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Anita Mann & Cissy Boyd

by Roxanne Stafford

Chapter 1

The present stage is two people in an apartment building, one on either side of egress. For the moment, one surprised and the other demurred.

“Anita!” exclaimed Cecil Boyd.

“Hi, babe,” came the sheepish response. “Uh, got room for one more?”

At that, Cecil then took stock of the complete picture. Before him appeared a female of 5' 6", made a little taller than that as she wore 4" heeled cherry-red pumps. At her present altered height, she was only a

little taller than Cecil, he presently barefooted at 5' 7". Wide-eyed and full-lipped, it is readily apparent that her make-up is expertly done via meticulous practice or there is a wealth of expense to have it done professionally. It is that well done.

The same could be said about her hair; almost a lifetime of cinnamon-red curly tresses adorned full on top and cascading down her back to just above her hips. Over her body, she also wore a hot pink tank top and a very brief blue denim miniskirt. Wearing thong panties but braless, her thick nipples punctuated the shirt's material.

Through force of habit, she swiftly checked Cecil's crotch for a sign of excitement, as her long-lashed eyelids seductively fluttered. Anita did this without thinking, certainly without deliberate desire for Cecil. By now she could not help it. It was a built-in mechanism that aided her over the years that told her how to act and react with men, friends, as well as strangers. In the beginning, it was for flight or flight with strangers indeed.

It evolved into an option a way to just be friendly, especially if her glance was caught and mistaken as flirtatious. Immediately next to his caller, Cecil noticed were four large suitcases, two on either side. For the moment, given the caller's apparent slight muscular physique, he wondered how they got there, but only that. The answer was obvious but even as it formed in his mind, Anita was at the ready, in a babyish yet sultry voice that had been once cultured but was long ago natural. A feminine timbre that was part bimbo and yet with slight treble that said that the speaker was to be taken seriously and not mistaken for an airhead. Catch-

ing Cecil's glance at her belongings, Anita breathed,
"Cees, hon?"



Let me in, baby, and then we'll talk about it. I love my heels but they're not designed to be worn while carrying heavy luggage," she joked weakly.

"When's your super gonna fix the elevator?"

Cecil was startled into activity as he then stepped out into the hallway, allowing Anita to enter the apartment. Anita evidently had carried all of the luggage at once somehow, but Cecil took the leisure of handling the baggage inside two at a time. Afterwards, he secured the door and found Anita, sitting with her heels off, rubbing her feet.

"So. Auntie Anita, what brings you...and, uh, your luggage?...to my humble abode?"

Anita could not help herself into swiftly going into seductive pose again, just as she was when she stood before the opened apartment door. She now innocently thrusts her low-cut chest forward as she ran a long-nailed finger upon her puffy bottom lip, looking at Cecil pensively before saying, "Sweetie, how long have I been your aunt?"

The query coming out of left field, an unruffled Cecil replies, "Um, about ten years. Why?"

No, Anita was not a forgotten relative that has re-connected with the family. And yet she then followed up with another left-field swing, "Do you find yourself ever missing your father?"

Cecil sighs heavily as he responds, "Ever since I was shown the door and what with you caring for me as both parents instead of just one, what was there to miss...Daddy?"

Anita blushed at choosing to pick out the best of Cecil's statement. "Oh, stop. You're gonna make me all misty."

Chapter 2

Did Cecil just call his aunt “Daddy”? Yes he did...and since they already have had the conversation of why they are here and now, as observers to their lives, here are the reasons why: About a decade ago, a thirteen-year-old Cecil Boyd was deemed to be let in on the innermost family secrets. It was decided that with his approaching puberty, that it was a time to hopefully assure against possible and unneeded familial stress. It would be best to be up front with the offspring about certain matters rather than to have these things backfire out of ignorance.

At the time, Adam and Megan Boyd had also decided to expand their financial base with Megan “finally using her college degree,” to quote her. Not only could they use the money at the time, they wanted to play catch-up in saving for their son’s college degree. They had been going from hand-to-mouth by instinct for a very long time, not truly planning for their future, much less their son’s. As a way to bring things up to speed, one important aspect was to include Cecil – in body, if not in mind – into full consideration.

So far, the Boyds had lived an inclusive life. Wary of who they brought into their circle, wary not to upset the family dynamic. Adam and Megan tried to break a cycle than had been shared by ironically both of their extended families. They made things worse by becoming things that their relatives did not care for, strongly. And then, Adam and Megan took things even further.

Adam Boyd met Megan Kendrick when they both entered college and shortly thereafter became a couple. Before long, Adam was invited to join a frat. He was going to decline but Megan convinced him that fraternities and sororities had the best parties. Neither had much money for extracurricular fun, so Adam then followed through in becoming a frat brother. However, he had to successfully complete an initiation. He had to convince everyone that he was a girl.

They supplied clothing and a wig. Megan tossed everything except the hair, using her better wear. This due to fact that the frat's women's clothing were sub par. However, the wig cost a few bucks. Because while they wanted some laughs, they were a little fair. Adam could not even begin to pass his initiation if he was exposed before 'she' even got close. In the end, the worthless clothes were disposed of but the expensive blonde wig was, unwittingly, not. The frat forgetting to ask for it back.

Meanwhile, Megan then boosted her energy into making sure that Adam got in when she failed to get into a sorority. Her help was invaluable, as for Adam's probationary period he had to crossdress. Moreso, to persuade everyone that he was female. Having done these several times, it was not considered hazing as long as the 'girl' was not asked to perform sexually (some did, but on their own) and that they were not abused sexually. In a word, raped. Even under these restrictions, the frat got a lot of mileage out off this initiation. From some who made the grade and even those who did not but got in anyway.

It was supposedly all in fun. A frat brother was seemingly always nearby to somehow document Adam's progress or lack thereof after he appeared to

the frat en femme to be initially recognized. This helped more than expected, because if Adam had not presented 'herself' beforehand, they would never know. This fact was an overworn movie cliché but it also worked it "real life". Adam Boyd was proof.

Megan was not only his cheerleader but she was his mentor in this regard, as she guided his body into more curvy contours and even voice feminization. Now Megan was not a female transformation expert. She was merely an adept tutor, using tools she had to learn to use herself and she had a pliable pupil that not only learned the lessons but the body was also able to adapt.

Achieving a believable feminine voice was no mean feat, especially given the short time frame to perfect and produce to hearers, but Adam was able to pull it off; getting better and better each time 'she' spoke.

Without Megan's able and inventive assist, Adam may have very well passed the initiation, but by being taught and disciplined by a beautiful woman to be as attractive as her, it was ultimately unwitting perfection. Of course, while Adam was in no way effeminate prior to this, but again, it did not hurt that his body, along with his retention and willingness to adapt, and it made for all the difference in successfully portraying a dynamic female Megan had a blank canvas in herself since puberty. Left alone, she could have been just another face in the crowd. Yet, throughout her early teen years, she worked at making herself more and more attractive until she could do no more. Her physical body was blessed and she also found ways to enhance this. Her then-girlfriends occasionally asked her for tips and she always obliged.

When she met Adam and the frat initiation came up, she almost begged him to let her work on him.

Again, to her, frats were Party Central. That being the only reason and Adam was her way in, Megan did not just make him pass, she wanted to make 'her' a shoo-in!

Making herself a beauty best was deemed another challenge. Megan was always trying to improve herself, especially if she had done a remarkable job on a girlfriend. In that none of her past girlfriends were never disappointed, Megan really wanted now to successfully achieve this task within a task with Adam. Given that he was ideal in making everything work, he turned out fantastic. In the end, the frat did not get all the deprecating laughs they would have, but Adam got in. And yes, they partied hearty.

As a result, however, Adam became addicted to crossdressing during and after the fact due to Megan finding pleasure in him being a pseudo-lesbian. She thought it a shame that all of her hard work perfected in such a short time, for a short time, should be disposed. Adam loved Megan, so he easily got back into skirts not too long after initiation, for his girlfriend. Adam was even more immersed into femininity with the open-ended time.

With Megan's tutelage – and permission – Adam learned on his own how to completely act and react as a female, even as 'her' voice was remarkably passable from the start became outright bewitching. Dressed even in ordinary everyday women's clothes, Adam even learned how to entice and flirt, simply by subtly moving her body. Men assumed that an attractive woman was noting them, as Adam sexily undulated and appeared to check out their crotches.

After initial trial-and-error, once Adam got more assured of not only his feminine ability, but also Megan's

approval, the more demonstrative 'she' got. Even Adam began doing it, having fun, and it soon became second nature as he dressed up for his girlfriend. Megan really got off on seeing a penis grow and stiffen, if it was possible to be able to tell while it was in their pants. She would never tell Adam this but he definitely received the fervor of her lust if it did happen.

Megan had told Adam that it would be Adam's safety valve: that the more he acted feminine, the less people would think he was masculine, when dressed. Erroneously calling it his "fight or flight" maneuver, he was never to really fight if it ever failed. It never did. At the time, as far as the 'flight' part, Megan just said that it was much better to kick off your heels and lose them, in order to run faster than to have heels break along with bones.

Since she would be with Adam virtually all the time as a woman, she was selfishly thinking of herself more than him. Men thinking that they were being made fools of by two men, instead of one. If caught, both could be beaten or raped, and Megan definitely did not want to be raped. Although she would not mind seeing Adam with a cock up 'her' ass. A fantasy years in the dreaming, finally happening with Megan wearing a strap-on, Megan playing the man.

Everything Adam was taught, he never forgot. As later in life, he could do these things without realizing. Even to Cecil. But Cecil well knew that his parent was not trying to entice him, he being practically oblivious as he grew adulthood. Meanwhile, the better Adam got, the wetter Megan got, and she would ravish her faux femme lover at their earliest accessible moment. But then, all of this dominoed into more than just a rare or occasional sexual turn-on.

With his then-girlfriend, there was now broader quality that gave way to even an extensive quantity. That is, the ability to be so completely feminine while maintaining a potent penis. Adam being virile enough with a very willing partner never once thought to question anything and even got comfortable with his feminine side, as if he was born double-gendered.

They might not have had much money to party with, but as Megan spent her clothing allowance – and part of Adam’s – she specifically bought feminine items for him. She let him know that they were his, and because they were at the time the same size, Megan always had the option to borrow from him. His feminine self multiplied a variety of ways in which to have sex, as either gender to Megan. Not to mention, straight out, impulsive, spur-of-the-moment intercourse where caution was thrown to the wind and Megan getting pregnant before their senior year.

At wits end for the extra expense of another mouth to feed, their families also abandoned them. (For having a child out of wedlock, regardless that it was legalized later via getting married before its birth. Although they would continue to be estranged from their families from then on, this would be a godsend against other familial abuse, they never knowing otherwise of Adam’s double life.)

As a last resort, Megan happened to stumble upon a nightclub in their college town that showcased female impersonators. Thinking it kismet, Adam applied for the job and got it. Ironically, Adam had gotten hired because he had to prove that he was a man. To his prospective employers he was that good a woman, if only part-time. Adam definitely showed promise, not to be passed up. After all, they were primarily businessmen

and a beautiful Adam in a dress was the ideal product that they were trying to promote. But then he had to show that he had talent to entertain. They were trying to sell that, too. He had none. He did not even have a femme name. During the initiation and afterwards with Megan, he was called several women's names on the spur of the moment. Nothing was supposed to be permanent.

But pleading for the necessity of a job – his impending family – they initially hired him as a waitress – not a waiter – while he found “herself”, as they felt sure ‘she’ would.

As he worked, Adam saw impersonators do strip-tease and even bawdy burlesque. There were over-the-top depictions of famous females and straight-on performances. Given his adaptability, Adam became a Jill-of-all-trades, able to do them all, including lip-sync singing, as ‘she’ adopted the ubiquitous stage name of Anita Mann. She would, strangely enough, take years to legalize it but so as to conform to local laws, Anita got special dispensation as a performer to appear outside of the club without trouble, wearing women's clothes.

Over the years, she was stopped by law enforcement but it was without difficulty. They were part of a small clique – a fan club that was never officially formed. Anita met all kinds of men who would even discreetly show her that they were wearing panties, or more, under male clothes. The gay community constantly recognized her, to praise her performances. There were even genetic women who did the same, and even asked her for beauty tips.

Otherwise, Anita may have been one of the lucky ones to have never been berated or assaulted for her

choice of venue. If one did not know her from the club, Anita was just another pretty face in the street.

The couple then made their union legal by marriage. Neither Adam nor Megan ever went back to their respective hometowns, being alienated. Their college was paid for, their new addition was now covered by a steady income, and neither needed to use their degrees upon graduation, as Adam Boyd now professionally became Anita Mann and Megan Boyd became a stay-at-home mom.

As time passed, Adam evolved from dressing up at home to titillate Megan and dressing up on the job, for the job. His body slowly graduated from masculine proportions to feminine ones. Without a care at the time, Adam was being transformed into a woman in men's clothes. The Boyds took it all for granted despite looks they would get, especially if they both wore pants of their appropriate gender. But no one ever approached them nor made them a public spectacle, and life went on.

In the meantime, as Cecil grew older, Anita's profession went stagnant for a time, as regards the public. However, instead of Adam resurfacing wholly, Anita was offered the option of playing in traveling "revues". Adam took this opportunity, having already definitively invested in Anita. He had originally tried to boost his popularity as Anita in getting permanent beard removal, being generally hairless elsewhere. While she used a variety of wigs in her performances, Anita grew her own hair out. If Adam then had to make an appearance, his long hair was tied into a masculine ponytail.

With this desperate time, there was unwitting tunnel vision. Neither Adam nor Megan sought to find

work apropos to their college degrees, seeking only to keep Anita's job. With the savings they had at the time for Cecil, Megan even suggested that Anita get small breast implants. This was yet another thing Adam had not dreamed of doing, but given his situation, he followed his wife's suggestion that perfection was an assured job security.

After all, Megan had already proven her validity in her "fight or flight" plan. That the more attractive Adam was as a woman, the less problems it would be against 'her' That plan was for fun. The principle proved more important being for work, to care for a family. The better Anita looked, the more the public wanted to see her, knowing that she was born a man. Magic was even assumed as no one seriously question that she was somehow really a man.

It had been increasingly easier for Anita to be female as opposed for Adam to be male. His practiced femme voice, used only in the early days at the club but around the clock while on the road, became so predominant, Adam's masculine timbre grew to have an effeminate lilt. Not truly aware of this progression – by now, his growing femininity felt normal for him – if he were to continue in this fashion, Anita's – not Adam's – baby-like cooish voice would be the only voice.

This was not a hard and fast rule, but as time did tell, this is what exactly happened. In any event, by this earlier time, the only identifier left was his healthy, undoctored penis. Adam would come off by now as somewhat effeminate as a man but a very appealing, perfect woman. Otherwise, his member worked fine in every respect and even Megan did nothing to improve on it other than to have her 'girlfriend' tuck it away when not in use; invisible in even the skimpiest of un-

derwear. Eventually, Anita was, even unknown to her employers, more than just a female impersonator. 'She' was actually a bonafide shemale.

Meanwhile, more than a decade passed, and baby Cecil grew into puberty. Adam had largely gotten away with his definite feminine physique at home because he wasn't there quite a bit in his son's early years. On his away junkets, he was Anita 24/7. Because of this, he began to buy intimate items for after hours and sleepwear. Returning to his wife, she discovered what Anita had purchased and confronted Adam. Adam then told her about the ease of not going back and forth while away. Megan wanted to be upset but saw the logic.

It was not long before she asked Adam to wear lingerie to bed, to which he complied without a problem. Adam had worn a sports bra that both supported his chest and yet minimized its protrusion. Able to wear lingerie at home, he wore the too-small binding sports bra less and less, as he wore men's underwear less and less. Thereafter, the only masculine clothing he owned was male outerwear; underneath coverings consisted of a variety of bras, panties and even stockings instead of socks.

When was home, Adam was as male as he could be for the neighborhood and Cecil. He was very affectionate with his son, as if to make up for lost time.

Still, he was wary of his own womanly body more and more as his son grew older. With more than a decade having passed, with the only job that was needed (and therefore kept instead of chancing subsequent work) to support a family, dedication was subconsciously done to be better at its perfection in order to keep the uniquely-specialized job instead of the person

off-hours. That is, until the person on the job and the person at home were one and the same.

As Cecil began noticing the differences in girls and being attracted to them, his paternal forebear found social mores began to change in his favor again. Particularly, tolerance for lesbian and gays afforded them to openly have their own bars and clubs to go to. Adam's nightclub was able to re-open as a stationary business, featuring Anita for steady employment as a headliner again, while gaining a more notable clientele.

Not just female impersonators, but also assuredly gay drag queens provided the entertainment. Entertainment for everyone, no matter what one's sexual predilection was. But being at home steadily made Adam's bustline virtually avoidable for his son not to miss. Although only somewhat small (compared to Megan's bigger bust) when not made prominent in a bra, even in male wear, it seemed larger when womanly hips and waistline were also significant.

So, the waters were tested to see just how much Cecil would be able to accept.

To both of his parents' pleasant surprise, Cecil showed incredible compassion for his age. Adam could effectively disappear, Cecil accepting Anita as his aunt while fully knowing the truth. His parents, not wanting to spoil what they had been blessed with, did not question his acquiescence. Cecil acknowledged the familial reshuffle without missing a beat, as even the rest of the world accepted the new family dynamic of two women instead of husband and wife.

But then, it was Cecil's turn to go to college. He went away for four years and came back...with his arm around his boyfriend.

Chapter 3

“Daddy...uh, Anita? Do you love me?” Cecil was always treated as the baby, while not being treated like a baby. So he followed through to this very day, rarely calling them Mom and Dad. Actually affectionately calling them, albeit childlike, Mommy or Daddy.

Abruptly feeling a little hurt, Anita replied, “How could you ever doubt that? You’re my baby!”

“Y’see? That’s my point! Whether you were Adam or Anita, you loved me and I always knew it. You were always affectionate to me and you always showed it. Other fathers gave their children...things. You gave me you! Mom never said that she hated me, but sometimes as I grew up, I got the feeling that she resented me. As if I had held her back or something. And when she went to work, the feeling only got stronger.”

Cecil then paused. “Anita? I could ask you if you loved Megan.”

“Huh?”

“Well, we’re both adults now and it’s just us in this apartment. When you ‘came out’ to me way back when, I could tell that it was as if a heavy burden had been lifted of your shoulders. Even before then, you and Mom both taught me to think before I acted and it really came to prove itself when you told me about Anita. We never really did ‘father-son’ macho masculine stuff but we did have our quality time almost every time you were around me.

You'd hug me, hold me, and even kiss me, even before I knew you as Anita while you actually took time to spend it with me, doing whatever or simply nothing but talk. You cared about me, period, and I knew it. That was the important thing; that I recognized our times together for what it was.

"Minutes ago, I said you were both parents to me and no truer words have I ever said. Mom was a mother but you were more of a mother to me than she was, even before I knew the family secret. At that time, you never asked why I accepted you as Anita, I guess to let sleeping dogs lie in not wanting to push things. But I'll tell you now: I figured in my little mind then that if I hadn't, things would somehow change, and not for the better. You were scary serious to me as you built up to the big reveal and I was actually relieved that that was everything was about back then.

"To me, you were always Anita before I 'met' her. The only difference was that she was moreso feminine thereafter in a relaxed state. I might not've liked Adam trying to be something she wasn't, if he wasn't true to 'herself' to continue to be Anita, openly in my presence."

A light bulb then turned on in Anita's head. "You know, you were originally told about me just in case of several things, from innocent slips of the tongue to vengeful teenage spite if your mother and I got you mad. Whether you saw, or definitely would see, my breasts or noticed my figure. Too, while not even remotely effeminate, I wasn't the most masculine of men even before I chose my profession, which probably made it the most easiest to go in that direction.

"Your mother and I just didn't want you to innocently bring unwanted attention to us that had been

avoided until then. That was in addition to wanting your acceptance of me. Despite internal differences, I'm more a total woman than a man now, emotionally as well as outward. But here is something I never dreamed of happening. Why I, at least, didn't bring this before now, seems par for the course of my life: thinking of consequences only until it's almost too late.

"...Did my situation cause you to lean to being gay?"

Chapter 4

"No, not really. I never knew about your childhood and how you dealt with it 'cause you – or Mom, for that matter – never talked about it around me.

I guess that that fact that both families cutting you off and never

mellowing because of me, well, I guess there are worse fates. But there's a

saying. Something like 'catching more flies with honey than vinegar'. It worked

so well, it surprised even me when I found boys more attractive than

girls. The clincher was definitely when guys liked me back!

"...Anita?" Cecil now looked as if pondering the air, before facing his parent. "All these years, it never hit me until now, but think on this: Mom really made all of the pivotal decisions in your life. I mean, from

what you both told me, it was her decision for you to go do anything you had to, to join the frat back in college. And she even helped! You did get her pregnant but you didn't rape her, did you? According to you, afterwards, it was her idea for you to become a professional female impersonator, for a club that today doesn't really showcase impersonators but blatant drag queens. It's a gay bar!"

"If you're trying to hurt me, Cecil, it's working."

"No, no, no. That's the last thing I want to do to you. I don't think Mom was trying to hurt you when she would butt-fuck you with her strap-on."

Anita blanched, "You know about that?"

Cecil lightly chuckled, "Maybe you didn't intend for me to know, but I'm guessing that after you told me your secret, you both got a little lax when you had sex. One night, I heard noises and investigated. I was in my teens and curious about sex...although I never dreamed I'd see my parents goin' at it!

"Anyway, what sounded like pain at first soon evolved into sounds of pleasures even as I started to open your bedroom door. I caught Mom riding you doggy-style as she pumped and you had a big smile on your face. You two never saw me and as I quickly put together what was going on, I left just as fast so I wouldn't be caught."

"To be honest, it hurt like hell at first," Anita weakly laughed. "But your mother convinced me, at the time, that I could have the ultimate feminine sexual experience. And just as I was going to tell her no more, it got good. Eventually, I begged her to fuck me other...times..."

"...Just like she planned, huh?" Cecil interjected.

“What?”

“If you loved somebody so completely, it would take an outsider to see that you been constantly manipulated. It was ‘no harm, no foul’ because you never really suffered, did you?”

“No,” said Anita sheepishly.

“It wasn’t your idea to name me ‘Cecil’, was it?” he sighed heavily.

“It was your Mom’s,” Anita surrendered.

“You never knew that I suffered all kinds of teasing and hazing in my teen years because of it, because I never said anything. I can’t tell you how many times I was called ‘Cecile’ or ‘Cecilia’.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Because I knew the family secret. I knew that I was a boy and that my father pulled off being so perfect a woman that Anita had guys – and even a few of my classmates – drooling after her! So I figured that before things got real nasty, those that picked on me, I chose to take a page out of your book. I knew who you really were but saw you be the total package outdoors, to everyone’s approval. So, then, I’d play up to my taunters. As if they wanted me and that was why they teased me. For the most part, it worked.”

“Are you saying that you learned from me how to be effeminate? That doesn’t really make me feel any better.”

“Oh, come on, Mom! For crying out loud! I just explained how everything happened, as nature took its course!”

Anita was taken aback by this outburst but recovered. “I am...not...your mother.”

Cecil had not said what he had as a faux pas. "No, you're not Megan. But you are my mother!"



“Wh-wh-wh-wait. What?”

“Megan Kendrick gave birth to me, okay. You two got married so I wouldn’t be a bastard child. Just like with a lot of things, abortion was never discussed. I don’t know any aunts, uncles or grandparents. Megan clothed and fed me from money you earned. But except for the fact that I came out of her womb, she is my father and you’re my mother. Do you get it now?”

With a reluctant sigh of resignation, Anita said, “I...I think so.”

“You have been the focus of my life because I have been the focus of your life. What you’ve sacrificed for her, I got the rest, with nothing for yourself. Megan Boyd didn’t show any disgust for me until she showed me the door. You would go away and every time you returned you smothered me with affection. Even when you didn’t travel anymore, you still hungered for my attention. And I hungered for yours became what you gave maybe should’ve come partially from Megan. It’s not a hard and fast rule that men have to be distant while women are endearing, but that’s the way it was in our house. Only in reverse!

“We might not ever know why everything turned out the way it did. Especially why Mom did a one-eighty from getting you in skirts to being disgusted with me being gay, but I’m gonna take a guess. From what we know, Megan Kendrick Boyd was, and possibly is, a control freak! If she lost control of something she didn’t have a handle on, she didn’t want it around. I’ll bet anything if she had paired me up with my first boyfriend, we’d all still be together!”

At that, Anita’s eyes widened as she blanched again. Then, suddenly, she burst into tears.

“Aw, Mo-Dad, uh Anita, please don’t cry. I-I-I’m sorry. Please forgive me.”

“No,” she sniffled. “No, baby. Maybe you’re right...about everything. I’m perfectly satisfied with the direction my life took. I always was, as long as Megan stood by me from square one, even encouraging me to perfect myself. I just never looked inward to find that I didn’t simply make my own choices, what with your mother’s ready approval.

“For some reason, as far as you were concerned, I just thought your mother just couldn’t handle your being gay...and forgot that now my job is an official gay hangout. She was there often on her own, never feeling uncomfortable. I tried to fight for you but you moved out almost immediately afterwards. First at your boyfriend’s and then this place. I just wanted to show you that I didn’t want you to go, by constantly visiting you when you gave us your new address.”

“And you were always welcome, Mom. Can I please call you that?”

“Not in mixed company,” she tried to joke. “Maybe your older sister...?”

Chapter 5

With her change of disposition, Cecil now wanted to change the subject. “

So, uh...Mom? What’s with the luggage? You wanna store some of your things in my extra bedroom?”

Anita looked at him and then shrugged. "Actually, I'd assumed a bit more than that. I-I wasn't thinking, Cees. Don't you have a roomie?"

"Steve moved out. Funny, that. After all I'd been through in getting shown the door at home, Allen and I broke up. I felt that I couldn't go back home; I was gonna find another boyfriend. Fortunately, Ally let me stay long enough for me to find this place, and thereafter, Steve. Offered it as a way to get him to notice me. Didn't think he'd already have a boyfriend. He was already living here by the time I learned that. He eventually – recently – moved out to live with him when they got serious enough to want to be together around the clock. Something I had already done without telling him that that was why he was here.

"As I'd come on to him at first after having our privacy here, he'd let me. But when I wanted to get more intimate, that was when he finally told me. Steve stayed a little longer...and then he was gone."

"Oh." Anita's eyes suddenly widened, as if recalling something forgotten.

"Okay, what's wrong? Don't tell me 'nothing'."

"I think you might be right about your mother. Your birth mother," Anita said, in resignation to her 'new' title. "I was blind to it before you made me see it."

"What?"

Spreading her arms out, Anita then said, "Notice anything different from when you last saw me?"

It was obvious that Anita wanted him to look at her torso but it took more than a moment as Cecil saw her bosom. Aside from her just seeing him in visits, as his parent, it was not usual for a child, albeit adult, to no-

tice such things on his own. It was pronounced – very pronounced – without the aid of a bra. “You got a boob job? I mean, a bigger boob job!”

“Yeah,” replied Anita, as she lifelessly dropped her arms past near-perfect fleshed globes of almost body disproportionate size with excited nipples denting the tank top. Firm enough not to warrant a bra as yet, they certain could use it if Anita was not used to their weight. The cleavage between the two was astounding, if only by the fact that as they rubbed against each other the skin did not chafe. “I had it done while she was on a business retreat with her job. It was supposed to be a surprise. A nice surprise.

Megan was always bigger than me but in our sex play, she always paid my breasts attention, even as I did hers. So I recently had mine done to match hers. It didn’t click until just now, with you putting all the pieces together.

“It didn’t happen overnight,” she sighed wearily. “But she finally just told me that with her job she didn’t need my money anymore. I mean, I don’t think that she planned it at the time, but when she was working for a while, her salary per paycheck from the start was more than what took me twenty-plus years to finally earn per paycheck. All due to her college degree.

“It was her money that paid for your college. But since you left, she was paying all the bills and had all kinds of mad money left over. My not really paying much attention to the checks I gave her, she gave them all back to me, uncashed. Megan then told me to use my now-mad money to make myself pretty for her. I guess neither of us at the time thought I’d use it for bigger tits!