter. I looked forward to discussing it when Charles returned to this body and finding out if he shares the same feelings about it as I do.

Despite my fascination though, I was eager to return to my normal life again. I would never have been able to imagine that I would have gotten this far without anyone exposing me in what

I felt was my impersonation, but in all truth, getting by had not been as difficult as I had thought it might be. I took a sip of wine and reviewed the week's events.

I had been so nervous that by the time that Monday morning had come around I was sure that I had barely slept a wink all night, or at least that was how it felt! I was sure that I knew everything that Charles thought I had needed to know but it is one thing to have your instructions drilled into your brain, it is another to actually experience them and live them out for real!

I was actually grateful when the alarm sounded, telling me that the time for thinking was past — it was now time for action. I pulled myself out of my bed and stretched, seeing my breasts push the front of my nightdress out. I performed the necessary ablutions before making myself a light breakfast. When that was finished I went to the dressing table and started putting on my face for day, careful not to make it too overdone as Charles had told me.

Afterwards I had dressed in the clothes that Charles had instructed me to wear and then went to scrutinise myself in the mirror.

I stood and looked at my reflection, moving to the left and the right and then turned backwards before looking back at myself over my shoulder. I was quite surprised with what I saw and knew that I had come a long way in just three short days. I was flawless and knew that I looked like any other woman about to set off for a day in the office, and this gave me a little more confidence as I grabbed my shoulder bag and set off to catch the train to the office. Just thirty minutes later I was walking through the entrance to the medical facility and looking at the layout that Charles had described to me, in some detail. It was pretty much exactly how I had envisaged it and as I took it all in a voice called out, causing me to jump a mile.

“Well don't just stand there girl — go and put the kettle on, I need a cup of tea!”

When I returned to Earth I turned around to see a young girl of about twenty looking smart and very professional, but also sporting a scowl on her face that ruined the image. She brushed past me and went off into a side room where I saw her hang up her jacket on a row of hooks. I followed her and did the same as she patted her hair into place, looking in the small mirror off to the side. I studied her rear view and idly appreciated the cut of her skirt, thinking about how it complimented her slim shape, when she turned and looked at me, a little puzzled.

“Just what is it with you today Caroline — you're walking around as if you're in a trance! I'll tell you what — you sort yourself out and I'll make the tea for us both” she snapped, and turned on her heels towards where I guessed the small kitchen Charles had told me about would be.

I saw that it was still fifteen minutes until opening time and sat down in a chair opposite the girl, who I took to be Denise from how Charles had described her, and joined her in taking a deep sip of the welcome brew. As the tea went down she visibly relaxed.

“Oh, look I'm sorry Caroline — I didn't mean to be so testy. My monthly just started this morning and I feel like crap. I could really do without today you know — do this Denise, do that Denise, do everything Denise!” she snarled. I just kept a discreet silence.

“I wish I was the PA to a women doctor, at least she might understand what we have to go through every month, but with Harold — well he's just a typical man. I doubt if he even notices

the difference. You know I wish that just for once that they had to go through this — experience the mess, the cramps, feeling so bloated and everything that goes with it. Then they might be a little more sympathetic and understanding. Most men just treat it as just a day when they won't be able to screw you!"

I just sat there spellbound, never imagining that anyone could be so open about such a personal thing, and listened to her rant. She hadn't really seemed to need me to respond to her, and I thought about the irony of what she had said — if she only knew that I had been on of those 'men' just a few days ago! Still, this was another revelation of sorts as I had never really thought about what women went through up until now, it is not something men really want to acknowledge or talk about thank you very much! I was profusely grateful that I would be changed back before I had a chance to go through what sounded like a nightmare to me. Charles, as Caroline, had apparently just finished her period before we made the change.



I knew that there was nothing here I couldn't handle, and from the time that the first 'customer' appeared to the time that I closed down the switchboard, I seemed to breeze through it all.

After this rude introduction to Caroline's professional life I was grateful when it finally reached time to open up, and I excused myself to make myself familiar with my new domain at the reception desk. After a few minutes I knew that there was nothing here I couldn't handle and from the time that the first 'customer' appeared, to the time that I closed down the switchboard I seemed to breeze through it all.

This really was very simple. It was as I had expected and I found a cheery smile, a polite welcome and just doing whatever anyone wanted was very easy indeed and went a long way. In fact it made a very welcome change from Charles's high-pressured world and I actually enjoyed not having to think too hard about anything!

Tuesday had almost been a replay of Monday, except this time I went out with one of the girls for lunch. For the first time I became an active participant in some 'girl talk' as we discussed Denise, and how crabby she was. We even speculated as to whether she was dating her boss,

Harold! It was fun, and for the first time since last Friday I found myself laughing and relaxing, and finding something positive about all of this!

The next day had been the same, and by today I had felt quite at home and just one of the girls. The only other contact I had had during this, had been the nightly calls with Charles. He had called me each night from abroad to find out how it was all going for me and I noticed that each night it got easier and easier to be natural with him. In a strange way I was getting to like all of the attention and interest that he was showing in me. It was very intense and totally unlike the 'take or leave it' type of conversation I was used to having from him, and I had to keep reminding myself that it would still be good to get back to normal. I had to admit that this was going to be one aspect of being Caroline that I was would miss.

I suppose that lying here in the bath and looking back on it all it seemed all too easy but the reality was far from that, and I was so mixed up and confused. I had to deal with being a woman just to survive but was finding some aspects of it were actually enjoyable and especially as I knew that I was succeeding with this unlikely impersonation without so much as a raised eyebrow. In fact, I realised now, the week had been remarkably incident free with nobody indicating that I might be anything other than what I had appeared to be.

With this thought I recalled another key moment that had passed today. I hadn't thought about it at the time but as I relaxed I remembered my walk back from the station, to what I now called home. For the first time I now realised that I hadn't needed to concentrate on how I had walked. All this time it had been a constant effort for me but now though, I knew that it had started to come naturally to me. Maybe I was adapting too well!

I took another sip of my wine and gave a wry laugh as my thoughts started to taunt me. Just one of the girls; laughing at gossip; 'girl talk' and walking back from the station as easily as any other woman!

I was starting to get concerned. This was all to get too comfortable for my liking, and I knew that it was almost becoming second nature for me to 'be' Caroline now.

I was glad I only had less than two days before I changed back, else I really feared that I might not know how to be Charles again and even worse — I might not even care!



The Best Laid Plans

Friday, October 18th 2002, 11:24 am

OH GOD, I SHOULD have known better. Last night I had had far too much to drink, far too much for this body at any rate, and now I was paying for it!

It had all started as I was leaving work and finally packed away my things for, what I found out, was the last time. I knew that it would be the last time for me anyway, but I hadn't realised that Caroline didn't have any plans to return after the wedding either. It seems like she had designs on being a kept woman, and doing the 'housewife' thing.

"Hey Caroline — you don't think that you're going to get away that easy do you?" I heard Denise call out to me as I walked towards the door after saying my goodbyes.

I turned around to see the bunch of girls that I had worked with the last few days, standing there grinning. I didn't know what to say so just stood there, doing my impersonation of a goldfish, with my mouth hanging open.

"Well you've got an hour and a half to get your butt home and doll yourself up and then we're going out on the town. We just can't pass up the excuse to have a raucous 'girl's night out' now, can we!"

Well, despite my half-hearted protestations I soon found myself entering a taxi that they had already pre-booked for me and within a short while I was out of my clothes and searching for something appropriate for the evening. There was no time to shower let alone wash my hair, and I had to get by with re-doing my make-up into something more suitable for the evening. The magazines that I had found around 'my' house, and at work, had come in handy as I remembered to go for a bolder look and was soon getting back in the taxi, that I had arranged to call back for me, looking pretty well presentable, despite the rush!

As I sat in the back of the taxi and started to relax I was impressed with the way that I had managed since I had left work. To achieve what I had done tonight would have seemed inconceivable a week ago, if I'd known what was to happen, and I felt as if I'd drawn another line in the sand and moved it forward just a bit, towards my new womanhood. I was starting to feel easy with my life now.

I was also feeling a little upset at finding out that Caroline was leaving her job, but feeling like this didn't make sense and I cast the thought aside. Maybe it was because I had experienced a lot of fun there this week and thought that I was going to miss it until I reminded myself that by

the time that Caroline got married I would be Charles again, and that it wouldn't matter anyway. Still, I had really enjoyed this job and found it comfortable, and non-challenging. That was something that was starting to become more attractive to me every day, and I was starting to challenge my previous values as I started to consider how shallow my job as Charles was, all that wheeling and dealing and pressure.

Still, as I had left I was told that there would always be a job open for there if I wished it, and I felt a warm feeling as I said goodbye to the doctors at this sentiment. Maybe I could persuade Caroline to stay on. It would be a lonely life being stuck at home all day.

A slight pang of concern hit me as I worried that Caroline's body was making me feel this way because, to be fair, she did not seem to have the same mental capacity as Charles. Was this influencing me?

I thought back to my job of last week and tried to do a few mental calculations, testing whether I could reach the answers as quickly as I had used to. I often practised this to keep myself sharp and started to go through the series of ten different exercises as the taxi would its way around London's streets. I managed to perform the first two relatively easy ones with only a slightly degraded performance, but as I progressed the difference was noticeable. By the time I got to the seventh it was all getting too much trouble and I gave up, not wanting to torture myself any further.

Then it was true — my new brain was definitely not as capable as Charles had been so I concluded that it must at least be a factor in my feelings.



It wasn't long before I started to find out just how crude and rowdy a crowd of girls could be — especially when they had taken a few drinks! It was quite a shock to me, and I blushed more than once as they described some gynecological detail, or went into lurid descriptions of their boyfriend's, or husband's, physical endowments.

I found myself starting to sink into a depression but this was, thankfully, interrupted by the taxi arriving at its destination, the local wine bar nearby to the office. The session was already in full flow as I entered, and it wasn't long before I started to find out just how crude and rowdy a crowd of girls could be — especially when they had taken a few drinks! It was quite a shock to me and I blushed more than once as they described some gynaecological detail, or went into lurid descriptions of their boyfriends, or husbands, physical endowments — even quizzing me on Graham's at one point. The worst part of it all though was that I could actually visualise Graham's equipment as they asked me, having seen it on many occasions in the locker room. No that's not true – the worst part was actually when I remembered it I had a recollection of when Graham had kissed me and, even worse, I tried to stop it but I couldn't stop wondering what his 'equipment' might look like when it was erect. I was also aware that I was actually starting to get a little damp at these thoughts, to my horror. What was going on here — what was happening to me?

Those thoughts hardly left my mind during the rest of the evening and cast a slight cloud over me. Even the appearance of the obligatory male stripper did not erase it — even when I was practically forced to retrieve my front door key from where one of the girls had inserted it into his skimpy and tight shorts!

Well the party finished with the girls presenting me with their little gifts, some that still make me blush now, and my headache started to ease as I finally got home and collapsed into bed, not even bothering to remove my make-up. It didn't take long before I fell to sleep but as I hovered between the waking and the dead I became aware that I was stroking myself again, without even realising it, but I didn't try and stop it this time — I just went with the flow. Last conscious thoughts were of gradually building to a drawn out climax that was spread throughout my being, and of the images I had held earlier that night, when discussing Graham's equipment at the point of its maximum intensity, when it was too late to stop.

The alcohol finally won though, and I fell into, as far as I'm aware, a dreamless sleep.



WAKING THE NEXT MORNING, I felt horror stricken at what I had done. I tried to deny the thoughts I had held as I climaxed but it was no good — just who was I trying to fool anyway! It was disturbing to me though, and I didn't know whether I could ever think of Graham in the same way again. I had always been a red blooded male in every sense of the word and, although I had loved Graham, dearly, it had been as a brother and not a lover! How could I ever think of him in the same way again?



Waking the next morning, I felt horror stricken at what I had done. I tried to deny the thoughts I had held as I climaxed, but it was no good - I didn't know whether I could ever think of Graham in the same way again.

Feeling ashamed of myself my hands crept under the bedclothes and felt the nightdress I had somehow managed to put on, bunched up around my waist. As my hands went lower they found the evidence of the dried stickiness of my body fluids and the matted pubic hair that confirmed my last night's indulgences. I immediately got out of bed and went to the bathroom before vomiting in the toilet pan, not sure if it was from the excess of drink or from the shame of my fantasies.

One shower later, and after drinking what must have been a pint of fresh orange juice, and I was back on the road to feeling semi-human again, buoyed along by the thought that I would be changing back to Charles, later on today. I pulled back the curtains and stretched myself lazily, feeling almost feline as the warmth of the bright sun hit my body.

I thought it would most probably be a good idea to get myself dressed, 'my' father was due back this afternoon and I didn't want to spend a minute longer as Caroline than was necessary, and I walked toward my large wardrobe to chose something appropriate. I pulled open the doors and scanned the varied ensemble, seeing some of the things that I had tried on and others that I had never got around to. I decided to choose something casual and chose the same slacks I had worn when I had first gotten dressed as Caroline. It seemed fitting somehow, and after fastening my bra, effortlessly, I quickly put the rest of my clothing on and was about to put my face on when the phone rang.

"Hi, Caroline Kennedy speaking" I answered it without thinking.

"Caroline, Charles here how are you" a voice replied.

"Fine — I haven't heard from you for a couple of days and I was beginning to wonder whether you wanted to be the bride or not on your big day!" I said, a little tersely.

I had tried to call him from the wine bar last night but only received his answering machine. Also, I hadn't heard from Angela since Monday, and I was having my suspicions! My mild annoyance evaporated as I heard him laugh.

"Don't you worry — I want to be the one walking down the aisle — I haven't gone totally native yet!"

"I'm glad to hear it. I couldn't get hold of your bridesmaid either though, you wouldn't have happened to see her at all would you?" I asked, suspecting that he had been out with her.

It was only an imperceptible pause from Charles, but it might have stretched on for hours as far as I was concerned, as I realised that this is who he had been with last night.

"Well yes, I have actually" he confirmed. "I've been helping you out with her and took her out for the second time last night."

"The second time!" I nearly shrieked. "You hadn't told me that you've been seeing her when we've spoken!"

"I thought you would have enough to contend with, having to be me for twenty-four hours a day, and coping with my job as well. Besides, I thought it would be a nice surprise for you when you got back to your own body and found Angela with the champing at the bit for you. I have to admit though, I'm seeing Angela in a whole new way and the effect that she's having on me, as Charles, is interesting to say the least. I had never realised before, just how sweet it is kissing a girl!"

I was dumbstruck! Just how far had 'Charles' gone in 'preparing' Angela for me?

"Y..you haven't — you d..didn't .." I started to ask, feeling nervous, before he interrupted me, catching my concern.

"No, no — nothing like that. I only wanted to warm her up for you, you know — show her the appetiser. I wanted to leave the main course for you!" he laughed.

I just didn't know what to say — I was actually speechless. Here was a man who had formerly been the girl whose body I was currently in. Despite the fact that we had never gotten on prior to our 'accident' he was now practically seducing his best friend so that I could have my wicked way with her once we had changed back. It beggared belief!

My mind whirled at how drastically my whole world had changed in the last week and I had to sit down as I tried to find something to say in reply.

"Caroline — Caroline — are you still there?" a disembodied voice said out of the earpiece.

I finally managed to pull myself together enough to answer.

"Eh yes, I think so. Now why did you call?"

"It was just a call to remind you that 'daddy' comes home this afternoon. It might be a good idea if you went to 'your' parent's house to greet him, and try and find out where the other MOMM is. We don't want to cut it too tight."

"As if I'd forget!" I replied, with a hint of sarcasm in my voice before we made our goodbyes and made arrangements to meet up this evening.

After hanging up I sat there, contemplating things for a while. From the sound of it Charles was enjoying himself, and having a great time. Not only that but he hadn't asked about Graham

once whilst we had spoken.

The only consolation that I had was that at least he had told me that he had taken my advice and taken the week off as sick, so at least my job wouldn't be compromised.

I started to get an uneasy feeling in my bones and I don't know whether it was because I was scared that Charles was getting to like this 'arrangement' too much, or whether I was!



IT WAS MID-AFTERNOON as I arrived at 'my' parent's house, thinking that this would have left plenty of time for 'daddy' to have arrived back from the airport. The plan that Charles and I had cooked up was pretty desperate but he seemed confident that he knew 'daddy' well enough to know that he would take his MOMM straight into his laboratory for safe keeping as soon as he arrived. After that it was likely that he would relax a little, especially after an eight hour flight, and it was then that I would get the chance to sneak down there and swap the MOMM's over. Charles had given the location of the laboratory and also the six-digit security code, so I should have no trouble getting in and out quickly.

I let myself with the key that I still had and gave a quiet whistle to myself as I looked at the size of the hallway. Hell, it was larger than my, or Charles's, flat — they must have been loaded! I checked the piece of paper on which I had written the code and put it back in my purse for safe keeping before walking into where I thought that the kitchen would be, according to Charles instructions. I suppose it shouldn't have done but it still caught me a little by surprise when I saw 'my' mother standing there, washing up some pots in the sink.

What a strange moment! I had never seen this woman before but I was going to have to act like she was one of the dearest people in the world to me so I called out a greeting and walked over to her, and pecked her on the cheek.

"Gracious!" she said as she stood back and looked at me, "it's a long time since you've done that dear. Maybe the prospect of tomorrow is softening you."



I had never seen this woman before, but I had to act like she was one of the dearest people in the world to me. "Is Daddy back yet?" I asked innocently, trying to sound like I was looking forward to seeing him again, which of course I was, but not for the reason I wanted 'mother' to believe.

I had forgotten all about what Caroline had told me that first night that she had asked for help, but now I recalled the tense relationship she had described with both her parents and I wondered if I hadn't made a mistake with my gesture. What the hell — it had seemed the right thing to do. There was no point in making anything more of it so I just shrugged my shoulders and carried on, nonchalantly.

"Is daddy back yet?" I asked innocently, trying to sound like I was looking forward to seeing him again, which of course I was, but not for the reason I wanted her to believe.

"Oh, I was going to give you a call later and tell you. His flight had to make a detour or something; they had some problem with the doors and had to make a landing in Bangor, or some godforsaken place like that."

My heart performed somersaults, looped the loop and did cartwheels at her words. I hardly dared asked the next question as it finally ended up in my mouth.

"W..when will he be back then. I mean, he will be back tonight won't he?"

She smiled at me indulgently and walked across and hugged me around the shoulder.

"Don't worry dear, you don't think your daddy would miss out on giving his little girl away do you? They will have to wait for another aircraft to get out there, the other one can't fly now, and then he'll be straight here. He should get in early tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning!" I exclaimed in horror, "b..but..."

"I told you not to worry. He'll be here and will pick you up in the car as planned" she said.

“B..but I’ve got to see him before the wedding. I’ll come around first thing in the morning!” I said, desperately by now.

“Don’t you be so silly. I am really touched that you’re so keen to see your daddy but you’ve got an appointment to get your hair done in the morning remember, to lighten up your hair a tone or two you said. Then there’s the make-up, the dress to put on, your going away suit to pack. You’re hardly going to have time to breath tomorrow, let alone bother your daddy when he’ll have very little time to get himself ready anyway” she ‘re-assured’ me.

I was beginning to believe that the fates were conspiring against me by this stage, and that they were determined to extract every ounce of agony out of this situation. I was beginning to seem like payback for daring to tempt them with our ill-judged experiment and was truly getting more than a little anxious. It was one thing to be Caroline in the big run up to her wedding, but if it carried on like this then it was looking like I might end going all the way and getting married, God forbid!

There was nothing I could do to persuade ‘mother’ that anything less than following the already carefully laid plans, made previously by Caroline, was sensible and I left the house in a daze. I didn’t remember anything at all about the journey home, and I’ve sat here ever since, wringing my hands and looking at the clock in consternation whilst I waited for Charles to arrive.

I had been looking forward to this moment for the past week, thinking that the next time that I walked out of this, by now, familiar room it would be as Charles Grayson, again. Instead of that I knew that I would be waving Charles, and my own body, goodbye yet again as my time of penance continued.

Eventually the day came to an end and Charles arrived, thinking I had the MOMM. I opened the door, pleased to see his smiling face looking me up and down, as I now had the only person whom I could share my burden with to talk to. I felt a wry amusement as he appraised me. No doubt, he was looking forward to being the proud possessor of this shapely frame again. Well, for the moment he was going to be disappointed!

“Well — have you got it” he said, with all the eagerness of an over-enthusiastic puppy.

“Not exactly Charles”

I soon explained what had happened to ‘daddy’ at which point he slumped down next to me and joined me in my despair.

“Then it’s going to have to be tomorrow then,” he said once he had managed to think things through.

“Tomorrow?”

“Yes — we’ll have to try again tomorrow, else you’re going to end up walking down the aisle instead of me. Now just keep quiet for a moment — I need time to think. I’ve got the germs of an idea here somewhere.”

I didn’t realise it at the time but I obediently did as I was told. I sat there passive and silent, not wanting to interrupt his thought process, because at the moment he seemed to be better at

than myself, whilst visions of myself clutching at straws swam through my mind. My patience seemed to be rewarded however, when Charles finally stood up.

“I’ve got it Caroline — I think that we just might have a chance of pulling this off after all, but it’s going to be damn tight!” he exclaimed.

No doubt, he could see my desperation, and he sought to re-assure me, a little patronisingly I thought.

“I know this might sound risky Caroline but it’s the only thing that I can come up with and if we’re lucky then we might just pull this off yet.”

“Look you’re making me nervous Charles. Why don’t you cut down on the comforting words and just tell me what you propose that we do and then I can face the worse. Just cut out the dramatics okay. I don’t think my heart can take much more of this!” I said, sounding just like the hysterical woman that I was fast becoming.

“Okay, okay. Keep your hair on. Jesus — women. It’s a good job that we men can keep a calm head in a crisis!” he replied with a sigh.

He ducked to avoid the cushion that I threw at him and then gave me the details of his plan.

“If daddy doesn’t get home until late morning then there is no way that you, or anyone else, will be able to get to the second MOMM before you set off for the church. Now I’m pretty sure that he will lock it away for safe keeping before you set off for the church, so that’s when I’ll make my move.”

“Set off for the church! You are seriously expecting me to get dressed in your bridal gear and set off for the church!” I shrieked.

“Well I don’t see what else you can do if you really want to get out of this. Of course, maybe you’re starting to find out that you like being a gir...”

He never finished the sentence as the matching cushion of the first one hit him squarely in the face.

“Ouch!” he yelled. Hey – I was only joking. Now let me finish. If you give me the key to their house I’ll be able to see when they set off to pick you up and then get into the lab to get the other MOMM. That’s going to be the only time that the house will be unattended. After that I can quickly get to the church — you can suddenly get a call of nature when you arrive there, and I’ll make an excuse so I can meet you and we can make the change before the ceremony. It will only take a couple of minutes if the first experience was anything to go by, and nobody will be any the wiser!”

As farcical as this all sounded I knew that I had nothing else to offer and so, after receiving another call from Graham, I went to bed that night and snivelled myself to sleep. One way or another, tomorrow was going to be the most important day of my life.



Something Old, Something New...

Saturday October 19th 2002, 14:59pm

THE DAY THAT I had been dreading had finally come around, and after breakfasting I found that practically everything had been organised for me with a military precision.

A stop at the hairdressers, and a visit by the beautician, had taken to me just after lunchtime and after that was the whole palaver that revolved around me getting dressed. In preparation I had undressed and stared at the whole outfit laid out on the bed before me, from the underwear to the veil. Mother and the dress fitter were waiting outside for me to finish putting on my underwear, whilst Angela was already dressed and waiting.

I had only ever worn my, or Caroline's, usual underwear before, even when I had been fitted for the dress, so this would be the first time that I had worn such a garment and been completely fitted out from head to toe.

I stripped totally naked and looked at the expensive white basque, before approaching it nervously. I tried to imagine what it would look like once I had it on, and I could guess the effect it was going to have on Graham. Well, I hope Caroline enjoys that moment.

I pulled up the sheer white silk panties, feeling their luxuriant smoothness as they caressed my soft skin. The basque was next and I was reminded of just how flexible this body was as I managed to fasten all of the clips around the back without any help. A garter belt and a pair of sheer white stockings came next, and I sat down on the dressing table stool and I slowly drew them up my legs and to the top of my thighs before attaching them to the clips on the belt.



The basque was next, and I was reminded of just how flexible this body was as I managed to fasten all of the clips around the back without any help. I couldn't believe how sexy I looked, and felt a little scandalised as I realised that I had become my own masturbatory fantasy! God, Graham was going to be one lucky man tonight, I thought. I really envied him!

Despite my situation I actually felt quite 'naughty' as I stood and looked at my image in the mirror. I couldn't believe how sexy I looked and felt a little scandalised as I realised that I had become my own masturbatory fantasy!

God, Graham was going to be one lucky man tonight, I thought. I really envy him!

A knocking at my bedroom door stopped any further thoughts I had, and I opened it to see an impatient mother waiting outside with the dress fitter.

"Come on now darling" she nagged, "if you don't hurry up we are going to be late" she said, as they trooped into the room along with Angela.

"Oh my!" Angela cooed, "you are absolutely gorgeous!"

'My' mother walked over to me and put a locket around my neck.

"Here" she said, "this belonged to your grandmother and was handed down to me on my own wedding day. This is to keep that tradition alive and something I hope you will do yourself one day. This will be your 'something old.'"

"Oh that's so lovely!" Angela gushed, "and this can be 'something new,'" she said as she handed me a blue garter that she then helped me pull up my leg.

The dress fitter then joined in the fun.

"I hope you've got something borrowed!" she laughed, not knowing just how borrowed everything about me was.

"And if Graham's got anything to do with it, then looking like she does right now I'm sure she'll soon have something blue, as well as the garter!" Angela retorted, causing me to blush.

“Really Angela, there’s no need for that!” my ‘mother’ said in disgust, but this only had the effect of making her laugh even louder.

The teasing soon abated however, as we focused on the task in hand and after a long thirty minutes I was standing resplendent in all of my glory, looking every inch the perfect bride.



AND THAT SORT OF brings me back to where I came in. Daddy arrived home early this morning, and after getting himself ready he came and collected me. So now I’m sitting here as the bride to be, in this white Rolls Royce in a beautiful white wedding dress, next to her ‘daddy’, who looks so proud of his little girl on her big day.

We hadn’t spoken very much, although I could tell that he was in a pretty foul mood but as I had never met him before, I couldn’t tell whether this was unusual or not. This proved not to be the case though, as he seemed to be mellowing as we got closer to the church. Finally, he interrupted my thoughts and broke the ice.

“Are you all right love; you’re looking a little distracted?” I heard him say, sounding a little guilty maybe.

I turned around and gave him a weak smile.

“Just a little nervous I guess. I suppose that I never thought that this day would come” I sighed, knowing that he would never know just how true that statement was!

“As long as you’re sure that you’re doing the right thing dear,” he said as I turned my face to look out of the window.

I wasn’t sure what the ‘right thing’ was anymore, so I said nothing.



“Well that’s typical” my father replied caustically, “it’s supposed to be the bride that’s late, not the best man!” The minutes passed in a tense silence until ‘Daddy’ had finally had enough and told the driver to return to the church.

A few minutes later we arrived at the church, only to see one of Graham's friends standing outside as we pulled up. He walked over to us, looking a little flustered.

"Have you seen Charles yet — he hasn't shown up and Graham's getting worried?"

"Well that's typical" my father replied caustically, "it's supposed to be the bride that's late not the best man!"

While they got into a debate my mind went into a fog. What on Earth could have gone wrong now? Before I had a chance to think any further my father wound the window up and the car started moving again. This shook me out of my stupor.

"W..what's happening — where are we going?" I said, feebly.

"I told the driver to go around the block a few times, to give the best man a chance to show up. I said we'd come back in ten minutes and if he hasn't shown up by then we'll find someone else to do the job."

God — what next — what else could go wrong?

I felt a tear start to trickle down my cheek and quickly dabbed it dry with a tissue. I didn't want to start my mascara running.

"Come on Caroline, women get upset so easily. Don't take on so love. It'll all work out in the end, you'll see!" my father said.

If only he knew! If only he could be right!



THE MINUTES PASSED IN a tense silence until my father had finally had enough and told the driver to return to the church. A few minutes later we arrived, with me now fashionably late. Just as I stepped out of the car a taxi pulled up and out popped Charles looking flustered. I looked over towards him, hoping to get some sign of whether he had been successful or not, but I think he must have felt intimidated by 'fathers' overbearing presence because he almost ran into the church, avoiding my gaze.

Suddenly, I realised that we weren't going to be able to change back before the ceremony and as 'my' father led me towards the church door I heard the organ music coming from inside. It was the wedding march and I was the one being led down the aisle!

I really had two simple choices to choose from now. I could either go through with the ceremony and hope we would still get a chance to change back later, or I could leave now and break everybody's hearts. I just didn't have it in me to do the latter and besides, it was too late now because by the time I had thought it through I was standing in front of the priest, and next to Graham.



I felt frozen to the spot and incapable of independent movement as the ceremony proceeded. The next thing that I knew was that I could hear Graham repeating the wedding vows, and then, like an automaton, I found myself doing the same.

I felt frozen to the spot and incapable of independent movement as the ceremony proceeded. It was as if everything that was happening around me was a dream. The next thing that I knew was that I could hear Graham repeating the wedding vows and then, like an automaton, I found myself doing the same. It was if I was watching a film with someone playing my role as I promised to love, honour and obey and then finally heard the priest declare:

“I now pronounce you man and wife — you may now kiss the bride!”

Next, I found myself being turned towards my ‘husband’ and then having my veil lifted as he leaned towards and kissed me passionately on my lips. I responded, not being able to think of anything else to do and then finally, went to the vestry to sign the legal documents. It was only when we had finished those legal niceties that it really hit me. In the eyes of God I had married Graham. I had really married my best friend and I was his wife!

It didn’t really matter whether I was really a man deep inside. ‘I’ had repeated the vows and ‘I’ was the one who had married Graham. I let myself be led down the aisle and outside to have the photographs, feeling like a puppet or a plaything, ready to be shaped and moulded into doing whatever anyone asked of me such was my state of disorientation. I managed to get in a brief exchange with Charles before being pointed into some other direction and told to smile.

“What in heavens name happened?” I hissed through smiling teeth as I walked past him.

“It’s too much to go into now. We’ll just have to make contact during the reception and I’ll tell you everything” he said, ambiguously.

“And what does that mean? I just had to get married in there, and that was not quite how I envisaged it my own wedding would be, when the moment eventually arrived!”

“You think you’ve got problems” he hissed back, “I’m going to have to give the best man’s speech now, and that wasn’t something that I ever thought that I’d have to do either!”

Then all of a sudden I held his gaze for just a brief moment, but in that moment I knew that he was hiding something from me. I could just see it in his eyes.

“Charles” I said, putting my hand on his arm as he turned to walk away. “Tell me that we’re going to be able to change back today. Just tell me!” I pleaded, when someone took hold of my arm and pointed me towards a camera again.

As I turned away all I saw from him was a resigned shrug and a weak smile.



SOMEHOW, THROUGHOUT IT ALL, I had managed to keep my end up. After the photographs had finished being taken we went to the reception, had the wedding breakfast, listened to the obligatory speeches (including a passable one from Charles) and I had taken the first dance with Graham. That had been a new experience, never having danced the female part before, but even so I had managed to get through it without anybody thinking anything was wrong, or if they did then maybe they were putting it down to the occasion.

All of this was performed however, with an impending sense of foreboding as I waited to get an opportunity to talk to Charles, and to hopefully find out when we could change back. I finally got the chance to talk to him when he asked me for the second dance, which I accepted eagerly.



“So, Mrs. Drew” Charles asked, and he moved one arm around my waist as I started moving backwards, “not quite how we had planned it eh?”

“So Mrs Drew” he asked, and he moved one arm around my waist as I started moving backwards, “not quite how we had planned it eh!”

“Not quite how we had planned it! That’s a bit of an understatement I would say. For Christ sake Charles, I never thought it would go this far, with me ending up as the blushing bride. Anyway, what happened to you earlier and did you get the MOMM?”

“This far! Well it doesn’t stop here, it’s likely to go even further than what you think.”

As I tried to make some sense out of what he was saying he continued.

“Everything was working out as I had predicted. I sat in the car outside the house and watched your father set off to collect you and as soon as he was out of sight I let myself in. His baggage was still in the hallway and I just prayed that he had done as predicted and I went down towards the basement. The thought of having to go right through his luggage, if MOMM wasn’t there, was awful. If I had needed to do that then I should think that I’d still be there now!”

“All very interesting Charles, but can you please cut to the chase. I don’t think I can stand the suspense for much longer!” I replied impatiently.

“Okay, okay. Anyway, I went down to his laboratory and punched the code and thanked whoever it is who watches over me as it clicked open immediately. It hadn’t even crossed my mind, until that point, that it might have been changed and I stepped through the opened door with a sigh of relief.”

“And was it there. Was the other MOMM in his laboratory?” I asked, as I heard the song we were dancing to coming to an end.

“Oh it was there all right, right on top of the bench where he performed most of his work.”

“Oh thank God” I exclaimed with relief, “then why all this drama? Let’s think of a reason to disappear for a short while so that we can change back and so that you can enjoy your big day.”

“Well it’s not going to be that easy for the belle of the ball to just disappear when all eyes are on her and anyway, I haven’t quite finished yet.”

“Then hurry up — this song’s nearly finished and I think that we going to be interrupted” I said, as I watched the imposing figure of ‘daddy’ bearing down upon us.

“What I found was the other MOMM all right, but when I picked it up something just didn’t look quite right. I opened up the flip-top lid and saw that it looked exactly the same as the one that we had. All of the insides seemed burnt out and the circuitry was little more than a solidified pool of molten metal.”

“T..then that means...”

“Exactly” he interrupted, “it’s about as much use to us as bike is to a fish!”

“No — noooo. . . You can’t mean it!” I gasped just as the music stopped.

“I’m afraid so. Now you’d better try and compose yourself. I think YOUR daddy wants the next dance” he said, and walked away to leave me on my own for a second.

The whole world seemed to spin for a moment, and I felt quite giddy until I felt daddy take hold of me. His strength steadied me and I looked up into his concerned face.

“Are you all right — you’ve come over all pale?” he asked me, with a worried expression.

“Y..yes. I think so. I think I need to sit down. I..it must be all the excitement” I stuttered and let him lead me back towards where Graham was engaged in a conversation with his mother, now my mother-in-law, I realised.

“One thing first though daddy” I said just before we reached the table. “I feel very selfish. I haven’t even asked you how your trip went and I know that it was so important to you!”

I was hoping against hope that he would say something like he knew how to fix it, or that there was another MOMM that Charles hadn’t been aware of, or anything that might get me out of this mess!

“Nonsense dear. This is your day and I want to make sure that it’s a happy one for you. You don’t want to worry yourself about my business problems” he said patronisingly as he laid his hand over mine.

I put everything that I had had learnt about how a female can get a man to do her bidding, during the past week, as I forced myself to act just like he would want his little girl to.

“But daddy, I will worry if you don’t tell me and it will spoil my day. I’m worried that something bad has happened and that you’re trying to protect me. I know we’ve had our arguments but, well after all you’ve done for me today I just want to know that everything’s all right for you and then I can relax and enjoy the rest of the day!” I gushed.

He sat us both down on a pair of empty seats and looked at me.

“Okay then, have it your way. It did not go at all well actually. I can’t go into all the details but I was there to display something that I’ve been working on for the last six years. During my demonstration it failed me and was ruined. The whole thing had an internal failure and was irrecoverable. On top of all that I got delayed on the way home as well.”

“Oh gosh, that’s awful. Still, I suppose you’ll be able to build another one and find out what went wrong?” I asked, trying not to appear too keen.

“It’s not that easy and it would take months just to get the parts I need, even if I had the funding, which is questionable. Luckily enough I have a back-up version that I will be able to test and if that seems okay I can fly out in two weeks time and try again. If I didn’t have that then I don’t think I’d have the energy to start all over from scratch, even if they gave me another chance. But that’s enough about my problems. Your lucky husband will be wondering what you’re doing so go back and join him,” he said, looking over towards Graham.

It was a good job that I was sitting down else I think I would have fallen, such was my reaction to what he had said. I recalled the smouldering machine that Caroline had used on us, knowing that this must have been the back-up version that he was referring to. It looked like there was no way out of this for either Charles or myself. It looked as if we were going to have to see this thing through, and it seemed likely that it would be for the rest of our new lives!

“Hey beautiful, how about giving me one of your pretty smiles” I heard from a voice behind me, and turned to find myself looking up at Graham.

I managed to smile weakly and let him pull me up and engage me in a passionate clinch. He buried his face into my neck, and just lifted his head slightly to whisper into my ear, as I felt him rubbing my behind.

“You know, I can’t wait for tonight Carrie. You’ve been holding out on me all of this time but I just know that you’re going to make the wait worthwhile.”

I felt my eyes start to moisten as he held me tightly, and his erection made its presence felt. It may sound stupid but it was only now that I remembered that I would be spending the wedding night with him, as well as going on honeymoon. Goodness knows, he was all but practically ravishing me here on the dance floor, so I had no doubts whatsoever as to how much he was looking forward to consummating our relationship in a way I had never previously considered. I felt desperate, cornered and I had nowhere to hide!

I pulled myself together a little. I couldn't break down now.

"Graham — for goodness sakes will you stop mauling me in front of everyone!" I whispered in his ear.

"Sorry darling. I'll control myself — for now, at any rate" he grinned, leeringly at me.

The rest of the celebration went by quickly, too quickly for my liking for I knew what was going to come next, and I even managed to enjoy myself in the end. I have always tended to be fatalistic about what life throws me and I knew that I now had to assume the role of Caroline Drew for the foreseeable future, maybe even forever. I was even now trying to convince myself that it could have been worse; at least Graham was my closest friend!

Finally though, it was time for the happy couple to leave and, keeping with tradition, I threw away the bouquet only to have Angela catch it and look sideways at Charles, who had stayed with her all afternoon and evening. She was blushing and smiling and I heard one of the girls next to her laughing and saying, "you'll be next!"

From the way she was looking at Charles it certainly seemed an option to her at least!

As my eyes started to moisten again I gave one last backward look at Charles as I left hand in hand with Graham. He gave me a sad, but understanding, smile and mouthed the word 'Good Luck'. I think I was going to need it.



Something Borrowed, Something Blue

WE TOOK THE SHORT ride in the white Rolls Royce to a swanky hotel just outside Heathrow airport. Graham had been all over me in the back of the car, but he couldn't quite take advantage of the situation with me being dressed the way that I was. It did give me an indication of what to expect later, and I knew that then I would have no chance of avoiding the inevitable. I gave an involuntary shudder at the thought of having Graham's naked body pressed against mine and then his.. no — I didn't even want to think about it!



Graham checked us into the bridal suite, and just a few minutes later I found myself with my arms wrapped around his neck as he carried me, effortlessly, over the threshold. I knew that I now had to assume the role of Caroline Drew for the foreseeable future, maybe even forever. I was even now trying to convince myself that it could have been worse; at least Graham was my closest friend!

As we arrived at the hotel Graham checked us into the bridal suite and just a few minutes later I found myself with my arms wrapped around his head as he carried me, effortlessly, over the threshold. Straight away he dropped me gently on the bed and as soon as the porter had left he threw himself on top of me.

“Graham — for goodness sake, you’ll ruin the dress!” I cried, as he feverishly fumbled for the zipper at the back. I wasn’t that bothered about the dress though — I knew that I was really stalling for time.

“Then why don’t you take it off then you little tease, so that I can have my wicked way with you!” he leered at me, moving his eyebrows like some old black and white film star, tying the girl to the tracks as the train approached.

He eased himself off of me and I pulled myself off of the bed, much to his consternation, so I gave him a smile, knowing that his was thinking with his penis, and understanding how he must have felt.

“Slow down Graham — this girl’s got to pay a visit to the bathroom first. It was a long ride here and I really need to .. well, you know.”

He fell back on the bed, smiling.

“Then don’t be long lover, because I’m finally going to make a woman out of you.”

I pulled the bathroom door behind me with his words ringing in my ears, and I wondered if that indeed, is what would happen. Certainly, I was going to have to think like a woman if I was going to get through this sane.

I hadn’t just been trying to avoid Graham when I had taken myself in here. I really DID need to pee and as I looked down at the over abundance of material wrapped around my body I cursed the lot of my adopted gender. God, how I wished I could just have pulled down a zipper and whipped out my sadly missing manhood to relieve myself in just seconds!

Bearing in mind what I knew that I’d have to face up to soon, I decided to remove the dress completely and a few minutes later I was down to my sexy white lingerie and pulling my panties down to place myself over the toilet.

“Come on love, don’t be too long in there” I heard Graham call out.

I shouted back to him, trying to sound as playful as I could manage.

“Don’t you be so impatient. A girl’s gotta do what a girl’s gotta do!” I said trying to sound playful, and then sighed with relief as the waters that I had been holding for so long were finally released.

The few moments that I spent enjoying this physical relief also started to go a long way towards easing my mind, as I sat and contemplated what the future now held for me, although I could only really define this as the next two weeks for now. I was really not capable of thinking any further than that, as the implications scared me. It felt almost symbolic to be thinking this way as I performed this now familiar feminine act. It was as if I was using this natural function to try and regain, and identify, who exactly I was and who I would be.

Who was I? I tried to probe the depths of my mind to work it out. Every memory I had — except for the past week — and everything I felt told me that I was really Charles Grayson, bright

young thing and best friend of the groom, and how could I deny that? I thought back to what Charles had told me when he was Caroline, before we used MOMM that first time. All MOMM did was imprint memories onto your mind, overwriting your own at the same time with the new ones. No physical transference was involved at all so although my memories were those of Charles, every cell and nerve end in my body, including my brain, were really Caroline's. If that was the case then wasn't I really Caroline who just thought she was Charles?

My mind whirled in those few short moments that I sat there. I was no longer sure who I really was, since I still felt that I was Charles and that I possessed his soul despite knowing that not one cell of his existed in who I was now. How could that be though?

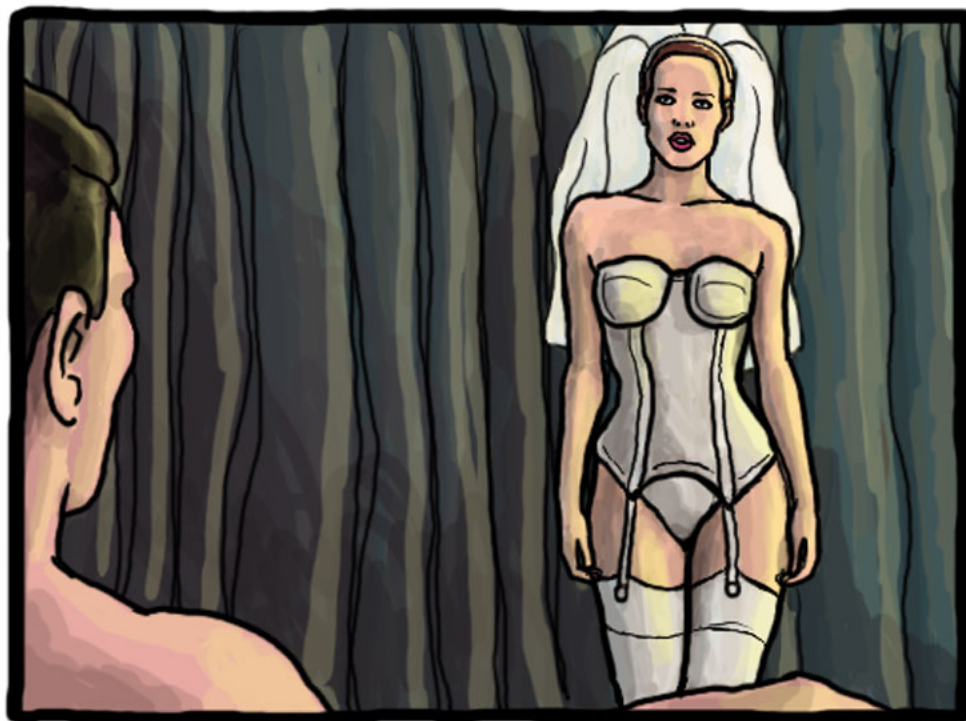
"Come on love, I'm beginning to get lonely out here on my own" Graham's voice called out again.

I knew in that moment what I had to do. It was no good me knowing, and thinking, that I was really Charles as nobody else would ever believe it, and even if they did what was I going to do then? I would still be trapped in this delightfully feminine body with only what I possessed now to draw upon. No, that would never work and therefore I had to rid myself of that notion completely. I would have to become who I now appeared to be and not only in body but also in soul. To do anything else would lead to madness and besides, I couldn't avoid my marital responsibilities forever else this marriage wouldn't last beyond next week and nobody would win in that situation.

No, I chose to believe that I really WAS Caroline Drew now, and that I only thought that I had once been Charles Grayson. That way I would be able to cope with this madness and accept my feminine fate and possibly, even embrace it!

I lifted myself off of the toilet seat, wiped myself, and pulled up my panties with a new resolve before walking towards the mirror to see MYSELF properly for the first time. Despite my intentions I still didn't feel totally comfortable with what I had convinced myself to do but I did manage to smile back at myself, and satisfied with what I saw, opened the bathroom door.

"And about time too. I just don't know what you women get up to that takes so long . ." he said as he heard me start to leave the bathroom, before pausing in mid-breath at the sight that I presented.



Graham paused in mid-sentence at the sight that I presented. I knew exactly the type of effect that I was having on him as I stood there, wearing nothing except my underwear, because I knew just how I would have reacted faced with this vision.

I knew exactly the type of effect that I was having on him as I stood there, wearing nothing except my underwear, because I knew just how I would reacted faced with this vision.

“And just you pray that you never, ever find out — you might be surprised if you did!” I replied mysteriously as I walked towards him and pulled back the bedclothes to find him totally naked and standing to attention.

I pulled back my veil and bent down towards him, giving him a light kiss on his mouth as he reached up towards me. He returned my kiss with a passion and, despite my earlier fear, I started to feel the first signs of arousal as his arms went behind my neck and pulled me down onto the bed beside him. His hand went, nimbly, behind my back and started to undo the clasps on my basque, and I felt my breasts swing free with a delicious abandon as he pulled it away from my body and down to my waist.

I was dimly aware that my panties were being lowered and then I felt his hand tenderly wrap itself around the, by then, wet folds of my sex and gently slip a finger inside of me. His tongue was still probing my mouth as he slid his finger in and out of me until I thought I could stand no more of this.

So many sensations; so much to feel!

I suddenly felt myself being rolled over until I was now lying underneath Graham's crouching form. For a moment I felt just like a swimmer who is standing on the edge of a pool, dipping a toe in the water and afraid to totally commit themselves into the unknown. My mind flew back to my mental debate in the bathroom. Now was the point when I would truly have to become Caroline in every possible way. Would I be able to go through with it?

It could only have been mere moments but it seemed like hours to me as I hesitated once again. Could I really go through with this? I searched my soul once again; determining that this would be the last time that I did so for I was getting weary of it. I looked into Graham's eyes and saw the love lying deep within them. I looked down his hovering body and saw his erect member eager to complete what we had started. I moved my legs slightly, and felt the sticky dampness that lied at their junction. There was really only one option because despite everything else I was feeling I knew, without a shadow of a doubt that I truly loved Graham, and always had done, only this time it would be in a different way!

"Go on girl — don't be a coward — take the plunge!" I said to myself and eased my legs apart and drew Graham towards me as he eased himself between them.

I felt his rigid penis touch the outside of my vagina, gently easing the folds of my skin apart, until I could cope with the anticipation no longer. I put my legs around his back and pulled him towards me, until he finally entered me and claimed me as his own. An abstract part of my mind compared what I was doing to that swimmer again, and how it was never really as bad once you had taken that first step and fully immersed yourself in the water. That was the equivalent of what I had done of now, and not only was it not as bad — it was wonderful!



I felt Graham's rigid penis touch the outside of my vagina, gently easing the folds of my skin apart, until he finally entered me and claimed me as his own. I never actually climaxed that night, there were too many new experiences and feelings I had to sort out in my mind before I could let myself relax to that extent, but that did not matter to me. Tonight I became Caroline Drew. Tonight I became a woman.

Well I never actually climaxed that night, there were too many new experiences and feelings I had to sort out in my mind before I could let myself relax to that extent, but that did not matter to me.

Tonight I became Caroline Drew. Tonight I became a woman.

Epilogue

Saturday October 18th 2003, 16:00pm

TODAY HAS BEEN A busy day for me and, not for the first time, I fully appreciate the old adage that ‘a woman’s work is never done’. I’m not complaining, or trying to sound self-pitying. It is simply a fact of life.

Take today for example. I got up early, leaving Graham in bed, took a shower, made the breakfast and started putting on my face before Graham had even lifted his head. As he raised himself I was already getting dressed, and by the time he was tucking into his breakfast I was stepping into the taxi I had called earlier, ready to meet up with Angela. I’ve now spent a long day helping Angela choose her a dress for her own big day, and I’m now heading back to start preparing a surprise intimate meal before Graham returns from the football match that he’s gone to with Charles.



So here I am again, sitting in the back of a taxi and thinking about how much has changed for me during the last year. I am more than happy with whom I am, and I wouldn't change back to my former life at any price.

So here I am again, sitting in the back of a taxi and thinking about how much has changed for me during the last year. It's funny, but it seems like I've done most of my deep thinking in the back of a taxi since I became Caroline, either that or in bed, and today was no different. It'll be our first anniversary tomorrow and you can't help looking back at yourself at a time like this, and I have more reason than most to do so.

I often think back to how I first felt after the wedding ceremony. In truth I could have ended it all there and then such was my shock at what had befallen me, but the wedding night had cured me of those feelings, and Graham had showed me that maybe being a girl wasn't going to be so bad after all.

Now though, I am more than happy with whom I am, and I wouldn't change back to my former life at any price. AS I've said previously, I've always loved Graham and he has made me feel so special, but neither Charles nor myself will ever reveal what happened that week, just a year ago. Why risk spoiling things!

It hasn't been all plain sailing though. For example – after we had spent a happy honeymoon we had returned home and I immediately put my foot down, determined not to be the little woman. It may have suited the original Caroline but it didn't suit me. I wanted to go back to work, and to the job at the medical centre again. I had rung them as soon as I got back and they hadn't secured a replacement yet, so that was no problem. Well, as soon as I told Graham he was very unhappy and forbade me to go.

“But you said you were going to stay at home, look after the house, and have lots of babies. I earn enough for both of us, and you're not exactly poor so why — I don't understand?” he had said.

Poor guy — I was going to have to let him down gently here. That was our first real argument but, of course, I got my way (and since then I've found that a woman can nearly ALWAYS get her way, when she really wants to, of course). I still had a lot of catching up to do, in being a woman, and I really needed some female company and some female bonding. Those few days in the medical centre had given me my first introduction to that, and I knew that it would be invaluable to my 'learning' to continue, so back I went. Well a year on and my views have changed again and it no longer seems so attractive to me, but maybe that's my body working against me again, telling me that I don't need it anymore. I feel quite content at the prospects of being at home now.

Yes, my bodies changing all right, and that's why I'm preparing this meal tonight, to tell Graham the good news. When I was getting ready this morning I did a little test and the results told me that Graham's going to be a father. He'll be so happy, and maybe now is the time for me to become the homemaker. I just hope that Graham doesn't come home after having had too many drinks and spoil it. It wouldn't be the first time he'd done that after a day out with Charles. There'll be hell to pay if he does that tonight!

Talking about Charles, well my life as him is a long forgotten memory now, and it's hard to imagine I was ever that man. I don't see too much of him any more and even Graham's seeing him less and less nowadays, as he always seems so bound up with Angela. When we do though I

notice that he seems to be happy enough, and I'm sure that he's not just putting on an act for my benefit.

He soon left my old job, not long after the wedding. Despite having my old 'smarts' he just didn't have the experience and he made too many mistakes to continue. He left before he was pushed, but soon found alternative employment, setting up his own bistro. His sudden change of career direction took many people by surprise, but he soon won them over when he started making a success of things, with his never previously revealed cooking skills. He'll make more than enough money to keep Angela comfortable when they marry next year.

Yes, all in all it has turned out pretty well for us, and even the fact that daddy has managed to get his enthusiasm back for his MOMM project, after a six-month depression, doesn't bother me. If he ever manages to make it work again I will not be lining up to use it!

Yes, a woman's work is never done, and I wouldn't change it for the world.

the end