

# Rebirth: The Swimsuit

By Kelly Blake



**“What are you doing in here!”**

I wet myself a wee bit in total fear as I heard her voice. She had caught me at my worst; holding her one piece shiny pink bathing suit in my delicate hands as I sat in the deserted girl’s locker room. I was frozen as I gazed at her; my deer like wide opened eyes bugging out with fright.

“Is that my swimsuit in your grubby little hands?”

My jaw dropped. It would have been down around my knees in disjointed horror. Now the entire school would know what they always suspected; I was a queer or something. Not that the word ‘queer’ meant much in this school.

“Well...?” She stood arms crossed just below her boobs and her shoe tip tapping noisily on the concrete floor. “Are you going to answer me or do I need to scream for help?”

“I... I...” I burst into tears. I mean...what else could I do?

Cora slowly took several steps toward me.

“Well...” Her brow was still furrowed in anger. “I suppose I’ll have to trash that suit. No doubt you had your nose in the gusset as you jerked yourself off or something.”

“No...! I swear! It’s nothing like that.” My tears flowed even more. I was terrified.

“Well then...” She took two steps closer and crossed her arms just beneath her more than ample boobage. Her stern expression didn’t change. “What’s it? You a drag queen or something?”

Oh...my God... I'd have to tell her. But how would she...how could she understand. I was only fifteen and in upper school already. That was bad enough. She was a junior and so...adult. Cora was what I considered the epitome of femininity. I should have been born like her instead of...instead of the nothing I was.

I was this five foot ten inch tall string bean without any indication of being male except for my clothes and maybe my hair cut. My height was the only indication that I had entered some stage of puberty but it hadn't gone any further.

I had no facial hair and my chest was totally devoid of hair. My boy bits were...well...wee bits? And my pubic hair was sparse, very soft and downy. My voice had yet to even hint at a crack and I looked like a twelve year old with the accompanying fine facial features.

How could I explain that my body screamed boy, albeit young teen boy; and my mind screamed girl, albeit young teen girl. I couldn't stop myself from doing anything that might be considered female behavior. From my mode of speech to my every gesture, I had to work hard at not being feminine. I had to stop being who I really was for fear of everything and anything.

The wonderfully shiny pink material of her bathing suit was hypnotic. I knew the girls hung their suits up to dry from my prior, but unsuccessful visit. When I was in the pool and saw her, saw her bathing suit, I knew I wanted one just like it. I needed to touch it; to feel the material.

Cora was as well developed as any seventeen year old girl could hope to be and the manner her nipples poked out the fabric of her suit only made me wish I was not simply more like her; I wished I could be her. I watched her hips sway as she walked toward the washing area.



**“Well...?”**

She tossed her long strawberry blonde hair back with a flip of her head as she checked her look in the mirror that hung over the basins. “I’m waiting.”

I fingered the material of her bathing suit thinking that this would be the last time. I glanced down at it and sniffled. My precious prize was rapidly slipping away with each embarrassing moment.

“I just wanted to feel the material.” I mumbled between snuffles. “It feels so...amazing. It looks so amazing.”

I couldn't meet her stare when she turned to sneer at me. She slowly strutted back toward me.

“So...” She was now so close to me I could smell the scent of her perfume. “You wanted to try it on? Is that it?”

I nodded my head still looking down at the suit in my hands.

“So...? Put it on.”

Cora's voice was so...so matter of fact that I had to glance up at her. Her expression was quiet serious.

“Well...? Go ahead. If you went this far you might as well try it on.” Sarcasm dripped off of her every word.

Cora walked to my right and sat down on the bench next to me. She hadn't uncrossed her arms but her expression had softened. She had the most beautiful pale green eyes and gorgeous eyelashes. Her sparse use of cosmetics actually accented her eyes and features more than an even heavier application could have.

“I...”

I was stunned. I couldn't meet her gaze even though I so badly wanted to. I felt my tears begin to form again. Cora lifted my chin up with her index finger and turned my head to face her. My eyes were still cast downward. I felt like I could never look anybody from this school in the eyes ever again.

“Look at me when I speak to you!”

She literally barked at me. I was so stunned and startled by her tone of voice that I had no choice but to look at her. She smiled wryly at me, one corner of her mouth turned upward.

“I want you to take off all your clothes and put on my bathing suit. If I have to ask you again the entire school will know about this by the morning.”

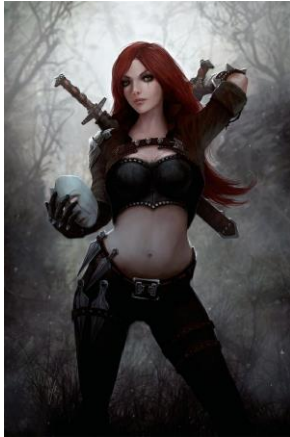
Cora's eyes never left mine. I felt like one of those butterflies pinned to a board. If she told a single soul I could never show my face at this school again. I had no choice. I slowly got up and started to turn toward the bathroom.

“Where are you going? Did I tell you to go anywhere?”

Cora's voice was more than simply a little commanding. I stared down at her in abject terror.

“I want you to get undressed right here...right now.”

“But...”



**“Do it now dweeb or suffer the wrath of the Valkyrie!”**

She glared at me with pure menace in her amazing eyes. What could I do? I carefully placed the swimsuit upon the wooden bench top and stripped off my tee shirt. I could feel her eyes burning into my flesh as Cora stared at my bare, and barely there, chest. I froze in place and looked at her for...for approval?

“Go on dweeb! Now the pants.” Her gaze was unflinching.

I loosened the drawstring of my pants and slowly began to lower them. I was so full of dread of what would happen if I didn't follow her every word that I forgot completely about my...panty?

“Oh my...” Cora chuckled. “Aren't those the cutest...?” She glanced up at me. “And who did you steal those from...your...mommy?”

“No...” I whispered as my reddened face deepened in color.

I stared down at the floor, my face burning with embarrassment. I slid off my loafers and slowly slipped my pants down and off of my feet.

“And those knee highs...” Cora laughed. “...are so precious. Maybe that's what I'll call you. Do you like that name...Precious?” She looked up into my petrified eyes. “I'll bet those are your...mommy's...as well.”

Tears began to flow like a river once again. There was no place to hide; no place I could bury my head...my entire being. How could I have been so very stupid? Why couldn't I control myself...my stupid urges?

“No...”

That was all I could muster as I stood before her piercing eyes with only my panty hiding my last secret.

“Come here.” Cora pointed to a spot on the floor right in front of her. “I want to see something close up...and personal.” She giggled. “Here boy...” I might as well have been her pet dog.

I walked to the very spot and stood with my hands held crossed over my crotch and my eyes gazing at her perfectly manicured toes. I marveled at the peach color with a slightly extra touch of red to render a warm color that closely matched her gorgeous hair. It appeared as though several coats of clear top polish were applied and her toenails glistened like little jewels in the light.

“Oh... Isn’t that sweet...you like my toes?” Cora’s sing song voice stung in my ears. “Do you like it when I wiggle them?” She snickered as she did just that. “Or do you like the color.” That was more a statement than a question. “Aren’t you going to answer me?”

I cleared my throat. “I like the color.” I whispered between snuffles.

“Put your hands down at your side.” Cora laughed as she spoke.

Oh my God...! She would see that I peed myself slightly from fear. I held my hands just where they were. Cora reached out and grasped both my wrists and tugged them away.

“Oh my God...! You’re actually wet!” She laughed. I died. “Did I make you that excited?”

“I have to pee.” I whispered.

“Awww...? Poor baby... I frightened you...didn’t I?” Her voice was bathed in scorn.

“Yes...” I spoke with barely a breath left in me.

“Well...” Cora’s voice grew stern again. “I don’t care. You just better hold it until I say you can go. Anyway...I want to see how well you can do the ‘pee-pee dance’.” She chuckled.

She suddenly stood up and we were almost nose to nose. I could smell the faintly sweet scent of her perfume. Cora reached into her shoulder bag as she began to speak.

“You really have beautiful eyes...you know?” Cora didn’t smile. “And your lashes... I never realized they were so long...and fair.” She reached out and lightly ran her finger tip over my lashes. “Very nice indeed... So very soft...” She spoke almost absent mindedly. “A little color and they would stand out. You have such lovely features.”

I watched Cora’s eyes as they gazed at every inch of my face as if I was some kind of important painting or something. Her compliments were spoken in such a soothing voice, and so matter of fact that I suddenly felt...relaxed...almost at ease?

“And your skin...” Cora gently stroked my face with her finger tips. “Your skin is so perfect; not a single zit or anything. Not even a freckle.”

Cora stood with her mouth slightly agape as she continued to inspect me. Suddenly her eyes met mine; her stare quite bold.

“You’re fucking gorgeous.” She grinned knowing that her profanity would shock me.

Cora took a half step back and gazed down my body. She put her hands upon my shoulders and gently rubbed them as if she was calming a nervous pony or something. And, in truth, her touch was indeed quiet calming.

“What have we here?”

Cora’s grin was quite bold as she gazed at my chest. She moved her hands down my arms until they were level with my chest, or what little there was of it. Then she began to slowly move her hands over and onto the skin of my chest.

“There’s not a single hair on you.” She giggled. “And your skin...it’s so very smooth...just like a girl’s.”

When Cora’s hands arrived at my nipples, she ceased her movement. She ever so gently ran the tips of her thumbs over my nipples causing me to leak a little more as I crossed my legs and moved my hands back down to my groin.

“I really need to go.”

My pleading was more of a whining as I shuffled slightly from foot to foot. There was a sudden banging noise from outside the locker room. I was startled and I leaked once again.

“Please...!” I was ready to let loose right on the spot.

“Well...” Cora looked around and then rolled her eyes upward in thought. “Okay... But you need to drop your panty right now.”

Oh my God...! What was she doing too me? I was already nearly naked in front of her and she wanted it all off. What could I do? I dropped my panty and hastened to the stall with Cora following behind. Just as I was about to close and lock the stall door, Cora pushed it open and, at the same moment, snapped a photo of me with her phone.

“Oh my God no...!”

I stared at her in horror. She had caught me in all my totally naked glory. There would be no way I could ever deny anything she decided to say about this wicked encounter. I had my dick, small as it was, wedged between my legs in an attempt to hold off the inevitable.

“Well...?” Cora glared at me. “You wanted to pee. So go ahead.”

She stood there nervously tapping her shoe noisily against the floor, her arms crossed beneath her boobs. I sat down upon the seat and, reaching between my legs to point my dick downward, began to slowly dribble urine into the bowl.

“Am I making you nervous or something?”

“Yes...” I whined. “I never had anyone watching me pee before.” I hunched over slightly as the torrent began to let loose.

“Well get used to it.” Cora smirked. “You pee just like a girl. I bet you even wipe yourself.”

I hung my head. I could feel my face heat up even more with the blush darkening to scarlet. I would have cried but I was out of tears by this time. I finally finished my business and reached for the tissue paper.

“I knew it!” Cora shouted gleefully and clapped her hands together. “I knew it! You’re just like a girl. You pee just like a girl and you even wipe yourself just like a girl.”

I wiped myself, getting the last few drops onto the tissue and dropping it between my legs and into the bowl. I stood up and turned to flush.

“Now I want you to wash yourself. You soiled your panty and I don’t want you to soil my swimsuit. So go to the sink and clean yourself off.”

I did as Cora commanded...yet again. I didn’t have the inner strength to fight her any more, as if I really had that strength in the first place. I took a few paper towels, wet them with warm water, and wipe myself as best I could. Then I dried myself with more toweling. When I had finished, I turned to find Cora no more than a foot and a half from me applying lipstick to her lovely lips. The color was a very pale coppery orange.



**“Now... Where were we?”** She grinned wickedly as she returned her hands to my chest.

I was mesmerized by her lips which now nearly matched her flowing hair in color when Cora grasped my nipples between her index and middle fingers. I nearly peed again even though I'd just finished! As she squeezed them she gazed into my eyes. I moaned and I felt my knees buckle slightly as I leaned in toward her.

“Sensitive are we?” Cora giggled. “Let’s see what happens now.”

Cora began to rub her thumbs over the tips of my nipples. She was driving insanely intense, and deeply penetrating, electricity throughout my body. She was so unrelenting. I finally had to cup my hands over hers to put a halt to the sensations.

“Please...” I begged.

Cora let my hands rest atop hers for a moment or two.

“You have very soft hands you know.” I felt her breath as she almost whispered in my ear. “Such long and slender fingers...” I felt her fingers gently pushing in around my areolas. I winced in pain. Cora drew her head back to gaze at me. “Did that hurt?”

“Yeah... A little...”

Cora then probed some more around the same area.

“I thought I saw something.” She smiled gently...for once. “You know something?” She answered before I could ask what. “I think you’re growing tits.”

In truth I'd noticed the tiny bumps for some time and I worried when they began to get even larger. My mom had even taken me to a doctor because I simply wasn't...developing...like a guy? But after a careful examination and drawing way too much blood for my liking, we both came back to find out that the doctor wanted to give me hormones; guy hormones.

That was something I definitely wasn't interested in. Hair on my face and chest...as if...? And she said my facial features would change. Sorry Doc...not interested... I had this vision of myself that did not include all the above and then some. Now...I wasn't exactly sure what the image I had in mind was...precisely. But I was sure being pumped full of boy juice wasn't going to reveal the true me.

I looked up into Cora's eyes. I saw something I hadn't seen before. It was recognition. What kind of recognition I wasn't sure. But she definitely was gazing at me differently. The moment she removed her hands from my chest, I covered myself with my hands.

“Please...? Don't tell...?”

I was pleading for the remainder of my upper school days if not years. Cora then knelt down and had me spread my legs apart. Her eyes opened with wonder as a broad smile broached her face.



“Oh...my God...!” She smiled up at me. “Small wonder you sit when you pee.” Cora giggled. “I’ve seen clits bigger than your dick.”

I backed away from her. My right hand shot down to cover myself. Now I knew how girls felt when they were totally exposed and didn’t know what to cover first or how they were going to regain their modesty. But Cora would have none of that modesty as she pulled me back to her by cupping her hands around my butt cheeks.

“Put your hands down...now!”

Stunned by the sharpness of her voice, I dropped them instantly without even thinking.

“Spread your legs more and don’t you dare move!”

I did what she asked with closed eyes as if my not seeing would erase all that was happening to me. I nearly jumped out of my skin when she cupped my gnads in her hand.

“Stand still damn it!”

I froze.

“Oh my God...! They’re so...cute. They almost look like small grapes.” Cora laughed. “I’ve never seen or even heard of anyone having a dick and balls this small.”

“I hate them.” I mumbled under my breath.

They represented the sum and total constitution of my never ending living nightmare. With the exception of passing some water now and then, my baby boy bits were useless; an unending embarrassment every time I saw myself in a mirror. If I was even interested in girls in ‘that’ way, what ever could I even do about it? Cora looked up at me.

“You’re gender queer...aren’t you?” Cora gazed up at me. I was clueless. I had no idea of what gender queer was. “You’re not sure of what you are. A boy...or a girl...or maybe both...or none of the above...” She laughed.

I shrugged my shoulders. I was hopeless. That’s why I was in this particular school to begin with. This was the one school where all the ‘unusual children’ or ‘special children’ went. There was no football. There were no contact sports at all. Maybe there were one or two fights during the entire year. And only one cop was needed for the entire school.

But at least most of the kids there knew what and where they belonged. The goths, the emos, the stoners, the gays, the straights, the guys in drag and the girls in drag all had their place. Only I didn’t. I had guys come on to me and that was alright. I kind of liked the attention? But that’s as far as it ever went. I didn’t know whether I even liked guys enough to...well...to get naked with them and all.

And the girls...at least the ones that looked like what I thought a girl should look like...were out of bounds for me. I loved looking at their street style and all. But I simply couldn't image myself with them...naked. And even if I did, there wasn't much (pardon the pun) I could do about it. They weren't very interested in me anyway.

Every so often I would get a stiffy but...well...I always took the situation in hand...so to speak. And I would get those feelings that I thought most people got when they played with themselves, but not much happened after the explosion. I mean...what came out of me was mostly clear?

Maybe Cora was right. Maybe I was simply gender queer. As I gazed down at her, I didn't even feel offended by what she called me. I saw sympathy in her eyes. Maybe I saw a little bit of understanding? She looked back at my dick.

"I've only seen a couple of these things." She glanced quickly up at me and then back down. "I didn't even touch the second one I saw. I thought it was kind of gross and disgusting. This older guy...this asshole just whipped it out when we were in his car."

She gazed up at me and I saw hurt in her eyes. I could hear the anger in her voice. I couldn't even imagine how rude that must have been; how totally offensive and rude...to say the least.

"That's when I knew for sure I was queer." Cora smiled almost lewdly.

I nearly fell over! Then why was she messing around with me?

"Then why are you messing around with me?"

"Because..." Cora giggled. "Because I can... You don't really mind, do you? If you really did, you'd have split by now...maybe even much before now. Anyway..." She glanced up at me. "I never really saw you as a guy...you know? I mean the androgynous clothing and all... I bet you even bought that panty yourself, didn't you?"

"No..." I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "My mom got them for me."

"Oh my God...! She did?" Cora looked up at me and smiled in wonder. "Does she know you're gender queer as well?"

"No... I simply liked the way her cotton briefs felt? I hated the underwear she used to get me. The fabric was stiff and all scratchy? The panties she bought me were so smooth and soft; the tight knit I guess." I simply had to ask. "So you only like girls?"

Cora stood up, took my hand, and led me back to the locker room where she sat back down with me standing directly in front of her. Once again she cupped me in her hand. This time I didn't jump.

"Does that feel nice?" She giggled.

“Yeah... Sort of...” I giggled.

“Yeah... I only do girls but none from here.” There was sadness in her voice.

“Why not...?”

It seemed like a reasonable question; personal perhaps...but reasonable. Anyway, how could my predicament become any less personal? I was virtually naked in front of this amazingly beautiful creature and I was letting her have her way with me; as embarrassing as that was. Cora took a very deep breath and let it out slowly.

“I once touched this guy’s dick? And the next thing I knew I was suddenly the school slut. He spread all sorts of horrid rumors about me and what I had done for him. Of course none of it was true.”

I felt my heart simply break. I knew how totally cruel school mates could be. That’s how I came to be in this particular school. But now Cora told me that the same thing happens here. I began to shed tears.

“I am so sorry.” I sniffled.

“Thanks... But hey...that’s life...” She glanced up at me. “You know...?”

I looked down at the floor as a tear fell from my cheek and I nodded my head. As she cupped my boy junk in her hand, Cora stroked my dick with her other hand. The feeling was so totally exquisite and overwhelming that I had to reach out and put my hand on her shoulder to keep my balance.

“Don’t you dare touch me!” She barked at me. I was so startled that I quickly withdrew my hand. “I’ll let you know if and when you may touch me! And I will tell you where and how I want you to!”

“I’m so sorry. I was losing my...”

“I don’t care what you were losing! Keep your damned hands to yourself and stay still!”

I stood as still as I possibly could as Cora continued her torturous ministrations. Perhaps torturous isn’t the right word? I mean her touch, her scent, everything about her was washing over me like an electrified wave of unbelievable pleasure. I had never felt the touch of another person let alone someone who looked as amazing as Cora.

“Doesn’t this thing ever get hard?” Cora glanced up at me with a sneer. “Or is it totally useless except for soiling yourself?”

I opened my mouth to speak but I couldn’t speak. I had no idea of how to answer her.

“Well...!”

“I...” Should I hit her with the truth? “Sometimes it gets...” I could barely spit it out.

“...hard?”

“But you do like what I’m doing?”

I looked down into her suddenly sincere face as she continued to deliver wave after wave of pleasure.

“Yesss...” I teetered for a moment.

“Good...” Cora abruptly ceased here stroking and stood up. She looked at her finger tips. She held out her finger for my inspection. “Look what you’ve done. You’ve leaked on me. Lick it off.”

Cora’s voice was so...so...so matter of fact that I did as she requested without hesitation. And as my tongue tasted my...fluids...I realized just how easily I had debased myself to her? Nobody ever saw me do that before. I was...mortified?

I mean it’s not like I hadn’t tasted myself before. I was curious. I heard some guy talking about some girl ‘swallowing it’ and I was...curious. How did it taste? It wasn’t bad at all actually. But to do that in front of Cora was...devastating as I thought about that act.

“Good...boy...” Her hesitation in saying the word ‘boy’ kind of put me off. “Now go and put on my swimsuit. That’s what you want...isn’t it?”

Her sweet voice dripped with sarcasm because she knew she could get me to do it. Cora would have no mercy...none at all. She reminded me of some Nordic Goddess whose very will was the world’s thundering command.

I picked up the glorious swimsuit. I turned my back toward her in a weak attempt to preserve my remaining modesty. I began to put one leg in and then the second. I carefully pulled the suit up threading my arms through the straps.

“Oh Precious...?”

Cora’s sing song voice caught me off guard. I turned to find her recording a video of my performance with her phone. I didn’t think I could be any more embarrassed than I’d already been...but I was. I stood frozen in place with a horrified expression on my face.

“Oh...” Cora said in a whiny voice. “Don’t look so sad. What’s your name anyway?”

“J...J...Jacque.”

I hated my name. I was always being called jock...as in strap? But my mom loved the name and so there it is; Jacque...jock...jack-off. I could go on but you kind of get the idea.

“Are you French or something?”

“No... My mom just liked the name.”

“Well I think I’m going to call you...” Cora rolled her eyes upwards and bit her lip in concentration. “...Jackie...like in Jacqueline. Do you like it?” She gazed anxiously at me.

“Yeah... It’s okay I guess.”

“Well you’d better because that’s what everybody will call you now.” I was frightened by her wry smile. “I’ll make sure of that.”

In all honesty, I actually liked that name. ‘Jackie’...it was kind of androgynous...like me? Why couldn’t mom simply call me Jack or something? Like everything else in my life, my name was wrong.

“Wait a minute!”

Cora suddenly became excited. She went to a locker and opened the door’s combination lock. She very briefly rummaged through the locker and pulled out a bathing cap. She then came up to me and put it atop my head, taking great care to fit it properly. She also made several slight adjustments to the swimsuit. The feeling of its material was electrifying. My entire body tingled.

“You look amazing.” Cora gazed at me in opened mouth wonder. “I swear if I didn’t know differently...” She quickly stepped back and took several more pictures. Then she spoke as if thinking aloud. “We need to do something about your hair. The style sucks. It doesn’t suit you at all.”

She brought the phone up to my face and displayed the picture she had only just taken. I looked just like a girl; a young girl ready for the pool. My entire being quaked with the realization that maybe...just maybe...that was exactly who I was. There was another slamming noise from outside the locker room.

“Somebody’s coming!” I was beginning to seriously panic.

“It’s only the janitor and I told her I was in here.”

“But what if she comes in?”

“Come on...” She grasped my arm, her hand encircling my bicep easily. “Take a good look.”

Cora pulled me in front of the mirror over the basins. She stood behind me clasping my narrow shoulders in her hands. I could see her peering over my shoulder with a huge grin on her face.

“You see...?” She said as I stood there in shock at the image in front of me. “You look so much like a twelve year old girl...only taller.” She giggled. “Take off your knee highs.”

I bent and removed my white cotton knee high socks. Cora took them from me and balled each one up. She then placed each one in the breast cups of the swimsuit.

“There...” Cora spoke with total glee. “Now what do you see?”

I had boobage! And what was even more shocking is that the image in the mirror was sort of close to the one in my head. The socks were too finely woven to present much boobage but they did present just enough to express a gender; a gender I felt oddly familiar with...comfortable with? Cora disappeared from my vision and I was too fully entranced by my own image to follow her.

She very quickly returned to the basin with two plastic bottles and a hair brush. Cora then turned on the water and removed the bathing cap from my head. Without so much as a word she bent me forward till my head was nearly in the basin. She was going to wash my hair?

“I want to wash that crap you use out. Let’s see what we can do with you.”

Cora wet my hair with the warm water. She was careful not to bang my noggin against the faucet as she worked. I must admit her fingers working the shampoo through my hair felt amazing...so relaxing. After all I’d been through thus far at the hands of my temptress torturer, I was surprised by her gentleness and consideration.

After rinsing out the shampoo, she applied some kind of creamy substance that had the same floral scent as her shampoo. Cora massaged it through my hair making sure to get every single strand. And once again I felt the heavenly touch of her fingertips working on my scalp.

And once again, after a few moments, Cora rinsed the stuff out of my hair. When she lifted my head back up, Cora immediately wrapped a towel around the top of my head and patted my hair dry. She then took my hand, her brush in her other hand, and led me to the hand blow drier. She removed the towel and placed it on the floor.

“Get on your knees. I want to blow dry your hair and see if I can do something with it. Anyway, you look like the type that belongs on her knees.” Did she actually say ‘her’? “Guys recognize your type by what the top of your head looks like.” Cora laughed wickedly.

The button was pushed and a blast of very warm air began to shower me. Cora began to comb out my hair as she moved my head into various positions under the drier.

“We don’t normally dry our hair this way? But...sometimes a girl needs to improvise.” Cora giggled.

The fact that she said ‘we’ and ‘a girl’ as if I was included didn’t escape me at all. After all the various appellations she’d already used to describe me, ‘we’, ‘a girl’ and ‘her’ were a marked relief. It took but a minute or three and she then had me stand up. She turned me toward the mirror and I stood in shock.

Cora had styled my hair into what easily could be a pixie cut or a wedge with bangs. I stood for what seemed like hours staring at the stranger whose reflection hid my own. Cora was peering over my shoulder with a huge grin on her face.



**“Now... Isn’t that better?”**

I couldn’t unfreeze my opened mouth to even form the word ‘yes’. I simply nodded my head. That obscured image I had of myself had just taken another huge step into focus. I could actually acknowledge my being a young girl...maybe a pre-teen girl...getting ready for a swim. The chiming of my cell phone broke my trance. My mom, no doubt, was inquiring whether I was home yet.

I reluctantly left the wonderfully new and strange image in the mirror and ran to get my phone. Cora followed behind at her own easy pace. It was my mom texting me. I nearly bumped into Cora as I turned to address her. I knew she saw the text.

“I’ll drive you home. Is your mom there?”

“No...”

“Good... We have more work to do. Get dressed.”

I gazed at Cora for a fleeting moment and then I began to take off the suit.

“No...!” She barked. “Leave it on.”

“But...”

“There are no ‘buts’ about it. No doubt you haven’t brought an extra panty with you.”

“I...”

“And I’m certainly not letting you borrow my extra pair. This will teach you to wear a panty liner from now on. I don’t appreciate you having these...little accidents?” She sneered.

Cora again laughed most wickedly as my face again reddened. What was going on? This...this girl was turning my life upside down and she was doing it in what must have been a record time. I donned my cotton pants and tightened the drawstring. I started to remove my thigh highs from their nest in the bra of the swimsuit.

“Leave them where they are. Just put on your top.”

I did as she requested...ummm...demanded? Oh...whatever...

“See how much better your tee fits?” Cora giggled. “Now it fits like it should.”

She led me over to the mirror once again. And once again I was totally shocked. She was right; again. The tee fit like it was made specifically for me. But I needed a very modest amount of boobage for it to do so. The image of myself became ever so slightly clearer yet again.

“Get your things and let’s go.”

Cora spoke as she put her shampoo, conditioner, and hair brush back into her locker. I slipped on my loafers and, picking up my backpack, I followed her out of the locker room.

“We really need to get you one of these.” Cora said as she held up her hobo bag. “You can carry a ton in it and you can trash that ugly bag you carry.” She turned to glance at me. “Where do you live anyway?”

“Off of Bayview near the Galleria...?”

“Oh good... You live near me.” She chuckled.

‘Good’...? Well...I had to admit that being with her thus far was painful...and very different. But ‘good’...? Yeah...maybe it was good. I felt the most horrid embarrassment and the most exquisite pleasure all in the same breath. And certainly she was bringing something into focus that only truly appeared in my deepest of dreams. I supposed it was good.

Cora had a really nice car. It was one of those little BMW convertibles? Her parents must be rich or something. My mom drove a really nice car but I doubted she would have bought me one like Cora had.



The drive home was amazing. After opening the door for me, Cora put the top down and I bathed in the fast moving air as we sped along five ninety-five to ninety five. She took the Broward Boulevard exit and drove through Victoria Park.

I loved this section of town because the houses were so lovely and there was this little park along the water where one could walk or simply sit and muse. It was an older section of town and so the greenery was fuller and more 'Old Fort Lauderdale'?

We soon turned onto Bayview Drive and in too short an order pulled up the driveway to where I lived; my home. Cora put the top back up and she got out quickly enough to assist me out of her car. Mom always taught me that a gentleman opens the door for a lady but I couldn't envision Cora even thinking of being a gentleman. I must admit I like the deference.

Once again she was a step ahead of me and I had to fumble through my backpack for the key as she stood with her arms folded and her toe tapping.

"There are certain things I expect." Cora was quite firm in voice. "One of them is never to be kept waiting. Do you understand." It wasn't a question. I nodded as I fumbled putting the key into the lock. "You should have had your keys out and waiting."

I nodded again as I opened the door and she brushed right past me as if it was her house. I meekly followed dropping my pack by the door. Cora stood in the center of the living room and slowly turned looking at everything.

"Nice..." She nodded and pursed her lower lip. "Is that you?" Cora motioned toward a picture that sat atop our piano.

"Yeah..." I responded meekly as she walked over and picked it up.

"God...! You were so cute as a baby. You even looked like a girl in this." She laughed. "How little you've changed." Her voice again dripped sarcasm as she continued to gaze at the picture. "God...! You look so much like your...mommy." She giggled. "Well...? Are you going to show me around?"

I led her through the dining room and into the kitchen. This is truly where mom and I did most of our day-to-day living. The island in the center of the kitchen was sort of the heart of the entire house. It was large and long and contained the real gas range, a rarity in this part of town, a double basin sink, and tons of storage space beneath the amazing sealed marble top.

"Nice... Very nice..." Cora gazed around and then at me. "This has center to it."

"Yeah..." I smiled at her for the first time. "We do spend a lot of time in the kitchen."

"Do you..." She grinned at me wryly. "...help your...mommy...in here?" I nodded and blushed. "I'll bet you really enjoy helping her...doing your chores." Cora snickered. "Helping

with the laundry..." I nodded and blushed. "Do you ever sniff her panties when you play with them?"

I nearly choked on my own saliva. How could she possibly know that? How could she even ask that? Although I shouldn't have been that surprised considering how totally and completely she dominated me with her questions back in the locker room. I blushed.

"I thought so." She laughed. Cora knew without me even answering. She looked around slowly again. "I bet you even put them on. You are such a naughty little child."

I stood there gazing down at the floor, my face discovering totally new and interesting shades of red. Did she have no limits...no boundaries?

"I bet she even caught you...didn't she?" Cora leered at me. "She caught you dressed in her things." She openly laughed at me. "And I bet you had a go at her cosmetics as well."

I felt myself shrinking into the wood floor. I could feel my tears begin to well up again, the reservoir refilled after that emotion filled session in the girl's locker room.

"Tell me about it. I want to hear how you managed to thoroughly humiliate yourself."

I took a very deep breath and exhaled slowly.

"I had on a pair of her panties, thigh highs and a skirt. She came into my bedroom and saw me pirouetting in front of the mirror on her door."

"She must have shit! Did she yell at you and tell you how faggy you were?"

"No... She said it was part of me..." I gulped. "...discovering girls?"

"But that wasn't true...was it." Again she didn't ask a question.

"No..."

"So what happened?"

"She made me promise not to wear her things again. And she told me if I wanted to wear girl's clothing, she would buy me some."

Cora stood there amazed with her mouth partially opened in a smile and her eyebrows arched.

"What made her say that?"

"I told her that her things felt some much more comfortable. The fabrics were softer and the skirt was so comfortable." I paused for a moment. "I hated the things I was forced to wear." That was the first time I admitted it aloud, and with very strong emotion. "So that weekend we

went shopping and she bought me things that I could wear without them being too..." I couldn't think of the word.

"Girl...?" Cora laughed.

"Yeah..." I frowned but at least my eyes met hers.

Cora wandered back toward the Florida room and gazed out at the pool in our back yard. Mom put a lot of effort into the landscaping and this wasn't lost on Cora.

"Your mom has good taste." She said quite seriously. "Now..." Cora turned toward me.

"Show me your room."

I led her, for a change, back through the dining and living room. We walked up the stairs and nearly directly into my room. My mom's bedroom was at the other end of the hall. I opened my door and walked in followed by Cora.

"Oh...my God...!" Cora again looked around in wonder, her mouth agape and her eyebrows arched. "This is the most androgynous girl's bedroom I've ever seen!" She laughed. "You have boy bands on the walls and pictures of flowers and, in spite of the baby blue walls, the fragrance of whatever you use to scent your clothing is in the air."

Cora turned and gazed at me with a bemused expression on her face. She raised her hand and I flinched. But all she did was softly run her hand along my cheek. Her smile now reminded me of my mom's when she's feeling...motherly?

"I think your room is sweet." She turned again to gaze about. "I love your queen bed. Is that for sleep overs?" Cora giggled. "So you and a friend could snuggle after you've satisfied him?"

I gazed down at my fingers. I hadn't stopped blushing since we walked in but I still felt myself flush even more.

"And you actually have a vanity?" Cora laughed as she gazed at my 'desk' and chair.

"My mom bought it at an auction. She liked it but she already had one so it became my desk. It's antique or something?"

"Yeah... Queen Anne I think... Very nice..." Cora walked over to it and sat down on the small chair that nested in the vanity. "So..." She began to open drawers. "Where do you keep your cosmetics?"

"Ummm... I don't have any?" I winced at her question.

I'd always wanted to put some color on my face. But all I had was my mom's stuff and I dreaded using them and feared misplacing them upon finishing. When I was younger, I would

sit in wonder as she totally changed the way she looked with just a touch of color here and a dab of it there. She always used color sparingly because she had such an amazing natural look.

On occasion she would indulge me and do my face as well. I remember glancing at myself in her vanity mirror when I was quite young...maybe five or six...and marveling at how beautiful I looked after her ministrations to my face. I remember even trembling from the excitement of looking like a girl. It felt...I felt so...natural.

Mom would show me a picture of her at the same age all made up and we could have been sisters; almost twins. That was the first time I could remember wanting to grow up to be mom. I told her so at the time. And when people would ask me what I wanted to be when I grew up I would answer; "My mom..." They naturally assumed I wanted to be a lawyer like she was.

There wasn't anything about my mom that I didn't want to be. The only thing I didn't want was to be lonely like her. She rarely had anyone over. And she certainly never had anyone as a 'guest' overnight. Mom would go out with 'the girls' on occasion and maybe once in a very rare while on her own.

Sometimes one of her girlfriends would stay over but that was about it. I couldn't say that she had much of a social life. I could relate and understand because I didn't have any social life at all. Indeed Cora was the first person from school ever to come into my home. And who knew if she would ever return. But simply her nearness was enough. I was being blessed just to breathe the same sweetly scented air as she did.

"Well..." Cora barked at me. "I'm waiting. What did I tell you about keeping me waiting?"

I was so lost in thought that I hadn't heard her at all.

"I'm sorry. I was lost in thought."

"Get over here and sit down."

Cora held out the chair at my desk. As I approached I saw a plethora of small cosmetic cases scattered across the desktop. She also had several brushes and some cotton swabs.

"Oh...my...God..." I muttered under my breath. She was going to do my face.

"No Jackie... Your Goddess would be more correct." Cora laughed.

She was right though. I would have worshipped her right there on the spot. And maybe I was by giving her my very soul as an offering. After all, she was doing whatever she pleased with me and I was not simply allowing it, I was sort of...begging for it? I took my seat and, with a deep breath, let her once again have her way. She carefully examined my face.

“Our skin coloration is almost the same but your hair color is way diff.” Cora stared at my eyes with an analytical expression. “You have such amazing skin. It’s almost translucent...so very pale. I bet you never had a single zit in your life.”

I peered up at her with soulful eyes.

“Don’t be frightened.”

However did she know? I was truly terrified of what she would do...of what I would see. I hadn’t played this game in so long that I was no longer accustomed to seeing myself with some color on my face. ‘Don’t be frightened’ was easy enough for her to say.

“What are you scared of anyway?” Cora asked as she opened one of the color pots and rubbed the bristles of one of her brushes in it. “All you’re going to see is what’s already there anyway. I’m only going to point it out. Now simply relax.”

And so it began. I felt her brush on my lids and then on other parts of my eyes. She worked swiftly and smoothly. Obviously she was as skilled at this as any artist with their tools of their creativity. I felt the wetness of a brush around the lashes of my eyes and then, after opening them, I saw her apply the mascara; two coats to both sides of my lashes.

I gazed into Cora’s smiling eyes. She was definitely enjoying herself. She applied a blusher with the thickest fluffiest brush ever. Then she bit her lower lip as she began to outline mine with a deep pink color.

“It’s a berry color with a lot of blue. It’s a cool color that compliments your face. I wear it sometimes but I prefer something with a little orange in it. That brings out my eyes and hair.”

I smiled and nodded.

“Stop moving.” She giggled.

Cora’s attention was so very focused. I was surprised she was spending so much time with me. Granted she wasn’t into boys, but at least she certainly could be spending her time with a real girl instead of a...’fake one’ of her own making. I really couldn’t say I minded what she was doing.

I was actually curious to see what I’d look like according to my Goddess Cora. I wished I hadn’t taped up those Katy Perry and the Hemsworth brothers pictures over the mirrors on the vanity but I really couldn’t stand seeing myself continually. I simply never looked ‘right’ or proper. It was that inner, yet to be defined, image that lurk in some dark corner of my mind.

“Hold still! And stop drifting off to where ever your mind goes.”

Cora's voice snapped me back to the here and now. I focused on her again. Though she'd been at it for only ten minutes or so, it felt like hours to me. When she finally filled in my lips with the lipstick on her brush, it was like a grand finale. Whatever she had in her mind was done. I was done. Cora grinned wickedly as she gazed at her work.

"You're such a fucking hottie." Cora laughed.

I didn't know what to think. She could have given me a clown face or something. Nothing she did would have surprised me. Although I must admit whatever she did do seemed to shock me for sure.

"You have to see what you look like."

Cora took my hand and I got up to follow her to the mirror on the closet door. I was so totally stunned and amazed at how I looked; so feminine and so mature. I no longer saw a twelve year old boy or a tall underdeveloped young girl. What I finally saw was the image that had been so deeply hidden.



**I could now put a face to an identity I never knew I had, but always felt I had.**

"Let's see what you've got to wear."

Cora immediately dove into my chest of drawers and began to rummage around. I was still transfixed by my own real image that when she opened the door to my closet I backed up so not to lose sight of myself.

"You know..." I heard her somewhat muffled voice from deep within my closet. "I really need to take you shopping. You really don't have much in the way of variety and if you're going to truly be Jackie from now on, you're going to need a 'Jackie' wardrobe."

What...??? Did she mean I was going to school dressed up as Jackie???

“Yes...! That’s exactly what I mean. From now on you’re Jackie; the school’s new little hotty.” Cora laughed so wickedly. “I can’t wait till the boys to get ahold of you. You’ll have dates lined up for months. You won’t know who to suck off first.”

‘I didn’t want to ‘suck off’ anybody’ I thought...at least not yet...if ever...as if. Cora finally emerged from my closet with a soft pastel pink tee shirt and white cotton draw string pants. She also carried the one pair of unmistakably feminine pumps with an inch and a half heel. I only wore them around the house. There was nothing very androgynous about them at all.

Cora handed the cloths to me and went back to my drawers to seek out something she considered passable for a panty. But all of mine were basically boy cut with lace bands along the waist and in colors more suited to my taste; pastels and such. She tossed a white panty over her shoulder which I just barely caught followed by a pair of white knee highs.

I began to undress being very careful when I finally got down to Cora’s swimsuit. I removed it and started to hand it to her.

“Keep it.” She said. “I don’t want it now that you’ve worn it. Anyway, I have another one just like it.” She never looked up at me. She just continued to rummage in my drawer. “God...! You don’t even have a trainer.” Cora said with a snicker as she continued to shuffle through my things. “And you’ll definitely need thigh highs if we’re going to put a skirt on you.”

What...??? A skirt...??? Hmm...

“That’s right...” She turned to face me. “With a face and a slim figure like yours and a few months on hormones...you’ll be a killer for sure. And...” Cora gave me a leering grin. “If you want to continue to play with me...then you have to be the hottest babe going. I don’t settle for just any babe in case you haven’t guessed.” Cora turned and walked back into my closet. “Now get dressed so that we can surprise your...mommy.”

Her laugh felt like daggers plunging into my tummy and heart. I began to quake all over and tears were quickly welling up as I began to dress in what she’d already picked out for me.

“Please...” I begged with my hands in prayer position. “You can’t do this to me.”

But Cora only laughed.

“Of course I can and...” She turned and quickly grabbed several tissues from my desk top. “...I will. Now dab at your tears. You better not fuck up your makeup job.”

Cora’s admonishing expression underlined her words. She quickly dabbed the corner of my eyes and then handed me the tissues. I held a tissue to the corner of each eye as I quickly ran through all the scenarios of how my mom would express her disappointment with me. It was one thing to

dress sort of neutral but it was quite another to so overtly display my...confusion...so...so vividly?

“But you don’t understand...” I sobbed and sniffled. “Mom’s never seen me like this. This...” I waved my hands from head to toe. “...is too much.”

“So...? What can she do? Throw you out?” Cora chuckled. “In that case I’ll take you home with me. Then we can play together all the time. Won’t that be fun? I think once you’re house broken you’ll make a wonderful pet.”

Cora’s words sounded so much like a treat rather than a threat.

“Then we can do mani-peds whenever. And we definitely need to change your hair color.”

Oh my God...! Cora now sat down and pulled even more cosmetics out of her bag. She began to do her face as well. I was fascinated as she put on a foundation to cover some of her gorgeous freckles and then some concealer. Cora quickly and efficiently changed her look to be even more awesome than it already was.

“I mean you’d look so much better as a blonde.” Cora snickered as she rubbed the second coat of lipstick between her lips. “That way your ditziness would be easily explained.”

My what...?

“I mean look at you.” She got up and turned me to face the mirror again. “With your big oh so innocent looking eyes and those wonderfully pouting lips...” Cora turned me toward her again and she stared deeply into my eyes. “I would love to get you on your back and fuck your brains out.”

I was horrified! Who would ever image such vividly profane words coming from someone as totally gorgeous and feminine as Cora? But I could see the heated passion in her eyes. And just how would she accomplish that since I didn’t have a vagina?

“Or better yet...! I’d fuck you from behind until your asshole smiled back at me.”

I stared at Cora in wide eyed shock. So now I knew. But she just giggled as she wrapped her arm around my waist and pulled me close to her. Our hips were touching and then I felt her boobs against me.

She gently stroked her finger tips down my cheek. The look in her eyes changed from lust to something else. It was the same sort of look I often received from my mom. She smiled. Then she leaned in and our lips touched in the softest of kisses. I simply couldn’t help myself as I wrapped my arms around her shoulders and closed my eyes.



Cora pulled her lips from mine and left me with my eyes still closed and my mouth slightly opened. I couldn't believe what had just happened. She simply took me. And the sensation of our lipstick coated lips sliding ever so slightly when they met was...heavenly.

"You liked that. Didn't you?" Cora laughed.

I blushed and looked down only to see her clothed breasts press into me as she breathed. I didn't like it. I loved it. I couldn't remove my arms from her shoulders and in fact I silently prayed and begged for another of her sweet kisses.

"I love that look on your face. That hunger...that desire...that wanting so suits you." Cora touched my forehead with hers. "I want to tell you something that you must never forget." My eyes were still closed as I continued to rest my forehead against hers.



**"The only true domination is in the complete and total submission of one woman to another."**

Her words were like a Beethoven piano sonata to my ears and the melody kept repeating as I thought about what she said. Cora lifted her head away from mine and gazed into my eyes. She smiled and there was so much warmth in her smile.

"Look at all the time I'm spending with you...on you. The more you submit, the more I become attached to you. The more you let me have my way, the more I must do to you. The more you give me control, the more control I must have; the more I crave. And soon we won't be able to live without one another. You will be the yin to my yang. Only together will we ever be one."

Her words were intoxicating. I wasn't completely sure of what she was speaking about. But I luxuriated in the sound of her voice. She was crooning to me and the softness, the lushness of her tone was hypnotic. It was like listening to a mantra and suddenly finding myself in the midst of it...totally engulfed by it...totally engulfed by Cora.

Once again she leaned into me and kissed me on the lips. This time she lingered. I felt her massaging my lips with hers. Cora's tongue was dancing, tickling, and licking my lips in an enticing, graceful, and passionate pas de deux.

I was at a loss. This was the first time anybody other than my mother kissed me. And my mother never kissed me like Cora did. I let her lead and she had no doubt what so ever. Her tongue penetrated me with a forceful thrust seeking out mine...and then attempting to caress mine. Cora bent me slightly back and I simply gave into her arms as she held me.

This kiss was even more exciting than the last. She was literally taking my breath away between her lips and her tongue and her now roving hands. I moaned into Cora's mouth as she squeezed my butt cheeks and then again when she circled and pushed against my butt hole through the fabric of my pants and panty with her fingers.

And when she pulled me tighter against her pelvis and rotated her hips against me, I could feel her rubbing against my dick. I sighed and moaned again as I felt myself leak into my panty but this time it wasn't pee.

"My my..." Cora chuckled when our lips finally parted. "You're such a little anal slut...aren't you?"

I blushed as Cora continued to hold me close to her. She leered at me wickedly and suddenly went directly to my ear and pulled on my ear lobe with her teeth. The effect was astounding. My knees nearly buckled as the electric pulsing sensation went directly to my dick. Then she licked around the edge of my ear sending shivers throughout my body.

"So... Do you think your...mommy...is going to like me?"

Cora giggled. The manner in which she said 'mommy' terrified me. But what was even scarier was her planning to be present when my mom came home. I would have no chance of removing my makeup.

"Please..." I begged with moist eyes. "My mom will be home soon."

"You know..." Cora spoke as if she didn't even hear me. "If you had real tits, I could really drive you crazy."

She reached beneath my tee and gentle began to rub my nipple. I closed my eyes and moaned. The pleasure was amazing.

"You have nice nipples you know." Cora giggled. "They're nearly as nice as mine. Would you like to see mine?"

"Uhhh..."

Before I could even reply Cora took a step back and unbuttoned her blouse. I was so very captivated by her beauty and her hair that blazed in the sunlight that I never even noticed what she wore. Her blouse was a very pale pastel green which emphasized her amazing eyes.

“Give me your hand.”

Cora didn't even wait for me. She simply took my hand and brought it to rest atop her boob. I couldn't even look. I was so overwhelmed with...with everything that had already occurred. I wasn't even remotely ready for such an intimate action as feeling her boob. She pressed down upon my hand and I could feel her nipple poking into the palm of my hand.

“Open your eyes dammit!!!” I was shocked into doing just as she commanded. “There...that's so much better.” Cora crooned. “I don't show my tits to just anyone you know.”

I felt the soft but firm fleshiness of her boob beneath her very sheer bra. I glanced at her face and her eyes were closed. She was breathing heavily through her parted moist lips. I also noticed a slight smile. She was enjoying this...what I was doing...what we were doing. I was actually giving a girl...no...a woman pleasure. I never thought that would ever happen.

“Mmmm...” Cora moaned and opened her eyes. “You do have a nice touch; soft and gentle. It's very much like a woman's touch.” Cora smiled and giggled. “Tell me something...” As if I could resist anything she asked. “Did you read the manual?”

“Huh...?”

Cora clucked her tongue and rolled her eyes.

“By the time a girl is your age, she should know how to please herself. Well...do you...?”

I stood there, my hand still on her boob, with a totally clueless look on my face. Cora removed my hand from her boob.

“That's enough for now. I don't want to spoil you.” She snickered. “By the way...smell your hand.”

I put my hand to my nose. I could almost feel her body heat. And when I inhaled...the aroma of her fragrance was faintly detectable.

“Where's your puter?” Cora turned and looked toward my desk. “Ah ha...!” It was off to the side on the floor.

She quickly picked up my laptop and turned it on. I couldn't believe her brazenness. But I should have expected it anyway. She seemed to have no boundaries...or filters for that matter. Cora typed something in once it booted up. She quickly made a few clicks with the mouse that was resting atop my desk. I hated the touch pad thingy.

“Well...” Cora turned to me with a huge grin on her face. “What do you know? I found your porn.” She laughed.

I quickly rushed over to see what she’d found.

“Nooo... Please...” I was close to tears...yet again.

But Cora only laughed.

“Do you like the way her lips are wrapped around his cock? And they’re such pretty lips in that ox blood red color.”

“Please...” I was so embarrassed.

“Is that what you’d like to do...suck a cock?” She glanced up at me and then hit the viewer only to expose another photo. “Oh... And look at this one. That’s such a nice fat cock. How do you think that fat cock feels up her ass?” Cora snickered. “Do you think it’d be more heavenly than my strap on?” She leaned into me with a lewd grin on her face. “Would you like a cock like that up your ass?”

Strap on...? That thing...? Up my...butt? Oh my God...! My fantasies were one thing. But the reality of something that size in me?

“Oh... Here we go. Do you think she likes the taste of that pussy she’s sucking on?”

Even from the side I could see Cora’s eyes light up. She glanced back up at me.

“Would you like to suck on my pussy? Would you like to lick my clit?” Her smile was so very wicked. “Or maybe you’d like me to suck on your...little dickie or lap at it like a kitten?” She laughed and clicked again. “Oh look. Here’s another big strong handsome man with his cock up that girl’s ass.” She looked at me. “I knew you were an anal girl. You’d probably love me to shove my fist up your ass.”

Cora stripped away all of my secrets. She tore into the very soul of my being. All my little wants, desires, dreams, and emotions were being torn from me and scrupulously examined in graphic detail. I stood and watch as she clicked through a number of pictures. My shoulders were hunched and my head hung down. I was defeated...totally defeated.

“Well...” Cora turned in her seat to face me. “You certainly are gender queer at the very least. I mean there are as many boy-girl photos as there are girl-girl pix. Oh...” She said with surprise in her voice. “And here’s a few boy-boy pictures. How sweet they look together.” I stood frozen. “Look at me when I speak to you. I don’t want to tell you again.” I looked at her. “And don’t you dare cry.”

Cora got up and took me by my shoulders. Then she lifted my chin with her index finger.

“I’ve been rough on you...haven’t I?” I nodded. “I needed to be. If we’re to be friends...very close friends...then I need to know all your dirty little secrets. I need to know what’s hidden deep in your heart...and your soul.”

Cora didn’t laugh or giggle or anything. She simply spoke to me whilst looking deeply into my eyes. And her eyes showed an emotion I hadn’t seen before. I felt like she was actually thinking about me...the real me. We stood silently of several long moments. Her brow furrowed. And just as suddenly as it did, her face broke into a smile. She took hold of my hand.

“Come with me.” She led me to the center of my room. “Get on your knees and sit back.”

I did as she said. Cora lifted up her skirt, which fell to mid-calf, and stood directly in front of me. I could see her nylon thigh highs and her pink thong panty. She then put her raised hem over my head and let it drop; totally engulfing me. Dim light streamed through the beige cotton skirt. My face was at her crotch level.

“I want you to inhale deeply. I want you to remember my scent. I want you to know just how excited you’ve gotten me.”

I inhaled as deeply as I could. The aroma was totally intoxicating, completely entrancing, and fully engulfing. I could smell the aroma of her perfume. But I could also smell the strong, but enticing scent of her arousal. I closed my eyes and let the sensations flow over me. The heat from her thighs was amazing. She was making me dizzy and my entire being was trembling with...desire...kind of?

Cora then pushed my head up against her panty; my nose against her vagina. I could feel her wetness on the very tip of my nose. And her musky almost sweet scent of the sea was really truly overwhelming. Has she not held my head in place, I would have fallen back. To add even more excitement to my body, she began to rub the vamp of her shoe over my covered gnads.

“Do you feel it Jackie?” I heard Cora’s voice. “Do you feel my foot?” Her breathing deepened. “Do you feel my pussy? Do you feel how wet I am?” How could I not? “That’s where you came from. Your mommy has one just like it. Do you ever think of your mommy’s pussy Jackie?” For some reason, her totally obscene question didn’t seem out of place. “I bet you have. I bet you’ve always wanted to see where you came from.”

In truth I had. And right at this moment I wanted to crawl back up into my mom and be reborn as...reborn as...Jackie? Without a single thought, I put my hands on Cora’s butt cheeks and pulled her even tighter to me. I thought I heard her moan.

“Yesss...” I heard her hiss the word. “That’s right my Precious. Make me feel good. You know how.” I swear I could hear a squishing sound as Cora assaulted my nose with her sopping vagina.

Cora rubbed herself slightly from side to side but she held my head still. I heard her moan several times. I could feel my nose tip being drenched by her fluids. I was in heaven; surrounded by her fertile and lush womanhood. She was in heaven; no longer able to utter more of her obscene imagery to me. Or had she really uttering it to herself?

I felt the muscles in her thighs tighten and her butt cheeks become slightly harder. Cora was breathing so deeply that I could hear her. She pressed my face so tightly into her that I thought she would break my nose. I heard a long and low...growl...and then a groan? Suddenly the pressure ease and I felt my face awash with her fluids.

Cora lifted the hem of her skirt and released me from my... my sensual imprisonment. I felt used and abused and I loved the feeling. More has happened to me in the last two hours than in my previous fifteen years of existence. I actually touched a woman's breast. I actually sort of touched a vagina. I actually was able to give a woman pleasure. And, in an odd fashion, I received more pleasure than I'd ever known.

"Look what you did to me." Cora chuckled. The hem of her skirt was raised to her waist and she was examining her panty. "This is soaked through." She looked up at me. "Now you really know why you must always have an extra pair with you at all times. And you'll certainly need an extra panty when you have cum dripping out your ass from your...lover."

I nodded my head though I barely heard her words. I was still entranced by what Cora had just done to me. She then grabbed her shoulder bag and walked into my bathroom holding up the hem of her skirt. She set the bag down on the counter top and turned on the water.

"Do you have a clean wash cloth?"

She suddenly put her hand to her mouth and giggled. I had no idea why until I went to the sink and saw my face in the mirror. My lipstick and eye cosmetics were smeared about. I looked a royal mess.

"Don't worry Precious." She giggled. "I'll wash you off and fix your face. Now first give me a hand would you?" I came to her side. "Take off my panty for me. Can you do that?" Cora snickered and her wicked smile reappeared.

I knelt down and just as I took the waist band in my hands Cora stopped me.

"No baby doll... Do it with your lips." She chuckled.

I gazed up at her not knowing what to think or do. Cora turned so that her navel was at my nose.

"Well sweet heart...? What are you waiting for?"

I moved in and gently took the waistband between my lips. Very carefully and slowly I tugged it down thinking I was going to glide past her very wet and aromatic vagina. But, in fact, what did happen is my nose wound up in what past as the soaking wet gusset.

As I bowed lower I caught a brief (pardon the pun) glimpse of her amazing vagina. It was totally denuded of hair and the lips were still quite swollen with her excitement. I must confess it was quite a sight to behold. I was amazed at the complexity of different parts and stunned by the still quite swollen nubbin at the top of its slit. It glistened in the light from her fluids.

Cora then lifted one leg and then the other as I bowed low enough for her to step out easily. She then took the dampened wash cloth and slowly wiped between her legs.

“I should make you lick me clean but that would only excite you...wouldn't it?” She laughed.

In truth...I think it would have. Or at least it would have gotten me as excited as I could mentally get. Physically, nothing much was happening except my dick felt super sensitive and I was wet in the crotch...again. I stayed on my knees looking up at Cora with the panty hanging down between my lips. She bent and smiled at me.

“That's a good little doggie.” She giggled as she pet my head. “Now let go.” Cora spoke in her teasing sing song manner.

I let go and stood up, my face crimson beyond belief but I was grinning from ear to ear. Cora was gazing at me as she washed the cloth off in warm water and wrung it out. She brought the cloth up to my face but I held her hand for a moment.

“What's the matter Precious?” A feigned sad look appeared on her face.

“Ummm...” I was embarrassed to tell. “I can smell you on my face.”

I whispered; my head down. Cora leaned in and sniffed me. She grinned and giggled.

“So...? What...! You're not going to wash your face for a week or something?”

I giggled. I must admit the thought had occurred to me. What never occurred to me before was that maybe a girl could be...fun?

“I'll tell you what... I'll give you this panty so you can sniff me whenever you'd like. But I really do think we should wash you face and I'll quickly fix your makeup. You certainly can't have me on your face when your...mommy...comes home.” She laughed.

And so Cora set about washing the makeup off. She commented that we...I loved the thought of we...had to hit the drugstore and purchase some cleansing items as well as some skin care things if I wanted to maintain my 'new self'. She then took me back to my desk to reapply different coloration to my face.

I couldn't argue with that. I liked my new self. I liked Jackie. And in spite of all the trauma and nerve wracking drama, I really had enjoyed my time with Cora. I was hoping that it wouldn't end. I felt energized in her company. Every part of me was caught between trebling in fear and quaking in ecstasy.

"We should go now." Cora said with conviction. "Before she comes home. You'll need these things for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow...?" Oh...my God...

Cora stopped applying cosmetics to my eyes and stared at me with pure menace.

"You don't think I'm going through all this trouble for just an afternoon do you." Her face was flushed with real anger. "This is who you are and if you can't accept that...well then I'm out of here."

Cora slammed the brush down on the desk top and began to turn to leave.

"Please...!" I cried. "I want you to stay. But do I need to do this for school?"

"Yes...! Whatever did you think? Do you really think anybody noticed you enough to even care how you look? Only I did. Only I cared enough. You do this tomorrow and you'll simply be another cherry bomb at school that is out of the reach of mere mortals. Otherwise...?" Cora looked at me with disdain. "You can do your semi drag thing forever and not be anyone or anything. But it will be without me."

She had me and she knew it. She was right. As I thought back to the image I saw in the mirror, the one I could relate to, I knew she was right. I simply couldn't be without her and I would do whatever she asked to keep her with me.

"And...by tomorrow at ten, everyone in the school will have seen you putting on my bathing suit in the girl's locker room."

I was seriously beginning not to like her wicked grin. I went from crimson red to pale white in a mere instant. I'd completely forgotten about those pictures and her video. It seemed like so long ago. Cora smirked. She knew she had me ten times over. I'd never survive the year out of sheer embarrassment. I sat back down in the chair; defeated, resigned, but for some odd reason...at peace.

Cora finished doing my makeup and I got, and followed her to my bed. Cora reached deep into her shoulder bag and pulled out a plastic bag containing a fresh tong panty. She opened the bag, removed the thong and handed me the empty bag.

"You might want to put my...gift into the bag. The scent will last longer."



Cora laughed. She was right...as usual. I did just what she told me. With my 'gift' neatly and securely tucked away, I turned to see her with her arm outstretched; panty in hand.

"Well...? You took them off so it's only right you put them back on."

She grinned wryly as I took the delicate almost non-piece of clothing. I knelt down yet again and held it so that she could put her long lovely leg back into its place. The second foot soon followed and I carefully eased the scant garment up her legs. I made sure that it fell into place perfectly without taking the liberty of touching her without an invitation.

"Good job Jackie."

Cora spoke in a mocking tone and chuckled as she grabbed her bag and swung it over her shoulder. I followed her down the stairs as she led the way back out. I grabbed my backpack and locked the front door with my keys as she waited by the car's opened door. I slid into the seat and she closed the door, got in her side, started the car, and backed out.

As we slowly moved forward, Cora put the top back down. Then, after placing her hand upon mine, she really sped down the street toward the drug store. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the feeling of the breeze flow over my hair.

"You know Precious..." Cora glanced at me. "I think we should make babies together."

What???

"I think you'd make the perfect mother. You have such maternal instincts."

She had to be kidding! Me...? Maternal instincts...? Having babies...? I stared at Cora with wide-eyed wonder. Whatever would she come up next?

"You know...?" She glanced at me again. "Within maybe five years they expect to be able to transplant a uterus. We could have one implanted in you. Wouldn't you simply love to always be pregnant with our child...our children?"

Cora wasn't giggling or laughing. Could she possibly be serious?

"I would so love to see you nurse our child...our children." She glanced at me. "Wouldn't you love to do that? I mean we would have to have more than simply one or two...or three." Cora sighed and quickly glanced rather dreamily at me.

Oh my God...! Maybe she was serious. Thankfully...THANKFULLY we arrived at the drug store. She turned off the ignition, hopped out and came around to open my door. As I slid out of the seat Cora smiled.

“Don’t you just love being treated like someone’s girlfriend?” This time she giggled. “You know...? We’ll have to start you on hormones as soon as possible. I could give you my pills until we can have you examined by a specialist.”

“A specialist...?”

“Yes my Precious...an endocrinologist...”

I hadn’t told her it’d already been done. I hadn’t told her the decision my mom made. I was still digesting the past few minutes of conversation...well...not really conversation but my Cora delivering the Gospel according to Cora.

She took hold of my hand and led me into the drug store. I’d been in this one numerous times with my mom but I didn’t recall where the items I needed...the panty liners and such...were kept. I had no reason to know that before.

Cora grabbed a hand basket and shifted it over to me. She led me down an aisle by my hand that was labeled ‘Feminine Hygiene’. I was amazed by the number and variety of products involved in the care and maintenance of a vagina. Light days...heavy days...in between days... And the number of different fluids and creams and ointments was astounding? Oh...my God...!

“Pay attention sweet heart...” Cora grinned at me. “You’ll need to learn how to do this by yourself soon enough. These are what you need.”

Cora grabbed the largest box of panty liners on the shelves. And after handing them to me she grabbed two more different types. I carefully looked at the descriptions as I placed each box into the basket. She was getting me regular unscented liners, extra protection pads, and pads that were designed especially for...thongs?

“You’ll always...pardon the pun...” That was the brand name. “...need to have at least two or three with you at all times.” Cora snickered. “First of all, you never know when you might have an...accident? Secondly, should some girl be in need of something whilst you’re in school or the girl’s restroom, you’ll be well prepared to help.”

‘Wonderful’ I thought as I looked into the nearly filled basket. Cora, grabbing my hand again, led me back up the aisle. She suddenly stopped and bent down to grab a box off of the bottom shelf.

“Here...” She handed me the box. “You’re definitely going to need this.” She chuckled.

I gazed at the box. It was a fountain syringe with a douche nozzle and a smaller one for enemas. I glanced up at her with eyes wide and mouth agape. Was this what I thought it was for?

“Yes... It is. Hygiene is going to be an important part of your life from now on.” Cora smiled wryly. “That is unless you want to clean off my strap on with your filth on it.”

Before I could answer she took my hand and led me away from this section and into another aisle.

“You might consider using scented or even flavored cleansers. That’ll be entirely up to you.” She spoke without even looking at me. “But if you wish to feel the pleasure of a tongue up your ass...I’d suggest something...fruity perhaps?” Cora laughed.

I was horrified. There were other people in the store and she wasn’t even making an attempt to modulate her voice. Anyone could overhear what she was saying and I felt like they did. I felt as though every prying eye, and ear, was focused on us...on me. And my basket was nearly overflowing with very personal and private items?

I should have expected Cora’s random behavior by now but...well...she certainly never ceased to amaze me. I wasn’t even aware that we were in the beauty products section when she began to hand me plastic and glass bottles containing various yet to be determined products.

“You’ll need these things for sure.” Cora said. “Makeup remover, eye makeup remover...”

I had no idea there was even a difference; or that these things even existed. I had often watched my mom do her makeup but I was never awake when it came time for her to remove it. I knew she put different creams and lotions of various parts of her body but I simply thought these were...’grown up things’? Now I suddenly had an assortment, albeit a small assortment, of my own.

“I have a few cosmetic kits at home that I’ve never used.” Cora led me toward the front of the store. “I’ll give you some things and show you how to use them.” We came to the checkout counter. “Okay... Dump your stuff babe.”

I began to take things out of my basket one by one. I examined each item as if it was from another planet. The woman at the register gave me a glancing look and a smile. I blushed and looked down as I bought the last two items out and set them upon the counter.

“I think we should get your tongue pierced.” Cora smiled at me. “That way...when you lick my clit...I’ll get a real charge.”

I stared at Cora totally horrified and not believing she said that so matter of fact like. And where she could definitely be heard by the cashier no less! Was there no reprieve from her ever random embarrassments?

Cora put one arm around my waist and pulled me close to her. She stared deeply into my eyes. She smiled at me and then, grabbing the hair on the back of my head, she planted a seriously unbelievable kiss on my lips. She began to bend me backward and I had no choice but to grab onto her. Cora sucked the life out of me and then parted lips with me.

“I love it when I can smell my pussy on your face.” Her eyes flashed with unleashed passion.

“Uhhh... Girls...?” The cashier grinned at us. “Your total is...”

One hundred and four dollars...? I had maybe ten dollars and some change on me.

“I got it.” Cora giggled and pulled out her credit card and turned toward me. “Would you like me to shave my pussy tonight? I know you don’t like spitting out my little pubes.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. The woman at the register chuckled and glanced at me. I...well I tried to shrink into the floor. I tried not to look up or around me as the woman bagged my new things. I grasped each bag clutching it to me as if I could hide behind them. Cora took my arm but held me in place for a moment.

“Okay sweet heart... Let’s get you cleaned out so I can try that new strap on.”

Cora giggled as she then led me out the door.

“How could you do that to me?”

I whined. I was close to tears. Cora didn’t miss a step to her car and she again opened the door for me.

“Listen Precious... You really need to stop caring what people think about you...or me for that matter.” Cora closed the door and went around to her side. “You’re not even the same person you were this morning. Think about it.”

I did and she was totally right. I didn’t look the same or even feel the same. Certainly my look left no doubt or ambiguity about my gender...my chosen gender. And certainly the way I viewed the world, my world, was different as well.

Whilst being with Cora was...interesting...I wondered what it would be like to wander about in the mall looking as I now did. Would I get the sneering stares that I was accustomed to when I glanced at the women’s fashions on display looking a bit more like a boy?

And what if I went to school on the first day looking and feeling as I now did? Would I finally mesh with the other kids? With the exception of being essentially boobless, could I enter the girl’s restroom without a second glance? Or would I still need to use the boy’s room in the cafeteria or some other out of the way corner of the campus?

As we made the short drive back to my house, all of these questions...and then some...ran through my mind.

“Yeah...” I responded in a once again defeated voice. Did she always need to be right? “I am different than before. I feel different than before.”

“Better...? Do you feel better?”

“Yeah... I guess...”

“Don’t play games with me!” Cora was genuinely angry. “I’ll stop this whole thing now and you’ll be left with nothing. Do you understand me?”

“Yes...” I shrank back into the car seat. “I sorry... It’s just that...”

“It’s just that’ what!” Was there nothing that would appease her? “It’s just that you finally see something you like when you look in the mirror? Is that it?”

“Yeah...” My gaze was fixed on my fingers.

“It’s just that you’re feeling happy being what you really are?”

“Yeah...”

“Well...if you want this to continue...because...” Cora glanced at me. “...we’re far from done, and if you want me to deal with your...mommy...then you’d better behave yourself missy.”

“Yes Cora...” I squeaked out my reply.

That was the first time I actually referred to her by name. We drove the rest of the way to my house in silence. What she had said, and what I was thinking, rolled over and over in my mind. As I saw my house appear around the corner, I made the decision. I would become the best ‘Jackie’ I could possibly be and I would never again question Cora’s intentions.

Once back inside the house and up in my bath room, Cora helped me put away all my new possessions. I could barely believe that the cabinet beneath the basin now housed three different boxes of panty liners. Cora removed three from each box and set them aside.

“You’ll need to carry these at all times.” She said as she closed up a box. “We really need to get you a shoulder bag.” Cora glanced at me. “Maybe we’ll go to the mall on Friday night. It’s not like you have a date to blow or something.” She giggled.

Cora picked up the syringe box and gazed at it thoughtfully. She then looked at me in thought.

“Maybe I should show you how to use this now.” My eye brows arched and my jaw dropped. “You should really keep yourself clean at all times.” Cora carefully inspected the box as she spoke. “I mean...just a couple of quarts of nice warm water and a bit of scented soap...” She looked at me. “...and you’d be all squeaky clean and ready for some luck boy to shove his cock up your ass.” She laughed. “Or...if you’re a really good girl...my strap on instead.”

I simply shook my head. Was I becoming inured to her...totally random... her loose cannon ways? At that point I didn’t know what else to do but giggle as well. Thankfully and gratefully she put the box next to the panty liners.

“Okay...let’s try on different looks.”

We went back to my desk where Cora dumped out the entire contents of her shoulder bag onto the counter. I couldn’t believe the huge amount of...stuff...she had in it? After carefully setting aside all the cosmetic products she kept in her bag, I realized that she had far more different colors than she could possibly use in a day.

I mean I’d only seen her those few times at school and she always seemed to stick to only a few different looks. I must say that each look on her was more awesome then the last.

“Okay...”

Cora picked up one of the new bottles of goo she got for me. She put a small amount on a tissue and began to wipe away her previous work.

“This is how you use the makeup remover for your eyes.”

I was amazed at how quickly and easily all the color was removed. I was even more amazed at how quickly Cora could reapply her cosmetics on me. Even though she had done this twice before, her adeptness with her tools, the brushes and swabs and such, reminded me of some craftsman, or even some artists I’d seen, with their tools.

“You know...” She said as she worked. “We really need to get you a set of brushes and stuff. Once you learn how to do this...” Cora leaned back to gaze at me. “...you won’t be able to stop. It’s such a trip to play with all the colors.” She leaned back in. “Of course you’ll find certain looks you like but...” She chuckled. “...it’s always fun to play with new ones.”

I felt much calmer this time. I’d become accustomed to Cora working on my look and I felt that I could trust her not to make me look foolish. I’d seen so many girls in school with way too much makeup on and they almost looked like circus clowns.

Finally Cora was finished. She leaned back and looked at me with pride. Then she took a comb and adjusted my hair just a bit.



**”Well...? What do you think?”**

I was speechless. Of course I loved the look. It was even more mature looking than what she replaced. I loved the coolness of the colors she chose. They actually accented my skin tone and emphasized my eyes, which now looked huge. I turned to Cora with a huge grin on my face.

“God... You look so amazing.” Cora gazed at me with a surprised expression. “If you only had blonde hair...” She sighed. “Well... That we can fix...but maybe not today...” She giggled. “If we do too much, your...mommy...will have a cardiac when she sees you. By the way...when does she get home?”

That was an excellent question. I hadn't heard from mom all day. That usually meant she was too busy for words. She rarely went the day without at least a text or two. I went and got my cell phone and texted mom my usual question; '???' I didn't need to wait long for an answer.

“She said she should be home in an hour or two.”

“Good... We have time to do one or two more looks after you feed me.” Cora chuckled.

I was getting hungry myself. I smiled and led her out of my bedroom and downstairs into the kitchen. An inspection of the fridge revealed a number of tasty offerings. Cora stood by my side as we surveyed the food.

“Wow... Your...mommy...is a neat freak. I can't believe the way she has everything in its own plastic container and how she stacks them so perfectly in line.”

“Yeah... I guess she's kind of a stickler for things being in order?” I needed to know why she kept emphasizing 'mommy' in the manner she did.

“Why...? Well...” Cora gazed at me with a serious expression. I could see she was thinking of an answer. “Some girls have penis envy...you know? I have...mommy envy.” She laughed.

“Where is your mom?” I knew it was a very personal question. But then again...what hasn't been?

“Who knows...” She spoke with disdain. “And who the fuck cares... I sure don't. And my dad sure doesn't. Maybe she's dead.”

I was stunned by her answer. I couldn't understand how anyone could hope that their mother was dead. She certainly explained why she said the word 'mommy' in the manner she did. Cora didn't even bother to look at me when she spoke. I felt as if the question was like more of an annoyance to her than anything else.

Once we decided what to snack on, we sat and ate together at kitchen the island. It was nice to sit with someone other than my mom for once. I hadn't had anyone's company since a few disastrous play dates in lower school years ago. The guys just wanted to play football or soccer or something. I wasn't very good at any sport so I kind of faded out of that picture rapidly.

“I envy you.” It just came out of me.

“What...?” Cora seemed genuinely surprised. “Why...?”

“Because... You seem to have it all together...you know? You’re gorgeous. You have that amazing color hair. And those freckles are...”

“I hate them.” There was no mistaking the tone of Cora’s voice. “They make me look like a freak.” Cora stared down at her snack. “I tried to cover them up but then I looked like I have a mask on.”

“Well I think they’re amazing. I’d give anything to have them.” I would’ve too.

Cora gave me a sideways glance.

“Yeah...? Well one night my fucking step brother started to connect the dots with black magic marker while I was passed out. I hope he eats shit and dies.”

Cora, much to my surprise, spat the words out with pure venom.

“Oh my God...! What a pig!” I was stunned that anybody could be so cruel.

“Yeah...” She froze for a very long moment. She glanced at me for a moment. “He raped me.”

I froze and I felt my heart burst with pain. I could see hers as a tear flowed down her cheek. I reached out and placed my hand over hers.

“I am so sorry.”

I felt a tear welling up. Cora interlaced her fingers with mine. She gazed at our hands and our fingers rubbing gently together.

“Yeah... Well... That was wife number three.” She sat quietly for a moment and then gazed up at me. “Only my dad knows...and now you.”

There were so many things I wanted to ask Cora but...well...they might be too personal?

“And no...” She smiled through her tears. “I’ve always liked girls. I was just born that way.”

“I still don’t get it. Why me? Why did you pick me?”

“Because...” Cora sighed. “When I first saw you...I knew that you were just like me.”

“Like you...?”

“Well... Not like me... But like the other half of me?”

“What do you mean?”



I couldn't imagine what Cora saw in me that she would find so very attractive. Cora stared at me for a moment or two. Then she took my hand in both of hers. She gazed at our hands and then at me.

"We're both outsiders. We simply don't fit in." I couldn't argue about that. "We both know pain...inside pain. And we both need a place where we can be who we are. I don't mean a real place like school or something. I mean a place inside of us."

"Yeah..."

"And when I first saw you...I knew you were the one. I could feel it...sense it. But I had to release the person you really were first."

"What do you mean?"

"You weren't a guy. Anyone could see that...or at least I could. I needed you to be the real you otherwise...well...what would be the point. I don't do boys...remember?"

I sadly had to admit she was right. I put my other hand together with hers. I really didn't fit in before...in the other schools. And I certainly couldn't be myself because I didn't know who that person was. But I kind of liked the person I saw in the mirror after Cora performed her magic. And I could kind of relate to that image in the mirror. She was right...again...as usual.

"What'll I tell my mom? This is definitely going to freak her out."

"Don't worry about your mom. She's going to be just fine with this."

"How can you be so sure?"

Cora rolled her eyes and shook her head.

"Your mom is a lawyer...right?" I nodded. "So she's not stupid." I felt offended by that word. "She no doubt has had you see doctors...right?"

"Well yeah... Everyone sees a doctor."

"You know exactly what I'm talking about so don't even try to bullshit me." Cora was angry. "I bet they wanted to put you on hormones...right?" Her knowing smile was unnerving.

"Yeah..." That definitely was not my favorite subject.

"So...? What happened? I mean you're obviously not on testosterone."

Cora was sensitive to the subject and she softened her voice accordingly. She even took my hand.

“Look... I know this isn't easy for you. But if I'm going to help you then I need to know what your mom knows.”

“Well...” I looked up into Cora's eyes. “I didn't want it done. I didn't want the hormones. I didn't want a beard or huge muscles or any of that. I didn't like myself that much as I was. But I certainly didn't want what they were selling.”

“And what did your mom say?”

“She was fine with it. I don't think she wanted them giving me drugs either.”

“Did you two talk about it?”

“Well...? Yeah... She said it was up to me.”

“So... The big question is do you want it.” Cora grinned.

“Want it...?”

“Yeah... You only need to do two things.” I was listening. “You need to grow tits...and I saw you already started. And maybe you need to lose the boy junk.” Cora was quick to add. “But that's optional...”

I thought about it. Did I want it...like forever? I knew that's what Cora meant. Was I even ready to make that decision? Forever is such a very long time. Cora took my hand in hers again. She stared at me and smiled.

“I will be with you all the way. I want you for my own. What you've experienced so far is nothing...nothing compared to what we'll do together.” Her eyes lit up with excitement. “But the only way I can accept you is as a girl...as a woman. That's who I am and that won't change. You're already there in your mind. You only have to realize it...and own it.”

I knew I didn't have very much time. Mom would be home and that was that. When I thought about what Cora saying 'it was nothing compared to what' was in store for us...well...my mind spun. It spun tales of wild and wanton goings on. It also spun tales of the closest intimacy ever. No secrets...no hidden messages...just us. God...that sounded so very enticing.

But what would I have to give up? “You don't get unless you give.” It's not like I had much of anything to give up. Myself...? I'd done that repeatedly...to Cora already. I put myself in her hands because...well...she willed me to do so. And yet I survived. No...I thrived. I truly felt alive, and happy, for the first time I could remember.

Being with Cora was like riding and truly wicked and evil roller coaster. Every minute you're on it you regret it. But once you're done with it...all you can do is say...”wow...that was fucking

amazing...I want to do that again..." and laugh as you walk away. Oopsies...she even has me dropping the 'F-bomb'.

I guess I gave that one away. Of course I said...

"Yes... I want to do this. I want to be yours forever. I want to give myself to you."

And of course I also burst into tears. But inside I was happy; frightened out of my mind...but very happy. I committed to something and to someone and it felt good...it felt right. I was amazed at how I suddenly felt so relaxed. A feeling of warmth and euphoric completeness flowed over and through me. I had made the decision. From now on I was Jacqueline...Jackie.

Cora got off her stool and came around to hug me. The emotion of the moment overtook her as well. As I sat and she stood hugging me, I could hear her softly crying. I knew that this is what I wanted but now I knew how important this was to her. I had faith in her and she treasured that fact.

As we hugged I also felt a bond grow between us. Cora was right. I was the other half of her in many ways. I was always so withdrawn and guarded with both my words and actions. She was totally random and without any filters or restraints. She exposed me to a myriad of new and wonderful experiences in only one afternoon. Cora would be my doorway to the world and I would be her 'new eyes' through which to view it.

There was only one thing left to do; tell mom. But tell her what? Do I tell her that I had a new mom? That I had someone new to guide me through my new life? And how do I convince her that Cora isn't crazy and neither am I? And how do I do this all without hurting her...without making her feel...inadequate?

And how do I keep my loose cannon from going off in mom's face...and ours? So far Cora has proven that she really didn't give a rat's ass about what anyone thought about her. What would my mom think about that? I had a million questions flying around my brain and the only answer came from Cora: "I'll handle it."

"Come on baby doll... I have one more look I want to try on you." Cora sniffled, blotted her tears, and giggled. "I want to try my colors on you."

"But won't our hair color be..."

"You're going blonde. You would look totally amazing as a blonde." Cora grasped my chin and turned my head a bit. "Yeah... And we got to get your ears pierced. I think two in each lobe would be a great start."

Two...? In each...?

“Yeah...” Cora spoke as if she was thinking aloud. “Then we can worry about the nostril and a labret.”

Thank God she didn't mention my tongue.

“The tongue can wait.” Cora giggled.

Faaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhk! I just thought it. I didn't say it. But my face must have said it all.

“Oh don't worry Precious. It's really no big deal.” Cora laughed. “I'm going to get one or two as well. Just to keep you company.” Then, as almost an afterthought Cora spoke again. “Yeah, we definitely need to get navel piercings.”

I felt myself turning ...green? The whole idea of pushing needles through any part of my body was...well...barfo!

“You know...?” Cora said with a really wicked grin. “If I got my clit pieced and you got your...your thingy pierced...we could chain ourselves together tongue to clit for the weekend. Doesn't that sound awesome?”

I was weak in my knees and totally blown away by Cora's suggestions for my body mutilation. I mean the ear thingys sounded okay...and maybe even natural. I mean all the girls had them. I always admired the different earrings the girls in school wore to decorate and even augment their looks. And it would be neat to wear mismatched earrings just for fun. But the other sort of sacred bodily parts...hmmm...

Cora took my hand and led me back upstairs for one more turn in at my desk. Now I would have to unveil the mirror to see my image. Now I even looked forward to that. Once again the makeup remover and the cleanser proved to be a godsend. In no time at all Cora had her 'blank canvas' awaiting her magical touch.

And use that magic touch she did. This time though, she took extra time and care applying the colors she normally used on herself. What an amazing act of karma if Cora's colors worked just as well on me as they did on her. I mean I didn't see it but then again I was learning. I couldn't wait for her to help me get the brushes and stuff I would need.

Cora finally finished but she wouldn't let me gaze at my reflection quite yet. She looked at me for more than several long moments. The intensity of her gaze was amazing. Every little part of my face had to pass some sort of major inspection. She even touched up and redid my blusher and a part of my lower eyelid. Just as she finished I heard the front door open and then close.

“Jacques... I'm home.”

I heard my mom speak in her lilting voice. She never ceased to transmit that warmth and smile of hers the moment she walked in regardless of the type of day she had. I suddenly felt that warm and fuzzy feeling I always got when I saw or heard her.

I looked up at Cora. Her sly grin was of no comfort and reminded me of the task at hand. I could hear my mom set her keys down on the entryway table and then her slow footsteps as she ascended the stairs. I got up and walked out of the bedroom only to meet her at the door.



**”Ohhh... Hello...”**

My mom didn't recognize me at all!

I had no idea of what I looked like but whatever Cora did changed me enough to make me unrecognizable to my own mom.

“Hi mom...” I said with a grin.

“Jacques...?”

Mom leaned in to get a closer look at me and suddenly the realization that I was indeed her son hit. She frowned. I was in trouble.

“Honey... I thought I thought I told you I didn't want you playing with my cosmetics.”

“They're mine actually.” Cora appeared with a giggle. “Jackie and I were just seeing how she'd look in my colors.”

Oh...my...God!!! Cora said 'she'...AND Jackie. Mom stared at her for a moment. Now...the odd thing about parents is that they generally only see and hear what they expect to see and hear. Mom never heard the 'she' or the 'Jackie'. Mom simply smiled.

“And you are...?”

“I'm Cora. I'm Jackie's friend?”

“Oh...”

Mom was caught a bit off guard. She walked over to Cora and extended her hand. Cora grinned and took it.

“Well...” Cora said as she turned toward me. “What do you think of this look?”

“Uhhh...” Mom gazed at me. “I think it’s...nice.” Mom gazed at me appraisingly. “That tone would suit him better if his hair was a lighter shade though.”

“Well...” Cora grinned. “I was thinking maybe blonde. Jackie would look amazing as a blonde.”

Mom cocked her head to one side and gazed at me.

“Yeah... I could see that. But Jackie...” Mom turned to me. “That is what you’d like to be called...isn’t it?” I was somewhat shocked but managed to nod. She turned back to Cora. “But Jackie is a little young to be dying her hair.”

Oh...my...God... Mom called me ‘her’? Could that really be?

“But there are a few natural methods of lightening her hair.”

Mom did it again!!! She said ‘her’!!!

“That would be awesome.” Cora couldn’t contain her excitement. “I was also thinking that maybe this weekend we could get her ears pierced?”

“Well...” Mom looked at me and shook her head. “I don’t know. Hair coloring is one thing but getting piercings...”

“How old were you when you got your ears pierced?” Cora was getting quite bold now. “I was eight.”

“Yes... Well... I was very young as well. But you and I are female and Jackie...although I let Jackie play...so to speak...he’s not. Piercing is permanent and I really don’t want my child to do anything that can’t be undone.”

“But mom...” Okay...so I can be a whiner. “I don’t want to be a boy anymore. I never was one anyway.”

Mom held her arms out to me and I, naturally like a magnet, went into them. She held me and kissed the top of my head.

“What’s your interest in all this anyway?” Mom sounded a little put off by Cora...well...by Cora being Cora.

“I’m Jackie’s friend.” Cora looked at me with tenderness in her eyes. “And I saw how unhappy she was being who she was. All we did was talk about things and try on a few looks.”

I gazed up at mom.

“I finally saw the image of me that was in my mind. It was staring me back in the mirror mom.” A tear rolled down my cheek. “It felt so good. I felt so good when I saw it.”

Mom wiped away my tears carefully and stared down into my eyes. She was deep in thought for the longest moment.

“Well...” Mom sighed. “Why don’t we all have some dinner and we can talk about this.”

We piled into mom’s car and drove to the diner we usually go to. It was the local Greek diner with ten thousand different things on the menu. As we ate, Mom asked Cora about the same number of questions as there were items on the menu. We all had variations of the burger special with fries.

Once mom was satisfied that Cora wasn’t some demented junkie or a total psycho hose bitch, she warmed a bit to her. Mom was a bit upset that I let Cora drive me home without her usual vetting. But Cora got the okay to drive me in the morning if she wanted.

We managed to avoid the main topic until we all returned to my house. Mom brought us all out onto the back patio after making coffee. We sat around the pool kind of in a circle. The slight breeze blowing was refreshing as we sipped our coffee and waited for someone to begin.

“Well...” Mom broke the ice. “What you both seem to be saying is that Jackie...” She used my ‘new’ name again. “...wants to continue life as...Jackie...a teen girl.” Mom looked at me. “Is that about right?”

I looked from mom to Cora and then back to mom. I nodded, my eyes wide at even this slight admission.

“Do you know what that means honey?” Mom leaned forward a bit in her chair. “I mean do you really know?”

I shook my head. All I knew was that I needed to take hormones and get my own cosmetics.

“You’ll need to see that doctor again. You’ll need to see a psychiatrist. You’ll need to see a psychologist. We’ll need to get a name change and do a number of legal things. You’ll probably need to get into some kind of group therapy as well. What you’re asking for is not all that easy. It’s more than simply hormones and changing your mode of dress.”

“I know mom.” I really didn’t and I was sure my voice reflected my ignorance.

“And there are more than a few cases of people who undid what they originally thought they wanted.” Mom looked at me carefully trying to determine if this was truly what I wanted. “You can’t escape whatever is bothering you or who you are inside by simply changing your...identity. Do you understand? This is something that’s not totally reversible once you get past a certain point.”

“The only thing that bothers me is being in this stupid body looking the way it does. I hate it.”

I didn’t hold back on me vehemence. I really hated the way I looked before and loved the way I looked now. This was the first time I could admit that to anyone other than Cora.

“And what about you...?” Mom gazed at Cora. “What part did you play in this little drama?”

“Look...” Cora seemed more than a little put off by mom’s tone of voice. “All I did was I recognized who and what was always there. I mean you must have suspected something all along otherwise Jackie would have already been on hormones...boy hormones.”

“Did it ever occur to either of you that maybe I just didn’t want my child on drugs...any drugs?” Mom’s lips narrowed. “Hormones...any hormones...are simply not the safest thing in the world to be taking.” She was becoming miffed. “Estrogen, progesterone, and God only knows what else are not like taking vitamins. There are side effects. The same is true with testosterone.”

“Was that the only reason you didn’t allow Jackie to take hormones? I mean you must have suspected something.”

I couldn’t believe that Cora would be so...forward and vehement. She was actually going head to head with my mom. I wasn’t crazy about that happening.

“I mean...did you think that Jackie’s growth was normal for a fifteen year old? Listen to her voice. Look at her face. She’s even started to grow tits because she’s not making any boy juice.”

“Is that true?” Mom gazed at me.

I looked down and nodded.

“Let me see.”

Mom sounded concerned. She got up and took the two steps toward me.

“Show your mom baby doll.” Cora smiled serenely at me.

I lifted my tee up to expose my...booblettes? Mom felt gently around the area. Her expression was very serious. She looked lovingly at me and then sat back down. She gazed at me lovingly. Then she addressed both of us.



“You must understand...especially you Cora. This is my only child. I always knew there was something different about her...” Mom said ‘her’ again. “...and I didn’t need a doctor or so many tests to confirm that. All I want is for Jackie to be happy. That’s all. It’s very simple. If doing this thing will make her happy, then I’m all for it. But...I must be sure that this is Jackie’s choice and not...”

Mom paused for a moment. I could see she was becoming very emotional about all this. And I understood that. Mom has never forced me into doing anything. She always let me have a choice in decisions...or at least heard my opinion. All she wanted to do was to be sure this was truly my choice.

“...something she might have read or heard about. I want to be sure she’s not being talked into something she may not really want...or need.”

“I want this mom.” I was more passionate about this than anything ever. “This...” I waved my hands up and down my being. “...is what I want to see in the mirror every day. This is who I really am. And I want this to be forever starting tomorrow.”

“You want to go to school dressed as you are wearing makeup?”

I nodded with a smile.

“Well... You realize that this won’t exactly go unnoticed by your classmates and your teachers.”

“I know mom. But there’s a reason you put me in that school to begin with.”

“And I’ll be with her every day...all the way.” Cora became quite excited. She could see where this was heading.

“What happens at the end of the year when you graduate?” Mom’s question was quite pointed.

“By then...?” Cora giggled. “Well by then Jackie will be a fully grown Jackie. Anyway...I’m only going to be in Miami. I’ll be around for sure.” Cora grinned and looked at me. “She’ll be fine.”

Mom looked at the two of us. Then she spoke to Cora.

“I expect you to be good to your word. It’s not going to be easy for Jackie. I’m especially worried about any problems at school. I also expect you to look after her best interests as I would...and will continue to do.”

“I will.” Cora spoke with total delight.

“Wait... I’m not finished yet. I also expect you to accede to any of my wishes. If I don’t want Jackie to do something...I expect you to agree with me whether you do or don’t. Jackie is only fifteen and I want her remaining upper school years to be very productive and...uneventful?”

“Oh definitely...! I’ll keep her out of trouble to be sure.” Cora was most emphatic. “By the way... How long were you in labor when Jackie was born?”

“Oh...” Mom thought for a moment. “About six hours. Why do you ask?”

“Well...” Cora grinned slyly. “I’ve been with Jackie since about three this afternoon. It’s now about nine? Does that make me her...mommy too?”

I should have known!

## **Epilogue:**

The school year went quickly. By the time June had come Jacques was but a vague memory that was fading faster than I could ever image. Cora went off to college but she was never far from me. I would visit her on campus for the weekend and she was home on vacations. And then there were the frequent trips for a wee bit of week day delight?

I managed to graduate a year early because of all my advanced placement courses and I joined her down in Miami. We lived together in one of the University suites. Life with Cora continued to be totally random and totally amazing.

True to her word, I got all the piercings she desired and I must admit I truly loved the way they looked...even the ones that couldn’t be seen with my clothes on. And again true to her word, we did spend a lot of free time chained to one another in various obscenely pleasurable positions.

We were both well on our way to spending forever together and nothing would get in our way. Even when we decided to get married, mom cried and did all the wonderful things every mother should to complete the second most amazing day in her daughter’s life. The most amazing day by far was my meeting Cora and her ‘giving birth’ to the new me.



**“The only true domination is in the**

**complete and total submission of one woman to another.”**

I finally, with age, understood what Cora meant. I always thought she meant that with my submission to her, she would therefore dominate me. But that wasn't true at all. When I totally and completely submitted to her will, I became her center in life. Everything she did revolved around me. It was I who wound up dominating her very existence. I found this to be a wholly and mutual satisfying trade.

Authors Note: This tale is dedicated to Cait Ni Fhearghail and the sadly departed Meaghraid Ni Dhomhnaill.

