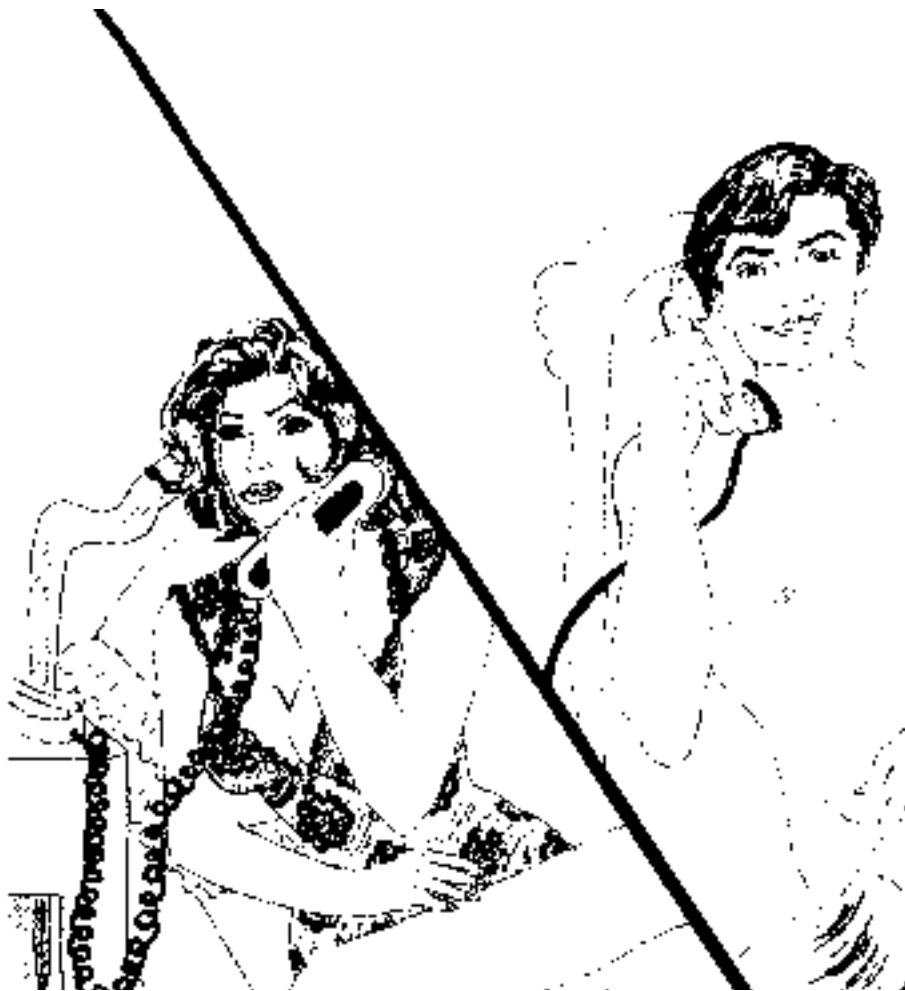


# NOW THEN, WHERE WAS I?

*By Olivia Evans*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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## "NOW THEN, WHERE WAS I?"

By Olivia Evans

Aaron Roberts' feet were cold, colder than he could ever remembering them being before. He knew the reason they were cold, the high heeled open toe sandals and knee high's he was wearing didn't provide any warmth at all. Of course, knowing the reason didn't make the cold any easier to endure.

At least he was wearing pants rather than a skirt or dress. And he WAS grateful for that, not that the thin nylon palazzo slacks even with the girdle and panties he was wearing under them, were any warmer than his sandals.

He glanced over in the direction of his sister. Susie, who was two years older than himself, didn't seem to be having a problem with cold feet. Of course, SHE was wearing a pair of high heeled, fur lined boots that ended just below her knee, a long wool skirt and heavy turtleneck sweater.

He reached over and turned the heater control lever a little more into the red zone. His deliberate movement brought a smile to his sister.

"What's the matter? Are your little tootsies cold?"

"Freezing," he replied tersely. "I wish you hadn't talked me into wearing this stuff, Susie. I feel stupid, not to mention that I'm freezing my butt off."

"With all that extra padding surrounding it? I hardly think so," Susie snorted. "Quit complaining, you're going to get to go to the party. That's what you wanted wasn't it?"

"Yes, but not dressed as a dumb girl!"

"Now Erin, you look perfectly divine. And you have to go. You're the last item on my scavenger hunt list; 'a boy dressed in drag'. As cute as you look, I may have a problem convincing everyone that you ARE a boy. We're sure to win though."

"I don't care if you win or not," Aaron said.

She was right though, he did look good as a girl, and that's what bothered him.

"If you go through with this, I'll remember it when you want to borrow my car again," Susie promised. She paused and continued grinning broadly. "I'll even fend off the boys at the party for you if you want. Of course as foxy as you look Erin, that might be pretty hard to do."

Aaron couldn't tell if his sister was serious or just rubbing in the fact that he looked so realistic and so, so damned sexy. He shook his head in disgust over his sister's idea of a joke.

He reached up and adjusted the gold bustier top that covered his foam rubber and stocking filled strapless bra. The short bolero jacket he had on over his bare shoulders provided some warmth, but not much.

“I wish you wouldn't call me that.”

“What, Erin? It's a perfectly good girl's name and I can hardly call you Aaron looking like that now can I?”

“No, I suppose not,” Aaron sighed.

They drove for a few more minutes in relative silence, Aaron concentrating on the slippery road and Susie humming along with the radio.

“Do you know what mom said when she saw you before you had your make-up on?” Susie asked taking a break from her harmonizing.

“No, what?” Aaron was dreading the worst, his mother probably thought he looked as stupid as he felt.

“She said that you looked cute, and that you should have been born a girl,” Susie giggled, as Aaron groaned. “She said that she had always wanted two daughters. A brunette like me and a blonde like you.”

“She didn't,” Aaron said, startled that his mother of all people could say such a thing.

“As sure as I'm sitting here. I think she was joking, but to tell you the truth, there's been lots of times when I wished you were a girl. It would have saved... AARON! LOOK OUT!” Susie screamed.

Susie's scream had alerted Aaron to another car that was sliding on the slippery road and heading directly toward them.

Aaron frantically twisted the wheel and fought to keep the long blonde wig he was wearing from slipping down over his eyes.

For a second he thought he'd made it, then everything went black.

**-0-0-0-**

Aaron awoke a few minutes later, still in the car. He brushed a strand of long blonde hair from his face and looked toward his sister.

She was unconscious, with a growing bump on her forehead.

Aaron reached over to feel her pulse, it was strong and steady.

Aaron looked around for the other car, the road was deserted. Aaron cursed the other driver both for causing the accident and for leaving. Knowing that it might be hours before another car came along the lightly traveled road Aaron decided that he'd better inspect the damage.

Aaron walked all around the car in amazement. Nothing seemed to be damaged in spite of the wild spin the car had gone into.

Susie was awake when Aaron finished his inspection and returned to the warmth of the car.

“Everything all right?”

“Yeah, sure. How are you feeling?” Aaron asked wishing for the hundredth time he was wearing some sensible shoes.

“Other than a splitting headache, fine. You don't sound so swift though.”

“Just shook up that's all,” Aaron replied. His voice was pitched a little higher than normal. Had he thought about it, he would have assumed that it was because of stress from the accident.

“If I can get this thing going again, I think we should call it a night and forget the party.”

“You've got my vote. In fact all I want to do right now is go back to slee...” Susie's voice trailed off.

Aaron frowned at his sister.

She had her eyes closed again and was starting to breathe in sharp ragged breaths.

“Hang on Sis. I'm going to take you to the hospital,” Aaron said as he turned on the ignition.

The car started on the first try, much to his relief.

**-0-0-0-**

Aaron had been sitting in the waiting room of the emergency room for nearly a half hour before his mother arrived. He was looking at the television mounted on the wall. He had no idea what he was watching nor did he remember that he was still dressed in his sister's clothing.

Discolored by the mascara Susie had put on his eyelashes, tears of fear and anger streamed from his eyes. The accident had been all his fault, he just knew it was.

If his mind hadn't been on other more serious matters, the condition of his sister, Aaron might have found it odd that no one else seemed to think his apparel was strange.

**-0-0-0-**

The call Mrs. Roberts had received from the hospital had been a little strange, but had sounded urgent.

“Mrs. Roberts? This is Nurse Simmons at the hospital. Your daughters have been in an automobile accident. The Doctors think they'll be all right, but could you come to the Emergency Room at the hospital?”

*My daughters?* Mrs. Roberts thought as she hung up the telephone.

Mrs. Katherine Roberts hesitated when she hurried into the waiting room, not quite sure what to expect or where to go. She glanced around the waiting room.

Forgetting in her near panic that Aaron was wearing his sister's clothing, Mrs. Roberts didn't recognized the sole occupant, an attractively dressed and worried looking young blonde, as her son. She just looked like any other young woman who was waiting word on an injured loved one and crying her eyes out while she waited.

Mrs. Roberts started toward the nurse's station. She took another glance at the young blonde and skidded to an abrupt halt.

The attractive young blonde was her son Aaron! She suddenly remembered Susie dressing him up for a party.

She hadn't really approved of Susie's choice of costumes when she'd first learned that he was going to be part of a scavenger hunt. She had been afraid that it was just some weird scheme of Susie's to embarrass him, but strangely, she hadn't said anything. She had been curious what Aaron would look like as a girl for years. Besides, Aaron, a boy who trusted his sister to a fault, had to learn to defend himself from her someday.

Mrs. Roberts had seen her son right after Susie had dressed him in a pair of borrowed high heeled sandals, (they belonged to Connie, a friend of Susie's who had bigger feet than she did), black floor length palazzo pants and a well stuffed shiny metallic gold bustier, but had missed seeing him with his wig and make up on before they rushed out to go to the party.

Mrs. Roberts may not have approved of what Susie had done to her brother, but she had to admit, even without make-up or Susie's wig on, he made a credible looking girl.

Now, wearing Susie's long blonde wig and with make up on, he appeared to be a real young woman. Quite ordinary for a girl in most other respects, except for her beauty which not even the dark mascara stained tears streaming down his face managed to hide.

Attractive or not, he was still her son and looked very afraid and guilty about something. She — he needed her.

Mrs. Roberts sighed and walked toward her son.

**-0-0-0-**

Aaron suddenly felt someone sit down beside him.

“Aaron dear, are you all right?”

Aaron nodded without looking up.

“Can you tell me what happened?”

Aaron looked into his mother's face. Suddenly the trauma of the accident and the uncertainty of his sister's condition was too much for him. He threw his arms around her and broke into sobs.

Mrs. Roberts put her arms around Aaron. She tried to comfort her cross-dressed son as best she could, as she wiped his cheeks clean of his badly streaked mascara.

After a few minutes, Aaron had composed himself enough to tell his mother what had happened. As he spoke, Mrs. Roberts resisted the urge to send him to the ladies' room to touch up his make-up.

“...and she's been in the emergency room for nearly an hour, Mom. I'm worried sick,” Aaron sniffed.

"I'm worried too honey. Why don't you wait here for a second while I find out what's happening." Mrs. Roberts gently pulled herself free from her son, walked to the reception area and talked with the ER Doctor. A few minutes later, she returned and sat down beside Aaron.

"The Doctor said she has a mild concussion. She'll have to stay here for a few days for observation, but they think that she'll be all right. He said that you refused treatment. Are you sure you're okay, honey? You don't sound like you are."

"I'm okay, just shook up, Mom. As soon as they let us see Susie, I want to go home and get out of these clothes. My feet feel like they're frozen solid."

Mrs. Roberts glanced down at the dress sandals and smiled. They looked as though they would be cold even if it had been at the height of summer, rather than late fall. "I can believe it, dear. You know honey, as much as I hate to admit it though, you do make a cute looking girl."

Aaron carefully refrained from giving his mother the dirty look he felt her comment deserved. In an hour or so, he would be out of the stupid girl's clothing and back into his own more familiar clothing where the zipper was in the right place, the front!

**-0-0-0-**

"Turn up the heater a little, will you Mom?" Aaron asked from the passenger seat of his mother's car.

Mrs. Roberts moved the lever a little.

"Better?"

"Yeah, thanks," Aaron said crossing his arms protectively across his chest. It was cold too.

"You know Aaron, you surprised me back at the hospital."

"I did? How?"

"I was watching you when we walked to the car. I don't know how you ever learned to walk in high heels like that, but you do it as well, if not better than any girl your age I've ever seen."

"Aww mom," Aaron said, chagrined that his mother would even think of something like that. It had been a struggle to keep the sandals on his feet as he walked. They had been snug on his feet when he'd first put them on. Now, after several hours of wearing the skimpy shoes, they felt like they had stretched out considerably and were almost too large on his feet.

"You haven't been wearing your sister's high heels in secret now have you?" Mrs. Roberts laughed when Aaron groaned his denial that they didn't fit.

It wasn't until a moment later that Aaron realized how his denial had sounded. He groaned again.

**-0-0-0-**

When they arrived home, Aaron went straight to his bedroom, to rummage through his dresser for some warmer clothing than what his sister had dressed him in. The

first thing he would put on would be a pair of thick wool socks, he decided, pulling a pair of heavy socks from a drawer.

Tossing the clothing he had selected on the bed, Aaron slipped the high heels and knee high's off of his feet. Although his experience with the sandals had been limited to only a few hours, It felt strange to be suddenly three inches shorter.

Aaron' first instinct was to strip to the skin and put some of his own clothing on. But as he fingered the hair of his long blonde wig, Aaron had the sudden urge to see himself in the mirror one last time. Deciding that there wasn't any reason to be any colder than necessary, he slipped the wool socks on his bare feet.

Walking in his stocking feet Aaron went into the bathroom. Brushing a strand of long blonde hair from his face he studied himself in the mirror. Mom was right, he decided with a mixture of interest and revulsion, he did make a cute looking girl.

Removing the short bolero jacket, Aaron turned sideways to inspect his profile. Even from the rear, his hips looked like a girl's, full, well rounded and sexy.

He knew of course, that the well-rounded hips and rear, as well as his firm appearing bustline, were the products of some skillfully made padding his sister had found.

Everything below the waist was merely an illusion, foam rubber held in place by a long leg panty girdle. Above his waist, his shape was the product of a lot of padding in the cups of a backless long line strapless bra and of course, the gold bustier. It was the blonde wig that made his face look so soft and feminine, helped by what remained of his make-up of course, he decided.

Aaron blew a little kiss toward his reflection and sighed. If it had been a real girl in the mirror rather than himself, Aaron could have easily fallen in love with her.

*Time to change back to pants with the zipper in the right place and shoes that were more than a few strips of thin leather and an impossibly high heel, Aaron thought.*

He picked up his bolero jacket and returned to his bedroom, he had already decided that he would leave the wig on until last. Mainly because he would need help with the tons of hairpins Susie had used, but also because he enjoyed the slightly sensual feel of the long hair as it brushed against his bare shoulders. He wanted it to last as long as he dared.

Aaron reached around his back and tried to undo the dozen or so hooks of the bustier. He quickly discovered that he couldn't reach them all. Something that he hadn't realized because his sister had fastened the top for him when he'd dressed.

Sighing to himself, Aaron went back down stairs. His mother would have to help him undo the strapless top.

“My goodness,” his mother exclaimed when she saw her son. “Your top looks so realistic.”

Blushing, Aaron looked down at the tops of two soft mounds peeking over the bustier. They did look kind of real at that, he had to admit.



“Susie put some kind of push up pads with the padding in the bra,” Aaron explained as he turned around and pulled the back of the wig to the top of his head. “Could you unhook me, Mom?”

“I never realize how soft your skin is dear,” Mrs. Roberts said as she unfastened the bustier for her son.

Aaron grabbed it with his free hand before it could fall to the floor. He started to walk away, heading toward his bedroom.

“Don't you want to take your bra off? Let me have it so that I can throw it in the wash,” Mrs. Roberts asked, amused by the picture of femininity her son presented.

From the rear, the combination of the long blonde wig, white bra strap stretched across his back and his broad ersatz girlish hips under the black party pants made Aaron look as feminine as his sister.

“Oh, yeah,” Aaron replied. He faced his mother, reached around to his back, unhooked the bra and allowed it to drop.

Both Aaron and his mother expected to see the padding fall out of the strapless bra cups and Aaron to revert to his normal flat chested self.

Neither were prepared for what actually happened. The two soft mounds of flesh that had been barely peeking over the top of the bra cups didn't fall to the floor — they remained firmly attached to his chest!

“What the hell?” Aaron exclaimed as he reached up to cup the two large mounds of flesh. He looked up at his mother in confusion and shock.

Mrs. Roberts, just as confused and shocked as her son, stood staring speechless at the well formed feminine breasts.

“Maybe the skin on my chest was just pushed out of shape by wearing the bra, Mom? After a while, my chest will just... uh, shrink down to normal?” Aaron suggested dry mouthed, hoping that it was the truth.

His mother, still in open mouthed shock, just nodded.

Growing embarrassed by his Mother's stares, Aaron blushed and crossed his arms over his firm breasts.

“I uh, had better change the rest of my clothes.”

All the astonished Mrs. Roberts could do was nod again as her son, arms still crossed tightly over his very prominent breasts, fled from the room.

When he reached the privacy of his bedroom, Aaron slumped down on his bed and stared down at twin mounds his chest. He hesitantly touched one of the plump nipples, hoping that they were nothing more than a bad dream and knowing that they weren't.

**-0-0-0-**

In the living room his mother had also abruptly sat down. Stunned by what she had seen on her son, her mind reeled. Aaron was wrong, she knew. They were no

product of Susie's artful padding. The twin lumps of flesh wouldn't "just flatten out", they were too large and too well shaped to be anything but real.

Somehow in the last two hours, her son had grown a pair of breasts that rivaled his sister's in shape and size.

She suddenly grew frightened for her son. What if other, more drastic, changes existed as well? She had to see for herself. She slowly rose, composing herself for the walk to Aaron's bedroom.

Aaron was lying on his bed, out cold when his mother opened the door and walked in. She studied the prone figure for a moment trying to decide what to do next.

Maybe it was better this way, she decided as she rolled the unconscious Aaron over onto his stomach. She unzipped the back zipper of the pants and slowly pulled them off.

She couldn't tell if the broad hips and well shaped rear were the result of the padding under the long leg panty girdle or...

No! She shook her head, the thought was too horrible to consider it.

Looking grim, she reached under the wide, heavy elastic waistband of the girdle and pulled it half way down Aaron's hips, hesitated, then pulled it all the way off. A pink pair of Susie's panties quickly followed the growing pile of women's clothing on the floor.

Her worst fears had been confirmed. There wasn't an inch of padding anywhere on his curvaceous body. At least, none that wasn't natural!

Not wanting to leave her son lying naked on the bed, Mrs. Roberts got the clean T-shirt from the pile of clothing Aaron had removed from his dresser.

She pulled it over the comatose Aaron. When the now oversized shirt was adjusted properly, Mrs. Roberts laid him out straight and started to cover him up with the sheet and blankets.

She stopped and thought for a second, then went into Susie's room. A few minutes later she pulled a pair of Susie's hip hugger panties up his legs and over his hips. She was not surprised to see that the white cotton panties fit him perfectly.

She sat down on the bed beside her son and cried softly until she went to bed herself.

**-0-0-0-**

Mrs. Roberts was awakened by a piercing scream coming from the bathroom the following morning. Knowing exactly what she would find, she rushed to Aaron's aid. She found her son standing nude in front of the mirror. The look of horror in his eyes and tears streaming down his pretty face tugged at her heart.

"What happened to me?" Aaron wailed, looking wildly from the mirror to his mother then back again.

"There was an... accident, dear," his mother said sympathetically.

“An accident?” Aaron asked uncomprehending. Even in his panic his voice was soft and feminine. “What kind of accident could have done this? Certainly not what happened last night with the car!”

“Well, that was part of it dear.” Mrs. Roberts gave a quick glance at her son's nude body and caught a whiff of his pungent fear generated sweat. “Why don't you take a shower. I'll get some clothing from Susie's room for you. When you're dressed, come down to the kitchen and we'll talk about it.”

Stunned by his mother's seemingly cavalier reaction to his sudden transformation into a girl, Aaron could only nod. His mother smiled and closed the door behind her, leaving Aaron alone with his curvaceous naked body and his thoughts.

When Aaron turned on the water in the shower, he was suddenly reminded of the reason he'd come into the bathroom to begin with. Sighing heavily, he stepped out of the shower again and stepped to the toilet.

**-0-0-0-**

Over the faint sound of the shower, Mrs. Roberts heard the slightly louder sound of the toilet flushing. That's one hurdle, she thought to herself as she hurriedly dressed and went to the kitchen. Aaron would be hungry, she knew. Aaron Senior had been.

**-0-0-0-**

Mrs. Roberts had just finished preparing breakfast when Aaron walked into the room. She turned to look at him, faintly disappointed to see he was wearing his sweats.

The day before, when he'd been a boy, they had been a little too large and fit his body loosely. Now the top appeared huge, while the sweat pants were just a little too snug and emphasized his broad hips and rear.

“Did you find the bra and panties, dear? I know they're your sister's, but you can wear them until we can buy you some of your own.”

“I found them,” Aaron said tersely as he sat down at the table. He had seen them both but didn't bother to put either garment on, unwilling to accept the fact that he could no longer wear his own undergarments.

He waited until his mother placed a plate of waffles in front of him. He had thought, when his mother suggested breakfast, that he wouldn't be able to eat, but he found himself digging in as though he hadn't eaten for a week.

“Erin,” Mrs. Roberts began, unconsciously using the feminine version of Aaron's name. “I can't tell you how sorry I am that this happened to you. Your sister must have made some comment or was thinking what it would be like if you were a girl when the accident happened.”

“Susie did this to me?” Aaron's mouth dropped open in surprise.

“Don't talk with your mouth full, dear,” his mother said automatically before answering his question. “Yes, honey, I'm afraid so.”

“But how? Why? How could she have done this to me?” Aaron could feel his eyes tearing up again. Mrs. Roberts brushed a few strands of blonde hair away from his cute face.

“I really don't think that it was intentional, darling,” his mother said softly. “It was most likely the cause of the accident. You see, Susie has a kind of special ability, I suppose you could call it a talent.”

“A talent?”

“In the old days, she would have been called a witch...”

“My thoughts exactly, she's a witch!” Aaron interjected angrily.

His mother flashed a warning look. Aaron fell silent waiting for his mother to continue.

“As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, young lady.”

Aaron cringed.

“Your sister has a talent that is passed down only on the female side of my family.”

“The females, Mom? Then that means that you can change me back, right?” Aaron said excitedly.

Mrs. Roberts looked at her son sadly.

“I'm afraid I can't dear. The talent seems to skip every other generation. Your grandmother Simpson had it and so does your sister. I don't.”

Aaron felt his stomach drop, his Grandmother had died several years earlier.

“You'll just have to wait until your sister learns to control the talent and can change you back.”

“How long before that happens?”

“I don't know dear. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next week or maybe not for years.”

Aaron felt himself grow pale. “Years! You mean that I might be stuck like this for YEARS? Mother, do you realized what that means? I'd be a girl! What am I going to do?”

“The only thing I can do now, darling is offer a little bit of mother's advice. Try to relax, enjoy it if you can, dear,” Aaron shook his head in violent protest. “... and don't worry about it. There are things in this world much worse than being a young healthy woman.”

“But to spend months or years like this...,” Aaron cupped his hands over his firm breasts. He could feel his huge nipples even thorough the thick fabric of the sweat shirt. Breaking into tears again, Aaron abruptly ran back to his bedroom.

Mrs. Roberts flinched when she heard the door to Aaron's bedroom slam shut. It would be very difficult around the house for a while she knew.

**-0-0-0-**

For the next three days, Aaron stayed in his room, leaving it only when it was necessary to use the bathroom and to eat. For the most part his mother left him alone, knowing that he was going through a difficult period of adjustment.

Everything he did was a constant reminder of his unfamiliar female body. It felt strange and awkward, too soft, too weak, too big in places, too small in others, but most of all it was too damned female! He hated almost every inch of it.

While he loathed his body, the long blonde hair was less obtrusive. He'd always liked long hair, his own had been long, although not nearly as long as it was now, and he had always kept it neat. He soon discovered however, that really long hair can sometimes be a real nuisance. It kept getting into his eyes or his mouth at the most inopportune times.

Thinking that his mother wouldn't let him cut it, (she would have, if he'd asked), he had compromised by tying it into a ponytail to keep it out of his eyes.

The first day he had gone through every piece of clothing he owned, looking for something that would fit. Nearly everything was either too large or too small, or was just plain uncomfortable for his lush and very feminine anatomy.

When he had gone through his entire wardrobe he found that about the only things that would fit were his shirts (they looked like small tents) and his sweats, (the snug fitting sweat pants made his rear look positively huge).

Fearing that his mother would take them from him and force him to wear one of Susie's skirts or worse, he refused to give them up, not even long enough to wash them.

At first, he rejected the panties and bras his mother had borrowed from Susie's dresser. By the second day, after working himself up nearly to the point of orgasm by the rubbing of the tight crotch seam of the sweat pants on his sensitive clitoris, he conceded to the inevitable and began to wear the panties.

The rubbing of his nipples against the soft fabric of the sweat shirt was surprisingly pleasant, but predictably, kept him in a constant state of semi-arousal. The continuous feeling of being just on the verge of — something — was the only thing that kept him from going completely over the edge. He didn't know what the vaguely pleasant feeling was, only that it nice, very nice, indeed. Not knowing any different, he just assumed that it was normal for a girl to have wet panties all the time and continued to refuse to wear the bras.

It was on one of his infrequent as possible trips to the bathroom that he met his mother waiting for him in the hallway.

“Erin, I want you to get cleaned up and come with me to the hospital. Susie is going to be released this afternoon and I think that you should go with me.”

“But Mom, I can't. I can't go out looking like this. What if someone recognizes me?”

“Yes, you can darling. Anyone who sees you will see exactly the same thing I’m seeing right now. A very pretty young lady.”

Aaron cringed at the compliment.

“But Mom...” Aaron didn't know which upset him more, his mother calling him “pretty” or the thought of going out in public looking the way he did.

“No buts, young lady. You have about an hour before we have to go. Now go get into the shower.” The look on his mother's face told him it was useless to argue. Looking and feeling like he had the weight of the world on his shoulders or at least firmly attached to his chest and hips, Aaron continued to the bathroom.

Mrs. Roberts waited until she heard the shower going before she entered and retrieved his clothing from the floor of the bathroom. Smelling the familiar pungent odor of dried vaginal lubrication drifting up from the crotch of the sweat pants, she sighed.

Erin had a lot to learn about a girl's hygiene.

She hoped that he wouldn't have the time to learn it all.

**-0-0-0-**

Aaron was dismayed to find that his mother had taken his clothing. The sweats were about only things he felt comfortable in, and now they had been taken from him.

Aaron wrapped a towel around his waist and stuck his head out the bathroom door.

“Mom, where are my clothes? I can't run around wearing a towel!”

“I'm washing your sweats dear. There's some clean clothing on your bed. Call me if you have any problems with putting them on,” his mother's voice came from downstairs.

Envisioning all kinds of exotic wearing apparel including a garter belt and fishnet hose he knew Susie had hidden in the bottom drawer of her dresser, Aaron swallowed hard and went to his room.

Aaron sat on the bed next to the pile of clothing his mother had selected for him. He stared at it for a few minutes before gathering enough courage to even touch anything.

Aaron picked up a pair of white nylon string bikini panties and bra set. He shuddered and pulled the panties on. As he had for the last three days, Aaron disregarded the bra.

Expecting to find a skirt and blouse, Aaron was pleasantly surprised when he reached the outer garments, a pair of jeans and an off white, bulky knit, fisherman's style pull over wool sweater. Aaron wiggled the jeans on over his ample hips and zipped them up. At least the zipper's in front, he sighed as he noted the nearly skin tight fit of the garment.

Aaron slipped the sweater over his bare breasts and started to sit down to put a pair of slouch socks on. He tried to slide the pants legs over the socks and found that they were too tight to fit. Giving up in disgust, Aaron arranged them over the legs of the jeans as best he could.

Every movement he had made while trying to fix his socks, had caused the warm, but scratchy, wool yarn of the sweater to rub against his nipples. Aaron had learned enough about his female body to know that within ten minutes of the rough yarn rubbing against his nipples he would be flowing like a water fall. As pleasant as it had been before, it suddenly bothered him.

Reluctantly, he removed the sweater and put the bra on, the first he'd worn since the night of the accident. He conceded when he pulled the sweater back on and discovered that his sensitive nipples were protected by the cups of the bra that it was actually more comfortable wearing a bra than not.

**-0-0-0-**

"I'm ready to go Erin," Mrs. Roberts called out to her son.

"Just a second mom," Aaron pulled the laces tight on a pair of Susie's hi-top aerobic shoes which he found fit much better than Connie's sandals had.

Aaron brushed a mass of errant hair from his face and tied his long blonde hair into a ponytail. After a quick glance in his mirror, he bounded down the stairs.

The last time he'd done that it had felt like his boobs were going up when he was going down, threatening to beat him to death. This time the bra prevented that to a large degree, enough so that Aaron resigned himself to wearing a well fitting bra as long as he was stuck in this body.

"Well dear, you look really nice," Mrs. Roberts said, admiring her "new" daughter. "But I think that you missed something."

"I did? What?"

"I'll show you," his mother said stepping close to him. "Hold still and pucker up your lips."

Before he could prevent it, his mother put some lipstick on him and "fluffed" his bangs a little.

"Mother! Did you really have to do that?" Aaron ran his tongue lightly over his lips, tasting the waxy strawberry flavored coloring.

"Don't worry dear, this is the only time you will have to wear lipstick, unless you want to start wearing it on your own. I wanted you to look nice for your sister."

Aaron gave his mother a disgusted look, why should he "look nice" for his sister? After all, she was the one that had gotten him into this mess in the first place!

**-0-0-0-**

"Wait here darling, while Susie gets dressed," Mrs. Roberts said when they arrived at the hospital.

"Does she know about me, and that she's the cause of it?" Aaron demanded.

"No dear, I thought it would be best if you were here for her to see." Mrs. Roberts smiled and entered the room.

Knowing it would take a few minutes for his sister to get dressed, Aaron wandered around the corner to look through the window of the nursery in the hospital's small

maternity ward . He wasn't really interested, it was just something to do while waiting for his mother and sister to appear.

His mother found him standing in front of the glass wall a few minutes later.

“Aren't they beautiful?” His mother asked, startling Aaron.

He hadn't heard her quiet approach.

Mrs. Roberts put her arm around Aaron's shoulder and sighed as they looked at the babies.

Aaron looked back at the half dozen babies in their small plastic layettes, and nodded.

“I guess so,” his reply was less than enthusiastic. Aaron was embarrassed by his mother's sudden presence, and his disturbing thoughts.

Other than the obvious inconveniences, being suddenly thrust into a female body hadn't made much of an impression on Aaron. Standing in front of a whole, albeit small, room full of babies, drove home the BIG difference between men and women.

Men started babies and women HAD them. Right now, with his broad hips and full breasts, he definitely fell into in the latter category!

“You know, some day, you and your sister will have babies of your own,” his mother said wistfully.

“MOTHER!” Aaron exclaimed, shocked that his own mother would suggest something like that.

She chuckled and drew her son close to her.

“Don't worry Erin, if all goes well, and I know it will, it will be your wife and not you that will have the babies.”

“That's a relief,” Aaron said whole heartedly.

His mother chuckled. Gently turning him around, she hugged his feminine body and kissed his cheek lightly. She smiled encouragingly, “It will be all right, you'll see, darling.”

Aaron nodded and looked down at the floor.

Together they walked back to Susie's room.

**-0-0-0-**

“That's Aaron?” Susie exclaimed when their mother introduced him. Susie slowly inspected her transformed brother. “I never knew you liked wearing girl's clothing so much. If I had, I would have dressed you up long ago. You make a really cute looking girl.”

Aaron blushed at what had been an honest, but odd compliment for a boy, from his sister.

“Thanks. But let's set the record straight. One, I don't like wearing girl's clothing, and two, I don't have any choice in the matter, and three, it is your damned fault that I am!”



Susie looked confused.

“What do you mean you don't have any choice in the matter?”

“I'll tell you,” Aaron said stepping toward his sister with a small tightly clenched fist raised. “Right after I knock your teeth out.”

Susie stepped back a step while their mother quickly restrained her “new” daughter.

“Erin! Behave yourself,” Mrs. Roberts said harshly.

Aaron hesitated for a second then relaxed, dropping his clenched fist to his side.

“I've told you this before, Susie didn't mean it. Now just calm down!”

“I'm sorry Mom, it's just that... well, you know,” Aaron said, looking down at the tile on the floor of the hospital room.

“Wow! This must be some story,” Susie said. “I can hardly wait until we get to the car to hear it.”

The ride home was in made in total silence.

Although Susie kept sneaking glances at her brother she refrained from asking him any questions. Her silence was partially because she didn't want her brother hitting her and partially because her mother said that she would explain everything when they got home and had something to eat.

Aaron helped his mother prepare dinner, while Susie had gone up stairs to take a shower. Because the house was warm, Aaron had taken off the sweater and had put on a cooler, long sleeved form fitting top. He wasn't even bothered by the fact that the “sweetheart” neckline exposed a good part of his cleavage.

All through dinner Susie couldn't keep her eyes off the well filled low cut top. Aaron knew what she was wondering, but had promised his mother that he would let her tell his sister what had happened.

Finally, after what seemed hours to the curious Susie, dinner was over and the table was cleaned off.

“Mom, would you please tell me what this is all about? Why is Erin still wearing the padding and my clothes and why is he so angry with me? I didn't do anything to him,” Susie said.

“Let me answer your questions one at a time, Susie,” Mrs. Roberts said nodding to Aaron. “Erin is wearing your clothing for the simple fact that nothing of his fits him anymore.”

It was the prearranged signal for him to remove his top and bra.

Susie's eye grew wide as she watched her brother suddenly become her sister.

“MY GOD, they're REAL!” Susie stared at her brother's firm breasts. “I thought they were just a pair of falsies!”

“They are very real,” Aaron said dryly. He cupped them from underneath and pointed the fat nipples at his sister. “Bang! Bang! You're dead,” Aaron snarled as he jerked each breast up in turn as though it had recoiled.

“Erin! Stop that! That's no way for a nice girl to act! Put your bra and top back on, and behave yourself! I'm not going to tell you again,” Mrs. Roberts warned.

Aaron blushed and slipped his bra and top back on.

“Would someone PLEASE tell me what happened?” Susie pleaded obviously confused.

“Erin has been transformed into a girl by your talents,” Mrs. Roberts said as though nothing had happened.

“My talents? What talents? Certainly not my music ability,” Susie said, bewildered.

Susie was first astonished then grew even more confused as she listened to her mother explain some of the nature of the talent that had been passed on to her daughter from her Grandmother.

“But HOW did I do it?” Susie asked bewildered. She glanced at her brother with pity and sympathy in her eyes. If she had done something to harm her brother, pest tho' he may have been at times, she wanted to correct it.

“I'm not sure, dear. It's something that you'll have to learn by yourself. The only one that could have taught you is your grandmother, and she isn't with us any more.”

“I don't care who teaches her, I want to change back, right now,” Aaron said sullenly.

Both mother and daughter ignored him for the present.

“Tell me more about this 'talent', mom. What else will it do?”

Mrs. Roberts glance uneasily toward Aaron, then sighed. “I suppose that you would have found out sooner or later anyway. I guess that it might as well be now.”

“Find out what, Mom?” Aaron asked.

