



MIA

Brianna Luna

Prologue

July 10, 1999

Jeremiah yawned and laid back on the couch. His parents were out for the night, and Jill- the babysitter, was in the kitchen talking on the phone. It was well past his bed time, which was usually ten o'clock, but whenever Jill kept him he could usually stay up until after midnight, or until his parents came home and forced him to run to the bedroom and pretend like he'd been asleep for hours. He looked over at Jill and sighed. She was a Junior, seventeen, and really attractive. The kind of girl who wouldn't give a skinny little kid like Jeremiah a second look, even when he's a Junior, that kind of girl will be out of his league.

Jeremiah was a thirteen year old, skinny, pale, half Japanese kid, and when he actually admitted it to himself, quite a bit of a nerd. He had tried, when he was younger, to play sports, but after a horrible season on the soccer pitch, and an even worse go at baseball, he was thankfully relieved of his father's jock dreams for his son and allowed to follow pursuits he was more interested in, like playing with his computer, and role-playing games. He also played the violin, another nail in the cool coffin if there ever was one.

He flipped the channel again, another infomercial. Jeremiah sighed. I hope, Jeremiah thought, that somehow the infomercial goes away by the 21st century...Or maybe the Y2k bug will wipe it all out and we won't have to worry about it.

Jill hung up and put the cordless phone down on the kitchen table. She walked over and stood in the doorway to the kitchen.

"Hey," She said, smiling. "I'm gonna pop outside real quick, ok? I'll be right back."

Jeremiah nodded, then went back to the tele. He watched out of the corner of his eye as Jill slipped out the back door. Jeremiah got up from his chair and padded through the kitchen into the utility room. He eased up and peered out the window on the back door. Jill was standing at the bottom of the steps. He couldn't tell what she was doing, but she had something in her hand. Then, there was the flash of a lighter, and Jill's face was illuminated as she lit a cigarette. Jeremiah watched as she took a long drag, held it for a moment, then exhaled. He could see the cone of smoke in against the streetlights out in the alley.

He watched her closely, all her movements. Her body language. His attention was on her completely, watching her smoke. For some reason, he felt a stirring in his pants. Seeing the babysitter smoking was turning him on. It was over all too quickly, and he had to run to get away from the door before she could catch him spying on her. He ran into the bathroom and locked the door. His heart was pounding, and he had a raging erection. Jeremiah felt a little embarrassed, but very turned on by what he had just watched, and had no idea why. He'd seen girls smoking before, he saw his mom smoking all the time, but he'd never had that reaction before. He waited a few minutes to let himself calm down, then slipped out of the bathroom.

"You ok?" Jill said as he walked back into the living room.

"Yeah. I didn't hear you come back in." Jeremiah lied, then climbed back on the couch. Jill had a somewhat guilty look on her face, but he could tell she was happy she hadn't been caught. Probably

thinks I'll rat her out, he thought, even though he wouldn't do that for the world. The two of them sat and watched television for another hour, then Jeremiah had to run like crazy to get in bed when his parents pulled up in the driveway.

Jeremiah laid under the covers, his mind racing. Unable to get the picture of Jill out of his mind, more turned on than he had ever been in his life as he played the scene over and over again in his head. For some reason, though, during his fantasy, it became him standing out there under the streetlights, wearing a tight pair of jeans, and a black chemise top, his hair pulled back in a pony tail, his short bangs tickling his eyebrows. He shook that thought away, then confused, he tried to get to sleep.

ONE

August 17, 2001

Jeremiah turned into the driveway and ditched his bike next to the garage. He slung his heavy book bag over his shoulder and let himself into the house, shutting off the alarm on his way in. He dropped the bag next to the door and ran up stairs to his room. Jeremiah quickly pulled out the bottom drawer of his dresser and retrieved the pack of cigarettes, Camel Lights just like Jill's, and a lighter, then rushed down the stairs. He went out the back and leaned against the wall at the bottom of the steps. He lit a cigarette and took a long, languorous drag. The nicotine hit him, giving him a head-rush and making his knees go sort of weak. He watched his hands as he held it between his long, thin, fingers. Imitating all the gestures he'd seen Jill make during the years he'd spied on her in this very same spot. Just the act of it turned him on, made him feel sexy, and when he actually admitted it, girly. He put the cigarette out and hid the butt under a brick, where Jill had hidden hers all those baby-sitting years. Then rushed back into the house.

His parents weren't due home from work for another hour, but you never knew if one of them would get off early, and he wanted to make sure he didn't get caught indulging any of his secret desires. There was very little chance of his parent's catching him smoking if they didn't get him red handed, since both of them smoked, and smoked in the house. He was just too nervous to smoke inside, in case one of them came home before the haze had cleared. But today, Jeremiah had another pleasure to indulge, his most guilty fascination, and one that would bring even more dire consequences if discovered.

He opened the door to the laundry room, and there, easily accessible, were his mother's things. He rifled through the basket and found a pair of black Victoria's Secret panties, and a matching bra. He stripped out of his school uniform and briefs quickly, the clothes pooling on the floor around his feet. He slid into the panties, luxuriating in the feeling of the satin against his legs. He quickly put on the bra, only fighting a little with the rear clasps. He'd been doing this for a while now, and had actually gotten pretty good at the arcane fasteners of women's undergarments. His mother had cool clothes, mostly designer, and very trendy. She owned an upscale salon and had to always look her best. Some items of her clothing were very interesting to Jeremiah. Seeing one of those items in the laundry room this morning before school is what spurred on this little adventure. It was a little, black, Betsy Johnson swing dress. Very cute, and in his opinion, very sexy. He stepped into the dress and worked the rear zipper up with little difficulty.

He rushed into his parent's room and stood in front of the full length mirror on their closet. He turned and swished the dress around, letting it move on its on. Whenever he put on his mother's clothes, he was actually pleased with his body, and that was the only time he ever felt that. His long, thin legs actually looked great under a dress, and his long thin arms looked positively graceful. Jeremiah had been trying to grow his hair out for the last year, and now it was sort of longish, and a little shaggy. With a little primping, it sort of looked like a pixie hair cut, and that suited Jeremiah just fine.

His mother had left a pair of red espadrilles laying outside her closet. They would go great with this dress, he thought, then squeezed his feet into the heels. The wedge wasn't very high, but it did give

him another couple of inches, and it made his calf muscle look great. He pranced around the room, practicing sashaying in the heels. He sat down on the bed and crossed his ankles, like he'd seen his mom do countless times. I'm getting pretty good at this, he thought, then struck another pose. He kind of lost track of time, and was really surprised when the clock next to the bed read ten till five.

"Shit" he said, slipping out of the shoes. Mom will be home in ten minutes, and I have to get all this stuff back where it was. It was a rush job, getting all the stuff back where he found it, and getting back into his school clothes, but he managed. Barely. He was sitting on the couch playing Halo when his mom walked in, at five o'clock on the dot.

"Hi honey," she said, walking into the living room. "Do anything fun today?"

He looked up at her and smiled. "Nah, just hung around the house."

She kissed him on the head and went up the stair to change clothes. Jeremiah just smiled.

October 22, 2002

Jeremiah stepped out of the mall's west entrance. He only had fifteen minutes left on his break, and couldn't be late getting back again or Mr. Wallace would kill him. The sun was already below the horizon, and the sky was a deep red. It was cooling off fast this year, and a cold wind was cutting through the covered area. Jeremiah pulled his coat tighter around him. He lit a cigarette, fighting the wind for a minute or so before he could actually get it lit. He had just taken his first drag when he heard someone call his name. He froze. It was a girl's voice, coming from behind him. He didn't know what to do with the cigarette, or the lung full of smoke he'd just inhaled.

You're caught, bucko. he thought, then turned to face the music.

But instead of a pissed off, adult authority figure, it was Tatiana Brooks, a girl from school. He was embarrassed, and still felt like he'd been caught doing something wrong, which technically, he had.

"Jeremiah?" She smiled at him. "What are you doing out here?"

Jeremiah was dumbstruck. For one thing, Tatiana Brooks was one of the "cool kids". He didn't have any classes with her, and yet she somehow knew his name. He was somehow certain, that this entire encounter was just going to lead to pain and embarrassment, but he wasn't yet sure how.

"Just taking a smoke break. I gotta get back inside in a few minutes. You?" He tried to sound confident, and cool, but thought he sounded high pitched and dorky.

Tatiana was about his height, around 5'8, thin and very pretty. She was a rockabilly chick, which was cool with Jeremiah. He liked the music, and really dug the way all the girls looked. Especially ones like "Tot" who could pull off the pin up girl thing no problem. She was digging in her purse, a cigarette clenched between her lips.

"I can't find my lighter. Can I have a light?" She asked, looking him in the eyes. Jeremiah felt like he was going to die.

"Sure" he squeaked, then fished the lighter out of his pocket and handed it to her. She lit her cigarette and smiled, handing the lighter back.

"Thanks, Jeremiah," she said, exhaling a long thin stream of smoke towards the ceiling. "I didn't know you worked here."

"I work at Etcetera, upstairs." Etcetera is like a novelty shop, with lots of rock tee shirts, and cheap jewelry, all aimed at fleecing the kids out of their hard earned, or easily given, money.

"Cool. I like that place. Some pretty cool junk." She smiled at him. He couldn't help but watch as she absently flicked the ashes from her cigarette, her bright red nails shining. "I didn't know you smoked."

Jeremiah felt really embarrassed, like he'd been caught in a lie. He shrugged, trying to be cool. "Yeah, I have for a while...I don't want to advertise it or anything..." he smiled guiltily, "My friend's don't even know."

"So, now we have a secret." Tatiana said, grinning at him. "Cool."

Jeremiah and Tatiana chatted for a few minutes, talking about bands and music, which surprised Tatiana, because Jeremiah knew a lot about music, especially rockabilly and old punk. Both of them finished their cigarettes and put them out only moments before Tatiana's mom pulled up in a green Volvo station wagon.

"The parental unit is here for retrieval." she said smiling at him. "Thanks for the light...and it was really cool talking to you. See you at school."

She waved and jumped in the car. Jeremiah stood there for a moment, not really sure what to think. He glanced down at his watch and saw that he had one minute to get back up stairs and clock in. He barely made it.

Jeremiah clocked back in and started dusting shelves and straightening product. He was working on his favorite area, Adult Novelties, when Mr. Wallace walked up to him.

"Jeremiah. I'm leaving early tonight. You're gonna be locking up. Remember how to do everything?"

Jeremiah nodded. It was easy stuff. Count the drawers, enter the days totals in a spreadsheet, and prep for opening tomorrow.

"yeah, I got it. No problem sir."

Mr. Wallace patted him on the back. "Good. I'll see you Thursday after school. If you have any problems, just call me and I'll talk you through it."

"Alright. Thanks." Jeremiah said, then went back to work.

It was a slow night, hardly any customers coming in and out. He was able to get most of his work done quickly and have an hour or so to spare. A plan had been formulating in his mind ever since he found out he was going to be closing on his own. There were several purchases he'd wanted to make since he started working at the store, but had been way too embarrassed to do with Mr. Wallace in the building. Tonight, even though it was technically against the rules to sell to yourself, he would buy them without Mr. Wallace knowing.

He walked back into the adult novelties section. There on the shelf were all kinds of toys for adults to play with in the bedroom. Half a dozen different sizes of vibrator, cleverly packaged as massagers, but long and definitely phallic in nature. There were also some fantasy costumes, but Jeremiah knew they were really cheap and not worth bothering with. He'd had his eye on one of the "Massagers" for a couple of months, even though it embarrassed him to even want the thing. he wanted it bad, and he knew exactly what muscle he wanted to massage with it. He blushed and walked away from the section, over to the halloween section.

He started straightening the wigs, sorting the packages back on their appropriate shelves. He stopped at one of them and gently stroked the display model. It was black and burgundy with short bangs, and pigtails. It was perfect.

Jeremiah hurried through the rest of the night and could hardly wait until he could finally close the doors and go on his own little shopping spree. Eventually, the night was over and he closed the gate. He rushed over and grabbed the "massager". It was eight inches long, and smooth. He grabbed the C cell batteries that went with it and put them on the counter. He pulled the wig from it's place on the shelf and put it with his other purchases. His hands were shaking as he grabbed a small tub of "love lube" from the shelf, since he knew what he had in mind for it.

He almost put it all back, but finally decided what the hell, and went for it. He made his purchase, paying full price for them all so as not to raise suspicion, put all the stuff in a bag then closed out. It all went without a hitch, and he was out of there, guilty purchase in hand, a little after ten.

He was so nervous when he got home, scared that somehow they were going to know what he'd bought and call him on it, that he just ran upstairs and ditched the stuff in his room before he even said

hello to his parents. They were watching the news, and had very little interest in talking to him, so he excused himself and went up to his room. The stuff in the bag was calling to him, but there was nothing he could do right now, not with his parents awake down stairs. Instead, he busied himself finishing up his homework so he could get to bed.

The next day at school was absolutely painful for Jeremiah. He couldn't get his mind off the package under his bed. He was feeling a bit guilty about buying it, but at the same time couldn't wait to get home and play with his new toys.

Lost in thought, he was walking down the hallway to his fifth period class. He almost jumped out of his skin when someone sidled up next to him and poked him in the ribs.

"Hey there, Jeremiah." Tatiana said. "What's happenin'?"

Jeremiah opened his mouth to talk, then closed it. What the hell was she doing talking to me at school, he thought.

"Hey Tot..Nothin much. Just trying to make it through the day."

Tot laughed. She was one of those girls who looked good in her school uniform, and somehow managed to make it look absolutely sexy.

"Same here. Hey, what are you doing this weekend...for Halloween." She said, moving in closer so he could hear her over the din in the hallway.

"Halloween isn't til next week." he said, stopping and leaning against the wall.

"Well, its during the week, so this weekend is when all the parties are happenin. So, what are you doin'?"

Jeremiah shrugged. "I dont have any plans, really. Might hang out with my friends some. Why?"

Tot smiled at him. "I dunno, Thought you might want to hang out, hit a party or something."

Jeremiah shook his head. "Wait...Why would you want to hang out with me..." he held up his hands, "Not that I dont want to hang out with you...it just doesn't make sense. I mean, I'm a dork."

Tot laughed, then patted him on the shoulder. "And I'm not? I like you. I think it was kick ass that we got to meet, and I want to hang out. I know some cool parties goin on. So are you in?"

"Ok. I'm game." he said, feeling relieved, but still sort of confused.

"Here's my number. Its my cell, call it any time. talk to you later." she said, then hugged him. Jeremiah couldn't believe it. He was left standing there, dumbstruck for a moment, then started moving. He was still late to class.

What confused Jeremiah even more was how he felt about Tot. She was absolutely gorgeous, but he wasn't sure if he was actually attracted to her. Totally preoccupied, the last hour of class flew by and he was on his way home.

He got home quickly, and didn't have to work so he had the whole afternoon to himself. His mom and dad wouldn't be home for for three hours, and he had plenty planned. he ran upstairs and stripped out of his clothes. He put on a black pair of panties, and a bra that he had snatched out of the dirty clothes, then put on a little black babydoll dress of his mother's that he had found hanging in the attic. He ran into his parent's bathroom and started putting on make up. He'd been practicing for a while, and finally was able to put on eyeliner and mascara without making himself look like a clown. Thanks to some great tutorials he'd found online, he was able to get some pretty good effects. After putting on his make-up, he looked like a teenage girl with short hair. The short hair was something that had always left him feeling less than adequate with his look. That's what the wig was for. He pulled out the wig and removed it from the package. After a bit of fluffing, he put it on and looked in the mirror. The feeling that came over him was fantastic. He actually looked like a teenage girl, and a pretty good looking one at that. He also noticed, that when he was dressed, it brought out even more of his Japanese looks, giving him an exotic flair.

He posed coquettishly in front of the mirror for a minute, still not quite believing how good he actually looked with the wig and make-up. He put on a final touch of red lipstick and trotted out of the room. He put on a pair of black fishnet stockings he had acquired from under a box in the stockroom at work, and a pair of old black Doc Martin boots. He checked himself in the mirror and was quite pleased with the look. Very pleased, if the raging erection he had in his panties was any indication.

Just as Jeremiah was leaving his room, the phone rang. He froze. "Shit!" he said, not knowing what to do. I'm caught for sure, he thought, then sanity came back to him and he realized that they couldn't see him over the phone. He picked it up.

"Hello," he said, his voice cracking.

"Jeremiah?" his mom said, her breathy voice on the other end took him by surprise. "is that you?"

"yeah, mom. Sorry, dry throat," he said.

"Ok, honey. Your father and I are going out tonight for dinner. We have some stuff we need to take care of. Is that ok with you honey, I know it's your only night off work this week."

Jeremiah smiled from ear to ear.

"I guess. What time you think you'll be back?" he asked, hoping they would say late.

"Late," she said, just as he thought it. "We'll be in around eleven. You'll be ok, right?"

"Yeah, Mom. No problem. I'll just hang out around the house. See ya when you get home."

"Alright honey, Call me if you need anything. Bye." His mom said, then hung up the phone.

Jeremiah was ecstatic. He actually jumped for joy. He had the whole house to himself until eleven o'clock tonight. He knew exactly what he wanted to do first.

Jeremiah strutted into the living room and took a seat on the couch. He pulled over his backpack and fished his pack of Camel Lights, and a lighter. He lit one and took a drag, holding the cigarette even more femininely than usual, his hand cocked over his shoulder. He blew it out in a thin stream and giggled when he noticed the red touch of lipstick on the filter. He jumped up and ran to the mirror in the hallway. He posed in front of the mirror, watching the girl in the mirror smoke and flirt.

After he finished his cigarette, he went in the kitchen and poured himself a diet coke. He was going to spend as much time as possible dressed today, and didn't want to rush anything. He walked into the living room and turned on the television. When he set down his drink and reached for another cigarette, he noticed that Tatiana's number had fallen out of his bag. He looked at it for a moment and smiled. He wanted to call her. The idea of talking to a girl, while dressed this way, made him happy. It would be like two girlfriends chatting. Before he knew it, he'd dialed her number and it was ringing.

"Hello?" Tot answered, not recognizing the caller id number.

"Hi, Tot. It's Miah," he said. "what's up?"

"Oh, hi. Miah...I like that. less of a mouthful than Jeremiah. Nothin's up...just hangin. You?" She said.

Miah smiled into the receiver. "Just hanging around the house. The parents are out all night, so I've got run of the house."

"Cool. Where do you live?"

Miah told her, but before he could even finish telling her she chimed in.

"Hey, I'm not far from you right now, I'm over at Baskin Robbins. I could swing by. I'll bring you an ice cream," she said sweetly.

Jeremiah froze. "I...Um, I dont know." He said. Shit, he thought. He couldn't let her come over here. He would have to change clothes again...He wouldn't be able to stay dressed this way with someone else around.

"Oh, come on. It would be really fun." She said, pleading.

"Well..." he said. His mind was racing. Then something occurred to him. Let her see. She already knew his other secret, the one he'd kept from everyone else. Why not let her in on the whole thing. She'd either be cool with it or not. And if she wasn't, he'd just claim it was for Halloween if she

started spreading it around school. Not like his reputation could get any worse he thought. "Ok. Here's my address." He rattled it off and hung up. Now, he was terrified. She was coming over, and was going to see him dressed like this.

Frantically, he jumped up and started rushing around he house. He wasn't sure what to do. He ran upstairs and checked his make-up. Pretty good, he thought. Not perfect, but acceptable. For some reason, a compulsion he didn't understand came over him and he gave his neck a quick spray with some of the Gaultier perfume his mom had on the counter. He rushed back down stairs. He paced around for a second, then walked back to the couch and lit a cigarette. He was pacing back and forth when the doorbell rang.

Jeremiah's heart almost leapt out of his chest. He was so scared he didn't know what he was going to do. Are you sure you can trust her, he thought. Taking another shaky drag off his cigarette. You have to tell someone, he thought, and was walking towards the door. He stood on his tip toes and peeked out the peephole. It was her, she was alone, holding a Baskin Robbins bag. He took a deep breath and opened the door.

Tot stood there for a second and smiled at him. He could tell she didn't recognize him.

"Hey." Miah said, smiling at her. He realized that he had pitched his voice up so it sounded more girly. Pretty good attempt, he thought, though his voice was never very deep anyway.

"Hey, is Miah here?" Tot asked. Then Miah saw the realization dawn on her. "Oh, my god!" she said, her smile widening. "Wow! You look kick ass!" she said, pushing past him into the foyer.

Miah closed the door. He took a nervous drag from his cigarette then smiled back at her.

"You really think so?" he said, his voice still pitched higher than normal. Unconsciously trying to fit the part.

"Yeah, wow!" she said walking around him. "Great legs...Tight little body. Love the hair!" she put her bags on the dining room table right off the foyer. "You have to tell me....How long have you been doing this...Dressing like a girl, I mean?"

He felt really nervous...Afraid of everyone finding out. "For a while...But...You are the first person I've let see me."

She rushed over to him and did something he never expected. She hugged him. He hugged her back tightly holding her to him.

"Well, girlfriend! You've got it going on. Especially for someone still in the closet...you're looking great." She walked over and grabbed her bag and purse. "Lets put the ice cream in the freezer, huh?"

Miah nodded. He led her into the kitchen and put the ice cream in the freezer. "Want a diet coke?" he asked, pulling one from the fridge.

She nodded. He handed it to her. He realized his cigarette was almost burned down, so he went over and put it out in the ashtray in the living room.

Tot was still staring at him, it made him really nervous.

"Why did you decide to tell me?" She asked, putting her pure down on the counter and pulling her own cigarettes out. She lit one and returned the pack to her purse.

Miah didn't know how to answer that. He bought himself a couple of seconds by lighting his own cigarette. He pondered it for a moment then looked up at her.

"You seemed to be interested in the real me. You wanted to be my friend...This." he said, gesturing to towards himself like one of the models on the Price is Right showing off an outfit up for bid, "this I think is the real me. I wanted someone in on it. I thought you were cool, and would be ok with me."

She grinned at him. "Ok...I'm cool with it...But...But I do need to know a few things. Dont get offended Ok...But before, I just thought you were gay..."

"Gay?" he said, a little indignantly. "why would you have thought that?" He realized how absolutely absurd that sounded, but said it any way.

"Everyone thinks your gay...Wait, you aren't?" She said, sounding really embarrassed.

"Well...No...I don't think..." he realized he was blushing and looked down at his feet. He could see the padded bra sticking out from his chest, impeding the view of his Docs. "I'm bi... I think."

"Cool...that's what I was going to ask." she walked over and ashed in the ashtray next to him. "it's ok...I'm Bi too." she said, grinning evilly.

"Really?" he asked, and realized that the way he said it sounded totally air headed. It made him giggle, which only added to the appearance.

"Yeah...I've only been with one girl...But it was pretty cool." She took another drag and smiled sideways at him. "how many guys have you been with?"

He blushed really hard now. "None." he looked down at his feet.

"Oh, well. How many girls?" she said, nudging him.

He looked up at her and shook his head. "I've never even kissed a girl, Tot. I'm a nerd...They don't want anything to do with me."

She frowned, obviously feeling bad about the joking way she'd managed to embarrass him. So, she leaned in and kissed him on the lips. Miah froze for a moment, then melted under her kiss. He realized that he was reacting like a girl to her kiss...The only thing that would have reinforced it more would have been if his foot had popped up, and it almost did. Their tongues slid around each other for a few moments, the taste of her hot, smoky mouth against his woke something up in his panties. The feel of the metal barbell through her tongue was so sensual and he could taste their lipstick mingling as they kissed. Then, Tot pulled away.

"There. Now you've kissed a girl." she said, taking a step back. She smiled and took the last drag from her cigarette and put it out. "You're a good kisser...But, it is like kissing a girl...And not just because of how you are dressed." she said, smiling at him again.

Miah blushed from head to toe. "Thanks." he said. Then he smiled at her and shook his head. "If last week, someone told me that Tatiana Brooks would be at my house, I would have laughed in their face. If they would have told me that she was going to kiss me, I would have called them a liar. If I'd have thought I'd be standing here dressed like this when it happened...I probably would have killed myself!"

They both laughed about that for a few minutes.

They talked for another hour. Tot told him about some of her friends, girls he'd seen at school but had never really spoken to. They were 'cool' girls, all punk, goth or rockabilly chicks. Way out of a dork like his' league. He told her about his friends, and how these days he rarely saw them in person, mainly interacting with them on Everquest. They both laughed about it when he called them his virtual friends. It was five o'clock now, and the sun was starting to go down. Tot looked at him for a moment, and from what he could tell, it looked like she was sizing him up.

"What?" he said, shaking his head.

"Mia." she said, saying it like Mee ah, not My Ah, like normal. "You did a great job on your make up...but...can I re-do it? I'm really good!"

Miah was a little surprised by her statement. First the Mia thing. He liked it. He liked it a lot. Second, by her doing his make-up. He thought he was pretty good, but her make-up outside of school was awesome.

"ok!" he said, giggling. "I'd love it! I love the Mia thing too. Awesome!"

"Cool! I thought Mia seemed more appropriate, considering." she said, taking him by the hand.

They went upstairs to the bathroom. Tot surveyed the cosmetics and nodded. "Cool. Lots of good stuff here...Your mom's got good taste. Now, wash your face."

Mia took off his wig and washed his face good, getting as much of the make-up off as possible.

Tot sat on the toilet smoking a cigarette waiting for him to finish. "Alright girlfriend, have a seat." she sat Mia down on the toilet and started to work. She explained everything as she went.

“After the foundation, we do the eyes. Lets go for some really dramatic cat's eyes.” she started working, putting the liquid liner on thick. Then she put on some mascara, stretching his already long eye lashes to outrageous curled lengths. “Last, we do the lips. I have some of my own lipstick for you, better color.” she pulled out some Urban Decay red lipstick and carefully put it on him. She had him blot it on a piece of toilet paper then applied some more, repeating the process. She grabbed his wig and set it on his head, carefully adjusting it.

“Awesome.” she said, moving out of the way and letting him look in the mirror.

Mia was awestruck. She looked like a goth movie starlet, or musician. She was completely at a loss for words. “wow!” Mia said, standing up. She also realized, that for the first time, even when dressed up, she had referred to herself mentally as 'she', thinking of herself as a girl. Tears of joy started welling up in her eyes.

Tot saw the tears coming and grabbed a tissue. “no crying...You'll mess up the work!” she said, laughing and blotting at the corners of Mia's eyes. “I'm glad you like...You look fucking sexy as hell, girl!”

Mia nodded. She really thought she did look sexy. Not just a little sexy, but a whole lot sexy, like jailbait sexy. She turned and hugged Tot close. “thank you Tot, this is so awesome!”

“hey, Tot said, leading her out of the bathroom. It's easy to paint when you've got such a good canvas. You are really pretty...too pretty to be a boy anyway.”

They both laughed and went down stairs. They had another cigarette and talked for a while about Mia's transformation, Mia asking tons of questions about how it was done. Then, they decided to have the ice cream that Tot had brought over. They sat and giggled, trying to out sexy one another eating ice cream.

“You win.” Mia said giggling. “but, it's not fair because A. you have more practice than me, and B. the tongue piercing gives you an unfair advantage.”

Tot laughed. “ok. I'll concede that. We'll work on A. and, there is no reason you cant have B. for yourself. It would look really hot.”

Mia laughed out loud. “No way. My parents would kill me. Well...My dad would. I dont even have my ears pierced.”

“I noticed that. You work at Etcetera, and you haven't gotten your ears pierced. Duh, you sell the stuff and you pierce peoples ears. Just get it done, you pussy!”

Mia hit her with a pillow. “I'll think about it...both things.” The idea was in his head now. He could do it and just see what happens. His mom, he thought, would be ok with it. His dad, on the other hand would probably be pissed. But, he rarely saw his dad since he worked all the time.

“I'll do it tomorrow at work...the ears, I mean. We dont do tongues or any other places...” Mia grinned at Tot. “You have any other places done?”

Tot grinned back. “sure.” she said, then surprised the hell out of Mia by pulling up her shirt. He belly button was pierced with a single silver ring. “There, “ Tot said, then reached up and pulled her bra down a little, revealing the small silver rings in her nipples. “and there” she laughed hysterically at the expression on Mia's face.

Mia was dumbstruck. She had never seen a girls breasts before in person, well not a girl she wasn't related to. It was awesome. “Wow.” was all she could muster.

“You should get your belly button done too. I'll take you to the guy who did mine...But only on one condition.”

“what's that?” Mia asked, lighting another cigarette.

“You go as Mia, not Jeremiah.”

Mia almost choked. “No way...This is secret...I mean, I'd die if someone found out...they'd kill me at school!”

Tot just waved it off. “No they wouldn't, and who cares who knows. I think I met the real you tonight, and Mia is who I want to hang out with. I'll hang with Miah too, but Mia is my girlfriend, and

I want her around...besides.” she said, nudging Mia in the ribs. “we can share clothes, we're about the same size.”

“I dont know, Tot...I'll have to think about it.” Mia said, looking away. It was eight o'clock now, Mia thought. Only a few hours left before the parents get home. “I'll think about it.”

Tot stood up and started walking towards the stairs. “come on.” she said, scooping her cigarettes and lighter up off the kitchen counter.

“where are we going?” Mia said, standing up to follow.

“I want to see your room.” Tot said, then started up the stairs.

“you dont want to see it...its...well, its messy, and embarrassing.”

“Bah...Its a boy's room..I know. No problem. Come on.” she pressed on up the stairs.

Mia followed Tot upstairs. She poked her head in Mia's room and laughed. “Wow, it is a pit!” she said, grinning back at Mia. Mia blushed and put her hand over her eyes.

“I'm sorry, I didn't think anyone would be seeing it.” She moaned.

“It's ok.” Tot stepped inside. “Wow, cool computer!”

Mia had an Alienware area 51 dominating the corner of the room. There were tons of video game magazines, RPG books and CDs scattered all over the floor amongst the random piles of dirty clothes. “Thanks,” Mia said, “I do a lot of video gaming and stuff.”

“It's awesome.” Tot said. “I've got a crappy old computer...barely will run any games.”

“That sucks.” Mia said, sitting on the corner of the bed.

“Hey, Tot said, smiling at Mia. “I have a great idea!”

“What?” Mia said, sitting up straight.

“I've got that halloween party I told you about....Why dont you go with me?”

“I dont have to work that night...I told you I would go.” Mia said.

“No, Mia...I mean 'Mia' should go with me.

Mia looked at her like she had just told her that she was born on Mars. “what?”

Tot giggled maniacally. “I'm serious!” she said, “It'll be great!”

“no way...I'm...I'm not ready for that!” Mia said, on the verge of hyperventilating.

“Halloween is the perfect time to go out dressed up....Seriously...You've got an excuse for anything you want to dress like on Halloween.”

Mia stopped. The logic was pretty good. “I dont know..I might. Let me think on it, ok?”

“Sure.” Tot said.

She looked at her watch. “Shit, Mia. I gotta go. I have homework to do...” she stood up and hugged Mia.

Mia hugged her tight. “Thank you, Tot. You're the best.”

Tot then surprised the hell out of Mia. She leaned in and kissed her again on the lips, full on open mouth kiss. Mia was in heaven.

“Thanks, Mia. It was awesome.”

They walked down the stairs holding hands. At the door, Tot gave her a quick kiss and jetted out the door.

Mia closed the door and leaned against it. This, she thought, was the best night ever. She walked over to the couch and grabbed another cigarette. She lit it and sat down on the couch. Her mind was racing. She wasn't exactly sure what she wanted to do about saturday night. She did really want to go to the party, and going dressed as Mia turned her on immensely.

She did, on the other hand, know what she wanted to do right now. She put out her cigarette and went up stairs. She opened the bag from Etcetera and pulled out the eight inch 'muscle massager'. She marveled at it for a moment, then fished the 'lovers lube' out of the bag. A great wave of guilt passed through her, but it wasn't enough to stop her.

Mia got up and closed her closet door. She stood in front of the full length mirror and slowly stripped out of her black babydoll dress. She posed in front of the mirror for a moment, happy with the

way she looked in her panties, bra, and fishnets. She looked a little closer, and was unhappy with the fine hair on her legs, and under her arms. She frowned and made note that she would have to do something about that later. She unlaced her boots, then stripped out of her fishnet stockings. She pulled down her panties and dropped them to her feet. Mia's erection was raging now, standing straight out, at full attention.

Mia's cock was around six and a half inches long, and thick enough to be a good handful. Mia laid down on the floor in front of the mirror. She couldn't help but pose for a minute, admiring her body. She opened the tub of lube and scooped some out with her finger. She touched the cold gel to her sphincter and slowly pushed it inside. She gasped as her finger passed her knuckles. Mia slowly pulled it out, then pushed it back in. Then, she slowly slid her middle finger in as well. It was tight, and caused her to grimace, but she pushed anyway, getting it in up to the knuckle. After getting two fingers in, she stopped to catch her breath, letting her tight ass relax around the fingers. Then she slowly started pumping them in and out, working her sphincter open. She started pushing them in and out faster, working it open like she'd done many times before, but it was easier this time with the real lube instead of lotion. She moaned, then rested her head on the floor. Her cock was absolutely straining now. She picked up the dildo and ran her finger down its smooth white plastic length. Getting a good bit of lube, she rubbed it down the length of the vibrator, getting the end good and slick.

Mia rolled over on her back and put her legs in the air. She could see her starfish in the mirror as she slipped a finger in again. She took the tip of the vibrator and placed it against her sphincter and took a deep breath. Then she slowly started pushing. The tip pushed through the tight knot of her sphincter, in about half an inch. She gasped and stopped. It felt huge, so much larger than her two fingers. She laid her head back and panted for a moment, then pushed again, sliding it in another inch. It was painful, and she felt like she was going to rip open, so she pulled it back out. Mia gasped as the vibrator slid back through her sphincter. "God" she said, between ragged breaths. She smiled, then repositioned the vibrator. Again she pushed, and again the incredible feeling of fullness, the pain of being stretched. Then, she had pushed it in further, it was in a couple of inches now. She slowly started sliding it in and out. She started panting hard, barely able to keep the rhythm through the waves of pleasure. Then, she stopped. The vibrator was barely inside her now, only a half inch or so. She set her hips and bit her lip, then pushed hard. The vibrator went deep, the tip plunging into Mia's prostate. She cried out and came all over her belly, long sticky strings of cum spattering the fine hairs under her belly button.

Mia collapsed on the floor and let the vibrator slide out. She was struck by how much that felt like taking a shit, which made her chuckle. Her breath was ragged, and her ass was a little sore...felt sort of stretched. She laid there for a moment, then managed to get up to one elbow and look in the mirror. She didn't want to go back to being Jeremiah. But, she had to. She looked over at the clock. Nine Fifteen.

She hopped up and put her babydoll dress back on, but left the boots and stockings on the floor. She trotted down the steps and into the kitchen. She grabbed a glass of water and downed it, then walked into other living room and lit a cigarette. She knew she was stalling now, trying to eek all the time she could out of this, but also realized that she had to clean herself up, and get the house back in order before her parents got home. So, after she finished the cigarette, she started rushing around getting the house straightened back up. After she finished cleaning up the living room she ran upstairs and straightened up her mom's bathroom. ensuring that she put all the make up and stuff back where she'd found it.

Satisfied, she went into her room and started the shower. Mia took off her wig and clothes and hid them in her closet, then jumped in the shower. She took a long shower, washing her face several times before getting out. She got out and looked into the mirror. Jeremiah was staring back at him. Mia, while never completely gone, was at least not as evident. He dried his hair with a towel, then went into his room and threw on some shorts and a tee shirt.

His mind was still occupied with Tot's kiss, and her invitation to the Halloween party. He walked into the living room and turned on the television. He sighed and started flipping through the channels, his mind completely elsewhere.

TWO

Andrea turned onto the expressway and gunned the engine. The Audi TT jumped like a scalded cat, speeding into the merging traffic with no difficulty. Andrea reached up and wiped a tear from her eye and sniffled, trying to compose herself before she got home. She shook her head, like she was trying to shake all of tonight out of her head, but it wasn't working.

Andrea and Paul had been married for 16 years, getting married right before Jeremiah was born. Andrea was eighteen then, and Paul was twenty one. Jeremiah's father, his biological father, was killed in a car accident the month before Andrea even knew she was pregnant. Paul and Andrea's courtship was fantastic, he loved her even though she was pregnant and had treated Miah like his own son for the first ten years of Miah's life. Miah and Paul ceased getting along about 6 years ago, once Paul realized that he and his son had very little in common. He pushed Andrea constantly to have another child, but she found out that she was unable to have any more children. Since then, their relationship had been strained.

Their relationship had been rocky from the start. Andrea, first generation American born Japanese, was a pure American girl, much to the chagrin of her still rather traditional parent. They wanted her to be American, to get the full benefits of the society they were now living in, but, as they saw it, she only picked up its vices. Andrea smiled thinking of it all. How angry her father had been that she was seeing this white, punk rock hooligan. She shook her head thinking of how much Paul had changed. But, after Jeremiah was born, her father had come around and given her the money to open her salon. She missed both of them so much. They were both killed in an automobile accident ten years ago. She had inherited their home, and was thankful to them everyday for all that they had done for her.

Andrea was reviewing all of it in her head, the whole relationship with Paul. Where did it go wrong, she thought, what happened?

"Lydia happened." Andrea said out loud. She almost broke down again at the thought of her husband and his former associate, now partner together. Andrea had often suspected impropriety, but the extent had never crossed her mind. Paul and Lydia's relationship was almost six years old. Lydia was pregnant with Paul's child, and he wanted a divorce to start his new family.

"Fuckhead." Andrea said, shaking her head again. She took a deep breath and took the exit that lead to her house. She looked in the mirror at the stoplight and dabbed at her eyes with a tissue. Her almond shaped eyes, always so inscrutable, so sultry, stared back at her. The waterproof mascara and eyeliner were holding up well, at least that's not failing me tonight. She chuckled at that thought, then fluffed her hair a little with her fingers. She'd just gotten her hair cut, and changed it to red for the fall. The Victoria Beckham style looked good on her, showed off her long, feminine neck and shoulders.

She pulled out into traffic again, then trying to concentrate on the road, pulled her cigarettes out of her purse. She lit one and returned the pack, all without looking down from driving. She leaned back in her seat and took a long drag, letting the nicotine calm her down a little. She couldn't get her mind off Miah, and how he was going to react to all this.

Sooner than she wanted, she arrived home. She pulled into the driveway, waiting only a moment for the garage door to finish opening, then parked in the garage. Paul's spot was conspicuously vacant, like it had been a lot recently. Like it would be forever, she thought. She waited for the garage door to close before getting out of the car.

She unlocked the kitchen door and stepped in. The lights were still on, and she could hear the Teevee blaring. She dropped her purse on the counter and locked the door behind her.

"Miah, I'm home," she said, leaning over the counter to catch a glimpse of him curled up on the couch watching Teevee.

"Hey Mom," he said, "Have fun?"

She just sighed loudly and shook her head. She took one last drag from her cigarette and put it out in the ashtray on the bar. "No, honey...I didn't. We need to chat," she said.

Andrea could tell Miah was nervous. She made note of the guilty look. He's been doing something, otherwise he wouldn't look so guilty. She smiled at the thought.

"one second," she said, then walked over to a cabinet and pulled out a bottle of rum. She made herself up a rum and coke, still musing on Miah's predicament.

She was thinking back to her high school days. She'd been a crazy little punk rock girl, getting into more trouble than she cared to remember. Her mother said she'd be the death of her, and was almost right. Andrea was always sneaking out, getting drunk or high, and constantly in trouble at school. Miah, on the other hand, was a good kid. He never got in trouble at school, and she was pretty damn certain he'd stayed away from drugs and alcohol...at least for the most part.

She picked up her glass and walked into the kitchen, tossing her purse on the couch before sitting down. She took a drink and composed herself.

"Miah...There's something I have to tell you," she started, then got choked up and had to take a few deep breaths before she could continue. "Your father and I are getting a divorce."

She was crushed by the look of dismay, and surprise on Miah's face.

"I'm sorry honey. He is leaving me for Lydia..."

"Lydia at his office?" Miah blurted out, sounding angry and dismayed.

"Yes. Lydia at his office." She lit a cigarette, sitting in silence for a moment before continuing.

"They are going to have a baby...and he's going to start over. We're going to be ok, Miah. Don't worry about that. I'm so sorry baby."

Miah stared at her. She could see his eyes were filling with tears, and that he was fighting to keep from breaking down.

"I'm so sorry," Andrea whispered, then started crying.

Miah rushed over and hugged her. The two sobbed on each other's shoulders for a while, crying their hearts out. Then, Andrea sat up and wiped her eyes.

"Look honey, none of this is your fault. I don't want you blaming yourself, ok?"

Miah nodded, wiping his own eyes.

"And..." she started, "the salon is doing fine so we're ok for money. Your father will be paying child support...and we will be able to keep the house. We will be good, ok?"

Miah nodded. He looked shell shocked. He hadn't said anything, really, since she'd dropped the news on him. He'd reacted, but wasn't to the point of acting yet.

She hugged him one last time. "why don't you go to bed now, Miah," she said, stroking his hair. "We can deal with all of this tomorrow, ok?"

He nodded and kissed her on the cheek, then turned and walked to the stairs.

"You gonna be ok, Mom?" he asked.

She nodded. "Yeah. I'm fine. Go on to bed, we'll talk in the morning."

He marched on up the stairs.

Andrea took the last drag from her cigarette and put it out, lighting another immediately. She downed her drink, then got up and made another. After three more of each, she felt she was finally able to face the bedroom and started for the stairs herself.

Jeremiah went into his room and shut the door. He felt as if the rug had been pulled out from under him. Earlier, he felt he was at his highest high, now he was at his lowest low. He lay down on his bed and burst into tears, crying ferociously, his breath coming in ragged gasps as the tears rolled freely down his cheeks. eventually, he curled up and cried himself to sleep, still unable to make it all work in his mind.

Miah woke up with sun streaming through the blinds into his room. He laid there for a minute, trying to make out what was going on. His eyes hurt terribly, he'd forgotten to take out his contacts and they were all dried up in his eyes. He got out of bed and stumbled into his bathroom. After much effort, he got the contacts out and located his glasses. He put them on, then brushed his teeth, getting the roadkill taste out of his mouth before it set in permanently.

He looked at the clock. It was already nine-thirty. He was two hours late for school.

"Shit!" he said, frantically racing around to get some clothes on. Dressed in his school uniform, he burst out of his room and rumbled down the stairs. His mother was sitting at the breakfast table, nursing a cup of coffee and a cigarette, looking very tired.

"Mom, I'm late for school!" he said, jogging into the kitchen.

"I know. I woke up and called. You're ok. I told them you may be in if you feel better."

Andrea said, forcing a weak smile. "Have a seat."

Jeremiah took a deep, calming breath. He poured himself a cup of coffee and sat down with his mom. "You ok?" he asked over the rim of his cup.

"Yeah..I'll be ok? How bout you?"

He nodded. "Not much choice in the matter. The decision's not ours to make. So, we make due." he said. He was eyeing her cigarettes, wanting one so badly he could feel it.

"True." Andrea said. "We dot have any say in the matter. That does take some of the pressure off...WE've tried to make it work, and it just wouldn't. So..." she shrugged. "Now, I dot have to bother any more."

Jeremiah looked up at his mom. She was thirty four, but could easily pass for twenty eight. She was thin, fashionable, and attractive, with a slightly husky, sexy (so he'd been told) voice, and a fantastic personality. Jeremiah couldn't figure out what his dad saw in Lydia, the mousy little assistant, when he had such a beautiful wife at home. Miah just shook his head and looked up at his mom.

"So, what are you going to do?" He asked, finally.

"Well...I'm going to go upstairs, make myself presentable, and go to work." She smiled warmly at him. "You?"

"Well...I'm going to eat a bagel, finish this coffee, and go to school." he said. "Then, tonight, I'm going to go to work."

They both laughed. Then, they did just that. Miah yelled goodbye to his mother as he let himself out of the house.

"See you tonight, Miah." she yelled back down.

He went out and got in his car. The car was nice, but a hand me down. It was his mother's old car, a ninety five BMW 550. A nice hand me down. She'd kept it in pretty good shape, but Miah had let the housekeeping down a little and she now referred to it as 'his wreck'. But, it was nothing that a trip to the car wash wouldn't fix.

He pulled out on to his street and accelerated away from the house. He lit a cigarette, finally getting his nicotine fix that he has so badly wanted since his mother's news last night. Within ten

minutes, he was parking at school.

Jeremiah endured two classes before lunch, paying almost no attention to English Lit, and even less attention to trig. When he was walking out of trig, he felt someone sidle up next to him.

"Hi, Mia." Tot whispered. "Where were you?"

He turned his head to face her and smiled wanly. "Had a bad night. I'll tell you about it later." he said. "I had a great time with you last night though." and he really did.

"Cool. Wanna eat with us in the caf?" she said, nudging him with her shoulder.

Miah was a little taken back. "Sure. You dont think your friends will mind do you?"

She shrugged. " Fuck em." They both giggled.

"No, they'll be cool. They're all pretty accepting folks. Sometimes it just takes an introduction to get in the door with them." She said.

They went into the caf and got their lunches. Miah wasn't hungry, so he just grabbed a bottle of water and a grilled cheese. Tot marauded through the salad bar and they both met in the entrance to the seating area. Miah followed her over to her table. Her friends, Eden and Sara, were already sitting down and both looked up smiling, ready to say something to Tot. They stopped when they saw she wasn't alone.

"Eden, Sara. This is Miah. He's a friend of mine. Ok if he sits?" She sat down.

"Sure." they both chimed at the same time, then broke out in a fit of laughter. "We do that all the time." Eden said.

Miah sat down and picked at his food. He didn't have a lot to say, so he listened. Apparently, Eden and Sara were not going to the halloween party because Eden was grounded, and Sara's parents had made some other, inescapable, plans.

"So, its just you and me." Tot said to Miah.

"Well..." Miah started, but Sara cut him off.

"So what are you going as, Tot?" she asked.

"We're going to be go go dancers." Tot said, gesturing to herself and Miah.

The girls laughed, Miah was appalled.

"What?" he asked, indignantly.

"Yeah, I went through my stuff last night. I've got all the stuff to do it. You will only need to buy a couple of things and we're good to go." she said firmly.

"But, I dot know.." Miah started.

"That is awesome!" Sara said, beaming at Miah.

"Yah, that is really cool!" Eden said, eyeing Miah with what he could only identify as a newfound respect.

"I guess..." Miah started.

"No, it's kick ass, Miah. We are so going to rock!" she said, hugging his arm.

He wasn't sure what to say. But, before he knew it. Lunch was over. Eden and Sara both hugged him goodbye, which was really nice, and Tot walked with him into the hallway.

"Sorry to put you on the spot, like that. But look, it will be really fun, and you know you want to do it." she whispered. "Besides, you will look so fucking sexy in this outfit. I'll write down what you need to pick up for he costume and where to get it on saturday. Unless...Do you want to go shopping together on Saturday?"

He thought about it for a second. "I have the day off...sure, why not." he said.

Tot hugged him goodbye and gave him a peck on the cheek.

"Later babes." she said, blowing him a kiss as she walked away.

He watched as her little plaid skirted bottom swished down the hallway and around the corner.

That night at work, Mr. Wallace left early, some sort of function at his kid's school, which left Miah and Alicia there alone to close. It was a completely dead night, with little or no walk in traffic and both of them finished there work by eight o'clock. Miah was leaning against the counter, lost in

thought when Alicia wandered and leaned against it, sighing loudly.

"whatcha thinkin Jeremiah?" Alicia said, grinning at him.

"Nothin...Bored. A lot goin on at home." he said, then sighed. His eyes settled on the ear piercing station by the door. He smiled.

"Hey Alicia...Pierce my ears." He said devilishly.

She looked over at the station, then back to him. "You sure?" she said, laughing.

"Yeah. Lets do it." he said, standing up.

Alicia walked over to the station, but stopped short. "Are you sure you want to do it with the gun, or do you want me to do it for real." she said, putting her hands on her hips.

"For real, what do you mean?" He said.

"Look, gun piercing is all good for 12 year old girls, but you need some thing cooler. I can do it for you. Pick out some jewelry." she said, walking over to the earrings. "Besides, piercing with the gun is really not the best way to do it."

Together they picked out some cool, small hoops, and a cartilage barbell.

"Are you sure about this?" he asked, feeling a little nervous now that he had them in his hand.

"I've done all mine myself, and pierced a bunch of my friends. I've had no problems." she said, pulling her hair back to let Jeremiah see the six earrings in each ear.

Miah looked at them, then smiled. "What the hell." he said, and the two of them laughed.

"we'll do it after close, ok?" she said.

Miah nodded, and the two of them coasted through the rest of the night. After they pulled down the gate and got the money counted out, Alicia led Miah to the back bathroom. She snapped on a pair of blue nitrile gloves and grinned. She cleaned up his ears and finished getting the supplies ready.

"Ready?" she said, holding the needle in one hand, the earring in the other.

"Ready." Miah said, taking a deep breath.

The first two holes didn't hurt badly. The second two hurt a little worse, and the cartilage piercing on his left ear hurt like hell. But, it was done pretty quick, and her toilet-side manner was very good, keeping his mind off things really well. Miah stood up and looked in the mirror. He now had two little hoops in his earlobes, and one cool barbell at the top of his left ear. He turned and admired them, then smiled at Alicia.

"Cool." he said.

"Yeah, it is cool. Looks awesome." she said, putting away the stuff. She went over the cleaning instructions with him, and gave him the product samples to take home. He'd gone over those instructions hundreds of times with customers, so he knew what to do.

"Thanks, Alicia." he said, hugging her tightly.

Alicia giggled, "No problem." he said. "I like getting the practice."

They finished up the work, then walked out together. They stopped and had a cigarette under the awning out back before heading off to their cars. Alicia waved and honked at him as she pulled out of the parking lot. Miah sat in his car for a minute admiring his new earrings in the car mirror.

It was ten o'clock when Miah pulled up in the driveway. He parked in the garage, for a change, since he figured his father wouldn't be coming home. He got out and locked his car, then headed in the house.

"Hey Miah." his mom called out when he came in the house.

"Hey Mom." he said, swinging by the fridge on his way in. He grabbed a diet coke, took a deep breath and walked into the living room. His mom was sitting on the couch, doing her toenails. She didn't look up at first.

"How was your night?" she said, then looked up and froze. "Miah, your ears!" she said, almost dropping her nail polish.

"What? Come on, mom!" he said, instantly defensive.

"No, no. Its cool. I like it." she said. "You did it safely thought, right, cleaned it and everything?"

Miah was dumbstruck. He kind of sputtered for a moment, then said. "Yeah, we did it at work. We have all the stuff there."

She smiled at him. "Hey...I'm not an old lady, Miah. I think it looks cool. Your father was the stick in the mud when it came to fashion. I'm glad to see you expressing yourself."

Miah smiled. "Thanks, Mom."

He got up and hugged her, careful not to knock over her nail polish.

"You really think its cool?" he said, sitting back down.

"Yeah. like a rock star." she said, laughing.

"Cool." he said, laughing with her. "oh, yeah, by the way. My friend Tatiana invited me to a halloween party this weekend. Can I go?"

She froze. "Got a big date, huh?" she asked.

"No. She's just a friend. She planned our costumes and stuff."

"What are you going as?" she asked, putting her brush back in the bottle.

Miah blushed. "Go go dancers." he said quietly.

"You're going in drag?" she laughed hard at that. "Well, I have to have pictures of that, Miah."

Miah wasn't sure what to say. "You're not mad?" he said.

"Why would I be mad?" she asked, cocking an eyebrow at him. "It's not like I'm an old lady, Miah. I'm only thirty four!"

Miah laughed. "I know mom. I forget sometimes that my mom is the coolest. Dad was so...strict about stuff, you know."

"I know. He was. He felt challenged by anything that didn't fit in his little box." Her voice dripped with venom as she spoke. "But, fuck it." she said with a smile.

Miah was floored. He had rarely heard her use such foul language. He couldn't help but laugh.

"What?" she asked, leaning forward and hugging her knees. "I know you use that kind of language, why does it surprise you that your mom does?"

He shrugged. "I dunno."

"Miah...You are sixteen. You will be seventeen years old in two weeks. As far as I'm concerned, I'm going to treat you like an adult." her face got a little stern then. "As long as you dont fuck up and act like a child, I'll treat you like an adult. Deal?"

Miah nodded. "Deal." he said, smiling.

"Now go fix mommy a drink, dont want to mess up my toes." she said wiggling her toes and laughing.

Miah stood up and bowed. "Your wish..." he went and mixed her another rum and coke, then brought it back to her.

"I'm gonna go upstairs and check my email and stuff before bed." he said, leaning over and giving her a kiss.

"Gnight, honey." she said, kissing his cheek. "dont stay up too late, ok?"

He turned and ran up the steps.

Andrea watched him run up the steps and smiled. She was happy to see him asserting himself, and actually did think the earrings looked cool. She had six piercings in each ear, and her belly button pierced, so she was no stranger to going under the needle. It will drive Paul a little crazy that his son has his ears pierced, and that in itself was a small victory.

She leaned back on the couch and thought about Miah's halloween party. The idea of him dressing up like a go go dancer was a hoot, and she really wanted to see him and his friend before they left. Who is Tatiana, she thought, haven't met her. She was glad her son seemed happy tonight, especially after the bomb she'd dropped on him last night.

The next day at school, Miah felt kind of weird. He got a lot of comments on his piercings, some favorable, some unfavorable. But it really didn't matter. He liked it, and that's what mattered to him. He ran into some of his friends after second period, and they thought it was really cool. His buddy, Carl was a little upset that he wasn't going to be playing everquest saturday night, but relented when he found out that Miah was going to a party with Tot.

"Lucky." Carl said, his voice full of jealousy.

"Hey, you dont need luck when you're good." he said. Carl laughed and told him he'd see him later.

Miah didn't see Tot until right before lunch. She had a complete fit when she saw the earrings. She hugged him really tight, then whispered in his ear.

"That is so hot, Mia." then she pulled back and smiled ear to ear.

"Thanks." he said, touching them nervously. "I thought you'd like it."

"So cool." she said. "Now we just have to get that tongue done."

Miah laughed. "lets let this heal first." he said, then followed her into the lunch room.

Eden and Sara were equally impressed by his new earrings, but Sara stopped and-blunt as she always is- fired a question at him point blank.

"So, whats going on with you, Miah?" she said, putting down her soda. "I think you are cool...but before this week, its like you were invisible. What gives?"

Miah didn't know what to say, so he just shrugged. "I really dont know." he said.

"I do." Tot said, "He just needed to meet some new people so he could let his freak out!"

They all laughed, Eden and Tot gave each other high fives. The answer seemed to suit Sara, who laughed and gave Miah a high five herself.

As they were leaving the lunch room, Tot whispered in his ear.

"I'll call you after school. We'll make our plans for tomorrow, ok?"

He shivered as he felt her breath against his ear.

"Sure, Tot." he said. "Oh, yeah...My mom wants to see us before we go to the party, is that cool?"

Tot laughed. "Sure! We can get ready at your place then." she said, then skipped off down the hall. She turned around and ran back to him, holding up her finger like she'd forgotten something. "Oh, yeah." she said, then whispered in his ear. "Shave everywhere. I mean everywhere. I will inspect it." she said, then skipped off.

Miah laughed, then realized she wasn't kidding. He smiled an went to class, feeling more than a little nervous.

That night after work, Miah came home to an empty house. The lights were on, but his mother was no where to be found. There was a note sitting on the counter, with a twenty dollar bill.

Miah,

I'm at the Salon doing some painting. I left you twenty dollars in case you wanted to order pizza or something. I will be home late. If you go anywhere after work, please call the salon and let me know where you are going.

Love,

Mom

PS: We are going to have to get you a cell phone so I can get in touch with you when I need you.

Miah pocketed the 20 bucks and grabbed a diet coke out of the fridge. He had absolutely no appetite these days, and wasn't really eating much so pizza sounded like way too much food. Instead, he figured he'd use the twenty for gas.

He went upstairs and checked his email. He couldn't help but think of what Tot had said. He got up and went down the stairs.

He pulled into the Wal-Mart supercenter a little while later. He walked through the hygiene department and picked up a pack of ladies razors, figuring they were better suited for shaving legs, some ladies shaving gel, and some lotion for after. He couldn't help but wander through the make up aisle, checking out all the cool make-up. He headed to the front and made his purchases, despite the butterflies in his stomach.

Soon, he was back home and running water in the tub. He read the instructions on the back of the can while the water was running. Being half Japanese, he wasn't very hairy anyway, but wanted to get the full experience of being a girl, as much as he could anyway. He lowered himself into the tub and started lathering up his legs. Soon his legs were completely smooth, then he shaved his underarms and the tiny bit of fuzz of his happy trail. He rinsed off and looked down at the mass of unruly pubic hair. He had always liked the looks of women with completely shaved pubes when he saw the pictures on line and in men's magazines, so he quickly shaved his pubes off. Soon he was smooth as a baby's bottom from the eyebrows down. He got out and dried off, then applied lotion to his whole body. It made his body feel so smooth, and his skin so soft. He really liked the way it made him feel, and his penis was reacting to the stimulus.

A few minutes later, he was laying on his bed, slowly working the dildo inside his tight little hole. This time, there was less pain, and the waves of pleasure started quickly as he started sliding the dildo in and out. He was a little disappointed at how little stimulation the smooth surface gave, so he stopped and put the batteries in the 'massager'. He slipped it back inside and turned it on. He squealed with pleasure as he worked the vibrating toy in and out of his ass. He barely touched his cock, instead he was enjoying the feeling of the having his sphincter violated. After about five minutes of solid pumping, sliding the vibrating rod in and out, he touched the tip to his prostate on one of the thrusts and it set off a chain reaction that actually made him cry out as he orgasmed. He stopped pumping and just let the vibrating tip rest against his prostate, which intensified the orgasm, shooting great ropes of white cum clear past the towel he'd laid on the bed.

He collapsed on the bed, breathing heavily, then pulled the vibrator out. He felt his sphincter expanding and contracting, like the mouth of a fish out of water, and that made him moan with pleasure. He lay there with his eyes closed for a moment, then sat up. He noticed a little bit of feces on the tip of the vibrator, and on the towel.

"ooh!" he said, wiping it off with a tissue. "Gross." he said, taking the tool into the bathroom. He washed it off and set it aside.

"I need to figure out how to keep that from happening." he said to his reflection. He was still flush with pleasure. Feeling more than a little naughty after what he'd done. He jumped in the shower and rinsed off then dried off and put on a pair of shorts and a tee shirt. He put the shaving stuff in his cabinet, and hid his dildo and lube back in his closet with his wig.

He went downstairs and had a cigarette in the living room, not particularly worried about his mom coming home yet, but still a little nervous about the prospect of being caught. After he finished, he turned on the teevee and watched an episode of Sex in the City. He couldn't help but rub his smooth legs and arms, enjoying how soft it felt.

Then he noticed the bottle of nail polish sitting next to the couch. He picked it up and examined it. He'd seen his mom paint her nails hundreds of times, and he'd used nail polish before to paint some matchbox cars when he was a little kid. He absently started shaking the bottle while he watched teevee.

What the hell, he thought, and started trimming his toenails and giving himself a sort of pedicure with the tools his mom had left in the living room. Then, he carefully started painting his toenails. It was harder than it looked, and he ended up taking it off once before getting it right. It wasn't a professional job, but it looked good to him. He actually couldn't help but smile everytime he caught a glimpse of his bright red toe nails. Before he knew it, he had started painting his finger nails. He hadn't really intended to do it, but once he started, he figured what the hell. I can take it off in the

morning, he thought, mom won't have to know. Then finished his manicure.

He was laying on the couch, waiting for it to dry when he drifted off to sleep.

Andrea pulled into the garage and shut off the car. She got out and stretched, the muscles in her back horribly sore after painting all night. She quietly walked into the kitchen, locking the door behind her. She could hear the television in the other room, but assumed that Miah was asleep since he didn't call out to her when she came in.

She poured herself a drink, just coke this time, and walked into the living room to wake Miah up. He was curled up on the couch in front of the television. Something wasn't right, but it took her a couple of seconds to figure it out. He was wearing nail polish, on his toes and fingers. Confused, she looked a little closer and realized that his legs, and arms were completely devoid of hair.

What the hell? she thought, still staring at him.

"Uh hum" she said loudly.

Miah woke up with a start. He looked around for a second, trying to focus, then realized his mom was standing there. A panicked look on his face.

"um, sorry mom...I guess I ..." he started, stumbling over his words.

"You accidentally shaved yourself down and put on my nail polish?" she said, unable to hide the agitation in her voice. "What the hell is going on here?"

Miah didn't know what to say. He'd never been a good liar, actually, he was a horrible liar.

"Well?" Andrea said, dropping her purse on the couch. She looked down and saw the pack of Camel lights and lighter next to her nail polish bottle. She couldn't hide her frown.

"And what the fuck is this all about?" she said, picking up the pack. "Dammit, Miah!"

"Mom, I'm sorry." Miah said, sitting up straight. "I didn't mean for you to..."

"Catch you?" she said, sounding even more pissed off. "Of course you didn't mean for me to catch you!" she turned around and paced a couple of feet then turned back to Miah.

"don't move. I'll be right back!" Stalked off down the hallway.

She went in the bathroom and slammed the door. Dozens of thoughts were going through her head, and she couldn't figure any of them out.

Why the hell did he shave his legs? Paint his nails? What the hell is going on with him? Is he on drugs? And he's smoking? Did I have him completely wrong?

She stopped and took a deep breath. Andrea had never been one to go off the deep end, and she felt herself getting remarkably close right now. She calmed herself down and decided she would go and talk to him, get his side of the story and then, decide what to do. She opened the door and walked out.

When she walked in the living room, Miah hadn't moved an inch. He was looking very sad, and scared. She sat down across from him, dragged her purse over to her and lit a cigarette.

"Ok, Miah." she said, exhaling. "You are going to give me the whole story. No bullshit. If you lie to me, I promise I will make it worse."

Miah nodded.

"Start with smoking. How long have you been smoking?" Andrea said. She felt really stupid chastising him while smoking a cigarette, but she was legal, he wasn't.

"About three years." he said quietly.

Three years, she thought, how did I miss that?

"Ok..." she was thinking it through. In her state, it was illegal for minors to buy cigarettes, but not illegal to smoke. He was getting them somehow though. She shook off the thought. She was smoking when she was his age, and it was illegal then for her too. Her parents had gone off the deep end when they caught her, but it hadn't stopped her. She decided to back burner that, think it through later.

"Why did you shave your legs, and arms, and I'll assume, elsewhere? And paint your nails?"

She said, expecting a hair brained excuse.

"I...." he paused. His eyes looked like they were filling with tears. "I have been dressing up like a girl, as often as I could for about the last three years as well." he said, the last words lost in a sob.

Andrea was completely stunned. She didn't know what to say. So, much to her regret, she blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"Are you gay?" she said, regretting it as soon as she said it. More for the way she said it than the actual words.

He just looked up at her. His head shook a little, then he looked down at his lap. "I dont know, mom. "

She had been frozen the whole time they were talking, angry. Now, seeing him in such obvious pain, she stood up and walked over to him. He cringed at her approach, but she leaned down and hugged him.

"It's ok, honey. It is. I just want to figure out what's going on, OK?" she said, holding him close. "Come on...Lets talk about this like adults."

She took him by the hand and helped him up. She grabbed her cigarettes and lighter off the coffee table, and then scooped him up as well. She led him over to the kitchen table and sat Miah down. She snagged the ashtray from the bar and placed it between them. As she walked by Miah towards the kitchen, she put her hand on his shoulder and gave it a little squeeze. His sobs had abated now and he just looked dazed.

Andrea opened the refrigerator. She didn't know what she was getting, more stalling than anything else she supposed. Her eyes settled on a six pack of Bass on the bottom shelf. She looked back at Miah, then grabbed two bottles. She opened them, closed the fridge door with her foot, and walked into the dining room. She set one of the bottles down in front of Miah.

"OK. Tonight, the regular rules are out the window. Got it?" she sat down.

"We need to talk, like two adults here. No artifice, no barriers. I need to know what's going on with you...And you can ask me anything you want and I will tell you. And there is no better lubricant for tell all conversations than beer and cigarettes. " she pulled a cigarette from her pack and lit it. "Start at the beginning." she said.

Miah wasn't sure where to begin, and frankly, he was feeling a bit ambushed by the whole thing. He was glad, on one hand that it was his mom who had caught him, because his father would have killed him. On the other hand, it upset him because he didn't want to disappoint his mother. He looked at the beer, and his cigarettes, and felt trapped. He looked up at her. He was aware of the red polish on his fingertips as he fiddled with the beer bottle in front of him, so he put his hands in his lap.

"Well..." he said, trying to think of what to say. "I've always wished I was a girl. I never told anyone because I figured there was nothing I could do about it, and everyone would think I was weird for saying it. So I kept my mouth shut."

He laid out the whole story, starting at the beginning. He told her everything he could remember, trying not to omit anything. He did leave out the experimentations with the dildo, but other than that he gave full disclosure. After about ten minutes of talking, he gave in and took a drink of the beer. He had only had beer a few times, and wasn't the biggest fan of the taste, but it was cold. After twenty minutes, he broke down and had a cigarette. He realized, while he was talking, that he was not trying to do anything in a forced 'male' way, and that many of his mannerisms were the exact same as his mother's. The way they gestured with their hands, the way they held their cigarettes. The way they nibbled on their lower lip when trying to think of something to say. His mother was watching it all, taking it in. She occasionally asked questions, but mostly let him talk.

It felt really good to get it off his chest, and he hoped that his mother wouldn't be too angry with him for telling her the truth.

Andrea listened to the whole story. It was painful to hear parts of it, how he had been forced to behave a certain way, even though it was against his nature. How he had tried to live up to the expectations Paul and herself had for their son, even though it wasn't what he really wanted. She watched his mannerisms change, and realized that it was more natural for him to act this way, and that the 'male' facade he tried to present normally was an act. She had seen all these mannerisms before, but they were slips, chips in the mask he normally wore, that she was cognizant of because they reminded her of herself. He was finally caught up to present day, to him coming out to his friend Tot this week, and the feeling that it was like a flood caught behind a dam that was ready to break, and he wasn't sure how to contain it.

She sat in silence for a moment after he quit talking. "So," she said finally. "What...What is your female name?"

He looked down at the table, then, resting his elbow on the table and letting his cigarette perch over his shoulder, like she did so often, he looked up at her and said quietly. "Mia."

Andrea nodded. "Mia. I like it." She was still struggling with what to say, and what to do. "Mia. I don't know what to tell you. I do know that you have some very hard choices to make, and it won't be easy, no matter what you do. I've known quite a few crossdressers, and a couple of transgender women...met them in my career. And none of them had an easy life. Not one. But..." she said, putting her hand on top of his. "No one has an easy life...why should we have it any different?"

They both laughed. "I will support you no matter what you do, understand. I love you, whether you are Miah, or Mia. I'll love you the same. I can't promise anything for the rest of the world though. And, at times, it may be difficult for me as well, but I promise I will try."

The two of them hugged. Andrea pulled Mia tight against her chest. "Please, honey. Don't keep anything like this from me again."

Mia hugged her back. "I won't mom, I promise."

The two parted. Andrea wiped Mia's tears away with her finger.

"You aren't in trouble. Just don't lie to me anymore...Oh," she said, holding her finger up to him. "And don't wear my make-up, or my clothes. Wearing someone else's make-up is so unsanitary. And you are bigger than me...you stretch out my clothes. I just couldn't figure out what was stretching them. I'll..." she paused, like she was thinking it through before saying it. "I'll let you come up to the salon and pick out your make-up. And, I'll give you some of your birthday money early so you can buy some of your own clothes. Deal?"

Mia didn't know what to say. He was a little embarrassed by the whole thing, but it did sound great...and he wouldn't have to hide everything.

"Ok, mom...That sounds fantastic," he said, and the tear started again.

"Now, it's my turn to disclose," Andrea said. She grabbed another couple of beers and sat down at the table.

She laid it all out for him. Telling him all about the decaying relationship she'd had with Paul for the last six years. She told him about suspecting an affair but not being able to prove it. She cried a lot, and so did Mia, but after it was all done, two more beers each and a ton of cigarettes later, they both felt better. Both felt like they were no longer burdened with secrets. Like they were friends again, like they hadn't been in years. Pretty much everything was on the table.

Andrea finished telling Miah everything. She felt better, but there was still one thing nagging her that she had to know, and that despite everything he'd told her, she still wasn't sure about.

"Mia," she said, smiling at him. "I have to know one thing, and no matter what you say, it's not going to change anything."

Mia looked at her and swallowed hard, then nodded.

"Are you gay? You didn't really answer me before," she said.

Mia looked at her for a moment. Then shrugged. "I might be. I'm not really sure. I've never

done anything with a guy...but I've never really done anything with a girl either. I've kissed a girl, but that's it. I do like guys though...sexually, I mean. But I like girls too...Im not completely sure I'm actually attracted to women sexually though, even though I love the way they look.” he blushed and looked down at the table for a moment.

Andrea let the silence hang. She was processing what he was saying, and from how it sounded, he was gay. Maybe bi, but it certainly sounded like he was gay.

Mia pulled a cigarette out of her pack and lit it. He did it all so femininely, so naturally. “I love the way they look...and feel jealous of really attractive women, or wish I looked like them.” he stopped, took a drag, held it for a moment, then laughed.

“Yeah...I guess I am gay, mom. I dont really know at this point.”

Andrea put her hand on his. “Fair enough, honey. I just wanted to be sure I understood.” She stood up. “Now, one thing I do want to see...Let me get a look at those legs.”

Mia laughed, feeling a little self conscious. “Mom!”

“come on” Andrea said, pulling him up. “I've got to see.”

Mia stood up. He stood for a moment, then fell into a very feminine pose, slightly bending his left leg and pointing the toe, left arm across his belly, right hand perched over his shoulder holding a cigarette.

“Very nice legs, Mia...And you aren't through growing...Probably another inch or so to go...5'10...That's model height.”

Mia laughed. “Yeah, for girls.”

“You'll make a very pretty girl, Miah. I mean it.” Andrea said.

“Thanks mom.” Mia said, blushing.

Andrea studied him for a moment. He had started puberty, but wasn't overly masculine in features, sharing many features with his mother. She knew that more changes would come and he would get more masculine if steps weren't taken, and soon. Right now, he would definitely be passable as a girl, beautiful no doubt, but how long would it take for that to change and make it very difficult for him.

It was well after one o'clock now, and both were exhausted. Mia grabbed her cigarettes and headed up the stairs, kissing her mom goodbye before leaving. Andrea sat on the couch and laid her head back. She would take Mia to the salon tomorrow to pick out some make-up, and give her...She realized she was thinking 'her' about her son. She started to correct herself mentally, but let it go. She would take her to the salon to pick out some make up, and Mia could wear her own make-up tomorrow night to the halloween party.

Three_

Miah woke up late saturday morning, a little after ten. The sun was streaming in the windows, demanding action. Miah rolled over and stretched, shocked by the smoothness of his body under the sheets. He rolled on to his back and lay there for a moment, still too relaxed to move. But, nature was calling and he had to get up and go to the bathroom, so reluctantly, he crawled out of bed.

After relieving himself, and washing his face, he put on his pants from the night before and went downstairs to see if his mom had gotten up yet. She was sitting at the dining room table, drinking a cup of coffee and doing something on her laptop.

"Mornin Mom." he said, pouring himself a cup of coffee.

"Mornin sleepy head." she said, smiling at him. He sat down at the table. "I didn't want to wake you, since we did stay up a little late last night. How are you this morning, hon?"

"Fine...tired." he said, laughing. He took a sip of coffee. "Were you serious about us going to the salon this morning?" He asked nervously.

"Yeah, why?" she said, raising an eyebrow. "You changed your mind?"

"No." he said quickly. "I was just worried...worried it would be too embarrassing for you."

She waved him off. "No, dear. I dont embarrass easy. Besides, half of my staff will be overjoyed that you are possibly one of the family." she said with a laugh.

"Family?" he said over the rim of his coffee cup.

"Gay. Its one of their in-jokes." she grinned at him. "It doesn't bother me at all. Your father on the other hand, it would drive him crazy."

Miah laughed. "Yeah, I know." He pulled his cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one, testing to see whether his mother would have a cow or not. She looked at him for a second, like she was going to say something, then lit one of her own.

"I'm going to go get a shower and get dressed, you do the same. We'll go by the salon and then grab lunch, ok?" she stood up and headed for the stairs.

"Ok, mom. Hey, I'm supposed to go shopping with Tot this afternoon, is that still cool?" He asked

"Yep, no problem. Call her and tell her you'll hook up with her around..." she looked at her watch. "Around four."

He nodded, then grabbed the phone from the cradle and dialed her number from memory.

"Hello..." Tot answered on the third ring. "Mia darling." She said laughing.

"Hey Tot." Miah said, giggling.

"Hows it going girl, not calling to back out are you?" Tot said.

"nope. Calling to tell you, I'll be able to hook up with you around four, OK?"

"Ok, what's going on?" Tot asked.

"You'll never believe it." Miah said, laughing.

"Really, try me?" she said, the curiosity dripping from her voice.

"Last night, I got caught." he said.

"Caught doing what?" Tot said.

"I shaved my legs and painted all my nails...then like a dipshit, I fell asleep on the couch. Not only that, I had my cigarettes on the coffee table...So, that came out too!"

"Oh, shit!! Are you grounded?" She asked, very disappointed.

"That's the crazy part. No. My mom was fucking awesome. At first, she was really pissed, but then, she calmed down and we talked. She totally understands, like everything. We talked until like two in the morning about everything. She is taking me to buy my own make-up, since she said that using hers is un hygienic. And, she said she wouldn't stop me from smoking. She said she started when she was younger than me, and would feel like a complete hypocrite if she tore me up about it. She did give me the "Its bad for you and shit, talk." but that's it."

"Wow!" Tot said. "So, you came out to your mom."

Miah paused for a moment. "Yeah....I guess I did." he said, realizing that it was exactly what he had done. "I even admitted I might be gay."

"Good for you, Mia." she said, gushing with enthusiasm. "That is awesome."

"So, tonight we can get ready here...My mom wants to see us before we go out, OK?"

"Groovy. I'll see you at four, call me with details of where to meet, ok?" Tot said.

"Alright, will do. Buy girl." Miah said, then hung up. He put out his cigarette and put his coffee cup in the sink then ran up stairs.

He jumped in the shower and got cleaned up, loving the feeling of the soap on his smooth skin. Just the feeling of running his hands over his body gave him an erection, the sensual feel exciting him on many levels. Miah had only really started puberty this year, but his voice had really not changed, and the increase in hormones had done little to change his body shape. The only thing it had really done at this point was cause pubic hair to start growing, and give him a sex drive that he could hardly control.

He dried off and go dressed, in a pair of jeans and a tee shirt, then strolled down stairs to wait for his mom. He had another cup of coffee and a cigarette while he waited, enjoying the new found freedom to indulge in his vices at home.

Andrea came down the steps a few minutes later. She was wearing a pair of low rise blue jeans, a tight black tee shirt, and a green cardigan. She stopped at the bottom of the steps and looked at her son. She had been told since he was born that he looked like her, but she had always assumed that he would grow out of it and look more masculine like his father. But looking at him now, sitting at the table, she could see that he was very feminine in appearance, even the boyish hairdo that she usually referred to as "hobbit hair", the messy kind of curly hairdo popular with teenage boys these days, detracted little from his feminine look. He would make a pretty girl, she thought. The idea saddened her a little, since he would apparently never be a masculine man, but if this was what he wanted, then she saw no reason to stand in the way of his happiness.

She walked into the kitchen and took her vitamins. She had known of too many men who suppressed transgender desires and ended up living lives that were in essence a lie, until they could no longer take it and finally went the way they wanted in life, missing out on years of their life that they would never get back. She didn't want him to go through that pain. She also realized that he was choosing a hard road, and that things weren't fair for transgender people. But, they would cross that road when they came to it. For now, she would help him explore himself and decide what was right for him. The thought of how much it was going to piss off Paul crossed her mind, but she let that go out the way it came.

"Ready?" she said, leaning on the bar.

"Sure." he said, standing up.

She looked him over. "Darling...We are going shopping for women's clothes, and make-up...are you sure that you will be comfortable dressed like that?"

He looked down at his clothes..."Um...I dont know, I didn't think of it like that, I guess."

She could see that he hadn't, and it was now crossing his mind that he, dressed like a boy, would be awfully conspicuous in the women's department.

"Come on, I'll help you get ready." she said, gesturing for him to follow.

They went upstairs to her room. "Do you have your own panties and stuff, Mia?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

He shook his head. "No...I kinda borrowed your stuff out of the laundry."

She nodded. "That's what I thought." she said, then dug into her lingerie drawer. "Here. These are a little older and need replacing anyway...but they are nice."

She handed him a pair of red, low rise panties, and a matching bra. Both Victoria's Secret. Simple, utilitarian, but pretty.

Put those on and come back in here when you're done.

He smiled nervously and left the room. Andrea started going through her closet. She pulled out a pair of jeans, low-rise button fly, similar to the ones she was wearing. Then, she went through her drawers and found a simple, red tee shirt with little cap sleeves that would look really cute on Mia. Mia came back into the room wearing the panties and bra. She looked him up and down. If it wasn't for the short, boyish hair, he looked very much like a flat chested 16 year old girl. She nodded.

"put these on." she said, handing him the clothes. While he put them on, she was trying to think of what to do with his hair. As soon as he was dressed she gestured for him to follow her into the bathroom. "Now, your hair is all wrong." she said, laughing. "Sit down on the toilet. " she started going through her stuff on the counter. "Luckily, your mom's a stylist... I can make this work with minimal effort."

She sprayed his hair with a mist of water, still looking at him trying to figure out what to do. "Now, here is the big question, Mia." she said, being sure to use his feminine name. "How 'out' are you going to be?"

Mia looked up at her, unsure of what she was asking. "huh?"

She smiled at him. "Do you care if people think you look...girly all the time?"

He laughed. "They already do, mom. I've been made fun of for being skinny and girly since I was a little kid, and everyone thinks I'm gay already....Not going to ruin my reputation or anything."

"So...What do you want to do?" she asked, feeling sorry for him for the years of being ridiculed when he was trying so hard to fit in.

He thought about it for a second. "I dont care. There are a few guys at school who are totally out, gay I mean. The get picked on about the same as me...so who cares."

Andrea kissed him on the forehead. "That makes it easier, then." She started combing out his hair. "I honestly think you can pass as a girl really easily, Mia. Most people will not figure out you are a guy. They will see what you present yourself as, you see. You dont have all the features that scream 'Male' yet, and maybe never will. So, we've got an easy task. At school people will twig on to the fact that you are looking even more feminine, you do realize that right?"

"Yeah...its cool though. I dont care. Cant be too much worse than it its now...and at least I'll like the way I look."

"Ok then." she said, clipping her scissors at him. "I know what to do."

She started trimming away, clipping a little here and there, combing his hair around. After about twenty minutes, she gave it a final brushing, then did something with some gel. "Viola." she said, letting him turn and look.

Mia was absolutely speechless. His hair looked really cool. It was short, but definitely feminine. He was absolutely stunned. "I dont know what to say..." he said, "Wow!"

He beamed up at her. "It's awesome...Thanks mom." he said, then gave her a hug.

"If you just wear it messy and not fixed, it will be ok as a guys cut, just a little more angular than most. But, it really cure, and you inherited great hair from me." she said, laughing. "Now,

eyebrows.” she said looking him over. “They need shaping.”

She pulled her waxing stuff out from under the counter and started getting it ready. She looked over at Mia admiring herself in the mirror. With that hair cut, it was even easier to think of Miah as Mia, and as a girl. She finished prepping the wax. “Alright, Mia. This is going to hurt you a lot more than it hurts me.” she said, laughing.

“Ok, mom.” Mia said, grimacing.

Andrea carefully worked on Mia's eyebrows, working to accentuate the arch she knew so well from her own face. Mia took it really well, only yelping a little when she pulled the strips. She was definitely right, Mia's eyebrows took the shape just like her own, really accentuating the feminine features.

“There.” that looks great. She said, looking Mia over. “Now, lets get your make-up done and get out of here.” she said, looking at her watch. It was already a little after noon.

“I thought I couldn't use your make-up?” Mia asked.

“Well, we dont have much choice today...and it's mainly eyeliner and mascara I dont want you using of mine. I'll pick myself up some new ones at the salon too.”

Andrea worked quickly, with a very sure hand. She'd done thousands of make overs, and done her own make-up everyday for years. She didn't go overboard with the make-up, just going for good daytime look, even though she did do some pretty dramatic eye make-up because Mia had such pretty eyes. A she finished it off with a little lip-gloss. “Done.” she said, letting Mia look.

Mia just stared at the teenage girl staring back at her in the mirror. Andrea did have to admit, it was pretty dramatic. Mia looked very much like she had as a teenager, only with a better make-up job.

“I can't believe that's me.” Mia whispered.

“You're adorable.” Andrea said, leaning in and kissing her on the forehead. “now, get your shoes on and lets go.”

Mia hopped up and started out of the room. “oh, yeah,” Andrea called out. “Make sure you stuff the bra, use a few rolled up socks.”

“Ok, Mom.” Mia called from her room.

Mia couldn't believe her eyes. She looked at herself in the mirror and was absolutely stunned by her appearance. She was riveted by the short haired beauty staring back at her. She looked cool, and attractive. Two things she never thought of when she was Miah. Finally, she tore herself away from the mirror and put on a pair of socks and her black Doc Martins. She started out of the room, then remembered the bra. She rolled a pair of socks up and put it in one side, then did the same on the other. That made a big difference. Now, she really looked like a teenage girl. She shook her head with disbelief then went back in her mom's room.

“Ready.” Mia said, leaning against the door. “Thanks Mom...This is so awesome.”

Andrea smiled at her. “You're welcome baby-doll. You look fantastic...You're right you know.” She said.

“What?” Mia said, cocking one finely curved eyebrow.

“You are way too pretty to be a dirty old boy.” Andrea said, giggling.

“Thanks Mom.” Mia said.

Andrea tossed her a small black purse. Mia opened it. It was one of her Mom's old bags, nice, but a few seasons old. There was a small, leopard print wallet inside that he recognized as being one of her old ones as well. There was also a compact and a small tube of lip-gloss inside. “Put your stuff in there. I'll meet you downstairs.

“Ok Mom.” Mia said, then went in her room. She took all her things, her drivers license and few other card and put them in the wallet. She stuck the forty dollars she had in there as well. She threw her keys, cigarettes and lighter in there as well, then slung the purse on her shoulder. She was once again staring at herself in the mirror.

"Come on Mia." mom shouted from the stairs. "Lets go."

Mia rushed after her and they both climbed in her mom's car. Her mom put on her sunglasses, then looked over at Mia. "There's a pair of my old sunglasses in the glove box. They are old, but still nice." she said while the garage door was opening.

Mia opened the glove box. There was a pair of big, black framed D&G sunglasses, a style a from last year very similar to the ones his mom was still wearing. She put them on and looked in the mirror. She was struck by how cool she thought she looked.

"Good?" Andrea said as they backed out of the driveway.

"Cool." Mia said, still admiring herself in the mirror.

They pulled out onto the main road and started speeding towards the expressway, the little Audi screaming through traffic. They stopped at a stoplight. Andrea rolled down the window halfway and lit a cigarette. Mia watched her, wanting one herself.

Andrea looked at her sideways, then chuckled. "Go ahead." She shook her head. "I've created a monster."

Mia laughed. 'No, Mom. You just let the monster out of the house." she said, pulling her cigarettes out of her purse. She lit one and returned them to her bag. Mia took a drag, held it for a second, then exhaled, watching the thin stream of smoke go out the window. She caught some movement out of the corner of her eye. There was a car load of boys in their late teens next to her. They were all looking at her. For a moment, she was sure they were on to her, but then realized the expression on their faces was one of longing, not scorn. She looked right at them, her eyes inscrutable in her big sunglasses. She took a drag and did a snap inhale, letting the smoke linger in front of her open mouth for a moment before inhaling it, then tilted her head and exhaled a plume of smoke out the window. The boys were going crazy from her flirting now, as the light turned green and the little Audi launched forward, cutting in front of the boys and getting on the interstate. Mia felt really excited about what had just happened. She had just flirted with those boys, and they really liked it.

Mia actually laughed outloud then.

"What, hon?" Andrea said, glancing over at her. "Had fun playing with those boys?"

Mia blushed. "You noticed?"

"Of course I noticed. I'm not blind, Mia."

Mia laughed. "Sorry Mom." she said.

"No apologies necessary. You look great...Enjoy it. I know I secretly love it when guys are staring at me when I'm driving."

Mia laughed and took another drag off her cigarette. She knew her mom was very attractive, and could totally see how guys were always coming on to her.

They pulled off the interstate and soon were pulling into the driveway of the salon.

"Here we are, Mia." Andrea said. "You ready for your public?"

Mia looked at the sign for the salon, then back to her mom.

"Ready as I'll ever be." she said.

And with that, they opened the doors and got out of the car.

Andrea took a deep breath and looked over at Mia. She hoped she was doing the right thing, letting Miah express this side of himself, in public like this, but it was too late to second guess herself.

"Ready, Honey?" she said, walking over to join Mia in front of the car.

"Ready as I'll ever be." Mia said, smiling at her from under the big black shades.

Andrea laughed and started walking. She walked in, holding the door for Mia. She held up a finger for her to wait a moment, then walked on towards her office in the back.

Mia watched her mom walk towards the back of the Salon. Tangles was a high class place. Mia had come here with her Mom dozens of time, as Miah of course, and had always felt a little out of

place. Her Mom had opened the salon when Mia was little, and she had watched it grow over the years. Mia was snapped out of her reverie when someone walked up to her.

"Hello Miss...Do you have an appointment?" Reggie said, stopping in front of her. Reggie was around forty, tall, with a shaved head and a red mustache and goatee. He was way out gay, very flamboyant, and one of Mom's best stylists.

Mia giggled, he didn't recognize her. "No...No appointment." she said.

Then Reggie did a double take. His eyes were as big as saucers. "Miah?" he whispered conspiratorially. "Is that you?"

Mia laughed, then nodded. "Ta Da." she said, striking a little pose. "Its me." Mia realized she was talking with very female intonations. Not particularly higher, but more girlish. Her voice sounded a little like Scarlet Johanssen's sort of deep, but definitely feminine voice.

Reggie put his hands on her shoulders and looked at her for a minute. "What is going on here?" he said, shaking his head.

"I..." Mia said, trying to find the words. "I...Came out to my Mom. She helped me with all this."

"Oh, girl! You look great!" he gave her a big hug. Reggie had always been super nice to Miah, but had never hugged him. "What are you here for?"

"Well, my mom is going to get me some make-up...and...I kinda want to have my hair dyed." she said, nibbling on her fingertip with anticipation.

"Sure, I'll do it for you. What color? Blonde? red?" he asked, taking her by the hand.

"Black." she said firmly. "Definitely black."

"Black it is, then." he lead her to a chair and sat her down. "one second, hon." he said walking towards the back.

Mia leaned back in the chair. Samantha, one of the other stylists was looking over at her. Mia smiled at her. Samantha opened her mouth with surprise, excused herself from a customer and walked over to Mia, hands on her hips.

"Now...Either Andrea has a daughter she never told us about, or.."Samantha said grinning, "Miah, has something he's never told us about."

Mia laughed. "No, its me. But...I prefer Mia." he said.

"Mia it is. You look great, honey. I would have never guessed...Except you look so much like your mom, and I've known her forever!" she looked around. "I gotta get back."

Samantha walked away just as Reggie and Andrea emerged from the back.

"You sure about the dye job, hon?" Andrea said, her hands on her hips.

Mia nodded. "Yeah. I am. Please?"

"Ok. reggie, do your thing." she said, gesturing to Reggie.

Reggie stepped in. "Ok honey, lets get this done."

Half an hour later, Mia was looking at herself with black hair. He had teased it out a lot more than her mother had, and it looked awesome.

"Thanks, Reggie. Now, I wont even have to wear a wig to the party tonight." she said, smiling up at him.

"You'll break some hearts, girl." he said, hugging her. "Be careful." He looked at her at arms length. "I'm really proud of you. For how brave you are...I didn't come out to my parents until I was twenty five...but then again, my parents weren't as cool as Andrea."

Mia laughed. "Yeah, she's awesome."

Andrea walked over. "Ok..that looks really cute, hon. Great work, Reg." Andrea put her hand on Mia's shoulder. "Lets get some make-up picked out, then get something to eat. I'm Starving."

The two of them went to the make-up counter. It took about fifteen minutes to pick out the make-up, plus some skin and hair products. Mia's mouth was gaping when she saw how much it would cost a regular customer, but felt a lot better when she saw what her mother paid for it.

They waved goodbye to everyone and left the salon. Mia put her big sunglasses back on, and walked with a bit of pep in her step as they walked away. She could see her reflection in the glass, and was mesmerized by it. She turned and grinned at her mom.

"Let's walk around the corner to the Fox and Hound for lunch." Andrea said, starting that way.

She followed behind her mom, sort of practicing swinging her hips a little more when she walked, holding herself a little more upright than the normal loping gate she assumed as Jeremiah. Andrea lit a cigarette, so Mia followed suit. They walked around the corner and up the street. Mia couldn't help but smile when she noticed the looks she was getting from men, and women as they walked. It dawned on her at that point, that it was really different being a pretty girl. You got a lot more attention than she had ever thought.

The two of them walked into the foyer of the Fox and Hound. A hostess walked up, holding two menus. Mia perched her sunglasses on her head and smiled at the hostess, noticing that her mother did the exact same thing. That made her giggle a little.

"Two..." the hostess paused, noticing they both had cigarettes in their hands. "For smoking. This way." she said, turning and walking back into the bar area. "Enjoy your meal."

They took a seat in a booth. Andrea took her sunglasses off her head and laid them on the table. Mia just started looking at the menu.

"What can I get you to drink?" the waitress said, stopping at their table.

"I'd like a glass of Merlot, please?" Andrea said, smiling at the waitress.

"And you mam?" the waitress said to Mia.

"Um...I'd like a diet coke, please." she said.

Mia and Andrea both looked at their menus for a moment, then put them down. Mia couldn't believe what was happening. She was sitting in a pub, dressed as a girl, smoking a cigarette, with her mother right here. It was crazy. She actually chuckled.

"What, hon?" Andrea said.

"It's just a little surreal." Mia said, then took a drag from her cigarette. "I can't believe everything that is happening."

Andrea laughed. "You're telling me." she said, flicking her cigarette in the ashtray. "But...Are you happy?"

"I'm ecstatic, Mom. I can honestly say this is the best day of my life." Mia said, beaming at her mother. "It would have been even better if I could have ordered a glass of wine."

Andrea laughed. "Don't push it girly. I'm not even sure about this letting you smoke in front of me business...but, I guess I let that cat out of the bag."

"Thanks Mom. For everything." Mia said, putting her hand on her mother's. "You are the best."

"So," Andrea said, stubbing her cigarette out in the ashtray on the table. "Why don't you call your friend, Tatiana, and have her meet us here."

"Ok, mom. Can I use your cell phone?" she said.

"Sure. We need to get you your own anyway." she said, handing the phone over.

Andrea excused herself and went to the restroom. Mia dialed the number.

"Hey Tot." Mia said, cheerfully.

"Hey. What's up?" Tot said.

"Meet me and my mom at the Fox and Hound." Mia said.

"Can do. I'll be there in, like ten minutes."

"OK." Mia hung up.

She sipped her diet coke and lit another cigarette. Why the hell not, she thought, fiddling with her hair in the mirror mounted next to their table. She still couldn't believe that was her.

Andrea returned a few minutes later and they ordered. Andrea's phone rang, and she ended up talking on the phone with work for several minutes. By the time she hung up, Tatiana was coming into

the bar.

Mia almost died laughing. Tot looked right at her, then kept looking around the bar for them. Tot was dressed in a super cute little '50s housewife dress, black with pink polka dots, and a pair of black vintage pumps that matched the dress. She was carrying a tiny little clutch purse, and had her long black hair pulled back in a pink bow, held with a tiny skull barrette. She let her eyes pass over the bar one more time, disappointment on her face. Then, Mia waved to her. Her eyes got real big, and she rushed over to her. Mia put her cigarette in the ashtray and stood up to hug her friend.

"Holy shit!" Tot said, trying to keep the voice hushed. "I can't believe it. You look so cute!" Tot reached up and touched her hair. "Wow!"

Mia blushed. "Thanks Tot. My mom did it. Mom, this is Tatiana..Tot. Tot, Mom...I mean Andrea."

Andrea stood up and shook Tot's hand. "Nice to meet you Tot. Sit down." she said.

Mia was smiling ear to ear as she sat back down. She picked her cigarette back up, flicked the ashes and took a drag. Tot was also smiling ear to ear. Andrea couldn't hide her amusement.

"Wow, I can't believe what you've done! It is so cool, Mia." Tot said, shaking her head.

"I know...I can hardly believe it myself. Well, my mom did it. She owns Tangles, so she knows a bit about style." Mia said proudly.

Andrea laughed. "Thank you Mia, that is the proper way to suck up to your mother." She said over the rim of her merlot.

Tot reached in her little bag and pulled out a cigarette. She held it and her lighter up questioningly towards Andrea.

"What the hell?" Andrea said with a shrug. "But I'm not buying you liquor."

The two girls laughed. The three of them sat there smoking and talking, and finally eating, for a long time. They all had a great time, Mia could tell that her mother was enjoying herself as much as the two teenagers.

Finally, Andrea looked down at her watch. "Well, I'm going to get home. You girls had some shopping to do, so I'll take off. Tot, you will bring Mia home to get ready?"

"Sure thing, Andrea. I'll take good care of her." Tot said, grinning.

"Bye girls. Be good." Andrea said, getting up from the table. She walked over and paid the bill, then left.

Tot turned to Mia and smiled "I can't believe how cool your mom is, Mia. She's awesome...and so young, I was expecting much older."

"Yeah, she is really cool. I didn't realize how cool she was until this week, I guess." Mia said, watching her mom pull away through the window.

"We are going to have some fun today, Mia. I promise." Tot said, then grinned at Mia.

Mia just smiled back at her. They finished their sodas then got up and left.

Mia had never seen Tot's car before, and she was quite impressed. It was a black 56' Caddie, custom and very sweet.

"Wow!" Mia said, looking the car up and down. "That is awesome!"

"Thanks. My dad restored it for me. He has been restoring cars for years, this was one he did for himself, but decided to give it to me for my birthday. I love it." she said.

"But, this isn't the car you drive to school." Mia said, confused.

"No, that little toyota is my mom's old car. My dad doesn't want me driving this to school, scared some dumb kid will vandalize it or something. So, I drive the toyo during the week. But, once I get out of school, this will be my only car."

Mia ran her hand down the bodywork before getting in. The inside was just as cool as the outside. It had been fully restored, but modernized. It had a CD player installed in the dash, and air conditioning.

Tot slid into the drivers seat and put on her black cat's eye shades. She lit a cigarette, then let it

dangle from the corner of her mouth, like some bad girl from a 1950s movie. "Ready girl?" she asked, revving the car's massive engine.

Mia laughed, then slid her shades down. "Lets roll."

Tot peeled out of the parking lot, laying several feet of rubber. The girls giggled for several blocks about that as the Misfits blared on the stereo.

A little while later, they were driving through a part of town where Mia had never been. It was a cool looking area, lots of old bungalow style houses and tons of small businesses, not a chain store in sight. As they were driving down a main street, Mia was struck by how many people were out walking around. She saw more punks, and 'alternative' looking people in a few blocks here than she had seen in her neighborhood ever.

"This is cool." Mia said, grinning at Tot.

"Yeah, I come down here as often as I can. Midtown is the shit!" Tot said. "You know, all the colleges are really close to here, I plan on living over here once I get out of school."

"Awesome." Mia said, nodding. "I'll have to look into that myself."

The girls pulled into a parking lot next to an old looking building with lots of graffiti painted on the side. "Here we are!" Tot said, putting the car in park.

"What's this place?" Mia said, lifting her sunglasses.

"FETISH." Tot said, a devilish grin on her face. "It's the coolest store around here."

Mia nodded, then followed Tot's lead. She was feeling very nervous about being in public, everything was happening so fast. She hesitated.

"What's up chicky?" Tot said, noticing her hesitation.

"I...I'm just a little nervous." Mia admitted quietly.

Tot waved her off. "Dont worry. I'd have been more worried at the other place than here...Believe me, in this place it wont faze them a bit, even if they did catch on. Hell, we should probably tell them...They'll think its cool as shit!"

Mia looked at her dubiously. "Really?"

Tot nodded. "Yeah, you'll see."

Mia started to walk towards the doors. She saw two men walking down the street on the other side, holding hands. She had never seen people in public actually acting gay...not without someone trying to attack them verbally, or at least give them dirty looks. She smiled, and suddenly felt a little surer of about this.

"Ok. Lets do it." Mia said, catching up to Tot.

They walked inside and into a wall of sound. The place was cranking really loud Industrial music, so loud you could feel it in your belly. Mia was taken by all the shiny PVC and vinyl gear, and all the blatant sexual content of the place. "Are we old enough to be in here?" Mia whispered in Tot's ear.

"I guess...I've never had trouble before." she said, grinning and crinkling her nose at Mia.

They walked around for a second, checking everything out, before a tall, very Vampira looking girl dressed in black vinyl walked over to them.

"HI...Y'all need any help?" she said, looking them both over.

"We are looking for some stuff for a party tonight...And, I just wanted Mia to see this place." Tot said, smiling at the girl.

"Cool." the girl said, smiling, her teeth incredibly white against the black lipstick. "I'll be here if you need anything. Just yell." she said, indicating the really loud music.

Both girls nodded, then kept looking. Tot led Mia to the section she wanted to show her. This was really different stuff. Rockabilly stuff, mostly with a sort of gothic slant, but a lot was classic pin-up stuff like Tot was wearing.

Mia started looking through the racks, actually excited about getting to touch and look at all the

clothes. For years, when shopping as Miah, she wanted to look through all the women's clothes but felt like she couldn't without being called a pervert. She was smiling ear to ear. She looked at the prices on the stuff and gasped.

"Wow, this stuff is really spendy!" she said, showing a little housewife dress to Tot.

"Yeah, but its cool!" They both laughed at that.

"So, what were you thinking, Tot?" Mia asked while thumbing through the racks.

"Oh, something like this!" Tot said, pulling out a short little black dress with petticoats, decorated with red trim and ruffles.

Mia laughed. "Wow, that's really cool!" she said, taking the dress. "Its a little short though, dont you think?" she said, holding it up to her.

"its a rockabilly go go dancer dress, silly. Of course its short." Tot said, giggling. "Size 6 for you, size 4 for me." she said, handing her the dress. "Lets go try them on." they walked over to Vampira and held up the dresses. She nodded and grabbed the keys to the dressing rooms. She unlocked the doors.

"There you go. Those are way cute." she said, smiling at them both.

Mia went into a dressing room, her heart pounding, her mouth very dry. Tot surprised her by coming in with her. "What are you doing? Mia said.

"I'm gonna help you. And you can help me." Tot said.

They both stripped out of their clothes. Mia was a little nervous getting undressed in front of Tot, but then realized it was no big deal. Tot was wearing a leopard print bra and panty set that Mia thought was really cute.

Mia slipped into the dress, and petticoats, but had some trouble with the rear zipper. Tot smiled at her. "See, I told you we'd need help." she said, zipping it up.

The dress felt weird, but looked really cute. she liked the way the petticoats ruffled around and swished when she moved. Tot quickly put on her identical dress, only the piping was pink instead of red. Mia zipped her up, then Tot lead her out of the dressing room.

They stood in front of the three way mirror and posed for a second, Mia still really digging the feeling of the dress swishing around.

Vampira walked back over and smiled at them. "Those look great!" she said, giving them an appraising eye. "Girl!" she said, looking at Mia. "you have legs for days! You should show them off...Lucky!" she laughed.

Mia felt really uncomfortable, but laughed with her. "you think so?" she said, eyeing her legs in the mirror.

Tot scoffed. "yes, silly girl. They look awesome. I'd kill to be as tall as you." she said, looking up at her. Vampira agreed.

Tot got a devilish look on her face, then said. "Well, it helps that you weren't always a girl."

Mia blushed, felt ambushed by her friend.

Vampira opened her mouth in surprise. "No!" she said, looking Mia over. "Wow!"

Mia was so embarrassed she thought she would die. "Um..."

"No, I mean it. Wow. We get a lot of Transgender girls in here, and you are really rockin! I gave you a double take because of your height, but you are beautiful. I wouldn't have guessed." Vampira said, sounding very genuine.

"See, Mia. I told you they would think it was cool. We aren't in suburban high school world here, girlfriend!" Tot said, then hugged her. "Now you dont have to worry. Julie knows your secret."

Julie, Vampira, nodded. "Cool. You know ya'll need stockings and shoes to go with that outfit."

Mia was surprised by her reaction, and felt better about what Tot was doing. It made sense, telling her up front, so it wouldn't embarrass her if she got caught. Better to be upfront when you can, she thought. Be proud of who you are.

The girls picked out some stockings, thigh highs with little black ruffles and bows on the tops, and suspender belts to hold them up. Tot also grabbed two pairs of white ruffled panties, one for each of them. Tot stopped, a look on her face like she'd just thought of something. She turned to Julie.

"Hey...do you have any gaffs in stock?" Tot said.

Mia had read about gaffs on the internet, but had never seen one in person.

"Sure," Julie said, leading Mia over to the section. "This is where all our TG specific stuff is. Not a whole lot of it, but a few essentials. Gaffs, breast forms, stuff like that." Julie gave her a big smile, then went back to what she was doing.

Mia nervously picked through the gaffs, picking out a black one, assuming it would go with most everything.

The girls went back in the dressing room and put on the stockings and panties. The feeling of the stockings on her shaved legs was electric, far better than the times she had worn them with those hairy boy legs. It was sort of hard to get the suspender belts lined up, and Tot had to show her how to make sure her seams were straight.

They stepped out, and Julie was standing nearby. "Oh, yeah. That looks great!" she said, looking them up and down. Both girls giggled, checking each other out and striking various cheeky poses.

"Now, shoes!" Tot said, leading Mia over to the shoe section. Tot settled on a pair of super high platforms, with a five inch heel. Mia went for a shorter platform, only three inches, but it still made her super tall. She loved the way it made her legs look, the definition it gave her calves.

Mia was beginning to worry how much this was going to cost, but was having too much fun to stop. The girls started picking out jewelry and accessories, and soon had picked out a few bracelets and necklaces to go with their outfits.

Tot picked up two sets of pigtail holders, the elastic kind with two little colored balls on them, only these were topped with two 8 balls. "Too bad your hair isn't long enough to do pigtails, then we could both have them." Tot said, showing her the bands.

"We have some cool extensions, Tot." Julie said from behind them. "Over here."

They walked over to the side of the counter, where several fetish wigs were arrayed. "Here." Julie said, picking up a couple of examples. "We have fire engine red, platinum blonde, and classic black." she said, holding them up.

Tot snatched the black ones, and handed the red ones to Mia. "Wow, These will be so much cooler than if I just put mine in pigtails...These are so much longer."

Mia smiled and held one of the red ones up to her hair. "How do they work?" Mia asked, turning to Julie.

"I'll put it in for you if you buy it." Julie said, smiling at them.

"Sold!" Tot said, laughing. Mia grabbed her by the arm and led her away, then whispered.

"Tot....this is going to cost a fortune...I don't have that much money." Mia said apologetically.

Tot scoffed. "Mia," she whispered. "I told you I was hooking you up. My dad is stupidly rich, girl! I told him I was buying my friend's halloween costume for her for her birthday, and he was good with it. This is on me...well, thank Mr. Brooks for this one." She hugged Mia.

"Seriously?" Mia asked, completely taken aback. "I can't, I mean, its so much..."

Tot held a finger up to her mouth. "No. Im buying it for you. Its cool. You can pay me back someday, ok?"

Mia was torn, but relented. "Ok. I'll make it up to you, I promise."

Mia was appalled at how much it cost, they could have bought a new computer for what it cost to get out of FETISH that day. Julie, true to her word, showed her how to put in the pigtails, so she just left them in. They looked adorable, and very cool. Mia did make one purchase of her own, picking up a vintage looking Ramones baby-tee that looked awesome on her. She wore it out of the store.

Laden with their purchases, the girls threw all the bags in the car. It was almost six now, and

starting to get dark. They headed back to Mia's house to get ready. Mia was nervous, and really excited about the night to come.

"Thanks, Tot." she said, putting her hand on Tot's arm. "You are the....You're the best friend I've ever had."

Tot put her hand on Mia's. "Thanks, Mia. I'm so glad I met you....I was getting so tired of...Well, so tired of the shit other people were putting me through." she squeezed Mia's hand. "I'm just glad you are able to finally be yourself...or at least find out if this is yourself."

Mia nodded. She was pretty sure that Mia was the real self, and that Miah had just been a flimsy mask she'd worn for the last sixteen years. But Mia was out now, and it would be really hard to put this jeanie back in the bottle.

Andrea was sitting in the living room when the girls came in. She looked up from the television and did a double take. Mia had long red pigtails, which looked very cute, and Tot was now sporting black ones that were equally cute. Mia also had a very tight Ramones shirt on. She smiled at the girls, who were laden with bags.

"You look like you bought the whole store." she said, standing up. "FETISH...that's a little risque for you girls, isn't it?" She said, putting her hands on her hips.

"No mom...Just rockabilly stuff...Nothing crazy." Mia said. She not only looked like, but sounded like a teenage girl, Andrea thought.

"well, there's pizza in the kitchen, and sodas." Andrea said, "Help yourself, Tot."

She beckoned Mia to come over. "How much did you spend at that place, I know it's really expensive." Andrea whispered.

Mia smiled weakly. "Well...I didn't spend but twenty five dollars. Tot bought everything." she said, feeling embarrassed.

"Really?" Andrea said, puzzled. "Where did she get that kind of money?"

"Her parents....They are really rich apparently, and said she could buy it for my birthday next week."

"I don't know, that's a lot of money Mia." Andrea said.

"Well, I tried to resist, but she said to just be gracious and learn how to accept a gift."

"Well...OK." Andrea said, still a little worried about the expense. "Tot, thank you for taking Mia shopping."

"Thanks, Andrea. I told her it was my treat, since it was my idea and I wanted matching costumes."

The girls gorged on cheese pizza, then went upstairs to get ready. About thirty minutes later, Andrea went upstairs to see their progress. Both girls were in their short little dresses, with stockings and fetish heels. They both looked like models, Andrea thought, but bad girl models. She laughed. She would have died to have clothes like that when she was in high school. but her parents were way too strict. Was she being too lenient, with all of this? She snapped out of her worry.

"Now that is two little pieces of jailbait if I've ever seen any." she said flatly.

Both girls laughed. Andrea sat on the edge of the tub smoking a cigarette, watching the Tot do Mia's make up. She gave her some really exaggerated cat's eye make up, with red eye-shadow. With Mia's already pale complexion, the alabaster foundation really made her look like a little gothic porcelain doll. Tot did her own make-up quickly, with a very practiced hand, very similar, but with pink eyeshade to match the pink in her dress. Both girls looked absolutely adorable.

"You're pretty good at make-up Tot." Andrea said, impressed with the job. "You planning on doing it professionally?"

Tot nodded. "I'm going to cosmetology school after high school, much to my parents' chagrin. But, I suck at academics...So..." she laughed. "At least I have something I can do."

"It's not a bad life. I've been at it for 16 years now, and it pays off." she looked around "Bought most of this."

“Cool.” Tot said, leaning against the counter lighting her own cigarette. “Maybe I’ll try to work for you one day.”

“Maybe so.” Andrea said smiling.

The girls got the rest of their stuff together and headed down stairs. Andrea watched them fuss around in the mirror in the foyer, getting ready to leave. “Girls...Mia. Look I’ve never had to give you a curfew.” she said, thinking about it. No, Miah had never had a curfew because he never did anything. “But, I want you home by one. got it?”

Mia smiled at her. “one? Really?” she sounded ecstatic.

“Yes. One. No later.” She said, giving her 'daughter' a hug. “Be careful.” she whispered.

“No problem, Andrea.” Tot said. “I have to be home by two, so I’ll drop Mia off and get home on time for once.”

They laughed, then Mia and Tot walked out to Tot’s car. Andrea stood on the porch watching them get into the black street rod. She shook her head. I never thought my son’s first date would be as my daughter, she thought to herself, shaking her head. She turned and went inside, pouring herself a big rum and coke, then settling down on the couch to worry about her daughter

The girls were speeding down the highway, back towards midtown when Mia turned to Tot. “so, where’s this party at?” she said, flicking her cigarette out the window

“it’s at a guy’s house. It this huge place, he has the party every year. Its called “Hell on Earth”, I went last year, but this year will be better.”

“Why’s that?” Mia asked.

“Cause you’re going with me, and I’m seventeen now...” she said, laughing.

“I hope you’re right...I’ve never been to a party before...well, not a real one.”

“you’ll love it.” Tot said, smiling at her ear to ear.

Around nine, the girls pulled onto a residential looking street lined with tall trees. This had to be the place, Mia thought, because there were cars lined up down the street. Tot pulled past the cars and turned into a gated driveway.

“We dont have to park on the street?” Mia asked, looking at the gaggle of people walking up the street towards the house.

“Nah...I’m in good with the guy who’s throwing the party. He wants cool cars out front, so we’re in.” she said, laughing at the other people walking towards the gates.

And there were a lot of cool cars out front. Several cool 50’s cars, and some forties hot rods. Tot parked in the line and got out. Mia took a deep breath and opened the door. Tot walked over to her and looked her up and down. “Good enough to eat.” Tot said, lighting a cigarette.

Mia laughed and followed her lead. The two girls walked for the front doors. There were two big guys at the door, rockabilly looking dudes with full sleeve tats and slicked black hair Mia thought they were going to stop them, they were underage and all, but the guys smiled when they walked up.

“Look at Tot!” one of them said. The other gave her a look and started laughing.

“Woo hoo.” the other guy said, “Look at you!”

Tot smiled, Mia blushed.

“Who’s your friend?” The first guy said.

“This is Mia.” Tot said. “Mia, this is Jeff, and Robin.” she said, gesturing to the guys.

“She jailbait too?” Robin said, looking her up and down. “Please tell me she’s not.”

“Sorry boys, seventeen, like me.” Tot said, sticking her tongue out at Robin. The ball of her tongue piercing flashing in the dim light.

“Shit...Too bad.” Robin said. Stamping Mia’s hand. “Call me when you’re eighteen.”

Mia blushed down to her toes. She had never been so embarrassed, or so flattered as she was right now.

“Be good in there, Princess.” Jeff said. “You too, Mia If anyone gives you any shit, just yell for

us.”

Tot leaned over and kissed Jeff on the cheek. “Thanks Jeff.”

“Anytime, girl.” He said, kissing her on the other cheek.

They stepped into the foyer. the place was crowded, and the party was rocking. Music was blaring from somewhere else in the house. Everyone looked older than Mia and Tot, but not much older. There were some people in the crowd who were a lot older, some older than Mia's mom.

“How do you know these people Tot....I mean, you seem real friendly with them.” Mia said, pulling her aside.

Tot laughed. “Ok...Ok. I didn't give you the whole story. This...” she said, gesturing around, “IS my house.” she paused. “Well, it's my dad's house. I dont live with him, but I come over all the time to visit. “

Mia opened her mouth wide. “You dad's house?” she looked around. “No way.”

“Yeah....My mom moved out to the burbs when they got divorced. I would rather live with him, but I'm stuck with my mom until I'm eighteen.”

Mia shook her head. “You weren't kidding about being rich...what does he do?”

Tot smiled. “He builds custom hot rods, and owns a couple of companies that make parts and stuff. But he came into his money from his grandfather, so he had something to start with...like this house.”

Tot grabbed Mia by the arm. “enough family history, there's a party going on here!” she said, leading her into the living room. There were tons of people around. Mia felt really overwhelmed and just stood by the door smoking her cigarette. She felt really uncomfortable, not knowing anyone, and Tot seemed to know everyone.

Tot left her alone for a minute, to go talk to someone, then gestured for her to come over. The guy was in his late forties, with a shaved head and tons of tattoos.

“Mia, this is my dad. Dad, Mia.” she said,

Mr. Brooks looked Mia up and down. “Are you the one leading my daughter astray with these outfits?” He asked, smiling at her.

“No sir....It was all her.” Mia said apologetically.

Mr. Brooks laughed. “I'm just kidding. This has Tatiana written all over it. You girls look great. IT's nice meeting you, Mia.” he said. “Have fun. Stay out of trouble.” he said, squeezing his daughter's shoulder.

Tot lead her into a room that Mia assumed would be a formal dining room, but instead there was a small stage set up and a band playing. They pushed through the crowd, Tot saying hello to several people on the way. They stopped at a small bar.

“Two beers, please.” Tot said.

The bartender poured two cups of beer from the keg and handed them over. Mia took the cup and looked at Tot, eyebrow raised.

“We're not going to drink too much...dont want you to get in trouble...and I have to drive later. But a couple of beers should be ok, right?”

Mia shrugged. “yeah, a couple should be ok.” she laughed. This was really cool, she thought. Her friends would never believe her. This was the first time she'd thought of her other friends What would they say? Mia didn't know, but decided she wouldn't think about it right now. They were at a party.

The girls listened to the band and danced, having a lot of fun. Mia met dozens of people,none of whom she could remember their name moments after being introduced. Mia was watching the crowd. There were several people who were definitely guys in drag, and some that she wasn't sure about. There were a lot of girls in cool fetish gear in the crowd, and some girls she was absolutely sure were real pin up models.

Tot excused herself to go to the bathroom. Mia felt awkward about being left alone. “Tot...I'm

going to go out to the back porch and get some air.” she said. Tot nodded, and they parted ways. Mia walked out into the cool night air, and it felt really good to be out of the suffocating heat and smoke of the party. There were a lot of people in the back yard, talking and smoking. She lit a cigarette of her own and walked to the edge of the porch.

She was thinking about everything that had happened, completely lost in thought, when she heard someone's voice off her shoulder.

“Hey...Mia.” the voice said, a male voice. She turned and saw Robin, the guy from the door standing there.

“Hey.” she said, smiling back at him. “Robin, right?”

He smiled. “yeah.” he said, with a laugh. “I'm glad you remembered.” He was holding a bottle in each hand. “I thought you looked thirsty.” he said, proffering a bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

“Only the best, huh?” she said, taking the ice cold bottle. It did taste pretty good.

“Well... We did give you an over 21 stamp, so I figures you might want one.” he said, taking a drink of his own. “I promise, I'm not trying to get you drunk.”

She laughed. “How old are you, Robin?”

“I'm twenty one...First one of these shindigs I'm actually legal for.” he said proudly. “But I've been coming for the last few years.”

he looked her up and down. “You're really seventeen?” he said incredulously.

“Actually, I will be seventeen next week.” she said, giving a little coquettish twist, letting her skirts swish.

“Shit!” he said, shaking his head. “You definitely could pass for older.”

Mia blushed, thankfully the make-up would hide it. “Thanks. Tot picked out the outfit.”

he laughed again, “Another master of disguise, that one. She has been able to pass for 21 since she was 15.”

Mia giggled. “Yeah, she's good at illusion.”

The two of them talked for a little while. Robin, she found, worked at a local tattoo shop. He was doing piercings now but wanted to learn tattooing.

Mia felt really comfortable talking to him, and thought he was really attractive. She realized she was flirting with him really heavy, and it occurred to her that because of her situation, it might be impossible for anything to ever come of it...and she felt horrible for deceiving him.

“Robin....” she said, steeling herself for what she was about to say. Honesty is the best policy, she thought. Let's hope, another voice in her head said “...there's something I have to tell you.”

“What's that, Mia?” he said, sensing the hesitation in her voice.

“You know how you said that Tot is a master of disguise?” She said nervously.

“Yeah..” he said,

“I'm...Well...Robin” she paused, taking a nervous drag from her cigarette. “I'm not a girl.”

Robin looked at her stunned for a moment.

“I'm sorry, I didn't want to mislead you, or lead you on. If you're not cool with that, I understand.”

“Wait.” Robin said, holding up his hands. “you're a guy?” he whispered.

Mia nodded sheepishly. “I'm sorry.”

Robin started laughing. Mia felt horrible, and was sure he was going to get mad.

“Mia..Oh, shit.” he said, shaking his head. “I don't believe you....I mean, I believe it. but good lord. I've seen some really convincing tranny's in my time...there are a few here, but I would have never pegged you for one. Holy shit.” he said, still shaking his head.

Mia didn't know what to say, so she only shrugged. “sorry.”

“Nothing to be sorry about. I mean, I'm glad you told me. I'd hate to be surprised, you know.” the two of them laughed. Mia did feel really bad that she wasn't a girl, and had to be having this conversation. “Well...I've never explored that side of things, Mia....Can't say that you aren't tempting as

a piece of candy, but add that to the jailbait and you just made my life a lot easier.” He laughed.

Mia was still at a loss for words...His words were reassuring, but it still made her feel sort of bad. But at least, she thought, he wasn't laboring under a misapprehension.

He surprised her and gave her a hug. “Dont worry about it, Mia.” he held her at arms length. “You are still super hot, and I mean it.”

she laughed. Just then, Tot came outside.

“Hey, Robin. Are you molesting Mia?” she said, poking him in the ribs.

“Nope, just talking.” Robin said, holding up his hands.

Mia hoped she didn't look as let down as she felt. What had she expected, though. Most guys wont be cool with you not really being a girl, she thought, and that bothered her. She couldn't bear the thought of having her penis cut off...she was pretty sure that was an extreme she didn't want, but didn't know what to make of it.

“It was cool talking to you Mia.” Robin said, giving her another hug. “come see me at the shop.” he said, handing her a card.

Mia hugged him back and whispered. “Thanks for being cool.”

He looked at her. “No problem chicky.” He hugged Tot. “Gotta get back to the front...”

Then he was gone. Mia had her first crush, she realized, and like most crushes, it would go unrequited. She frowned and lit a cigarette.

“What's wrong?” Tot asked, lighting her cigarette from Mia's flame.

“I...Robin was kind of hitting on me. So I told him the truth.” Mia said, feeling tears coming.

“Was he a dick to you?” Tot said, looking back towards the door. The look on her face was pure rage.

“No...No...He was really sweet. Said I looked sweet as hard candy, but didn't swing that way. I dunno...I kinda thought he was cute.” She said, looking down at her feet.

“he is cute...And that was really sweet...” Tot lifted her face with her finger. “Why did you tell him?”

“I dont want to lie to people....Not like that.” she shook her head. “If there is any chance of....anything, I dont want a problem later. Tell them up front, then they can't get too pissed off.”

Tot nodded. “I gotcha. I can see that. Dont worry Tot...There's a lot of guys who will want to be with you anyway. You're gorgeous, and your cool. They wont let a little thing get between you.”

Mia got a devilish grin. “It's not that little.” she said, laughing.

Tot hugged her. “I know...I saw in the dressing room.”

Mia pushed her back and laughed. The two girls were still giggling when they went back inside.

The band was rocking now and Tot got her and Mia up on a couple of speakers to dance. Mia was self conscious at first, but just followed Tot's lead and had a good time. They were sweaty and tired when they finally started making their way out. It was twelve thirty, and the party was really just getting swinging apparently. They said goodbye to Tot's dad, and Tot said she'd be back in a little while. He made sure neither girl was intoxicated, then kissed his daughter's cheek.

The girls stepped out front and Robin and Jeff were still there. They both smiled at the girls.

“Bye, losers.” Tot said, smiling at them.

“You're going so soon?” Robin said, looking at his watch. “We get off the door at one, I was hoping you girls would still be here.”

“Nope, got to go.” Tot said. “Mias got to get home.”

Jeff piped up. “too bad. It was nice meeting you, Ms. Mia.”

Mia laughed. “Nice to meet you guys too.”

“Bye, Mia.” Robin said, then gave her a hug goodbye. “really, come see me at the shop. I'll hook you up with a discount on anything you want.”

“thanks.” Mia said, then Tot hugged both guys. Jeff wanted a hug from Mia, which she happily

gave. then the girls were back in the car and on the way home.

They were quiet for a few minutes. Mia's ears were ringing from the loud music. She was completely lost in thought.

"Penny for your thoughts." Tot said, looking over at Mia.

"I was just thinking about everything....I had a great time, Tot." Mia said. "Best time I've ever had. I think the best decision I ever made was asking you over to the house when I was dressed....Otherwise, I'd be at home right now wishing I was out doing something more fun. Thank you." she was on the verge of tears, and it took everything to keep from crying.

"I'm so glad you had fun, Mia. I had a ball!" Tot said, taking Mia's hand. "This is just the start of things, girl. You and me are going to have so much fun!"

Mia laughed. "I know....It all just seems so surreal, you know...Monday, it's back to school...Back to being Miah. I dont know how I'll cope." Mia said, looking out the window.

"Dont fully go back to being Miah, then. Be yourself...Fuck em if they can't take it."

Mia nodded, unsure of what she was going to do. "I dunno...I'll see."

Finally, they pulled up in front of Mia's house. Tot looked over at her, then leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Their lips touched for a moment, then their tongues started tentatively exploring the others mouth. The kiss was sensual, and soft. Very sweet, but it soon ended.

Mia looked at her. "what was that for?"

"Couldn't have both of us go home from such a great party without even getting a kiss....Now we did."

Mia and Tot both laughed, then gave a quick peck on the lips and Mia hopped out of the car. Tot roared off, waving as she cruised down the street. Mia walked up towards the house. Her feet were killing her, but she had very little problems with the platforms all night, except the one trip she had at the party. She walked inside.

Andrea was sitting on the couch, tapping away on her laptop. She looked. up and smiled.

"On time, I see." Andrea said. "Barely." the clock was just turning to one o'clock. "Did you have fun?"

Mia nodded. "It was the best time of my life, Mom." she said, walking into the kitchen. "I have to get these shoes off though." she sat down on the couch and started taking off the shoes.

"Yeah, they'll get to you after a few hours, huh?" Andrea said laughing.

Mia leaned back on the couch and played with the frills of her petticoats for a moment, then looked over at her mom.

"Thanks mom...Thanks for being understanding." She said.

"You're welcome, honey. I will do my best to be here for you any time I can....SO ...Tell me about this party."

The two of them sat for another hour, talking and smoking cigarettes. Mia only left out a few things, like drinking a few beers, and being hit on by a guy...and the way she got out of it. Finally, with a yawn...Mia stood up.

"Mom, I am going to hit the sack...I completely tired." She said, shaking her head.

"dont forget to take off all your make-up and use the moisturizer...dont want you breaking out like crazy after this." Andrea said, kissing her on the cheek.

"G'night mom." She said, then popped up the stairs.

Mia got out of the shower and looked at herself in the mirror. Even without the make-up, with the pigtails still in, she looked like Mia. Not as pretty, but definitely feminine, save the complete flatness of her chest. Concave is more like it, she thought, poking at the miserably small pectorals. She hung up the dress, it was dry-clean only, and put the other stuff next to her laundry basket. She slipped on the red panties and put on a big tee shirt, then looked in the mirror. She looked cute, she thought, then climbed in bed. She was thinking about the future, scared of the future, actually as she drifted off to sleep.

Four

May 7, 2004

Jeremiah sat through the torturous last assembly of the year. The orchestra was playing one last concert for the graduates, and he was lead violin. When he had arrived at for the concert to get dressed, after 4th period, he was disappointed to have to wear a suit, instead of the dress he would have preferred, but Ms. Laughlin, the director, wouldn't allow him to wear a blue dress like the girls. Instead, he pulled his long hair back in a ponytail, high on his head like a girl, instead of low like some of the boys. She got really mad when she realized he was wearing lip gloss and mascara. She relented, and let it be, not wanting to get into any trouble before the last concert, though she expressed her displeasure at the whole thing.

While Miah was waiting for the curtain to open, he was thinking back over the last year or so. After that fateful halloween, last year, he and Tot had become inseparable, along with Eden and Sera...They were always together. Sera and Eden were a couple, something he had suspected the first time he met them, and Mia and Tot were a de-facto couple, though not in any romantic way. They had made out a lot, just playing around, but had never done the deed. Mia was still a virgin, technically at least.

A lot of changes had come about in the last year, almost too many to fathom. Mia was around all the time after school, and at school she was barely, and poorly hidden. Had been since after christmas break last year. The rest of their Junior year, both had started school a year late and were among the eighteen year old graduates (damn birthday after October first!), had seen Mia make more and more appearances at school. She started surfacing with a hair cut, and soon, to make up. She still had to wear Miah's school uniform, because the administration wouldn't budge on that and let him wear a girls uniform to school, but he wore it as femininely as possible. Mia did think it was a cute look anyway. Though, at school, he was still Miah, and had to live with that. His grades were still good, school was always easy, though he didn't manage straight A's for the senior year...too much fun to be had. But a 3.0 average was still ok.

This is not to say that transitioning had been easy. He had been ridiculed, and even attacked a few times by homophobic guys, and shunned by a lot of the girls. But the school had policies to protect him, enforced by the state, so it was pretty minimal, even though it didn't make it hurt any less. There was a lot of misunderstanding among the faculty, and he was really just glad to be getting out of here, even though he was sure college would be little better.

His mom had insisted that he see a doctor soon after Christmas of last year. He did, and was diagnosed as transgender, which made it a lot easier on him and his mom. Mia was Andrea's daughter now, and that was that. He still had to 'pretend to be a boy' during the week, a statement that always made him and his mom laugh. And now, after a year of mild hormone, and androgen blocker therapy, it did look like he was a girl pretending to be a boy, not the other way around.

The curtain was raised and Miah snapped out of his reverie. The concert was a success, he

played his solo well, and they received a hearty round of applause afterwards. He was glad it was over, and was looking forward to his next concert being at the University. He, or should he say, Mia, was attending the university on a full scholarship for music. And yes, he would be attending as Mia.

He met his mom by the stage door. She gave him a big hug.

"Miah's last performance." she said, a tear running down her face.

"I'm sorry mom." he whispered.

"Pish posh" she said, wiping away the tears. "Mia's a much better violinist anyway."

The two of them laughed, then walked into the hallway. Tot ran up and gave Miah a hug and a kiss.

"Great job, girl!" she said, ""You were awesome."

"Thanks, Tot." Mia said, her mannerisms totally Mia now. "My biggest fan."

The two girls walked hand in hand down the hall, getting a couple of odd looks from parents, and whispers from other students. Andrea just shook her head.

It was nothing compared to the hubbub they caused at prom. They went together, Mia and Tot, not Miah and Tot. They wore pretty black dresses, very victorian affairs with corsets and everything. The school had a fit, but then realized while there were rules on the books to keep same sex couples from going, there were no rules that a boy couldn't wear a dress. They apparently were fixing that for next year, much to the protest of the local transgender support group.

That night was graduation. Miah walked down the aisle and picked up his diploma, but Mia walked out of graduation, hopefully, never to look back. She was wearing a very cute, conservative dress under her gown and looked, she thought, adorable. Andrea took a lot of pictures of her and Tot, and the night was fantastic for them all. Only once the entire night did anyone try to rain on her parade, and it was only a few anonymous insults, and laughter as she passed, but she was over all of it, and ready to get on with her life.

Mia and Tot were going to get an apartment together in midtown. Luckily, Tot's dad owned several duplexes, and was renting them one dirt cheap. Mia felt bad leaving her mom alone, but Andrea assured her that she would be fine and would appreciate the quiet. Andrea hadn't gotten in any romantic, long term relationships, since the divorce, but did date quite a bit and was really enjoying the freedom. Mia suspected, she would be enjoying it even more once Mia had moved out. And Mia was looking forward to living on her own.

She would still see her mother every day, almost, since she had been working as a nail technician at the salon for almost a year now. She'd gotten really good at it, and enjoyed the work. It paid pretty well, too, especially with tips. Tot had gotten a part time job at another salon, in midtown, doing the same job. They practiced on each other quite a bit, but Tot was better than Mia at just about anything having to do with beauty. Tot was starting cosmetology school and would be going to to learn hair and make-up, while Mia was content to just do nails while she was going to school.

Mia had seen Robin a few times since last year, as well. She didn't see him for several months after the party thought, and by then had grown her hair out quite a bit. It was cut in a classic Betty Page style, black, with straight bangs....much like Tot's though much shorter. He had been really cool with her again, and had like he'd said, hooked her up with a really cheap (she just bought the jewelry) belly button piercing. She also found that time had not dulled the torch she carried for him, but he was still distant in that area and she was fairly sure always would be. But, he was very complimentary and so sweet. Oh, well, she thought. Can't win them all.

Mia had been on hormones therapy for almost a year now, and it was showing in her body. She had developed a more womanly shape, though her figure was still waifish to say the least. Her breasts had grown a bit, but were still barely A cups and could be hidden by a loose tee shirt. The doctors told her that it was just her body type, and they probably would grow little more even once she started aggressive hormone therapy, if she ever did, for SRS. Mia had been very disappointed about that, though. She was happy with her development, she had a body that many models would kill for, but she

did want larger breasts. Maybe it was just the guy in her, she thought, but she did want real breasts to make her feel more womanly, and less like a pubescent girl. Her mother had surprised her the week before graduation with an envelope at the dinner table.

"What's in it?" Mia asked, smiling ear to ear.

"Your graduation present." Andrea said, smiling, though there was a little sadness in her smile.

Mia tore into it. It was a neatly written letter saying goodbye to Jeremiah from her mom. She read the letter and tears started running down her face. The letter read:

Dear Jeremiah,

I have loved you since the moment I gave birth to you. Even though I was the same age you are now, I felt like I was ready to be a mother, and I hope that I have done well by you. I remember all the major milestones in your life, and I was so happy to share them all with you. But, it seems that a new milestone has come up, a rare one, that I must accept. My little boy is going away, and I will never see him again. He will not return home as a man, after college, or stand at the alter as a groom. I have to admit, I am saddened by this fact. If I said any different, I'd be lying. But, Though Jeremiah's going away, I have gained, in the last year, a lovely daughter named Mia, whom I love with all my heart. I want Mia to have all the happiness she deserves in life. She is beautiful and talented, and will be the apple of my eye until the day I die. So I say goodbye to my son next week, after graduation, probably never to return. But I welcome my daughter, with all the love I can give her as she begins her life anew.

Love,

Andrea.

Mia broke down and cried when she read the letter, then hugged her mom closely. Both of them cried for a little while, then talked about everything. Doubt started creeping in on Mia, whether she was doing the right thing or not. Andrea shut her up quickly, saying that she had no doubt that Mia was doing the right thing, and not to say any more about it.

Andrea brushed tears out of her eyes and said. "There's more in the envelope, dear."

Mia wiped her tears away and pulled out a folded piece of paper. It was an appointment to see a plastic surgeon, for the Monday after graduation.

"What's this?" Mia said, holding it up.

"I have arranged for you to see a plastic surgeon next week. She is one of my clients, you've met her. Margaret?" Andrea said.

"Yeah, blonde lady. Real pretty." Mia said, nodding.

"Well, she is going to do breast augmentation for you...She did mine a few years ago.

Remember, I was little more endowed than you are now. And, she is going to talk to you about a few facial feminization processes. She said you don't need any major work, because you started hormones early enough to stop the 'gross changes' of male puberty, and because you are so slight of build. She did say you should get a trachea shave, and a lip lift and lip augmentation. And, since you've already endured the horrors of laser hair removal for the last year, I figured I'd spring for it all as a graduation gift."

It took a minute for it to register with Mia. "You really mean it Mom?" Mia said, a huge smile spreading across her face.

"I do, honey. I was going to buy you a new car, and furniture for your place But, instead, you get plastic surgery, a used car...the one you've got, and Ikea furniture."

Mia jumped up and hugged her. "I love my car, and I can find some great stuff at Ikea!" she hugged her tighter. "And the other stuff...I love you mom!" she said, kissing her on the cheek.

"I love you too Mia. Now get out of here...Before we both start blubbering again."

After her consultation with the doctor, the surgery was scheduled for a week after graduation. Mia was pretty nervous the whole week leading up to the surgery. Tot and her spent a lot of time talking and planning the move to their new apartment, though they both decided to put it off until after Mia had recuperated from her surgery. Finally, the big day came. Andrea drove Mia to the clinic. Neither of them said much, as they were both lost in their own thoughts. They stood outside and smoked a cigarette, then finally opened the doors and walked inside.

when the surgery was over, Mia woke up in her bed. She was in pain. It was pain like she'd never experienced, actually. The medicine helped, but it was still very uncomfortable. But, like with most pain, it was over rather quickly. Mia was able to talk pretty well within a couple of days, though her husky voice, did seem to take on an even more sultry tone in the aftermath...which Mia didn't consider all bad. The lip lift and collagen took a few more days to finally feel Ok, but once the swelling evened out, Mia was stunned by how such a small change could make such a big difference. She'd never paid much attention, but the shape and fall of the upper lip is a big tell when it comes to male and female bodies. The female upper lip is usually smaller, and when the mouth is relaxed, it tends to show the upper teeth. Just think Marilyn Monroe's famous pout, and you'll know what it means. Mia was stunned by how much more female it made her look.

And the breasts! After the pain subsided, she was very impressed with her breasts. The first couple of days, it was awful, and she was beginning to think that she'd made a horrible mistake. But, after a week or so, she was very happy with them. She couldn't help but look at herself in the mirror more often, and loved looking at herself without a top. As soon as she could she wore a low-cut top to show off her new C-cup breasts, the same size as her mother's, which looked fantastic.

Tot signed up for the all girls roller-derby league in town. Mia was a little jealous because she really wanted to play too, but much to Tot's chagrin, she wouldn't lie and say she was a genetic girl. The girls on the team were, for the most part really cool, and Mia spent a lot of time hanging out with them. After a few weeks, they made her an honorary "Mistress of Destruction" and she skated with the team a lot in practice, and helped them out as a sort of manager when they had bouts.

]

Mia recovered from her surgery, and her and Tot moved into their apartment. With some help from Andrea, the girls picked out furniture and all the other accouterments you need for living, that teenagers at home take for granted. They settled in quickly, and were having a blast. They were both practicing skating three times a week with the team, and working their jobs during the day. Mia was really enjoying discovering all the cool places in Midtown to hang out, eat, and shop. Tot already knew where they were, and was happy to help her roomy find them all.

One night, after skate practice, Tot and Mia were sitting on the front porch of their duplex, smoking cigarettes and chatting. Mia had played her violin for Tot earlier, trying to keep in practice so she didn't have a hard time once school started in the fall. Tot looked up at Mia and said.

"Mia...It's time."

Mia laughed and looked at her watch. "time for what?"

"Time, my dear. For us to get our first tattoos." Tot said gravely.

Mia giggled heartily. Both girls had talked about it for years, drawing pictures, cutting pictures out of tattoo magazines. "Are you sure?"

Tot nodded. "Yes....I am certain."

"Now?" Mia said, looking at her watch. It was a little after eight on a thursday.

"Now." Tot said. "Lets do it before we chicken out."

Mia started laughing. "I don't chicken out, girl...You know that."

"I don't either." Tot said.

The girls went inside and retrieved their sketch books. Mia felt odd picking up the 'tattoo wish book' that she had started near the end of her junior year. She wondered what her mother would say...but then decided, that this was her decision...and her mother would be cool with it, whichever way she went. She might be a little irritated, but that was it.

They hopped in Tot's car and cruised over to Enduring Ink, the tattoo shop where Robin worked, and where Tot's Dad got his work done. It didn't look crowded, Mia thought, we might actually get in to do it tonight.

Mia looked at herself in the mirror before getting out of the car. She was wearing a very low-cut Mistresses of Destruction tee shirt, that she had cut into a midriff shirt and widened the neck on. She was still showing off as much of her new breasts as she could. She still had her hair up in pigtails from skate practice...truth be told, she wore her hair in pigtails a lot because she thought they were adorable, and they kept her hair out of the way some.

Just as they were walking up onto the porch of the shop, the door opened and Robin stepped out. He saw Mia and froze. Mia smiled at him.

"Hey, Mia." Robin said, his eyes glued to her chest.

She smiled, enjoying the feeling actually, of him admiring her breasts. "I'm up here." she said, squatting down a little.

Robin blushed. He actually blushed and stood up. "Sorry...How are you?"

He was looking at her face. Mia giggled. She could tell what he was doing. Since the lip surgery and Trachea shave, people who she knew before were looking at her that way all the time, trying to figure out what had changed. They weren't sure, they just knew she looked more feminine than before.

"I'm good, hon." Mia said. "Yes...I've had some work done." Mia looked down at her breasts and sort of shook them back and forth. "You like?"

Robin blushed again.

Tot stepped up on the porch. "Hey Robin." She turned to Mia and laughed. "Mia, stop mesmerizing men with your tits."

Mia laughed. "I'm just trying to get my money's worth out of em."

Tot leaned in and whispered in Mia's ear. "I'm going inside. You hang and talk with Robin."

Mia nodded. Tot walked through the door, which Robin was still holding.

Mia smiled at him and sat down on the porch swing. She lit a cigarette, then leaned back in the swing. Robin leaned against the railing, still looking at Mia.

"Something else is different." Robin said. "I can't place it, though. Lips?"

Mia smiled at him, well grinned is more like it. "And the prize goes to Robin!" she laughed. "You are the first person to get it so quickly. Yes, lips. I had a lip lift...and collagen injections to round them out and make them more womanly." She said, giving the last part a little touch of Mae West.

Robin laughed. "Your voice has changed too..I like it...its more..." he laughed. "It's more Jessica Rabbit."

She died laughing. She had thought the same thing, but hadn't told anyone. "I'm not bad..." Mia said.

"I'm just drawn that way." they both said in unison.

"And..." Robin said, pausing to light his own cigarette. "You are drawn that way now...not that you weren't hot before...Now...Whew!! You and Tot are serious trouble now."

She smiled and struck a sort of vixenish pose. "Well you know..." she said, then took a drag from her cigarette, followed by a tight, sharp, snap inhale. "I'm not jailbait any more." She exhaled as she spoke, then exhaled the rest of the smoke in his direction.

Robin laughed and looked down at the floor of the porch...Shaking his head. "I know." he

looked up at her. "I know."

Mia just smiled at him. She didn't know what to say really, and wasn't sure what that reaction actually meant.

Robin was just going outside to have a cigarette. He'd done four piercings tonight, three belly buttons for some sorority girls, and a nipple piercing for a dude. He didn't expect to run into Mia on the porch, and was taken completely by surprise at just how good she looked. He had thought she was adorable since the first time he met her, and couldn't deny that the attraction was still there. Even more so now, he thought, when he laid eyes on the vast cleavage she was showing over her tight belly.

He'd fumbled through the conversation, and thought it was really funny when she had totally gotten the Jessica Rabbit comment. Mia didn't know it, but Robin had Jessica Rabbit tattooed on his left calf, with her motto written above it on a scroll carried by two cartoon swallows.

And Mia was very Jessica Rabbit these days. Robin was an aficionado of pin-up art, especially vintage stuff and practiced drawing pin-ups all the time. HE was still learning tattooing, but was getting pretty good at it and Pin up girls were his specialty. He noticed things about women, the curves of their bodies, and not just the obvious ones. The shape of the lips, the shape of the nose and ears. And Mia was a pin-up, plain and simple. A pin up girl brought to life, he thought. A pin up girl with a cock, another voice said.

That bothered him as well, though not for the reasons you'd think. A few months after meeting Mia, and finding out about her situation, namely that she was a he-more or less. He'd been surfing the internet and decided to check out a transgender site. It bothered him how turned on he was by the whole thing. He wasn't sure why, and he'd always assumed he was straight as an arrow, but something about it just got to him. And now, with Mia in front of him, he found that his body was reacting to her in a very unexpected way. He hoped that she couldn't see the bulge rising in his Levi's.

When Mia made the comment about not being Jailbait any more, he wasn't sure if he'd be able to take her flirting much longer without acting on it. And that scared him. Would that make him a fag? He thought, looking down at his boots. No, he thought, she's better looking than most of the girls I've dated. He shook his head and looked up at her. She was just swinging, giving him a little space, smoking a cigarette. And that girl knew how to smoke, he thought, she uses it as a seductive prop. A bad girl badge.

"So," he said, then cleared his throat. "What brings you two vixens up here tonight? Come to terrorize the locals?"

Mia laughed, then put her cigarette out in the sand bucket next to the swing. "No, it has been decided that tonight is T-Night."

"T-Night?" Robin said, putting his cigarette out as well.

"Tattoo night. We've been talking about getting ink for years. We are both 18 now, and decided it's time." Mia said proudly. "That, and we've got our own place so our parents will have less say about it all."

Robin laughed. "I can't see you being very worried about any of that."

"Well...I love my mom, and don't want her to be mad...My dad on the other hand, I will do anything possible to piss him off." Mia said fiendishly.

"What are you wanting done?" Robin said, leaning forward.

"I'm not an artist, mind you...I just kinda sketched what I wanted and was hoping that an artist would be able to make it all work out. I have reference photos too....For each one." Mia said, handing him the sketch book.

Robin lit another cigarette, then lit one for Mia who waited patiently while he flipped through the book. Robin was impressed with how well thought out it was. He realized that people normally changed their mind some as they went, but she had some really cool designs for sleeves, and some back work. She had a couple of thoughts on ankles too. He liked the use of old school and asian designs

Mia had worked into it. Very much like Sabine, he thought, reminded of one of his favorite modern pin up models.

"I like it...Which one first." he said, passing it back to her.

Mia clamped her cigarette in her lips and flipped through the book. "This one." she said, taking the cigarette out of her mouth and passing the book back to Robin.

Robin looked at it. It was a nautical star. Very simple, a good anchor piece for her left shoulder. He nodded. I could do that, he thought. He looked up at her.

"Do you trust me?" Robin said.

"Sure, why?" Mia said, leaning forward.

"I'm an apprentice here. I can't work for money, but I need victims...I mean, people to work on." they both laughed.

"I can do this." he said firmly. "No problem."

Mia grinned. "You mean, you do it for free?" I'm game." She laughed. "Tot is going to be pissed."

Robin laughed. "Nah, she's getting a fantastic discount from Pete anyway. They've known each other for years and he's been aching to put needle to that pretty white canvas."

Mia smiled. "Lets do it."

Robin wanted to take her in his arms right there, but instead, he walked over and opened the door. "After you." he said, gesturing for her to enter. "I'll be right back, okay?" he said, then went in the back.

Mia was staring at all the pictures pinned to the walls. No flash, it wasn't that kind of shop, but tons of photos of their work all over the place. She was excited. Robin was going to do her tattoo. And, she thought, it seems like he might actually be taking an interest in me after all. Before she could consider any more, he came back in.

"Mia...Pete said I could work on you. You have to sign a waiver, saying you wont hold the shop liable if I fuck it up...which I wont....Oh, yeah, and Tot want's to see you. I'll get the waiver."

Mia nodded. "Ok, she's in back?"

Mia walked in. Tot was already laying on her stomach on the table and Pete was positioning a drawing on her back for transfer. "Miss Tatiana" Mia said. "You rang?"

"You gonna get Robin to do you, that's awesome!" Tot said, grinning at her and waggling her eyebrows at the innuendo.

"Yep. Thanks for letting him do me Pete." Mia said, grinning devilishly.

Pete looked up and laughed. "You're the one letting my apprentice put a needle on you. Brave girl."

"Hey, I let him stab me through the belly button..At least this time he's just drawing on me." Mia said.

"Yeah, this time he has twelve needles...and power." Pete said then laughed. "No, he's good. He's almost ready to really start working. Enjoy, hon."

Mia leaned over and kissed Tot on the cheek. "See you in a little."

"Toodles" Tot said, then went back to looking at her magazine.

Mia popped a piece of gum in her mouth and walked into the lobby.

"Sign here, please, Mia." Robin said, handing her a pen.

She signed then handed it back to him.

"alright, this way Mamouselle." He said, gesturing to the other studio.

Mia sat in the chair while he got ready. She was really nervous, smacking her gum like crazy.

He got in a good position, then transferred the star onto her shoulder. After he got it positioned, and she liked it, he got the gun ready. Mia didn't talk, just let him work, she thought. Dont want to mess him up.

“Ready?” he said, gun poised above the star. “I’m going to do the outline first. If it hurts too bad, or I’m being too heavy handed let me know ok?”

Mia nodded then bit her lip.

“Relax.” He said, then the gun started humming. He touched the needle to her skin. It felt hot, there was some pain, but not too bad. Soon he was drawing, tracing the outline he’d made. He finished the first line, the left apex of the star. “Doing good?”

Mia nodded, trying to stay still. It did hurt, but not too terribly bad. The second line hurt a little worse than the first, and the third and fourth weren’t too bad. He gave her a short break before heading up the other side. Then he finished the star.

“You are doing great, Mia. A very good subject, not a flincher.” he said, smiling at her. “My favorite kind.”

“I’m good with pain.” Mia said, grinning. “I don’t like it...but I can deal.”

“Ok, let’s finish this outline then.” Robin said, and the gun hummed back to life. He finished it quickly, then did the internal outline work. “There.” he said, leaning back from his work. “Now color.” he said, turning and busying himself with the gun some more.

Mia really wanted to see what he’d done, but figured he didn’t want her to see until it was finished. She was really enjoying being this close to him, and spent most of the time while he was drawing studying his face. She loved the way his beard-shadow darkened his cheeks. The way his long sideburns moved when he talked, and she thought his green eyes looked like some rare jewel.

Mia flinched a little when the 12 needle rake touched her. It wasn’t a sharp pain like the outline needle, it was more of a scraping ache. He was going easy on her, she could tell, but it did hurt. Luckily, after a few passes, she numbed and it didn’t hurt as bad. She’d heard people talk about the endorphin rush that hits when getting a tattoo, and assumed this was it. It didn’t bother her any more, and in a strange way she was enjoying it.

“There.” he said, leaning back. “done.” He wiped at it for a second, getting all the blood off, then wiped some surgical ointment on it.

Mia got up from the chair and looked at herself in the mirror. The star looked just like she’d hoped. She looked back over her shoulder at Robin and smiled. “I love it.” she said, striking a few more classic Betty Page poses in front of the mirror.

Robin laughed. “Yeah, ham it up girl.”

She looked at him and made a pouty face.

He just laughed louder.

She turned and gave him a hug. “Thanks, Baby.” She kissed him on the cheek.

Robin wrapped his arms around her and held her tight.

Robin was completely taken aback by her hug, and kiss. He reflexively wrapped his arms around her and held her tight. He wanted to kiss her so badly it hurt. She looked up at him, lips slightly parted, eyes closed. He strained against the impulse for a second, then gave in and kissed her. Her lips were soft, her mouth warm and inviting. His brain was screaming that it was wrong, but he couldn’t stop. It was the hottest kiss he’d ever had, hands down. She submitted to him completely, melting against him. They kissed for what seemed like an eternity, then finally parted. Their mouths less than an inch apart.

“Wow.” Robin said quietly.

“Yeah....wow.” Mia said.

Then Mia kissed him again, this time with a little more fervor. Robin was so turned on now it was killing him. He pulled away, catching his breath. They stood there for a moment, looking at each other. She was so hot, he thought, wanting nothing more than to take her in the back right now.

“What’s wrong, Hon.” Mia said breathily. “Don’t you like it.”

“I...I...yes.” Robin said. He looked around, like someone was going to rescue him. “I’m

working.” He said quietly. “And if we keep that up, there is no way I’m going to be any good to anyone for the rest of the night.” And he meant it.

She laughed and backed away, looking sort of embarrassed. “I’m sorry.” She said, eyeing him sideways.

“Nothing to apologize for, Mia.” He said stepping forward. He thought for a second. “Mia....I have a break coming. Want to walk with me down the the convenience store?”

Mia nodded, then grabbed her purse. “Sure. I could use something to drink.”

Robin poked his head into the other studio. Tot was still laying on her stomach and Pete was working on the color. “That’s looking great, Pete. Looks cool, Tot. Hey, I’m going out to the store, want anything?”

Pete looked up. “Nope. Tot?”

Tot looked up. “Nope, I’m good. Something for the pain would be nice, she said with a grimace. I should have picked something smaller for starters.”

Mia slipped past Robin and looked at Tot’s back. “That kicks ass, Tot.” she said. Tot was getting a traditional Japanese piece, a red koi fish. “It’s looking really good, babe. We’re running to the store, OK?”

Tot winked at Mia. “Awesome, see you in a bit.”

Robin held the door for Mia, she smiled at him as she passed. Robin stepped out into the warm summer evening and took a deep breath. Mia pranced down to the bottom step and waited for him. Robin stopped and lit a cigarette. Buying time, he thought, I’m going to have to face this.

Mia had a cigarette in her hand and was digging in her purse for her lighter. Robin popped his zippo and lit it for her. She smiled up at him. “Thanks, sweetie.” she purred.

God she’s sexy, he thought. “No problem.”

They started walking. Mia didn’t say anything, and either did Robin. They walked all the way to the store without saying a word, just enjoying their walk. Mia bought a bottle of cherry soda, and Robin picked up a cup of coffee. They walked out of the store together, Mia sipping her soda through a straw.

There was a little park, not much more than an empty lot with a couple of park benches and a picnic table, between the store and the tattoo shop. Robin gestured with his head towards the bench, and Mia followed. He was churning inside, not sure what he was going to say or do once they actually sat down. Could go either way, he thought.

Mia hopped up on the picnic table, crossing those long sexy legs. She just smiled at him.

“Mia...” he said, trying to summon up the words. “I don’t know what I want to do here.”

She looked at him, puzzled for a second, then her smile turned down into a heart rending frown.

“I....I’m really glad I kissed you, Ok. It was great. And you are so fucking sexy...” he sighed heavily and looked down at his boots. “But, I’m conflicted, OK?”

Mia nodded. She looked so sad. “Ok.” she said, her voice sounded thick, like she was on the verge of tears.

“I’m going to lay it out to you straight, ok?” he said, pausing to light a cigarette. He lit one and handed it to her. She nodded thanks, then took a long nervous, shaky drag. “I was attracted to you the first time I saw you....But you know that. I told you as much, then You were so cool...Telling me about your situation...”

“You mean the situation that I’m not a real girl?” she said, sounding somehow crushed and accusatory at the same time.

“Yeah. Look...” he said, shaking his head. “I have never...I never thought I could be attracted to a TG girl...But,” he stressed the but very strongly. “After I met you, I got curious. I looked at some sites online...and found...Well, I can be attracted to them. And, I am still so fucking attracted to you, OK.”

Mia looked at him, he could tell she was unsure of what to say. She just looked confused.

"I...I really want you. Badly...But that scares me, ok? I dont want you to end up getting hurt, and...Well, honestly...Fuck!" he said, shaking his head. "I dont know."

He paced back and forth for a second, then turned back to her. "I dont know if I'm as brave as you, ok?" he said quietly.

Mia nodded. "I'm not that brave." she said, barely above a whisper.

"But you are, Mia." He said, sitting next to her. "You came out of the closet as a transsexual when you were like sixteen years old, putting up with all that shit in high school. I could have never done anything like that."

"I...I don't know. I didn't have a choice, really. I had to...I had to be me." Mia said, a single tear running down her face.

He could feel himself melting as he reached up and wiped the tear from her face with his finger. "I...Do want you...More than you can imagine."

She shook her head. "I have a really good imagination." she said with a little chuckle.

"Fuck it." he said, then leaned in and kissed her. She returned the kiss, with gusto. The two of them sat on the bench kissing, holding each other tight for several minutes. Robin's mind was racing, what would this mean for him? He didn't care, he was completely caught in the moment.

I do know one thing, he thought, I will make sure that no one hurts her....especially me.

Mia sat listening to Robin, doing her best to hold back tears. She knew what the problem was before he even really started talking. She didn't blame him, really. He was worried that being with her would make him gay, or that he would be perceived as gay, which could be just as bad. She understood completely, but this was one of the things that she knew would happen. For a moment, she thought that it was over, and single tear ran down her cheek. Then, he surprised her. He kissed her. She melted completely, desire swelling within her. She leaned against his strong chest, feeling his muscular arms wrapping around her. They kissed for a long time, holding each other against the night, against the world. She was so very happy, she never wanted this night to end.

Robin's watch beeped. He broke the kiss, and Mia kissed him again. They kissed a moment longer. Then he pulled back.

"Shit. I have to get back, my break is over." he said, standing up.

Mia nodded. "OK." she said, standing up. "So...what now?" She really didn't know what to expect at this point.

"We go back to the shop." he said, smiling.

"That's not what I mean." she said, crossing her arms.

"I know." Robin said. "I really dont know. I was hoping maybe we could....Discuss this more after I get off work?"

She nodded. "That sounds great." She picked up her cherry soda and handed him his coffee.

They walked back towards the shop. Robin reached over and took her hand. That little gesture right there cemented it. This, she thought, has moved past crush....Now it's love.

She chuckled. "Sure you don't mind being seen holding hands with me?"

Robin looked at her and smiled. "It can only improve my rep...You are way out of my league."

"You know what I mean." she said, nudging him with her elbow.

"I do." He said. "And I dont care..." he chuckled. "If anyone says you are anything but a woman, I'll fuck them up."

She laughed, then grinned at him. "My hero. Where were you last year." she shook her head, then looked at him. "Thanks." she said, then hugged up against him. He put his arm around her.

"Any time, baby. Any time." he said, then kissed her on the head.

They walked into the shop. There were a couple of college girls, about Mia's age waiting in the lobby.

"Hey, girls...What can I do for you?"Robin said.

"We want to get our belly button's pierced." one of them said,the other giggled.

Robin turned to Mia. "Duty calls. Meet me at Sally's at midnight?" he said, looking down at his watch.

Mia nodded. She wanted to kiss him so badly...so she did. Partially, she realized was marking him in front of these girls. She was his, and she wasn't going to give him up easy. "Sure, honey." she purred, kissing him on the cheek. "See you there."

She walked in and looked at Tot. She was near done. "Hey Tot...I'm going to go on home. I need to get cleaned up and get changed...I'm meeting Robin down at Sally's after he gets off." Mia did a little silent happy dance and grinned at Tot.

Tot smiled up at her. "That's cool..." she looked over at Pete. "How much longer?"

Pete looked up. "I'm done." he said, giving it one last wipe. He started smearing ointment on the tattoo. "Looks good, girly."

Tot looked up at him. "Groovy." she said, getting up. She stretched, then looked at the tattoo in the mirror. She was grinning ear to ear. "That hurt like hell...But I love it...Thanks Pete." she said, giving him a big hug.

"No problem, Tatainna" He said, smiling. "Guess I'll see you at Sally's."

Tot laughed. "Thanks, Pete. Bye."

The two girls walked outside. Tot stopped and lit a cigarette. "Aghhh." she said. "I wanted this so bad."

"Hurts like hell, dont it." Mia said.

"God yes." Tot said, laughing.

They hopped in the car and headed home. When they pulled into the driveway, Mia turned to Tot.

"I gotta go to the drugstore. You need anything?" Mia said.

Tot shook her head. "I'm good, see you in a little."

Mia kissed her on the cheek and jumped out of the car. She drove down to the drugstore a few blocks away.

Mia knew exactly what she wanted to get. She picked up an enema kit, a box of condoms, a tube of KY jelly, and two packs of cigarettes. She laughed when she looked in her basket, it looked like a party in a basket if she'd ever seen one. Better to have and not need than need and not have. She grinned at the cashier as she checked her out.

"Thanks." Mia said, rushing back to her car. It was a little after ten, not giving her as much time as she'd like to get ready for her 'date'.

By Ten thirty she was in the shower. She gave her legs and armpits a good shave, then took what little hair had grown in her pubic area away, leaving it smooth as silk. Very carefully, she shaved her scrotum. It had shrank a lot since she'd started hormones, but was still a pain to shave. Then, in the worst bit of contortion she had to perform, she made sure there was no hair in her butt crack. This, she thought, was the worst part of being a TG girl. She was pretty sure real girls didn't have to go through this little indignity. She'd have to ask Tot about that one.

She gave herself a couple of enemas. The first one seemed to do the trick, and the second one was just for good measure. She didn't want any sort of problems tonight, just in case. She'd discovered enemas last year, to find some way to keep from having hygiene problems when she anally masturbated. There were a lot of articles about it on line, and once she'd done it a few times, she actually kind of enjoyed the process.

Then, it was time to really get ready. It was a few minutes after eleven now, so she'd have to hurry. She dried her hair, straightening it out and letting it fall around her shoulders. She dressed in a cool, vintage outfit that she had just picked up a few days before, a pencil skirt with patent belt and a striped, cap sleeved scoop neck. She topped it off with a pair of black patent heels, and a little silver

necklace her mother had given her for christmas. She put on her make-up then checked herself out in front of the mirror. She looked at the clock. Fifteen until twelve, still plenty of time to get there on time, and she didn't want to be late.

Mia walked into the living room and started switching out the contents of her purse. She looked up and saw Tot was standing in her doorway.

“Holy shit, girl” Tot said with a laugh, “You are dressed to kill!”

Mia looked up at her and smiled. “You like?” she said, doing a little spin.

“Very nice.” Tot looked down at her rather casual attire. “I feel underdressed.”

“Nah...you look adorable.” Mia said, grinning.

“Ok...I see my evening before my eyes...” Tot said, putting her fingertips on her temples. “We will go to the bar...You will leave with Robin....I will go to the coffee shop and hang out with the other losers who aren't getting laid and come home in the morning after you are done.”

Mia feigned surprise, then nodded. “If things work out right, yes.” she said, giggling. “You ok with that?”

Tot walked over and hugged her. “You'd do the same for me....In fact, you have already.” She said, laughing. “So, you're riding with me then?”

Mia nodded, then the two girls jumped in Tot's car and headed for Sally's.

Five

Robin said goodbye to the last customer and locked the door behind them. He walked back into the studio and plopped down in a chair across from Pete. Pete lit a cigarette and handed Robin a beer from the fridge.

"Thanks." Robin said, taking a swig. "Ahhh....Needed that."

Pete sat in his chair and took a drink of his own brew. "Crazy night." he said, "Good for business, bad for my back." he said, stretching his lower back.

"How'd your tattoo come out, I didn't get a good look at it." Pete said, leaning forward, resting his elbows on his knees.

"Good. It came out great." Robin said. He was lost in his own thoughts, had been since Mia had left.

"What's up with you, Bro?" Pete said, chuckling. "You're a million miles away."

Robin laughed. "No, not that far. I'm still in town."

"Whats up?" Pete said, lounging back and kicking his heels up onto the bench. "I'm all ears."

Robin lit a cigarette and followed Pete's lead, putting up his feet. "I got a question for you."

Robin took a drag, gathering his thoughts. "If you have a relationship with a tranny...are you gay?"

Pete busted out laughing. "What the hell brought that thought up?"

"I'm just asking." Robin said. "I want to know what you think."

Pete thought about it for a minute. "I dunno....I guess...Shit, I dunno. Yeah." he said laughing.

"Well..wait. How hot are we talking? Like porn-star hot, or guy in a dress?"

"Porn-star hot...But what does it matter?" Robin said.

"It doesn't, per say...But here's the thing. If 'she' is a total babe, like those hot, shamle porn-stars you see on Springer or something, that is a lot easier to stomach than a guy in a dress...that way, at least everyone wont know you're playing hide the weenie with a guy." Pete said. "I'm just being honest, man."

Robin laughed. "I guess."

"why the hell are you bringing this up...Did you stumble onto a chicks with dicks website and find yourself strangely compelled to get nasty with a tranny?" Pete grinned. "or, are you considering putting on a dress...cause, dude, you would look fucking scary."

Robin laughed, then threw a magazine at him. "No, dude. But, is it possible that a real transgender person, is really the opposite sex in the wrong body...so, its only components that are fucked up...so, they really are women?"

Pete exhaled heavily. "Whew! That's too deep for me, man." he said shaking his head. "I'm still trying to figure out where you are going with this whole thing."

"what if the girl, the tranny, was super hot, really sweet, and no one could tell she was born a he." he said.

"Dude, there are a lot of really hot girls out there, why get one that wasn't born that way?" Pete said "I'm not knocking trying something exotic, you know...but I dunno, man."

They sat in silence for a moment. Robin leaned forward.

"What do you think about those chicks who were here earlier...Tot and Mia." Robin said.

Pete grinned. "They are hammers man. Sheesh. Tot's been cute as hell since she was a kid, and Mia is like a fucking pin-up picture stepped off the fucking wall and started walkin and talkin...why?"

Robin hesitated. He knew that Mia was really upfront with her transgender status, proud of it actually, but he still hesitated.

"What if the tranny was as hot as Mia?" Robin said.

"Shit, I'd tap that whether she had a dick or not." Pete said, laughing.

"She does." Robin said, grinning at him.

"No fucking way!" Pete said, sitting up. "You are fucking kidding me?"

Robin shook his head. "She told me the first time I met her, at that Halloween party. I was hitting on her, and she told me the news. I was stunned then, but he had no reason to lie. She's been on hormones for a while, and had some surgery done since then....and god damn she is sexy." Robin said, shaking his head.

"Fuck dude." Pete said. "I don't know...Are you sure she's not yanking your chain?"

"She's serious as a heart attack, man....And...Shit, man. I really like her a lot. I gotta know though, man....If me and Mia hook up...are you going to think I'm some kind of fag?"

Pete looked at him for a second. "Are you kidding me?" he laughed. "A. I've always thought you were some kind of fag. B. She's a hot piece of ass, and I'm liable to just be jealous, and C. You can kick my ass...so no. I'm not going to fuck with you over it...I'm going to expect details, and video would be appreciated, but no dude...you're my best friend. I'm cool with whatever you do. Some people might not be so cool with it, but fuck it. It's your life, man."

Robin nodded. He downed the rest of the beer. "We're supposed to meet a Sally's tonight. I'm going to play it by ear. I'll make the call when I get there...See if I'm a chicken-shit or not."

They finished closing up and headed out to the bar. The two of them pulled into the parking lot at Sally's at five after twelve. The place was semi crowded, but not too bad. Johnny Cash was playing on the jukebox, something Robin always thought boded well for a good night. He stopped at the bar and ordered a beer. Pete patted him on the shoulder then went off to see some friends at the end of the bar.

Robin looked around, trying to see if he could find Mia. After a couple of minutes, he figured she wasn't here yet. He relaxed a little, enjoying his beer. The door opened a minute later and Tot walked in. She was looking cute as ever in shorts and her roller derby tee shirt, her hair in cute pigtails. Then Mia walked in. Robin was certain his tongue was hanging out, and had to actually put his hand to his mouth to make sure it wasn't. Damn, he thought, I have to have her.

Robin snapped out of his reverie and started towards Mia. She saw him coming and smiled at him, it was one of those amazing smiles that melted his heart. She fell into his arms, and he hugged her tight, then kissed her on the lips.

"Hey baby." she purred. "Sorry we're late."

He looked her up and down and smiled. "IT was worth the wait." He touched her on the elbow and led her towards the bar. "Drink?"

She smiled. "You know I'm underage."

He shrugged. "So?" he laughed.

He ordered her a beer and handed it to her. She smiled her thanks and took a drink. Robin noticed that more than half the guys in the bar were actually staring at her, which actually made him feel quite proud. He put his arm around her and led her to a corner so they could talk.

Mia followed Robin over to the corner next to the stage. She perched on one of the high stools, dropping her purse on the table. Robin scooted a chair closer to her. She smiled, brushing a stray hair behind her ear.

"Hi." Mia said. She took a long pull from her beer then set it down on the table.

"Hi." Robin said, smiling. He put his hand on top of hers. Her hand was so small and soft,

compared to his sizable mitts. "Thanks for meeting me, Mia."

"My pleasure," she purred.

Robin looked at her for a moment, then shook his head and smiled. "I can't believe how good you look, Mia."

She blushed and looked down at the table. Robin reached out and lifted her chin with his fingertip. She smiled at him.

"I mean it. You are gorgeous," Robin said softly.

Mia leaned in and kissed him. The two of them kissed for a minute then parted, looking one another in the eyes.

They listened to music and talked for a couple of hours. They did a lot of laughing, and a lot of making out. Mia drank two more beers, and was now feeling even more horny.

"Be right back," Robin said, holding up a finger. He indicated the rest room with his head, then smiled and walked that way.

Mia lit a cigarette and leaned back in her chair. She could see Tot chatting with a guy up at the bar. Tot gave her a thumbs up, which Mia returned with a smile. Mia was thinking about how she was feeling inside. For a while after she'd started hormones, she had very low sex drive, which she'd been told was quite normal. But recently, it had returned, though now it was a different feeling. It was hard for her to get an erection, though she'd been verging on having one all evening. It was actually very uncomfortable, since she was tucked in her gaff and that didn't allow it much room to harden.

Robin returned to the table and finished the last of his beer. "You need a ride home?" Robin said, dropping money on the table and scooping up his cigarettes.

Mia nodded. "Thanks," she said, standing up. She put out her cigarette and followed him towards the door. He took her hand and they walked out. Pete was sitting on the porch out front of Sally's talking to one of the bouncers. He said waved as they walked out and got into Robin's car.

A few minutes later they were pulling up in front of Mia's house. As soon as Robin stopped the car and put it in park, Mia was kissing him. They made out for a few minutes, kissing one another and nibbling on each other's necks. Robin's hand slid across Mia's breast and the feeling was electric, waves of pleasure shot through her body. She moaned. After a few more minutes of kissing, she broke the kiss. "Want to come inside?"

Robin looked at the house then back to her. He swallowed hard, then nodded. "Yeah," he said, his voice sounding very dry. Mia almost giggled at how nervous he sounded.

He got out of the car and came around to her side. He opened the door and let her out. They walked hand in hand up to the door. She unlocked it and let him in. "Have a seat," she said, indicating the couch. She picked up the remote and turned on the stereo. It was tuned to Underground Garage on Sirius Radio and the song "West Texas Sound" by the Reining Sound was playing. Mia danced into the kitchen and grabbed a couple of beers. She put a cold one in Robin's hand then sat down next to him.

They picked up where they left off, making out pretty seriously. Mia was sitting on his lap, pressing against him, curled up in his strong arms. She realized how excited he was getting when she felt his erection growing in his pants. She was grinding against him, sliding back and forth slightly as they kissed. She was growing more excited as well, her own erection straining against the confines of the gaff. She broke the kiss this time, deciding to take a break for a minute to calm down. She crawled off him and curled up next to him on the couch.

"Wow," Robin said, breathing heavy. "Good timing, though...I was about to burst, but didn't want you to stop." He chuckled.

Mia was breathing heavy herself. "I figured...I am too," she giggled. She lit a cigarette and laid back on the couch. Robin was just watching her as she stretched out languorously, posing for him on the couch. After a minute or so, she sat up on the couch and put her cigarette in the ashtray. She slowly pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it on the floor. Robin was staring at her flat belly and the beautiful set of C cup breasts above it. She picked up her cigarette and took an exaggerated

French inhale, then up clasped her bra and let it fall. Robin leaned forward and gently kissed her right nipple. Mia gasped with pleasure as his lips touched her aureola.

She laid back on the couch, and let Robin kiss and suck her nipples. He licked down the side of her breast and played with her nipples with his tongue. It was driving her wild with pleasure. She put her cigarette out then pulled him to her and kissed him deeply. While they were kissing, she slid her hand down his belly, into the waistband of his jeans and down his pants. Her fingertips found the tip of his cock, then her fingers wrapped around the shaft. It was large, and thick, which made Mia smile through their kiss.

"Nice." Mia moaned into his mouth as she slowly started sliding her hand up and down his shaft. The tip was wet with pre-cum, which acted as lubricant as her hand gently worked him.

"Thanks." Robin said, then moaned as she slid her hand down his length again.

They kissed for a few minutes, her hand slowly working his large member in his jeans.

"Shall we go into the bedroom?" Mia said, still working masturbating him.

Robin nodded. Mia pulled her hand from his pants. It was sticky with his pre-cum. She thought about wiping it off, then on a whim, licked it from her hand. She licked it like it was an ice cream cone, and reacted like it was the sweetest thing she'd ever tasted. She didn't have a lot of experience in this department, having only given head a couple of times before. But she'd had no complaints, and had actually spent quite a bit of time practicing on a dildo and fantasizing...many times fantasizing about doing this very thing to Robin.

She took his hand and led him into her bedroom.

Robin stood up and followed Mia. His head was swimming, a little from the beer, and a lot from how her talented fingers had been working him in his jeans. Robin was thinking back to all the girls he'd been with, and there had been a lot, and how none of them had been that good at hand jobs. Most rush it, move too rough, or handle it too gently. Mia had put just the right pressure on it, concentrating on the areas that felt the best. She could read his body language so well, he thought, she knew when to back off and when to press on. It's because she's got a cock too, jackass, this little voice kept saying. It was a little disconcerting how that kept going through his mind, but he didn't care.

She let go of his hand and turned on the lamp next to the bed. Robin sat on the edge of the bed, unsure of what to say or do. Mia was standing in front of him, letting his eyes feast on her gorgeous body. She reached around and unbuttoned her skirt, letting it drop to the floor. Here it goes, he thought, then she was standing there wearing only a tight little black vinyl g string. No sign that she was anything but a woman. He looked closely and could see a slight bulge in her panties, but it was nothing like what he was expecting.

Mia watched the expression on his face and started laughing.

"What?" Robin said, sounding defensive.

"I know....You were expecting boxers right?" Mia said, giving him a devious smile.

Robin smiled up at her. "No...I was just expecting to see...something." he said.

"Disappointed?" Mia said, cocking a finely manicured eyebrow at him.

"No...I mean...Are you sure your really a...I mean, it doesn't" he babbled, trying to get it out without sounding like a complete jackass...and not doing a very good job of it.

Mia just laughed. "It's called a gaff." she said, touching the sides of the gaff with her bright red fingernails. "It keeps things squared away."

"I guess it does." Robin said, his mouth feeling really dry. He picked up his beer and took a drink.

Mia lit a cigarette. Robin watched as she lit it and did a quick snap inhale. She was so sexy, he thought, and she knows how to use a cigarette as a prop. "You dont mind if I smoke do you?" Mia said, exhaling a long plume towards him. Robin shook his head. "Why dont you get out of those pants." Mia said. She was dancing to the music, swaying her hips and moving her body to the beat as

Social Distortion played on the stereo.

Robin shimmied out of his jeans, feeling like a complete dork for having suck a hard time taking his pants off. Luckily, she was dancing around and didn't notice.

Finally his jeans were pooled on the floor in front of him and Mia turned back around. He noticed that she was watching him in the mirror. She smile, took a long drag then knelt in front of him. She reached out and took hold of his cock through his boxer briefs and smiled.

"Are you sure you want to..." Robin started, but she reached up and put a finger tip to his lips. He kept his mouth shut as she pulled down the waistband of his underwear and his cock popped out.

"Mmmmmm," she said, smiling at him. "Yummy."

Robin was grinning at her as she took his shaft in her hand. He leaned back on the bed and watched her. She leaned forward and kissed the tip of his cock, letting her plump lips linger on the tip for a moment. She paused for a second, then slowly slid her tongue around the tip. Robin breathed in deeply as she took the tip in her mouth. She sucked gently on the tip for a second then let it pop out of her mouth. Robin couldn't help but moan. Mia smiled up at him, then took a drag from her cigarette. She opened her mouth, letting the smoke linger there for a moment, then inhaled in a pop, the smoke stark white against the red of her lips. Then she took the tip of his cock in her mouth, pushing her lips further down its length. She went down about half way, taking four of his eight thick inches into her mouth. He was watching her go down on him, mesmerized by the sight. She exhaled through her nose, the smoke swirling around his cock. She sucked gently as she went back up, then let it pop out of her mouth.

"Very nice." he said, then ran his hand through her hair.

She licked the palm of her hand and took hold of the base of his shaft. She worked gripped it firmly and slid it slowly up and down, using the saliva as lubricant. His cock was fully erect now, pulsing in her grip. She took another drag, then looked up at him. She licked her lips then took his cock into her mouth again. She took even more into her mouth this time, straining, he could tell to take as much as she could. She pulled back up, then plunged down again, taking even more this time. Robin couldn't believe how good it felt, how fantastic her mouth felt around his cock.

Mia was so excited she could hardly stand it. She'd been dreaming of this for two years. His cock was bigger than she'd imagined, verging on what she thought of as porn star big. She was a little nervous at first, worried that she would chicken out, but that quickly faded as she looked at the huge cock she was holding in her hand. She wanted it more than anything, and knew just what she wanted to do.

Mia had a smoking fetish, always had. She hadn't known what it was at first, sort of like she hadn't known anything about being transgendered, but after checking stuff out on the internet she'd figured out more about that as well. Mia realized that to her, smoking had always been connected to sexuality. And now, with Robin, she was getting to indulge her fantasy, and hopefully his as well. The first time she took his cock into her mouth, feeling its girth press against her tongue, she felt her cock stir uncomfortably in her gaff. After bobbing up and down on his cock for a moment, caressing it with her lips and tongue, her jaw started to ache. Mia let his cock pop out of her mouth and started licking up and down his shaft like a lollipop for a moment before taking it deep into her mouth again. This time she pushed down hard, straining to take as much in as she could. It was certainly a mouthful, she thought, and she was barely half down.

She pulled up and caught her breath, smiling up at him. "it's so big." she purred, gently working the base of his shaft with her hand. She took a last drag from her cigarette then put it out. Robin leaned down and kissed her sweetly on the lips, then she leaned over and took the tip of his cock into her mouth again. She sucked on it gently, rubbing her tongue on the frenulum (the small dent between the glans and the shaft), which caused robin to squirm with delight. She used this time to work up some saliva, getting her mouth good and slick. Then, she took his cock deep into her mouth.

She pushed until the tip of his cock touched the back of her throat. She fought the gag reflex, but couldn't help making a slight gagging sound. She relaxed, then bobbed up, letting his shaft slide between her lips. She was holding his scrotum in her left hand and gently massaging it as she went down on him, which he seemed to like. Now, she thought as she started taking more of his cock into her mouth, Relax the throat. She followed her own advice and let her throat relax, then she swallowed, opening her throat as the tip slid into it. She sucked hard for a second, fighting gag reflex, then came up quick.

"Oh, god." Robin said, as the tip of his cock went into her throat. He looked down at her as she came up. She looked him in the eye and grinned, then went down again. She was able to really take him in there now, finding the rhythm, his cock slipping slightly into her throat each time she went down. She still gagged a couple of times, which made her angry. She'd practiced this before on her dildo and was able to do it with no problem. Of course, she thought, my dildo isn't this big...and it doesn't slightly move up to meet me when I go down on it.

Mia could feel Robin starting to tense up, and could hear his breathing speed up. She knew he was close now, so she started sucking harder. He's going to cum, she thought, taking him deep into her mouth. How am I going to handle this, she thought, mulling over what she was going to do when he came.

"I'm gonna cum." Robin whispered, putting his hand on her head. He couldn't believe how good she was. It was like no blow-job he'd ever had before. Most girls just stop the first time they gag, but she just fought through it and started deep throating him. It was like a dream.

She let his cock pop out of her mouth and started working his shaft furiously, her mouth open, her tongue extended in front of his cock like she was about to take communion. Then, he couldn't hold it any more and came. It was the most intense orgasm he'd ever had. The cum shot out hard into her open mouth. She flinched a little bit as the hot cum hit the back of her throat, but she opened her mouth wide again and kept pumping it out, letting the rest of the cum spray onto her outstretched tongue. It seemed to go on forever, the waves of pleasure washing over him. Finally he was done. He collapsed back onto the bed, panting.

"God." he said through ragged breath. "that was incredible." He looked down at her kneeling over his lap. Her eyes were half closed and she was licking her lips like she'd just had a fantastic desert.

"I'm glad you liked it." Mia said. She crawled on top of him, her movements like a jungle cat stalking its prey. She kissed him on the lips, melting into him. He could still sort of taste himself on her lips, but it didn't matter. She was incredible.

She lay down next to him, her fantastic breasts pushing against his chest. His breathing returned to normal, his cock had gone flaccid and was laying limp against his leg. He thought he could feel her cock, hard against his thigh and a flash of guilt went through him. She's a guy, that damn little voice said again. Robin looked down at her. She was no guy. She may have been born that way, but she certainly wasn't now.

Mia slipped out of his embrace and stood up. She strutted out of the bedroom. Robin raised his head to see where she was going, wondering if something was wrong. She'd been gone for a second, and he was about to say something when she returned with two ice cold beers. He smiled at her. She smiled back and winked then handed him a beer.

"Oh, you are a goddess." he said, taking the beer. He sat up on the bed and took a long drink.

Mia lit a cigarette and perched on the edge of the bed. She was posing for him now, making a show of it. She knew just how to excite him, he thought, she was like a dream.

"So." Robin said, unable to take his eyes off her. "I there anything I can do for you?"

Mia smiled at him. It was a dangerous smile if he'd ever seen one. He was actually a little nervous about what she'd want him to do, and if he really admitted it, a little scared. But the idea turned him on more than he could express. "Well..." she said, reaching out to touch his cock. "I'm sure

I can think of something...when you're up to it."

He grinned at her. "Are you sure?" he said, knowing exactly what she meant. "I've never done it before..."

She shrugged. "Neither have I...really." she said, giving him a little grin.

"Really?" he said, feeling pretty dumb just saying it.

"Nope. I'm technically a virgin." She said proudly.

He looked at her dubiously. The way she had taken his cock, she seemed like no virgin he'd ever heard of.

"Well...I mean, I've never gone all the way...you know....Not with a guy anyway." she said, then took a drag off her cigarette.

"What does that mean, exactly?" He said with a little grin.

"Me and Tot have had some good times." she said, then reached into her night-stand and pulled out a strap on dildo. "But, I've never had a live one in there." she said with a grin, taking his cock in her hand.

Robin smiled broadly when he saw the dildo. The idea of Mia and Tot getting it on was really exciting.

"So..." he said, swallowing hard. "what do you want me to do...for you?"

Mia smiled. "We'll play it by ear, ok?"

He nodded. "Ok."

He was starting to get hard again now, as she gripped his cock. Mia put the dildo back into the night-stand and pulled out a tube of lube.

"Can I take my panties off?" Mia said, chewing on her bottom lip. "I mean...I dont have to...IF it would turn you off or something." She looked down, embarrassed.

Robin reached out and lifted her chin with his finger, then shook his head at her. "In for a penny...In for a pound." he said, then helped her stand up. He took a deep breath, then took hold of her gaff and started pulling it down. He pulled it down to her mid thigh. Her cock, semi hard, and longer than he'd thought it would be, popped out. He pulled her panties all the way down and she stepped out of them. For the first time all night, Mia actually looked embarrassed by her nudity.

What can I do to make her feel ok? He thought, not taking his eyes off her cock. She was completely shaved smooth down there, and her scrotum was really small and tight. Her cock was about 6 inches long, and cut. He smiled, thinking that even her cock somehow looked feminine. He looked up at her, she still looked embarrassed. It was heartbreaking, that such a lovely creature could feel at all ashamed by her body. Then he reached out and took hold of her cock. She opened her mouth with surprise. He took hold of it gently, almost like a hand shake. He realized how familiar it felt, something he'd been doing to himself as long as he could remember. For a moment, a wave of nausea passed over him, an adrenaline rush. Fight or flight, he thought. What will I do? Fight, he thought, then kissed the tip of her cock. She leaned down and pulled him up to stand next to her.

"Oh Robin." she said, kissing him deeply. Passionately. She melted against him, draping her arms over his shoulders. Robin was fully hard now, the taboo of what he'd just done making him even more excited. He could feel her cock touching his as she leaned against him. HE started kissing her on her neck, still unsure of what she was going to do next.

"What do you want me to do?" He whispered in her ear. "Anything you want."

Mia looked up at him. She nibbled on her lower lip for a second. He could tell there was something she wanted, but didn't want to say it. He hoped it wasn't a replay of what she'd done to him, because he didn't think he could do it.

"Could you rim me?" she said, her voice like a little girl, so timid. "Then fuck me like crazy?"

Robin could feel the expression of surprise on his face. She laughed and so did he. Then he nodded and kissed her again.

He turned her around and knelt down at her feet. He ran his hands across her tight, round ass.

She spread her legs wide and looked back over her shoulder at him. He looked up into her eyes, then kissed her butt cheek. She lit a cigarette and stood there, smoking, looking back at him as he caressed her ass. He spread her cheeks and planted a kiss on her sphincter. Robin had tried rimming a girl once, but she'd squirmed away, saying it was gross. It was gross that time actually. But this time was different. He could swear it kind of tasted like strawberry as he slipped his tongue into her sphincter. The bitter taste on his tongue was a bit odd, but not horrible. She gasped as his thick tongue slid inside her, the barbell in his tongue touching her sphincter.

Mia leaned over the bed, resting on her elbows, her ass thrust out towards Robin. He was holding a cheek in each hand and french kissing her asshole. He closed his mouth and worked up a bunch of saliva, then thrust his tongue into her again. He did that for a few minutes, until his tongue was so tired he couldn't do it any more then stopped to catch his breath. On a whim, he reached around and took her cock in his hand. She moaned when his fingers wrapped around it and gasped when he stuck his tongue back inside her. She was squirming against him now, sort of grinding on his face.

Then, she stopped and pulled away from him. He stood up. She pulled him down onto the bed and kissed him. She rolled on top of him, still kissing him. Then she knelt in front of him, straddling his legs. She put out her cigarette, after taking one last long sexy drag. Robin's cock was throbbing now, even harder than it had been before. His body was crying out to be inside her.

Mia leaned over and put out her cigarette. Every nerve ending in her body was singing after the rim job Robin had given her. He was very gentle with her, unsure of himself, tentative. He'd done well though, getting her really turned on. She realized that he hadn't gotten her slick enough to have sex yet, but she wanted him very badly. She knelt over him, straddling his legs and squeezed some lube onto her hand. She reached out and spread the lube on his cock, getting her fingers really slick. She reached back and slipped a finger inside her. She opened her mouth slightly and exhaled slowly. Robin was just watching as she got herself ready for him, so she spiced it up a little for him, making it into a little show. She slipped a second finger inside, gasping quietly, then leaned over and kissed him. They kissed as she fingered herself, slipping her fingers in and out slowly. She slid a third finger inside, pushing it all the way in to the knuckles. Her breath coming more ragged as she spread herself out. She reached over with her other hand and pulled out a condom. Her fingers still inside her, she ripped the condom open with her teeth and started to put it on him. Robin reached up and rolled the condom down onto his cock then smiled at her.

"Ok." she said, breaking the kiss. She reached out and took his cock in her hand, then scooted up and hovered over it. She guided the tip of his cock against her sphincter, then slowly starting sitting on it. The glans popped inside her and she sort of squeaked, wincing with the pain of the huge cock pushing into her. "Oh, god." she said, letting it pop out.

She squeezed more lube onto her hand and spread it onto the condom. "Sorry, got to lube it up a little more." she said sheepishly.

"It's ok." he said, taking hold of her hips.

She guided his cock back into her, taking the tip in again. He laid still, thankfully letting her set the pace. She slid down onto him a little more, grimacing, then slid up and let him come out. Then she pushed back down again, taking it inside her. She pushed down hard, taking it in more and more each time. Mia started moving faster, working his cock inside of her with her hips. She looked down at him while she rode and could see her cock bobbing up and down as she fucked him. Her breathing was hard now, and she chewed on her bottom lip, moaning with each thrust.

Robin watched as she rode him. Mia was taking him all the way in now, her ass sliding all the way down and slapping against his lap. He couldn't help but watch her cock dance up and down as she pumped, as it sort of slapped against her belly with each thrust. He started rising up to meet her, which made her cry out with pleasure. She rode him like that, cowgirl style, for a few minutes, then pulled up

off him. She turned around, putting her back to him and sat on his cock again, reverse cowgirl, and started riding him even faster. Now that she was loosened up for him she was having no trouble taking him all the way in. She yelped and moaned as she fucked him, panting hard.

“you're so fucking sexy.” he said, taking hold of her hips.

She looked back at him and smiled, still riding him hard, biting her lip.

After a few minutes, he took hold of her hips and pulled her off. He crawled out from under her and knelt behind her. He slid his cock back into her and started taking her doggy style, fucking her hard. She was crying out with each thrust.

“yes..Yes...Yes...” she cried, propped up on her elbows, her head lolling.

He fucked her like that for about ten minutes, then came, shooting a massive load into his condom. He lost the rhythm for a second, but she picked it up. He took her by the hips and started pumping, trying to get her to orgasm. She reached down then and for the first time took hold of her cock and started stroking it. It only took a couple of seconds then to get her to cum. She cried out and came hard, shooting a load all over the bed then collapsing, out of breath.

“Oh, god.” she said panting, looking over her shoulder at him. “that was incredible.”

He laid down next to her, panting hard. “yeah...Fucking incredible.” he said, kissing her.

“Lets get cleaned up.” she said, looking down at her chest. “I got kind of messy.” she giggled. She got up and went into the bathroom. Robin collapsed on the bed, his mind racing.

Mia sort of skipped into the bathroom and shut the door. She felt incredible.

“I'm not a virgin anymore.” she whispered to herself. She was a little sore, but not too bad. She grabbed a washrag and wet it then wiped herself down. Then she touched up her make up, peed, then walked back into the bedroom. Robin got up and smiled at her. He kissed her briefly then went into the bathroom and shut the door.

Mia put on her robe, a black see through number she'd picked up at a vintage lingerie place, then went into the kitchen. She pulled a bottle of whisky out of the cabinet along with two shot glasses. She walked back into the living room and sat down on the couch. Robin walked out of the bathroom, then slipped into his boxers.

“Grab my cigarettes and lighter, honey.” Mia said, giving him a pouty, puppy-dog face.

Robin smiled at her, then scooped up her cigarettes and brought them to her. He lit one for her and handed it to her, then lit one of his own.

She took a drag, then leaned back on the couch, folding her legs under her.

“that was great, Robin...Thank you for deflowering me so nicely.” she said with a wink.

“Hey...it was the best deflowering I've ever participated in.” He said, sitting down next to her.

“Actually...I think that was the first deflowering I've ever participated in.”

Mia curled up against Robin's chest and the two of them sat there quietly for a while, kissing occasionally, but mainly just resting and listening to music. eventually, Mia leaned forward and poured them each a shot of Jack Daniels. She sat up and handed one to Robin.

“I think we both need this.” she said seriously. Robin just nodded. They both downed their shot then set the glasses on the table.

“That was really special, Robin...I'm glad you went through with it. I know it must have been hard for you...given the situation and all.” Mia said softly. She poured another couple of shots.

Robin smiled, then rested his hand on her thigh. “Parts of it were a little difficult...at first, but then it was just fantastic, Mia. I quit listening to any of the little voices in my head trying to stop me and just went with it.” he downed the shot, grimaced, then put the glass on the table. He lit both of them a cigarette.

Mia nodded, downed her shot, exhaled loudly and shook her head. The whisky was hitting hard

in her stomach. "I know Robin..." she said, then took the cigarette he offered. She took a drag, held it a while, thinking, then exhaled. "For me it was what I've wanted for so long, I..."

"Me too." He said with a little smile. "I've wanted you since the first time I saw you."

Mia actually could feel herself blushing. The whisky was working and she was now officially drunk, and feeling very horny. She practically jumped into his arms, kissing him furiously. Within minutes she was going down on him right there on the couch. Within the hour, they had already had sex on the couch, the floor and the coffee table, and it was still several hours until dawn.

