

ADULTS ONLY

134 pages 58 illustrations

# THE MAKING OF A BEACH BUNNY

*"Summer House" by KK & Fraylim*  
Illustrations by Fraylim



**CROSSED**  
TV/CD  
**FICTION**



**KK  
FRAYLIM**

***THE MAKING  
OF A BEACH  
BUNNY***

**“The Summer House” by KK & Fraylim  
Art by Fraylim&Linked2  
A Crossed Fiction story**



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# THE SUMMER HOUSE

Eighteen-year-old Jonathan Willis was stuck between a figurative rock and a hard place when it came to deciding what to do for his summer vacation.

It was his last summer before he headed off to college, and he had gotten into his number one choice, Northmouth, a law school. It was his dad's old school, and it was always assumed he'd go into the law, just like his father. He even planned to pledge to the same fraternity his dad had been in. It was his father's legacy, after all.

That was before his mom sat John and his little sister Megan down and told them that it wasn't going to be the kind of summer he had pictured. His parents were splitting up.

His father was moving in with a woman from the office named Victoria. In fact, Victoria was going to have a baby, and pretty soon, John and Megan would have a little half-sibling. His mother may have used stronger, saltier terms to describe the child, but for the most, his mom managed to keep pretty restrained about the whole situation. She did ask rhetorically if they thought their father would still find Victoria as attractive after she 'squeezed out his devil spawn' and 'lost her perfectly-toned sinful ass,' though. She also took every opportunity she could to remind her children that she knew it was on the cards a year ago when John's father kept 'working late' at the office and even more so when he bought the little blue convertible she had christened 'the midlife crisis.'

So now, instead of the family vacation he had expected to have this summer, his dad was trying to get him and Megan to go on some kind of cruise in the Bahamas designed to let them get to know Victoria better before the baby arrived. His mom was dangling the opportunity to go to Disney World with her — an offer 10 year old Megan found easy to grab on to — but the prospect of a long trip away forced to listen to his mother talk about her cheating ex-husband, his family-wrecking hussy and their demon seed child didn't seem like much fun to John.

Besides, the truth was John didn't want to pick between them, since he knew it meant he would be picking sides and whether he approved of what his dad had done or how his mother had taken it, they were both still his parents, even if they were acting like children.

He was still considering his dilemma as he began the process of packing up his room and boxing everything up. By the time he was back from his first semester of college, the house would be gone, and his mom and dad would be living in separate places, with his little sister getting shuffled between them. The whole thing was depressing, and made John yearn for earlier, simpler

times, before his parents' marriage had fallen apart and they had seemed like a real family.

He found a reminder of just such a time as he was sorting old belongings in his room, in the form of an old photograph. He peered at it closely, and then broke into a grin as the memories all flooded back. The photo was from three years ago, and it displayed two laughing boys in shorts standing by a swimming pool: there he was, looking very tanned and happy, and beside him was a shorter boy with shaggy brown hair with his skinny chest thrust out proudly. A large, mischievous white grin was on his face. His name was Stanley Clifford, one of his best-remembered partners in boyhood crime.

The pool was on the large property owned by Stanley's mother, Mrs. Clifford. John's family had rented out the smaller adjoining house, which she also owned, for just about every summer from when he was ten years old, all the way until the year the photo had been taken. That had been the last time they spent the summer there, three years ago. He was fifteen, and Stanley was fourteen, and both boys had spent a terrific summer swimming, fishing, hanging out on the beach, and checking out the girls in the small resort town.

It was called Seaberry and it had once been a popular resort town for families, especially those with young children in the years John and his family summered there. His mother had picked it as a vacation spot on a whim but they had such a great time there and hit it off so well with Stanley and his mom that they returned for the next two years.

John remembered how upset he'd been when his parents had announced three summers ago that



they wouldn't be going back to the beach house that year. Apparently things were far too busy at work for his dad to take any vacation-time at all, and now he realized that had been a warning sign: that was when his parents had started drifting apart, with his father staying late at the office most nights and starting going in to work most weekends. It seemed as if his mother and father were spending less and less time together and that they were even avoiding spending any time with each other if possible, and that included vacations. Since that last happy summer, it seemed like things had deteriorated very quickly.

Now, looking fondly at the photo, John realized he had found a solution to his problem of deciding between his parents. Rather than go on vacation with either of them, why not recapture the good times he'd had at the beach house with Stanley? He was sure his mom or dad would give him enough money to rent the place, especially if he hinted that the other parent had been more generous, and then he could spend a few carefree weeks by the beach without having to choose one parent over the other.

Excited by his plan, he pulled out a travel bag and started packing. Palling around with Stanley would feel just like old times... Hopefully it wasn't too late to book a reservation...



The drive out to the beach house took a lot longer than John remembered, even though he stopped only for a brief lunch in a small diner and to fill up a few times on the way. He wasn't complaining: it was a clear and sunny day, perfect for driving, and his parents had given him money both for the stay and for gas as well.

He'd even managed to guilt his father into letting him borrow the sporty little 'midlife crisis.' He knew that he suited it more than his middle aged dad did, and enjoyed the attention he got behind the wheel, especially from girls. But the mileage was terrible, so John found himself having to fill up more than once on the way.

On one of these stops, while he was about to do just that, but he couldn't help but notice an equally impressive cherry red open top convertible pull up behind him and, three extremely attractive girls, wearing very little, get out. One of the distinct benefits of a road trip south, John thought to himself, was that the further down you got, the less the women wore. They looked like they were maybe a few years older than him, maybe in college, and as John tried to check them out as surreptitiously as he could manage in the rear view mirror, couldn't help but hope that the girls at Northmouth might look a little like that. They seemed to be whispering together intently about something, and one of them, a tall red head in a white crop top and ruffled pink mini skirt, would every so often glance in his direction. He could barely believe it when she

moved away from the other girls and began walking towards his car waving. For a terrible moment he thought she had seen him checking them out and was on her way over to chastise him for ogling them. He got out of the front seat and went over to the pump focused intently on the business of pumping gas, as if the handle was the most fascinating thing in the world. But none the less, out of the corner of his eye, he could still see the girl strut towards him with the kind of wiggle he'd usually seen on the Victoria Secret catwalk.

“Hey there!” the red-headed girl said as she came to a halt, cocking a hip and extending a long, tanned leg out to one side as if she was particularly putting it on display for John’s appraisal. “Nice ride.”

“Hi,” John managed to reply, in a tone he hoped sounded nonchalant but friendly.

“Look, this is going to sound really stupid, but, um, do you know much about cars... *These* types of cars?”

“A little, I guess,” John frowned.

“My friends and I are heading down to Frantonville and there’s this silly little ‘check engine’ light that keeps flashing and beeping... um... do you think you could take a look?” She put a painted fingernail to her lips. “My name’s Charlotte by the way, but everyone calls me Charli...with an ‘i.’” She stretched out a slim, shapely hand with elegantly manicured fingernails in his direction and he hung up the gas hose, instinctively wiping his own hand on his shirt before taking hers.

“I’m John,” he said as he smiled and shook her hand in a way he hoped was not too eager. Frantonville — it was about one town over from his destination,



Seaberry, and while Seaberry was a family friendly resort with a small town charm, Frantonville had a bit of a reputation as a party destination for college kids looking to party. They would rent out condos there and spend the whole summer drinking, dancing and doing just about whatever that wanted. "I'd be happy to take a look." He said, coughing. "Um.. Have you checked your oil? Or your radiator? Nine times out of ten it's the radiator." He really hoped it was oil or the radiator, as that was about as far as his expertise extended.

"Oh wow! The girls and I would be super grateful," she said with a lilting laugh. "We're totally useless when it comes to stuff like this!"

So it was that John managed to come to the girls' rescue. The two other girls, who he learned were named Britney and Amber, totally could not believe he was about to just start college. He looked so mature; they would have guessed he was at least a sophomore. And they acted even more surprised when he said he was single... any guy who knew his way around cars and was so gallant to come to the rescue of three damsels in distress would not remain so for long, they told him. He checked on their oil and filled their radiator, and he even pumped their gas tank. He was ultimately rewarded with Charli-with-an-i's cell number and an open invitation to definitely come over to Frantonville for one of many big ragers that they would definitely be having as soon as they settled into their apartment.



So, as he honked good-bye to the three girls in the red convertible and took the turn for Seaberry, he couldn't help but think how surprised his old pal Stanley would be when he turned up out of the blue with the story of this encounter *and* a standing invite to party in Frantonville with three hot babes.

He felt as if he was on the road back to a simpler, happier time in his life, and he could hardly wait to see Stanley again and hit the beach. However, in the back of his mind he did have a bit of a worry... He hadn't been able to find the phone number for the beach house, or find it listed online as a rental. Could it be that the Cliffords' had moved, and the new owners weren't renting it out? That would make it a real waste of a drive ...maybe he'd head out to Frantonville by himself and see if there was anywhere there he could rent?

John's worries were forgotten, however, as he rounded the last bend of the winding little road and saw the the Clifford's large house ahead, looking the same as it ever had. And there, just off to the side, was the summer house. He called it a summer house, but in actual fact, it was had been the Clifford's original home. Mr. Clifford had come into money and built the larger, more sumptuous house property, a dream home if you like, right in their back yard. This explained why two incongruously designed houses were in such close proximity. Originally the plan had been open up a B&B and to demolish the smaller

house and maybe build a tennis court, but Mr. Clifford had passed suddenly and Mrs. Clifford had little interest in running a Bed and Breakfast as a single mother. So she devoted her time to her son and her other pride and joy, the large garden, and had been happy to rent out the smaller house to visiting families during the summer season. Besides, after Mr. Clifford had passed, she couldn't bear to tear it down since it held so many memories.

John had overheard these details as Mrs. Clifford and his mother would chat and share a drink by large the pool nestled in the sprawling garden. Mrs. Clifford would spend a great deal of time and patience tending to her garden as John, Stanley and even Megan would play in the pool as his mother lounged in a chair reading some trashy paperback. Mrs. Clifford was an expert in what kinds of blooms would grow best in that hot climate, what flowers would flourish and what species could be adapted to thrive in the heat. John's mom used to joke that she could make a stone sprout buds and flower.

With these pleasant memories dancing in his head, John smiled as he pulled up and parked his car. He skipped up the steps to the front door two at a time and after getting no response when he rang the bell, he thought he'd try his luck around the back. Sure enough, the four digit code that gave access to the rear of the house was still the same 1-2-3-4, and sure enough, there, on her knees, surrounded by plants she seemed in the process of transferring from smaller pots to the beds that surrounded the pool area, was Mrs. Clifford.

She was a tall, slim, attractive, middle-aged woman, wearing the usual uniform he remembered her in when she worked on her flowers; a floppy sunhat and an apron to protect her outfit, which in this case was a crisp white shirt and slacks. She always dressed well, and John rarely remembered her ever looking anything than less that immaculately turned out. Indeed, he had teased Stanley more than once about his mom being a real hottie — a MILF — but it was rarely worth the series of punches that inevitably followed.

Mrs. Clifford looked up from her gardening with a frown on her face. John had been expecting her to break out in a smile when she saw him, but instead, the frown only gained a surprised look, as well.

"Hey, Mrs. Clifford," John said waving. "It's me, John! You know, the Willis's son?"

"Of course I remember you, sweetie," Mrs. Clifford said, finally giving him a smile that still made him feel a little bit like an awkward fifteen-year-old again. "I'm just surprised, that's all. What are you doing all the way down here?"

So John quickly explained about his parents' divorce, and their tug-of-war over his summer vacation plans, while Mrs. Clifford nodded sympathetically. "So that's why I figured I would come spend a while down here!" he finished enthusiastically. "I can put it all out of my mind for and just enjoy summer the way I used to. I know I should have booked first, but I couldn't find the old

number anywhere. It's not already taken, is it?"

"No, no, as a matter of fact it isn't," Mrs. Clifford said. "In fact we haven't rented the place for the last few seasons. Summers in town aren't like they were when you used to stay here. There are less and less families every year." She paused and John was sure that she was about to tell him she wasn't going to rent out the house this season. She looked at John with a thoughtful expression for a moment before finally smiling.

"Y'know, now that I'm thinking about it, we could use a little extra cash this year... And you *are* an old family friend...and maybe it's just what the doctor ordered." She frowned again, hands on her hips, clearly weighing the pros and cons of the situation. "Yes. I think so. All right," she said, clapping her hands. "I won't turn away a polite young man in his time of need. You start unpacking, and I'll grab you a key and then get to work putting sheets on the bed..."

John beamed triumphantly. "Thanks, Mrs. Clifford," he said. "Don't worry, I'm paying in full! And, hey, where's Stanley?"

"Oh. He's away traveling this summer," Mrs. Clifford said awkwardly. "With friends."

"Oh," John said, deflated at the news. He briefly thought that maybe he should back out and head home, if Stanley wasn't going to be around. But it had taken some persuading to get Mrs. Clifford to agree to him renting out the house and he had already committed himself. "Well, that's okay. I bet you appreciate the peace and quiet!"





“Yes, it’s nice,” Mrs. Clifford said hesitantly. “But, I’m not all alone out here, of course. My niece Lee Anne is staying with me. Maybe you’ll, ah... run into her.”

“Sure thing, Mrs. Clifford,” John said, shrugging his shoulders as he pictured a little brat in pig tails, probably Megan’s age, running around all summer. “I’m pretty beat from the drive...”

“Right, the bedding,” Mrs. Clifford remembered. “I’ll be right back.”

She bustled away into the house, and John started unloading his bags. Sure, maybe Stanley wasn’t around, but maybe that was what John really needed — a nice, relaxing vacation all by himself, to give him time to think things over. He could always make the drive over to Frantonville and check things out over there.

As he hefted his things from the small trunk of the convertible, he looked up at the house, waiting for Mrs. Clifford to return, and saw someone peeking at

him through a curtain upstairs. John grinned wryly and gave a little wave, and in response the curtain was quickly yanked shut. Mrs. Clifford's niece was obviously the shy type, John thought, which meant she was nothing like brash and confident Stanley. From the quick look he'd just gotten, she didn't seem to be a little brat, and if she was his age, and better yet, if she was cute, maybe it wouldn't hurt to introduce himself.



John woke up the next morning feeling incredibly relaxed and refreshed, having slept comfortably in the upper loft bedroom that had usually belonged to his parents on their vacations. It had a large window which faced directly onto the Clifford house and John could hear birds singing as he rolled out of bed, stretching happily. It looked like another beautiful day outside, with a blue sky and plenty of sunshine. Even if Stanley wasn't around, John could certainly find plenty to occupy himself with. There was fishing, and there was usually some gear stored around the summer house. He could hit the beach and go for a swim. There were selection of DVDs and library of books left by previous renters, some of them he even remembered from his previous visits. Finally, if he felt like it, he could jump in the car and go over to Frantonville. He might just give it a few days before he'd try to text Charli and see if anything was happening, though. That didn't mean he couldn't head over that way and check out the boardwalk.

With a contented yawn, and his head full of possibilities, he searched the kitchen for breakfast. He knew really should have brought some groceries with him, but there was so little room in the car, and he had been so beat after the drive, that he had headed to bed almost straight away. He eventually managed to find a tin of instant brew and make himself cup of coffee. As he opened the sliding door of the kitchenette that led out to the small patio, he made a mental note to head to the store.

From one side of the patio, he could see the ocean in the distance, with seagulls flying over. The sky was a wonderful shade of blue — as blue as he remembered it from years ago. It looked like it was going to be a wonderful day.

As he turned, already thinking of grabbing his swim trunks, he realized that the patio of the summer house also gave him a very good view into the Clifford's' backyard. You couldn't really call it simply a 'yard' though. The large pool was surrounded by raised flowerbeds covered with brightly colored plants and flowers, and it had more than one comfortable looking seating area around it. A good sized pool house which John remembered stored all sorts of wonderful pool toys and summer equipment was tucked in the corner and there were a half dozen sun loungers for catching rays placed around the pool. The impressive pool itself was a throwback from back when Mr. Clifford had planned to open the house as a B & B, and John could barely remember ever seeing

Mrs. Clifford do anything around it except tend her plants, let alone swim or sunbathe. Stanley, though, was usually found in the water or running around the garden, doing his best to water the plants with some huge pump action super soaker. John was a little surprised to look out that morning to find one of the sun loungers occupied, and it was who he saw occupying it that made him freeze mid-stretch and left his mouth hanging open. Not that he knew who she was, but right there, lying back on one of the lounge chairs was an absolutely gorgeous, auburn haired teenage girl wearing large rounded sunglasses, listening to music on her ear buds, totally oblivious to the world around her — and she also happened to be wearing the teeniest, tiniest yellow bikini that John had ever seen in his life!

He couldn't help but audibly gulp as he took in the sight. She had obviously been working on her tan, because her entire body had a sun-kissed glow that



contrasted in a very eye-catching way against her skimpy bright yellow bathing suit. John's eyes trailed lustfully all the way from her pink-painted toe-nails and dainty feet, up her smooth, shapely legs, which were crossed seductively one over the other, to the tiny yellow triangle hugging low to her hips. He managed to tear his gaze away, only to see her flat stomach with a silver stud glinting seductively in her belly button, and two perfect breasts cradled by the yellow bikini top into a sliver of equally perfect cleavage.

Her face was partially hidden by the large designer sunglasses, but he could make out a pert little nose — she definitely hadn't inherited the same schnoz as Stanley — and a moist pair of petulant, gloss-coated pink lips. Those lips were now set in a pout of concentration as she maneuvered the playlist on her MP3 player with one long, pink-painted nail, pausing only to adjust the fall of her long brunette tresses around her slender shoulders. John knew he shouldn't be staring, but he couldn't help it. Stanley's cousin was an absolute babe. What was it Mrs. Clifford had said her name was... *Lilly?* *Leela?* Whatever she was called she was a vision. A goddess. A beauty queen. He had to meet her, that much was obvious, but he didn't need her thinking he was some kind of perv checking her out while she was innocently sunbathing, that was for sure. It was time to beat a hasty retreat back inside before she looked up.

At the same time, though, John just couldn't stop looking. She was outrageously hot, and he could feel a stirring in his briefs just watching her smooth legs slide against each other as she settled on a track more to her liking and adjusted her position on the lounge. There was sunscreen in a bottle beside her, and he couldn't tear his eyes away as she reached down to grab it and pump some into her hand, the white stuff squirting against her slim fingers, and she began rubbing it around her hands and... *God, was she hot...*

Then she looked up and stopped dead in the act of rubbing the lotion into her thighs. She stared directly at John and there could be no doubt that she caught him ogling her. Her pretty little mouth dropped open in horror, and John could see a blush rising on her cheeks. He could feel the heat rising to the tips of his ears and knew he had to be equally red, but he could only blink dumbly as she yanked the earbuds from her studded ears, swung herself off the lounge, making her breasts bounce in the flimsy constraints of her bikini top. She quickly stepped into a pair of yellow cork wedge sandals before hastily fastening them at the ankle, standing up, and swishing back into the Cliffords' house as fast as she could manage on the impractical footwear. She left the MP3 player, a fashion magazine and the bottle of lotion still on the lounge. John noticed that one of her hands was still smeared with sunscreen.

John was still stunned speechless as she shot one last look over her tanned shoulder and disappeared — the view from behind was incredible as well, with the small fabric triangle of her bikini bottom cupping firm, toned buttocks. As

soon as she was gone, he felt his wildly beating heart start to slow down. *Damn.* She was incredible.

John mumbled angrily to himself, as she must have thought he was some kind of Peeping Tom! Cursing inwardly, the young man went back into the house, shutting the sliding door behind him. Why hadn't Mrs. Clifford warned him that Stanley's cousin was smoking hot and liked to sunbathe in the mornings? Or better yet, why hadn't she warned her niece that their guest had a perfect view of her favorite lounge? With the image of the mystery girl still floating in his head, he trudged back upstairs.

Well, there was no use dwelling on what had already happened. John was just going to have to go over and apologize ... and find out her name ... and see if maybe the apology could involve him taking her to that one ice cream parlor that had the very best soft-serve sundaes... He was sure he could convince her



he wasn't some kind of creep. After all, he hadn't set out to leer at her — it had been an innocent misunderstanding.

John was already thinking up several possible scenarios for an apology, but as he sat on the edge of the bed, try as he might, he couldn't get the image of her and her yellow bikini out of his head — or out of his badly tented briefs. There was only one way to deal with that particular issue, and he had just gotten all the material he needed! He furtively closed the shades and reached for a box of tissues. It wasn't like she would ever know, after all, and once he was all cleaned up and he went to the store and picked up some provisions, he could go talk to her in person.

After enjoying himself with the memory of the girl next door and taking a refreshing shower and shaving the few sparse hairs off his chin, John got dressed, combed his hair a little more neatly than usual, grabbed the keys and his wallet and headed out the door of the beach house. The sun was shining in the sky and he had a definite spring in his step as he jumped in the convertible and headed off to the store just a short drive away.

There were bigger chain places near Frantonville where you could probably buy a lot more for a lot less, but when they had always stayed here before, his mom would impress on him the importance of supporting the local businesses. Besides, there were two other very good reasons he had for shopping locally — number one was that the old lady called Helen who ran the local market had a cute granddaughter who helped her out called Rose who used to wear these cut off denim shorts. Although she was a few years older than them, John and Stanley was absolutely sure that she would bend and stretch around the shelves in a way that was particularly designed to have an effect on the young teens. Indeed, the memory of Rose in those cut offs had had a lasting effect on John and to that day he had a particular thing for girls in tiny denim shorts. So John was hoping Rose would still be there... and if she still had those shorts... and whether the sight of him pulling up and jumping out of the old 'Midlife Crisis', might turn her head just a little. Reason number two was that just before he graduated, he had spent the not inconsiderable sum of \$150 dollars on what he was assured would be a detection proof fake ID. It identified him as Willis Johnson and put his age at 22. He had so far been too chicken to try it out but he thought even if Helen could spot it as phony, the worst he'd get would be a warning to try and buy his beer elsewhere.

Five minutes later, he came out of the store disappointed on one front but victorious on another. Helen, it seemed had retired the previous year and Rose did indeed still work there, but it seems she was just about ready to pop with her second child. In fact she spent so much time complaining to John about her back pain and nausea that she never even bothered to ask him for ID when it came to ringing up the small case of beer he was buying along with bread, cereal, milk, eggs and a few other items.

It wasn't just that Rose wasn't how he remembered her, the whole store wasn't as he remembered it, and depressed him a little. It seemed that Mrs. Clifford was right. Summer in Seaberry wasn't what he remembered. What had once been a pretty vibrant locally owned business now seemed on the way out. As he had made his way around the store, he noticed that a lot of the stock out on the shelves seemed past their best and a fine film of dust was on the canned goods. It just seemed indicative to John of how much the whole place had changed.

He was still in a sullen mood as finished the simple sandwich he had made for lunch and put the groceries away. Draining the dregs of the beer that had accompanied it, he glanced out of the kitchenette's sliding door and noticed the area around the mystery girl's sun lounge had been cleared out. There was no MP3 player, magazine or bottle of lotion to indicate it had ever been occupied.

After he decided to have a second beer, John meandered over to the bookshelf, and his eye was drawn to the many books available. Without much else to do that day, he picked out an old ratty paperback, and noticed something fall from its pages and land on the floor by his feet. Picking it up, he saw it was a photograph of Seaberry beach. It was so well preserved by the pages of the book that it could have been taken yesterday, but straight away he knew it was at least three years old. It was a photograph of John and Stanley, probably taken by his mother. They were standing on the beach in their trunks, mugging for the camera,

surrounded by a bunch of teenagers, mostly girls in their swim suits. Stanley loved playing up for the older girls on the beach, even if they saw him and John as little more than mascots.

They both looked so happy in the photo and remembering times past did little to improve John's mood. He placed the photo



on the mantle and desperate for some distraction, he turned his attention to the book. Sitting on the small sofa he began reading it and before long, was so engrossed that he had forgotten about finishing his beer. It wasn't particularly well written but it was certainly a page turner and before he knew it, he was quite a way through the volume. By the time he reached chapter 6, he thought he might be more comfortable reading in the bedroom, so bounded up the stairs, eager to see what would happen next.

The afternoon turned to dusk and before he realized it, the light from the bedroom window grew too dim to read by. It was only when he could no longer make out the words on the page that John turned and, fumbling for a while before he found it, turned on the bedside lamp.

Suddenly the evening was punctuated by a shrill scream. Startled, John turned to the window and saw its source at once. Directly opposite his bedroom, framed in the balcony window of a room of the Clifford house was the girl from that morning, Mrs. Clifford's niece. And she was naked. Well, she was as good as naked. She wore a pair of shiny pink high heels and a pair of frilly panties in a matching shade. But that was all that she wore. No longer tied up in a ponytail, her hair now flowed freely and framed her face and her big green eyes, no longer hidden behind designer sun glasses were wide as saucers as her pink lips made a perfect 'O'. But it wasn't her face that John was transfixed by.

He had seen topless women before, on the internet and movies and in magazines, but he had never been so close to one. Indeed, the girl framed in the window wouldn't have looked out of place on the cover of one of those magazines, arching her back seductively and cupping her breasts in her hands. The girl in question however, had quickly tried to protect her modesty by placing one arm across her chest to cover her nipples as she tried desperately to pull the curtains to her room as quickly as possible.

But the more she tugged at them, the more she seemed in danger of losing her balance perched as she was in those pink heels which prevented her from bracing her stance and gaining proper purchase on the drapes.

And if John had thought her breasts had looked good in the cups of the tiny yellow bikini she had been wearing earlier, he was stunned by the sight of them now, even semi obscured by her arm. If anything they looked bigger than they had earlier, free of their confinement, and the jerky efforts she made as she tried with one arm to pull the curtains only made them jiggle and bounce more.

Eventually she was successful in her attempts, and for John the show was over. He could only imagine she was in the middle of undressing when he had turned the lamp on, revealing himself to the previously oblivious girl. He cursed himself for being so wrapped up in his book that he never noticed the girl until she saw him and wondered what tantalizing strip tease he had been denied.



He felt his rock hard manhood brush the spine of the book he found himself still holding, and without a thought, let it slide from his grasp to the floor. Slowly and purposefully he unbuttoned his pants to allow access to his tenting briefs. And for the second time in less than a day, John allowed the sight of the mysterious girl next door to transport him to pleasure.



Next day, he slept later than he had intended, languishing in bed until almost 12. He fixed himself coffee, eggs and toast and as he took it to the patio to consume, he noted with some disappointment to find the Clifford's pool and its sun loungers deserted.

As he finished his breakfast-come-lunch, it occurred to him that he'd encountered Mrs. Clifford's niece twice and both times he seemed to have gone out of his way to ogle her. He must have been convinced that he was a pervert, despite all the evidence to the contrary, and resolved to set the record straight as soon as possible. He didn't have to tell her *everything* of course, such as how the memory of her semi naked body had made him pleasure himself and climax powerfully not once but twice. In fact he was pretty sure it might be better if he left that detail out.

He approached the Clifford's' place, though he couldn't help but be just a little bit nervous, wondering if his apology would be accepted. He trotted up the steps and knocked on the door. He heard the sound of rustling feet, and then the door swung open, revealing Mrs. Clifford.

"Well, someone got up bright and early," she remarked wryly. "I was about to go over and check on you. Sleep okay?"

"Yeah, I slept great," he said sheepishly. "The room is real nice, too. Uh, there's a great view..."

"I heard from Lee Anne that you had been admiring the view from the bedroom...and the one from the patio too," Mrs. Clifford said, raising an eyebrow.

"It wasn't on purpose!" John said hastily. "I was just looking around yesterday morning, and, last night well... I was reading and it started getting dark so I turned the light on... I didn't know she was there... I think I startled her pretty badly. I came over to apologize." Internally, he was delighted to have the mysterious girl's name re-confirmed... Lee Anne... It was a pretty name for a pretty girl. Maybe he could tell her that. Or would it sound too corny?

"Well, that's thoughtful of you," Mrs. Clifford said, seemingly pleased. "You did startle her. She's still a little shy around boys."

"Really?" John asked, confused. A hottie like that, shy? "How old is she?" he asked, suddenly worried she might be much younger than she seemed

"Oh, around Stanley's age," Mrs. Clifford said evasively. "But she was a late bloomer, I suppose."

"Right," John said, trying to disguise his grin. She had certainly "bloomed" in full! "Uh, I was thinking I might apologize by taking her for ice cream?" he said eagerly. "If she wants to, of course."

"Well, I guess you'll have to ask her yourself," Mrs. Clifford said, with a slightly concerned smile on her face. "Why don't you come in?"

John immediately obliged, walking into the familiar hallway. It didn't seem to have changed very much, though he noticed that the mantle, where there had once been a large framed picture of Stanley and his mom, was strangely empty. Perhaps it had fallen off the mantle and the frame had broken?

“Lee Anne, someone is here to see you!” Mrs. Clifford called up the stairs. There was no response. Mrs. Clifford flashed John another awkward smile, then gritted her teeth and went up the stairs. John heard her open the door to what he assumed must have been Lee Anne’s room — and have a heated, whispered discussion. John did his best to act natural, but he couldn’t help but wonder what was going on. Had he offended Lee Anne that badly? Was she really that shy? Okay, he could see how being seen in a state of half undress was embarrassing, but Lee Anne had nothing to be embarrassed about, and Mrs. Clifford seemed cool about the whole thing. He was relieved when the silence was eventually broken by the clicking of high heels on hardwood.

John felt his heart beat speed up as at the top of the stairs, he could see Lee Anne, standing nervously, holding on to the banister as if she was afraid she might be blown away. Slowly she began mincing daintily down to meet him with Mrs. Clifford close behind, one high heel at a time as her tanned legs crossed each other as she descended the stairs one by one. If she had looked good from afar, she looked even better up close — though John couldn’t help but wish she was still in the bikini, or better still, a pair of frilly panties and a set of high heels. Instead, she was dressed now much more demurely in a tight white mini skirt and a cute pink strapless crop-top that left her tanned shoulders on display and a teasing strip of midriff exposed. She was gorgeous, but rather than display the confidence that usually accompanied such beauty, she was looking down shyly at her feet and the strappy black heels she wore, blinking through long, curled eyelashes as she toying nervously with her long brunette tresses.

“Hi, I’m John,” he said eagerly. “Sorry I startled you yesterday. I’d forgotten the two houses were so close and I didn’t realize my window overlooked your balcony... Or that Stanley had such a beautiful cousin.” He extended his hand.

Lee Anne bit her pink lip nervously, but didn’t speak until Mrs. Clifford nudged her. “Um, it’s okay,” she said softly, placing her soft, manicured digits in his. “I didn’t know you were staying in that room.” She shot a glare over at Mrs. Clifford, as if it were somehow her fault, then returned her gaze to the floor and pulled her hand back. Her touch made John’s heart beat wildly. She was so hot, and at the same time, he couldn’t shake the feeling that he had met her somewhere before — but surely, even if she was a “late bloomer,” he would remember meeting Stanley’s cousin?

“I haven’t been down this way in a couple of years, but there used to be a great place for ice cream,” John said, pressing on determinedly. “How about I make it up to you with a sundae?”

Lee Anne blushed.

“Or, y’know, a cone...or a shake...anything you want. My treat.” “Oh, I don’t know,” she said. “I’m, uh, kind of busy?” John’s ego deflated at the words, but Mrs. Clifford stepped in before he could speak.

“Lee Anne, John doesn’t know anyone around and I think the least you could do is take up his kind offer,” Mrs. Clifford said primly. “I know you’re upset by yesterday’s, ah, misunderstanding, but that’s exactly what it was, a misunderstanding. This young man is trying to be polite, and we both know you aren’t busy in the slightest. Go! You two will have plenty to talk about.”

Lee Anne blushed even more deeply, shooting John a nervous glance, as if to say *boy, this is awkward...* and John had to agree. He was a good-looking guy, and had had some success with girls at school, but nothing serious. Shy or not, Lee Anne might have been out of his league, though. John certainly thought she wouldn’t have looked out of place hanging off the arm of some big jock or track star.

By the look on her face, she clearly had no desire to accept John’s offer. She was clearly a tough egg to crack, or maybe she already had a boyfriend back home, the young man thought to himself. He was about to gallantly tell her to forget the whole thing, but then she slowly nodded. “Okay,” she said quietly, tucking a strand of brown hair behind one ear. “But I’m not really dressed for ice cream...give me a minute to get changed.” As she scurried back up the stairs, John couldn’t help but watch the sway of her hips. This left him standing alone there with Mrs. Clifford.

“Uh, if she really doesn’t want to, that’s fine,” John said, scratching the back of his head.

“She’s just very shy around boys, that’s all,” Mrs. Clifford responded. “You, in particular. It’s understandable, really. Anyway, she’s been cooped up in this house for months, so it’ll be good for her to... To get out of the house with someone her own age.”

John was puzzled over her words, but also immensely pleased — she was shy around him in particular, and that could only mean one thing: she liked him. It could be that she was just as attracted to him as he was to her, only she didn’t quite know how to express it. John had no idea how a girl as beautiful as Lee Anne could be awkward around boys, but he was definitely going to take advantage of it if he could. Maybe she’d been one of those girls that were never much to look at and then *bam*, they hit puberty and suddenly they were knock-outs. John had known a few girls like that in school. Girls you wouldn’t look twice at would turn up in class one day looking like fashion models and by that time, they only had eyes for the hottest guys in school. He couldn’t imagine Lee Anne ever being ugly, but maybe she had had braces and head-gear until recently, or something? Heck, maybe she had never even had a boyfriend before! Maybe John had lucked out and she was at that stage where she didn’t know how much of a little hottie she actually was. A summer romance would certainly get his mind off his troubles.

Excited by the idea, John couldn’t wipe the grin off his face as finally Lee Anne returned. The strapless top had been replaced by a clingy pink sweater

which showed off a tantalizing glimpse of the dark burgundy bra she now wore beneath it. And in place of the mini skirt, much to John's delight, she was wearing a tight pair of denim short shorts, not dissimilar to the style Rose would have tantalized him with years ago. The casual ensemble was finished off by a pair of open toed sandals with a high platform wedge heel and an oversized baby blue bag which she slung over her shoulder..

"Okay," she said. "Ready!"

"Great," John beamed. "Let's hit the road."

John had been hoping that Lee Anne would loosen up a little once they were on their way, maybe even compliment the car but to the contrary, she seemed more nervous than ever. She was clutching her purse tightly in her lap, as if to shield her tanned thighs from John's eager gaze. Even so, it was hard for him to keep his eyes on the road with such an attractive girl in the passenger's seat beside him.

"So, Lee Anne, how long are you staying with your aunt?" John asked, attempting to "break the ice."

"My..." Lee Anne trailed off, seemingly taken off-guard by the simple question. "Oh, just... Just for the summer. Then I go back to, uh, Georgia?"

"Huh," John said, glancing over at her with a bemused smile. "A Southern belle. Wouldn't have guessed from your accent."

"Well, I wasn't born there," Lee Anne said hastily. "What about you? Are you going to be here long?"

"I was planning on a couple weeks, but that was before I knew Stanley was away," John admitted. "Not that I mind having you as a neighbor. I mean, obviously you're *way* better looking." Lee Anne blushed brightly at the compliment, and John took it as a sign he was making at least a little progress. She looked out the window, playing with her hair again, as John reflected on how she had so many of the family traits... Her eyes, for one thing, were the exact same color as Mrs. Clifford and Stanley, and her voice, though much softer, had a familiar cadence to it. In fact, if he hadn't known better, he would guess that she was Stanley's sister, not his cousin! John frowned, remembering back to the missing picture on the mantle, and how flustered Mrs. Clifford had been when he showed up, as if Stanley's absence was some kind of secret.

He was distracted immediately from the mystery, though, as he halted at a red light. Lee Anne took a tube of sparkly pink lip gloss from her purse and unscrewed the cap. John did all he could to keep his eyes on the road, but damn, she sure made it difficult, carefully gliding the gloss over her pouted lips and rubbing them together. Was she really that innocent, that she didn't know how incredibly seductive the feminine action was when performed by a beautiful girl? Or did she know, and she was doing it intentionally to get him turned on?

John swallowed and gripped the steering wheel more tightly. He was grateful when the light changed and he could distract himself with driving once again.

Fortunately, his hard-on had subsided by the time they arrived at a parking lot down the street from the ice cream parlor. Seaberry had a few seafood restaurants and souvenir stores, some gift shops and bistros along its small main street. Back in the day, it had been a busy destination for families, but the tourist industry was dying off and most of the visitors to the area were college kids bound for its racier neighbor, Frantonville. But still, on this bright day, Seaberry's main street had a few tourists and locals bustling around as John and Lee Anne made their way down it and the old place looked much the same as ever. A flood of fond memories came back to him as they approached the ice cream shop: he and his family had come here often enough, usually with Stanley and sometimes his mother, as well. What he always remembered when he thought of the place was that they seemed to carry combinations of ice cream that could be found nowhere else. Indeed, his whole family had their favorite flavors decided on. Rum and Cappuccino for his dad, Peanut Vanilla for mom, Megan would have a Chocolate Coconut shake and the Double Fudge with mocha swirl was John's personal preference. He couldn't wait to try one again after so long, and it was perfect weather for ice cream — even better that he was getting it with such a beautiful girl!

“Let me get the door for you,” John said eagerly as he gallantly went ahead and opened the door for a blushing Lee Anne, who awkwardly accepted his arm as she entered the shop. Feeling her dainty fingers wrap around his bicep, John flexed a little, hoping she would notice the muscle that he was finally starting to develop. He was no big burly football player, but swimming kept him in good shape.

“Thank you,” she murmured. As she looked around the ice cream place, she smiled for the first time, a big white smile that made John melt. “Ooh, I haven't been here in ages!” she exclaimed.

“Same for me,” John grinned. “Shall we?” He gestured towards the counter and couldn't help but strut a little bit as he approached it with a gorgeous girl on his arm, especially as a group of slightly older guys craned their necks to check her out, their eyes lingering lustfully on Lee Anne's sashaying backside as she minced along in her cork wedge sandals. John could hardly blame them, but he did enjoy the fact that Lee Anne instinctively gripped his arm tighter and snuggled in closer to him for protection. The smell of her perfume was intoxicating! He couldn't wait to get to know her better, to hold her, to kiss her...

Okay, he was getting a little ahead of himself. She was shy, and he didn't want to scare her off, even if she was attracted to him.

“I'll have the double fudge mocha, my good man,” John informed the teenager behind the counter, who was slyly checking out Lee Anne's belly button

piercing. “What will you have, milady? I’m paying. Remember, Lee Anne, it’s an apology ice cream.” She bent over to look at the different flavors, tucking her hair back with one hand and making her bracelets jangle together.

“They still have the licorice!” she said excitedly. “I’ll get that, please.” She shot John an embarrassed look as she straightened up. “Um, just a small cone,” she added.

“Wow, it must be genetic,” John chuckled, shaking his head. “Stanley always got the licorice. I always thought he was the only person on Planet Earth who actually liked it...” He trailed off, taking another curious look at Lee Anne’s pretty face. Something was nagging at him in the back of his mind, a weird feeling that all was not as it seemed, but he had been so distracted by Lee Anne’s beauty that he hadn’t put the pieces together.

“Oh, he recommended it,” Lee Anne said hastily. “I hope I like it!”

John nodded distractedly as he paid for their ice creams. They took their cones to a little table outside in the sunshine, and as Lee Anne sat down, grace-



fully crossing her long, tanned legs, he still couldn't shake the curious feeling that he knew her from somewhere.

As he watched her devour the small cone, turning it in her dainty, manicured hands to greedily attack the ice cream with her tongue from another angle, it suddenly all came together. His heart started to beat even faster than it had when he'd seen her in her half naked... but this time for another reason entirely! He took a good look at her face, taking in her pointed chin, her eyebrows, which were tweezed and shaped, but still moved in familiar ways, even her small pink tongue as she licked eagerly at the ice cream. Her makeup made her eyes look larger, and her cheekbones more pronounced, and her nose was definitely different, but even so... The clues were all there.

A large blob of John's ice cream fell off his cone and his mouth fell open at the same time. "Wait a second," he gasped. "Stanley?"

Lee Anne's pretty face went bright red. John waited for her to react in confusion, or to ask him if he was feeling all right, but instead, she looked around hastily to see if anybody had heard.

"Keep it down," she pleaded, now in a low voice that John knew perfectly. "But y-y-yes, it's me." John sat there, mouth open as melting pistachio mocha began running down his hand. "It's a long story, and I'll tell you, but please, just not here..."

To say that John was in shock would be the understatement of the century. Mere moments ago, he had been the cock of the walk, on top of the world, getting ice cream on a beautiful day with a gorgeous girl... And now, it turned out that that girl was actually his old pal, Stanley? He stared across the table, still not quite willing to believe what he had uncovered.

"But how?" he spluttered, looking his old friend up and down, lingering in particular on the feminine bust beneath his top. "I mean, you've got boo... Buh... A belly button ring!" he finished lamely.

Lee Anne, or rather, in fact, Stanley, blushed brightly. "Yeah," he said quietly. "A while ago, my mom caught me checking out this super sexy chick at the piercing place in the mall, and she said nice girls like Lee Anne don't check out other girls. I tried to tell her that I wasn't... Well... She doesn't like it when I remind her of who I used to be... and she got really mad, so I pretended like I was only curious about the store and admiring her piercings, and..." Stanley indicated the silver stud in navel with a small shrug of embarrassment. "She 'let' me get my belly button pierced... Said it will help me feel more feminine... As if I need another reminder!"

John wasn't even listening, traumatized by the reality he was now dealing with. "Forget that! How the heck did you end up as Lee Anne in the first place?" John demanded. "I mean, three summers ago, you were... Stanley!"

“Shhh!” Stanley said, motioning desperately with his manicured hands for John to keep his voice down. “I’ll explain! I just...wait until we get somewhere quieter.”

They sat in silence as they finished their ice cream and to a casual observer it might have seemed as though the young couple were on a date that wasn’t going particularly well or had had an argument, but in unison they seemed to decide it was

time to leave and as John looked incredulously at his companion strut down Main street looking for all the world like what he had believed ‘she’ was only hours ago, his mind boggled at how his old pal Stanley could have been so totally transformed into the gorgeous Lee Anne.



A few moments later they had pulled in on a deserted road with no one around. They had been silent since leaving the ice cream shop and now the only sound that could be heard were the gulls circling above.

Stanley released the seat belt that had cut in across his chest and let out a sigh of relief as his breasts were no longer constrained by it. He looked at John, and turned in the passenger seat, his long eye lashes fluttering and his big green eyes full of resignation. “Okay, let me start at the beginning.” Stanley took a

deep breath and began to explain. “It all started three summers ago. It was the first one you and your family weren’t renting out the old house. You weren’t around to hang out with, so I started running with a different crowd. Mostly older guys, seniors at my high school. I was kind of like a mascot to them... everyone’s kid brother...” Stanley gave a sad sigh, and John wondered if perhaps he, like himself, was contemplating just how far he now looked from being anyone’s “kid brother” — a cute sister, maybe, but definitely not a brother!

“Anyway, I started getting into trouble,” Stanley continued, playing nervously with his long brunette tresses in a way that, despite knowing the truth now, John still found very distracting. “Nothing really bad! One of the guys, Daniel, had a car and we’d head over to Frantonville most nights. It wasn’t like we were doing anything much... Just drinking beer underneath the boardwalk... Smoking grass every once in a while... Sneaking into the arcade after hours...” He made a face. “But then one night, Daniel got pulled over while he was giving me a ride home, and he’d been drinking sure, but what was worse was he had some stuff in his car, too. Not a huge amount, but more than enough for personal use. He got it that day from this dealer, Kris, and planned to sell it to college kids over the long weekend and make enough to pay Kris back for the grass and have a little extra on the side. I didn’t know all this until we were pulled over. The other guys in the car, there were five of us all together, all had been busted for possession in the past, but I had never been in trouble before. If I said it was mine, I’d just get a warning and a slap on the wrist whereas Daniel or the others might get actual prison time.” Stanley sighed again. He had started out telling his story in his male voice, but as he talked, it started to float back up into feminine range.

“Anyways, I agreed, and they were right, but my mom went absolutely ballistic when she heard. She had to come bail me out at the station. And then when she was told I had a large amount of drugs on me... I had never seen her so angry! She made



me tell her everything, and then started saying all this stuff about how I was going to end up in jail if I wasn't careful."

Stanley tucked his long hair behind his ear. "See my dad's brother, Uncle Jimmy had been in and out of prison after getting into drugs around my age. He was the family embarrassment, and Mom was determined to see to it that there was no way I was going to turn out like that. I had no idea what she had in mind at the time. I might have been better off with jail time"

"I still don't get it," John said, shaking his head. "What does any of that have to do with this?" He waved his hand towards Stanley's ultra-feminine appearance. "With you wearing heels and makeup? And having boobs?" Stanley blushed and instinctively brought up both his arms in an effort to obscure his cleavage.

"I'm getting to it," he said sourly. "Just let me explain. After that incident with the police, she grounded me for the rest of the summer. And I mean really, really grounded me. I could barely go the bathroom without her knowing! I kept waiting for her to ease up, but she wouldn't. She told me was going to do whatever was necessary to make sure I didn't end up like my uncle — in and out of jail, a low-life with no prospects..." He tugged at the legs of his short skirt nervously.

"I knew my mom wanted the best for me, so I didn't try to sneak out of the house or anything... At least, not for a while. But one night, towards the end of the summer, Daniel and the guys came to bust me out, to go to this big party on the beach. They were really grateful for me taking the rap with the cops and were going to show me the night of my life. I knew I shouldn't go, but I was going stir crazy in the house since mom had grounded me. I just couldn't turn it down. And I gotta say, it was a blast!" He looked wistfully towards the beach through his curled, mascara-laden eyelashes. "But the guys kept giving me beer. Every time I'd finish one bottle, before I knew it, there was another in my hand. I drank way too much, and then, Kris turned up. Apparently after the cops confiscated the drugs, Daniel had no way to pay him back, so he's been avoiding him for weeks. Kris had gotten word that Daniel was at the party so he showed up with two of his guys and a fight broke out."

"I don't remember much about it, but by the time I showed up back at the house in the morning, I had a broken nose and a hell of a hangover, and my mom was waiting for me."

"Oh, man," John remarked. "She must have been furious."

"Like you wouldn't believe," Stanley agreed. "But she didn't yell at me or anything — that was the worst part. She was totally calm, but she told me I had two choices for the upcoming year: I could either go away to military school, or I could take my classes at home by correspondence, so she could keep an eye on me. I could tell by the look on her face that she was dead serious! So, I picked the second option. She got me cleaned up and took me to a surgeon to

get my nose fixed, it was some plastic surgeon from Florida...” He wrinkled his small, perfectly shaped, very feminine ski-slope nose. “Apparently there was extensive damage to the cartilage and he did the best he could, but I was pretty pissed off when it healed up and I realized what he had done. Maybe that’s what gave Mom the idea...”

Stanley sighed again. “I was about a week in the clinic recovering from the procedure. I was pretty woozy, every day they’d give me a handful of different pills to take, and they even gave me shots. They said it



would help me heal and make sure there was no change of infection. It took me a long time to figure out what was going on, I was still a little dopey from the pills but I vaguely remember when mom finally came to sign me out of the clinic, the woman who took the paperwork called me *Miss Clifford*... I think. I couldn't be sure. See, since I had been grounded, I started putting on weight in weird places. And the time in hospital didn't help so I had all this puppy fat. Mom had brought me a t-shirt and shorts to wear home but I don't remember ever seeing them in my closet before that day."

Stanley shifted in his seat, folding a slim, hairless leg under him. "We got home and things didn't improve much. Mom had lightened up a little but I was still grounded. It didn't matter much as I didn't want anyone to see me. I was



really emotional all the time. I hated my new nose... It was like looking in the mirror and seeing a stranger looking back and I'd start crying at the drop of a hat. I had lost what little muscle tone I had, and I felt fat and chubby in some places but in other places I seemed to be getting slimmer. All in all, I was losing weight. Mom was sympathetic and said it wasn't unusual, especially after an operation for the body to take a while to adjust. She put me on a diet and got me special vitamins. Between those and the pills for my nose, I felt like I rattled when I walked. I'd spend most days sitting out by the pool since I had no desire to be seen by anyone who knew me and no energy to do much else."

"Eventually the changes in my body became too much to ignore. The diet and vitamins were doing nothing. I thought I was just gaining weight finally, but eventually I realized I was only gaining in my hips, my butt, and my... Um... Chest," he finished, blushing. "When I told my mom about it, she said it was a hormone imbalance, and agreed it best I see a doctor. At first I was reluctant to explain my situation to anyone but mom, however she said that I was being ridiculous. If it would make me feel better, she would make an appointment for me with a doctor she had heard someone recommend in Frantonville, and she promised that she would be there to help if I got tongue tied. I decided she was right. See, it wasn't just my body shape that was changing. My skin was getting smoother and more sensitive, too, and my chest was itching like crazy, so when she told me the doctor had an opening the very next day, I was hopeful that things might settle down."



“When we arrived in the doctor’s waiting room, the nurse asked our name and brought us straight away into an examination room. She told me to strip down to my underwear and gave me a surgical gown to put on. The doctor, who’s name was Dr. Lane, was an attractive woman in glasses and a lab coat. After examining a clipboard, she looked at my mother and introduced herself. She finally acknowledged my presence in the room and told me to remove the gown so she could examine me properly. After five minutes of poking and prodding my chest and buttocks, she told me to pull down my underwear and proceeded to cup my festivals in her palm. I assumed she was checking for lumps but after making a note on her clip board, she prepared a hypodermic needle and gave me a shot.” John noticed Stanley flinch.



“I was told I could dress and Dr. Lane asked to speak to my mother in her office. I don’t know what they said, but after almost fifteen minutes, the door opened and my mother came out followed by Dr. Lane.”

“She was very stern with me when she told me to strictly follow her instructions, but she really hadn’t told me anything. She said she told my Mom everything I needed to do, and she was in charge. I nodded, sheepishly, assuming mom would fill me in on what had been said in the office.”

“She said she’s see me in a month, and told my Mom she would see improvement in my condition. In the car, when I asked what the doctor had said, my mom told me that it was indeed a hormone imbalance, possibly related to unseen side effects of the pills I had been given after my operation. Dr. Lane had prescribed a series of pills that should set things right. But in the meantime, the doctor had recommended I get support.”

Stanley looked up into the sky. “At first I thought she meant a counselor to help with my mood swings and crying jags, but she meant a different kind of support. I needed a training bra. The doctor had said, and my mother happened to agree, that if I didn’t get support for my swollen breasts, they would begin to sag and droop. It would take weeks for the new pills to begin to take effect, and if I start wearing a support garment, I’d end up with sagging breasts that would need surgery to correct.”

“Mom pulled up at a department store and tried to get me to go in, but I said she could just buy them for me... as long as they weren’t too girly. No lace, no bows and no definitely no frills. And no color except white. And to be fair to mom, she followed my instructions when choosing bras for her son. But I should have known something more was up when she bought matching bottoms to go with them and told me I might as well wear the panties, too!”

“But guys don’t just suddenly grow boobs,” John said, frowning in bewilderment at his friend’s story. “Do they?”

“Not without help,” Stanley said, flushing.

“Help? What kind of help?” John asked.

Stanley paused and drooped his shoulders. “Can you take me home?” He looked up at John with tired eyes. For the first time all afternoon, John thought that maybe it might be too much to ask his friend to explain all this in one go

“Sure, I didn’t think... this must be tough, going through it all again.”

Stanley bobbed his pretty head “I thought I could get through all this in one go, but... I need to... I just need a break.”

John really wanted to hear the rest of it, but he could understand. “Sure. Yeah. Sure.” He turned the key in the ignition and started the car. “I understand. Let’s head back.”

“Thanks,” Stanley said with a disarming smile of his pretty pink lips as he pulled the safety belt across his bosom and looked over at John. “I’ve missed you, John.”

John hoped he wasn’t blushing.

The ride back to the summer house could not have been more different for John from the ride into town. Only hours before, he had been ecstatic to have such a pretty girl in his passenger seat, eager to flirt with her and find out more about her. Now, knowing that the pretty girl was actually his old buddy Stanley, it all felt like some kind of bizarre farce, as if at any second the actual Stanley would pop out of the back seat and announce that the whole thing had been a big prank, and that John was free to date his sexy female cousin Lee Anne whenever he wanted.

John glanced awkwardly over at the feminized boy, who was sitting with his manicured hands folded daintily in his lap, his smooth, tanned knees clutched together. Someone must have really done a number on him if, even here, in the relative sanctuary of the car with nobody around to see him, his body language and actions were still so utterly girlish.

“Well, here we are,” John said awkwardly as they pulled up to the Clifford’s residence.

“Thanks,” Stanley said with a wistful smile. “I’ll talk to you later okay?” He swept his hair over a shoulder like John had always seen girls to when they were flirting. He hesitated, unsure of how to part ways — he and Stanley had always had a secret handshake, but it seemed so strange to do that now that Stanley’s hand was dainty, moisturized, and tipped with painted-pink nails. He was surprised when Stanley reached across and gave his hand a quick squeeze instead.

“John,” he said pensively. “I can I count on you, can’t I? To help me?”

“Yes, absolutely,” John replied, unsure if he was responding to a plea from an old friend or a request from a sexy girl.

Stanley rummaged in his bag and produced small black eye pencil and scrawled a cell number on Johns arm.

“This is the number of my cell. Mom checks the call list but we can text each other, and as long as we delete them straight away she won’t know and we can keep in touch.” He looked again into the doe eyes of his friend. “I was so scared when I saw you yesterday morning and then mom told me you were staying, but I think, I think it might just be my salvation.”

Stanley turned and minced his way to his front porch, hips swinging in a distinctly feminine pattern, bag sitting prettily on his tanned shoulder. John shook his head, trying to clear his mind of lustful thoughts that inevitably arose from seeing a hot girl who could walk in heels and really work them show off the view as she walked away, he told himself for the thousandth time that after-

noon that it was really his old buddy, not some nubile sex pot trying to entice, and his friend needed his help.



As darkness slowly fell on the house, John was slumped in a chair, the reality of the situation ricocheting around in his head like a superball. He understood perfectly the words that he had heard earlier that day, but his mind just couldn't make it all fit together.

He got up and walked over to the kitchen where he poured a bowl of cereal, then turned to the fridge for the milk, and just kept staring at it for about five minutes, unable to think.

Nothing made any sense anymore. He eventually closed the fridge and ignored the bowl as he walked over to the huge picture windows and stared over towards the Clifford's pool.

What was he supposed to do now? He had no capacity to deal with this situation. Should he call the police? Should he just grab Stanley and drive off with him until they were as far over the state line as they could get? Should he confront Mrs. Clifford and give her hell?

All that would make him feel better, but what was the best thing for Stanley? He still had no real read on what his mindset was. Stanley was definitely showing sorrow and regret, but at the same time, he seemed somewhat acclimated to being a girl.

It was starting to tear John apart. He had to get his mind off this, and he sat down in front of the TV and ignored whatever was playing. The lights and noise meant nothing. He was too out of sorts to process it.

He snapped the set off in the middle of a show and stood up. It was pitch black outside, and he hadn't bothered with the lights inside. He walked back over to the picture windows and looked out, wondering what he needed to do next.

It was then that he saw the lights turn off in the Clifford's house. It was past 11, which surprised John. He must have been staring at that TV for over three hours.

He looked over at his phone which was resting on a table. John walked over to it, and impulsively, punched in the number Stanley had given him earlier. He just had to know more.

....R U up? It's John

He pressed send and a moment of silence followed before the phone chirped with a message.

Mom asleep. Climb up to balcony. But b quiet.

John recalled that the Clifford house was decorated in places with trellis of flowers that if he was agile enough, would be enough to let him get to the balcony of Stanley's room. What would he say if Mrs. Clifford discovered him trying to gain access to her 'teenage niece's' bedroom close to midnight? His heart began racing at the thought of the illicit act, but he had to hear more. He had to find out what had so thoroughly changed his friend, even if it meant risking discovery.

The floral trellis was firmly attached to the wall and as good as a ladder. In a matter of minutes John found himself eye level with the balcony where he found Stanley nervously standing, dressed in only a tiny grey baby doll nighty that barely came down to the matching panties he wore. His brown tresses had been pulled back into two matching pigtailed either side of his head and he looked as though he just stepped away for a moment from a sorority slumber party.

"Dude!" John said.  
"I've been going nuts thinking about you all night! You gotta help me out! I don't know what to do!"

Through the dark he thought he saw Stanley's cheeks grow crimson.

"Ssshh..." Stanley whispered. "Try and swing yourself over and come in to the room, but don't make a sound, okay?"

"Yeah," John said, still a little flustered at the sight of what appeared to be such a pretty girl in skimpy bed room attire.

He swung over and pulled himself onto the balcony silently. He stood there for a



moment before tip toeing gently into Stanley's room. Or more precisely, into the room Stanley now occupied. When he had been in his friend's room summers past, it had been a typical teen age boy's room, littered with action figures, CDs, comic books and a games console. This was the boudoir of a young woman. Decorated in purple and pink, the room was dominated by a canopied bed but off to one side was a dressing table strewn with all sorts of bottles and tubes and sprays and creams. There was a bedside locker and an antique wardrobe with a little black dress hanging off it and John noticed a pair of black stiletto high heels that he guessed had been recently discarded and left on the floor beside it. Off to the left he could make out two doors, both slightly ajar. One seemed to lead to a bathroom, decorated in a similarly floral style and the other to a walk in closet as he could make out shelves and rails of shoes and clothing.

"We have to be really quiet," Stanley whispered. "Mom's a deep sleeper but I don't know what she'd do if she found us in here!"

"Alright," John nodded, sitting down on the stool by the dressing table as Stanley sat upon the canopy bed and in one graceful movement, pulled his knees up to his chin in an effort to obscure the lacy bodice of his nightie and the bust on display. But as he did so, he unconsciously presented to John his perfectly pedicured feet, and the exquisitely polished toenails which adorned them.

"You sleep in here?" John gestured around the pale rose surroundings.

"Yes... Mom said I should move in here when... well, I think it might be better if I just tell you stuff as it happened. That way I'm less likely to miss things out. And I want you to know everything that happened so you can understand. It's important that you understand, John." Stanley's wide eyes peeked pleadingly over a pair of smooth hairless knees. "Where did I leave off?"

"So, um, your body? You telling me about how your body changed... You went to that doctor and she examined your, uh, boobs."

"Oh, yeah... Those." He could see Stanley's big eyes dip for a moment as he gave them a look for himself. "Well, like I said, eventually I found out they weren't natural."

"But how?"

"My mom had persuaded me to wear the bras she bought for me. We must have come back from the store with half a dozen sets of girls' underwear. They were all fairly plain white sets as I had requested and they all looked the same to me when she tossed them onto the bed in my room. But she delighted in explaining to me the different styles of bras and different cuts of the panties, only a selection of which I was now looking at. Then I noticed that some of the bras she had purchased seemed to have these little squishy pads sown into the cups, making them fuller and rounder than the others. When I asked her about them, she said it was it was a padded, push-up style the doctor had recom-

mended. I said there was no way I was going to wear something like that but she calmly explained that the padding would help with sensitivity around my nipples and that the lift and support that a push-up design gave would be the best to counteract the drooping and sagging had already started. I was too tired to argue and before I knew it, she had whipped my shirt off and was adjusting the straps of the bra she had fastened around my back. I had to learn the best way to put them on myself as there were a few different techniques, which she began to explain to me while she pulled and tugged at the straps and checked everything was to her liking. When she was finally satisfied, she handed me the matching set of panties and told me to put them on.”

“I was about to head into the bathroom when she said it was nothing she hadn’t seen before when she was changing my diaper, so blushing, I turned my back and replaced my blue boxers with the matching set of white panties. I have to admit, although I felt like I was strapped into some kind of harness, the support the bra provided did feel really good. And the padding felt cool against my sensitive nipples. But while I might not have minded how it felt, I wasn’t too happy with how it made me look. My breasts looked much bigger than they ever had, as the wiring and padding conspired to push the fleshy swelling around my chest up, together and outwards. It seemed instead of hiding my growing boobs, it had made them even more noticeable. As for the panties, while they were very tight in the front, they were a perfect fit behind and they actually felt more comfortable than my boxers.”

“My mom was all like, ‘Now, doesn’t that feel better?’ She said she thought they were almost perfect fit for me, but next time she’d need to get me properly fitted, which I didn’t even know was a thing.”

“I was so transfixed by my reflection that the things she was saying barely registered. I just kept looking into the mirror at the figure that looked back. To all the world I looked like a young girl in a bra and panties. Only a small bulge in the front of the panties signaled otherwise.”

“She told me to give her back all of the panties and she took them off to modify them. I had hoped she was maybe letting them out, but when she returned with them several hours later, I discovered that she seemed to have sewn a strange small pouch into their lining. She had seen the design on the internet and the tiny pouch it was specifically intended to pull my junk back and up between my legs, leaving in the front only a flat region. After a few attempts to achieve the effect, during which it was all I could do to convince mom I didn’t need her help, I finally managed to get it to work. She smiled happily as she asked me to turn this way and that and check her handiwork from all angles.”

Stanley looked around the room, and let one of his hands pound lightly into a pillow. “Then she turned her attention to my bedroom. She said that she had decided it was time to have my room painted and that I’d have to stay in one of the guest rooms until it was done. With that proclamation, she told me to box

up my stuff so things wouldn't get damaged by the workmen. I did like she asked and a week later, I was moved in here."

"And your old room?" John asked.

"Mom never did get it painted. I did box all my stuff up though. I don't know if she kept it or gave it to charity or sold it online, but I haven't seen it since. Besides, I had bigger things to worry about."

"Why, what happened then?"

"I was going crazy here. I was too embarrassed about my boobs to leave the house but my hair was getting so long," Stanley said, giving a little toss of his glossy brunette tresses as if to illustrate. "I'd always kept it long and shaggy, surfer style, and I would have rather just let it keep growing than go into town to my regular barber's and risk running into my friends! But it was getting so long that along with the changes in my figure and the bras I was now wearing constantly, I totally looked like a girl. I finally complained to mom about my hair. So one day, I threw a fit saying I didn't care that I'd be going out, I wanted a haircut."

"In her usual calm, soothing demeanor, Mom said she completely understood. My hair was getting out of control and she promised to get it sorted out straight away. She said she'd make an appointment at a place she knew in Fran-tonville, since no one would recognize me there and they could sort it all out."

"That sounds suspicious," John said.



“What, like I’m not supposed to trust my Mom? I mean, she’s my *Mom*.” Stanley ran his hand through his hair. “Anyway, they could fit me in that afternoon but we needed to leave immediately. I had hoped to search my closet for my loosest fitting t-shirt and shorts or at the very least, remove the padded bra I was wearing, but there was no time. When we arrived at the place, I discovered it to be a high-end ladies salon. I was hoping Mom had called one of those uni-sex places, but as she left me in waiting area while she went to speak to the manager, I could see the busy sinks and stations beyond were all occupied — and all by women. In fact, apart from a male hairdresser working on one of them, I was surrounded by women. I had been hoping I’d wind up in some crusty old geezer’s shop where I could ask for a crew cut, surfer hair be damned, but as I realized mom had made the appointment in a woman’s salon, it dawned on me that I might have to settle for something less masculine, like a pixie cut or whatever they were called. Whatever, as long as it was shorter. I thought that when I got home, I could attack the job myself with gel or styling wax or something.”

Stanley began to play with his long hair. “They must have worked on me for 4 hours. The stylist was a cute girl called Melody with a cool purple bob and under other circumstances, I might have enjoyed an afternoon being pampered by someone like that. But as the afternoon went on, it became obvious that all of my expectations were very far off the mark.”

“It took me a



while to realize that rather than being cut, my hair was being colored, straightened and styled. It didn't stop there, either. Soon, she turned her attention to the rest of my appearance, and trapped as I was in the salon chair, with my mother too far away to confer with and not quite knowing what to say either way, I was at Melody's mercy. She kept telling me how lucky I was to have such pretty features and great bone structure, saying when she was finished, I was going to be a knockout...a really foxy girl..." Stanley blushed deeply and trailed off.

John didn't say it, but he was thinking it: Melody had been absolutely correct. "Lee Anne" was a knockout, and he wasn't sure Stanley even knew just how attractive he was as a girl. Remembering him in his yellow bikini gave John a stirring in his pants that made him feel equally confused and ashamed — he knew it was a guy sitting across from him, flaunting his smooth, slender legs and girlish curves, but his body was reacting as if Stanley was what he appeared to be: an extremely beautiful teenaged girl. It was John's turn to gulp and turn red with embarrassment as he fully realized that only yesterday he had pleased himself to the mental image of his former boyhood buddy.

"Next, she worked on my eyebrows, plucking, shaping and tweezing them, then Melody said she really thought my nails needed attention. Soon another younger girl was buffing and polishing my fingernails as Melody worked her way from my brows downwards. Then it was my lashes, then my cheekbones and finally my lips. I felt a tube of what I assume was lipstick run over them before as a coat of sticky liquid which I later found out to be lip gloss was applied to my mouth. I felt as though I was having more creams, lotions and powders applied to my face than an entire cosmetics counter."

"Eventually, Melody beckoned for my mother to approach her station and she turned me in the chair so I could see the full effect of her labors, my jaw fell to the floor."

"If I thought that seeing my reflection after the nose job was a shock, this was even more so. Looking back from the mirror, sat in the salon chair was a gorgeous girl. I can't explain it. It was me but it wasn't me..." Stanley's eyes dropped.

John looked at Stanley, perched demurely on his pink bed, dressed in a shortie night gown and with his hair in pig tails and thought to himself he knew a little about what he was talking about.

"Mom paid and we left the salon. I couldn't help but overhear as she left Melody a hefty tip. As soon as we were back in the car, she apologized to me profusely, telling me that Melody had gotten confused and thought was another girl looking for a makeover. By the time Mom realized what was happening, she claimed, she thought that spelling things out to the entire salon that I was a boy mistaken for being a girl might be more embarrassing for me than the al-

ternative. I listened and nodded but I was in a daze every time I saw my reflection in the wing mirror.”

“I don’t know if I wasn’t talking because I agreed with her, but she suddenly announced that this would be the perfect time to get me properly fitted. At first I didn’t understand, but as she pulled up outside a small high end lingerie shop, I began to protest that I had plenty of bras at home. Mom argued that it would be much better in the long run if I was properly fitted by a professional and there’d never be a better opportunity as they would think I was merely another teenage girl shopping for intimates. Finding it hard to argue with her logic, I unbuckled my safety belt and followed her into the store. I didn’t want to seem out of place, so I let mom do the talking and before I knew it I was standing there in just my underwear — girl’s underwear, mind you — while they took my measurements. When the assistant addressed me directly, especially when she used terms I didn’t understand, I just smiled and nodded or let out a sheepish ‘yes’.”

“So we were led past racks and racks of feminine underwear to the communal fitting room, which had individual cubicles divided by curtains and a large full length mirror where customers could examine their reflection wearing the selections they had made.”

“The assistant brought an armful of choices for our perusal and although some were only slightly more feminine than the those mom had already bought me, some were infinitely more so and made of the



flimsiest materials and of a rainbow of colors, with the laciest frills, bows and panels of satin and silk. These were not garments made to support, but to enhance and entice... Men.”

“I must have tried on twenty bras if I tried on one in that fitting room and we left the store with maybe over \$500 dollars’ worth of feminine under garments... I could barely believe how much that they had cost, but Mom barely batted an eye lid as she smilingly passed over her credit card and gushed in praise of all the help they had been and wished the girls behind the sales till a cheery good bye.”

“I expected us to head straight home but it was then that Mom said it might be a good idea if we got me a swimsuit. I did need to exercise more if I wanted to get my body back to normal, and swimming was the obvious solution... but a girl’s suit was definitely needed, to protect both my sensitive nipples and my modesty. If I thought the lingerie store was bad, the boutique we entered looking for a swimsuit was even worse. At least the lingerie store’s fitting room was off the shop floor. This

store had curtained cubicles right on the sales floor and the full length mirror was right there where all the other customers could see. Mom explained that we were looking for a suit and the clerk said she had the cutest new season two pieces that had just come in. I begged mom to buy me one of the modest suits the store carried, but the clerk kept going on about how cute I looked in a bikini and wouldn’t shut up about it until we bought one. We left with three.”



“So after the bras and bikinis, it seemed stupid to argue when Mom said we should pick up some new shorts and t-shirts —

girl's clothes that she said would fit me better! And anyway, she argued, since I wasn't going to school, and didn't feel like venturing out of the house, what did it matter. It was only some shorts and tops and it wasn't as if anyone would be around to see it, and she was right — they did fit better. With me wearing girl's underwear and my body getting... Curvier." Stanley grimaced, and John felt a pang of sympathy for his old friend, who was clearly humiliated beyond belief to be relating all this to him. "Anyways," Stanley continued onward. "Pretty soon my closet was mostly girl clothes. We left Frantonville that day with tons of new outfits. It seemed like not a day passed without mom arriving back to the house with a bag from some store where she had seen the 'cutest little thing' she thought would be perfect for me."

"Then the online deliveries started. I'd find packages on my bed with the name of women's retailers on the box. Or even worse, she's just put them in the walk-in closet without showing them to me first. I was trying to only wear the jeans and the tops, but I then I started noticing a bunch of dresses, skirts, and even girls shoes — shoes with high heels. When I asked, my mom said some were hand-me-downs a friend of hers was trying to get rid of, some were on sale but some were just so cute and she couldn't help but buy them."

"And, at the time, I guess it kind of made sense. By pretending to be an actual girl, no one would actually recognize me! I didn't have to worry about people who knew me as Stanley ridiculing me for my feminine body, and I guess I thought by the time the hormone imbalance cleared up, I could return to my old self and go back to school as if nothing had ever happened."

"I guess that does make sense," John said cautiously. "You were afraid anyone would find out you were Stanley, so became Lee Anne?"

Stanley nodded his pretty head sadly.

He spoke in a small voice, staring off into space and blinking slowly, making his long, dark eyelashes flutter. "Although there wasn't much of Stanley left, if I'm being totally honest. Between the plastic surgeon and my 'hormone imbalance', the salon staff and all the sales clerks that treated me like some life sized Barbie doll to dress up, by the time they were finished with me, I looked, pretty much like I look now, I suppose. It can still be really weird seeing myself in the mirror, like an out of body experience!"

"I can imagine," John said. "It's almost as weird seeing you now and knowing you're not actually a girl named Lee Anne. You really do look just like a chick, you know..."

"I know," Stanley sighed. "That's why I was hoping I might be able to get through this without you recognizing me. Mom seemed to delight in the idea of having a new daughter. She instructed me in the finer points of personal grooming, even making a standing appointment for me at the salon with Melody. I guess it wasn't enough to just for me to get passively worked on dur-

ing those visits, so Mom made sure I had to pay attention to every treatment I was getting, by making me repeat the steps after every appointment. I had to ask the staff questions about what they were doing so I could do my best to replicate their work myself. I learned how to style my hair for several looks, I discovered how contouring could compliment the bone structure of my face, I would practice painting and filing my finger nails and show them off for Mom's approval... I felt like a soldier conscripted into some bizarre army service where the drill sergeant was Mom and my regulation uniform was a miniskirt and kitten heels."

Stanley's face flushed red at the memory. "It all felt like some kind of bad dream, but one thing was certain, nobody recognized me! I tried to stay around the house as much as possible, but when Mom did convince me to go out with



her, she introduced me to everyone as her niece, Lee Anne. She claimed that “Stanley” had been sent away to a tough boarding school until his behavior improved. Little did I know that turning me into a girl was my mom’s way of improving that behavior.”

“I still don’t get it,” John said, frowning. “I thought it was supposed to be temporary, but here you are, still pretending to be Lee Anne... Why hasn’t your condition gone away like the doctor said?”

“Haven’t you been listening to a word I said? It was because it wasn’t a natural condition to begin with!” Stanley said in a furious whisper. Suddenly we could hear a door creak open from somewhere down the hall. “It’s my mom! She must have heard us talking. You have to go!”

Stanley jumped to his feet and quickly pushed John out to the balcony before closing the windows and pulling the curtains. John stealthily managed the climb back to ground level and crept back to the relative safety of the summer house. Afraid to turn the lights on, he slid the patio doors closed behind him and found himself once again alone in the darkness of the kitchenette. He turned to see the balcony from which he had just climbed down and the light from Stanley’s room go out. Everything Stanley had told him was turning over in his mind and try as he might, he still could not make any sense of them. “Crap!” He said to the darkness. “How am I going to sleep now?”



It was when the light pouring in through his bedroom window became unbearably bright that John finally stirred. He didn’t distinctly remember getting into bed, and he was sure he had never completely fallen asleep.

He was too afraid that if he closed his eyes, he might start to dream — and he was afraid he might dream of Stanley and everything that had happened, or worse, that he might dream of Lee Anne.

John got up, pulled on a pair of long pajama bottoms and walked down into the kitchen, and wondered how long the bowl of uneaten cereal had been sitting there. He grabbed a handful and ate it as he looked for something to drink.

He walked over to the window looking down on the Clifford’s patio, and saw Stanley, much to his surprise dressed in a baby blue patterned top, short ruffled skirt and white sandals with four inch heels, having a chat with his mother. He couldn’t see much at this distance, but John saw Stanley wave goodbye and walk off down the road. Even on the rough surface of the road, he managed his heels like he’d been wearing them all his life.

Realizing that this left Stanley away from his mother and alone, John quickly ran into the bedroom and got himself dressed. He ran down the back stairs and

shot off into the underbrush. He quickly caught up with Stanley, who had been walking along, tottering in his sandals, humming to himself.

“Stanley!” He called out in a hushed yell.

“Who’s there?” Stanley said, clutching his purse and taking a defensive stance.

“Me! John!”

“What? Oh! John! Uh... Wait until I get around the bend. Then I’ll be out of sight of my mom.”

“Got it!” John ran through the brush, catching thistles in his jeans and feeling sharp leaves graze his arms, threatening to cut them. He fought with some bushes before finding the right spot on the dirt road, and waited.

And waited.

“What’s keeping you?” He called out, knowing Stanley could hear him.

“You try walking fast in these shoes!” He growled back.

“Why are you wearing them, anyway?”

“Why do you think? Mom insists! Everywhere I go, whether I’m in public or just around the house, I have to wear a high heel. I’m only going to the little market on the main road for some supplies and she pretty much picked out my outfit for me. Anyway, after nearly two years, I’m pretty used to them. And besides, it’s not that long a walk, anyway.”

Finally, Stanley came into view. He was still a sight to behold, pretty as a princess and dolled up like one, too. His hair was perfect, his makeup immaculate and his skirts swayed in the breeze in the most enchanting way.

“Did your mom catch you last night?” John asked.

“No, I think she heard something, but when she came into my room to check on me I said I was watching TV.” Stanley walked up to John and rested his head on his shoulder. “I was really worried there, for a second. Sorry if I scared you.”

“No problem,” John replied, weakly. A beautiful girl’s body so close to his was still distractingly sensual; even it wasn’t really a girl. He moved so Stanley would stop touching him. “Do you want me to get the car?” he said, gesturing back to the house.

“I’m fine, and I don’t want my mom to get suspicious.”

“Yeah, good point.”

Walking down the path, alone, lined with lush green vegetation was almost a dream-like setting. If it was any other situation, John would have wanted to hold the hand of the girl he was with. But he couldn’t. He had to remember, it was a boy. A guy. It was Stanley.

“So...” John started. “You were saying that what they were telling you, the doctors and your mom, about how you had a temporary condition, wasn’t true?”

“That’s right.”

“So everyone was lying?” John clarified. “Everyone? Why didn’t you just tell someone... or run away? I don’t get it.”

“It took me a very long time to figure it out, so I don’t blame you for being confused. At first, I thought my mom really did just have my best interests at heart. Sure, pretending to be a chick was kind of weird, but if it meant I wouldn’t get teased for my “boy boobs,” I was all for it.”

Stanley turned to John and looked at him in the eyes. “You wouldn’t understand. You were tall for your age. Me, I was always being called names at school, even by the girls because I was short. In girls’ clothes, I was scared stiff that someone would realize what was going on, so I committed to seeming as girlish as possible. Unfortunately for me, there’s a lot more to passing as a girl



than just looks, and my mom was determined to give me a real crash course in femininity. Along with my school studies by correspondence, I got a whole other kind of education: learning how to be a convincing enough girl to keep the “cousin” story afloat.” Stanley grunted. “Talk about grueling! It wasn’t just learning how to take care of my skin and nails, or do my hair and makeup, or waxing my legs and knowing how to put together matching outfits or what shoes go with what outfits ... I had to learn how to act like a totally different person, since that was my best chance of not being “read” as a guy.”

“You definitely don’t move like a guy anymore,” John pointed out, remembering the entrancing sway of his hips as he walked, or the way he so naturally crossed his pretty legs and gestured with his manicured, dainty hands.

“Well, it didn’t come naturally, let me tell you,” Stanley said blushing. “My mom went all out on teaching me the ins-and-outs of female body language. I knew she had always wanted a daughter, and that time I still believed the whole thing was temporary, so I did my best to humor her. She had really been on my case about keeping my marks up before, but she seemed willing to give me some slack so long as I was doing my best with her “girly” lessons. I mean, what would you have done?”

“I don’t know,” John frowned. At first he had been ready to say, *No way would I have agreed to wear girl clothes!* Now that he thought about it, though, he could see why his friend had gone along with the plan — better to look like a girl, than look like a guy with a girl’s body and thus, some kind of weird freak.

“Pretty soon she was calling me “Lee Anne” all the time,” Stanley continued, “even when we were alone at home. I noticed all of the clothes that at least could be considered gender-neutral that were in my closet had disappeared.” Stanley sighed. “She moved me into the new room, she got me new purple sheets, and broke out a few stuffed animals I hadn’t played with since I was a baby, put them up on my shelf... The whole thing was getting out of hand. On top of it all, it was fishy that the doctor’s prescription wasn’t making any kind of difference.” He paused to look back down the road they had been walking on, remorsefully. “At first, like I said, I only had to put on makeup and a skirt when we went into town,” he said. “But before long, she had me wearing full makeup every day, doing my hair every morning and wearing a bra, panties and high heels at all times to make me feel more feminine. I was only ever allowed to watch girly soap operas on TV or read Cosmo magazines, and any time I did anything “boyish” — you know, sitting with my legs apart, scratching my armpits, or what have you — she punished me!”

He looked around nervously, as though perhaps his mom was listening in. “Finally, I realized that something very weird was going on. She always put the pills from the doctor’s office directly into my pill box, but one night I snuck the original bottle out of the garbage, and that’s when I realized... The pills that were supposed to help my condition were actually causing it! I checked the

labels on the internet, and I had been taking powerful testosterone blockers and estrogen pills the whole time to change my body into... all the while I thought I was undoing it, my hips were widening and my breasts were growing... my whole shape was changing... Into *this!*” He cupped his pert breasts, inadvertently causing John to snap his neck. He did his best to drag his eyes away from the enticing sight.

“So she gave you pills that turned you into a chick?” John asked, a tone of disgust in his voice. “I didn’t know such things even existed.”

“They do, and she must have been giving me them from the very start, as soon as I started getting into trouble,” Stanley said. “She thinks the only way to keep me from turning into a dead-beat I was to turn me into her sweet girly-girl daughter, instead! I didn’t know what to do, or who to tell... My mom is good friends with the police chief in town, so I’m sure she would never believe my story... And I didn’t have access to a computer, either... and I told you how she checks my phone... besides, I was too ashamed to go to any of my old friends, looking like this... I thought about running away, but my mom always told me stories about how truckers expect pretty little hitch-hikers to “repay” them, and I never managed to work up the courage...”

He took a deep breath, stopping as they reached some short stone steps. His intake of air making his feminine bust bob attractively. He looked at John, eyes once more large and round. “But now that you’re here, and you know the whole story, you can help me! Won’t you, John?” He leaned into John and laid his dainty hand on John’s arm, clutching it weakly with his long, glittery pink nails. Despite everything he had just heard, John couldn’t help but feel a tingling sensation at the feminine touch — as if Stanley was a weak, defenseless girl who needed a big, strong man to rescue her. He gulped slightly.

“Wow,” he said, trying to process everything he had just learned. “This whole thing is just crazy. I can’t believe your mom would *do* that!”

“But you believe me, right?” Stanley pleaded pitifully, his pretty green eyes filling with tears. “If you don’t believe me, I don’t know what I’ll do...”

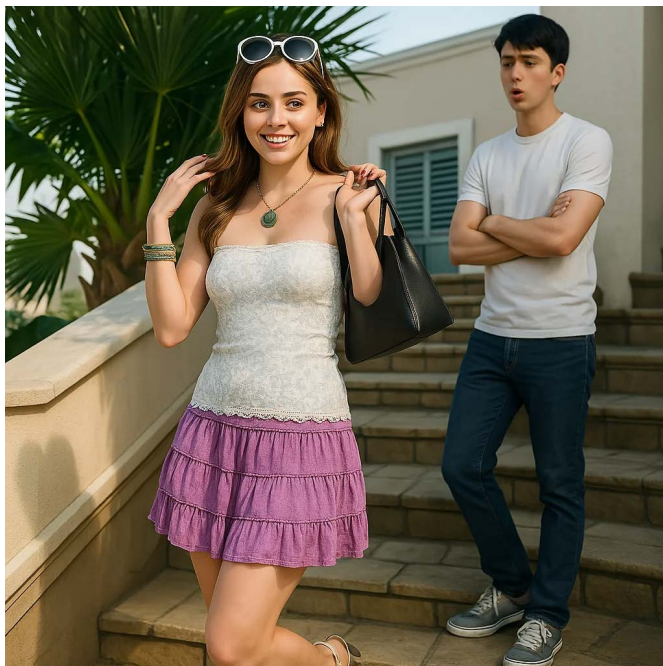
“I believe you!” John said hastily, but, even as he spoke those words — and watched as his friend tripped away down the stone steps, smiling contentedly — he couldn’t help but feel a small hint of doubt.

The story was so strange, so bizarre, and “Lee Anne” certainly didn’t seem like a boy being forced to act like a girl. On the contrary, every move Stanley made was utterly feminine and girlish. Could any boy really be forced to traipse around in high heels and short skirts against his will? Or was there more to this story than Stanley was telling him?

“Oh, thank goodness,” Stanley sighed. “I was so worried you might not believe me. So you’ll help me escape?” he asked, turning back as he reached the bottom.

“You make it sound like she’s keeping you prisoner,” John remarked. “Is it really going to be that hard?”

“Believe me, my mom isn’t going to want to give up her new daughter,” Stanley said warningly. “She locks my door at night, and I’m just worried she’ll start locking my balcony door as well. And there’s something else, too...” He gave a tremulous, feminine sigh. “She has a hard drive full of videos of me doing my “girly” lessons. If she even suspects I might try to run away, she could, she *might*, send them to a newspaper or post them on the internet, and I’d become a tabloid freak instantly!”



“But wouldn’t that just incriminate her, and show you were telling the truth about how she’s trying to turn you into her daughter?” John asked, confused.

Stanley flushed prettily. “John, I don’t want anybody else to know about my time as Lee Anne! Too many people know about her already. It took you less than a day to work things out. I want to get that hard drive, get out of here, get out of skirts and dresses and get as far away as I can. Then maybe I can be Stanley again. And maybe pretend the whole thing never happened.”

John shook his head in amazement. “This is nuts,” he muttered. “But you’re still my buddy, and of course I’m going to help you. You’re sure we can’t just call the police, or something?”

Stanley shook his pretty head, making his brunette tresses bounce. “No way,” he said. “Like I told you, she’s friends with the sheriff. And if everyone did find

out what she did to me, I wouldn't be able to bear the humiliation." John thought he could see tears well up in Stanley's big green eyes. "You have to get me out of here, John! You just have to!"

"Okay," John said slowly. "We'll think of something. But for now, we'd better just act natural, and make it seem to your mom that I didn't find out your true identity."

Stanley nodded thoughtfully. "She knows how humiliated I was to be asked on a date by you, and that I was trying my hardest not to be recognized," he said. "So you're going to have to act like you're none the really none the wiser, and I'll tell her I managed to keep you in the dark, just by the skin of my teeth. I'll act all anxious about seeing you again, and mom will probably let you take me out again just to make me squirm. She keeps saying how I need to get used to the attentions of handsome young men..." Despite himself, John blushed. Had Lee Anne, or rather, Stanley, just called him handsome?

"Don't worry, buddy," he said, banishing the strangely pleasing thought and equally trying to remind himself that this beautiful girl was no girl at all. "We'll find a way to get you out of this mess."

They finally came upon the small market, which John had visited just the other day. It looked just as run down as he remembered. Maybe even more so. At one time it had been a gas station, but now the pumps were missing and chicken wire was covering the small windows. "Stay here. We don't want to be seen together."

"Sure, sure," John said. "I understand." He stayed in the brush as Stanley walked into the market with a smile and a friendly wave for whoever was inside.

He returned twenty minutes later with a plastic sack containing a carton of eggs and six ears of corn.

"Sorry it took so long," Stanley said. "Helen's granddaughter Rose is having a baby. She can't stop talking about it."

"She knows about you... I mean that you're Stanley?" John asked.

"No. Rose is pretty dim, as far as her and Helen know, I'm Lee Anne from Georgia and I'm staying with my aunt. Besides, she's totally in baby mode. She used to want to talk about clothes and make-up," Stanley said. "Girl talk, but lately, when she isn't saying how blessed she feel, she's telling me to make sure I don't let a no good good-for-nothing get me knocked up with his baby."

They turned around and walked back towards the house, and took the opportunity to plot their next move, covering every detail of how they were going to carry the plan out. By the time they were ready to part ways so John could sneak back his house unseen, they had it all worked out.

“So, let’s make sure we’re on the same page... I pretend to still think you’re Stanley’s...uh...you’re your own cousin, and I ask to take you out again?”

“Right,” Stanley said, bobbing his pointed chin in agreement. “And I’ll start looking for the hard drive. She keeps it well-hidden, but I know it’s somewhere in her bedroom. We can still message each other if we need to before then.”

“Okay, sounds good. Good luck,” John said.

“Thanks, John,” Stanley said softly, in his lilting, girlish voice. “I knew you’d come though for me!” He bounded away, grocery bag swinging in one hand and purse in the other, and even in the heels he wore, it seemed almost as if he were floating, and he was humming that song again.

John took the long way around, getting back to the beach house and went inside, where after a while he decided to hunt around for some fishing gear. He decided to take his mind off things by at least trying to make an effort to spend the day doing something he had planned when he had first decided on spending some time down here, before all this craziness with Stanley — a relaxed day down on the dock catching fish, alone with his thoughts...

However, when left alone with them, he found they seemed set only on yesterday’s revelation and all that had happened since, he could think of nothing but Lee Anne... Stanley... Lee Anne... Stanley... It was going to drive him crazy! How could his buddy have let himself be turned into such a delicate piece of fluff? The Stanley he remembered didn’t have a girlish bone in his body, and yet Lee Anne was now a total hottie and extremely feminine. Could his mom really have forced such a huge change upon him?

His mind went in circles around the conundrum as he sat with his fishing rod, but by the time it started getting dark, he was no closer to making sense of it. Having caught a grand total of one tiny fish, too small to do anything with other than toss it back in, John reluctantly packed up his gear and headed back towards the house. Stanley had always been a better fisherman than him, but imagining Lee Anne out there with him instead, fumbling with her long nails trying to attach a fishing lure, sunning herself in that tiny yellow bikini, giggling helplessly as she struggled to reel in a big catch... John found himself imagining helping her reel it in, putting his hands over hers from behind, breathing in the scent of her alluring hair.

“Knock it off,” he muttered. “It’s still Stanley, no matter what he looks like.” Cursing his rampant teenaged hormones, he made his way around the back of the house, and then paused. He could see lights on in the Clifford’s’ as he looked up at the big window with no drapes pulled belonging to Stanley’s room. It was enough to make him resolve to return back to the summer house and prepare for another clandestine visit later that night and another climb to that balcony to see Stanley.



The lights in the Cliffords' house were extinguished earlier than the previous evening, and after a quick message to see if the coast was clear, John once again made the journey to his friends bedroom in the large, silent house next door. This time he left the TV playing in the hopes it would convince Mrs. Clifford, if she were to look towards the rental house, that he was engrossed in some late night talk show.

The bedroom windows were closed when he pulled himself onto Stanley's balcony so he tapped lightly onto the glass to announce his arrival.

The door opened a crack and John could see Stanley framed within.

"You shouldn't have risked it, John," his friend said, "We almost got caught last night."

"I've been thinking about things all day... I had to see you," John replied.

"Alright, come in," Stanley opened the door wider and John was surprised to see him clad only in a frilly yellow pair of panties and towering black high heels. "I was getting changed when you texted. Sit down." Stanley said, gesturing towards the dressing table seat John had occupied the previous evening but obviously aware of John's unwavering gaze.

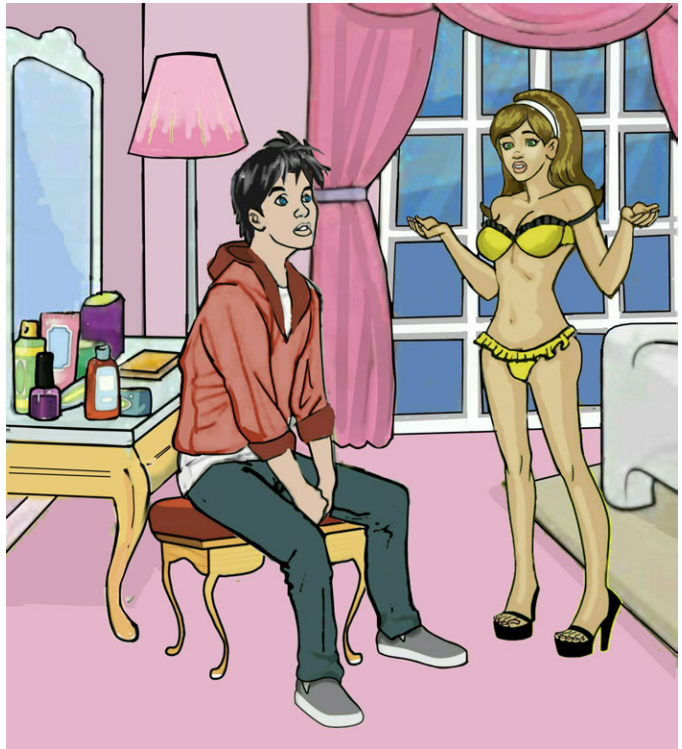
"I understand you probably have more questions, but coming here is a big risk...if Mom were to come in..."

"I couldn't wait until we see each other tomorrow... I'm losing my mind here!"

"Well how do you think I feel? You have to remember, this is all new to you, but I've been dealing with this, or trying to at least for three years!"

"I'm sorry, I..."  
John stammered.

"It's alright, I'm just tired..." Stanley explained. "Mom took me shoe shopping this afternoon and



it's always a huge production."

John only then noticed around half a dozen show boxes in a corner of the large room, some opened and containing high heels and some still closed.

"I would have thought after shopping for bras and bikini's shoes would be a cake walk. Can't you just get a pair, try them on and get out of there?"

"Ha!" Stanley laughed before realizing the volume might waken his mother. "You are such a typical man! Do you have any *idea* what it's like shopping for shoes as a girl? I mean obviously you don't. First and foremost, there are hundreds of colors and styles and different types of shoe for different occasions and different outfits. After the first hour I spent in a ladies shoe store, my head was swimming and I was a zombie. Mom sat there and would say she wanted to see *this* style in *that* color or *that* color in *this* style and the clerk would nod and suggest *this* type or *this* brand in *this* material with *this* heel. It was like they were talking in code or a different language. I mean do you honestly know the difference between court shoes and pumps, or even what either look like? What about Mary Janes and gladiator-style sandals... that's a laugh... gladiator style... I'd like to see a Roman gladiator fight in 3 inch heels with straps that run halfway up your calf! And how about a sling back and an ankle strap or a peep toe and an open toe or dorsal and scarpin... And that's just the shoes! What about the different types of heels? Wedge heels and kitten heels and chunky heels and stiletto heels. Don't get me started in the designers."

"I can honestly say I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Yes, well, count yourself lucky," Stanley said, before he continued. "And then when you finally do get out of the store and get them home, you have to break them in! Why do you think I'm walking around my bedroom at midnight in my underwear and a pair of platforms with a 5 inch stiletto heel?"

"Well, at least you seem to be able to walk in them. I think I'd break my neck, if that's any consolation."

"It's not!" Stanley shot back "And why shouldn't I be able to walk in them? I've had plenty of practice haven't I? I must have been dragged on shopping 'jaunts' to shoe stores at least twenty times since I started being Lee Anne. But they all seem to go the same way."

"The sales assistant would say 'oh we've just got a wonderful pair of 'whatevers' in and we have them in just her size and I know it may not be what you were looking for today but I'd love to show you a pair of 'such and suches' that are just to *die* for and so *hot* this year.' It was like that today and let me tell you it's absolutely exhausting."

All the time Mom is saying she wants 'just a little higher a heel I think' and 'I'm sure you could manage maybe another inch, Lee Anne' and 'this season's trends are for ultra-high heels but you're so lucky you have the legs to carry skyscrapers off.'"

“We left the store today with 6 boxes of all different types of high heel shoes — and that was Mom at her most restrained. She insists I break each pair in like this at night. As soon as they’ve been bought, she delights in the prospect of seeing me wear them with skirts or dresses she picks out for me.”

“You know what? By now I must have maybe 60 or 70 pairs. A whole closet full for every look and occasion and most of them are at least 5 inches tall.”

“I’m sure there are girls out there, *real* girls who’d kill for a collection of high fashion high heels like mine. But boy, oh boy can they be a pain.”

Despite the dire situation, John was a little bemused. “Well, you were never exactly blessed in the height department. At least you ‘sprouted!’”

If John thought his levity might lighten Stanley’s mood, he knew he was dead wrong as soon as he was flashed the kind of scowl that could wilt a house plant.

“She started me off with one and a half and two inches, and sure, it was nice at first not to feel so short, but it wasn’t long before I was decreed proficient enough to graduate to four and five inch heels. I even have some pairs with built in platforms that have 6 inch heels. So for the last two years, all I’ve been allowed wear are high heeled shoes. They’re the first thing I put on in the morning and the last thing I take off at night. Mom goes nuts if she sees me walking anywhere in my bare feet. She says I have to protect my soles at all



times. The only time I'm allowed without shoes is when I shower or go for a dip in the pool. But believe you me, if they sold high heels you could swim in, I'm pretty sure she'd have me fitted for a pair of those."

"Don't you have any sneakers or flip flops?" John enquired.

"One by one, any shoes I had any that were flats or had a more modest heel seemed to disappear in order to make way for ever more new pairs of sky scraper heels."

"I have one pair of pink trainers for when I exercise, but even they have a built in heel. Did you know trainers came with that? A heel to work out in? Besides, on the rare occasions I'm barefoot, it seems more natural to tip toe. It's probably a result of 'training' my feet that way every day, it kind of feels more natural now to walk in heels now. Like everything else, I guess it will take time to reverse."

"Hey, chin up, dude! We'll find that hard drive and we'll get you out of this. I promise."

That reassurance from John was enough for the dam of Stanley's suppressed emotions to burst. He bounded over to John and flung his arms around his friend. John could feel the soft pillows of Stanley's breasts push against his body as he awkwardly returned the hug, noticing how supple and soft his friends bare skin felt when he touched it.

"Oh John, you don't know what it means to me to hear you say that," Stanley gushed in a low whisper.



Stanley showed no sign of breaking the intimacy of the hug and as he smelled the alluring aroma of his friend's perfume, John could feel his body begin to react to the situation in the way any male's would. He quickly broke away, before Stanley felt the erection growing in his pants.

"Um... It's late." John said. "I should go before..."

"So you'll come over in the morning and ask Mom to take me out again?"

"That's the plan, sure." John assured Stanley as he turned and quickly left. Out on the balcony he took a deep breath and marveled at how close Stanley had been to finding out the effect that seeing 'Lee Anne' in heels and lingerie had on him, even though he knew the truth. The truth that the soft full breasts on display in the frilly cups of that bra, the plump rounded ass in those cute little panties, the smooth, shapely legs that were made longer and sexier by a pair of stiletto heels, all these things that signified he was looking at an incredibly attractive girl, they all belonged to a guy.



The next morning, after a fitful sleep, John showered and dressed, ready for the day. Before heading down to the kitchen, he went over to the window and looked out at Stanley's room opposite. He expected to see the curtains closed since Stanley now knew John was staying in the room opposite.

But instead, the drapes were pulled open and the French windows onto the balcony were flung wide. He could see all the way into Stanley's room — and what he saw confused him even further.

It was Stanley, certainly, though the way his lacy pink baby-doll nightie swirled enticingly around his tanned thighs made it hard not to see him as Lee Anne. John had expected to find his friend moping or moody, stewing over his predicament or even nervous and fidgety, anxious to put their impending plan into gear. Instead he could see Stanley was practically skipping around his room, sashaying from the closet to the mirror as he draped various garments against himself, pouting his lips and wiggling his hips playfully as he considered the merits of various outfits. He was dressed in a short pink frilly nightie and matching panties. His legs were adorned with a pale pink pair of shimmery stockings that came up to his shapely thighs. John couldn't hear any music, but Stanley seemed to be gyrating and bending to some soundtrack only he could hear. As his brunette tresses swayed around his head, John could just make out the wireless ear buds that were obviously providing a backing track to this impromptu dance number.

Far from looking like a prisoner in his own bedroom, he looked more at home among the paraphernalia of femininity than John had ever seen him — and Stanley looked happy! Really happy. John watched the feminine display for a few more minutes confused by Stanley's actions, and once again, increasingly

aroused as he watched his friend dance around the room. He pranced flirtatiously, pausing in the improvised routine to twist in front of the full length mirror, holding a tiny miniskirt against his hips. Shaking his head in disbelief, John finally backed away from the window and headed down to the kitchen where he ate his breakfast silently.

How could the hug last night and watching that scene this morning affect him so, now that he knew Lee Anne was really Stanley? He wasn't turning gay or something, was he? John grimaced at the very thought. But Stanley didn't look anything like a guy, so it wasn't gay. It was just...

Weird. Especially since they had been buddies since boyhood.

*Boyhood* — the term didn't seem appropriate when he thought about Stanley now. There was nothing boyish about him in the least. What did it do to someone to become so completely outwardly transformed with your body changed, perfumed and powdered until you seemed to all the world to be the epitome of teenage femininity. How could that affect you mentally? Even if they were successful and managed to get Stanley out from his mother's influence, how much of the old Stanley could be left and how much had mean replaced by a girl called Lee Anne?

Still, he had promised, and no matter what, they had to try. He knew if the circumstances were reversed, that's what Stanley would do for him. So it was with a renewed sense of purpose in his mission that John headed over to the Cliffords. No matter how weird the whole situation was, Stanley was one of his oldest and closest friends, and John owed it to him to help however he could.

John gathered his resolve and marched up to the Cliffords' front door and to rang the doorbell.

"Yes, John?" Mrs. Clifford asked a moment later, looking slightly bemused. "Is everything alright? Something missing in your accommodations?"

"Uh, no, Mrs. Clifford, everything's great," John said. "I was just coming over to pick up Lee Anne. We made plans to hang out together today."



“That’s the first I’m hearing of it,” Mrs. Clifford said, with a slight smile coming across her face. John felt confused for a brief moment before he remembered that Stanley was going to act as if he didn’t want to go out again, in order to ensure that his mom didn’t realize the jig was up and John knew the truth. As Mrs. Clifford turned to call for “Lee Anne,” John marveled again at how she could be so devious. He had always suspected she didn’t think much of men in general — her quite frosty attitude towards his dad in previous summers had made that obvious — but to go to such extremes with Stanley? John instinctively slicked back his hair as he heard Stanley coming to the door, almost as if he really was taking a hot girl out on a date rather than trying to help his feminized



friend. He gulped nervously as Stanley appeared at the door, attired today in sinfully-short cut-offs and a cute frilly sleeved top that displayed his pierced navel and toned midriff to perfection.

“John here tells me that the two of you made plans for today, Lee Anne,” Mrs. Clifford said with false cheeriness. “Is that true?”

“Oh, hi, John,” Stanley said, in his newly lilting tones. “Um, I guess we did?”

“And what were you planning to do?” His mother asked plainly, directing the question to John.

“Uh...” John trailed off. He hadn’t come up with any particular cover story.

“It’s a beautiful day for the beach,” Mrs. Clifford pointed out.

“Yeah!” John exclaimed, seizing on the idea. “That’s what we were planning on doing.”

“Wonderful,” Mrs. Clifford smiled. “Lee Anne, honey, why don’t you run upstairs and put your bathing suit on?” Stanley’s pouty pink mouth fell open in consternation, obviously displeased by the idea, but John just gave him an apologetic shrug and a grin. The beach was definitely as good a place as any to talk without Mrs. Clifford being able to listen in, and if it just so happened that he would be hanging out by the waves with what — to all on-lookers appeared to be a total babe in a skimpy bikini — well, so be it! He could already picture it, with all the guys staring jealously as “Lee Anne” flaunted “her” curves, and, if he was totally honest with himself, he wasn’t sure he would be able to keep from staring a little himself, though he would try his darndest not to.

As soon as they were in the car, away from the prying eyes of Stanley’s mother, they were able to speak freely.

“Did you find where your mom is keeping the external hard drive with all the photos and video recordings?” John asked immediately. Stanley shook his head, making the large gold hoops in his ears bounce prettily — John might have remarked on how sexy they looked had he not known “Lee Anne” was a guy. It was awfully hard to concentrate on the issue at hand, especially as Stanley adjusted the tie of his bikini top that was showing, as he had put on his bathing suit under his clothes before they left.

“No,” Stanley said in frustration. “I thought I would get a chance this morning while she was getting groceries, but I had something I had to do...” He paused, looking forward through the windshield.

John decided it was better not to mention that he had witnessed Stanley’s little routine earlier, dancing around his bedroom in lingerie. And especially not ask why he had looked to all the world like he was as happy as he’d ever been as he sashayed about in a pink nighty and thigh high stockings.

“We don’t have to go to the beach,” he pointed out blushing. “I mean, it’s just... I haven’t gone there like... *This*.” He fiddled nervously with the strap of his bikini top again.

“If you really don’t want to, I guess we could go somewhere else,” John said, slightly disappointed. “Hey, I know! Why don’t we head over to the beach at Frantonville. Like you said, no one knows you there. There’s no way you would be recognized. We could even check out the boardwalk, maybe head into the arcade “

John’s voice became animated and excited as he suggested the plan. It was after all the kind of thing he’d hoped to spend his time doing when he first planned the vacation. Just because he would now be engaged in helping Stanley escape from life as a girl, it didn’t mean he couldn’t enjoy himself. Finally, Stanley grudgingly capitulated.

“Maybe I’m being silly,” Stanley said deferentially, toying nervously with one hoop earring. “I mean, all the girls there will be wearing bikinis, probably, and I’ll blend right in?” John privately didn’t think a figure as nice as Stanley’s could ever go unnoticed in a skimpy bathing suit, but he really wanted to go to the Frantonville boardwalk and visit the beach so he wanted to be reassuring so he nodded agreement.

“It’ll be like old times, the two of us at the beach...remember how we’d say as soon as we were old enough to drive we’d get a car like this one and we’d head over to Frantonville to party,” he enthused before catching himself. When they had fantasized about driving to Frantonville in a little sports car, neither had ever imagined that one of them would be wearing a tiny bikini underneath a pair of tight denim shorts and a frilly crop top “And it’ll be good after being stuck in the house, for so long right?”

“I suppose,” Stanley said, though he still looked slightly uneasy as they drove on.

It was a beautiful day and in contrast with the sleepy vibe of Seaberry, Frantonville’s carnival atmosphere was already in full swing. The streets were filled with groups of guys in board shorts and girls in bikini tops. Soon, Stanley seemed to relax as he saw that most of the girls were wearing even less than he was. John found a parking spot and grabbing his towel from the trunk they set off.

“Let me carry that,” Stanley said. “There’s plenty of room in my bag.” He gestured to the large beach bag slung over his slender shoulder.

“I can carry that for you,” John offered as he handed the towel to Stanley who put it in the bag.

“That’s very sweet, John, but I can manage. Besides, I really don’t know if you can carry a bag like this off,” Stanley replied with a smirk as he displayed the large pink bow on its front. “You just don’t have the shoes.”

As they headed down the boardwalk, John took in the sights and spectacles on display. As well as the gift shops and the food shacks, the boardwalk was dotted with food vendors selling popsicles and candy floss. Entertainers like jugglers and fire eaters were doing their acts. Everywhere you looked you could buy something like a tacky t-shirt or a plastic Frisbee. The further along they got though, the more John became aware of the fact that



Stanley was having a completely different experience than he was. Almost every male they passed either stopped to check Lee Anne out or shouted a comment at ‘her’. The fact that John was right there, ostensibly her companion or boyfriend, did nothing to discourage their attentions. Some guys even went as far as brazenly using their phones to take pictures and video of the hot little brunette strutting down the boardwalk.

“Wow,” John said. “Some guys are just idiots.”

“It’s alright... After a while you get used to it,” Stanley said. “Besides, the ones that make the most noise are the most harmless. It’s the others you need to look out for. And the girls...”

It was only then that John realized that along with the loud and obvious attentions of all the guys, Lee Anne was getting just as much attention from the girls as they passed. Although this was more subtle, now that he’d noticed it, he saw this reaction was just as prevalent. The females would look at ‘Lee Anne’ and seemed to appraise what they saw quickly and thoroughly. Most would shoot a look of disdain in Stanley’s direction and some might whisper conspiratorially with their friends. Those girls with male partners looked the most disapprovingly, especially when their boyfriends had stopped to check Lee Anne out. John even heard one girl whisper ‘slut’ in a low voice as they passed.

“Let’s head to the beach,” John said after it became too much. The prospect of trying to enjoy themselves in the arcade as guys drooled at Stanley while their girls looked fit to kill her was too much. It wasn’t that Stanley was dressed much differently than the other girls around. It just seemed like there was something about Lee Anne, her clothes, her figure, her hair, her whole attitude, that elicited this response.

As Mrs. Clifford had said, it was indeed a beautiful day for the beach, and quite a few people, couples, and groups of friends were already enjoying the sand and splashing about in the water. It looked inviting, and most of the people there, stretched out on their towels or frolicking in the water, seemed to be too engaged in their own fun to notice them. John eagerly led the way while Stanley followed hesitantly.

“This looks like a good spot to check out the babes,” John said happily, setting down their stuff, then he paused, embarrassed, as he looked back at his feminized friend. “I mean, uh, if you’re still into that...”

“Of course I am!” Stanley protested, blushing. “I told you, just because my mom is making me be her daughter doesn’t mean I’m going to switch teams... Honestly...”

“Right, of course,” John said quickly. He took off his shirt, revealing a physique that, while not particularly bulkily muscular, was nice and lean with a hint of six-pack abdominals. He noticed Stanley looking at him, then quickly looking away, blushing. John blushed just as deeply. Was Stanley checking him out? He had just said he still liked girls, even though outwardly he looked and acted just like one. Or was he merely looking at John’s physique and mourning the fact that he now had feminine curves rather than developing muscle? John was proud of his toned body, and had been eager to display it on the beach, but now he felt more than a little awkward. As Stanley reached for the hem of his crop top, to give his buddy a little privacy, John pretended to be busy getting out his towel. However, when he straightened up, Stanley was still dressed, clutching nervously at his shirt.

“What’s wrong?” John asked.

“Those guys over there were watching,” Stanley muttered, embarrassed. “Can you imagine what it’s like wearing a tiny bikini in public? You can’t blame me for being embarrassed,” he said piteously. “You don’t know what it’s like having guys ogle you!” He added, shuddering.

“Look, as soon as you find that hard drive, you never have to be “Lee Anne” again,” John reasoned. “So who cares *who* sees you? It’s not like anybody will ever know it’s really you. Just relax and enjoy the beach, and being out from under your mom’s thumb for a change, okay? It’ll be fun.”

“You’re right,” Stanley sighed tremulously. “She probably wants me to feel humiliated, so screw her! I won’t give her the satisfaction.” With a small yet

determined smile on his lips, he wriggled out of his shorts and then quickly yanked off his top. “There,” he said, looking amazing in the striped blue and white string bikini that barely covered his modesty. He placed his manicured hands on his hips and smiled “Who cares? Not me!”

John gulped, nodding vigorously, but momentarily unable to speak. Seeing Stanley in the tiny yellow bikini from a distance as he was sunbathing had been one thing, but this stripy blue one seemed even smaller and now, up close, it was almost too much to take. Presented with Stanley’s lean shapely legs and the way the knots on the sides of the bikini fell against his hip bones, the way he filled out the cups of the tiny blue bikini top, the fabric straining against the fullness of his breasts, he was overwhelmed.

Stanley’s hormone-medicated body was gorgeous and perfectly feminine, with smooth slender legs and a taut, totally flat stomach from which his belly-button piercing winked seductively. Upon seeing the perfect, flat, feminine profile of his tiny bikini bottom riding low on rounded hips, John had absolutely no idea how Stanley had managed to tuck his manhood away so thoroughly out of sight. He quickly dragged his eyes upward, embarrassed to be staring at his feminized friend’s groin, but on the way to Stanley’s face he couldn’t help but linger on the sight of his growing breasts, perfectly-proportioned and delectable. He was reminded of how they had felt when they had been crushed against his chest as Stanley hugged him last night.

John felt helplessly intoxicated with lust. There was nothing he wanted more than to seize that tiny waist, squeeze those gorgeous breasts, and feel that lithe, sexy body pressed against him. He shook his head, trying desperately to clear it of his dirty thoughts. No matter how hot “Lee Anne” looked in a swimsuit, he had to remember that “Lee Anne” didn’t exist — it was Stanley, his friend, who had been forced into becoming this sexy nubile bombshell by his scheming mother.

“Well, I’m going to go get in the water,” he managed to stammer, turning to conceal his growing hardness.

“Hold on, just let me put some sunscreen on,” Stanley said, tossing his hair in an effortlessly feminine gesture as he leaned over to retrieve the sunscreen from his swim bag and accidentally giving John the perfect view down his cleavage.

“Uh, last one in is a rotten egg,” John blurted, then hurried away before Stanley could protest — the sight of Stanley massaging lotion into his long, sexy legs would have been entirely too much, and if his friend had innocently asked for help applying it, well, John wasn’t sure he would have been able to take it without spurting something else white and creamy in his shorts! Hitting the cold water helped him with that problem, and he quickly dunked his head in, trying to clear his thoughts. No matter how hard he tried to remind himself that Stanley wasn’t a girl, he was so cute... So feminine... So sexy...

John groaned. He ducked under the cold water again, and managed to get water up his nose, which fortunately distracted him. He needed to get a grip on his hormones! He was going to help Stanley get away from his crazy mom, and then, in a matter of months, once Stanley quit taking the pills, he would be back to his old, totally male self, and this whole thing would seem like one weird dream. In a way, though, that meant there was nothing wrong with fantasizing about “Lee Anne.” She wasn’t real, after all, and soon there would be no trace of her at all.

Still warring with his thoughts, he turned back to check on Stanley, and realized trouble was brewing. Stanley had been sitting on one of the outstretched towels with the sunscreen lotion in hand, but while John had been splashing about in the water a tall, well-muscled blonde man in shorts and his friend had come over to talk to Stanley. They must have been 6ft if they were an inch and they towered over the boy in the blue bikini, even when he stood up to confront them. John could tell from the look of indignation on Stanley’s face and the suave grin that the blonde guy was sporting that he was hitting on ‘Lee Anne’ shamelessly. No doubt it was one of the guys Stanley had noticed earlier when he had refused to take his bikini off! Sensing trouble, John started making his way ashore.

Even if it weren’t for Stanley’s feminine beauty, John had no doubt the guys standing over him would ever peg him for a fellow male — even as annoyed by their attentions as he seemed to be, Stanley’s body language was so girlish that John had to remind himself he wasn’t coming to the aid of a damsel in distress. “These friends of yours, Lee Anne?” John asked loudly as he reached the threesome. The young blonde man turned around to face him, and over his shoulder, John saw Stanley’s pretty face bore an expression of anger mixed with sheer terror, and he was soon to discover why.

“The name’s Daniel,” the young man said. “This is my man Trent.” He motioned at the big guy with dark hair beside him who was even more ripped than Daniel. “Me and pretty Lee Anne here met a couple weeks ago when we ran into each other in Seaberry, I used to know her wimpy little cousin Stanley. Who are you, exactly?”

John saw Stanley’s face fall, his cheeks blushing prettily in humiliation as his former friend Daniel disparaged him so easily. Bristling, John replied, saying, “I’m a very close friend of Stanley’s, actually, and he told me about some of the losers around here. Daniel sounds like a familiar name, actually!”

Now it was Daniel’s turn to turn red, this time with anger. He was bigger and more muscular than John, and John was pretty sure Trent could snap him like a twig, but John wasn’t about to back down with Lee Anne’s — and Stanley’s — honor on the line. “Stanley was nothing more than a tag-along,” Daniel scoffed. “We mostly just made fun of him. Now Lee Anne, here, is another story — I



think me and her really hit it off, so why don't you go get yourself an ice cream or something and get lost?"

"Because he's my boyfriend!" Stanley interjected, in his trilling feminine voice. It was hard to say who looked more stunned at the proclamation, Daniel or John, but Stanley pressed on, blushing as he put his arm around John. "Um, yes, John here is my b-boyfriend, he decided to come see me while I'm spending the summer here, and I need some suntan lotion on my back, so maybe you better get going, Daniel?"

Daniel's mouth fell open in shock — clearly he wasn't used to pretty girls ignoring his charms. Giving John one last resentful look, he muttered a hasty apology and then beat it back towards the boardwalk. When they were a ways

off, John could hear the hulking Trent begin laughing uproariously to see his friend rejected so thoroughly by such a little hottie. Stanley, meanwhile, still blushing furiously, handed John the bottle of suntan lotion.

“Sorry,” he murmured breathily. “It’s just... Ooh, he made me so mad. I just had to run into him *here*, didn’t I? He never takes no for an answer! He’s, you know... *interested* and I knew the only way I could get him to leave me alone was if he thought I was, you know, *taken*. Don’t be mad, please?”

“Mad?” John chuckled. “Trust me, just seeing the look on that jerk’s face made my day. And besides, now everyone thinks I’ve got the hottest girlfriend at the beach...” He trailed off, embarrassed. “I mean, uh, you know...”

“It’s okay,” Stanley said with a sad smile. “I kind of figured it out from the way guys act around me, like cats with catnip! I was never a big hit with the girls when I was still Stanley, but now it turns out that guys can’t get enough of ‘Lee Anne,’” he said with a sigh. “Just my luck, right?” He looked down at his feminine curves, barely contained by his stripy blue bikini, and gave a tremulous sigh. “Maybe if my mom would let me wear a freaking one-piece, it wouldn’t be so bad.”

“Wait a second,” John said, remembering Daniel’s earlier words. “You ran into Daniel in town a couple weeks ago? I thought your mom had you under house arrest this whole time.”

“Normally, yes,” Stanley explained. “Look, I’ll tell you all about it but not right now, okay. Let’s just try and make the best of the day, ‘kay?”

“Okay,” John said, seeing how much the encounter with Daniel had affected him and not wanting to upset Stanley further.

“I actually do need help to get my back,” Stanley said as he turned and presented his shapely rear to John.

For the rest of the day, John gave up on thinking of Stanley as a guy,



and instead decided to just have fun being the “pretend boyfriend” of an extremely attractive young lady. And, despite being a little leery at first, Stanley seemed to enjoy it, too! Whenever someone was caught staring at Stanley’s body, John was quick to wrap a possessive arm around his buddy’s waist. He even managed to persuade Stanley to join him in the water, though the horseplay they would have engaged in on previous occasions had to be toned down as Stanley was scared of losing his top.

Stanley had always been quite small, but now, after his mother’s strict diets, he was a total featherweight and John could lift him and spin him around quite easily. While he was pouting and wringing out his wet hair, John appeased him by running off to a nearby vendor and buying them both popsicles. The flavored ice was delicious on the hot afternoon but apart from the taste, John enjoyed the popsicles on another level he hadn’t thought of. “Lee Anne” made quite a spectacle devouring the cherry ice, and without even realizing it, had transfixed John as “she” licked and slurped happily at the bright red frozen treat.

John was basking in the jealous stares he was getting from other guys at the beach. He had never felt like such a stud before, and girls were noticing him, too, figuring he must have something going for him since he was with such a total babe. The best part about the whole thing, though, was how much fun it was just being with his old friend again, even if this new version of him was also a hot chick. Stanley claimed to be the same old guy he’d always been, but his mother’s ministrations had definitely had an effect on his personality, as well — he was no longer as brash, he was more timid, and always ready for John to take the lead no matter what they were doing. John, in turn, felt extremely manly and protective because of it.

The fact of the matter was, hanging out with “Lee Anne” seemed like the best of both worlds. He still got along with his old friend, but now that he was, to all intents and purposes, a smoking hot girl, well, that was just a bonus as far as John was concerned. Stanley seemed to take to the feminine role so naturally, it was almost a shame that it was just a sham. As they finally packed up and headed home, both of them glowing from their happy experience in the sun, he couldn’t help but wish he could meet a girl exactly like “Lee Anne.”



That evening, long after he had dropped Stanley back home, with the two old friends laughing and talking all the way back from Frantonville, John saw the lights next door finally go out and he sent his usual text message to Stanley to see if the coast was clear for his nightly visit.

A few moments later, he was sitting once more in Stanley’s pink bedroom.

“So?” John asked “You were going to tell me how you met Daniel when you were out as Lee Anne. I thought you said you were afraid to bump into anyone that you knew.”

“And I was,” Stanley began, perching on the edge of the bed as John took his usual place on the stool. “I had an appointment with Dr. Lane. I suspected by then that her pills and treatments were designed to speed up the changes in my body rather than reverse them. This time mom said she had errands to run so she dropped me off at Dr. Lane’s office and said she would pick me up in an hour. I was early for the appointment so on this occasion, instead of being led to the examination room, I took a seat with several young women in the waiting room. As I amused myself leafing through a magazine, I couldn’t help glance at the other patients. I wondered if any of them might have been like me, seeing Dr. Lane to change from a guy into a girl.”

“I had managed to find out a little about the subject when I first noticed my body changing, before my computer privileges were revoked. Maybe one of these women like me was actually a guy, but unlike me, wanted desperately to be female. I scrutinized them as much as I could for telltale clues that might support my thesis but the receptionist called my name, or rather called for Lee Anne and told me the doctor could see me.”

“Just like the last visit, I was told to strip down to my underwear. Dr. Lane asked how sensitive my breasts had become and I told her that the bras helped with them. She made some notes on my chart and asked me to bend over while she prepared my shot.”

“I wanted more than anything shout and scream and ask her why she was helping make me into a girl. I wanted to ask her what the hypodermic contained and have all of my suspicions confirmed. But I didn’t know what my mother had told her. How complicit was Dr. Lane in turning me into ‘Lee Anne’ anyway? Perhaps Mom had tricked her like she had tricked me and if she had been duped into turning a guy into a girl against his will, why would she help me return to being Stanley anyway? Wouldn’t it be better for her to pretend I really was transsexual, that I longed to be Lee Anne?”

“Who knows what she might do to protect her professional reputation? I had already woken up in a clinic with a new nose...I didn’t want to wake up with anything missing. So I decided to keep my own council for the time being, bide my time and play the part of a demure young lady.”

“Dr. Lane administered the shot and made another note on her clip board. She asked me to unclasp my bra and cupped and squeezed my breasts, testing their bounce and how long they too to return to their original position if she pushed them that way or this. Then she examined me downstairs and asked me about erections. Did I still get them, how often, was my penis as sensitive as before. I answered them all, blushing red as a fire extinguisher and every time she would make a note on her clipboard.”



As Stanley continued to speak, he absently examined the skin on his arm, now pleasingly tan. John wasn't sure, but it looked like he was pleased.

“Finally,” Stanley continued, “she said I could get dressed and that she wouldn't need to see me for another two months. I could see the receptionist and she would give me my new prescription before I left. I quickly pulled my yellow summer dress over the matching pale yellow underwear I was wearing and slung my purse over my shoulder before going to the outer office.”

“At the desk, the receptionist checked her computer and once she had printed it out, she gave me the prescription. I turned, but I was looking at the names

and quantities of the pills on the print out so I didn't see the little girl and her mother who were right behind me. So I ended up walking right into them, or more specifically, right into the blue popsicle that the little girl was eating. The mother was very apologetic and so sorry to have ruined such a lovely summer dress and said I should get home straight away and soak it in baking soda or something, I can't remember. I said it was fine and I had a closet full of dresses. I just wanted to get out there and get home, but when Mom, who was waiting in the car, saw the stain, She insisted that we leave it immediately with the nearest dry cleaners and I get a new outfit."

"So once I was in the relative privacy of a nearby boutique changing room, I peeled the stained dress off and slipped off the matching yellow sandals and pulled the scrunchy out of my hair to shake out the tight pony tail I had done that morning. I began using a package of wet wipes that I always carry in my purse to clean off the sticky remnants of the popsicle that had seeped through the dress and onto my midriff as while Mom took the dress off to the cleaners. She left me a selection of items on hangers to try on."

"When she returned, we settled into the usual routine that would occur when she would take me shopping for clothes. I would try an outfit on, then come out and show her. She might say something like 'Oh yes, definitely, but with a different belt I think!' or 'That would look darling with your pale pink skirt'. I might make some interjections or suggestions but mostly I would nod dumbly at her instructions like



some shop store mannequin brought to life. What was the point in arguing? I didn't know anything about girl's fashions and ultimately she had the last word."

"We bought bags of clothes that day on a trip that was just supposed to give me something to wear while my dress was being cleaned. I left the store in a tight stretchy pink sweater and pale blush capri trousers wearing a pair of pink sandals with wedge heels. In the accessories department, Mom had insisted on getting these super fun heart shaped sunglasses and a hair barrette with a large pink bow attached. Pink heart-shaped earrings to finish off the look gave me a kind of sexy sweet innocence that I found unsettling."

"When we finally got to the car with the bags, she handed me a lipstick from her bag and told me the shade worked much better with my new outfit than the one I was wearing so I quickly ran the tube over my lips. My dress would be ready in an hour and I was afraid she would suggest another store, or even worse, a trip to the salon, so I was relieved when she asked me to 'be a dear' and get her an ice cream from the truck down the street.

John interrupted. "What does all this have to do with Daniel?"

"I'm getting to that," Stanley said, exasperated at having his train of thought broken, "but I'm trying to make you understand what kind of day I had had. I'd gotten the shot from Dr. Lane and felt a little woozy, and I was dressed up like a Barbie doll."

"Anyway, I tottered off in my wedge heels, looking like some candied pink Lolita and when I got to the ice cream truck, I was stopped dead in my tracks. Well, who was there except Daniel and the guys I used to hang out with. Maybe it was a good thing I was dressed like I was with those big sunglasses on because they didn't seem to recognize me. And they certainly looked. I could feel their eyes all over me as I walked up to the truck and ordered the popsicle for mom. Initially, it was just general cat calling and comments like the ones today on the boardwalk, but as I walked away, Daniel must have thought: what did he have to lose?"

"He thought I must not be from the area because he would definitely have noticed me before. I tried to do as little as possible to encourage him, one word answers, y'know. I didn't laugh at his dumb jokes, I barely made eye contact. But I could still feel the gaze from the guys huddled together as they watched him try his luck with me. The thought crossed my mind that if he did recognize me, maybe I could tell him the truth. Maybe he could help me escape mom and her plans... And if he'd been by himself, I might have told him everything and asked for his help. But he never once showed any flicker of recognition and when he asked my name, I had to stick to the story my mom had concocted. I couldn't think of anything else."

“He said they were all going to a party at Trent’s on Saturday night and I should definitely go. I didn’t let on, but I knew just exactly what went on at Trent’s parties, and exactly what kind of girl you were if you went to one! So I politely told him thanks but no thanks and said I had to hurry back to my aunt with the popsicle before it melted. I guess he was scared of Mom, after being such a bad influence on her son, so he went back to his guys as they laughed.”

“So that’s how he recognized you at the beach? Just from seeing you that day?” John asked.

“Um. I guess,” Stanley frowned and John sensed that there might have been more to the story, but that was all he was going to hear.

“Okay. Well, I better be going.”

“Wait, John, before you go...”



“What?”

“Do you... Do you want to touch my breasts?” John was stunned dead in his tracks as silence engulfed the room. For what seemed like forever they stood there, Stanley in bra and panties perched in a pair of cork heeled mules, looking at John with his big green eyes. “It’s alright if you do want to. I don’t mind. I...I saw you trying not to look at them all day at the beach... We had such a good time, it was almost like the old days, except for...” Stanley’s gaze fell to the two mounds of flesh in the frilly cups beneath his chin. “I thought maybe if you could touch them, you might get them out of your system.”

It was true that ever since he had first seen ‘Lee Anne’, and especially after he found out ‘her’ true identity, John found himself doing his best to keep his eyes trained on his feminized friend’s face rather than his breasts. It seemed he had failed, but then he could hardly be blamed for that. “Um, you don’t think it will make things weird?”

“How can things be any weirder than they already are?” Stanley countered and John couldn’t argue with the logic.

Tentatively, John reached out a hand and cupped one perfect breast in his palm. His fingers barely fit around the fleshy orb and as he felt the nipple beneath harden at his touch; John heard a low moan escape Stanley’s pink lips.

“I’m sorry,” John said, “Did I...”

“No...no, it’s fine,” Stanley whispered. “Put your... Touch them both. Please.”

John didn’t need to be told twice. He reached up with his other hand and did



as he was ordered. He felt the weight and heft of both breasts and once more admired how absolutely and utterly perfect they seemed. He tried to imagine what it would be like to touch them without the lacy cups of a bra separating his palms from the creamy flesh beneath. He wanted so much for Stanley to remove that bra and allow John run his hands all over his friend's supple curves.

"Lee Anne," Mrs. Clifford's voice called out from the other side of the bedroom door, suddenly breaking John out of his reverie. Stanley's face was flush as he pushed John towards the balcony window and whispered, "Go, quickly," between his teeth before calling back. "Yes mom, what is it?"

"I thought I heard something!" John stood statue-still as he heard Mrs. Clifford enter the bedroom.

"I was talking to myself..." Stanley replied, lamely.

"Well, I think it's time for bed." Mrs. Clifford stated. "And look, you're not even in your nightie... It's chilly tonight, so I think the peach camisole pajamas."

"Yes mom," he heard Stanley's lilting voice reply.



John had returned to his dark rental house and couldn't help himself from watching until he saw the light in Stanley's room go out. The sensation of touching Stanley's breasts was still in his memory, along with the thoughts it had inspired in him. If Mrs. Clifford hadn't interrupted them, he didn't know what might have happened if things had gone on even one moment more. He slept in fits and starts and the next morning was even more confused by the situation. Could Stanley really have been as naïve as to think that the way to stop John fixating on those perfect breasts was to get him to see what they actually felt like? As he lay there in bed, John remembered the low moan Stanley had murmured and the stiffening nipples behind the material of the bra. Could there be something else going on? And that business of pretending to be a couple? It seemed to make sense at the time but now... John definitely thought there was more to what Stanley had shared about Daniel. But as he lay there, every time he tried to put things together, his thoughts kept returning to the soft, supple pillows of Stanley's bosom.

Eventually he swung his legs out of bed and with a long yawn, he stretched his arms and stood up. He noticed that just like the previous morning, Stanley's curtains were open wide and his bedroom windows wide. Any hopes that John might have had of seeing his friend equally confused by the events of last night were dismissed when he saw Stanley, sitting up on his bed, surrounded by garments or all types with one leg folded beneath him as he slowly rolled a flimsy, delicate stocking up the other. And just as he had seen when he had

spied on him dance around yesterday morning, Stanley seemed happy, at peace and totally contented in his task.

They had arranged with each other to leave at noon, ostensibly on another 'date', and as John sat in the convertible, watching the time go from 12 to 5 past to 15 minutes past midday, he thought about heading up to the house in case Stanley had forgotten. He wanted to avoid Mrs. Clifford if at all possible, feeling the more he heard from Stanley, the more he worried he



might explode and tell her he knew everything. Finally, at around twenty minutes past midday, the front door to the Clifford house opened and he saw Mrs. Clifford and Stanley framed in the hallway. She said something to her feminized son and Stanley nodded in agreement before skipping lightly down the steps and trotting over to John in the car. Dressed in a tight pink t-shirt stretched across his chest, John noticed his breasts bob up and down as Stanley came down the steps. Once again his friend wore short denim cut offs like those Rose would have sported years ago, and a fashionable belt with a star shaped emblem drew the eye to Stanley's slim waist. On his friends feet were an impractically high pair of baby blue platform heels with an ankle strap and a slender 5 inch heel. When he reached the car, Stanley turned and waved back at his mother, still framed in the doorway.

Unsure of where they were headed, John just drove away from the house.

“That was close, last night,” he said finally, as he tried to simultaneously keep his eyes on the road and gauge the reaction from his passenger.

“Yeah... Sorry about that,” Stanley said. “I don’t know what Mom would have said if she’d caught us! I got enough of an earful about you just now before she’d let me leave.”

“Really... About me?” John asked. “Does she suspect that...” John trailed off.

“No,” Stanley laughed. “She was warning me about getting too attached... She said she knew we were close but to remember you were only here for the summer and would be going to college... And she reminded me that even if we were friends, you were still a boy, and boys couldn’t help themselves. They only want one thing.”

Stanley laughed a high lilted laugh. For his part, John failed to see exactly what was so funny. Mrs. Clifford might not have known what they were up to, but she seemed pretty astute none the less.

“Imagine, lecturing me on what boys were like? If I didn’t know what boys were like from being one, I certainly know now I’m on the receiving end! Ha.”

Stanley seemed to find the situation amusing but John couldn’t see it himself.

“Anyway, we should be using this time to make a plan, right?”

“Right! I spent last night thinking it over and I’ve already got one,” Stanley announced triumphantly. “As much as I hate being cooped up in the house for the past year, I also know my mom isn’t crazy about it, either. In order to keep an eye on me constantly, she’s barely done anything to entertain herself. But Saturday night, I happen to know one of her favorite old bands is playing in town. So we get her a ticket, and while she’s gone, we search her room and find the hard drive!”

It seemed to make sense, even if John couldn’t understand why Stanley seemed to have made no headway in the search so far.

“But it can’t seem like *my* idea,” Stanley said. “It has to seem like yours. You can act like you’re really excited to take me out on a big fancy date Saturday night, and I’ll...” He looked down through his long eyelashes, obviously embarrassed. “I’ll act like I’m falling for you,” he said in a small voice. “My mom keeps telling me I need to develop an interest in boys, so I’ll act like I’m doing just that. That way, she’ll think we’re out and about on our date, and feel free to go to the concert. But as soon as she’s gone, we’ll turn around and start searching for the hard drive!”

“And then once we find it?” John asked, trying to ignore how oddly pleased he felt at the idea of “Lee Anne” even pretending to be falling for him.

“Then we get out of this place, and I’m never coming back!” Stanley exclaimed firmly. “I’ll pack up my essentials in a bag and stash it in my room, and you can do the same with your stuff — she threw out all my guy clothes, so I’ll

have to stay in “girl mode” for a while longer, I guess — and as soon as we get the hard drive, we drive all night and put as much distance between me and that crazy bitch as possible.”

John, caught up in Stanley’s enthusiasm, couldn’t help but grin as he imagined driving down the highway to freedom with Stanley beside him, soft perfumed hair blowing in the wind, maybe clutching his arm gratefully as they escaped...

He gulped. Rescuing “Lee Anne” meant the end of her, forever. Stanley would chop off his long hair as soon as he could, cut his long nails and quickly go back to being a guy dressing in baggy shirts and board shorts to hide his figure instead of tight tops and skirts to show it off. Without his hormone pills to maintain his feminine figure, soon that would go too. His “damsel in distress” would be a dude again. The thought made him feel despondent for some reason, but he reminded himself that the most important thing was helping out his buddy. There were other girls in the world, after all — Girls who actually *wanted* to be girls.

“Sounds like a solid plan to me,” John said. “We can buy the ticket for your mom on our way back.” He realized, then, that this would be one of the last few days he would spend with “Lee Anne” rather than Stanley. Lee Anne’s days were numbered. *Well, why not make the most of it?* He thought.

So it was that John decided on heading back to the boardwalk. They could enjoy some of the games at the arcade, and now that they were ‘a couple’, Stanley might be spared the lustful gazes of the guys and the jealous glares of the girls.

As they walked down the boardwalk hand in hand, John still caught some guys surreptitiously checking out his companion, but nothing like the previous day.

They chatted together, sometimes about the details of the plan they would soon put in motion, but mostly about nothing in particular. John delighted in hearing Stanley laugh and tried his best to elicit it from his friend. They walked the length of the boardwalk and back again as they talked like the friends they were and laughed together.

“They look good, want one?” John said, gesturing at a stand nearby selling frozen bananas.

“Oooh, yummy,” Stanley replied. “Yes please.” Stanley began rummaging in his purse.

“On me,” John replied before sprinting up to join the short line at the stand and left Stanley standing on the boardwalk.

After a short wait, John was at the head of the line and asked for two frozen bananas before handing the money to the guy in the booth and as they were presented to him, he turned back to join his friend. Stanley was standing just where John had left him, but had his hip cocked to one side, just as John had often seen pretty girls in high heels do and was now busy examining his

reflection in a small compact mirror as he applied another coat of gloss to his plump pink lips.

He had seen Stanley do this simple but enthralling action many times over the last few days, but what really struck John was the fact that from where he stood he could make out at least three other couples on the boardwalk who seemed to be intently focused on ‘Lee Anne,’ and in every instance, the guys seemed absolutely captivated by seeing this simple ritual being performed while their female partners had a look of disdain for the ‘girl’ on their faces.

“Here you go, one frozen banana!”

“Thanks,” Stanley replied as he returned the compact and lip gloss to his purse.

“Um, not sure why you freshened up... Before the banana, I mean,” John said, as he handed it to Stanley.



“Oh. Yeah,” Stanley said sheepishly as he took the proffered frozen treat. “Well, I felt pretty awkward just standing here... I could feel people looking at me. It’s always the same when I’m out by myself, and I think the lip gloss is a nervous habit I’ve developed. I guess I do it when I’m jittery.”

“Well, as long as you don’t mind messing it up again,” John said as handed Stanley a frozen banana and turned to look in the direction of one of the couples. He put a protective arm over his companion as if to say ‘Back off’ to the guy and ‘No need to feel threatened’ to the girl.

They walked on and John would occasionally steal a glance at Stanley as his shiny pink lips tackled the frozen treat. Once more, he imagined seeing those lips engaged in a quite different, but just as pleasurable activity.

As they had planned earlier, they stopped on the way home to purchase the ticket for Mrs. Clifford. When John dropped Stanley back at his house, neither of them had to pretend to be in a good mood, and it made the next part of their plan quite easy.

“So, Mrs. Clifford, I wanted to ask you something.”

“John Willis, I’ve known you for years, please call me Clara!”

“Clara, um, Lee Anne and I have been hanging out a lot over the last week and we really seem to be hitting it off and, well, what it is, I wanted to ask your permission take Lee Anne out on a real date on Saturday night,” John explained, just as they’d rehearsed. He was quite pleased with how he managed to sound nervous she might refuse.

“And Lee Anne wants to go, I assume?”

Stanley nodded, sheepishly.

“Well then I don’t see why not then. It sounds like a lovely idea.”

“Yeah, but the thing is, since I know she’s been keeping you company this summer, I figured you might get bored here at home... So...” He produced the ticket with a flourish. “I remember my mom saying you loved this band, and I saw a poster when we were in Frantonville today,” he lied. “I got you a ticket to Saturday night’s show! It’s my way of saying thanks for putting me up on such short notice.”

“Well, my goodness. How thoughtful of you. It’s one thing to ask permission to date my niece like a real gentleman, but to worry about me being alone here! Thank you, John,” Mrs. Clifford said, looking pleased, despite herself. “I was quite a huge fan back in the day, but I’m surprised you remembered. Are you sure you don’t have an ulterior motive, though?”

“Uh, what?” John asked nervously, visibly blanching. He exchanged a quick look with Stanley, who seemed equally taken aback.

“Clearly you were afraid I was going to offer to chaperone you two on your date,” Mrs. Clifford said dryly. “Don’t worry, John, I know what kids your age get up to. I was one myself! Lee Anne is all yours Saturday night. I promise.”

Stanley blushed furiously. “Great!” He squeaked.

“So, are you still up for the beach tomorrow?” John asked Stanley

“Sure,” Stanley said with a nod.

“And then,” Mrs. Clifford interjected “Saturday morning we girls can go shopping! I haven’t been at a concert in years and I’ll need something to wear! And maybe you’ll see the perfect outfit for your big date!”

“Perfect,” John said, then, as they had agreed upon in the car, he leaned forward and gave Stanley a tender peck on the cheek, to really sell the whole thing. Just brushing his lips against Stanley’s smooth skin, and being close enough to smell his hair, was intoxicating. But it clearly worked: between John’s kiss and Stanley’s nervous blush, they appeared to be love-struck teenagers to a T. John hurried away quickly, hoping neither of the Cliffords noticed his growing arousal.

As John got himself ready for bed, he tried to banish the thought that the last few days he’d spent with Stanley, today at the boardwalk and the previous day spent at the beach, would be over soon. But the memories of Stanley giggling and splashing around in his yellow bikini, or sashaying beside him along the boardwalk greedily licking at a frozen banana just wouldn’t fade. John paced around restlessly for a while and wanted nothing more than to text Stanley and once more climb the trellis to the balcony where he could see Stanley again, waiting for him dressed in some dainty nighty or flimsy lingerie.

However, after the previous night’s close call, and since they were pretending to be closer now to distract Mrs. Clifford and find the hard drive, they had agreed there would be no after hours excursions. John headed to the window, just in case Stanley had forgotten to pull the drapes again and he might see him changing. Feeling slightly guilty, he once again justified it to himself by reasoning that it wasn’t just the chance of catching his friend in a state of undress but perhaps Stanley might want to signal to him, beckon him over to go over the plan once more?

Nevertheless, when he peeked over at Stanley’s bedroom, all he saw were the closed drapes.

John slept well that night. The only dark cloud, which he compelled to drive out of his mind and ignore, was that his time with ‘Lee Anne’ would soon be over. However, when he thought about things rationally, he couldn’t be help seeing that no matter how much he might have enjoyed being in ‘her’ company over the last few days, saying goodbye to Lee Anne and helping Stanley get back to being Stanley was more important.



At 12 noon on the dot, the front door of the Clifford house swung open and Stanley eagerly ran down to meet John in the car, casually shouting a barely distinguishable ‘Goingtothebeach-Seeyoulater’ back toward the door as it swung closed behind him. As they set off and he put on some music for the drive, John noticed Stanley was dressed in yet another new outfit. He sported a bright red crop top that clung closely to his breasts and another pair of denim cut offs. Just how many different pair did he have, John marveled as his eyes followed the shapely thighs down to the legs and the shiny fire engine red toenails that peeped out of the red wedge heel sandals Stanley wore. Turning his attention to his face, John saw that Stanley had painted and glossed his lips a similar shade of crimson and that he wore a pair of chic sunglasses with large plastic rims.

They drove to Frantonville together, possibly for the last time, and chatted about how Mrs. Clifford had bought their scheme hook, line and sinker. Stanley confessed he wasn’t relishing the ‘mother/daughter shopping trip,’ as he was sure his mother would take the opportunity to get him an entire new wardrobe! Still, as they parked in one of the lots near the beach at Frantonville, Stanley seemed optimistic that their plan would work.

They were walking down the beach a short while later, with Stanley now wearing a yellow bikini with chocolate brown piping and John in his long blue shorts and a beach shirt that hung open. IF this was their last day, they were going to make it a fun one, and they were enjoying themselves tremendously.

In fact, they were such a good moods that when they heard a familiar voice call out ‘Hey, Lee Anne!’, the sudden presence of Daniel and his friends couldn’t dampen the good mood.

“Hey, Daniel,” Stanley replied brightly, “You remember my boyfriend, John?”  
“Oh, yeah.”

“Hey, fellas,” John smiled at the assembled group of guys. “Look, Danny, dude... No hard feelings about the other day, I just get super protective of my little honey-bear,” he said, squeezing Stanley close.

“And I love is that my big strong cutesy pants takes such good care of me,” Stanley said leaning his head on John’s shoulder.

“Hey look man, whatever,” Daniel said, trying to seem nonchalant. John could also tell that as much as he didn’t like the fact that his friends could see he’s been rejected by a cute girl for someone like John, he also didn’t like being called *Danny*. “I didn’t know Lee Anne had a boyfriend. I just thought she was up to party. I mean, she was the one who turned by herself up at...”

“Look, Daniel,” Stanley cut him off immediately. “Just be a man and accept the fact that you never have and never will have a girl like me.”



And wouldn't Daniel be shocked if he was ever to discover just what kind of 'girl' Lee Anne was, John thought, as the group of guys, all but Daniel, laughed at the sassy put down.

With that, Stanley stalked off almost pulling John's arm from out of his socket but as soon as they were far enough away, Stanley and John broke out laughing too.

"I have a good mind to deck you," Stanley said as he lightly punched John's arm. "Honey-bear! Where did that come from?"

“I thought you’d like it more than Sugar lips,” John replied, feigning grievous pain at the love tap Stanley had just given him. “Anyway, who are you to talk? Cutsey Pants? You know for a fact I forgot to pack my Cutsey Pants this trip.”

“Aww. Diddums. When you’re in them, every pair of pants you have are Cutsey Pants!” Stanley said as they resumed their walk down the beach, arm in arm.



“Buy me an ice-cream?” Stanley pouted, sticking out his ruby red lower lip at John lick a petulant child. They were back at the car and John was just putting his wet shorts and Stanley’s bikini in a plastic bag. They were changing after their swim, Stanley had pulled his crop top and cutoffs back on, along with his red sandals and John was buttoning up his beach shirt after he had put on a pair of cargo pants.

“Sure,” John said, “What would you like? I doubt that this guy does licorice.”

“Mmmm,” Stanley sucked on the arm of his sunglasses, in a show of deep thought. “Surprise me!”

John took out his wallet and looked inside. “Sorry. I haven’t any cash. I forgot to go to the ATM. Do you think he takes cards?”

“I doubt it,” Stanley said glumly. “And I don’t have my purse. But I re-a-ally wanted an ice cream.”

“Well, unless you can convince the guy to give you one for nothing, then you’ll just have to wait until I get to a cash machine.” John said taking the tone one might with an unruly toddler.

Stanley jumped into the passenger seat, flipped the sun visor and checked his reflection in the mirror. He then took a tube of crimson lipstick from his beach bag and ran it over his lips before pursing them at his reflection. Satisfied, he climbed out of the car and raised an eyebrow at John. “I want an ice cream, and I’m going to go and get myself an ice cream.” He poked John’s chest with a long crimson fingernail. “So be a good boy and stay out of sight and I just might get you an ice cream too.”

John scooped down in the driver seat and watched as Stanley stalked over to the ice cream truck crossing one leg in front of the other as he walked and swishing his derriere from side to side to maximum effect. When he got to the truck’s windows, he took off the red sunglasses and bit his lower lip as he looked at the two guys in line ahead of him. Although John couldn’t hear what was being said, he had a good idea from the body language on display.

- Do you guys mind if I go first?

- You are so good! My friend and I are sooo jonesing for an ice cream. Jenny and I might just faint away if we don't get one soon!
- Now what will we have, what will we have it all looks so yummy! What do you recommend?
- Those sound fabulous. Two of those please.
- Did anyone ever tell you that you look like that guy from that thing? He is so hot.
- Oh no, I forgotten my purse! I don't suppose any of you fellas could...
- On the house, oh I couldn't, that's so kind. I totally promise Jenny and I will drop by with cash tomorrow.
- Thanks so much fellas! Toodles!

Stanley strutted back to the car and as John sat up in the drivers' seat and turned on the ignition, he could see the look of disappointment on the faces of



the guys at the truck to find out the girl's companion was not an equally hot piece of fluff but rather a scrawny guy with a mop of black hair. They peeled out of the parking lot as Stanley took a large lick of one of the cones and held the other for John to dig into once they pulled over.



John had spent the next morning packing his few bits of clothing and toiletries just as Stanley had instructed. And as soon as he saw the Cliffords' car drive off on the mother/daughter shopping trip, he transferred his bags to the small trunk of the convertible and hoped Stanley's bag wasn't too big. He was thinking that Stanley wouldn't want to bring a lot of girly clothes on their escape. As he went back indoors and looked around the rental house he noticed how little an impression it seemed he had left over the last few days. A box of half eaten cereal, some milk in danger of spoiling and a half case of beer was pretty much the only things that even told that anyone had been staying there.

That afternoon he opened one of the beers and looked at his phone, hoping to see the notification of a message from Stanley. It was only then that he realized that he hadn't received a single message, text or voice mail from his family since he had arrived. Nothing from either his mother or father. Well good luck to them, he thought. He was an adult and didn't need his neglectful parents any more.

It was early afternoon, and it seemed like an eternity until he had to get ready to call to the Cliffords' for 'Lee Anne' so John decided to pass the time out on the patio with another beer.

A few hours later, he woke up out on the patio with a start. He grabbed his phone and was relieved to see he still had plenty of time to get ready for the evening.

But as he showered and got himself ready for his supposed "date," John felt more conflicted than ever. He had come down to the house with mostly beach attire for his vacation, but he had a pair of fairly smart green shorts and a collarless red shirt that he thought would suit the evening and so had left them out on his bed when he had packed earlier. He knew that this was all a ruse for Mrs. Clifford, as he wasn't actually preparing for a hot date with a gorgeous girl, but it didn't stop the sense of anticipation and apprehension he felt growing in his stomach.

On this trip, he had hoped to maybe get lucky and invite some hottie on a date, but he certainly hadn't expected to be getting dressed up to take Stanley somewhere. Never mind to help him escape from his crazy mother! So many things about the whole situation just didn't seem to add up logically, but it was his duty as a friend to help Stanley out and trust his word — wasn't it?

As soon as they found Mrs. Clifford's hard drive, they would be on their way, driving through the night. But what was going to happen then? If he just showed up back at his mom's place, or at his dad's apartment, with the feminized Stanley in tow, and told them the whole crazy story, which of them was more likely to believe him? And what about in the fall, when he wanted to head off to college? Would Stanley be able to find a place of his own, and a job, to boot? Maybe they hadn't thought through everything as well as they should have.

"One step at a time," John reminded himself, combing his hair. He could worry about the rest of it after tonight. He took one last look in the mirror and then headed over to the Clifford's front porch right on time. They had planned it so they would leave for their "date" a little before the concert, then park where they could watch Mrs. Clifford drive by, to be sure they were in the clear. As John knocked at the door, he was expecting Mrs. Clifford to be getting ready for her own night on the town.

He certainly wasn't expecting her to answer the door wearing a dressing gown and slippers!

"Oh, hello, John," she said, sniffing slightly into a tissue. "Is it seven already? Lee Anne's still getting ready, you know how young girls are..."

"Mrs. Clifford!" John said, surprised by her disheveled appearance. "Are you alright?"

"I'm afraid not," she said wryly. "I came down with something earlier today on our shopping spree, and I'm feeling really sick. It looks like your generous gift is going to waste. I'm sorry!"

"You're not going to go to the concert?" John asked nervously. "They're your favorite band!"

"I know, and it really kills me to miss it, I even treated myself to a new jacket. It makes me look like a real rock chick!" Mrs. Clifford sighed. "But I'm barely managing to stand upright as it is. Come in, John, have a seat."

John entered the living room reluctantly, sitting down on the couch opposite Mrs. Clifford. This was a disaster! If she wasn't going to the concert, how were they going to be able to sneak into her room? Was she even really sick, or had she guessed at their plan somehow, and was faking it?

"John, I've been wanting to talk to you since... Well, since you arrived really, but when you so sweetly asked permission to take Lee Anne on a date the other evening, I knew we had to have a conversation. I'm really glad you've taken a shine to Lee Anne," Mrs. Clifford said with a smile. "But I think there's something you should know. That is, unless you've figured it out already, of course."

John's eyes widened. After all of Mrs. Clifford's misdeeds, all her lies, was she really about to confess what she had done? Giving Stanley female hormones and making him dress as a girl? Turning his into Lee Anne?

"I'm sure you may have by now," Mrs. Clifford continued. "But when I ask about what you get up to at the beach, Lee Anne is pretty tight lipped with the details of your conversations. But she is very dear to me, so I have to make sure, for her own safety, that you know what's going on... Regarding her, um, gender."

John had never been one for sneaking around and deception, and to finally have Mrs. Clifford admit the truth felt like a huge weight off his shoulders.

"I know *exactly* what's going on," John said defiantly. "I know 'Lee Anne' is actually Stanley, because, well, because he told me the whole story on the first day I was here!" There. He had said it. There was no going back now. To his surprise, Mrs. Clifford's face, rather than look surprised and guilty, only gained a small frown.

"Oh, no," she sighed. "What exactly did Lee Anne tell you?"

"Stanley told me everything," John said, careful to emphasize the masculine name, even though Mrs. Clifford's reaction had thrown him off somewhat. "He explained how he got in trouble running with a bad crowd, and he told me all about your crazy 'solution' to turn him into a chick by giving him those pills and visiting that doctor and making him dress as a girl!"

"Yes, I thought she might. But I thought you wouldn't buy that ridiculous explanation for long," Mrs. Clifford said with another sigh. "I guess I underestimated how gullible you are. Come on, Jonathan, do you really think all of this happened against Lee Anne's will? The truth of the matter is much simpler. Lee Anne is transgendered, honey. She's always felt like a girl on the inside, and two years ago she finally 'came out' to me, though of course I had suspected earlier. That was when she started her transition."

"*Transgender?*" John echoed. He had heard Stanley use the word before, and he had heard of such a thing before that, something about guys who wanted to become girls. He just couldn't imagine his boyhood pal Stanley, who loved all the same boyish things he did, ever being one of them — not after all the time they had spent together talking about chicks, or fishing, or playing sports. At the same time, seeing how naturally he acted as "Lee Anne..."

"I know it's a surprise, honey," Mrs. Clifford said. "I'll tell you the whole story — and I assure you, this is the true version, this time." John was extremely conflicted. He wanted to believe Stanley's version of events, but then, remembering what he had seen through the window, it was hard not to question them. Reluctantly, he settled in on the sofa.

"All right," he said suspiciously. "Try me."

"It all started two a few years ago," Mrs. Clifford said, which triggered John's memory — Stanley had started his story the very same way. "I had noticed that Lee Anne — or I suppose she still went by Stanley, back then — was very withdrawn and upset, especially since your family had decided not to come for

the summer. He always really looked forward to seeing you.” She raised an eyebrow hintingly, but John was oblivious to it. “Anyway, I could tell something was weighing on his mind, and I had also noticed items of my clothing going missing, I don’t mean bits and pieces getting misplaced at the cleaners more than was normal. I had my suspicions, but it all came to light when I came home early one day and found, well, Lee Anne.”

She shrugged her shoulders. “Wearing one of my nicer dresses, one I hadn’t fit in in years but that I hadn’t wanted to get rid of, and on her feet were a pair of heels. She had even done her hair in a girlish style and managed her makeup quite nicely — clearly she had practice. So, the whole truth came out. She broke down in sobs and confessed that she wanted to be a girl, and that she had always felt like a girl on the inside, but her pride had made her keep attempting to hide the truth. She was scared of losing all of her friends. And it turns out, for good reason... At a party a week later, one of her so-called friends realized her toe-nails were painted, and beat her up badly, accusing her of being a queer... That’s when I took her to have her nose fixed.”

John scratched the back of his head in disbelief. Stanley had admitted to getting into a fight at a party, but this version of the story was radically different! Then he remembered Daniel’s disparaging remarks about Stanley being a wimp. Could this event be what triggered them?

“That was when I offered to let her do her schooling at home, while concocting the story of Stanley being sent off to a boarding school,” Mrs. Clifford continued. “That way, she would be able to transition without fear of reprisals from people in town, and instead, be reintroduced to them as my niece, Lee Anne. She’s still somewhat leery of going into town, but now, I hardly think anyone would ever recognize her. She’s emerged from her cocoon as quite the beautiful butterfly, as I’m sure you would agree.”

John flushed slightly. “No, that’s not... She only acts like some kind of girly girl because you *forced* her to!” He exclaimed. “I mean, ‘he’, not...”

“See how natural it is to refer to her as a “she”?” Mrs. Clifford asked with a knowing smile. “There’s nothing boyish left about her! She’s quite happy to finally be herself.”

“I don’t believe it,” John said firmly, even as his thoughts went to seeing Lee Anne happily prancing about her room, trying on outfit after outfit just like any happy teenaged girl. And, trying on that sexy lingerie... “Stanley? Transgender? We were always talking about chicks!”

“Indeed,” Mrs. Clifford said. “And never more than just talking! Stanley loved spending time with you, John, just the two of you having all kinds of fun together, but to him it was always more than just friendship...”

“What do you mean?” John asked, flushing red.

“I mean that Stanley not only looked up to you, he also had a very large schoolgirl’s crush on you,” Mrs. Clifford said primly. “I could tell as much long before he told me about wanting to be female. He talked about you constantly!”

“That’s disgusting!” John spat, but at the same time, his blush deepened and his heart raced. Sure, it was gross to think of Stanley having a secret gay crush on him. However, thinking of Lee Anne, the beautiful brunette he had become, having similar feelings, was very appealing. John squirmed anxiously, realizing he was growing aroused just thinking about the possibility.

“It’s quite natural,” Mrs. Clifford corrected. “You’re a very nice, good-looking boy. You two were very close. Did Stanley ever mention a single girlfriend to you?”

“Well, no,” John said. “But he loved checking them out at the beach!”

“I’m sure it *seemed* that way,” Mrs. Clifford said soothingly. “But in all likelihood, what you were seeing was jealousy. He was wishing he could wear cute bathing suits, giggle and flirt, and be a pretty girl just as he felt on the inside.”

John’s mind was full of confusion. Everything Mrs. Clifford was saying made sense, and was certainly easier to swallow than Stanley having been forced to be a girl against his will. But why would his friend lie to him?

“Why would he...” John managed to utter.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Mrs. Clifford said. “She was scared you wouldn’t accept her as Lee Anne. That’s why she made up that ridiculous story about me forcing her to dress in girl’s clothes and secretly giving her hormone pills. She would be devastated if you rejected her for the choices she had made. But, at the same time, she still harbors very deep romantic feelings for you. No wonder she seems confused to you!”

John gulped. He thought back to the flirty, provocative little outfits Stanley had worn for him, claiming his mom had forced him to do so. The sexy sway of his hips when he walked, the way he flicked his hair — had it even been an accident that the first sight of him had been in a skimpy yellow bikini? Then, topless in the window, and what about that show he had put on just yesterday to get the free ice cream? And now Mrs. Clifford was suggesting that despite all the claims to the contrary, “Lee Anne” was just as attracted to him as he was to her! John flushed deeply.

“You’re sure?” He asked nervously. “That she, uh, she really likes me?”

“*Like* would be an understatement,” Mrs. Clifford said with a smile. “You’re all she talks about, and she’s constantly trying to decide how to look cute and sexy for you. Her attraction to you is just warring with her embarrassment at her new girlhood, and her fear that you’ll reject her. She’ll probably deny all this, of course.”

John leaned back and took a deep breath. He had never seen any signs of a girl waiting to be released in Stanley's previous behavior in summers past, but maybe that was because he had become so adept at hiding it. Thinking back to all their enjoyable summers spent palling around, was it possible that Stanley had secretly been falling in love with him the whole time? Maybe the reason he'd wanted to become Lee Anne in the first place was so that John would see him as a potential girlfriend! It was so strange to think about, but in a way, it made sense.

"Trust me, there's a reason she's been up there fussing with her hair and makeup and lingerie for the past two hours," Mrs. Clifford smiled. "Even if she can't bring herself to admit it, she wants you to know the truth, and she wants you to see her as a beautiful, sexy young lady. She outright begged me to buy her this particular dress, and, well, you'll see."

As if on cue, John heard the clicking sound of heels on wood, and turned to see Stanley standing at the top of the stairs. John's jaw dropped. Stanley had squeezed himself into an extremely tight, figure-hugging bandage-style strapless striped minidress that flaunted his feminized body to the fullest, nipping in his delicate waist, ending high on his smooth thighs, and boasting a neckline that, combined with underwire support, thrust his budding breasts outward and upward resulting in an enticing sliver of cleavage where the fleshy orbs of his breasts met. His gorgeous face was done up to perfection, with dark, smoldering eye makeup and fluttering eyelash extensions, while his red lips glistened with tempting gloss. His hair cascaded down one shoulder in perfect waves, and dangling earrings swung prettily from each of his earlobes. His cute wedge sandals were gone, replaced by a pair of incredibly sexy, blue platform stilettos that had a wicked spiked heel that must have been at least 6 inches high.

John was utterly speechless as this vision of sultry femininity slowly descended the staircase in tiny, mincing steps. Stanley didn't look like a girl, that was clear. He looked like a young woman, and a breathtakingly beautiful one, at that. What a dress! The idea that it had been chosen with him in mind made it even more tantalizing. John swallowed hard as blood rushed to a particular part of his anatomy. Could Mrs. Clifford have been telling the truth? It did seem difficult to believe that this gorgeous creature could have ever been meant to be male, or ever wanted to. Maybe Mrs. Clifford was right. Lee Anne was all girl, and maybe anything that Stanley had said to the contrary, all the denials and protestations had been designed to make sure John would not reject her new female self. No wonder it was taking Lee Anne so long to find the hard drive — there probably never was one in the first place!

Well, one thing was for sure. When it came to the idea of rejecting Lee Anne, that certainly wasn't going to happen. John was a mature eighteen-year-old, and ready to accept his friend for the girl she was. If it so happened that this

gorgeous girl was hopelessly head over heels for him, so be it. But it was time to get things out in the open, to get the truth out of her, and let her know she could stop going on about this whole silly escape plan. Resolved to be gentle but firm with her until she admitted to making it all up, like a gentleman, John stepped forward and took her by the arm.

“Well, John, has the cat got your tongue?” Mrs. Clifford asked. “Aren’t you going to tell Lee Anne how beautiful she looks?”

Lee Anne demurely looked down at the floor, fluttering her long lashes.

“Wow, Lee Anne,” John gulped. “You look totally fantastic.”

“Th-thank you,” she stammered, a blush coming to her cheeks as she noticed that John couldn’t quite manage to keep his eyes away from her fantastic breasts. “You look nice, too.”

“Um, I didn’t realize you’d be dressed up so fancy... I could go change into something more...” John looked down at the casual shirt and shorts combo he’d selected. It seemed fine before he left the summer house – but now he thought he looked ready for an evening bumming around, whereas Lee Anne looked dressed for a hot city night spot.

“Nonsense,” Mrs. Clifford said. “Lee Anne has been looking forward to tonight all day – besides, it wouldn’t be very chivalrous of you to have a young lady wait on you, now would it. Go on, you two, get going.” Mrs. Clifford smiled, ushering them out the door.

The two teenagers left the house, John aiding his “date” down the steps and into the car — those high heels were no joke, but Stanley seemed to handle them pretty well. For his part, John didn’t mind seeing the way they made his friend’s rounded tosh wiggle from side to side as he walked.

“I can’t believe my mom made me wear this dress,” Stanley — no, *Lee Anne*, John reminded himself, this beautiful creature was absolutely Lee Anne and absolutely female — whimpered, once they were in the safety of John’s vehicle. She hooked her thumbs in the top and tried to adjust the top of her dress in futile effort. “It’s so low-cut...”

“It, um it makes you look really sexy... I mean mature... I bet you could get served now,” John grinned. Lee Anne looked at him with a puzzled expression. “I mean you could get served all the free ice-cream you asked for.”

“Oh,” she muttered, still looking puzzled.

“In fact, I bet you wouldn’t need to buy any ice cream every again!”

“What?” Lee Anne asked. “Jeez, John, you’re acting really weird all of the sudden.”

John gulped and took a glance over at his lovely companion. He’d been joking — mostly. In fact, he thought Lee Anne could do better than a few free cones looking like she did. She looked every inch a sophisticated, mature young

woman, and despite not being 18 yet, John couldn't imagine Lee Anne being refused service at any bar anywhere in the country. In fact he would imagine the guys lining up to buy Lee Anne any drink she wanted.

"I guess we could head to the boardwalk," John said.

"I suppose so. Hopefully, Mom will fall asleep soon, but that won't be for hours so there's no point looking for the hard drive until later on."

"Sure," said John. *If there actually is a hard drive*, he thought. But even if Mrs. Clifford was right, if Lee Anne wanted to continue with the charade about hunting for a nonexistent hard drive, then he would humor her for the time being.

"So that really is some outfit!" he said, hoping to try and get her to admit that she had wanted to look at sexy as possible.

"Tell me about it," Lee Anne sighed. "Talk about an implement of torture! But then I should have known what I was in for when Mom drove us to this high end store yesterday. It was definitely not the kind of place we'd been to before. It was for *women*, not girls."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, everything was super expensive, first of all, and super... uh... Mature. She said she was after some jeans for the concert, but when she saw this dress she just had to have me try it on. And that's not all..."

"There was something else?"

"Well, that shop also has a lingerie department, and she said I was getting to be so grown up that I needed some pieces that were a little more mature.."

"You mean..."



“I thought the underwear I already had was bad, but this stuff was made to attract men. Thongs, corsets, basques and bras in all types of designs, and in colors like black and red and dark purple. Suspender belts and things with straps and fasteners and all sorts that should come with an instruction manual!” John gulped at the thought of Lee Anne trying them on at her mother’s insistence.

“I don’t know what she thought we’d be up to tonight, but little does she know, hey?”

“Yeah,” John laughed weakly. “And you’re wearing it now... The underwear I mean?”

“Well, the thing is, this dress has built in support! I *am* wearing a black lace thong though. God, it’s uncomfortable.” Lee Anne squirmed in the passenger seat attempting to find a comfortable position.

John pulled the car into the parking lot near the boardwalk in Frantonville and turned off the engine. He noticed that Lee Anne wasn’t moving an inch. Remembering their new dynamic, John quickly got out and scurried around to open the passenger door for his ‘date’ just like he’d been brought up to do. As he held the car door open, Lee Anne swung a pair smooth legs out of the car and reached out a delicate hand complete with exquisitely manicured red fingernails for John’s support as she climbed out, stood up and caught her balance on the 6 inch platform pumps she wore.

“Thank you, Johnnie,” Lee Anne purred. “I don’t think I’ll ever get used to these shoes”

*Johnnie?* Where did that come from?

“You seem to be managing them pretty well,” John said, but Lee Anne didn’t seem to take the compliment as it had been intended.

“Yes, well after going through a few years of Mom’s ‘Girlie boot camp’, I bet even you could sashay your way around in a pair of Louboutins!”

“Huh?”

“They’re shoes, silly! You really can be clueless sometimes you know,” Lee Anne teased and John was happy to see a little of Stanley’s old mischief flash across her mascaraed eyes.

“I’m too tall for heels like that!” John protested, playing along “I’d look like a drag queen... Or one of those female athletes.”

“I don’t know about that,” Lee Anne bit a crimson lip, scrutinizing John in a way that made him feel like an ant under a magnifying glass. “You’re tall, yes, but you’re slim, and your legs are long. And buddy, you’re not as muscular as you think. I think with the right underwear, dress and shoes, and most importantly the right attitude, you’d look more like fashion model than a lady golfer.”

“Yeah, right.”

“I’m totally serious! ‘Next up on the catwalk, modeling the latest in this season’s hottest lingerie is the supermodel sensation Miss Joanna Willis!’.... No...no, wait, not Joanna, that’s too girl next door for a sultry supermodell!...Janette...no...Janine...no...”

“Supermodel? Yeah, I don’t think so.”

“Okay then, you’re just a southern gal from Georgia, just like me. Your name is... Julia Belle. The debutante of the ball, the star of the cotillion, the ravishing Julia Belle.”

Lee Anne laughed and despite himself, John did too. This dynamic, being teased by his best buddy was more like old times. For the first time in weeks, he saw a real lightness and happiness in his friend’s face that he had maybe only seen glimpses of when he had seen her dance alone in her room or roll on a pair of sheer stockings thinking no one was watching.

They decided to get iced coffees and strolled along the boardwalk, chatting like the old friends they were. They talked about everything — except the current situation. It was hard for John to forget that the cute auburn haired hottie who sashayed along in expensive 6 inch heels beside him was his former friend,



and once more, every guy looked with lust and every girl looked with jealousy at Lee Anne. Although the tight strapless designer mini dress she wore made Lee Anne stand out even more among the casually dressed couples on the boardwalk, she showed neither embarrassment nor shame, but rather seemed to begin to enjoy the attention it was eliciting.

Perhaps it was the confidence that came with finally realizing that the charade of needing to pretend that she didn't love being a girl could come to an end. Or perhaps it was just as Mrs. Clifford had said, Lee Anne was actually in love with him. Wherever this attitude came from, it suited Lee Anne, this unapologetic attitude of femininity.

This was what was running through John's head when they finally reached the coffee place and he ordered two iced mochas. They sat outside and drank them as they talked, and apart from the fact that one of them looked dressed for the arcade and one looked dressed for the dance floor, they looked like any other couple out to enjoy each other's company on a Saturday night.

"Yo, babe! You might be wearing that dress," John heard a voice shout out behind him, "But I gotta say, I would look better on my bedroom floor!"

He turned to see where it originated from and saw three rough looking guys in sweat pants and jewelry approach their table.

"Kris, we've been over this before!" Lee Anne said.

"I never see you round here no more, Lee Anne," said the leader of the trio, a muscular guy in a tight vest and baseball hat. "I thought you were digging on the 'Special K'. Foxy lady like you deserves only the best. And babe," he leaned down to their table "...I can give you the best!"

*So this was Kris*, John thought. He looked more like a wannabe rapper than a drug dealer, but then he didn't know what he was expecting.

"Kris, I'm with my boyfriend. We're trying to have a good time."

"You telling me a knockout like you is with a nobody like this?" he looked at John "Hey, man, I'm only playin' wit' cha... You can't blame a guy for trying his luck with such a fine piece of ass as luscious Lee Anne here."

John nodded and smiled, not sure how to play it. It seemed to him that the situation with Kris was more dangerous than it had been with Daniel — maybe it was because darkness had fallen or maybe it was because he knew Kris was a dealer, but he felt none of the bravado he had the other day when Daniel had hit on Lee Anne.

"Well, you know, maybe if you learned how to talk to a girl with a modicum of respect, you could get on a 'fine piece of ass' like me?" Lee Anne stood up and grabbed John's arm. "Come on, sweetie, we're going."

"A mod-eye-cum! I tell ya guys, the mouth on this chick! I just wish she'd wrap it round 'little Kris', y'know."

John felt his blood boil up and was about to give the asshole a piece of his mind, consequences be damned, when he suddenly felt Lee Anne put both hands on either side of his face. She turned it away from Kris and towards her own, and pulled it down as she planted a long lingering kiss on his lips. It was the most intense, passionate kiss that John had ever experienced and he could feel the anger that had been boiling upon him melt away.

As Lee Anne released him he became aware of the whooping and hollering from those around them. Still with the taste of her on his lips, John could hear Lee Anne say to Kris, “My lips are for John, and John only, m’kay?”

Kris raised his hands and took a step backwards. “Kay, baby. You’re the boss! But say... You guys want a little sumthin-sumthin to help you have a good time. I got a full stock of Saturday night specials!”

“We don’t need any help having a good time, thanks Kris!” Lee Anne said, as she walked away, pulling a still stunned John by his wrist. “And with what I have planned, I don’t want John under the influence of anything but me!”

They barely spoke on the walk back to the car. With only a little ways to go, Lee Anne insisted her shoes had become too much and they had to stop and sit on a nearby bench. Despite being still somewhat stunned by what had gone on, John could see that Lee Anne’s mood had shifted after their encounter with Kris. He wasn’t sure if he should broach the subject of what had



just happened, but figured it to be better than sitting in silence.

“So, that was Kris.”

“Yes, that was Kris,” Lee Anne said curtly. “And look, I’m sorry about the kiss, but you looked like you were about to hit him and Kris is a serious dude, y’know.”

“Don’t worry about the kiss just now,” John said, wanting nothing more than to talk about how it made him feel.

“I suppose you want to know how he knew me, why he called me Lee Anne?”

“Only if you want to tell me,” John said.

“I wasn’t telling you the entire story when I told you about meeting Daniel that day,” Lee Anne began. “It happened just like I said, but then, afterwards... I thought if I could get him alone, away from other people, I could maybe I could get him to help me escape Mom. I’d tell him the truth... Maybe he could help me get away.”

“I see,” John said softly.

“I decided to sneak out and go to Trent’s party. To try and corner Daniel there. I pulled my hair back into a ponytail that I thought might reveal my face a little more and spark some recognition. I dressed in a plain white t-shirt and shorts and I carefully climbed down from the balcony — no mean feat in wedge heels and walked to town. I would have taken off my make-up and gone in overalls if I could have, but I didn’t have much in my closet that resembled overalls, and I didn’t have the time to remove my makeup.”

“When it got to the party, it soon became obvious that Daniel wasn’t going to recognize me as anything other than the hot girl he had met a few days earlier.



And besides, every time I'd move, some guy would push a brightly-colored drink into my hand. Then, Kris and his guys arrived. It seemed that he and Daniel had come to some understanding after the fight that had broken my nose and all was forgiven. Daniel even introduced me to Kris saying 'maybe you'll have better luck... I mean there's hard to get and there's hard to get!' What could I do, I had to just play along, laugh at his jokes and filthy suggestions. I managed to get a taxi back to town with some girl, and it was lucky because by the time we left, everyone was either drunk or stoned and people were starting to hook up. If Daniel, or worse, Kris had come on to me, I don't think I could have fought them off."

It sounded plausible enough, and John was sure there was a kernel of truth there, but he still didn't think Lee Anne was being totally truthful. Maybe she had gone to the party to gauge whether Daniel could be trusted or not, but maybe she had done so for the same reason that teen age girls always sneaked out of their bedrooms to go to parties they shouldn't.

They drove back to the house and John once more jumped out of the driver seat to open the passenger door for Lee Anne. "Oh, pooh," she said, looking up at the house. "Mom's still up."

"So I see," John said, but his gaze was fixated on Lee Anne and how amazing she looked in the moonlight.

"I guess we could go to the beach tomorrow and maybe try and come up with another plan to get her out of the house."

"I'd like that," John said soothingly. "But don't you it's time for you to drop the act, Lee Anne?"

Lee Anne blinked at him with wide eyes.

"Your mom told me everything, okay?" John said, with a grin. "About her finding you dressed up in her clothes, and you being transgender, and all of that. And, look, I'm cool with it, okay. I'm not going to get mad or freak out or anything. Honest."

Lee Anne's pretty eyes widened even further. "Oh, no," she exclaimed. "No, that's not true at all! She's trying to trick you!"

"Come on, Lee Anne," John sighed. "You don't have to lie anymore. I've put all the pieces together... The reason Daniel called "Stanley" a wimp was because he caught you with your toenails painted, isn't it? And that's when he punched you?"

"What? No!" Lee Anne protested, blushing. "I got into a fight at the party!"

"Sure," John said skeptically. "Look, Lee Anne, despite what you tell me, all of your actions point toward the contrary. I mean, you don't act like a guy forced to wear dresses at all. You act like a total girly-girl, and dress like one, too."

"I have to!" Lee Anne argued. "If I don't, someone might guess the truth!"

“Come on! You have boobs,” John laughed. “Nobody would ever think you were a guy even if you wore sweaters and jeans. But instead, you parade around in short shorts, revealing tops, and a tiny bikini. It just doesn’t add up, Lee Anne. You obviously want to be cute and feminine, and there’s no need to lie about it.”

“My mom makes me dress that way!” Lee Anne whined, blushing once more. “You think I *enjoy* this?”

“Okay, fine,” John said. “Then how do you explain that kiss? You can’t tell me you didn’t feel something? That wasn’t all just for Kris’ benefit. Or how about the fact that every morning I’d look over to your bedroom window and see whatever your little “show” was for that day... Trying on clothes, singing, or dancing around in your underwear?”

Lee Anne’s lipstick-coated mouth fell open in shock. “You were watching? Oh, no!” Lee Anne crossed her slender arms across her bust, all but trembling in frustration. “I told you about them but I didn’t think you’d watch me like some...some...” She was deliberately trying not to call him a pervert. “I told you, she makes me record little videos like that. They all go on the hard drive, as more blackmail!”

“I didn’t see any video camera,” John pointed out. “And I think the only reason why it’s taking you so long to find this “hard drive” is because it doesn’t exist! You were just trying to think up some excuse to spend time with me while you worked up the courage to tell me the truth. Well, the cat’s out of the bag now, Lee Anne, and I’m fine with it, okay? So let’s just be honest with each other, okay?”

“She’s lying to you. Just like tonight. She’s pretending to be sick,” Lee Anne pleaded. “I know she is. She must have suspected what we were going to do, and now she’s got you convinced, and...”

Mrs. Clifford had warned John that Lee Anne would do anything to keep up the charade that she had been coerced into being a girl, but he didn’t think she might get hysterical as she clung to the deception, so, rather than argue, he finally did what he’d been wanting to do since he first saw her in her bikini sunning herself that day after he arrived, and what he had been dying to do since she had kissed him on the boardwalk: he pulled her to him with one arm snaked around her slender waist, leaned down and kissed her full on the mouth. She squirmed, giving a muffled squeak of surprise, but John, intoxicated once more by the taste of her glossy lips, only deepened the kiss until she relented, parting them submissively.

Easily lifting her light frame, he pulled her into his arms, spun her around and sat her up on the trunk of the car, allowing him a better purchase on her plump red lips. Wrapping his arms around her John kissed her even more hungrily,

curves with his hands.

“J-John,” she stammered, pulling away. “Please don’t... I’m not... I told you, I don’t like...”

John ended her protests with another passionate kiss, stroking her hair at the same time. “Lee Anne, it’s time to stop pretending,” he said gently. “Obviously you’re a girl on the inside, and you were always meant to be one on the outside, too! I’m willing to accept you for who you are.” Lee Anne sat there on the trunk of the car, blushing red, not with embarrassment, but with what suddenly looked to John like anger.

“Why would you betray me!” Lee Anne suddenly shrieked. “You were the one person! The one person in the whole world who would believe me!”

“Whoa, hey,” John said. “You don’t need to keep up the act, okay? Just calm down.”

“Act?” Lee Anne fired back. “John, please! Please tell me you’re joking! You’re my only hope out of this!” She leapt at him, trying to grab him by the shirt.

“Hey, okay!” John said, eagerly grabbing Lee Anne by the wrists and trying to bring her in for a kiss.

“What are you doing?” Lee Anne cried, fighting his grip.

“We were meant to be together, Lee Anne!”



“No, no!” Lee Anne pushed him away, and jumping away from him. “John! Don’t believe it! I’m your friend, Stanley! I need to get out of here! I need your help!”

“I have what you need, Lee Anne, but it’s not escape.” John was feeling very cocky. Everything Mrs. Clifford said Lee Anne would try, she did. It was true. That was all the proof he needed to know she was 100% right and that Lee Anne really was in love with him. “C’mon and let me show you what you’ve been after all along,” he said, approaching Lee Anne.

“I thought....” she said slowly. “I thought at least you would believe me, I thought you were my friend... I thought you were different than all the other guys around here, with their ogling and their leery looks and their comments and innuendo and their big meaty hands pawing at me any chance they get...” For a moment she trailed off sadly with wetness glimmering in her eyes and it seemed as though she might burst into tears, but just as suddenly as it came, the moment passed and once again her heavily made up eyes flashed with indignation. Lee Anne planted both her high heeled feet firmly on the ground before pointing a perfectly manicured finger at John’s chest and giving him a piece of her mind.

“You’re just like everyone else! You betrayed me at the first chance you had!” Lee Anne yelled. “I should have known! I should have known all along! From that very first day where you were peering at me like a pedophile! I never should have trusted you!”

Mrs. Clifford sipped her chamomile tea as she watched the young couple argue in the driveway – well, argue may have not been the word for it, as it seemed like Lee Anne was doing the bulk of the talking. She had witnessed John kiss Lee Anne passionately just a few moments earlier, and although it hardly seemed proper for the couple to engage in such behavior right there in the driveway for all to see, it would have been disingenuous of her to deny that she’d expected such a scene to unravel when she had chosen Lee Anne’s wardrobe for the evening.

The dress itself had cost a fortune, and was truthfully a little mature for a teenager, but when she’d seen Lee Anne squeezed into it, she knew it would be the perfect ensemble to convince John that his buddy Stanley was gone for good and in his place, only Lee Anne every inch the beautiful young ingénue she had envisioned when she had started the long process of improving “Stanley” for his own good. In fact Lee Anne had surpassed her expectations in so many ways, so natural she never would have believed it if she hadn’t seen it first-hand. Boys and their libidos were so easy to manipulate, much like plants. A little pruning, a little manipulation and even the ugliest of foliage can be coerced to bloom into something quite exquisite. At first she’d been a little worried when John dropped in out of the blue — she had worked so hard to reign in her rambunctious son and turn him into a proper young lady, and having his

old buddy John around was sure to inspire thoughts of running away — but teenage boys thought with the head in their pants, not the one on their necks! At least, those who weren't on female hormones, anyways.

It had been child's play to make sure John's libido did all the thinking, and quite a testament to all of her work on Lee Anne's appearance. First she'd ensured John's first glimpse of his old friend was a memorable one, by having Lee Anne go out sunbathing in her tiny yellow bikini where John was sure to see her. Then, she suggested that she thought she had seen him walk off to town so it might be a good time for Lee Anne to change without fear of him seeing. And of course, by keeping her dressed in provocative outfits and reminding her, as she so often had, that the only way to avoid detection as a guy was to act as dainty, feminine, and flirtatious as possible — John definitely took notice of that!

The most insidious part of her plan was doing her usual recordings, recording that would convince anyone who might doubt it that Stanley was genuinely transgender, and with the drapes open so John could catch a peek at Lee Anne acting as girlishly as possible under threat of punishment, they served the double purpose of enthralling John even more — having her dance around and try on lingerie might have been the final nail in the coffin. It was the one last push she needed to make sure John questioned Lee Anne's side of the story and instead succumbed to his own intense attraction to her.

Yes, John had never been the brightest bulb, but Mrs. Clifford was still quite satisfied with how she'd suckered him hook, line, and sinker. No matter what Lee Anne said now, John's opinion was firmly entrenched. She smiled again. Even now, with Lee Anne obviously angry over some perceived slight, they made quite a cute pair — John was slim but certainly handsome, with pretty eyes and a smile that could make any girl swoon — and they had been such good friends. The foundation of any good relationship should be friendship after all. So, it stood to reason that John would be the perfect candidate to help Lee Anne take those final steps into womanhood. Better him than one of the ruffians from the town.

But something wasn't quite going to plan. It seemed John had done something or said something to upset Lee Anne. Mrs. Clifford was sure she would hear all about it when Lee Anne came in, looking for her mother's comfort. But for the moment, the young girl seemed content to give him what for. It seemed like she had him well in hand. Whatever it was, she was sure she could help make it better. After all, there was nothing she wouldn't do to ensure the happiness of her beautiful new daughter.

She watched as the argument seemed to be building. Putting down her tea, she was suddenly concerned this wasn't the little spat she assumed it was. Lee Anne was beginning to cry as she screamed at John. Mrs. Clifford got to her feet and approached the window, risking being seen in the porch lights.

Suddenly, with a blast of anger, Lee Anne pushed John away and ran past him, straight to the front door.

Turning, she saw Lee Anne burst inside, slamming the door behind her, causing the dishes in the china cabinet to rattle. "I just want someone to believe me!" She yelled.

It was plainly clear what the conversation had been about. Mrs. Clifford immediately leapt to the aid of her little girl. "There, there," she said, dabbing away Lee Anne's tears with the fabric of her robe. "Let me help you, sweetie," she said, in the comforting, reassuring, healing way only a mother could. She put her arm around her trembling child. "Shush, now. Don't cry. I'm here for you."

"He betrayed me!" Lee Anne said, sobbing. "He was the *one* person I could trust..."

"I'm so sorry," the loving mother said. "What can I do to make it better?"

Lee Anne had been reduced to crying into her mother's chest. "He has no idea what I've been through."

"Well..." Mrs. Clifford said. "I'm sure he'll understand. We can *make* him understand. Would you like that?"



A day passed, and John saw no sign of Lee Anne. The drapes were drawn, the doors locked, and texts were left unread. Even the garden was left neglected by Mrs. Clifford, which seemed unthinkable.

John was a tolerant person, but waiting for Lee Anne to snap out of it was taking too long, and he decided that he needed to find his own way to entertain himself. He finally hit up the girls he had met on the way to Seaberry, and met them on the beach in Frantonville. Charli-with-an-i and her friends had clearly enjoyed themselves to the fullest, and they all shared a constant dopey grin and bags under their eyes. They looked wasted and drained, but they were still fun party girls, which was all John could have hoped for. A little unrestrained party action with his mind turned off was a welcome change to the constant management of fragile Lee Anne and her feelings.

John spent that night passed out on the beach, woken by seagulls pecking at the uneaten food scattered on the sand. The next night he woke up in the parking lot of the local tourist bar, with an empty bottle of whiskey in his hand. He had had an epic two days, full of etherial memories of having a good time.

The girls had left for home, and it was time for John to get back to Seaberry. He had no idea what had happened to his Dad's car, though. Last he could remember was driving it into Frantonville. The rest was kind of a blur. His hungover mind knew it was really serious to not be able to find the car, but he just

couldn't deal with it. He decided he'd file a report on it or something when he got back to Seaberry.

An rideshare car dropped him off back at the rental house, and John stumbled through the familiar front door and fell asleep on the floor. He remained there for 18 hours, sleeping off the booze. Finally, he had lived the summer he'd envisioned when he came to this town, with some stories he'd be able to tell his friends back home, and a cell phone full of blurry pictures to prove it — if only he hadn't left it back in the rideshare car.

He didn't know at what time, but after a thick, foggy, medicinal sleep, he woke up on the couch to the smell of bacon and coffee.

"Look who's up!" Lee Anne said, turning her head around from the kitchenette. She was wearing cutoffs, a bikini top and a pair of high heeled sandals. "Welcome back to the land of the living, sugar!"

The high heels here pushing her incredible ass out atop slender, toned legs, and with the cutoffs, there was a lot of skin to look at. From the rear, the spindly bikini tie in the small of her back was all one could see from the waist up.

"I hope you like your eggs scrambled, darlin'," she said, as she began to will up a plate.

John had to fight hard to sit up, his head still spinning a little bit. He watched with anticipation as his dream girl carried the steaming plate of food towards him and placed it down on the coffee table in front of him.

"What time is it?" He said. "What *day* is it?"

Lee Anne stood around back of him and draped her slender, tanned arms around his neck as she nuzzled her face up beside his. "Eat first," she said. "Lord have mercy, you look like you need a good meal."

Unfortunately for John, his brain was still working at half-speed, and Lee Anne's obvious flirtations weren't registering with him. "Are these eggs?" He asked.

"You *are* out of it," Lee Anne said with a giggle. She catapulted herself over the back of the sofa and landed beside John. Picking up a fork and a load of her freshly cooked food with it, she brought it to his mouth. "Open up, y'hear?" She said.

John initially backed away, unable to compute, but relaxed and did what he was told. He accepted the food and chewed away. "Thanks," he said with his mouth full.

"I reckon y'all been asleep for a while," Lee Anne said as she left him to work the utensils for himself. She began to pour a mug of coffee. "Aunt Clara and I saw you come home yesterday. Didn't even bother to close the door behind you."

“I must have been kind of out of it,” John said. “I hope you didn’t worry about me.”

Lee Anne placed the mug next to John’s food. “Well bless your heart,” she said, “but ah’m afraid to admit, we were a little busy. Me and Aunt Clara had to come to bit of an... Understanding, I suppose you’d call it.”

John lingered on chewing his last bite of food. “Why are you talking like that?” He asked, just now noticing that Lee Anne’s speech was littered with southernisms, and was speaking in a heavy southern drawl.

“How am I supposed to talk?” She replied.

“You have an accent.”

“Oh, *that*,” Lee Anne said with a flip of her wrist. “Well, I *am* from Georgia, you know. I suppose I’ve been hiding my accent so I fit in better ‘round these parts. But as Aunt Clara reminded me, there’s no need to go pretendin’ to be someone ah’m not, is there? Time to be the real Lee Anne, proud daughter of the south.”

“Yeah, all right,” John said, unsure of what to do with that information. Lee Anne didn’t let him linger on the mystery too long as she dropped her butt right down in John’s lap and slung her arms around his head. “Now you and I do have some unfinished business, isn’t that right?”

She didn’t wait for a response as she dove right in and planted her lush, glistening lips on John’s, and smothered him. The kiss was like sunlight on fresh snow, melting their lips together, searching desperately for intimacy.

“So,” John said, breaking the kiss for a moment. “I guess you forgive me?”

“I never want us to be apart again, Johnnie,” Lee Anne said. She didn’t have much interest in talking, so she kissed him again.

John took the initiative, and fed his arms around the slender girl and placed her back against the sofa, all while keeping their lips together. No he was leaning over her, and began to slide the tops of her bikini off, which she helped with.

Just as John got a good grip on the girl’s young, unsullied breasts, Lee Anne’s phone beeped.

“Hold up, sugar,” she said, reading the text. “Aunt Clara says the sheriff just pulled up.”



“May I help you, Sheriff?” Mrs. Clifford said as the uniformed officer strode from his car to where she was working on her garden.

“I hope so,” the man said, taking off his reflective sunglasses and sticking them in his shirt pocket. “My name’s Sheriff Burke, Ma’am. I’m Tom Abernathy’s replacement.”

“Oh yes,” Mrs. Clifford replied, “I’d heard Tom had finally retired. So you’re introducing yourself to the community.”

“I’m afraid it’s something a little more serious Ma’am. I’m investigating the whereabouts of a Jonathan Willis, 18, Caucasian, dark hair. We found his car abandoned about ten miles outside Frantonville, and we have reports he was staying around here. We want him for questioning in the disappearance of Christopher Dunkins, also known locally as ‘Kris.’ “

From the balcony of the rental house, John and Lee Anne were huddled over and listening in on the conversation, unseen by the sheriff.

“Kris?” Lee Anne whispered. “What’s happened to Kris?”

John just shrugged his shoulders.

“This Christopher Dunkins has disappeared, and we suspect foul play. Jonathan Willis was seen in several Frantonville establishments over the past few days, and we have reason to believe he might know something about Mr. Dunkin’s disappearance. We found some of his personal belongings in the abandoned car.”

From behind the wall, John and Lee Anne looked at each other. John threw up his hands to proclaim his confusion as he shook his head.

“Oh my,” Mrs. Clifford said, standing up and removing her soiled garden gloves. “I hope nothing’s happened to him. Yes, John was staying with us earlier this summer.”

“You didn’t see anything suspicious happening while he was here, did you?”

“No, no. He was a perfect guest. He’s a long-time renter, both him and his family.”

“Do you mind if I take a look around?” the officer asked.

“No, not at all.” Mrs. Clifford led him into the house.

Immediately, Lee Anne grabbed John by the collar. “Come on, we have to hide!” She said.

“There’s nowhere to go!” John pointed out, as the only exit from the house was one road, blocked by the sheriff’s car, and plainly visible from inside the Cliffords’ large windows.

“We have to think of something!” Lee Anne said.

Inside the house, the sheriff was looking around the cozy, tidy and spacious house. “It’s quite a place you have here, Ma’am”

“Please Sheriff Burke, call me Clara. I’m a little too young to be a Ma’am! My husband was the real-estate whiz. He snapped up this house and the smaller adjoining one for a song, or so he’d delight in anyone who’d listen. I was always happier in the gardens. They’re my pride and joy.”

“Ms. Clif...Clara. If I can be a little delicate here. When I did some asking around town, about you in relation to John Willis, well, it came up that your son, Stanley... It seems he hasn’t been seen in over a year.”

Clara Clifford let out a full throated laugh. “Oh Sheriff Burke, you haven’t been listening to town gossip now, have you?”

“No ma’am, I realize what small towns can be like... But like I say, several people told me that your son got into a few ‘incidents’ around town a while back, before effectively disappearing.”

“I see. I’m supposed to have bumped my son off for getting in a few scuffles and then when his friend came and started sniffing around I did the same to him. Probably buried them in matching plots under my hydrangeas. My, what a femme fatale you must take me for Sheriff.” She poked his badge accusingly in a playful manner.

Mrs. Clifford took a framed photo from its place in the mantle. “Here, Sheriff Burke. This was taken a little over a month ago.”

Burke examined the picture. It showed a young man with a remarkable resemblance to Stanley in a military style uniform.

“It’s true Stanley got into a few ‘incidents’ as you say and I was very concerned about his behavior. So I enrolled him in a military school, a very good one on the other side of the country. It was hard, of course to say goodbye to my little boy, but it’s been the making of him. He’s grown up such a lot over the last year. Blossomed. Any mother would be proud.” She took the framed photo from him and looked as lovingly as she could manage at the image of a random academy graduate she’d found online. He was handsome and more rugged than Stanley on his best day, but it was plausible that this cadet could actually be her son, and he had quite the online profile so she had an abundance of photos of him to choose from.

“At the moment he’s traveling around Europe, as he decided to take a year off before going on to college. I have his last postcard around here somewhere... I haven’t had a chance to put it in the scrapbook yet. Do you have children, Sheriff?”

“I’m afraid not ma’am. My ex-wife and I were never blessed.”

“Well, they can be hard to let go of, but there comes a time when you have to let them blossom... With a little encouragement, of course. But Lee Anne coming to stay with me has been a huge comfort. And now her sister, Julia Belle, is visiting so as you can imagine, I have my hands full with two teenage girls.”

"I'd like to talk to both of them too, if I may, Clara. But if you don't mind, I'd like to take a look at the rental house where Mr. Willis was staying."

"Of course, Sheriff," said Clara Clifford, confident in the knowledge that any trace of John Willis had been removed and discarded while he had been unconscious. "Follow me," she said serenely.



By the pool, the scene was less than serene.

"I don't see why I have to wear this!" John said as he fought with the pink one-piece girls' bathing suit Lee Anne had put him in.

"If you don't want the sheriff to arrest you, you'll do it!" Lee Anne told him.

"But... Pink?"

"It's all I have that would fit you, okay?" Lee Anne said, fluffing out his hair so it was fuller and more feminine. "Besides, it matches your nail polish and lipstick!" she smiled. "Now once again, you're Julia Belle Crawford, you're my big sister from Georgia, and you're visiting me during the summer."

John was not calmed by Lee Anne's response and was exasperated; especially when he was reminded of the manicure and pedicure he had been subjected to. "Why do I have to hide? And why as a girl?"

"Because you're wanted for Kris' disappearance, remember?" Lee Anne said.

"But I didn't do anything!" John protested.

"Are you sure? You were drunk as a skunk, darlin'! Do you even remember the last few days? What if you did meet up with him? What if he tried to provoke you again? You nearly punched him last time you met!"

John tried to search his memory for the trip to Frantonville, but it was all so hazy. He did remember getting in a few inebriated scuffles, but he just didn't have a clear picture of them. He knew Lee Anne was right. He had told himself, that if he ever did meet up with Kris again, he was going to make sure he wasn't going to give them trouble anymore.

Lee Anne threw her arms around him and his nostrils filled with the scent of her perfume. "You're my best friend... My only friend, really. I don't know what I'd do if..." She began welling up. "If they look into things, who know what they'll find!"

John understood. If the police did investigate, and snoop around, they could put the pieces together like John had done, and figure out that Lee Anne was really Stanley, and then there would be trouble. The simplest solution was for John to also go missing, and throw off the police.

"It's alright, Lee Anne." John patted her back, awkwardly.

He still wasn't happy with the reasons he had been given for his disguise — was it the simplest solution? John questioned the logic, but Lee Anne's big, doe eyes pleading for help had persuaded him. He just couldn't say no to her.

"Now, you're a girl and your name is Julia Belle, okay?"

"Not that name!" John protested. "That was a joke!"

"There's no time!"

"Yeah, yeah, okay!" John pouted, still unhappy.

"And use a girl voice!" Lee Anne reminded him. Just as he said it, Mrs. Clifford and Sheriff Burke appeared on the back porch. "Girls, this is Sheriff Burke. He'd like to ask a few questions about John."

"Pardon me, ladies..." Sheriff Burke began, grasping his belt

"Howdy, Sheriff." Lee Anne waved. "I'm Lee Anne and this is Julia Belle, my big sister. She's staying with us for a few weeks. You'll have to excuse her, she gets shy around hot men in uniform."

"Lee Anne, stop trying to embarrass the sheriff!" Mrs. Clifford turned to the sheriff who had gone flush, but not as beet red as John. "I'm so sorry Sheriff Burke, Lee Anne needs to remember what is appropriate behavior away from the beach and boardwalk."

"That's alright, Clara... Teenage girls are a law unto themselves, I'm sure. Now, Lee Anne, Julia Belle. I was wondering what you could tell me about John Willis, the boy who was staying here."

"Um... I dunno... I only knew him a couple of weeks and he left before Julia Belle arrived from Georgia. She never even saw him."

"Would you have any idea why he'd disappear and leave his car behind? It was quite a nice model sports car too, registered to his father."

"Oh, yeah... It was a nice car... I remember complimenting him, but he said it was a symbol of all the lies his father had told him. I didn't really know what that was supposed to mean. We went out a few times while he was here. Honestly, he wasn't really my type... Kinda moody and sulky. But Aunt Clara asked me to show him around. I know he took his parents' divorce pretty badly. He said he didn't want to end up like his dad. He was talking about taking time off before going to college. Kept talking about this writer he liked... Who just hitchhiked the country... He had a funny name... Bivouac?"

"Jack Kerouac?"

"That's it! I was never very good with writers Sheriff... I none too much for readin'. Anyway, he kept going on about how that would be the way to live. That you could learn more traveling the country. No attachments, nothing to hold you back. He said it would be worth more than any college course."

"I see."



“Sounds like hell to me,” Lee Anne added. “I couldn’t survive without my straighteners!”

“You girls and your hair! But I guess like they say on the TV, you’re worth it.” The Sheriff, closed his notebook and winked at ‘Julia Belle.’ “Well, I think that’s just about it, ladies, Clara. But there is one more thing I wanted to ask.”

John held his breath.

“Is the rental house available for long term rental? You see I’m staying at the Sand Castle Motel while I’m looking for something more permanent.”

“Why Sheriff Burke, of course. That would be wonderful, wouldn’t it, girls? Imagine how much safer we’d all feel knowing there was a big strong man like you living just across the way!”



So it was that John found himself having to play the part of Julia Belle on a more permanent basis. Just for a few months, Mrs. Clifford had said. Then she was sure Sheriff Burke would find a bigger place, and by then the missing persons files on Stanley and John would be long forgotten.

She had been very helpful in contacting Northmouth to arrange deferring his place until the following year. All he needed to do was sign a few forms and it was all set. He became quite used to signing anything Mrs. Clifford put in front of him. At first, he would ask exactly what the forms were, but eventually he found it simpler to just sign them. What Mrs. Clifford didn’t tell him was that she had contacted his mother and explained how John was taking the year off because he felt so confused about his parents splitting up. He was going to find himself, just as Lee Anne had suggested to the sheriff and was terrified about the reaction his parents would have. Mrs. Clifford reminded her that John was an adult and perfectly entitled to do what he wanted and that she had a young daughter, who would also be struggling with the situation to think of. When he was ready, John would be in touch.

Mrs. Clifford also never got around to telling John that she had paid ‘Kris’ off to disappear, and steal John’s father’s car in the process. Lee Anne also omitted this minor point in talking to her new big sister.



Living as they were, so close to the scrutiny of Sheriff Burke who now only had to look out his kitchen window to see what was happening over in the Clif-fords', meant that John had to be Julia Belle 24/7 and necessitated a crash course in girlhood, administered by Lee Anne and her mother, ever eager in-structors.



“Everyone’s gonna know!” John protested as they walked out onto the beach the next spring.

“Shush, Julia Belle!” Lee Anne said as she confidently strode out onto the pale yellow sand. “You’ve been working on your figure, your voice and your manner-



isms for six months, ever since Sheriff Burke moved in next door! And he hasn't suspected a thing. You could fool anyone! Just relax!"

"They're all looking at me!" John said, referring to a group of surfers who had paused as they pulled on their wetsuits to admire the two girls as they passed.

As Lee Anne dropped her towel and sunblock in an unoccupied spot and waved back at the surfers, John moaned again. "Why did we have to come here anyway?"

"I've been stuck in that house for months, and this is the first day of spring that was warm enough to wear my new bikini!" Lee Anne said. "Could you tighten it for me?"

"Oh, sure," John said, untying and re-tying the strands in the middle of Lee Anne's back. "I just thought we'd be done with this by now!"

"The Sheriff still says it's an open case, okay? You *know* that. Until they're thrown off the scent, I reckon you still need to hide!"

"I... I guess you're right, Lee Anne," John said.

"Of course I am, Julia Belle!" Lee Anne spread out her towel and set herself down on it, carefully stretching her long sexy legs out as she sat. "Relax and enjoy yourself, you've earned it!"

"Oh... Okay..." John laid out his towel, but instead of posing himself seductively like Lee Anne, he sat and hugged his legs to his chest. "I never wanted this," he said.

"You didn't object, did you?" Lee Anne said. "You've been dressed in girls' clothing for months, and you never asked us to stop."

He had objected, several times, maybe a hundred times, and strenuously. And he had made his mind up to leave and to escape Mrs. Clifford's clutches on at least three different occasions. However, each time there had been some reason not to go. Lee Anne would insist she wouldn't know what to do without his friendship, and so he would stay for just a little longer.

Most recently, his mood seemed to swing wildly from day to day. Some days he would be lively and energetic, happy to become involved in whatever feminine pastime or pursuit Lee Anne suggested. Others he had spent crying and withdrawn, unhappy about his situation, yet without the drive to do anything about it. His body seemed to be changing too. He had never been bulky, but he seemed to be losing weight at an alarming rate, due he thought, to the strict diet Lee Anne and Mrs. Clifford lived off. What muscle he did have seemed to have lost tone and rounded out.

Mrs. Clifford for her part had been surprisingly supportive. She even helped him with a course of supplements when the weight loss had begun. He had to admit that she had a certain way about her, making you think the way she

wanted you to think. He didn't quite know how she did it, but it seemed she could get you to believe just about anything.

Straightening her top, Lee Anne smiled. She knew John would come around in time, just like she had. She repositioned herself so the boys playing toss with the football a few hundred feet away got a better look at her.

It had been just what she'd needed to put the last remnants of Stanley behind her – a project! And what a project Julia Belle would turn out to be. She wasn't sure when her mother had first suggested it, but when they talked it over and she really thought about it, it did make sense. Lee Anne needed a friend and confidant, someone to share everything she had gone through with, someone who could understand just what it felt like to be her... To be transformed utterly and to come out of it changed and yet the best version of yourself. She could see that now. As day by day the last little traces of John slipped away to be replaced by Julia Belle.

“When we're finished here,” Lee Anne said, “I think we'll head to that boutique I was telling you about.” She had seen this adorable playsuit in the window that would look so hot on Julia Belle. She could just imagine her in it now.



It had started innocently enough. Mrs. Clifford knew that John was uncomfortable with the fact that Sheriff Burke was living right under their noses, and so she had tried to be professional and courteous with her tenant but discourage



any unannounced visits. However, on one particular weekend, she had returned home to find she had received a delivery of several heavy compost bags, which would usually have been brought around to the back of the house, but had been left in the front garden.

Lee Anne and Julia Belle were busy sunning themselves by the pool, and besides the girls couldn't have been expected to haul the heavy bags around to the rear of the house. Lee Anne was in a tiny yellow polka dot bikini and John had been convinced that day to wear a baby blue sun suit that really showed off his increasingly shapely legs. So Sheriff Burke, who had a weekend off and was enjoying coffee on the patio of the rental house, gallantly offered if could help her with them.

It seemed that he was more than happy to help out. He heaved a large bag of compost over his shoulder, followed by another, and easily managed to bring in two heavy bags at a time. Mrs. Clifford explained to him some of the finer



points of tending flowers in a hot climate and before they knew it, the pile had been completely relocated. It seemed bad manners not to invite the sheriff to share some homemade lemonade on the patio after all his hard work and that, as they say, was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.



The year moved from fall to what passes for winter in the southern coastal climate and finally back into spring. It was a mild winter, but the garden still needed constant attention and it had become a regular sight to see Mrs. Clifford and the sheriff around the grounds engaged in pruning, watering, replanting or — more often than not — flirting. John still seemed uneasy that his identity would be discovered, but the sheriff seemed to only have eyes for Mrs. Clifford. Lee Anne seemed thrilled to see her mother find happiness with what seemed to be a fine and caring partner.

The emerging little sextop enjoyed teasing. She could still delight in embarrassing the somewhat stuffy law man when she'd mention any suggestion of sex or sexuality. It

seemed as if Lee Anne wanted to see who would go beet-red the quickest, Sheriff Burke or John, when she would strut around the patio in a skimpy bikini and make some seemingly innocent remark which was an obvious double entendre. Even so, as the months went on, they became a kind of family, with Lee Anne and John allowing the sheriff — ostensibly the only male — to take up the heavy lift-



ing around the place. John had to admit to himself that he felt more at home there, in the role of Julia Belle, then he had at home. His parent's divorce had made him reevaluate his time there and the more he did, the more he remembered the unhappy times. It helped that Lee Anne would remind him of his family's divorce on a regular basis.

Mrs. Clifford had explained Julia Belle's extended stay to the sheriff with the semi truth that her negligent parents were in the middle of a bitter divorce and she was merely offering the troubled young girl a safe space to deal with her conflicting emotions for as long as she wanted.

Who could feel anxious and in turmoil in such beautiful surroundings, with such a lively, vivacious companion as Lee Anne? She was constantly encouraging her friend to cheer up and not to look so glum. She would suggest activities



for them, shopping and make-overs, trips to the salon and days searching for new outfits. As far as Sheriff Burke was concerned, each time she would insist they engage in some girly activity Lee Anne was merely being a thoughtful friend trying to get her companion to come out of her shell.

Slowly, he did see a change in Julia Belle. She went from shy and awkward, especially around him, to an elegant, attractive young woman, assured in herself and confident. The sheriff had put her initial unease down to the complex emotions Julia Belle had about her father and the divorce. He tried as much as possible to fill the hole that both Lee Anne and Julia Belle might have for a supportive male figure in their lives. In his line of work, he had seen enough young people end up on the wrong path for the lack of just such a person.

Mrs. Clifford was more than happy that he did. They could soon be seen all around Seaberry, out and about at the beach and the local bistros, enjoying being a family. Everyone knew the sheriff and seemed delighted that Mrs. Clifford had found a new man, after how she so sadly lost her husband and after all that trouble with her son, Stanley. Apparently, so the story around town went, that he went off, first to military school and then to the army, so it sounded like he was on the right path and no longer a worry for his mother.

The sheriff had even found a little run around for the girls, a little yellow coupe and he'd set about teaching Lee Anne how to drive. Julia Belle it seemed, already had a license but George Burke enjoyed his time teaching Lee Anne the finer points of motoring, even going as far as fudging the paperwork a little when Clara informed him there was a problem getting Lee Anne's paperwork from Georgia. Pretty soon Lee Anne and Julia Belle were a familiar sight around the town, zipping here and there in the little yellow car.



It was a red letter day in the Clifford household. Lee Anne had finally convinced John to go to the beach with her in a two piece swimsuit. She had secretly ordered matching yellow and red bikini swimsuits from an online site and since they arrived, she wouldn't stop going on about how John should at least try it on. He finally caved and agreed to try it on in the privacy of Lee Anne's room and that was all — he wouldn't wear it by the pool and he certainly wouldn't be wearing it to the beach where anyone would see him. Even when Lee Anne pointed out that if Sheriff Burke happened to glance out from his kitchen, and see Julia Belle in her feminine glory, it would go even further to support their cover story, John still refused. As the pair both stripped out of their under wear and into the matching bright colored suits, John was once more faced with how much his body had changed over the last year. If he hadn't known so himself, he would have had a hard time believing he had ever been John Willis.

“Wow,” Lee Anne gushed, “You look so hot!”

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” he replied.

“Oh come on, you have to admit, we both look fantastic,” Lee Anne said turning this way and that to admire her reflection.

John looked into the mirror at two beautiful young women, a short auburn haired hottie in a yellow bikini that could barely contain her excitement and a tall, slim, raven haired, sullen but equally striking girl in who seemed as though she would rather be anywhere else wearing anything else.



At least they weren't string bikinis, John thought to himself as he turned and watched the tall girl in the mirror do the same. He noted the lift and support that the cups gave his now-full breasts. They were more like athletic bras than a lot of the swimwear he'd already worn. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. What was the difference really? A one piece, a bikini? You're still a girl on the beach!

"Alright. Alright. You win," he said. *But then you always do, don't you?* he thought silently.

"Yippee!" Lee Anne squealed. "And I know just the sandals that will match them perfectly."

"But just the beach here... Not the boardwalk or the beach at Frantonville, okay?" John said, barely wanting to imagine what it would be like strutting around Frantonville in a bikini.

Lee Anne agreed and initially, John had to admit that their trip to the beach that day wasn't all that different than any other they had made since Julia Belle had arrived.

As usual, Lee Anne drove them there in her cute little coupe and soon they were both divesting themselves of their outfits and dressed only in the brightly colored bikinis, heading to the sand.

However, whether it was the fact that that this was the day that Julia Belle had finally to wear a bikini, or whether it was destined to happen anyway, that day was the day that Lee Anne and Julia Belle met Craig and Harry.



"Just *who* are these boys exactly?" Sheriff Burke asked Lee Anne.

"Now, George, the girls are old enough to go on a date without needing to answer a police interrogation!" Mrs. Clifford said "Besides, I think you should have your mind on who *you're* taking out this evening, and not who's taking out the girls!"

"I think it's sweet that the sheriff looks out for us," Lee Anne said, planting a kiss on the stubbled cheek of Mrs. Clifford's beau. "They're perfect gentlemen. And besides, I've already told Aunt Clara all about them. Their names are Harry and Craig. They just finished their first year at Northmouth. They're renting the Bartholomew place for the summer. We got talkin' to them at the beach the other day and they invited us to this party," she said as she applied one final coating of gloss to her already glistening lips. "Anything else y'all need, officer? Social Security numbers? Jock strap size?"

"Mmmph," George Burke went into the front room to look for his keys.

Lee Anne gave herself a final once over, more than satisfied with her outfit – a pale blue dress that accentuated her figure, it was just short enough but not too

short, sexy, but also cute. The ensemble was completed with a pair of baby blue open toed stilettos – 5 inch heels (regulation for Lee Anne now if she didn't want to look diminutive next to her 'sister'), a designer clutch for make-up and cellphone, and a pair of dangling gold earrings.

She relished the opportunity to get really dressed up – sometimes it seemed like she lived in little tops, short shorts and bikini's — and she hadn't really been out on a date since John had taken her to the boardwalk that night over a year ago. Almost a lifetime ago, it seemed.

“But if someone doesn't get her cute li'l ol' behind in gear, we're going to be late,” she shouted up the stairs.

“Now you leave her alone, Lee Anne. If they're any kind of gentlemen, they'll wait for their ladies, isn't that right, Julia Belle?”

“Absolutely, Aunt Clara,” a soft lilting voice replied from the top of the stairs. After hours of primping and preening, mostly under the guidance of Lee Anne and Ms. Clifford, John was finally ready – although truth be told, he had been ready 20 minutes ago. He spent that time staring at his reflection in the mirror and steeling himself for the night ahead. Slowly maneuvering his way down the stairs, John carefully placed one foot in front of the other, just as he'd been taught, while Mrs. Clifford and Lee Anne proudly watched the result of their tutelage and ministrations.

It was strange the way Mrs. Clifford could teach him things. One day, not too long ago, she had taught him to wiggle his hips as he walked in high heels, and now he couldn't remember any other way to walk. She just had to show him once, and it stuck like glue. The same had happened in the way he gestured with his hands while talking, or idly playing with his ever-lengthening hair while thinking, or even the way he had been told to smile demurely whenever in the presence of men. All these lessons were now second nature to him.

There was no denying it, 'Julia Belle' looked amazing. The yellow four inch sandals were a little higher than John was used to wearing, after all, at 5-ft-11 Julia Belle was on the tall side for most girls — especially compared to Lee Anne who barely hit 5ft 10in in 5 inch platforms. But at almost 6ft 6in, Harry had towered over Julia Belle when they were introduced, and John had never felt more helpless. So when choosing footwear for the date, he went for one of his highest pairs, much to Lee Anne's delight. John reasoned that a little added height might allow him to feel less like a plaything beside the hulking jock. He had also found himself in Lee Anne's position of being uncomfortable in anything but high-heeled shoes. His calves simply wouldn't work right without them.

The red sun dress with yellow spots they'd picked out for him was flirty and fun, but a lot shorter than John was comfortable with. The hem barely came down to his manicured red finger tips and he expected to spend most of the

night ensuring Harry didn't discover what Julia Belle would rather keep secret. His glossy raven colored mane had been teased and primped into a fashionable style full of body and bounce and his pouty red lips complimented both the outfit and Julia Belle's coloring.

Lee Anne and her mother flashed each other a private look of proud triumph as Julia Belle finally reached the last step and strutted along the hallway to join them as elegantly as any fashion model on any catwalk.

"Oh, give me a twirl and let me take a look at you," said Mrs. Clifford. John obliged with a graceful pirouette and the short skirt of his red summer dress flared up exposing his creamy smooth thighs.

She took both their delicate hands in hers. "Never in a million years would I have guessed you two would both blossom into such exceptional young women. When I think back..."

"Oh, Aunt Clara, don't. I'll ruin my mascara," Lee Anne was on the verge of tears before the touching scene was interrupted by a horn beeping outside.

"Taxi's here!" Lee Anne squealed, looking out the window.

She pecked her aunt on the cheek and minced to the door before turning to her sister. "Now are you finally ready to go or do you want to spend another ten minutes fussing with your make-up?" She teased.

"Now you be nice Lee Anne," Mrs. Clifford said as the sheriff came to join her on the porch to see them off.

"I'm coming. I'm coming." John gave Mrs. Clifford an air kiss and trotted down the steps to catch up with Lee Anne. "Keep your panties on, will you, Lee Anne! Mercy!"

Lee Anne turned to ensure both the sheriff and her mother were both out of ear shot. "That all depends doesn't it?" she said with a devious grin.

The party it turned out was less a 'rager' than an intimate get-together with the four of them. Harry was very apologetic, but Craig was smoothly quick with the patter and explained that he didn't really know that many people in town and they had invited everyone they had met on the beach. Unfortunately, they didn't realize there was another big party in Frantonville that same night. Craig said that maybe they could head to that later on if the girls wanted to, but they had 'all this booze and chips and stuff.'

"So it looks like it's just us!" Craig said brightly. "Hey, all the better for us to get to know one another, huh, Harry?"

"Absolutely!" Harry said.

"Now, what would you girls like to drink? – we've got everything." It all sounded a little convenient, but John was pretty sure he didn't want to suggest heading to a party in Frantonville, even if it meant more people being around. After all, what would it hurt have a drink here? It was a nice house and besides,



it seemed to John that Craig was used to getting his own way, both with his friend and with women. You could tell by the way he spoke to Lee Anne and Julia Belle, asking them questions but not really waiting for the answers, simply for an opportunity to continue speaking. He was more interested in what they looked like rather than what they actually thought.

Just as John was going to ask for a diet soda, Craig piped up once more “Oh I know! I’ll make us some of my signature cocktail – Craig’s CranApple Crusher!”

“Oooh, yeah, we’ll have two of those. They sound heavenly, darlin,” Lee Anne cooed. It seems Craig’s corny routine was right up her alley.

“Well, I need some help so if you don’t mind being my beautiful assistant...” Craig took Lee Anne by the hand and led her into the kitchen. “Now the secret to a good CranApple Crusher is...”

John and Harry sat in silence in the living room for what seemed like an eternity. The house was bigger than the rental house but not as large as Mrs. Clifford’s. John guessed Craig or Harry must come from money, as it would have been on the expensive side for two college students to rent for the season.

“Sorry about Craig... He can be an acquired taste, but he’s a good guy.”

“I’m sure he is,” John replied.

“That’s just how he gets around girls... I mean women.... Wspecially a pair of classy knockouts like you and Lee Anne.”

Geez. He sounds like something out of an old movie, John thought. Harry went bright red and John couldn’t help but blush too, not from embarrassment at being referred to as a ‘classy knockout’ but from the clumsiness of what Harry obviously believed to be a compliment to make a girls head turn. It was obvious that Harry wasn’t used to talking to girls, especially *classy knockouts*.

“So what’s Northmouth like?” he asked, changing the subject.

“Oh it’s great. I’m not terrific in class, I’m not really a bookworm,” he said, “But I’m on the football team and Craig helps me out with the studying. We both passed the year, that’s the main thing, so we decided to come here for and relax. But ah,” he stammered, “We, ah, we didn’t expect it to be so gorgeous.” Harry looked pointedly at John’s smooth, long legs as John shifted nervously under his intense gaze.

The awkwardness of the situation was suddenly broken by the door swinging open and the sound of Lee Anne’s girlish giggling. “Craig’s CranApple Crushes,” announced Craig, carrying two giant glasses of pink liquid filled with straws and cocktail paraphernalia.

“You don’t expect us to drink all that?” said John, looking at the huge glasses.

“But, no mademoiselle, ze Craig’s Cranberry Crush is a drink for how you say sharing!”

Lee Anne took one of the fishbowl-size glasses in her delicate hands and giggled as she almost spilled its contents everywhere. It looked as if she might have been a taste tester as well as beautiful assistant back there in the kitchen, John thought.

“One for me and Craigie and one for Harry and you, Julia Belle,” she said giggling at a joke only she could hear.

Harry took the large glass and went to join John on the couch. Worried she might drop it, Craig took the large drink from Lee Anne. “Let me just take that before the lovely Lee Anne decides to redecorate the room with it and we lose our deposit. Let’s sit over here, baby.” Craig reclined back on one of the armchairs and Lee Anne trotted over like an obedient puppy and sat in his lap.

About an hour later, John found himself alone on the sofa with Harry. Perversely, Craig and Lee Anne had made short work of the huge cocktail and after twenty minutes of whispering and giggling, Lee Anne announced in a slurred voice that she was just dying to see the rest of the house and something about a tour she had been promised. It seemed the tour was a thorough one, since they hadn’t come back.

Harry was a nice enough guy, and John certainly thought there were worse boys he could be sitting alone on a sofa, especially while wearing perfume, lipstick, a short summer dress and five inch sandals.

“So I bet you have a ton of boyfriends back home,” Harry asked, obviously trying to move conversation in a certain direction.

For his part, John had been happy to sit there and ask Harry about college life at Northmouth... The cocktail had been refreshing, but John did feel its effects a little, so when Harry suggested they switch to beer, John felt more confident he could handle it. Apart from looking down and seeing the lipstick stain on the rim of his beer bottle, he tried to tell himself they could be any two guys shootin’ the breeze over a few brewskies. He was genuinely curious about college life, even if he felt that if the last year had gone differently, he would be the cozing up to some cute girl and telling her all about his college exploits, rather than find himself on the receiving end of such advances.

“Boyfriends? Oh, you know, a few...” John smiled, not meaning to sound as enigmatic as he did. “Here and there. Not tons.”

“Anyone, um, special?” Harry asked, throwing his arm over the back of the couch.

“Yes, actually. One. Very serious.” John shot back.

“But Lee Anne said earlier that you were single?” Harry asked, confused.

“Yes, well. The truth is I just got out of a very serious, long term relationship... And I’m still not over it,” John thought it sounded plausible.

“Sorry to hear that,” Harry touched his arm and John was surprised at how tender the feel of his touch was. “Sounds rough. What was his name?”

John blurted out the first thing that came into his head. “John. He was called John.”

“Well, if I was John I would have made sure I did everything I could to hold on to a girl like you... He sounds like a loser.”

“He’s not a loser, he’s very special to me, it’s just... Well, we became very different people. One day it seemed like the old John had changed and I hardly recognized him anymore,” John said, surprised at the emotion in his voice.

Suddenly John was aware of Harry’s hand lifting his chin and turning his head so they were face to face.

Quick as a flash, John was on his feet, but Harry also rose from the couch and stood between John and the exit.

“I think it’s time we were going, my aunt is probably getting worried.”

“It’s early yet,” Harry said “...and besides, Lee Anne and Craig sound like they’re having fun.” John heard creaking floorboards and giggling from upstairs.

“Even so...” John tried to get past Harry and out to the hallway, but he seemed to be blocking the whole doorway with his huge dominating presence. John stepped back on a high heeled foot, waiting for Harry to move.

“It’s getting late... I have to go. I need to find...” Why did he feel so breathless all of the sudden? He was suddenly aware of the precariousness of his situation. He felt as if he should run away – run as fast as he could manage in these ridiculous shoes he was wearing. Yet he couldn’t move. He was pinned immobile by Harry’s gaze. No one had ever looked at him like that before. Ever. Harry reached his large hand out once more and with a single finger, gently tipped up John’s chin, his hungry eyes resting on John’s glistening ruby red mouth.

John’s heart began to thump wildly. He could smell the sharp, masculine scent of Harry’s aftershave mixed with his own perfume and their sweat. He became aware of the smell of alcohol on Harry’s breath right before John could register fully that Harry had leaned down to close the distance between them and was about to kiss him. Just before their lips touched, John brought his red manicured hands up to Harry’s chest to push him away and twisted his head so that Harry’s kiss landed on his cheek.

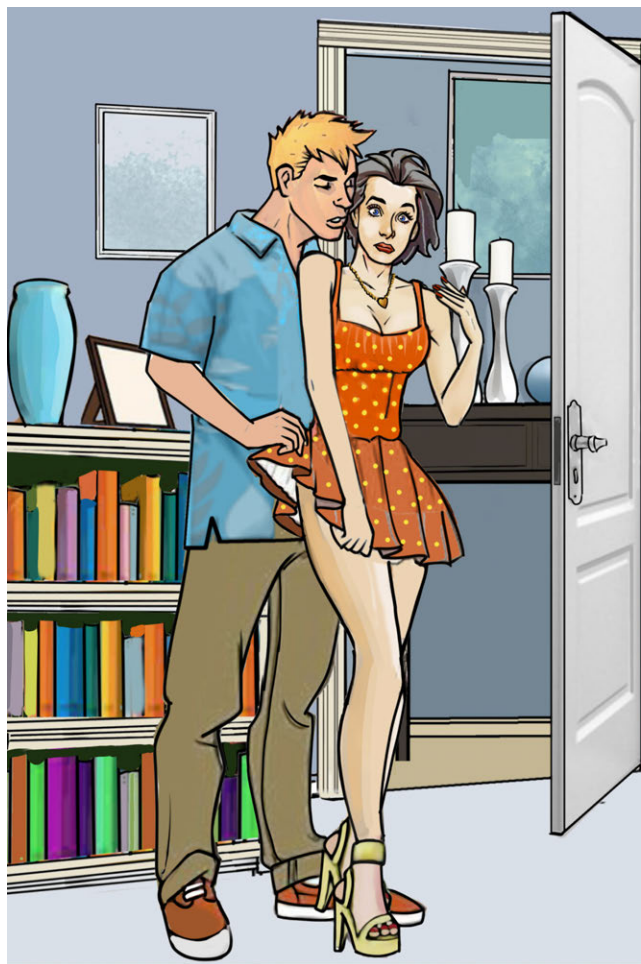
Undeterred, Harry snaked an arm around John’s narrow waist and pulled him in tight to his body. John gasped at the strength of the other boy, heat flooding every inch of his feminized body. Looking up he could see that Harry’s jaw was clenched in single-minded determination. The closer he pulled John, the more John became aware of the arousal growing between Harry’s legs and despite himself, John began to involuntarily feel a tingle between his own deep within the confines of his specially altered black lace panties.

“No,” he managed to say, although it was so softly that it was more for his own benefit than Harry’s. “I don’t want... I’m not...” John heard his voice trail off as Harry’s gaze moved down the pale column of his exposed throat to his shoul-

ders. John's skin seemed to tingle wherever Harry's eyes lingered. He felt Harry's hand gently but firmly push down the strap of his red dress, over his shoulder and down his arm. John tried to put a hand out to stop him, but both were trapped against the warm steel wall of Harry's chest. Harry bent down and pressed kisses all along John's creamy shoulder as he pushed the strap down further. John felt lightheaded and weak as a kitten as Harry worked the other dress strap down to completely expose the swell of John's developing bosom.

"Harry, please," John threw his head back and began shaking it, to signify 'no', but all Harry

was aware of was a sexy young woman before him lost in arousal. John felt his nipples harden when exposed to the chill of the air conditioning as Harry dropped his head again and closed his mouth around the pouting peak of John's nipple, hard and begging for the touch of Harry's tongue. Harry cupped John's other breast, his hand huge and dark against John's creamy skin. John was almost on tip toe and managed to put his hands on Harry's shoulders for balance as Harry continued tugging and pulling, rolling and caressing one nipple while he closed his hot wet mouth around the other. John gasped inwards, his belly contracting and his grip on Harry's broad shoulders tightening. His attempts to speak were now little more than moans of pleasure and as he squirmed and arched his back against the wall which allowed Harry better access to his full breasts, he suddenly became aware that Harry was mere moments away from pushing the hem of his red dress upwards and about his waist and pawing at the lacy panties which held 'Julia Belle's' secret, taped and



gaffed away and hidden from the world. It took every ounce of strength and self control for John to finally break Harry's hold, pull away from the wall and release himself from the larger boy's embrace.

"Just wait. Wait Harry!" John was unsteady on his feet and his face flushed as he quickly pulled up the bodice of his dress to cover the full milky white breasts that Harry had been nuzzling mere moments ago. He could feel the material chafe against his still aroused sensitive nipples and his skin still tingled at Harry's touch but eventually John managed to compose himself, despite everything.

"This is just too fast. Everything is just going too fast, okay?" John said, replacing a stray tendril of black hair that had been tousled in the heat of passion.

"But I thought," Harry, who mere moments ago had seemed like an insatiable animal, now, despite his large muscular frame, looked like nothing less than a little boy who'd been caught doing something he shouldn't. Confused and guilty. "Is it that guy you were talking about... Is it John?"

"Ah, kind of, yes. Look, you're a really nice guy Harry," *and a hell of a kisser*, John thought silently, "but I'm still going through some stuff and I just need to take things slowly at the moment."

"Okay," Harry said after a deliberative pause. "I understand."

Suddenly Harry threw his arms around John, but it was an embrace filled with concern rather than passion and lust. "But if there's anything I can do in the meantime, you know, to help, just let me know."

Tight in the clench, John reached up and patted Harry on the back. Not for the first time that night, John marveled at the broad muscularity of Harry's athletic body, despite himself. And just as he was thinking how lucky an escape Julia Belle had, and that Harry could go from a ravenous wolf to a cuddly bear in mere moments, John felt a familiar hardness growing in Harry's pants and press against his belly.

"Okay, okay, big fella!" John broke out of the clinch, took a step back and put some distance between them. Without John realizing it, Julia Belle had unintentionally worked Harry up into quite a frenzy tonight and John was pretty sure Harry would have to 'take care of himself' later on – most probably with visions of Julia Belle swimming in his imagination.

Well, that was the least of John's problems. John was far more concerned with the state that Harry had managed to work Julia Belle into. He had never felt anything like that before and how it made him feel scared him immensely.

"It really is late and I think it's time Lee Anne and I were going. Be a sweetie and tell your pal to wrap it up, will you?"

Like an obedient dog, Harry nodded and went to do his mistress's bidding, before pausing and turning back.

“I’d really like to see more of you, Julia Belle,” Harry said.

John took a small compact from his purse and snapped it open. “Oh, you saw plenty of me tonight!” John said, as he saw Harry’s face fall. “....But you know, it’s a small town. I’m sure we’ll run into each other.” John took a tube of crimson lipstick from his purse and twisted it open before running it over his full lips.

“And call us a ride, Harry darlin.’ I need to fix my face.”



“Do the boys have the tickets?” John asked.

“I do declare, Julia Belle, yes, for the hundredth time,” Lee Anne said. They were dressed up for their big farewell date, an outdoor concert a couple of towns over. The summer was drawing to a close and Harry and Craig were due to leave town to prepare for returning to college.

Over the past few weeks, they had seen a lot of the boys. Hanging out on the beach, double dates on the boardwalk and a few evenings of Netflix and chill at the boys place, which John soon realized involved neither binge watching the latest TV shows nor chilling. Craig would inevitably want to show Lee Anne some random thing upstairs and Harry and Julia Belle would be left watching whatever movie alone. However, since that night when Harry had first hit on Julia Belle, John had learned how to use certain tactics to, if not fend off Harry’s amorous advances, then at least satisfying them on his own terms.

“The boys will be here in a few minutes... Are you ready, sweetie pie?”

John looked in the mirror, pouting his crimson lips and turning that way and this, tossing his long shiny hair over his shoulders. “I don’t know. Do I look okay to you?”

He knew he looked amazing, but it had become part of their ritual when getting ready together – one or the other would ask if they looked alright and some small adjustment would be suggested, an added accessory or one taken away, a change of bag or shoes and their look would finally be decreed ‘drop dead gorgeous’.

“Let me fix your lipstick,” Lee Anne said, grabbing a tissue and dabbing the corner of John’s mouth.

Lee Anne gave John a good look as she twisted the tube of expensive cosmetics and expertly applied it to his pillowy lips. He had truly blossomed over the summer, his svelte figure had rounded out and his chest had bloomed to full C cups faster than anyone, even Doctor Lane had expected. It seemed when it came to hormones, John’s body had taken to estrogen like a duck to water and in a matter of months Julia Belle had gone from an awkward bean pole to an attractive leggy knockout.

John may have initially objected to so many things about being a girl, but a lot had changed in the last few weeks. Initially Lee Anne or Ms. Clifford would suggest his outfits for the day, but it was John who had chosen the tight black designer mini-dress that he was now poured into, which showed off his every curve and ended high up on his thighs, revealing his long, lean legs in a nearly scandalous way. It was John himself who had spent two hours curling his lengthening glossy hair and doing his makeup in this sultry smoky cover girl style. It was he who had specifically chosen the silver stilettos with the 5 inch spike heel which made him walk in a most seductive way. He had required no encouragement to do any of that.

“You look fantastic, Julia Belle. A total smoke show... If we end up back at the boys’ house, maybe tonight you’ll let Harry...”

John knew what Lee Anne was asking. Julia Belle had quickly established a strict set of ground rules with her eager suitor after that initial night, and for his part, Harry complied like a gentleman. Above the waist, touching and kissing was permitted, anything around the panty area was off limits. But John soon found that left a lot of stuff on the table for Harry, who proved rather creative when it came to firing up arousal in Julia Belle. So, to avoid a repeat of that first night, John had developed another tactic. He was well aware how an excited member could go from weapon of mass destruction to dud in a matter of seconds – indeed, it might go off in your hand when least expected. After all, you can’t stick a wet noodle in a peach. So through trial and error, John discovered that with the right encouragement, both verbal, visual and even physical, Harry could be helped along with minimum effort, and minimum contact. Then, all Harry could manage was a little spooning as they watched the end of the movie.

John had felt a little awkward employing this strategy at first, but the alternative made him shudder even more. Indeed, he still involuntarily shivered every time he thought of the night he had almost lost control with Harry and he had vowed to make sure from then on, Julia Belle was the one totally in charge.

Still, as to what Lee Ann was suggesting, well, John had already made so many compromises. It didn’t help knowing that his sister Lee Anne had gone pretty far with Craig — which was as far as possible without revealing their secret. On the one hand, what was one more step, but on the other, it seemed like something there might be no going back from. When he thought of Harry’s big soulful eyes and how patient he had been, it was hard to deny him what he had been waiting for.

“Is it the right thing to do, though?” John asked as he spritzed perfume on his neck. “I mean, I know I may look like one, but I’m not really a girl...”

Lee Anne rolled her eyes and sighed in exasperation. “Julia Belle, look at you! Honey, you’re as ‘girl’ as it gets! You might not have always wanted to be one, but you can’t tell me you ain’t lovin’ it.”

John sighed and smiled a sad, almost rueful smile. “You’re right... I guess?” The fact was that John was enjoying being Julia Belle. There was so much to enjoy. Whatever way you looked at it, life was just easier as an attractive young woman. However, he wasn’t so sure he had always wanted to be a girl. In fact, as far as he could remember, he had been very happy as a boy. Hadn’t he?

Until Aunt Clara had encouraged him to explore his feminine side... But she just wanted the best for Lee Anne — and Julia Belle. There was just something so convincing about Aunt Clara when she talked, John had come to realize. She could talk anyone into doing just about anything. Sheriff Burke was smitten with her and would do anything she asked. Lee Anne had made peace with Aunt Clara, and they had never been closer. And maybe she was right... Maybe being Julia Belle Crawford wasn’t a part he played or a disguise, it was who he truly was inside.

“I just have to get a photo of my girls before they go,” Mrs. Clifford came in from the kitchen with her phone. Lee Anne posed naturally for the camera, but anyone who looked at the resulting image could see that the tall, elegant raven haired young woman seemed preoccupied.

Once she was satisfied she had captured the moment, Mrs. Clifford left them alone once more.

“Listen, Julia Belle. Before the boys arrive, I want to talk to y’all about something,” Lee Anne’s tone, usually so light and flippant lately, especially around the boys, became serious. “Whatever you decide to do tonight, I want you to know how grateful I am to have you as my sister. We’ve both been through so much recently... And I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t been here for me... But there’s something missing. And I think deep down you feel it too. Spending these last few months with Craig has made me realize that I want to be more. I want to be woman, and I want to be *all* woman. Not just for him, but for me. Because it’s who I was meant to be. And I can’t think of anyone I’d rather share that with in the whole wide world than my sister.” John couldn’t believe what Lee Anne was suggesting.

Was she really talking about becoming a girl permanently?

“And I know if you were really honest with yourself, you’d feel the same way. I asked Aunt Clara to speak to Doctor Lane and did some research. There’s a clinic in Mexico that’s supposed to be really good for this type of thing and they are very discreet, but not cheap. But auntie says she couldn’t bear for you to miss out so... She’s going to pay for both of us! Isn’t that delightful? Just think about it! We can go down there and stay for a few months until we recover. We’ll both be ready by the time we visit the guys at Christmas. Imagine the present Harry will get!”

Harry was big, tall and so wonderfully muscular — and a great kisser. He knew that Lee Anne and Craig had done more than just kiss, but after their



first encounter, John had managed to keep himself in check and keep Harry, well not exactly satisfied, but somewhat so. Just thinking about Harry's lips forcing their way through John's soft, lush pillows made him tingle. Thinking about his big, meaty hands on his large, sensitive breasts or cupping his rounded derriere almost overwhelmed him and he had to steady himself for a moment. The thought of becoming female completely, and physically being with Harry as a woman was so alien to him.

“But Lee Anne...”

“But nothing! Accept the fact that you’re a girl. It makes it so much easier.”  
Lee Anne smiled matter-of-factly.

John looked into the contented and placid eyes of the boy he used to pal around with every summer, and only saw the look of a girl very much alive and in love.

He turned and caught sight of his own reflection in the hallway mirror but all he saw looking back was Julia Belle, the young woman he had become. Maybe he could learn to be in love like Lee Anne was. Lord knows Harry could stir up feelings in his panties he hadn’t known he was capable of.

John picked up his purse and for a moment gazed at his slim hand adorned with elegant long ruby red nails before he turned to Lee Anne once more to give her an answer.

“Really, it’s too much to ask,” John said. “I love you, but...”

“Julia Belle,” Mrs. Clifford called out from the kitchen. “Come here for a moment, would you? I’d like to talk to you.”

“Yes, Aunt Clara,” John said, as he trotted off.

Ten minutes later, he returned to Lee Anne, a little woozy, and his eyes unfocused.

“You ready for the boys? We’ve kept them waiting long enough!”

“Oh, yes, the boys,” John said, as he broke into a smile.

Lee Anne grinned as she swung her hips, mischievously. “So about the trip to Mexico... I didn’t get an answer.”

“I already said I’d think about it, didn’t I?” John replied, confused. “If I didn’t, I meant to.”

Lee Anne wrapped her big sister in a tight embrace. “I never want us to be apart,” she said.

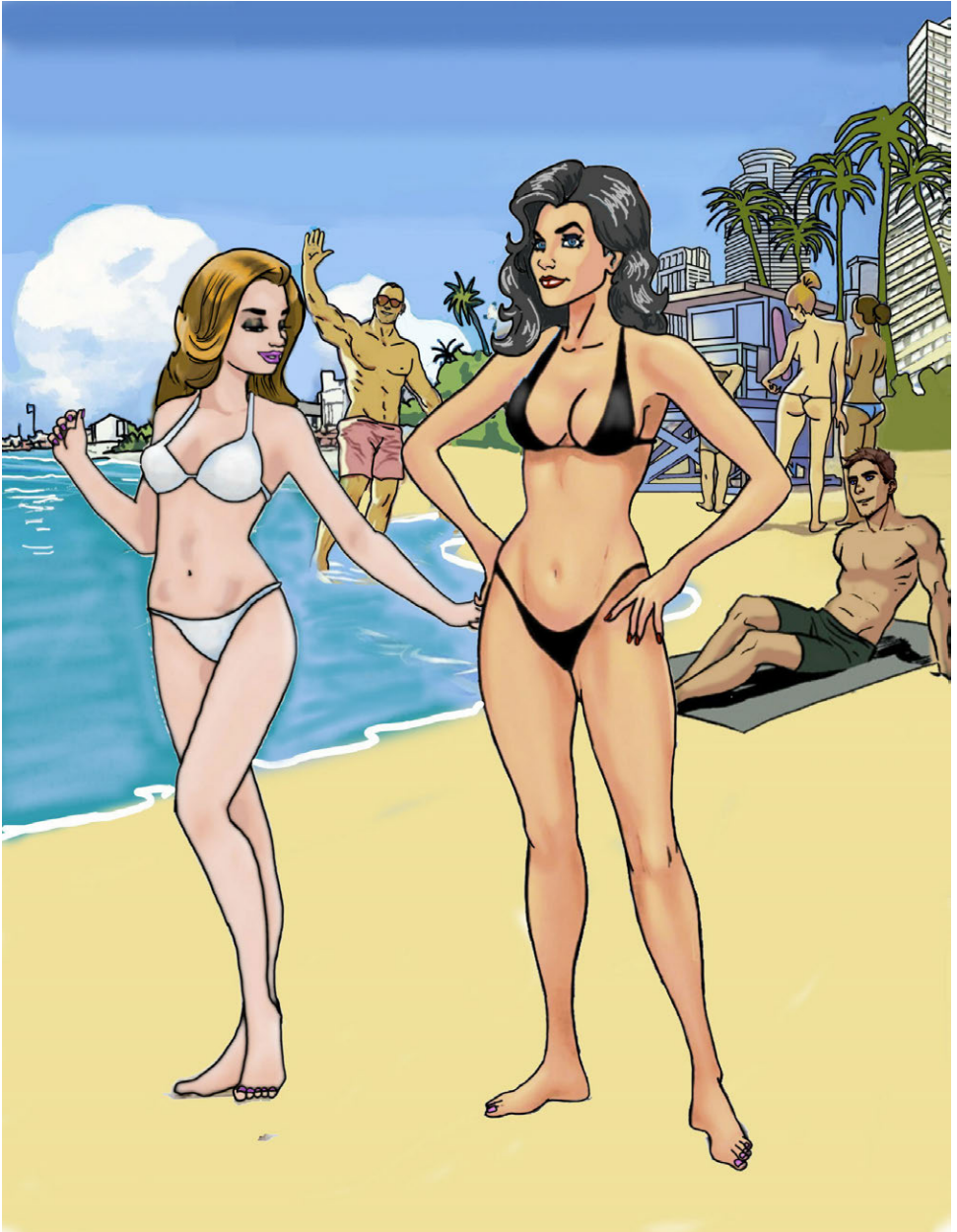
“Oh, sugar, we’re sisters, and we do everything together, isn’t that right, darlin’?” Julia Belle replied in a southern drawl. “Now I know a right handsome young man who deserves the night of his life, and I’m going to make plum sure I’m the girl who gives it to him,” she added.

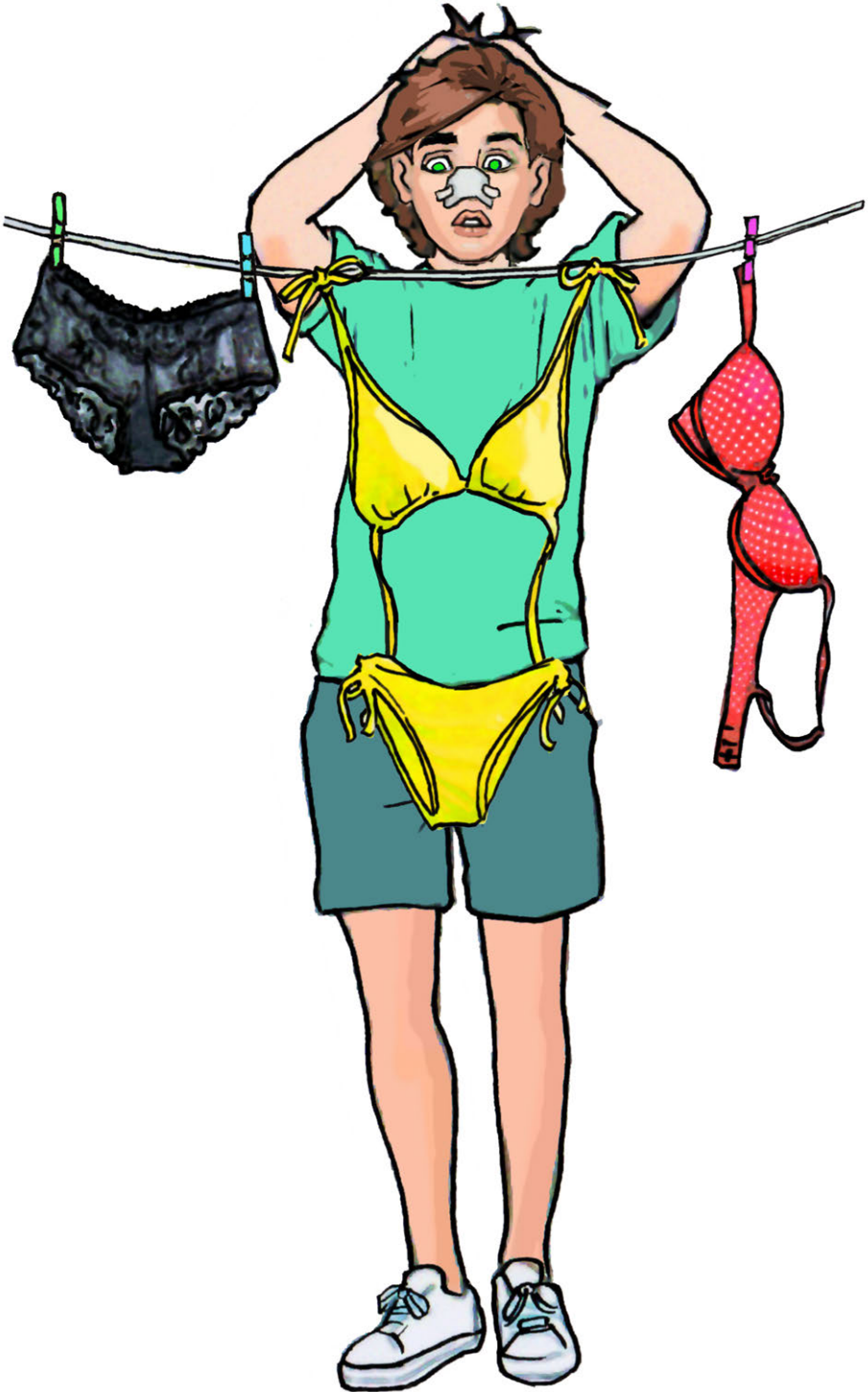
“What did Aunt Clara *say* to you?” Lee Anne asked, curious.

“Oh y’all know how she is, she can talk the hind legs off a Kentucky thoroughbred.”

As Julia Belle confidently stepped through the front door to her waiting date, and into a new life, Lee Anne winked at Mrs. Clifford, who winked back.

The End







## Titles from Sick Puppy Press

### **Sick Puppy Comics**

#### **Making Friends**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

#### **The Pet Sitter**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

#### **A Curious Curse**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

#### **Boys Will Be Girls**

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

#### **The Step-Witch**

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch – and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

#### **Double-Crossed**

Story & Art by Joe-Six Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

### **Candlewick Court Series**

#### **Welcome to Candlewick**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

#### **Surrender to Candlewick**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found it's first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

#### **Brides of Candlewick**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

### **Teens Transformed**

#### **She Made Me Into My Sister**

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

#### **Gone Girly for Good**

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

#### **One Year in Tokyo**

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Students, Exchanged**

“French Dupe” by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue’s convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

## **He’s a Valley Girl, Fer Sure**

From the files of TGStories.com: “Corey Taylor’s Big Bodacious Adventure” by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he’s cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

## **From Boys to Bridesmaids**

“Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom” by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

## **Little Mis-ter Popular**

“My Two Moms” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt’s “Confidence Club,” Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

## **Bride to Be**

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

## **Winning is Everything**

“Costume drama” by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What’s at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

## **Creating Samantha**

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Convicts to Co-Eds**

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can’t know is that they are about to be “reformed” all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

## **Mall Makeover Madness**

“A Day at the Mall” by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it’s four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

## **Tales of Transformation**

### **He’s the Wrong Girl**

“Office Chemistry” by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

### **City Boy, Country Girl**

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard’s long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 illustrations

### **Thames Greene**

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone’s getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## **Hiding in High Heels**

“How Not to be a Sissy” By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

## **A Blessing in Disguise**

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he’s the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

## **I’m Your Dolly**

“Barbie-in-a-Box” By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn’t much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

## **His Life as a Trophy Wife**

“The Puppy Mill” by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he’s down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Male Monday, Girl Friday**

“Hey, Cutie!” by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that’s what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

## **The Happiest Place on Earth**

From the files of TGStories.com: “The Fairest One of All” By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn’t suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

## **Hello, Nurse**

From the files of TGStories.com: “Quality Health Care”. Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

## **My Boss, The Bimbo**

“If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man” By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas’ competitive nature, he’ll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

## **He’s the Girl They Want**

“Rallies” by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he’s got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn’t quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

## **Demoted and Degraded**

“Trixie the Secretary” by Angela J. Cindy didn’t much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

## **I, Candy**

“Sissy Sweets” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family’s bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

## **Boyz II Girlz**

“The Making of the Ballroom Brats” by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

## **His Strangest Desire**

“Employee of the Month” by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he’s going to find himself hurtling head-long into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

## **Hard Time or High Heels**

“I’m Turning into My Mother” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he’s on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Seriously Skirted**

“The Show Piece” by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

## **From Mister to Sister**

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend’s sister out of her depression. Instead, he’s being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

## **Stories of the Supernatural**

### **A Change for the Better**

“Do-Overs” by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

### **Changed and Rearranged**

“Wrongs Make Wright” By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris’ dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

### **From Pals to Gals**

From the files of TGStories.com: “Mandate of the People” By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Crossed Fiction**

### **If the Shoes Fit**

“Hand Me Downs” By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

### **Sisters for the Summer**

“Camp Counseling” By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he’s no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

### **They’re the Girls for the Job**

“Peace and Harmony” By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

### **Blondie’s Lost Summer**

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl’s dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

### **Blondie’s Lost Year**

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl’s trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

### **Blondie He’s Not**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi “Blondie” Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

## ***I Never Wanted to be a Woman***

“Politically Corrected” By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael’s politically active mother has decided she’s going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***The Boy’s Guide to Girlhood***

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal’s twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

## ***Fashion Victims***

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he’s going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

## ***Seriously Sissified***

## ***A Family Femmed***

“The Femmed Family robinson” by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book /96 pages / 29 color illustrations

## ***Forever Femmed***

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. “A Family Femmed’s” Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there’s a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

## ***Auntie’s Girl Time***

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***Revenge of the Cheerleaders***

“Pansy Cheers” By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He’d have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***He’s Got His Mind Made Up***

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinky-rocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother’s maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***Fated for Femininity***

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town – right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***Web Classics Revisited***

## ***Two Forms of ID***

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



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