

House Call

A Transgender Novelette

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Contains mild, slightly graphic, sexual content and language

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Of course, it had to be raining. It was only half-past seven in the evening, but the darkness was already overwhelming, the only light being the tantalizing iridescence of distant street lamps shimmering across the liquefying pavement toward my soaked sneakers. I always liked Converse All-Stars; I have them in seven different colors, but the canvas doesn't seem to do too well in torrential downpours.

My long blonde hair felt like it was matted and glued to my shoulderblades, stapling my 4-Non Blondes t-shirt to my back. *My god, Matty is gonna see this wreck and slam the door in my face. He probably won't even recognize me*, I thought. Heck, I don't recognize me, or my life anymore. *Will Matt remember me? Did he ever really like me?* I guessed I was about to find out.

“Holy shit! Drew?! You look like a fucking drowned rat! What the hell?” Matty is now a resident doctor in the ER down the road, but he still kept his mouth firmly residing in the old neighborhood.

“What kind of doctor talks like that?” I gave a bashful grin while scrunched against the chill and damp, drips of rain trickling down my cheeks. I looked up, way up, into those baby blues.

“This one!” He smiled, then his face immediately became serious and concerned again. “God, kiddo, I haven’t seen you in ages, then you show up looking like some poor waif out of Dickens.” He put his big arm around my shoulders and led me inside his nice and warm but very spartan flat.

“Sorry, Matty, but I could sure use a place to stay tonight. Do you think...?”

“Dude! Kid, of course you can, but I gotta fly, my shift starts at eight. Find yourself something dry to wear and I’ll be back around, oh, eight-fifteen in the morning. Okay? Will you be alright? It’s really great to see you; you’ll have to tell me all about it in the morning. I’m gone!” His words were subject to the Doppler Effect as he began his flight down the rainswept street.

Wow! He looks good, I thought, as I closed the door and began to look around the place. *Really good.* I assumed his room would be near the back of the flat, as they almost always are. There was a smallish room to the

left, but straight ahead looked like it must be the master as there was a light on and about a month's worth of clothes strewn across the carpet. Is that a pizza box? And a beer can?

The queen sized bed was disheveled, but I'm sure it still looked a lot better than I did. Ah, yep, full-length mirror behind the door tells me I was more than right. Yikes! I rummaged through his dresser drawers to find something to wear. Everything was so damned big. He was at least an extra large, maybe 2x, being about six-five and two-fifty. So, that would make me about half his size, literally. I am precisely five-five and one-fifteen. I think that's why he has always called me kid or kiddo. I am kid-sized. Worthy of a happy-meal-sized. I marveled at the mammoth clothing I was pulling out of the drawers. I decided to make it easy on myself and just grab one of his button-down oxfords hanging in the closet. Save me some rummaging around.

It felt like a dress on me, or, as it's eight p.m., I suppose a nightgown. But I was totally out of luck for dry underpants. I would just have to hang mine up in the shower and go commando until morning. The thermostat was next to, what I assumed was, the guest room. So, after I turned it up two degrees, I had a peek inside. It was a perfectly turned out room, but decidedly feminine. He didn't say anything about living with

anyone or being married for that matter. There was no one else here at the moment in any case.

I didn't dare dream of sleeping on that beautiful bed, but hoped fervently that there would be a pair of underpants in one of the drawers that would be near my size.

Bingo! Size five pink cotton panties will have to do until my boxers dry out. I did sneak a peak at the pretty satiny ones, but that would just be weird, right?

I slid back into the bathroom and tracked down a brush and blow dryer. I left my hair tie out for the evening and just went to plop down on the sofa in front of his massive (of course) television. I grabbed the remote, but then spied the fridge out of the corner of my eye. I could sure use a nibble and a little something to drink.

I placed an apple, a chunk of cheddar, and a glass of dry white wine on the coffee table, then slipped onto the sofa with my legs tucked under me. I plaited some stray hair behind my ear while I happily grabbed up the remote again, determined to find a nice rom-com to get caught up in. Ooh, I found "Dancing Queens" instead. God, I love that show!

It was still dark and still drizzling when I awoke. "Alexa, what time is it?" I asked. Nothing. Oh my god, who doesn't have an Alexa these days? So I did it the

old-school analog way. I turned the light on with my fingers (of all the nerve!) and glanced at the clock over the kitchen table. Six-oh-four. Two hours before he gets home - I gotta get busy. I noticed I finished the wine, but there was still half an apple on the table. Sigh. I don't even remember any of the show.

The half-eaten apple and the now-plasticine cheddar were chucked into the kitchen trash - what? No bin-liner? Eeeew. I put my glass into the dishwasher, then decided to tackle the mess he left in the kitchen sink, on the counter, and on the kitchen table, not to mention the trash bin with myriad streaks of rainbow colors down the insides. Gag. One of the cabinet doors was still open and my foot stuck to something on the linoleum. *Good lord, this man needs me!* I thought to myself, not realizing at the time how weird that sounded.

I finished the kitchen by seven and decided to tackle his bedroom. The lucky duck had a full washer and dryer next to the guest room, so I made good use of them. The clock struck eight just as I eased the vacuum back into the coat closet. Time to see what I can rustle up for breakfast. I remembered the fridge was pretty bare, but by some miracle found four eggs rolling around one of the shelves and a half packet of bacon in the bottom drawer. So I made a couple of cheese and bacon omelets and fried up a couple slices of bacon for on the side. I

dug out two slices of bread from the center of the bag and found what I believed to be the only remnants without fuzzy green foliage sprouting from them. The rest went into the trash. I definitely need to go shopping today.

I buttered the toast and threw it all together onto the table just as I heard keys rattling in the front door. “Wow, something smells great! What have you...?” He stood inside the door staring with his mouth open. I turned toward him as I closed the fridge door, tucking my hair behind my ear and smiling widely.

“Good morning! Hope you’re hungry!” I saw his expression. “Matty, what’s wrong?”

“Umm, nothing. You just looked, umm... Smells great!” He recovered, trying to tone down the blush on his face and reopen a throat that seems to have almost closed up on him.

“I thought what with a twelve-hour shift you might be hungry when you got home. Not a lot to choose from in there, but I think I did alright.” I smiled up at him as he approached the table.

“Looks delicious,” he said softly, not taking his eyes off me. He blushed again and looked away.

“Well, come on and tuck in. It’s gonna get cold. I don’t suppose you want coffee being you’ve been up all night? I couldn’t find any juice in your fridge, which was a total disaster, I might add.” I fake scolded him.

He blushed again. My god he’s cute when he’s embarrassed! “I have to say that I haven’t seen you blush this much since our eighth grade musical when your voice was breaking in the middle of your solo.” Hah! I made him blush again! Ain’t I a stinker? “Sorry, dig in hon, I mean, Matty.” My turn to blush, oops. What was happening to me?

He looked up from his omelet. “Yeah, I remember that. I just realized how your voice never did break. I never noticed how sweet and melodic it is. It’s pretty.” Damn him for turning the blushing tables on me.

“Um, thanks. So? How’s your omelet?” I fished.

“Wow. I mean, I haven’t had real food in like two months. This is really, really delicious Drew. Well done.” He took a big bite of his toast.

“Oh, I had to throw most of your bread away as it was green and walking across the kitchen floor.” I looked at him from beneath my eye lashes, raising my brows. “I

think I'll run for groceries in a bit. I forgot to wash my clothes, though. But I got yours done!" I smiled.

"You what? I mean, thanks Drew, that's really nice of you. You shouldn't have, though."

"Of course, I should. You really saved me last night. My knight in shining armor and all that. I thought I was going to end up on a park bench or something. And to answer your question, my bastard father finally threw me out." I squinched up my nose and eyebrows and held back a tear.

"I see. I'm sorry, but you are 28, right?" He offered, too logically for my tastes.

I rolled my eyes. "Silly! I'm 26. Did you forget I started school one year early and skipped fourth grade just in order to catch up with you?"

"Yeah, that's why. Nothing to do with being a smart ass! I mean, smart, really smart." He grinned. "So, tell me, how is it that I turn out to be the doctor and you end up on the streets?" He winked.

I stuck my tongue out at him and tossed a bit of toast at his chest. "God, you've always been such a brat," I

whined. “Just go to bed, why don’t you?” I flicked my wrist towards his bedroom.

He just shook his head. “We still need to talk, but I will usually sleep until noon on Fridays, then get a full night’s sleep Friday night. I get weekends off these days, you know.”

“Gosh, I’m really glad to hear that. Truly. I could use your input on where I go from here. Now, go to bed mister.” I snapped the kitchen towel on his fine butt. When the hell did I go gay? I giggled and shook my head to myself.

“Hey! What happened to my room?” I heard from a distance.

“You may not recognize it, but that’s what neat and clean looks like!” I yelled back cheerily. “Go to bed dammit!”

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I figured I would get the shopping out of the way while Matt slept. *Oh shit! I’ve nothing to wear,* I thought, placing my hands on my hips while I lightly stomped my right foot. I decided to check the spare room for clothing as the panties seemed to fit me rather well; maybe there’s

something else that'll work? I pulled open a drawer and to my delight found a dozen t-shirts in myriad colors. But, it's too cold out - so I tried another drawer. Ahh, sweatshirts. I grabbed a cute one that said Hello Kitty! with a big pink kitty head on it. That oughtta work, but I noticed that the wide open neck kept wanting to slide off my slim shoulders. Whatever.

Pants, I assumed, were going to be trickier. But, surprisingly, the first pair of jeans I found in the closet worked just fine. In fact, they fit better than any jeans I've ever had. Or any pants I've ever had, for that matter. Nice!

I didn't figure I would need the hoodie or the bomber jacket I found in the closet, as Mr. Googley says it's going to be near sixty later today. I then Googled for the nearest supermarket, and there was one only two blocks away. So I pulled my hair up into a high ponytail and I was off!

Shoot, my shoes were still a bit damp. Poop. Anyway, I wasn't homeless because I was poor. I was homeless because my dad didn't think I had a proper job; I wasn't manly enough (I guess getting my ears pierced was a bridge too far for him); and, after all, I was too old to be living at home. I supposed if I had been more like Matt, dad would have let me live at home till I was sixty.

Whatever. Mom didn't say anything, as she went along with anything dad said. I suppose all of dad's reasons were true to some degree, but it didn't mean I had to like it. I could do my writing anywhere, so screw him! I felt bad just then, as I didn't even like to *think* swear words let alone say them out loud.

I hadn't published anything yet, but my trust fund was so huge that I really never had to accomplish anything of import, or total crap for that matter. I guess I could've gone to a hotel last night, but I was in such a daze that I went to the first place I thought of. I didn't want to be alone anyway and I wanted to feel safe. Matt was a very safe, very friendly face that I had always been able to count on when we were at school together. I had really missed him these past four years. I guess he had moved on and grown up and I just got stuck, at home, with my parents. Maybe this would be a good thing.

I bounced into the store and was greeted by a cheery "mornin' miss!"

"Morning," I replied, smiling. I had long ago given up on pointing out to people that I was technically a boy. It didn't really matter and wasn't worth the fuss. I think I may actually like it deep down. I knew I wasn't big and macho and had come to terms with that quite easily as I had no designs on ever having sex with either gender.

Just wasn't something that took up much space in my mind. I didn't really live on planet Earth very much anyway, being a writer and all, so I was totally fine with it. I said I'm fine!

So I really stocked up with lots of goodies and all the missing essentials for Matt's sadly bereft larder. I bought a ribeye, a pound of big, button mushrooms, and some asparagus for tonight's dinner. Unless he had other plans, of course. That's another thing I came to terms with long ago - you can't take anything for granted, as much as you would like to. When you don't fit in anywhere and have only one friend (or none, as in the case of the last four years), you tend to do a lot of thinking. A lot. Not to mention a fair bit of crying, but I digress.

I found myself in a lane with a middle-aged checker who had short purple hair that stuck up in the back like a turkey tail. But she seemed to be efficient at her job, so, whatever. "Find everything okay, sweetie?"

"Yes ma'am. Thank you."

"You look really darling in that sweatshirt." She chattered on.

"Really? Thanks." I blushed. "It's new."

“Adorable.” She finished up. I waved my credit card over the magic box and thanked the nice lady.

A box boy ran over to help me with all my bags. “I’ll take those, ma’am.” He grinned.

Well, damn, I could get used to this. “Thank you, um, David,” I said, noticing his name tag. “But, I didn’t drive. I didn’t think and got too much stuff.”

“How far you goin’? He inquired.

“Just two blocks, really, but I don’t see how...”

“Oh, that’s nothin’, we’ll just use this cart. I’ll walk you home. It’s part of the service.” He was laying it on thick, but I found myself eating it up.

“Well, that’s very sweet of you. Thanks.” I lay my hand on his shoulder and smiled. We chatted as we strolled very, very slowly, it seemed, to Matt’s flat. David’s face fell a fair bit when Matt opened the door sporting just a towel round his waist, showing off his, um, twelve pack?

“Hey Drew, got your note!”

“Hi. Look Matty, I got wine!” I lifted a bottle and winked. David toted all the goodies into the kitchen. Then I gave the poor boy a fiver and thanked him again. He looked back at Matt and sullenly put his head down and dragged the cart back towards the store. “Oh, that was David. He was ever so sweet and helped me get all this home. I can’t believe how much I ended up buying. I’m such a ditz sometimes, I swear!”

“You, a ditz? I think not, darling. You just have ADD!” He laughed and grabbed my shoulder as I carried my one item into the flat. That cheeky bottle of pinot noir. Don’t think I didn’t notice that he called me darling! What a weird and wonderful day this was turning out to be.

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“So, I thought I could make us dinner tonight, if you don’t have other plans, that is.” I prodded hopefully.

“Drew, I told you, you don’t have to do stuff around here. I’m just glad I could help you out. You don’t have to repay me by running yourself ragged.” He implored with his beseeching blue eyes.

“But, I want to. I can’t write all of the day in any case. I’d rather help out. Mom would always shoo me out of

the kitchen when I tried to help her. Just let me do this, please?" I gave him puppy dog eyes. "Besides, I bought you a gorgeous ribeye!"

"Wow. How can I say no to that? Deal. Now, how bout we just sit and talk for a while? Do a little catching up?" He started over to the sofa.

"How 'bout you put on some clothes first?" I grinned, giggling. Oh, pooh, why did I say that? Stupid!

He looked down at his towel and smiled. "Ah, yes. Forgot that bit. You distract me."

"Do I?" Nobody's ever said that to me before. I've never thought of myself as the distracting type, unless I'm chattering away unconsciously, like now. I've always been more of the 'blend into the wallpaper' type.

"Yes." He put on his serious face, which was still damned handsome. "You look really cute in that outfit, by the way. It suits you, you know."

"Yeah? Thanks. Um, about that. Where did all those clothes come from? They seem a bit small for you." I gave him a cheeky grin and giggled.

He snorted. “Yeah, no. Those belonged to a girl named Kelly. She was an emergency room nurse. So, she got an offer in Chicago, I think it was, and was off in a flash. Didn’t even bother to pick up all her stuff. And there’s quite a lot there, as you can see. Weird, right?”

“Yeah, weird.” I got a knot in my stomach for a second, there. Until I found out she’s now a thousand miles away. Meow.

“So. It looks like her stuff fits you, so if you find anything you like, have at it.” He turned to go put some pants on, I’m assuming.

“Um, thanks Matt.” Bloody hell! For some reason, I dashed into the guest room and started rummaging through the shoes, giddy with excitement. There had to be twenty pairs in here. My Converse were still damp, so I was praying I could fit into something. Fate was smiling on me as all the shoes were only very slightly big on me. I came upon a pair of black suede boots with three inch kitten heels, and it was love at first sight. What’s happening to me?

I put them on over my jeans and strutted around the room. I was dreamily smiling to myself when I looked up and saw Matt standing in the doorway. I blushed and

he smiled. “No offense, but, you really shoulda been a girl. You look really hot in those.” My blush intensified.

“It’s funny, ‘cause I really do love them!”

“You should, they really make your ass look quite...”

He trailed off and became pensive.

I felt my butt. It did feel a bit perkier. I found another mirror on this door. “Excuse me, Matty, I think I need a peek at my bum.” I looked up at him and he practically jumped. I was surprised as he joined me in the room. I closed the door and had a peek, turning left, then right. Matt was looking at me in the mirror as well. He caught my eyes in the mirror and began to sidle up to me. I turned around. He reached around me and grabbed my ass. I just melted into him and felt his manhood press against my belly. I didn’t bolt. I didn’t freak out. But I looked demurely up into his eyes, hoping he wasn’t ready to make a dash for it. My appendage didn’t seem too bothered, but I did get the warm fuzzies deep in my tummy.

He just continued to look serene and thoughtful. “Shall we go open the wine?” He asked.

“Brilliant idea.” I squeezed him good and tight, then let go and slid my fingers across his ahem, zipper, whilst I

headed for the kitchen and the bottle of wine and who knows what else. This was uncharted territory for me. And I'm guessing for him, too.

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We polished off the wine while we chatted on the sofa. After a couple hours, I held my near-empty glass up while pointing to the little deck outside the sliding glass doors. "Do you know how to work that thing?" I asked.

"The grill? Never used it, but I'm sure it's self explanatory." He was getting brash with a flush of alcohol in his system. I giggled.

"Good. Preheat it to 500. I'll season the steak and you just grill four minutes on each side. Do you think you can handle that mister man?" I gave him a kittenish grin.

"Sounds complicated. Methinks you may have to show me." He grabbed me and pulled me into him as we fell back giggling onto the sofa. Our lips ended just inches apart. It felt like forever as he looked into my eyes, then at my lips and back and forth. I didn't dare push, so I waited until he finally leaned in and gently brushed my lips with his own. He then came back for more, each time with a little more pressure and passion until I thought my nipples and panties would burst.

These are feelings I've never had before, and they were of such magnitude that I was quite certain I was falling in love. But, I didn't want things to get weird. Well, I suppose it was a little late for that, so I pushed off him and said, "go on then, go start your grill. There's a good fella." I patted his chest and popped off to head to the kitchen. I gave a glance behind me and saw him still seemingly melted into the couch and looking a bit dreamy, or was that pensive confusion? I hoped it was dreamy, because that's what I was feeling. *I guess the steak can wait a few minutes*, I thought, grinning to myself and turning back with a little more bounce to my step.

Somehow, I was not confused or conflicted. Maybe a bit bemused is all. In fact, a lifetime of confusion seemed to finally be dissipating, like morning fog under a warming sun. I smiled to myself while patting some butter into the well-marbled steak. I lightly shook my head and looked back toward Matty again. He was out on the deck staring off into the distance. I could see wavy lines of heat drifting up off the grill. *Well, at least he's got that bit sorted*, I mused.

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“Oh my god, this is the best steak I’ve ever had!” Matt blurted with his mouth full of meat and mushroom.

“You could open a five-star restaurant with this,” he said wide eyed before his lids fluttered closed, slumping back with a satisfied smile and a quiet “mmmm.”

“Well, you grilled it, didn’t you? Job well done. You could be my sous chef.” I smiled up from beneath my lashes. He just grinned and took another bite, melting back into his chair. “More wine?” I lifted the newly opened bottle.

“Yes, please.” He pushed his glass toward me by the stem. “It’s very nice; what is this one?”

“It’s a cabernet. I know that’s not a very manly wine, but it’s a good one. Australian.” I said with great authority.

“Well, good on ya’ mate!” He smiled and we clinked glasses. I could get very used to this. Apparently he could, too, as he cleared his throat, getting serious for a moment. “I don’t want you to think you have to find your own flat immediately. Just relax and take your time. I find I’m really enjoying the company. *Your* company, I mean. You’re so much easier to talk to, more comfortable to hang out with than all the other, um, girls I’ve known.” He blushed and looked into his wine glass.

“*All?* Had quite a few then, have you?” I teased.

“That’s the part of that statement you have a problem with?” He laughed and shook his head. “I called you a girl and you focus on some obscure quantity in my little black book?”

I shrugged. “So, a whole book then? How can I be surprised, what with you being a big, tall, good-looking doctor. You’re every Jewish mother’s dream.”

He blushed with a little smile. “You’re not Jewish.”

“No, I’m a shiksa, and you’re a goy boy, so it’s all right.” I reached out and put my hand on his.

He glanced at our hands, then looked up slightly. “Is it? All right, I mean?”

Shit, that got real heavy, real fast. I patted his hand and stood up. “Of course. Let me clean up. Anything you want to do tonight? What do you usually do?”

“I’m usually so wrecked from the week that I just hang around in my underwear in front of the TV with a beer, drifting in and out of consciousness. Course, that’s just when I’m alone, which is most of the time, it seems. So,

whatever you want would be quite a step up actually.” He was speaking softly while he stood behind me at the sink.

I just looked up and stared at the pretty tiles behind the sink, while washing a plate. “How long since you’ve been to a movie?”

“Oh, do they still make those?” He deadpanned.

I turned a little and glanced up at him. “That long, huh? Now that’s a sin. Man cannot live on Netflix alone, you know. You need to get out; get amongst ‘em.” God, I’m one to talk. Well, as they say, ‘those who can’t do, teach.’

“Doctor, heal thyself.” He looked down into my eyes, grinning, apparently reading my mind, somehow. “Go on then, go get changed. I’ll finish up the dishes.” He slapped my behind and I squealed.

I turned back and beseeched him, looking down at my outfit with outstretched hands and curious eyes. “What’s wrong with what I’ve got on?”

“Okay. Listen carefully as I will say this only once. Unless it’s miniature golf, Hello Kitty is not allowed.” He winked.

“Gotcha!” I giggled as I swung to the guest room that I had newly appropriated. “I happen to *love* miniature golf!” I tittered back over my shoulder.

“Oh, yes, I remember! Cheater!” He bellowed.

“I never!” I growled, looking at him back out and round the door to my new room, squinting my eyes. He just laughed as I spun and huffed back into the room, very softly slamming the door. Yes, that *is* possible.

I leaned back against the closed door and smiled. This was so much fun! So much better than when we were kids. Way better. I saw an old-school giant boombox on the dresser and pressed the button. ‘What’s Up?’ by 4-Non Blondes blasted out richly. “No frickin’ way!” I quietly yelled to the room. Yes, that’s possible, too.

I started spinning and strutting around the room, singing out Linda Perry’s awesome lyrics. I didn’t sport the low, rich, powerful and sultry tenor/alto that she had, but what my alto/soprano lacked was made up for with enthusiasm. Matt peeked his head in the door and used his eyes to ask for admittance. I smiled and reached my hand out, wiggling my fingers - come hither! They beckoned.

We danced and laughed and he spun me round, my hair getting caught on my glossy lips. He gently fingered my hair back into place as the song faded away. I gushed, “How?”

He looked wistful as he eased softly onto the bed. “I keep that disc in there and play it from time to time.”

“That is totally my favorite song of all time, you know.”

“Yes, I know.” He whispered, falling back thoughtfully onto the bed with his arms stretched out. “I’ve missed you, you know.”

“Really? I was afraid you wouldn’t even recognize me when I showed up at your doorstep like a stray last night.” Gosh, was that just last night? I sat down next to him. “Why didn’t you call, then? You never said. I couldn’t know.”

“I was busy with med school...no, that’s a cop out. I was confused. I’m still a bit confused.” He propped himself up onto his elbows and looked me in the eye.

“Yeah. I guess I can see that. I’m confused, too. Well, no, I tell a lie. I’m actually the opposite of confused for the first time in my life. This all just feels so good, so

right.” I waved my hand to encompass our whole little world in that moment.

He smiled. “I always wondered about you, you know.”

“Wondered? Oh, right. I’m pretty sure my parents wondered, too. And everybody else, if I’m honest. Weird thing is that I didn’t wonder a whole lot. About anything, really. I just got on with things in my own silly little way. Never thought about the future, either, really. I just wanted to write. Hopefully get published. That’s it. Nothing beyond that. How sad is that?” I frowned.

“What about now?” He asked softly.

“Now?” I laughed. “It’s odd, you know? I should be totally out of sorts and totally lost and terrified of a future that’s now up in the air.”

“Totally.” He teased and I slapped him on the thigh.

“Seriously. Matty, for the first time in like ever, I’m thinking a bit beyond the now, beyond the fictions. I actually feel like there’s a future for me. I don’t know what it is, but even just a taste of possibilities, a glimpse, feels really, I don’t know, liberating?” I lay back onto the bed and my head fell right onto his big, strong arm.

“That’s a big deal,” he whispered.

I turned my head toward him. “Yeah.”

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Matt slid back out the door, giving me a little smile and nod on his way. When the door clicked shut, I jumped up and ran to the closet. What am I gonna wear? I giggled at the cliché I never imagined that I’d hear myself utter. Even if it was silently, in my head. There were dresses, but I hadn’t worn a dress in a really long time and I don’t exactly have the figure for it. *For the moment*, I mused and smiled to myself.

I spied a pair of black leather pants. I gasped. I always wondered what it would be like to wear something like that. They were so smooth and glistening. I grabbed them and tossed them on the bed with a little smile curling my lips. My lips, I thought, and glanced over at the vanity laden with makeup. I smiled wider then hunted for the lingerie drawer.

I found a black bra and panty set with a fair amount of lace. I fingered them with a flutter in my heart. Size 34B. I had no Idea what my chest size was, but I knew I wasn’t a B. I just had a little flesh covering my delicate

bones. Almost flat, not even an A, I'm sure, I frowned. "For the moment," I whispered again and my smile returned.

I got an idea and went back to the closet to find the silky burgundy blouse I had noticed a little while ago. So soft and gorgeous. I slipped my jeans, *my jeans*, off and into a puddle at my feet. Hello Kitty joined them, and the cotton panties. I looked at the strange bit of flesh, nearly hidden by a small bush of blonde foliage between my legs, and just shrugged. "For the moment," I whispered again and tucked it between my legs quite easily. I was out of practice, so I had only just remembered that I hadn't shaved my legs. Shaving peach fuzz wasn't really necessary, but I remembered the lovely silky feel when I had done it in the past. I'll be wearing hose and pants anyways, so it didn't really matter just now. I felt the urge to shave the tufts of blonde hair under my arms, though.

I slid the black hose up my legs and that provided another layer of shielding for that pathetic piece of boyhood. I was so excited now that I grabbed the leather pants. *Please fit*, I prayed. Please, please, please. It was a slight struggle. Just a little skirmish, really, but I got them on over my hips and snapped and zipped and gasped. They were perfect! I looked in the mirror. "Holy shit!" I swore in a whisper, bringing my fingers

up to my mouth in shame. Such a potty mouth, I blushed. They fit my curves like a glove. I have curves? Where did those come from?

I hooked my bra on and slid the straps over my shoulders. It's cool they have a little padding and they seemed to be doing a little push up thing. I didn't nearly fill them out, but I got a slight, yet tantalizing, strip of cleavage bisecting my hopeful chest. The cups were pretty firm, so I eschewed the idea of stuffage for fear that a sock would fall out in the middle of the mall or something. That might cause a bit of a scrum.

I decided it would be safer to also add a black, lacy cami. So I finally slid on the gossamer fabric of the burgundy blouse, buttoning it up to my "cleavage." I pondered with my index finger to my lips. Then, I unbuttoned the bottom two buttons and tied the tails into a fluffy knot above my belly button. My taut belly peeked out and I touched it softly, gently. I smiled.

My hair was pretty much fine, just a massive mess of blonde waves cascading down my back. I would just tame it a little. I glanced back at the vanity, though. What would Matt think? Would makeup be a bridge too far? I couldn't see how, as he already seemed to think of me as a girl. I may as well have fun with it and give it my all.

I loved slicking the foundation on my smooth skin, the smell, the tactile remembrances of my delicate features that pissed my dad off so well and so often. If he could see me now, I smiled. I blended and smoothed it all out with an awesome, super soft brush that just whispered across my skin. When I got to brushing on my mascara, I looked deeper into my eyes, into and then through the mirror as my last conversation with my father played in Technicolor and Dolby through my mind.

“Just look at you!” he sneered and snarled. “Twiddling your fancy-ass stories, looking like some kind of fairy. Metropolitan Sexist, my ass!” He bellowed.

I glanced up at him impassively. “The term is ‘metrosexual’ Daddy” I threw in ‘daddy,’ knowing it would get his goat. It always did when I was little, but I never knew why. I guess now I knew.

“Don’t be a fucking smart ass you goddam pansy! What the fuck did your mother do to you? What have I done to make you hate me so much? God damn it!” His face was pure beetroot. I feared he may finally have that heart attack Doc had warned him about.

I leaned back calmly and closed my laptop. “For your ‘god damn’ information, as you so eloquently put it,

mom never did anything. In fact, she ignored me. I could have used a little motherly love on occasion, but I honestly don't think she has it in her. Now you, on the other hand, have been after me my entire life to live up to your 'goddam' standards; your manly expectations - catch your stupid balls, play your stupid games, grab your stupid crotch and treat mom like shit. I don't understand you. I don't understand men. At all. All I know is that I'm me. Why couldn't that ever be enough for your highness, your damned masculine pride? Although I could never understand how in the world that was anything to be proud of." I finished in an even quieter tone.

My arms were still crossed and I continued to look him straight in the eye. I reached up to tuck a strand of hair behind my ear, oh so femininely. I swallowed, my only discomfort being that I had just sworn more than I had in my entire 26 years combined. I don't think they were all that effective or menacing. Coming out of me, even the most horrible swear words sound more like "that's just cock-a-doodly, you silly poo head!" I was a squirt gun; dad, on the other hand, was a howitzer, finely oiled and expertly targeted.

It took him a moment, but he finally, rather quietly, under the circumstances, growled "You and your goddamn faggot fine arts degree (ooh, nice alliteration;

well done, daddy) get the fuck out of my house and don't you ever darken my door again! You got that boy!?! Or whatever the fuck you are. Just fuck off! Go on, beat it! Now!"

I grabbed my laptop and clutched it to my chest, scurrying toward the front door. I slowed, turned slightly and looked from the corner of my eye. "You might find it edifying, old man, that it's not possible for me to be gay. Though I would love to be, just to piss you off. I have never had sex. I have never even thought of sex. Weird, huh?" He just stared at me, blank and ruddy. Then I turned to my mom. "Bye mom. I love you." I shrugged. "For some reason." I whispered. I softly clicked the front door closed and shivered, looking up into the cold rain.

I didn't cry. That was kinda weird. I shook my head and allowed the smile to return to the face in the mirror. My face; a pretty face; not metrosexual; female; feminine; mine.

It's true. I had never even thought about sex, until now that is. Nobody ever turned me on, boy or girl. Guess I didn't have a switch. And when sex did enter my consciousness it just seemed gross and debasing, a necessary evil to perpetuate the species. But now...

Why now, all of a sudden? Was it a confluence of events? Seeing Matt? Him seeing me with lust in his eyes? Men and boys calling me ‘miss’ all day? Me wearing properly fitting clothes? Clothes that seemed to be interesting to me, nay, lovely. They fit me; they are me. They prove me; define me. To me and the world.

I refocused. I found a lovely pinky bronzey lipstick that really tied my look all together. Wow. I was really pretty. I think. I guess I’ll know for sure when Matt sees me. Course, he said I was pretty even when I wasn’t wearing makeup. That’s a confidence booster for any girl. Am I a girl? Do I finally know what I am? Dad sure couldn’t define me, but maybe Matt can? Do others define us more than we ourselves do? Sigh, I should save all that deep meditation for when I’m in front of a blank page, wondering what to write.

I riffled through my jewelry box for the right earrings. Ooh, an earrings and necklace set with small, tasteful gems that looked like dark rubies! I practically salivated as I lifted them out and placed the earrings in my ears. Amazing. The weight and inertia, tugging and gently swaying on my lobes was actually quite sensual.

I began to get up, pushing off the top of the vanity when I noticed my nails. I hadn’t thought to do my nails. I’d done them before, many years ago and remembered how

I couldn't take my eyes off of them. I'd glance at them as I took a sip of juice, or turned the knob on the radio, or anything that put them into view. What made the experience so pleasurable? Do boys like the look of nail polish on girls? I remembered how I'd learned that certain cosmetics mimicked the body's own sexual signals. They were a mating song. A dance, or fine plumage.

I noticed now that my nails were quite long, maybe a quarter inch. No wonder dad thought I was a pansy. I giggled. They needed a little shaping, but they would do well. Kelly had good taste and I found a polish that went very nicely with my outfit. An iridescent burgundy. Just as I finished brushing on the glossy top-coat, a soft knock sounded from the door. "Drew?" It was Matt, duh.

"I'm ready, kinda. Just a sec." I blew on my nails, then I daintily turned the door knob and stepped back into the room. I kept blowing and waving my hands in the air, then I put my hands on my hips, kicking my right hip out and asking coyly, "so, what do you think?"

He just stood staring. My god, is that a good sign or a bad sign? I may be looking for a flat sooner than I'd hoped, which was never, to be perfectly honest. How long has he been staring? Should I say or do anything?

My lip began to quiver and I began crying. I flopped on the bed. “I’m sorry, I’m such an idiot! I just thought I’d try it. Maybe it would be fun? God, what’s wrong with me?” I slapped the bed. *Oh no! My nails!*

He laughed and I looked up sheepishly. “What’s so funny?” I asked, pouting.

“You are, you silly girl!” He looked at me intensely, but with good humor. “Come here.” He grabbed my hands and pulled me up into him. He shook his head. “I’m sorry, you just left me totally speechless. My mind was well and truly blown. Do you know how beautiful you are?”

“Really? You really think so?” I must have looked like Bambi staring up into his eyes.

“Oh my god, yes. Really and truly. I don’t think I’ve seen a more beautiful woman in all my life.” He looked into my eyes. Was it longing? Love? Lust? Kindness? All of the above?

“Stop teasing me.” I turned my head away and pouted.

“I’m not, I promise. Come here.” He stood me in front of the mirror. I had gained a few inches on him, but he still towered over me in my four-inch stilettos, which

were gorgeous by the way. I kicked my foot out to admire them. I turned my ankle to get a better look. “Smile,” he said.

I looked up into his eyes and couldn't help but obey. That smile made all the difference. “Wow,” I breathed.

“Wow, indeed.” He grabbed my hand gently and led me out the door. “I'm sorry, but I refuse to take you to the movies tonight.”

“Oh, why not?” I practically whined.

“You are much too beautiful to waste sitting in a dark theater. How does dinner and dancing sound? I have an irrational desire to show you off.” He grinned.

“Irrational?” I enquired meekly.

“Sorry, I misspoke. This will probably be the sanest, most rational thing I've ever done in my life. Beauty must be shared and savored. Not to mention, you're quite good company as well. Who makes better conversation than a novelist?” He smiled and led me to the sofa.

I was quiet. I was happy. I was ecstatic. I was well and truly head over heels in love. I snuggled into him and

just sighed. What was there to say? God, he smelled good.

*

Dinner was amazing, and romantic, and expensive! I think; there were no prices on the menu, so it just stood to reason. Langostinos with garlic butter; herbed cous cous with pine nuts; Roasted winter vegetables with rosemary. My god, and here I thought I was nothing but a Taco Bell girl. “You spoil me,” I said. “I may be ruined for Taco Bell now.”

He laughed long and hard. Such a gentle, musical laugh. Baritone, I think. He grabbed my pretty, delicate hand. “Such beauty and such delight requires spoiling. I feel compelled to spoil you rotten; absolutely and disgustingly rotten.” He whispered and winked at me.

“Wow, that was really corny.” My laugh, clearly soprano this time, snuck out and nearly rang the crystal of the wine glasses. The wine was very nice also, by the way.

I furrowed my brow and looked at him intently. “Why are you not freaked out?” I enquired. “I mean, we used to be little boys running around back in the day. Doesn’t that weird you out just a little?”

“Not even a little bit. Honestly. Because I knew what apparently no one else seemed to. You were a girl, even then. I could tell. I could totally tell. And, I might add, that I don’t recall you doing a whole lot of running around. You were either sitting quietly by yourself, making up stories with your dolls, or with Tina from three doors down, making up stories with your dolls. Remember her? God, you were so much more of a girl than her.”

“I didn’t think you even knew we existed. Especially me. I mean, you were so much older than us, after all. And a boy. Eww.” I giggled.

“Oh yes. I noticed, and vive le difference. I was intrigued, fascinated. You were so obviously a different species, I couldn’t help but watch you and marvel at you, surreptitiously of course.”

“Of course.” I smiled and sipped my wine.

*

After dancing the night away, we finally made our way home. His really comfy BMW was so smooth and silent I nearly nodded off. “Did you have fun?” Matt asked, putting his hand on my thigh, which sent a warm ripple

through my entire body like a stone into a formerly still pond. I startled.

“So much. It was an absolutely lovely evening. I don’t dare say perfect as I have nothing to compare it to, and I’m kinda hoping it happens again.” I hugged his arm.

We slowed and stopped at a stoplight. Why is there a stoplight at one in the morning? There’s nobody coming the other way. That kinda thing always bugged me. He reached over and stroked my cheek with his left hand. I had his right hand in a straightjacket. “Oh, you can count on it. Do you mind that I think I’m falling in love with you? There, I said it.”

“Wow. Out loud and everything.” I giggled. “I don’t think I mind. It is kinda weird though. We’ve only known each other for one day, really. This way, I mean.” I laid out my palm and motioned between us. He grabbed my hand out of the air and kissed it. “Although. I suppose I ought to confess that I fell in love with you last night as I stood in the doorway, soaking wet and looking into your eyes.” Those eyes. “And today it just kept getting stronger. Weird, huh?”

“Not weird.” He put his free hand behind my head and pulled me closer. He leaned in and began a kiss that

curled my toes and eyelashes. The car behind honked and I laughed into his mouth.

“Home, Jeeves!” I giggled, and we were off.

*

It seems the sofa was our spot. I hung my purse on the hat stand/umbrella thingy, slipped off my shoes (god, I love them, although my dogs were barking quietly in the night) and we plopped down together on the sofa. I don't think he let go of my hand for the past hour. I wasn't going to complain. I didn't let go of his, either. He began to lean in, but I put a finger to his mouth. “Hold that thought. I need to visit the little girls' room.” I noticed him watch my bum as I wiggled to the potty. I gave a little smile to myself. Until I sat and saw that sad little boy between my legs try to go wee wee. I was beginning to dislike that thing very much. I wiped and tucked and pulled myself together. I checked my makeup and made a few minor repairs.

On the way back, I made a side trip to the fridge to pull out a bottle of white. Just a simple, sweet, chardonnay. I grabbed two glasses and a wine bottle coaster and plopped back beside my man. Mine I say! Get away! “Can you stomach a cheap and cheerful chardonnay?” I asked.

He gave a little grin with a twinkle. “Oh yes. I like anything cheap and cheerful.” He poked me in the belly button.

“Hey!” I protested, rather weakly, and slapped him on the arm. I then handed him the corkscrew. “Could you?”

“Yes, ma’am. This can’t be too cheap if it has an honest-to-goodness cork in it.” He filled the glasses and we clinked.

“Well, I guess it’s relative, after a \$200 bottle with dinner.” I pointed out.

“True. I suppose I need to take out an extra appendix this week to cover it. Oh, and a kidney might cover the dinner.” He raised his glass with a wink and a smile. God, he’s charming. I’m smitten. Totally smit! I’m a smitten kitten. God, it sucks being a writer sometimes!

“Yeah, right! You assist in the ER! Okay now. Let’s see. Earlier you were corny, then cheesy, now a bit saucy. Are you intending to go for the whole enchilada?” I gave him a wink and a smile back.

His face got serious, then he put his glass down. *Oh oh, now I've done it. Why can't I just keep my big, stupid, pun-spewing mouth shut!* He looked me in the eyes and grabbed my hand, pulling me off the sofa. *Oh my god, I've ruined everything!*

“Come with me,” he growled. I shuffled behind him as he led me towards his bedroom. He sat me down on his bed, holding both my hands, he looked again into my eyes.

“What’s wrong Matt? Honey?” I thought I may begin shaking and a tear began to well up.

He shook his head. “Nothing’s wrong. Everything is right, just like you said, for the first time in my life. And yes, I do intend to go for the whole enchilada. If you’ll have me, that is.”

I could barely swallow. “Are you proposing?”

“Oh no. I’m saving that for tomorrow.” He smiled, but with a serious expression on his face. His gorgeous, scruffy-stubbled face. “For tonight, would you allow me the great honor of taking your flower?”

“My flower?” I squeaked.

“Yes. Your virginity.” His face was utterly earnest.

“Oh, but, do you think I have a flower?” I weakly whispered over the loud pounding of my heart.

“Oh yes, I’m sure of it. And I’m sure I love you.” He stroked my face and I thought I would burst. “May I?”

“Um. Of course,” I stammered. “But what about...?”

He put a finger to my lips. “We will see what we shall see, okay?” I simply nodded. He began unbuttoning my blouse and I shuddered. Then came the leather pants and pantyhose. He clearly knew the order in which to disrobe a woman. I was left in just my bra and panties. He admired the view for a moment. Then he fingered a bra strap, then around a lacy cup before he unhooked the bra with true skill. Next, he placed his finger on the band of my panties - I gasped and held his hand there, afraid to let him go further. “It’s okay, I promise,” he whispered. He nodded sagely as he caught a glimpse of my vestigial organ. He quickly disposed of his own clothing, then gently lifted me bodily and lay me back down softly on the pillow. “You’re beautiful,” he reassured me. I just let out a deep shudder and swallowed. He caressed my throat tenderly. “No adam’s apple,” he whispered matter-of-factly. I simply shook

my head. He kissed me and then slid down several inches.

“Relax,” he said. “I’m a doctor.” I nodded again, mutely. He startled me when he flicked a nipple and I gasped. It stood to attention and he smiled. ‘Well done,” he whispered. “Clever girl.” He then began sucking on my left...breast? It sent shock waves throughout my body and I bucked, gasping and moaning. He gave my right breast similar attention before kissing me gently all the way down the front of me, well too close to my little thingy. He inspected it gently with two fingers, as if it were an interesting specimen of inchworm. He frowned, but more with fascination than with disgust, it seemed. “You’re wet below,” he mentioned, as if in passing. He ran his hand under my appendage and brought it back up, clearly glistening. He sniffed it, frowned again, and to my shock and near horror, he licked it!

“What are you doing?” I whispered hoarsely, not betraying my disgust.

“I’ll tell you later. I’m rather busy just now,” he gave me a quick smile as he lifted up and gave me the first glimpse of his fully erect manhood. I gasped.

“Oh my god!” I whispered huskily, my eyes going wide. “I don’t think that will fit anywhere in me. Not even my mouth!” I let out a nervous giggle.

“Would you like to try? It’ll make the next part easier, I think. Although you are pretty wet already.” I nodded and he got to his knees above me. I held it with awe for a moment, before I licked around the head then placed my mouth around its massive girth. I couldn’t get a lot of it in me before it reached the back of my throat. I gagged and he said quietly “that’s plenty good. Let’s give it a go.”

He pulled away from my mouth and slid back down between my legs. I spread them wide in anticipation. Or was it fear? First, he stuck a finger in me, just below my foreign skin, slowly wending the finger around inside me. I gasped. It felt rather nice. It didn’t feel like he was going in my bum, though. Now I was intrigued, too. He licked and inserted two fingers, then three, then one from his other hand, stretching me a little each time. I moaned with pleasure and very slight pain. Did he find my flower?

My little worm twitched a little as he rubbed up against it. Then came time for the main event. It was at this inopportune moment that I remembered the episode of Big Bang when Bernadette warned Amy against having

her first sexual experience with a very large man. She said something like “It would be like learning to drive using a bus!” I couldn’t giggle. I was overwhelmed by trepidation.

But he took it slow, and gentle, waiting for my folds to spread enough to accept him. He was simply knocking quietly at the door. Would I let him in? Yes! I screamed in pain, or was it shock? “I’m sorry,” I whispered. He shook his head slowly and softly and smiled with moist eyes. I settled in. It no longer hurt; well, not as much anyway. The pleasure began to surpass the pain until it threatened to blot it out completely. He pumped slowly, now looking into my eyes, which were still wide as a witness to shock and awe.

He somehow reached full penetration and his balls began slapping my behind. Strange sound and sensation, I have to admit. I became conscious of the wonderful fullness, having him completely within me. He filled me up to overflowing and I found bliss as my eyes fluttered closed and my hands gripped at his chest. I bucked, timing my thrusts to a cosmic tempo, a new music within me. I swear I could almost hear it, the harmony of the worlds. Our worlds. All worlds.

All this while, his member was rubbing against my little worm and all of a sudden it seemed to come to life,

sending an electric shock through me. No, a flood. A hurricane of transcendent pleasure whipping through every corner of my being. I thought for sure I was on the cusp of death, and at that moment, I don't think I would have minded at all. What a way to go!

I had screamed, so he brought on his own climax in short order, causing a few more ripples within me, more squalls. Thoughtfully, he did not collapse upon me, but deftly rolled to my side, with a moaning thrust of air telling me he was spent. I was spent. And my life would never be the same again.

*

Matt scheduled me with one of his colleagues. A gynecologist of all things. I thought he was being a bit optimistic, but he had explained his findings to me - revelations apparently discovered during our wonderful evening of bliss. I had a hard time believing his speculations and insisted on a specialist. I think he was probably hurt. He said, "perhaps I'm no expert, but I was there. I had an insider's view, a perspective no one else can possibly have."

I pouted at him. "I know, sweetie. But, would you just humor me, please? I still find it hard to fathom. But, even if you're right, we still have to find out what else is

happening and what all the ramifications are. Forgive me?”

“Of course. You’re entirely right, of course. I’m just being stubborn. I have to bring in the big guns on this one.” He beamed at me and shook his head, still bemused and not a little amazed.

Dr. Frankel quickly verified Matt’s diagnosis. With my legs up in stirrups (I wore a dress for the occasion, although I eschewed my new silicone breasts) he wiggled around a spectroscope projecting on a laptop by the gurney/bed thingy. “You, my dear, have definitely got a vagina. It’s been hidden, but it’s beautiful.” He smiled at me. “It’ll take some scans to figure out what’s at the other end of the tunnel, so to speak. We’ll also run a complete hormonal workup so we can get a full picture. You also have breasts, but they are very small. I’m assuming you’d like a little more, um, cuppage, in that area?” He gave me a crooked smile.

“Yes, I would.” I smiled and looked up at Matt. “You’d like that too, wouldn’t you?”

He blushed. “Well, yes, I wouldn’t reject them at any rate. I’ll take you as you will deign to allow me...” He finally realized where we were. “Um, yes, I’d like that, very much,” he admitted.

The doctor, the other doctor, smiled and chuckled.
“Right, well, let’s get you dressed and go draw some blood while we set up the CT scan, yes?”

*

We were texted the results of the bloodwork and CT while we were at lunch - Taco Bell! So, we rushed back to the hospital to hear the news. Turns out that the DNA analysis would probably take a week. But that didn’t matter, as Dr. Frankel pulled up the images of my CT on the large screen, cast from his laptop.

“As you can see...” Dr. Frankel began.

“She’s a woman!” Matt gasped, despite his surety that this was the case all along. He blushed and stuttered. “I mean, sorry, I see them - ovaries, fallopian tubes...”

“You really see all that?” I marveled. “Looks like a Rorschach test to me.” Then it hit me. “Wait. Ovaries?”

“If I may?” Dr. Frankel retook the reins. “Yes, it’s all there. The puzzling thing is why haven’t you gone through puberty? We may have to wait for the DNA for that answer, although we already have a clue.” He

handed me the bloodwork results. “See below the estrogen levels, which are rather low? The Sex Hormone Binding Globulins?” I looked up with a blank face, while Matt simply nodded.

“Wow, they are extremely high, way out of range,” Matt mused.

“Yes. Drew, SHBGs are glycoproteins that serve to modulate hormone levels and can act as transfer molecules. High levels equals low levels of estrogen in women and testosterone in men. So, essentially, you have remained in suspended animation in a prepubescent state. In fact, your estradiol levels are lower than young girls or postmenopausal women.” Dr. Frankel looked me directly in the eyes. “My guess, is that androgens outpaced estrogens at the time your vulva and clitoris were forming, giving you a pseudo-penis. Here is the image. As you can see, on your small tubule, the urethra is on the bottom side. This is a tell-tale sign of an intersexed situation. Frankly, I’m surprised the OBGYN missed this when you were born.”

“That’s totally messed up!” I blurted. Then I blushed. I was suddenly totally pissed off. “I am so sorry, but, are you saying they should have known I was a girl way back then? I could have had a ‘normal’ life as a girl?”

“Yes, I’m sorry to say, that’s exactly what I’m saying.” He looked at me with an empathetic frown and I began crying 26 years worth of tears. A missed girlhood, a missed puberty, no sleepovers, or makeovers, or giggling or hugging or cheering or boyfriends!...I missed it all, and the sobs came very hard. Maybe my father would have loved me...and my mom...?

*

I was completely spent and stared through a murky haze on the drive home. Matt took my hand in his. “I am so sorry, Drew.” He lifted my hand and kissed it ever so gently. I just turned to stare at him, then looked down into my lap and at my pretty nails.

Finally I said, “sorry for what?” while still staring down and playing with the hem of my dress.

“Everything. I know you missed out. I know you’ve been confused, inert, lonely...” He looked over sadly, then back to the road.

“You know all that? You really? You really understand without even thinking about it? You? How?” I was darned eloquent when the mood struck me.

“Because I know you. I’ve always known you.” He kissed my hand again.

I gave him a little smile as I looked lovingly towards where I knew his eyes would be when I began speaking. I whispered. “You have a heck of a bedside manner, Dr. Jamison. Your patients must love you.”

“Must they?” He returned my wan smile.

“I do.” I took his very large arm and used it as a body pillow, gently rubbing the side of my face along it like a kitten.

“You know, today is tomorrow.” He said cryptically.

“Remember how I was saving something for tomorrow...right now, this moment?”

“What?” I quirked a smile at him like he was some sort of weirdo, which, essentially he was. Oooh, a new book title - Weirdos in Love!

“Drew Avery Castle...Will you do me the honor and become my wife?” He looked earnestly into my eyes, still holding my hand.

I think I about peed my pants. Wife? Wow! Holy...just, oh my god! “Yes,” I whispered and leaned

in to give him a sweet, red-light kiss. The car behind us honked. The light had turned green. Perhaps with envy?

The End