



Reluctant Press

Life Goes On

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Life Goes On!

By; Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

It all started innocently enough. Summer vacation was upon us and Mom decided it was time for us to drive east and meet up with her only other living family. I never knew she had living relatives other than me. She had always told me that my father had died before I was born and that I was her only relation. Now I found out that she had a sister living in Florida.

I was twelve years old at this time and had just completed my elementary schooling having graduated from grade six into grade seven. Mom had raised me to be quite open minded about a lot of things in this life so I was able to accept the fact that I had an Aunt still living. I didn't put up a fuss about spending a lot of time in a car this summer, traveling east to meet her. We packed our bags with our freshly laundered clothing and loaded them into the car the night before, then got a good night's sleep before starting out the next morning bright and early.

It was a dull, cloudy and cool day when we left so I chose to wear a pair of jeans with a T-shirt, socks, sneakers and my jacket. By mid morning we had left the clouds behind and I found it to be quite uncomfortable sitting for long periods of time in my tight jeans.

"What's the matter, Anthony? Why are you fidgeting so much?" Mom asked me as we rolled down the highway.

"It's these jeans," I told her. "They keep riding up my legs and they aren't comfortable."

"Yeah. Pants aren't all that comfortable for long car rides. That's why I chose to wear a skirt. Climb over the seat into the back, you can change back there into a

pair of your short pants from your bag. Maybe they'll be more comfortable for you."

I did as she suggested and changed into a pair of my short pants in the back seat of the car as she continued to drive along. Mile after mile we drove and although the short pants were much better than the jeans had been, they still had a tendency to ride up and get real tight in my crotch. I had to lift myself up every once in awhile to make adjustments.

We stopped at a roadside cafe for lunch and before we left the parking lot, Mom opened her travel bag and got out another one of her skirts. She left it laying on the back seat as we drove away. Two minutes after we got back onto the highway, Mom made a suggestion.

"Why don't you crawl into the back seat and change into my skirt that I left out for you?"

"C'mon Mom!" I complained. "I can't wear your skirt! I'm a boy, not a girl!"

"I know that, dear. But skirts are so much more comfortable for traveling in. You will be able to enjoy the trip a lot more if you aren't squirming about so much."

"For one thing Mom, you are a lot bigger than I am and your skirt would be too big for me. If any of the kids ever found out that I wore one of your skirts, I would be laughed out of school. I just don't want that."

"I understand that, honey. But it's just you and me here. No one will ever know it unless you tell them. I just want you to be comfortable is all. And it won't hurt you any to just try it, now will it?"

No, it wouldn't hurt me at all to try Mom's suggestion. After all, she was wearing a skirt and she was quite comfortable driving for miles at a time. And since she promised not to tell any of my acquaintances, I guess it was okay for me to try it. Anything had to be better than what I was going through at the moment. I crawled over the backseat, slipped off my short pants and put on the skirt Mom had left out for me. It was long and loose and I had to hold the waist tight as I climbed back into the front seat of the car. I arranged myself on the seat, then put on my seatbelt again.

Miles down the road and I discovered that Mom was right, to a degree anyway. Her skirt was much more comfortable to ride along in than either my jeans or short pants had been. But my undershorts were still a discomfort to me. A discomfort she obviously didn't have.

"The difference, Anthony," she explained to me, "is in the materials. Boys' undershorts are all made of cotton. Girls' panties are usually made of nylon. Some girls, though, do seem to prefer wearing cotton panties these days, though I sure don't know why. I tried them and I don't find them all that comfortable. Style has a lot to do with comfort, too. Your undershorts are all jockey style. Panties are never that style. We have briefs and bikinis and hipsters and thongs. A lot more choices to make us comfortable. Care to try a pair of panties, dear?"

“I could never wear your panties, Mom!” I told her flat out.

“No, I suppose you couldn’t at that. But there is a small town up ahead and I’m sure they have a retail outlet of some kind. We could stop and I could buy you a pair of your own to wear. I do want you to be comfortable since we still have thousands of miles to go to get there, then the same number of miles to drive home again.”

I considered Mom’s proposition for a mile or two and figured what the heck, why not? I sure didn’t want to spend the entire summer in so much discomfort. “Is there any chance you can get me a skirt too that fits better than yours does?” I asked her.

“Yes, I think I can do that. How about an outfit?”

“What outfit? Skirts are better for riding in and if panties are more comfortable too, fine, I can try a pair. What do I need with an outfit?”

“Oh, just to make you look right is all. I doubt that any skirt would go with that T-shirt that you have on. Don’t worry Anthony, I promise I’ll try to find you a plainer, unisex style blouse to wear with the skirt I get for you.”

What did I have to lose? I had already agreed to let Mom buy me my own skirt and panties. What would a blouse hurt, particularly since she said it would be plainer and unisex in style? I agreed to it as I climbed into the back seat and changed into my short pants again. Since we were stopping, I didn’t want anyone to see me wearing a skirt.

Mom was in the store for about twenty minutes and when she came out, she had three bags with her. She put two of the bags into the trunk of the car and one she brought into the front seat with her. Then we were off and down the road again.

“Whew!” Mom said. “For such a small store in such a small town, they sure were busy. They only sold girls’ panties in packages of three so I got you two packages, dear. One package is in the brief style; the other is bikini style. I brought the briefs up here for you to try on first. I got you a cute skirt and blouse outfit too, along with a pair of sandals for your feet.”

“Why do I need the sandals too, Mom?” I asked as I crawled into the backseat again.

“Outfit my dear, outfit! An outfit is the total package, head to toe. You may as well look right in an outfit and sandals are a part of this outfit.”

I stripped down as Mom reached into the bag and tore open the package of panties to extract a single pair and hand them back to me. “Pink! They’re pink panties!” I gasped. “And they have lace trim on them, too! Didn’t they have any plain white ones?”

“No dear. Selection was limited and I had to take what I could get. Stop complaining and try them on. No one but you and I will ever see them anyway so what difference does color and trimming make?”

She was right there. No one would ever see me in them, not even her, if I could help it, so I guess I could try them on. I slipped my feet into them and slid them up my legs and raised my hips off the seat to pull them up and into place. They were a snugger fit than my shorts had been and felt much cooler too. I still would have preferred plainer white ones.

“Like I said dear, selection was limited,” she told me again as she handed back the blouse for me to put on. There was no point complaining now. She had bought them, we were miles down the road and she had taken the tags off already. The blouse was a pink background with large white and blue flowers on it, went on like a shirt though it had short puffy sleeves and the buttons did up on the wrong side. I put it on and had some trouble doing up the backward buttons. Then I got the skirt that matched my blouse and it was easy to put on since it had an elastic waist. All I had to do was find the front and pull it on. I took the proffered sandals and slipped my feet into them and had a bit of trouble with the buckles of the ankle straps, but I got them on. I wished I had a mirror then so I could see what I looked like in that outfit.

Mom reached back and put the almost empty bag behind her seat. I felt foolish as I climbed over the seat to arrange myself on the front seat and do up my seat-belt.

“You look very nice now, dear,” she told me. “Thank you for wearing the outfit.”

“I feel foolish sitting here in girls’ clothes Mom,” I replied.

“Don’t worry about it, sweetheart. It’s just you and me and the open road now. How do the panties compare to your undershorts?”

“I don’t know yet. Ask me in a couple hundred miles or so. Right now they are just a bit tighter and cooler. The skirt is a good fit and is a lot more comfortable than wearing yours was. I guess the worst part is this matching blouse. Anyone passing us on the road can see me wearing it since they can see me from the shoulders up.”

“Yes, there is that,” she returned. She dug into her purse and came out with her compact and told me to position it on the dash so that I could see myself in the mirror. I did it and she got out her hairbrush and instructed me on how to brush my shaggy blonde hair into a more girlish style. “That way, dear, anyone seeing you as they go by will assume that you are a real girl and not pay you as much attention as they might if they thought you were a boy wearing girls’ clothes.”

I did it readily since I thought it was better to be seen as a girl wearing a blouse than as a boy wearing the same item. Still, I would have preferred to keep my T-shirt on and be seen as a boy from the shoulders up. The skirt was comfortable and the panties were too and while the sandals were girls’ sandals, they didn’t make any difference on my feet. They fit and made my feet look more like girls’ feet just by wearing them.

We were just coming to the town we were going to spend the night in when we heard a siren. Mom looked in her rearview mirror to see a cop with the lights

flashing. There was no time for me to change as Mom pulled to the side of the road and stopped. The cop came up to Mom's rolled down window and she asked him, "What's the problem, officer?"

"The speed limit is fifty-five Ma'am," the officer replied. "You were doing sixty-two. Its only seven miles an hour over the limit so I thought I would give you a warning to slow down since you are coming into a town up ahead."

"Sorry, officer. I guess my mind was wandering and I wasn't paying close enough attention. Do you know if there is a motel up ahead?"

"Yes Ma'am. The Oasis Motel is about five miles ahead on your right. You and your daughter should be able to get a room there. Just watch your speed. We usually give tickets at five miles an hour over the limit around here."

"Yes sir, thank you," Mom said and rolled her window back up.

"That cop thought I was your daughter!" I said as we continued on up the road.

"Yes, he did at that dear. But since you are wearing that outfit I thought it best not to correct him. It looks like he is following us so you shouldn't get changed until he goes away."

"I hope he goes away soon," I said and checked over my shoulder to see that he was indeed following us. Mom stayed at or below the speed limit all the way to the motel and the cop followed us into the parking lot and watched as Mom went inside to get us a pair of rooms. I saw the vacancy sign at the front change to no vacancy as Mom came out.

"They only had one room dear so I had to take it. But it has twin beds so we don't have to share a double bed. Besides, there is nothing wrong with a mother and daughter sharing a room."

"That would be true if we were a mother and daughter instead of a mother and son," I said in reply.

"That cop saw you as a girl and the man behind the counter could see you in the car so he believes you are a girl too. Would you rather I tell them that you are a boy dressed as a girl?"

"No! Don't do that!" I cried out.

"Okay then. Just pretend that everything is normal and we'll get inside the room and hope that they go away and leave us alone."

The cop stayed where he was though we couldn't tell if he was watching us as Mom drove over to park in front of our room for the night. I felt even more foolish now as I got out of the car wearing my skirt and blouse outfit and helped Mom carry our overnight bags inside. I felt safe once more once the door was closed behind us.

We hadn't had dinner yet and there was a McDonalds next to the motel, on the side away from the motel office. I laid out my short pants and tee shirt and was all set to change into them when Mom told me that the cop had just moved his car to halfway between here and where we wanted to go. Heck, I wasn't all that hungry

that I couldn't go without skipping a meal. But Mom was hungry and wanted to eat and she couldn't very well leave a girl alone in a strange motel room with a cop watching. He was sure to come over and investigate that. If I left as a boy, then he would know the truth and God only knows what he would do then. I had to go with Mom and I had to go wearing my skirt and blouse outfit and looking like a girl.

I did look a bit like a girl too. I could see myself in the mirror over the dresser now. I had Mom to help me look even more like a girl so we could go and get something to eat. She brushed my hair for me and used her travel scissors to trim off a bit in front for me where it hung into my eyes. I had seen her use her eyelash curler many times in the past and she used it on me now, then made my lashes a bit longer and fuller with her mascara. That was all I needed to look much more like a real girl than I had before.

"I can't very well call you Anthony in public now dear," she told me, "so I am going to be calling you Margot. It's the name I had chosen for you had you turned out to be a girl when you were born. Are you ready to get something to eat now Margot?"

"I guess I'm as ready as I'll ever be Mom," I replied.

We stepped out into the moonlight and with Mom holding my hand, made it halfway to the McDonalds when the cop put on his lights and sped away. I was very quiet and shy as we ordered our food and instead of taking it to go, Mom had them put it on a tray and we took a seat to eat it there. Since no one was paying us any attention I dug into my food and no longer cared that people saw me dressed as a girl.

Back in our motel room, I stayed dressed in my skirt and blouse as I turned on the TV and Mom used the bathroom. I heard her running a bath and about half an hour later she came out wearing one of her long frilly nightgowns. "I was just thinking Margot," she said to me as she curled herself onto the bed beside me, "wouldn't it be nice if you could be a girl for this whole trip?"

"What are you talking about Mom?" I had to ask. "The skirt and the panties are better for riding in the car, sure, and the blouse and sandals do go with them, but I am a boy, not a girl."

"Yeah, I know. But just think of all the time you have to spend crawling back and forth into the back seat and changing before we stop and after we get started again. With your hair and eyes done no one in the McDonalds saw anything other than a girl, and that was in very bright light too. Why not continue the charade all the way? Only you and I would have to know the truth."

"Is one skirt outfit going to last me for the next twenty-five hundred miles, then all the way home too?"

"No, of course not. Buying you panties and a skirt I took the liberty of buying two skirt outfits for you along with another pair of shoes and a dress too. They're in the trunk of the car. I know that wearing panties and a skirt are so much more

comfortable that I knew that one outfit would not be enough for you. The car keys are on the dresser there. Be a good girl and go get the bags I put in the trunk.”

Good girl my butt! I was a boy! Sure, I was all dressed up like a girl would be, but I was still a boy. Girls’ clothes did feel a lot better now that I was wearing them and everyone did take me for being a real girl when we encountered them, but I was still a boy. I was a bit curious though to see the other girls’ clothes that Mom had bought for me. I took the car keys and let myself out the door to get the bags I had seen her deposit into the trunk. Mom had to let me back into the motel room as the door closed and locked when I went out.

There was nothing plain or unisex about the semi-sheer white blouse that Mom laid out on the motel room bed. The short puffed sleeves and the flat collar were both trimmed with an eyelet lace and the flat buttons did up behind the back. I could never put that blouse on by myself, but if I stayed dressed as a girl all day long I wouldn’t have to. Mom could do it up for me and help me take it off at night. The skirt she had to go with it was a blue denim mini-skirt that closed with a button and zipper in the back. She set a new pair of flat-heeled white pumps beside them on the bed.

“That blouse is pretty see-thru isn’t it Mom?” I noted.

“Yes, I thought of that when I bought it. So I bought you a padded training bra too. If you wear the outfit no one will guess that you aren’t a girl.” She got out the bra and I saw that it was white so it wouldn’t show up too drastically under the blouse.

“What else did you buy for me?” I asked her calmly. “You said a dress too?”

“Yes dear.” She dug into the bag and brought out a pretty paisley colored dress that had the round flat collar and short puffed sleeves and an attached tie belt at the waist. The dress would zipper close behind my back when I wore it, and I knew that I would indeed wear it. Pants of any kind with undershorts were just too uncomfortable to wear for ten hours a day of traveling. The white pumps would probably go with this dress too.

“Well,” I began somewhat tentatively, “you bought them and its too far to go back and return them so I guess I may as well try them, if you promise not to laugh at me or ever tell anyone back home that I wore them.”

“You know I would never laugh at you dear, and I have no reason to tell anyone back home anything about this. I think I am going to like having a daughter for the next two months. We can both have a lot of fun as two girls now Margot.”

“We’ll see Mom. I guess I should have a bath now. I always just slept in my shorts so I guess I’ll have to sleep in my panties now huh?” I gave her a sheepish grin and a wink.

“Well, not really Margot. I thought that if you could wear the skirt and panties that maybe you could wear a nightie too, so...” She dipped into the bag again and came out with a little pink baby doll style nightie for me.

“Aw Mom, why did you have to go and do that?” I complained.

“Please dear,” she begged me. “When I saw it I just couldn’t resist and I know you didn’t have any pajamas. Its still just you and me and no one else ever has to see or know. Please.”

I didn’t say another word as I sat down on the bed to remove the sandals from my feet, then began undoing the buttons on my blouse. I took off the skirt before I picked up the two piece nightie set and carried it into the bathroom wearing just my pink panties that I had promised myself that no one would ever see me wearing. Some promise! I used the toilet, then had a bath and washed my hair. I dried off using the motel towel, then put on the double layered nylon panty briefs that went with my nightie set. I rolled up the nightie and pulled it over my head before I put my arms into the short and sheer puffed sleeves. Did everything have to have the short puffed sleeves? I guessed that maybe they did since it was part and parcel of being young and feminine.

Mom had the room straightened up and everything put away when I emerged from the bathroom feeling more like a fool than ever before. She turned to watch me and I saw a smile creep onto her face as I deposited my worn panties onto the bed. “The mascara didn’t wash off,” I told her then.

“No dear. It’s waterproof. You need cold cream to remove it. Can I brush your hair for you?”

I sat sideways on the bed and Mom curled herself down in front of me and began to brush my still damp hair for me. Her smile, I saw, was quite natural so I knew she wasn’t laughing at me inside. At least I wanted to believe she wasn’t. “Did you want me to be born a girl Mom?” I had to ask her then.

“To be perfectly honest with you dear, I didn’t care if you were a boy or a girl. All I really wanted was for you to be healthy, and you were that. But your father was the only man that I ever loved so I knew that you were the only child I would ever have. You were a perfect son to me so I never regretted the fact that you were a boy. I still don’t regret it. Even had you refused to wear any of the girl things I just bought for you, I would still love you for the son I know you are.”

“So what happened to my father?” I asked her.

She seemed to turn a bit sad then before she got up the courage to speak. “Your father was not faithful to me while we dated and I got pregnant. He got my sister pregnant too and ended up marrying her. So I moved to California, as far away from them as I could get. But he is dead now and my sister is alone since she apparently had a miscarriage. Time heals many wounds so I guess I can’t hold a grudge against my sister forever. She doesn’t know about you or that we are coming so it is going to be a surprise for her. Ruthie always wanted a daughter and I am lucky enough now to have both a son and a daughter. What do you think Margot? Can you meet your Aunt Ruthie as a girl?”

“Are you serious Mom?”

“Sure, why not? I haven’t spoken to her since I left. I found out about her miscarriage from our parents, but they died before you were born. I attended their funeral though I don’t think my sister saw me there. In any event, she doesn’t know

a thing about you and other than meeting her, I doubt we'll have much to do with her. I was the one who was dating your father and all she did was sleep with him behind my back. I felt betrayed by both of them when I found out and even with more than twelve years going by, it still hurts a bit. We'll see her and I'll introduce you to her and it'll get her goat good if I can introduce you as my daughter. Just a bit of payback for the pain and suffering she caused me."

"I don't know Mom. Why don't we wait and see how things go first? I'm not a real girl and I guess I have a lot to learn before then. It would really be embarrassing to be introduced as a girl to my Aunt, then have her find out that I am her nephew instead of her niece."

"Okay. We have about a month or so before you are going to meet her. Boy or girl, it is going to be nice to have something that she doesn't for a change. Since you are going to try to be a girl for now dear, can I do your nails for you too?"

How could I object now? I let Mom file my toenails and paint them the same shade of red that she wore on her nails. She hadn't bought any nail polish exclusively for me so hers was all that was available to us at the time. She filed and shaped my fingernails too and painted them the same color as the rest of our nails, three coats.

"Want to try a really girlish thing tomorrow Margot?" she asked me as she finished up.

"How girlish?" I asked warily.

"Really girlish! In order to be a proper girl you are going to need a lot of clothes. I thought it would be nice if we went shopping together. As mother and daughter!"

"Gosh Mom! I don't know if I'm ready for that yet!" I had to say.

"Of course you are dear. The sooner the better too. You need the clothes and people are going to see you as a girl anyway. If we go shopping together then you can try things on in the stores so we get the right fit for everything we have to buy you anyway. Besides, while some things might look good on display, they sometimes look different when you put them on. That's just the way girls' clothes are. Please Margot?"

I hated it when Mom began to beg me to do something. She was right though. People were going to see me as a girl anyway so I may as well go shopping with her and try things on in the stores. The worst that I could imagine happening was that someone would find out that I was a boy. What would happen then was we would leave and go somewhere else to shop. I did need the clothes to play the part and shopping was the best way to get them, the only way.

"Okay Mom, I'll go shopping with you. Can you afford this though?"

"Oh sure. I still have my inheritance from my parents that I haven't even touched yet. Besides which, we're saving a lot of money by only having one motel room instead of two."

CHAPTER 2

It took me more than an hour to fall asleep in that strange bed what with the frills and lace and the soft nylon caressing my body between the sheets now. I found out first-hand what girls took for granted everyday of their lives, the luxury they had everyt ime they put on a nightie and climbed into bed. It was luxurious and I wasn't used to it, but I did eventually fall asleep.

Mom woke me up at eight o'clock, having let me sleep in later than usual. It was going to be a full day for both of us so we needed all the rest we could get before hand. Since both Mom and I were girls now, there was no need for either of us to use the bathroom for getting dressed. I was surprised when she took off her nightgown and saw her naked for the very first time I could ever remember. I watched as she put on her panties and bra, then she turned to smile at me.

"We are both girls now Margot," she said to me. "We don't have any secrets from each other. And since we are both girls, we can share a motel room all the way and I'll save a lot of money on that alone. Now, get out of bed and I'll help you get dressed. We'll check out of the motel, go and have breakfast somewhere, then go and check out the local stores. We can stop at other stores in other towns too so we don't have to get everything here. Lets go girl!"

I climbed out of bed then and took off my baby doll nightie set, sorry for a bit to have to lose the luxury I felt while wearing it. Mom handed me a fresh pair of my new pink bikini panties and I stooped to put them on. Then she helped me into my fully padded training bra and adjusted the straps so it sat just right with the cups on my chest, just like a girl would wear it. I don't know why, but I didn't feel quite so foolish wearing girls' underthings now in front of my mother. I guess that having worn girls' things the day before and all night long got me used to her seeing me in them. Mom held open the dress for me and I stepped into it, then let her pull it up so I could put my hands and arms into the short sleeves. She adjusted the dress onto my shoulders, then stepped behind me to run the zipper up my back and tie the belt into a small bow.

The dress felt snug from my waist up to my shoulders and except for the elastic on the cuffs of the sleeves, it was loose from my shoulders to the lace trimmed cuffs. From my waist down the dress was quite loose and comfortable and swirled about my legs as I walked over to the chair where I sat down to put on the white pumps. They were a tight fit but I expected that since they were brand new shoes.

Mom had her blouse and skirt on by then and slipped her feet into her own well-worn pumps. I watched as she brushed her hair out, then sprayed on some hairspray to hold it in place. Then she turned and did the same for me, complete with the hairspray. She did her makeup in all of five minutes, then checked my eyes before adding a bit more mascara to my lashes. Once again it was all I needed to look more feminine.

I had to admit that I did look a lot like a girl then. I was small with small features so no part of my face really stood out as being too masculine. My hair had gotten longer than I normally wore it but a lot of the guys at school had hair a lot

longer than mine was, some girls had shorter hair too. The brushing and trim Mom had given me made my shaggy hair look more like a real girl's hair might too. The mascara made my lashes really stand out more than they normally did, just like a real girl. My bare arms and legs didn't have a lot of hair showing on them. I knew girls at school who had more hair showing there than I did. And there was no way that my dress or shoes could be construed as being masculine at all. Yeah, I did make a pretty good-looking girl if I do say so myself. Even my voice was that of a young boy still, more in the range of what girls sounded like. I could do this and no one would be the wiser.

Mom and I packed up and loaded everything into the car and while Mom checked the room over to be sure we hadn't left anything behind, I volunteered to return the key to the office. The room had been paid for in advance so the key just had to be dropped off.

"You sure you want to do that alone Margot?" Mom asked me.

"No, but I guess I may as well anyway. I am wearing a dress and people are going to see me like this anyway so I may as well start learning not to be shy about it. It's no big deal for me to drop off the key myself. I just have to get used to the fact that people will see me as a girl."

"Good for you dear. I'll wait for you in the car. Walk, don't run."

There were people coming out of their rooms and I passed them all as I walked down to the office. There were other people in the office but I ignored everyone as I handed the key to the woman behind the desk. She smiled at me and thanked me and I smiled at her slightly before I turned and left without having to say a word. I had done it! I had passed myself off as a girl with lots of other people watching me and without Mom there to back me up. It's hard to describe the elation I felt as I walked back to our car and my mother.

"Key's turned in," I said as I climbed into the seat beside her.

"Good girl Margot," Mom said to me. "How do you feel now?"

"A lot better really. I know that I do look like a girl and since I am wearing nothing but girls' clothes I think that people see me as a real girl so long as I act like one. Am I acting like a real girl would act Mom?"

"At your age Margot, there isn't a lot of difference between the way a boy would act and how a girl would act. Just remember your manners, fold your hands in your lap when you are seated and learn to smile more. If you have to go to the washroom later, just remember to use the ladies room and sit to pee. Only boys can do that standing up and you are a girl now, especially in the ladies room with other girls and women around."

"It's a good thing you told me Mom. I might not have remembered otherwise."

"What? That you're a girl now?"

"Oh, I think that wearing a dress will constantly remind me of that," I laughed. "No, I might have forgotten to sit to pee. I am used to doing it standing up."

“Yes well, all girls have to sit down for that chore. And its good that we can talk about it so there is less chance of a mistake later on. I don’t think either of us would like it if someone found out you were really a boy, Margot. Margot Anne Thomas. That’s your name as a girl now.”

“Why that name Mom?” I asked her.

“I fell in love with the name Margot when Margot Kidder played Lois Lane in the movie Superman. Anne was my mother’s name. Thomas is my last name and is your last name too.”

“I understand about our last name Mom. I was just curious about the other two names.”

Mom drove us down to a restaurant and we went inside to have breakfast. The place was quite big inside and it was half full of customers as we walked in and found a booth to sit in. The waitress came right over and handed us menus and poured Mom a cup of coffee. I ordered a glass of milk and the woman smiled at me before going to get it. For the most part I was okay, just as long as I ignored most of the other people around me. I remembered to do as Mom had told me to and smiled a lot more than usual as I folded my hands in my lap.

The woman came back with my milk and Mom ordered her usual two boiled eggs and whole-wheat toast dry. I ordered corn flakes and a glass of orange juice and returned the smile the woman gave me. “That is a very pretty dress you’re wearing,” the waitress said to me.

“Thank you,” I said with a big smile on my face. “I like it.”

“You aren’t from around here, are you?” she asked.

“California,” Mom answered her. “Just passing through.”

“Aw, that’s too bad,” the woman said. “I had hoped to find a dress just like that for my daughter. She’s about the same size as your daughter.”

“Actually,” Mom spoke up then, “I bought this dress for Margot in Taylor, a hundred or so miles from here. At the Wal-Mart. They had several in stock.”

“No kidding! I run into Taylor about once a month. I’m going next week. I’ll have to check it out. Thanks!”

“Good luck finding one. As good as Margot looks in this one, I wish I had bought her two of them.”

“Yeah. I know what its like. It's hard to find things that girls these days will wear, and it's a bonus if they look good in them too. Dresses that pretty are hard to find and she does look great in it. The problem I have is that my daughter doesn’t like to wear dresses all that often. How did you talk your daughter into wearing this one?”

“With this trip we’re on, we are in the car traveling about ten hours a day. Margot tried to wear her jeans and her shorts but they are too uncomfortable for so much time in the car. Skirts and dresses are so much better for the extended hours we spend in the car.”