



Reluctant Press presents:

Bikinis & Blush

Briana Vermont



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID MCKINLEY

A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Bikinis and Blush (But No Boys!)

By Briana Vermont

Chapter 1: A First Attempt at Life

When I was very young, we lived on a small street in the suburbs of a small town. My entire world stretched from one end of Lincoln Avenue to the other, a total of thirty houses. Fifteen really, since I was not allowed to cross the street. It was a good world, as far as worlds go. I had everything I needed, but there was one thing missing; there were no other boys.

Well, that's not strictly true. There were a few boys, but they were all much older. When you're only three years old, another four years may as well be a lifetime. I would see the older boys get onto their bikes in the morning, and sail over the edge of the world. What they did then I couldn't even imagine.

I had two older sisters, and they had many friends. They would get together every day, and join in the most interesting and imaginative games. They would put on plays, and form special clubs, or go into the jungle hunting wild tigers. I wanted so much to join them, but I was never invited. Whenever I tried, they would all run away to someone else's house. I couldn't catch them; I was only three years old.

I have one clear memory of playing with my sisters. I was sitting in my room, alone as usual. I spent a lot of time in my room looking at the balls and gloves and cars and trucks, wondering what I was supposed to do with them. I could hear my sisters and their friends downstairs laughing and playing their games. Then I heard them come upstairs, and into my room.

They took me by the hand and asked me to come play with them. I'd never been so happy. Maybe I just hadn't been old enough before, but now things were different. It didn't matter why; the only important thing was now I could play with them.

They took me to my sisters' room, and set out one of their old dresses. They helped me to change into it, and found shoes and stockings as well. One of their friends had brought a wig, and this was placed on my head. They all told me how pretty I was, and how I was a girl just like them. They put makeup on my eyes and mouth, and said I was perfect. We laughed and played this game for a long time.

Then we all got up to go outside. I was so excited to finally be able to play their games. But when I stepped out of the door, it slammed shut behind me. They had locked me out; I could hear them laughing and running away through the house. The cruelest thing was, I didn't even understand the joke. All I knew was that I was alone again.

I was five years old when my brother Jimmy was born. I remember so clearly the day they brought him home. I thought he was sent just for me. He was to be my friend, and I would never be alone again. I had big plans for us. He was only a baby, but I knew he would grow quickly, especially with my help. Then together we would figure out what those balls and gloves were for.

We all sat on the couch, and my dad took pictures. First my mother held Jimmy, then each of my sisters. I was so excited for my turn, but it was never offered. "I want to hold the baby," I said.

I was told that boys don't hold babies. Boys play too rough; you'll hurt him. I didn't want to hurt him. He was my brother and my friend. I knew he was just a baby, but I wanted to tell him all my plans.

Then my mother carried him to his room. She asked my sisters to come and help her, and they closed the door behind them. It was another cruel joke. He wasn't sent for me, he was another thing my sisters could have but I couldn't.

I was eight years old when I first met my Uncle Phil. Phil Backus wasn't a real uncle; he was one of those friends of your parents, who you saw often enough that they eventually wanted you to call them Uncle. My dad worked for the head office of an insurance company, and Uncle Phil was a salesman from some town up north. A pretty good salesman too, from what my Dad would say. He'd always say he didn't know how Uncle Phil could sell so much in such a small community. Uncle Phil would always tell him, "You just have to know how to talk to people."

Uncle Phil may have been good with adults, but I sure didn't want anything to do with him. He always stood too close to me, trying to get an arm around my shoulder. This wasn't so bad, I guess lots of adults do that, but there were other things. He would always find some way to get me alone, and then would ask me questions about sex. When I was young, I didn't even know what he was talking about. Now that I'm fourteen I've got a good idea, though.

I probably should have told my parents, but somehow I never could do it. My parents were totally clueless; they never saw what was going on, and probably wouldn't have understood or even believed me if I had. Uncle Phil was pretty harmless anyway, just a lot of talk.

So whenever Uncle Phil was in town on business, he and my Dad would get together and Uncle Phil would come to our house for supper. One trick Uncle Phil had to get me alone was to suggest he take me for ice cream after dinner. My parents always agreed, and somehow I could never refuse ice cream. If it meant a few awkward moments in the car, it was worth it. But once we were alone, the questions would begin.

"So, tell me about the girls in your school. How do you feel when you look at them?"

"Do kids have sex at the parties you go to? How about you?"

"Ever had any interest in other boys?"

"You know, if there's anything you want to know about sex, any questions you might have, you can ask me. There's nothing you can't tell me; I won't judge you."

Well, as it happens, there was something I wanted to talk to someone about. Over the past few years, I'd become interested in girls' clothes. My bedroom was in the basement, where I had easy access to the laundry and could always find a supply of my older sisters' skirts, blouses, and other things. When the house was empty, I'd grab a few things and try them on, looking at myself in the mirror and seeing how I could make myself look like a girl. I really wanted to tell someone, to understand why I felt this way. So I summoned up my courage, and told Uncle Phil. He said he could help with anything, right?

After hearing my story, Uncle Phil sat back in his car seat for about a minute, thinking. I waited anxiously to hear what he would say. For some reason, I knew he could help me. He would show wisdom, and compassion, and great intuition. He would know exactly what to say to make sense of everything for me. Finally he responded, "So how big does your penis get when you have a pair of panties on?"

Typical Uncle Phil. I finally trust him, after all these years, and he had nothing for me. He just wanted to make it another opportunity to talk dirty. The conversation went very badly for another five or ten minutes. Then he seemed to change topics.

"Last year I asked your parents if you would like to come up to my place for a week or two in the summer. It's a beautiful place, in a forest with bike trails, and a lake for swimming. It's good for a boy to get out of the city in the summer. But I guess you were busy."

I remembered that my parents had asked me. A week or two alone with Uncle Phil was not something I thought I would enjoy to say the least, and asked them to please, not send me.

"So I was thinking," he continued, "summer vacation starts in a couple of weeks. Maybe this year, you'd like to come up for a visit."

Same old Uncle Phil. Still trying to get me alone. Now I was going to have to come up with some good reasons not to go.

“So you like to wear girls’ clothing,” he continued. “How about this? You come for a visit, and we’ll dress you up like a teenage girl. You can spend the entire week as the girl of your dreams. No more hiding in your bedroom wearing laundry. You can walk around openly as a girl, sleep in nighties, and swim in bikinis. What do you say?”

Hey, I couldn’t even say no to ice cream. How could I say no to this?

Chapter 2: The Journey

The arrangements were made. Uncle Phil would be in town in three weeks, the first day of summer vacation. He would pick me up in the morning after his business, and drive me back to his place in the country. It would be a week of fresh air, and manly activities like biking, fishing, and canoeing. Uncle Phil’s last words to me that day were, “Hey, looks like you’re getting some whiskers on that chin of yours,” and then a quick aside, “be sure to shave that morning.”

So when the day came, I was showered and shaved. I put on a pair of blue jean cutoffs, a button-up shirt, socks and shoes.

My mom was packing a suitcase with clothes for me. “You sure have been excited about this trip. Now you be sure to remember your manners, and do whatever you’re told. Understand?”

She really didn’t have a clue, but I agreed. “Sure Mom, I know how to behave.”

Phil arrived at about ten o’clock, and after a few last good-byes we were on our way. The trip to his home would take about two hours, and apparently Phil wanted to use the time to get me trained.

“If you’re going to dress like a girl, you have to pass as a girl in every way. I’ve told my wife that I’m bringing the daughter of a client home for a week while her parents are out of town. She has no idea you’re a boy, and it has to stay that way. So if you haven’t proven to me that you can pass completely by the time we get to my home, the deal is off, got it?”

I didn’t even know Uncle Phil was married, but of course I agreed.

“First, I need to know if you can sound like a girl, so, say something.”

“What should I say?”

“Here,” he said as he grabbed a novel from the back seat. “I brought this for you. Open it anywhere and just start reading.”

It was one of those trashy romance novels. I opened it to the middle and just started reading in my best falsetto, “How could I continue to live without him? He meant everything to me...”

“Okay, that was awful. You’re not auditioning for Monty Python. Just read in your normal voice, but quietly, and raise the tone just slightly.”

I opened the book, and tried again.

“With his arms around me, the world seemed safe once again. My heart was beating so fast I couldn’t think. I wanted so much more at that moment...”

We went on like that for almost an hour. He had me try different voices, imitating British girls from MTV, trying southern-belle accents and Russian spy-girl accents, until I finally found a voice that sounded natural. Eventually we drove through a small town, and he pulled over and stopped.

“Okay, you’ve passed your first test. Now we need to pick up a few items. We’re going to be telling some tall stories today, so just follow my lead.”

We got out of the car, and he led me to a costume shop. Inside an elderly woman met us.

“Good morning. What can I do for you boys today?”

“Well, my son here is going to be appearing as a rock musician in a play at his summer camp. We need to get him fitted out with a real rock-and-roll hair style.”

“Oh, we’ve got plenty of wigs.”

The woman began pulling wigs down from the shelves and showing them to us.

“I like that one” I said, pointing at a light brunette wig which would probably fall just past my shoulders.

“I pictured you more as a platinum blonde rocker, but I think you’ve got a good eye, son. Can you show us that one?”

The woman brought it down, and showed me how to put it on. We agreed that this was the one, so she told me a bit about how to care for a wig.

“We have lots of interesting pieces you could use for your rock star costume, dear. Do you need a leather collar, or studded jacket?”

“No thanks” said Uncle Phil. “We’ve got everything else at home. Hey kiddo, that looks good on you. Would you like to keep it on, and wear it home to surprise your mother?”

I looked in the mirror, and I was already starting to look like a girl. “Ya, Dad, that would be awesome!”

So we paid up, and walked back to the car. Once we were under way again, Uncle Phil had some more ideas.

“Now just a few alterations to your clothes,” said Uncle Phil. “First, roll your socks down to your shoes. Good, now pull your shirt out of your pants. Undo the bottom buttons, and tie it around your waist.”

Then he reached into the back seat, pulled out a plastic bag and handed it to me. Inside was a purse. “Take everything you have in your pockets, and put it in here. Keep this with you always; a girl never forgets her purse. Okay, from this point on you are a girl. We have a few more stops to make, so don’t mess up.”

We hadn't gone far when he pulled over again. We got out of the car, and started walking down the main street. "Stand up straight, don't slouch. Put your shoulders back. Take small steps, and point your toes. Cross each step over the other, like you're walking a tightrope."

Phil took me into a shop, and a young woman met us at the front. "Hi, welcome to *New Look*. I'm Cindy, how can I help you today?"

"Hi Cindy," said Uncle Phil. "We've got our work cut out for us today. What we have here is the original tomboy. She's going to be working in the office with me this summer, and we need to teach her a bit about makeup. I'm hoping you can show her a look that's appropriate for the office, but trendy enough that she can wear it around town and with her friends."

Before I knew what was happening, she'd led me to a chair. "Hey, I think we can come up with something. What's your name, honey?"

I hadn't spoken to anyone as a girl yet, and I froze. Fortunately Uncle Phil bailed me out, "Her name's Jo. Should have known that a girl named Jo would become a tomboy, but hindsight's twenty-twenty, right?"

"Well Jo, when you leave here you'll be as pretty as a girl can be. And I'll show you how you can create that look in a few minutes every morning. How's that sound? Now how about first, we thin out your eyebrows?"

"No!" I said. "Well, not too thin, okay?"

"We'll just clean them up a little," she said, applying wax above my nose. With a quick flick of the wrist, she pulled out what felt like half my forehead. She repeated the process a couple times more just under my brows, and then showed me a mirror.

"You see how much nicer that looks? Now we'll just pluck a few strays..."

I couldn't believe what I saw in the mirror. She hadn't taken much off; they were still my eyebrows. But there was something feminine about them that I found irresistible. Suddenly nothing she did to me hurt in the least.

"If you're working in the office, you're going to have to shave your legs. We could wax them, and you'd be smooth for the whole summer. You won't even need to wear pantyhose. How does that sound?"

Uncle Phil was shaking his head and about to say something when I heard myself say, "that sounds like a good idea."

"Okay," said Phil. "But only up to the knees."

"Oh, that's all she needs anyway. Your leg hair is very fine," said Cindy, as she applied the wax and pulled off the first strip. There was a definite sting, but as I saw my legs becoming so smooth, I barely noticed it.

After finishing my legs, Cindy began my makeup. Every step of the way, I'd look in the mirror and be amazed at the transformation. Uncle Phil stayed right there the whole time, talking to Cindy, flirting with her and teasing me. I kind of wished he'd go away, but nothing he did could really bother me. Cindy's instruc-

tions were easy to follow, and I figured I would easily be able to do my own makeup without her.

“We’re going to blend a little peach blush here, to bring out your cheekbones.”

“We can draw attention to your beautiful blue eyes with a little eye liner right here, along the lower lashes and right around the outside corner of the eye.”

“You have the most gorgeous long lashes, I’m so jealous! Be sure to get the mascara right to the base of the lashes, not just the ends, so they’ll look full, dark, and beautiful.”

“Blend the two shades of eye shadow with your little finger, like this.”

“Now just pout a little when you put on your lipstick, and put it right to the edges of your lips. See how full your lips look?”

There was no doubt when she was finished: I was now a girl! From my smooth, curving legs to my long brunette hair resting lightly on my shoulders, I was the girl I

always wanted to see in the mirror. The makeup was perfect, and no one looking at me would ever guess that this morning I had been anything but a teenage girl. I couldn’t stop smiling!

Uncle Phil was paying Cindy for my makeover, and bought one of everything she had used.

“Now you’re going to want to keep a lipstick and eye makeup in your purse for touch ups. Most of the rest you can just leave at home. Where is your purse?”

“Oh, it’s back on the chair.” I got my purse, and put the items in. Uncle Phil and I left, and walked back to the car. I’d never felt quite so excited.



“Well, you did all right in there, but not perfect. I told you not to forget your purse. Don’t let that happen again.”

“Okay, I won’t. So what was with all the flirting? I figured you would disappear after she got started, but you just stayed there.”

“I had to stay around to see how you did, after you froze up at the beginning. Also, that girl was a professional. I had to keep her distracted so that she wouldn’t notice anything. If she’d looked closely she might have noticed that your hair is a wig, or who knows what else.”

I had to admit Uncle Phil was good at this. Our next stop was a mall. “More stores, more stories. Just follow my lead,” said Uncle Phil.

We walked into a department store, and Phil approached an older woman in the women’s clothing department. She looked at us rather suspiciously.

“Excuse me, but I’m hoping you can help us. My daughter needs her first brassiere, and I’m obviously not the right person to give her any advice. I probably should have brought her in here a year ago, but without a woman in the house, well, these things aren’t easy.”

Suddenly her expression went from suspicious to compassionate. “Oh, I understand completely. Don’t you worry; Emma’s going to take care of you. Now what’s your name, sweetie?”

“Karen,” I said without missing a beat.

“Well Karen, I think I can find just the thing for you. Now is there anything special you were looking for?”

Uncle Phil started to open his mouth, but I got there first. “Well, the thing is, I don’t have much, up top, you know ... or anything, to tell the truth. So I was hoping you could find something that would give me a little shape.” Uncle Phil smiled, and looked at me as if he just might have been impressed.

“That’s not going to be a problem. Now Father, you just move along and leave the women to do what we do best.”

“Gladly,” said Uncle Phil as he walked away with a smile and a wink.

Emma was so nice to me. She took my measurements, with just a hint of surprise on her face, and explained some girls just develop later than others. She found a padded bra in my size, and showed me how I should fasten the back, then bend over and reach in each cup to pull what little I had up into position. I put it on in the change room, and once again was amazed at the girl in the mirror. Not only was she the prettiest girl I’d ever seen, but now she had a figure to match.

Emma gave me another white bra, and one in black. “And how about some new panties? Medium, I think, yes? You should always buy some new panties with a new brassiere. A couple pair of pantyhose, and I think we’re done!”

Uncle Phil showed up in time to pay the bill, and we walked out of the store and into the mall.

“So how did you and Emma get along?”

“Just great, and look what she did for me,” I said displaying my new cleavage. It wasn’t much, but it was all mine.

“I’ve got to admit, you look very nice. Now we’ve got a few more purchases to make, but first, why don’t you take this pair of panties with you into the ladies’ room, and make the transformation complete?”

I’d almost forgotten that I still had my briefs on. Changing in the stall in the ladies room was almost more nerve-wracking than anything else I’d gone through that day. There I was, naked from the waist down in the girls’ washroom, putting on a pair of soft pink panties! I couldn’t help thinking what would happen if I got caught. When I got out of the stall I had a lot of trouble tearing myself away from the mirror. I fixed my makeup twice, just so I could keep looking at myself.

When I finally came out, Uncle Phil was waiting patiently. “Well you are truly a woman now if you can spend that much time in the bathroom. What were you doing in there? Wait, don’t tell me, I don’t want to know. By the way, where are your briefs?” he added in a whisper.

“I stuffed them down in the garbage. I don’t want to see or think about them again today.”

“You are really a very intriguing girl. Here we are at the next shop on our tour.”

Uncle Phil had led me to a shop called *Suzy’s Place*. We walked inside, and a salesgirl approached us. “Well, a girl doesn’t need her father to help her pick out clothes, so I’ll just leave you here” he said, and turned to leave.

But I had picked up a few tricks from Uncle Phil today. Before he could leave, I called out after him, “Oh no you don’t, Daddy! You promised to take me shopping for my birthday. This was supposed to be our time together, and I’m not going to let you run off to hide in some hardware store!”

The salesgirl smiled at him. “That’s some determined little girl you’ve got there. I think you’ll do as you’re told if you know what’s good for you.”

“Yes, she may have something of her father in her. Okay kitten, we’ll stick together.”

I tried on several outfits, and Phil made the obligatory comments. “Can’t you find something a little less revealing?” or “Shouldn’t there be a little more material for that much money?” I would reply with, “Dad, it’s not that bad!” or “Debbie has one even shorter, and you never complained.” In the end, I bought a short pink skirt with a floral print tank top, and some jewelry from the checkout counter. Needless to say, I had them clip the tags and wore the entire outfit out of the store, with my old shorts and shirt in a bag.

From this point on, Uncle Phil and I were on a roll. We told so many stories, I can’t remember them all. I was Jenny, Bridgett, Princess, Jewel, or any other name we could come up with. I was his daughter’s best friend helping him pick out a gift. I was his daughter helping him pick out a gift for my sister (“Hey Dad, *this* one is for Gwen, but *this* one is for me!”). We shopped for skirts and blouses,

shorts and sandals, bikinis and lingerie. We laughed and teased each other, and I actually forgot that I was not a girl. I now understood completely why Uncle Phil was such a good salesman; he could say anything and make it believable!

By six o'clock we were all shopped out. My feet were tired, and just a little sore from the new shoes (with just a two-inch heel, because "no eighteen-year old girl needs more than a two-inch heel"). We loaded our purchases into the car, and continued on our way to Uncle Phil's home.

"Well kid, I had my doubts this morning, but now that I've seen you in action I have no doubt that you can pull this off. For the next week, you are a girl. Now we just have to settle on a name for you. I told my wife that you're the daughter of a client, and that his name is Vermont, but I didn't say what your name was. So did anything we used today appeal to you?"

"Hmmm," I mused, pouting my lower lip in thought, and then opening my bright blue eyes wide. "I want something special. How about, Briana?"

"Don't overplay your hand!" he scolded me. "Overacting will get you caught quicker than anything else. Now sit up straight, and keep your knees together. So tell me Briana Vermont, you got a lot of admiring glances from just about every guy we passed in the mall today. How does your penis feel now?"

I was flying so high after my day at the mall, I was happy to talk to Uncle Phil about penises for the next hour. He should be happy too, right?

Chapter 3: I Meet the Family

We arrived at Uncle Phil's home about an hour later. His home was absolutely beautiful. It was a good mile from the nearest town, set back from a winding country road. There was thick forest growing to either side giving it an isolated feeling, although I did see a few other houses scattered around. The house itself might have originally been a cottage, but they had expanded it so it was quite large, and now had a second floor as well.

At the back of the house was a large patio, but the best thing of all was the view down to the lake. They had a long stretch of private beach on a clear blue lake, and the view from their patio was like a poster advertisement for a resort. Half way to the lake, off to the right and hidden in the trees was a little cabin they called the bunky. This was where I would be living during my stay, my own private place in the middle of paradise.

I quickly put all my new things in the bunky, and tossed my old suitcase under the bed. The only thing I needed out of everything my mother packed was my toothbrush! I didn't get a chance to put my new things away, though, before Phil's wife called us to dinner.

I was happy to find out that dinner would be on the patio, where I could look out at the lake. At dinner I was surprised to find out that Uncle Phil not only had

a wife, but also a daughter Katie, aged eight, and nine-month old twin baby girls Mackenzie and Blake (I didn't know which one I felt sorrier for.)

Dinner went well, except for one small hitch. I was telling Phil's wife how much I loved her home. "Uncle Phil told me all about your home on the drive, but it's so much more beautiful than I imagined."

She looked at me for a moment with a penetrating stare, and I couldn't imagine what was the matter. "Why do you keep referring to him as *Uncle Phil*?" she finally asked me.

I couldn't think of anything to say, but then Phil jumped in. "Funny story," he said.

"After I picked up Bree, I had to drop off some papers at Dan McKinley's house." (He had picked up the habit of shortening my name to Bree, which I didn't like but I guessed I'd have to get used to). "I've known Dan and his family for years, and all his kids call me Uncle Phil. So out comes his son David, and he's saying, 'Hi Uncle Phil', 'Come on in Uncle Phil', 'Sit with me Uncle Phil!'"

Despite this less-than-flattering portrayal of my other self, or perhaps to cut it short, I jumped in to continue the story. "So after we left I asked 'How long does somebody have to know you before they get to call you Uncle Phil?'"

"And I said, 'Hey, I'm everybody's favorite Uncle Phil. You want an Uncle Phil, you've got him!'"

We all laughed, and the awkward moment was passed. "Well, you can just call me Mary, no 'Aunt' please," said Phil's wife.

"That reminds me," said Phil. "Dan may try to phone me about a case in the next few days. If you see his name on call display let me know and I'll pick it up. If I'm not around just let the call go through to the answering service. It's best if you just let him leave a message."

Uncle Phil thought of everything. With one simple lie, he made sure Mary would not talk to my parents if they should call. It wouldn't do to have my parents asking Mary how their 'son' was behaving!

After dinner Mary asked me to help her clean off the table and wash the dishes. I talked to her with ease about doing the same thing with my Mother (which I never really did). I made up a family for her benefit. I have an older brother Rick, who is usually mean to me and pulls my hair but now is away at college, and a cousin Jennifer who sometimes stays with us but not for a while now and no, I didn't think I'd see her this summer. My parents are on a second honeymoon to Bermuda, and were going to leave me on my own until Phil offered to take me in.

After cleaning up, I was asked to look after the kids for a while. I was beginning to wonder if a teenage girl's life meant 24-hour dishwashing and baby-sitting! Katie was really good with the babies, and always had them organized into some kind of activity. I joined the three of them on the floor, and Katie handed me a boy doll.

“Your name is Billy, and you want to marry me,” she said.

“Why am I the boy? Can I be the girl, and you can be Billy?”

“Don’t be silly. You are obviously the boy,” she told me. I wasn’t sure why I was *obviously* the boy, but I figured I was being paranoid.

“Okay,” I said getting into the play-acting. “Oh Katie,” I said in my best imitation-man voice in my best imitation-girl voice, “you are so beautiful, and I love you so much. You must love me too; please say that you will marry me.”

“No,” she replied. “Everyone wants to marry me, why should I marry you?”

“Well,” I said as I looked around the room for inspiration. “I’ve got a really great car!” I picked up a toy car and brought it over to where we were playing. It was a little too small for the dolls to ride in, but we were able to perch them on top. “You don’t have to marry me. Let’s just have fun going for a ride in my convertible.”

So we pushed that car all over the house. Billy and Katie became great friends, and decided to stay that way forever rather than ever get married. The babies got into the action too, pushing their teddy bears around after us.

“You’re a really good sister to the babies,” I said to her as Briana once again. “It’s really nice that you organize them and play so well with them.”

“I want them to have what I never had, a big sister to play with.”

I smiled at her, and pushed her hair back behind her ear. “Well now, you have one.”

“Okay, everybody upstairs and brush your teeth. It’s bedtime,” said Mary.

We all went upstairs, and I carried Mackenzie (Blake? I’m not sure) to her room.

“Hey Honey, can you get the kids ready for bed by yourself? I want to show Bree the hot tub. Bree, go get on a swimsuit!”

Mary nodded her head that it was okay, so I went to the bunky to change. I had the cutest little bikini in a tropical flower print, and had been anxious to put it on all day. It was a three-piece, with a regular bikini top and bottom and a wraparound skirt that was like a scarf you tied at the waist. I put on the two pieces, found a towel in the closet, and joined Phil on the patio. He was already in the hot tub.

“Come on, get in, it’s cold out there but it’s hot in here,” he said.

I stepped in, and sat across from him where I could see the sun setting behind the trees on the other side of the lake. He immediately moved around and sat next to me, with an arm over my shoulders. He spoke softly into my ear, “I want to talk to you about your penis.”

I groaned inwardly. I thought we had dealt with this earlier, did we have to go through it all again? Fortunately Mary was nearby and would come out when the kids were in bed, so it couldn’t last too long.