

# Mac & Oaklee

by: Sophie & Pudding

Premise: Oaklee Edwards spends a lot of time on the computer, where he can avoid the persecution of his family for the things he likes. But when Oaklee discovers that he attends the same high school as one of his online confidants, things get complicated! In this modern tale of self-discovery, two teenagers struggle together through gender stereotypes, sexual abuse, negligent parents, denial, loneliness, and very long instant message conversations to finally figure out who they really are.

Disclaimers: bedwetting, sissy/crossdressing, emotional/sexual manipulation, oral sex, anal play, sexual/physical abuse, diapers

## PART 1

1:

It's not that I was weird or gay or wanted to be a girl. I just liked some of their clothes. Dresses or skirts. Make up. Nail polish. And it didn't help how cute they were. I just wanted to be cute. It's not that big a deal. But since last year, Mom's been so sensitive about it. Like buying a dress online was such a big deal? It's made things harder than usual around the house...

"Here you go, Oak." Deagan was alright as far as big brother went. Some siblings fought, but when you don't have a lot, you tend to bond over what's important. The only fighting Deagan ever did was on behalf of his younger brother. Something about the way the younger sibling smiled, or the way he'd worn eyeliner to school once or twice, rubbed people the wrong way. Deagan was big. Oaklee was not. You look after your own. Which was what Deagan was doing at that moment, handing the package to his brother — he'd intercepted the Amazon box, made sure their parents hadn't found it. They opened all of Oaklee's mail nowadays.

"Thanks," I muttered, looking down at the box with a frown. Two reasons. One: the fact that my brother was still giving me these boxes despite my parents wasn't exactly an invitation to talk to him about it. I really hated not having someone to talk to about it. Two: I didn't order anything. Why was stuff getting shipped to my house for me? Was this one of my mom's weird ways of suggesting stuff?

"Want me to stand watch?" Their collective father didn't leave the small living room too much — one would have thought the fact he was in possession of only one and two thirds legs would have been the reason, but anybody who'd seen him angry would know that the disability didn't slow him down anyway — but when he did, he liked to check

bedrooms. Especially when the door was closed to Oaklee's bedroom. Deagan and Oaklee both knew that if the man saw Deagan in there, though, he'd assume things were on the level. Their father was proud as punch over his eldest son. Much more than could be said for Oaklee.

**"I'm not sure what it is..."** Which worried me. Who would send me something? A friend online? Gosh, like no one knew where I actually lived. Did anyone? I sighed and tore open the box. It was small - too small for a dress. Good thing, too. Mom would trash it right quick. Worst thing about it was, it was their adavance against all this that kept it so prominent in my mind.

The box housed something basic and simple, something that probably could have been bought at any department store. Pajama pants. They were blue, plaid, warm, they looked like boys pajama pants. But they weren't — the cut was different, the fit more comfortable in that way that only girls' pajama pants could be. Above that, though, the quality was incredible, far above what Walmart or the like would sell. Thick. Soft. Luxurious. And above all that, subtle. **"Pajama pants? Why even order those online? You have like a dozen pairs."** Yes. A dozen pairs of boys pajama pants.

...a peace offering from my mom? Nah, that wasn't like her. I knew immediately, but Deagan didn't. That was a good sign. I smiled up at my brother and nodded. **"I'm not all weird, dude. Sometimes I just want different clothes."** **"Buying clothes online isn't normal either way,"** he laughed. **"Yeah, good point."**

**"I'm gonna get dad some beer from the porch fridge, keep him distracted for you."** Or have him go into a blind drunken rage. But that was much less likely. Not impossible. Just much less likely. **"Have fun with your uh, pajamas. Mom's doing a double tonight, so I'll make some sandwiches a bit later for dinner."**

They felt nice. I think my family had the wrong idea. I didn't want to wear girls' clothes all the time. Just sometimes. Not even most of the time! I just didn't get why I couldn't. It seemed stupid to me. And it was only since trying to stop me that those desires exploded. Now it's almost like I wanna do it just to piss them off. But there's more to it than that. Still - it's situational. Maybe only once a week there's even talk about it, let alone an incident. I shrugged it off and got on my computer. What to do today...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » Did it come today?? The tracking said it was delivered!**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » Oh. Your offline.**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » Really still?? Still offline??**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » I hope your not in trouble.....**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » Mrrmr22 told me your wishlist address because we were talking about you**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I know we only known each other for like a week

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » anyway nothing on there seemed safe to send to your house so I picked something myself and gifted it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you said your parents open your mail so I made it something that looks safe

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » iono... wish you were online because now I'm worried!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » OH THERE YOU ARE HI

**Numbers-1377325** » No way you sent me stuff.

**Numbers-1377325** » Dude that is so cool.

**Numbers-1377325** » And they are so rad.

**Numbers-1377325** » Thanks a bunches.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Yay!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I thought you wouldn't like them

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you can reuturn them if you dont!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » retrn

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » RETURN

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » good. there. You can reutrnr them if there not your style!

**Numbers-1377325** » No like

**Numbers-1377325** » My brother was all

**Numbers-1377325** » "Why would you buy pajamas online"

**Numbers-1377325** » And I'm over here with my sly ass smile. It was great.

Mac and I had known each other like, eight days or something. She was a great person. Cousin of Greg's, I think. Hell, I don't even know how we met and it was like a

week ago. She goes to my school, too, but she's a Freshman. Inter-grades don't mingle much.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I have lots of amazon gift cards b/cause my family dont know me && they think I can buy better gifts than them and there right haha!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » has your dad been a butt today?? && you should give me your number okay because when I cant text you && your maybe in trouble I am a very worried little Mac okay!!

**Numbers-1377325** » My number?

**Numbers-1377325** » You sure about that?

**Numbers-1377325** » 'Cause you were the one all "online relationships are cooler than offline relationships"

**Numbers-1377325** » Plus what if we like actually meet in person on accident

**Numbers-1377325** » Super awkward, right? XD

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Maybe but I will just verify its you because you'll be the only boy with bra tanlines!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » which you will do this summer because you wanted to for two summers now && you should treat yourself!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » just like wear long coats around your dad because he would not be able to resist your cute styles and would go mad with confusion

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but really tho I want your number, okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » 312-998-0453

**Numbers-1377325** » This is gonna make things weird

**Numbers-1377325** » I know it's gonna

**Numbers-1377325** » You were probs right about online and offline not being the same

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Probs but I'm a 14 y/o girl.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Who the heck listens to what I say anyway?!

**Numbers-1377325** » Just like if you see me at school

**Numbers-1377325** » Or we meet or anything not like we know what each other look like

**Numbers-1377325** » let's keep the girly clothes talks on the down low

**Numbers-1377325** » Enough people hate me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Enough people are stupid!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » stupidheads

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » my jimmyjogns is here

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » gotta go

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » jimmy jones

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » \*johns

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed off.

6:21pm

///

2:01am

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed on.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » are you ok??? what happened?? your dad again??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » come on you don't get to text me @ the middle of the night and then not come online

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » omg oaklee

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » answer

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » what happened??

**Numbers-1377325** » Nothing like that.

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know.

**Numbers-1377325** » I just feel like shit

**Numbers-1377325** » My head hurts and I can't sleep and i don't know

**Numbers-1377325** » Mom is in that mood

**Numbers-1377325** » Tomorrow's gonna suck so hard

**Numbers-1377325** » Are you there?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes sorry had to do something, ugh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » how about u come over here

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you\* sorry

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » my parents are out of town until tomorrow @ dinner time && you can stay the night

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » in the spare room if u wnt

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you\*

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » \*\*want

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you can its okay just dont tell my parents && please dont be a serial killer

**Numbers-1377325** » Mom would never let me stay at a girls

**Numbers-1377325** » Even if she does think i'm gay.

**Numbers-1377325** » Anyway its not a big deal

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm overreacting because they're fighting which means she's gonna be bitchy in the morning

**Numbers-1377325** » She worked like 14 hours. I shouldn't complain so much

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » what she does doesn't mean u can't complain if shes not being nice!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » come ova just tell her that your going to a friends

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ruggghh sorry I cant find my glasses && my typing is so bad

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » found them. come over please?? I'm lonely anyway && you can keep me company!

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know what world you live in but it's like 2am and I can't drive

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » get a taxi Ill text you my address okay && I will give u a number to give them && they will bill to my parents because they have a thing so I can get taxis when I need to get them

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'll text u

**Numbers-1377325** » You are crazy

**Numbers-1377325** » Very nice.

**Numbers-1377325** » But fucking crazy.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'm just sheltered && obviously exhausted but I will c u soon ok

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'll go wait in the living room

**Numbers-1377325** » No

**Numbers-1377325** » Fuck okay listen

**Numbers-1377325** » I really can't

**Numbers-1377325** » Because I would be grounded so fast

**Numbers-1377325** » I love that you're being so nice

**Numbers-1377325** » But I can't

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm sorry but I can't.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok well you dont have to but if you change your mind you can

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I think you should b/c your really nice

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and a night off would be good for you!

**Numbers-1377325** » ...maybe we can meet up this week or something...

**Numbers-1377325** » See. This is what I meant by fucking up what we got goin'.

**Numbers-1377325** » Other than like my brother, nobody even..

**Numbers-1377325** » ..I should sleep

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm tired.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its not going to mess up anything!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and its bad for you that you are so worried about stuff

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I want 2 help okay??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your really nice && Im really lonely so its good

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you would be helping me too!

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not the kind of sophomore you want in your bed

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not going to earn you any popularity

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » 1 u wont be in my bed you will be on my trundle thing

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » or the guest room

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » 2 you would only be a gain to me because nobody liiiiiikes me b/c I'm awkward

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your being dumb

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know. I gotta sleep on it

**Numbers-1377325** » Ugh, it's like 2:30

**Numbers-1377325** » We'll text tomorrow

**Numbers-1377325** » Like on the phone.

**Numbers-1377325** » That's a step forward

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well you sent a text tonight so that is a start!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » sweet dreams Olena!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » heehee ♡

**Numbers-1377325** » >////< man this texting thing was such a bad idea...

Numbers-1377325 » night.

I played with the cereal in my bowl. It was hours later, and my mom was still on edge. You could see it in the way she moved. Maybe she didn't sleep well either... **"Don't forget your lunch this time,"** she told me. Deagan ate toast across the table. **"I won't."** **"You always forget it."** **"I promise, I won't."** Today was not the day to argue with my mom. I just needed to get out of the house...

**"So Mom, uh... you know, you were gonna ask about the busboy job at the diner?"** Deagan didn't really care — he wouldn't take the job, not when he had his little empire of contraband at school to keep himself busy with — but he did it to divert attention from his younger brother. **"Well if you'd just to down and talk to Marco like I've been telling you!"** **"Yeah, I know, I've been busy, Mom."** **"Busy? Busy is double shifts six days a week to feed you guys. Wheres your job, huh? I got you one, and you won't even talk to Marco. And what about you, Oak?"** **"Come on Mom, he's a Sophomore, let him be a kid."** **"Well if he can afford to buy that crap off amazon every day that's only going to get thrown away..."** **"Mom. Stop it, alright."** **"You could maybe think about buying your Mom something pretty, you know."** **"Unng..."**

I didn't say anything. There were no right answers. Even agreeing with her wasn't a right answer. I knew this stuff already. **"Where do you even get that money, anyway?"** **"It's just sales or whatever,"** I muttered, though I knew I shouldn't have. Just shut up, Oaklee. **"Sales."** She scoffed. I didn't feel well... **"We should go... I don't wanna be late."** **"Finish your breakfast."** **"...okay..."**

**"She's just stressed, you know how she gets. She doesn't mean it."** Deagan had a car. An actual car. Not a nice one — ten years older than he was — but it was his. Uninsured, yes, but it ran and it was a nice status symbol, especially in the economic climate associated with the Edwards family. He got in the driver's seat, his brother in the passenger. **"You cool?"**

**"Yeah. I expected worse anyway."** The rule of the family was: 1.) We don't talk about Oaklee's fucked up perversions. Unless 2.) Mom's pissed off about something. Other than my brother, I kept my desires to myself. Not to be a girl. I just wanted to look cute. It had been a year since I'd gone to school in anything pretty. I didn't see the harm. But apparently it was really, really harmful... somehow...

**"You'll meet someone you know, a chick or a dude, I dunno, whatever is cool. And it'll click for you, and then you'll wanna hang out with them instead of here in your room getting yelled at by Mom or beaten by Dad."** And honestly. Deagan wouldn't even be there half the time he was if he wasn't so concerned about taking care of his brother. He pulled the column shift into drive and began to pull away from the curb.

"I'm not gay." "I didn't say you were, I'm just saying if-" "No, like, really. I'm not. I'm not queer or whatever. I just..." Deagan and I still always ended this talk right here. I just. I took a deep breath and looked out the front window. The sun was up. That's the fall for ya. It hadn't yet gotten to the point where it's always dark in the morning.

"It's cool, man, whatever you are or wanna be." That was Deagan's fall. He was Dad's favorite. He was the pride and joy. And he had the inexplicable need to take care of the little guy. Conveniently, the little guy most close to him was family. "I just mean you won't have to be here forever, alright?"

"Sure..." I wasn't sure what was worse. Dad's aggression. Mom's passive-aggression. Or Deagan's plain passivity. Actually, it probably went in that order. But then there was Mac, and a couple other people online, who joked about it. The people who thought it was nothing. Why couldn't my family be those people?

**2:**

**Mackan** » What do you have me as in your phone?

**Mackan** » It better not be Mackan!

**Mackan** » If it is I'll find you today && beat you up!

**Oaklee** » Of course it isn't. It's just Mac. I'm not changing it right now, as we speak.

**Mac** » Yes. Just Mac! Because I know you think Mackan is like this super cute name but it's not && you don't have to live with it!!

**Mac** » how was last night?? what class are you in??

**Mac** » I'm in polynesian studies its boring...

**Oaklee** » Advanced lit. And if I get caught texting I'm gonna get detention.

**Mac** » okay well if you want we can go to the coney island after school && hang out if you want to

**Oaklee** » I dunno if I'm ready for that

**Mac** » you are they do two for \$2 coney's but I get them w/o chili or cheese or onions

**Mac** » but you can have my chili && cheese && onions if you want

**Mac** » they make my breath smelly

**Mac** » &&nobody likes a smelly girl!

**Oaklee** » I have homework and stuff anyway

**Oaklee** » maybe later

**Mac** » nope!!

**Mac** » your coming for coney's that's final

**Oaklee** » that's awfully demanding of you

**Mac** » I am a awfully demanding young woman!!

**Oaklee** » Ugh I really need to not get detention i'll text you between class

**Oaklee** » Okay, I've got like four minutes to talk. Hopefully you just don't reply until class starts

**Oaklee** » It's weird.

**Oaklee** » Yeah, I know what I said and I gave my number and we go to the same school but like

**Oaklee** » You have to.. okay it's like

**Oaklee** » Online friends know more than real life friends because they're different worlds

**Oaklee** » You can't just switch worlds

**Oaklee** » If I thought I'd ever actually MEET YOU i would have kept my mouth shut

**Oaklee** » You get that right?

**Oaklee** » Ugh class. ttyl

**Mac** » I'm transcendental

**Mac** » and awkward in real space

**Mac** » but I think I would be good for you &&

**Mac** » I think your being too

**Mac** » um

**Mac** » linear

**Mac** » meet me @ the coney okay or dont is okay if you dont, I wont be sad

**Mac** » I'll be the girl who looks like shes ten w/ bright orange hair && skin like a china doll && no freckles && glasses

**Oaklee** » Please dont go and sit there and wait because I'm gonna feel bad

**Oaklee** » I'm trying here.

**Oaklee** » You have my phone number, right?

**Oaklee** » Doesn't that count for something?

**Oaklee** » I'ts been like literally two days...

**Mac** » okay

**Mac** » come to my table

**Mac** » take a fry from my plate

**Mac** » smile so i know its you

**Mac** » and walk away

**Mac** » you can stay if you want

**Mac** » but this way the first time meeting is over with

**Mac** » && you know if its possible to cross over

**Mac** » && if its too weird you can say you weren't there && I can say it wasn't my fries you must have been somewhere else && we can pretend like it didnt happen

**Oaklee** » That's so damn stupid.

**Oaklee** » I'm not doing that

**Oaklee** » Even worse if I actually take someone's fries and it isn't you!

**Oaklee** » Oh god. that's horrible

**Oaklee** » You have the same lunch as me?

**Oaklee** » Or a different one?

**Oaklee** » I just mean 'cause you aren't texting back and I'm at lunch.

**Oaklee** » I have to socialize or my friends will think I'm sexting

**Oaklee** » I'll message when I'm in fifth hour

**Mac** » different

**Mac** » I'm @ lunch now

**Mac** » alone because I'm awkward!

**Mac** » and ugly D:

**Oaklee** » you gotta have some friends

**Oaklee** » Even I have friends and that's like a miracle

**Oaklee** » If I can have friends anyone can

**Mac** » people dont like me

**Mac** » well

**Mac** » I'm not good @ talking to them

**Mac** » except for online

**Mac** » and girls are way clicky!

**Mac** » almost sure I spelled that wrong

**Oaklee** » you don't have a single friend?

**Oaklee** » you sound so emo

**Mac** » black is the color of soul && my eyeliner && my dooooooom!!!

**Mac** » haha sorry I was reading about myspace today in class

**Mac** » it was like tumblr had a baby w/ facebook && a huge popularity contest and gifs

**Mac** » oh the gifs

**Mac** » not good ones either

**Mac** » and girls said dooooooms and randum a lot.

**Oaklee** » you so just dodged out of my question

**Mac** » I have tons of friends on runescape

**Oaklee** » Make a friend today and I'll go to the coney island

**Mac** » can that friend be you??

**Oaklee** » I dont wanna stay

**Oaklee** » I just want to say hi

**Mac** » thats fine just to break the ice!!

**Oaklee** » Sure..

**Mac** » see you there!! oh my phone is dying oops guess I cant get any messages of you trying to back out oh well!!

**Oaklee** » I think I see why you dont have friends!

**Oaklee** » Wait did your phone really die?

**Oaklee** » Great...

Two coneys. No chili. No cheese. No onion. No ketchup or mustard, either — I was a peculiar girl. Set in my ways. Ways that worked for me, though, ways that never functioned in any manner less than predictable and reliable. I had my sub from JJ's. My order from coney island. My way of organizing socks. Today, I had a plate of fries, too. Cheese on the side, in a little tub. I didn't know if Oaklee liked cheese or not. I should have asked! I was as awkward as I was pretty — and I was plenty of the latter, despite my own self-depreciation. Eastern European genetics on Mom's side left me pale as a doll, not much bigger than some dolls, either. Bright orange hair that I wore under a beanie but which would look pretty not being hidden, but no freckles to label me a ginger. I had aesthetics down, I just didn't do well in talking to people. Not face to face. I could front online, but this was such a mistake...

She watched the door by the parking lot. I walked, so I came from the other side. I guess that's why she didn't see me. I waited by the register, looking her over. It had to be her, right? Her hair was too bright to be anyone else. She had fries and coneys. I wished I could just text her to be sure. I tried to flatten out the imperfections of my hair with my hands and looked down at my shoes with a blush on my cheeks. This was *such* a mistake...

There were no words. The fries were cold by the time it happened. But the boy approached the table, looked at me, looked at the plate and smiled the smallest smile, taking a single fry in his fingertips. He was lovely. Feminine. Soft. Like a doll, like some I owned — I didn't know boys that pretty existed. Pretty in a pretty-boy way, but probably pretty in a girl way, too, with the proper attire. He'd be a few inches taller than me, two or three, but I was a little curvier despite my liteness, and he'd probably fit into my clothes.

Awkward, awkward, awkward. But I was at least sure I'd gotten the right table. I mean, who else smiles when you take their fries? Thing was... she was cute. No way she didn't have friends. At least a couple. Unless she just moved here. Did she mention anything about moving? I don't remember. I sat down in the booth. We didn't discuss what we'd do next. I went with the obvious. "Hi..."

**"I didn't know if you liked cheese, I don't, but I thought maybe you might."** In what would be a very long and fruitful friendship, I had a feeling I'd regret those as being my first words to the very pretty boy. I mean, there were worse first words in the world — not many — but that knowledge didn't help all that much. Why does everybody focus on famous last words? Famous first words should be what get chronicled and remembered!

**"Oh. Um. I do. Like cheese, I mean. But. Um. Not really that hungry. Um. Not to put you out on..."** Deep breath... **"Thank you for the offer."** She nodded, and I nodded. I looked at the fries, and at my hands. I felt sick in my chest. **"...um... I wasn't lying about homework... I wasn't making it up..."**

**"If you were, I'd need to know all your teachers names so I can take their classes because homework sucks..."** Oh! Oh! I smiled. Yes I did, I smiled. And it was a small smile, a modest cute smile that I did sometimes and never for photos and I liked it. I didn't know if he'd like it. He had so many friends at school, he told me. I had none. Nobody to tease me about sexting.

Jeeze. She was charming too. Stupid freshmen girls being charming and cute. I took a deep breath and smiled, a fake smile, but at least I tried to make it a real one. **"I should... um... well, I just wanted to say hi."** **"Okay..."** She sounded almost upset by it. I knew I should have stayed. I just couldn't right now. This was already too much. I got up from the table. **"Text,"** I told her.

**Mac »** I AM SORRY I AM AWKWARD && NOT CUTE && I SHOULD LEARN TO LOOK BETTER && BE BETTER BEFORE MEETING CUTE BOYS FOR FRIES

**Oaklee »** Uh. You were fine. I just... get weird. And I was feeling a little.. uh

**Oaklee »** Scared. Ish?

**Oaklee »** So yeah... let's just... call it even.

**Mac »** MAC THE BOY-SCARER

**Oaklee »** You really can't be normal for like ten seconds huh?

I guess... maybe it was a good thing she couldn't be. Because I was nervous about it. Nervous about being pathetic. But her making fun of herself made me feel a little bit better about how bad I was at everything. Like we were both equally bad together. And that made it a little bit more okay.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** Do you like lolita clothes?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** like its like they figured out how to dress like a doll && have it be socially acceptable

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** but I was looking at one of the dresses

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** && it looked like something you'd like!!

**Numbers-1377325 »** I dunno.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** like stuff like this <http://www.ocrun.com/sweet-lolita-dresses-c-2.html>

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** stuff is so cute!!

**Numbers-1377325 »** Yeah I guess.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** would you like to talk about what is making you sad??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** you know what I like about you??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** you actually tell me when your sad!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** most girls are like `nothing is wrong Mac` like I'm some kind of silliot and wouldn't notice!

**Numbers-1377325 »** \*shrug\*

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » is it your dad? is he being mean again?

**Numbers-1377325** » No it's not that

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » what is it then??

**Numbers-1377325** » \*sigh\* It's stupid.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I bet it isn't!

**Numbers-1377325** » <\_< mm.

**Numbers-1377325** » I just

**Numbers-1377325** » Find it a little harder to talk to you about that stuff 'cause of like

**Numbers-1377325** » Now I know you in person

**Numbers-1377325** » It doesn't matter. It just feels like it does.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well you know we've only said six words in person but like six thousand online so I say we let online be what we base stuff off!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && I understand why its awkward for you

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'm awkward with everyone all the time

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but online is so you dont gotta be awkward too

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you know??

**Numbers-1377325** » Yeah I know

**Numbers-1377325** » I know it doesn't matter

**Numbers-1377325** » It just reminds me of how I talk to my brother..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well the thing about your brother is

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he knows you before he knew that stuff

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I knew you were a sissy basically right away

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so its the norm for me w/ you

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but for him its new to him so you feel awkward

**Numbers-1377325** » That's such a weird word

**Numbers-1377325** » Sissy

**Numbers-1377325** » 'Cause like I'm not trying to be a chick

**Numbers-1377325** » I just want to dress cute

**Numbers-1377325** » Not "dress like a girl"

**Numbers-1377325** » just "dress cute" which happens to means skirts and dresses

**Numbers-1377325** » See, now I'm like, explaining and rationalizing with you

**Numbers-1377325** » That's something I do with my brother.

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » sissy is a cute word!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && cis means not trans

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » which your not

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so sissy means 'boy who likes to dress cute like a girl but isn't trans so doesn't wanna be a girl'

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so your a sissy, missy!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » eeheehee

**Numbers-1377325** » you're cute when you say stupid stuff like that

**Numbers-1377325** » So thanks I guess..

**Numbers-1377325** » The lolita stuff is fucking adorable btw sorry for being standoffish

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I knew you'd cave

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its so pensive though

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but cute!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'd never wear any of it, but it looks like stuff I dress my dolls in

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your pretty as heck btw!!

**Numbers-1377325** » aint half bad yourself

**Numbers-1377325** » For a Freshman.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your not allowed to say stuff like that because your just trying to be nice

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » hmph

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » do you wanna hang out again maybe??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you could come over and help me dress my dolls

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yeah you dont wanna do that

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » stupid suggestion!

**Numbers-1377325** » Eh.. no way mom's letting me out this late. It's already 8.

**Numbers-1377325** » It's nice to offer though

**Numbers-1377325** » and we should probably get like. an actual conversation before we just hang out

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » says who??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » this isn't science we can make our own rules && laws

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you can be Olena the little mute sissy with a penchant for frilly dresses!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and I can be Wonderawk, the super incredibly awkward teen

**Numbers-1377325** » Maybe next time.

**Numbers-1377325** » I gotta go

**Numbers-1377325** » If I help mom with the laundry before bed maybe she won't be an ass tomorrow morning

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yeah I gotta do laundry too \_ \_

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » we have a laundry service

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » but

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » some things a gals gotta wash herself!

Numbers-1377325 » I get that.

Numbers-1377325 » Haha.

Numbers-1377325 » Anyway - night.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » nite!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » oh did you

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » your offline already

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » okay

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » well

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » talk to you tomorrow...

### 3:

**"Need any help?" "I've got it."** Mom always had everything. I knew that. "Needing" help was the wrong question. I went over and sat next to her, folding the laundry alongside her. I didn't say anything. This was one of those moments of quiet and peace between us. I'd rather keep it that way.

**"Your Dad is looking at a camp upstate for you."** The news wasn't anything super new — the man didn't deal well with his son buying dresses. It meant only one thing to him. **"I told him you were done with that shit, but he's pretty adamant. It's a church thing, so it won't cost anything."** Times like this it was hard to tell if she were warning, advocating or neither.

I let out a long dramatic sigh. Explaining to my parents that dresses didn't mean I liked guys was apparently futile. I'd tried a couple times already. **"I don't want to go to some boarding school. I don't need to go anywhere."** Not that anyone cared...

**"Well, your father thinks that you need some help learning how to be a man. You know no girl wants to be with a young man who can't support and protect her, and this deviant crap just makes things harder for you."** And for us was the unspoken addendum to that statement, but they both knew that well enough to not have to repeat it.

**"It's really not any of your business..."** Wrong answer. I'd used that one before. But it made me just seem secretive, like I was hiding something important. Like they were on the right track or something. And they weren't. Why couldn't they just leave me alone?

**"Young man, while you live under my roof, everything you do is my business. You are fifteen years old, and you should be using this time of your life to date girls, and make mistakes, and take risks, and not sit in your room all day talking to people on the computer and wasting money on clothes not even meant for you. You should be working, partying, the things normal kids do at your age!"**

**"You never let me go anywhere." "Do you have someplace you want to go?"** ...I thought about that. I bit my cheek and looked at the laundry, then up at my mom. **"To a girl's house. A freshman I met last week."** Well, I met today. But we knew each other since last week. Close enough...

**"Fine. That sounds good. Do you need money?"** She was never this forthcoming about things, never so helpful. Maybe this was a plea for encouragement or desperation. A girl meant he might actually be normal. **"I've got some tips put aside for you to go on dates with, if you want."** She was a freshman, but so what? She was a GIRL.

**"It's not a date,"** I felt obliged to say. Because it wasn't a date. And also, isn't that what boys say when it is a date? Encouraging her to think that could be a good thing... **"And I'm probably just going to head over there after school Friday..." "Will her parents be home?"** Always with that question. **"I guess."**

**"Well then, that sounds fine."** It sounded more than fine. To hang out with a girl with progress, actually a step in the right direction. **"You just make sure now to tell her any of that nonsense about you buying dresses. Girls don't like that shit, Oaklee. What's her address?"**

**"I'm not sure, I didn't ask..." "Well, I'd like to speak with her parents ahead of time. And maybe next time we could have her over here for dinner." ...oh jeeze.** I was getting in way over my head here. We never had Deagan's girlfriends over for dinner... **"Yeah, maybe..."**

**"Give her parents my number, and make sure that they call me before Friday. We just need to have a little talk, especially because she's a freshman and girls her age are always looking to rebel against their parents."** It seemed, at least, that the

interrogation aspect of this exchange was over. Funny how simple it seemed to be to placate the woman. She took a cigarette out of the pack from the table and smiled. **"My boy with a girl, who would have thought. Your father will be thrilled."**

It was only Wednesday. I sat in the car on the way to school, wondering how I was going to go about this. I still hadn't talked to Mac. Would she even let me come over? What was my mom going to say to her parents? I slunk further down in the passenger seat. I didn't even *have* to go. I just needed my mom to *think* I went. **"So I heard you're going to a girl's house Friday."** ...wow. Big mouth, Mom. I looked up at Deagan with a frown. **"Is she real?" "Of course she's real."**

Deagan laughed — he had to ask the question, because his brother might actually trust him to tell him the answer and sometimes sharing a truth is helpful. That, and he was a little bit disbelieving when it came to random chance. **"Hey man, it's cool, I was just curious. What's her name? Is she cute? She's not black, right? Dad would flip his shit if she were black."** Casual racism was a common dinner table theme, but when given a few beers, their fathers casual ramped up into blatantly destructive.

**"She's white."** Not that it really mattered. Of course, my school was like 80% white girls somehow... **"It's not like a date or whatever. I think mom thinks it is, but maybe it's just better to let her think that. We're just friends."** **"Does she know about your..."** **"What possible reason would I have for telling her about that? It's fucked up anyway..."** The last four words brought a sadness to me and I put my forehead against the car window.

**"Nothing's fucked up inherently, man."** Yes. Deagan did think it wasn't one of the better things for a boy his brothers age to be doing with his spare time, but live and let live, too. **"You shouldn't get down on yourself. You like it, I think it's whatever, like, it's your life. The only people hating on it are Mom and Dad, and they're relics from the worst generation ever, man, so don't let them get to you."**

I wasn't sure if his overemphasis of the word "man" with me was a result of all this dress-up stuff or not. To be fair, he said it with just about everyone. I wondered if he even noticed... **"I know I'm not conventional... I get that. And I know people are just gonna think I'm gay - not that it even matters. I just don't know why people can't believe me..."**

**"It's like if you told people that the president was a lizard. And I don't mean some conspiracy thing, I mean, what if you were at the white house and you were taking a slash and he walks in, unzips, stands next to you to do his thing and then peels his human mask off."** Deagan spent a lot of time watching Sci-fi Theater when he was growing up. **"You'd know, right? It'd be simple and obvious for you, because you know. But to everybody else, it's not what they expect and people challenge what they don't expect."**

This is why I'd learned just to keep it to myself. That my family found out was one thing. That I told Mac wasn't abnormal. But letting her permeate into my real life... that was my mistake. I didn't know what to do about it...

**"Don't worry about it."** That was both easy for Deagan to say and do. He was renowned for not stressing about just about anything. **"You need some cash for your chill with the girl?"** He reached into his pocket and pulled two a pair of crumpled twenties. **"Here, you can treat her to a diner or something. Chicks dig that stuff."**

**"I guess telling you again we aren't going on a date doesn't really matter to you, huh?"** **"Not really."** **"Even if I go spend all this money on inappropriate stuff online?"** **"It's your money now."** Okay, so Deagan could be a bit of a bonehead, but moments like this made it worth it. **"Thanks..."** **"Yup."**

**Mac »** have you ever had Manda??

**Mac »** she teaches home econ

**Mac »** && doesn't let you call her Miss or anything like that

**Mac »** She's a bit dumb right??

**Mac »** But she lets us sit and eat and do nothing and still pass so that's cool && she doesn't mind me texting you

**Oaklee »** That sounds kinda cool

**Oaklee »** Like cooking and stuff at 8 in the morning

**Oaklee »** I always skip breakfast unless mom makes me eat it

**Mac »** you shouldn't skip it sissy!

**Mac »** it's the most important meal of the day

**Mac »** You should take home econ

**Mac »** it's mostly girls but it's mixed year

**Mac »** you probably dont want to

**Mac »** but we could hang out and bake cakes!!

**Oaklee »** Maybe next semester

**Oaklee »** but no way mom will let it happen

**Mac** » Tell her you want to be able to cook for her!!

**Mac** » Moms love that stuff

**Mac** » I'd love to cook for mine but she's never home :(

**Oaklee** » My mom would not love that stuff

**Oaklee** » I gotta cat manly or whatev

**Oaklee** » Like if I told her I wanted to go kill a deer and skin it for her she'd probs love that

**Mac** » No killing deer!!!

**Mac** » omd havebt you seen bambi?!

**Mac** » No! That is NOT a suitable activity for sissies!

**Oaklee** » You're really driving home that word in me, huh?

**Oaklee** » hey uh

**Oaklee** » How do your parents feel about having boys over.

**Mac** » It's a nice word, dont you like it?

**Mac** » for them to have an opinion of that they would need to be home

**Mac** » ever

**Mac** » which there never

**Mac** » so they dont get an opinion

**Mac** » omd are youcoming over??

**Oaklee** » No.

**Oaklee** » And it owuldnt matter if I wanted to cause my mom isn't letting me over a girls house without her parents there

**Mac** » well what if she just thought my parents were home??

**Mac** » is she going to check??

**Oaklee** » She has to call and make sure

**Mac** » so if she could call my parents and she was told it was okay it would be okay??

**Oaklee** » If they aren't there i don't think it would be okay

**Oaklee** » I dunno. I never ask if I can go places.

**Mac** » tell your mom she can call this number

**Mac** » 312 187 9281

**Mac** » but dont tell her that

**Mac** » for about an hour

**Mac** » okay

**Oaklee** » why

**Oaklee** » and I'm not coming over

**Oaklee** » I'm just asking

**Mac** » thats okay just tell her to call that number

**Oaklee** » Whyyyyy

**Oaklee** » What are you planning

**Mac** » nefarious freshman things!

**Oaklee** » I'm not coming over

**Oaklee** » And no one is calling anybody

**Oaklee** » I was asking.

**Mac** » what day were you hypothetically asking about??

**Oaklee** » ..Friday?

**Oaklee** » Hypothetically..

**Mac »** friday is hypothetically a good day but you should tell your mom to hypothetically call that number today ok

**Oaklee »** and what if I don't actually want to hang out and I just want my mom to think I'm dating a girl?

**Mac »** you owe me at least one night of hanging out if you want for me to be your girlfriend for your mom

**Mac »** but in exchange I will let you take a picture of us together when we hang out

**Mac »** so you can be like

**Mac »** see mom?

**Mac »** and she can be like

**Mac »** I'm so proud of you!!

**Oaklee »** you'd pretend date me to shut my parents up?

**Mac »** totes

**Mac »** && having a fake boyfriend would be 10000000\* more close than I've ever gotten to ever having a boyfriend

**Mac »** :P

**Oaklee »** yeah I guess I've never had a girlfriend or a fake girlfriend either..

**Oaklee »** hm. okay. I guess I'll get my mom to call that number

**Mac »** good!! g2g

**Oaklee »** bye

**"Mac gave me this to give to you."** The number was in my handwriting, but I think my mom understood I had probably written it down myself. I passed her the slip of paper and leaned on the edge of the counter. **"Mac?" "Uh, that girl..?" "Oh..."** I guess she was expecting a more feminine name like Tiffany or Jezebel. **"I promise it's not a guy, mom."**

**"Well, I suppose we'll see, won't we?"** It wasn't that she didn't believe her son, she just... well... she didn't. Really. It smelled a little off, even as she dialed the number. He looked at her with a fake little smile as she pulled the cordless phone to her ear while it rang. **"Hello? Hi. This is Miss Edwards, my son is friends with your daughter."**

**Mac? Yes. Oh, Mackan? Well. Yes, he'd like to come over on Friday, and you know how teens are, so I thought I'd give you a call and make sure they won't be left alone."** The woman was nodding, smiling, and she even laughed a little as the conversation went on for three long minutes. Finally, she clicked the phone off and looked at her son. **"Well, Mackan's mother said everything is fine — but you make sure to warn me if you want to bring her here, you know how your father feels about those immigrants."**

Immigrants...? Mac was as white as could be. And was that how you pronounced Mac's full name? Gosh, that's even stupider than Mac... no wonder she used a nickname. **"Uh... right. Sure. Okay... so everything's in order, then?" "Yeah, just be home by nine." "Thanks, Mom..."** What a weird moment in my life.

**4:**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** so friday is good then??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** come oooooon

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** get online

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** how do you take so long to get online

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** I have to climb 3 flights of stairs

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** && I get online before you

**Numbers-1377325 »** I guess it's fine. And she thinks you're spanish or something

**Numbers-1377325 »** She'll be surprised if she ever actually meets you

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** haha yeah! she will be!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** oh well

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** I could pass for spanish!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** && I speak it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** but as long a she never meets my mom

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** everything is good!

**Numbers-1377325** » was it like your maid or something?

**Numbers-1377325** » is it racist to ask that?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maid I mean

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && I dont think so

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'll ask her

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no it's not racist she said to ask that.

**Numbers-1377325** » Ooooooaaayyy

**Numbers-1377325** » And you're sure I have to come over? We can't keep this fake relationships going online?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'm sure you have to come over yes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you won't get your gift if you dont!!!

**Numbers-1377325** » Gift..?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Gift

**Numbers-1377325** » Like for me?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Thats what the word your in front of gift means, yes!

**Numbers-1377325** » but I didn't get you anything

**Numbers-1377325** » Oh i got some money from my mom I can get you something if thats like what fake boyfriends do

**Numbers-1377325** » this is new to me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Your coming over!! you deserved a reward for that!! encouragement

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && people aren't allowed to buy me gifts

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » sorry its the rules!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but you'll look adorbs in yours!

**Numbers-1377325** » o-o I'd be more nervous if I haven't seen you buy me awesome pants already..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » exactly.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I cant beleive your mom thinks I'm spanish

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'm whiter than rice!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and not that spanish rice

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like fancy sushi rice!

**Numbers-1377325** » hey uh

**Numbers-1377325** » like..

**Numbers-1377325** » I know this is probably stupid but I feel really.. uh

**Numbers-1377325** » I think i'm being selfish having you do this stuff to make my parents happy

**Numbers-1377325** » and i was wondering if there was anything i can do for you to make it up to you?

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont know. Just thinking out loud..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you could have lunch with me at school one day if you want

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » a lot of people ask me to sit with them but I dont really know how to act around them

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you dont have to

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its p lonely sometimes.

**Numbers-1377325** » you have lunch after me..

**Numbers-1377325** » Or I would!

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean, my friends are okay, if you wanted to sit with us

**Numbers-1377325** » Or I could sit with you

**Numbers-1377325** » but like

**Numbers-1377325** » harder to do when we don't have the same lunch hour..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh your right

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » haha I knew that!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && was just kidding around because I totally did know that!!

**Numbers-1377325** » sorry. >\_<

**Numbers-1377325** » anything else?

**Numbers-1377325** » I'd switch lunches if I could

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its okay we'll have a lot of fun together for totes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » my house is pretty lonely

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » the maid is only here a few hours each day

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so your company will be nice!!

**Numbers-1377325** » sure.. but if you think of anything

**Numbers-1377325** » I just want to make it up to you.

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't like being so indebted.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your not indebted

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » just think of it like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your giving me someone to force watch sappy movies with me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » that's worth more than anything!!

**Numbers-1377325** » I still stand by my statement.

**Numbers-1377325** » But I'll think about it later instead of now.

**Numbers-1377325** » What are you doing anyway?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » trying to learn how do to nail art

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » because theres all these posts online with like cute designs

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so I wanted to learn

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && looking at dresses for Nanako (one of my dolls) online

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you??

**Numbers-1377325** » homework

**Numbers-1377325** » because I'm a goody two-shoes

**Numbers-1377325** » and talking to Missy on Skype

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » missy??

**Numbers-1377325** » you don't have her screenname?

**Numbers-1377325** » I thought you would have gotten it off that website

**Numbers-1377325** » uhhhhhh

**Numbers-1377325** » missymeow1213

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm so glad the numbers in my SN are ironic..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I dont know what you are talking about!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && I just kept adding E's to my name until I got one that didn't need a number

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yours are funny!

**Numbers-1377325** » the place you got mrmrmr22's SN!

**Numbers-1377325** » that one site with the dress up avatars

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy sends me like 900 posts a day, she's crazy.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ohhhhh!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » rite

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes!!

**Numbers-1377325** » speaking of which I have since removed my SN from that site so we don't have any more "friends googling me and finding I am like a top poster on a girly clothes dress up site" incidents...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » that is proly a good idea

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I think you should become a gold member

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c they have a private forum

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » for golds

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && people post pretty pictures of them dressing up there

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like their avatars or not

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and there are other sissies too

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && its private

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && it could be good for your confidence!!

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont really want my face like plastered around in dresses..

**Numbers-1377325** » i mean, at least until my parents have no hope of ever seeing it.  
@\_@

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » dont your parents think computers are possessed by the devil though??

**Numbers-1377325** » Not really

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno maybe you're right if its private..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not like ashamed..

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess that's why Missy and I get along.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » thts the thing

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your really proud of it online

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » bur really shy about it in person

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I think that will change though

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c now you have me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » has missy seen what you look like in cute clothes??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c I haven't yet && I'm more important than her!!

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't really.. uh

**Numbers-1377325** » Well, no one online knows what I look like I don't think

**Numbers-1377325** » Oh Mike does.

**Numbers-1377325** » mrmr22

**Numbers-1377325** » he's had me on Skype a couple times?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » why does he get to see you all pretty??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'm your fake girlfriend && I deserve priority!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » (I'm getting good at this!)

**Numbers-1377325** » Well, no

**Numbers-1377325** » He hasn't seen me dressed up or anything

**Numbers-1377325** » he's seen me in makeup?

**Numbers-1377325** » I haven't had anything to wear for like forever now..

**Numbers-1377325** » and Mike and I just started talking like 3 months ago.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well that is going to change, yes it is

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes Mac is getting all mysterious now ooooohheweeoooo!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Is Mike cute? I've never seen him.

**Numbers-1377325** » uh. he's a guy so I don't really know

**Numbers-1377325** » he's like really mature looking. @\_@

**Numbers-1377325** » like for a sixteen year old

**Numbers-1377325** » he has like a really short beard usually

**Numbers-1377325** » he's cute in a TV way

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » beards are nasty

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » my dad has a beard

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and he spends like an hour a day trimming it!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » (but can't spend an hour a day with me...)

**Numbers-1377325** » nah it's not even like a serious beard it's just a little scruffy idk hard to explain

**Numbers-1377325** » He looks like 18 though but I saw his driver's license

**Numbers-1377325** » weird talking to an adult online, ya know?

**Numbers-1377325** » He's def. 16

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you look like you're like 13 or 14 it's so cute btws!

**Numbers-1377325** » you are 13 or 14!

**Numbers-1377325** » no room to tease!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » omd you don't even know which of those is my age!!

**Numbers-1377325** » you're 14, I was drawing parallels. Of course I know your age.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but do you know my favorite food??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and my dolls nmes!

**Numbers-1377325** » is it mac and cheese? XD

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no!! I dont like cheese

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » from cows but then gone bad

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like what if humans made milk && then we let it go bad

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we wouldnt smell it && say that smells gross lets eat it!

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o you make a really valid argument...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » my dolls names are nanako, nina, naomi, nana, nora, nina, noaka, nokina && nala btw.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » the important ones anyway

**Numbers-1377325** » ...I don't know how we are friends.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its easy I like to dress up dolls in pretty clothes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you like to be a doll dressed up in pretty clothes

**Numbers-1377325** » >////< that not really accurate..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh you wouldnt want me to dress you up like a doll??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » huh okay~

**Numbers-1377325** » I..

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not really.. i just mean

**Numbers-1377325** » there are better ways to like

**Numbers-1377325** » express exactly what i mean.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your blushing I can tell!

**Numbers-1377325** » i don't actually blush I just make that face.

**Numbers-1377325** » and I'm not making the face

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I bet you do blush.

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah well you wouldn't know would you

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I will on friday~

**Numbers-1377325** » you're so weird..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll see you Friday

**Numbers-1377325** » gotta tell Missy there is HOMEWORK TO DO and she is DISTRACTING ME like SOMEBODY ELSE I KNOW

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Eeeheehee. Tell missy to message me

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » we have to plot your downfall!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » doooooom!

Numbers-1377325 » missymeow1213 do it yourself

Numbers-1377325 » and don't embarrass me

Numbers-1377325 » ttyl

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » bye!

Numbers-1377325 » bye

///

**"Yo Oak, you want to hit the Friday double-show tonight? A bunch of us are going, it's like \$5 and Jacob's bringing booze from his dad's cabinet."** The overly excited young man with skin the color of caramel fudge was Bindie — one of Oaklee's closest school friends, defined in that they didn't really ever do anything out of school, save for ventures like this planned hastily on a Friday afternoon.

**"I have plans." "With Mommy?"** I rolled my eyes. **"I have a fake date to go on." "... you have a date?" "A fake date." "No way, you didn't tell me you had a girl..." "A not-actually-my-girlfriend girl."** Why did people have so much trouble with this? Mac and I were *not* dating. We were friends who pretended we were to fool my homophobic parents.

**"So why not date her?"** Bindie saw things in pretty black and white terms, really. If a girl was willing to fake-date, she obviously wanted to date. This predisposition for assuming intent, of course, could get Bindie in a lot of tomfoolery and trouble at his age.

**"I'm not into her like that." "Who is it?"** Mm. This question was bound to come up... **"Uh, some ninth grader..." "She got a name?" "Mac."** Which would go unrecognized because she was quiet and kept to herself and a year younger than us. **"...wow, really? Her?"** Spoke too soon. **"Are you sure?"** Bindie went on, **"I mean she's..." "A Freshman?" "Too good for you." "You're a dick."**

**"She's from the western richies, bro. You're from the southern slums."** It wasn't an insult — Bindie was from the same area of town as Oaklee was, he was just using it as a point of differentiation. **"It's some Romeo & Juliet thing, and you know how that ended man, they broke up and never saw each other again."**

**"...it's a little more Outsiders, if anything."** I didn't know she was from the west... I mean, I guess I figured she had some money because she had a housekeeper. But not

that. Not that it mattered... **"Anyway, we're not dating. Just trying to convince my parents I'm not into guys."** **"You know, if you aaaare..."** **"Finish that sentence, I dare ya. I'll kick your ass."** I wouldn't, because he was like six inches taller than me. But I think Bindie was the only person that actually believed I was straight when I said it. Because a good friend should just fucking listen despite the evidence.

**"Well, hey man, if she wants to be your beard it's cool. That mean she's into chicks? I mean she wouldn't need you if she wasn't trying to pull one over her folks too, right?"** Despite being a freshman and all the social power dynamic differences that imparted, honestly speaking Mac was the kind of girl that most of the people in higher age groups would be too afraid to approach.

**"...I don't think she's trying to hide anything from her parents,"** I said more to myself. **"I think she just wants some friends..."** Bindie looked over at me curiously and I smiled up at him. **"Nevermind. I'm thinking too hard. But yeah - no movie tonight. Busy. Sorry."** I checked my phone. No text. Class was out in ten minutes... where was I even supposed to meet her? Should I just go to the busses? Was she going to get me from my house later? How had we not planned this better...?

**"That's cool man, good luck."** The boy slapped his hand on Oaklee's shoulder reassuringly and smirked, shrugging his own. At that point, Oaklee's phone vibrated.

**Mac » I walk home && leave from the science block**

**Mac » if you wanna walk w/ me**

...okay, so maybe this was a bad idea after all. I waited outside the doors, sitting up on the cement railing. I could see the door from where I sat, but no sign of Mac. If she came out, if she looked around, maybe she'd see me. But it wouldn't be a right away kind of thing. What was I supposed to say to her? We only talked online... I could just not go. Nothing was making me go to her house.

I dressed nicely, and that was to say I wore clothes that I liked the look of, but were probably out of many other students price range. My parents didn't care too much — they'd give me gift cards for amounts far outside of realistic need and I'd go to the store myself. The benefit was mutual. I pushed through the doors, feeling too small to do so comfortably, and adjusted the straps of my bag as I waited for my eyes to acclimatize to the light behind my glasses. I peered up and around from under the cute messenger cap that my bright orange hair peered out from beneath, looking for the boy. Where was he..?

I leaned on the edge of the railing nervously, staring down at the girl with the orange hair. She looked around, leaning against the wall. It didn't look like she was going to look up here. I wasn't surprised. I wouldn't look up here. I watched her for a minute, pushing my cheek to the rail. I could just go home... I didn't have to subject myself to

this... my phone vibrated. **"Where are you?"** I swallowed and got up off the ground, stepping back out of her line of sight, and opened up my phone. **"Running late."**

**Mac »** Well I'm here looking all super cute && longing

**Mac »** && if you dont hurry some other pretty boy might seep me off my feet!!

**Mac »** sweep\*

I put my head against the wall, looking up at the sky. It was a nice day today. The way the diner looked last time I was in there, the lights were off. What if she didn't see me the same way out here? Or what if I wasn't as cute as she thought? It shouldn't matter, but it did. It wouldn't matter to any other girl. But Mac... knew more than she should. My chest was hurting. I shouldn't have gotten myself into this...

**Mac »** this is going to be really fun, you can wear whatever you want

**Mac »** && nobody will be mean to you

**Mac »** &&& I got you a gift && think you will love it a lot

**Mac »** you say your late but I think your freaking

**Mac »** I freaked too so you know

**Mac »** onoine && offline are different

**Mac »** but if you meet someone online

**Mac »** its easier to tell them things

**Mac »** so maybe there special in real life too

**Oaklee »** sorry gimme a sec.

**Mac »** I'll wait right here

**Mac »** even found a place to sit!

There wasn't a way to time travel. Not that I knew of. I kind of wish I could, that I could take back telling Mac. Or like, taking my SN off that website before she found it there. I wished I was smarter than I was and that this could be normal. But it wasn't. It just wasn't. My head hurt. I wasn't sure I could even think, let alone talk to her. But I couldn't stand here either. I went back over to the railing and looked down, but I didn't see the girl anywhere. I sighed and walked down the hill, nervously looking around. Most of the cars were already leaving the parking lot.

## 5:

**"Hey."** The boy looked like he might jump out of his skin if it weren't stitched onto him, and I concealed a little smiling waiting for him to turn around. So I'd gone looking for him, so what? I felt bold. It was a good thing I did, too! **"My place is a ways but I like to walk... so if you want we can call for a car, if you don't like to walk as much as me."**

**"...walking's fine..."** I looked at her up and down. Shorter than me. Younger. So why was I the one that felt anxious? Probably because I wore dresses and skirts and stuff, and she knew about it. Not that it mattered! But it did. Because what if my parents were right about all this... what if she'd just... I swallowed hard, forcing a smile, and walked alongside her as we followed a path west of the school.

There were two ways that I handled being nervous — I talked too much, or I talked not at all. I wished, this once, that I could have chosen: I'd choose too much. Unfortunately, I got not at all, and we were silent as we walked together. He was pretty, far too pretty for a boy, but that's what he was. Maybe it was his cheekbones, or his eyes, or his soft jaw, it was hard to tell. I could understand why he wanted to dress cute — boys clothes seemed so passé on him, like draping a sheet over a magnificent sculpture. Why wouldn't I say this stuff out loud? It would fill the deafening silence...

We went up the road through downtown, or rather, just south of it. The buildings got bigger. Neither of us said a single word. It was horrible. Was this how the whole afternoon would be? I had to be home by nine - maybe I could lie and say I had to be home earlier. I wanted to ask something. I just didn't know what to ask. I just wanted to be normal. But I wasn't. This was the problem. I just... wasn't...

Just like stores ordered things in order from least expensive to most, the neighborhood only seemed to do the same — houses got bigger, the front fences more elaborate, the plots larger. My house was on the corner, an ornate white brick fence surrounding the property flourished by a wrought-iron gate, beyond which led up a pass to the three story house. Well, not quite three. Two, with a generous basement below, and a generous bungalow floor which was mine. We weren't super-rich, it wasn't a mansion, but there were five bedrooms and four bathrooms in a house where only three people lived, and we had a maid, even if only a few hours a day. I liked my house... I spent most of my time there. And we finally came to its heavy, antique gate. **"Here we are..."**

**"...wow."** Wow, wow, wow. It was like twice the size of my house. Maybe like three times. It was huge. I just... couldn't believe she lived in a place like this. I couldn't believe anyone did! I mean, if anyone did, her, it would make sense. But still... **"It's..."**

very nice..." She led the way up the path. I couldn't keep my eyes off the house, though. It was just so... impressive.

**"It's just going to be us. Um. Janice has gone home. But I'll order JJ's once I take you to my room."** The front door had ten push-buttons in two rows, and I pushed six of them in quick succession, unlocking the door and pushing it open. We'd have the whole house to ourselves, but honestly I didn't like to come downstairs. The bungalow floor had my bedroom and a living area which I decorated with nonsense and dolls and pretty things, and at each end were spacious nooks for the windows that were filled with cushions and fairy lights. He was going to think I was such a baby. **"Down here and to the left are the stairs."**

Je. Sus. Christ. This place was like... heaven. I mean, like, not a very cool place. It was literally heaven. This is what Heaven looks like. Just, so big, so spacious. A big kitchen and living room. And then we went upstairs, up into a big open space with dolls and pictures and stuff. It looked a little more like a ten-year-old's room than a fourteen year old's, but then there was her room. A big bed. Four posts. Not a canopy or anything, but it still wasn't super grown up. And toys. A computer *and* a laptop, for whatever reason. Honestly, it just... wasn't even real. It was so... fictional.

**"Um. This is my room."** There wasn't a door between my room and my living room, just an arch, but there was a door at the top of the stairs that led up here so that afforded me my privacy. Not that I ever really needed it with such AWOL parents. **"Sorry about the mess, I don't have guests very often."** He was over by the nook in my bedroom, the window as ajar a little and the pile of cushions had a comforter bundled up to one side. **"That's where I usually sit when we talk."** Usually. We'd only been talking for like two weeks. **"There's another nook in my playroom, too."** Playroom. We'd called it that growing up, and I never banished the term from my vernacular.

**"...right..."** It was just so cute. I mean. It wasn't... there wasn't a word. I just thought I stepped into a dream. A weird dream. I ran my fingers over the comforter, where she'd lay when we talked. This room. And playroom. And her bed. I didn't know. It made my chest hurt... **"Um... it's nice. Your house is so nice..."**

**"Thank you. I mean it's weird to say thank you because I didn't choose the house or anything, but."** And there was the flip-side to my nervousness starting to flood in. Babble. **"But I did pick out most of the stuff in my room and playroom... I like beautiful things, and I don't really ever have anyone to tell me no so it's a bit trashy I'm sure you think so..."**

**"Uh no... no, that's not what I think at all..."** I stepped away from the window, over to where the girl was standing, and ran my hand through my hair. This place was just... I just couldn't put it together. My chest was aching and I tried to smile at her. But it was flat. I felt flat. Why couldn't I just be a normal boy...? **"Um... so..."**

**"Oh!"** Distraction. Yes. Distraction. I went to my closet and pulled out a gift box, the sort that only classy stores used to put clothes in, and smiled as I offered it to the boy. It was a dress, a lolita dress, a pretty pink and white sweet lolita dress from the same site I'd shown him earlier in the week. I was so afraid he wouldn't like it... ugh... this was... such a bad idea. **"You can open it with me here, or... or I can go in my playroom while you do?"**

**"Um... yeah, uh..."** I looked at the bag. God, she really did buy me girl's clothes, didn't she? I couldn't take it home. My parents would kill me. I smiled at her and looked at the bag with shaking hands. I took a deep breath. **"It's fine... um... you got it for me, so you should see me open it..."** I set the bag down on the table and pulled the tissue paper out, and then the dress. **"Oh wow....."**

**"If you think it's lame or too flashy I get it. I mean. I wouldn't wear anything like that unless it was a special occasion but for you dressing pretty is a special occasion, so I figured maybe you'd like it."** I felt sick. Why did I think this was a good idea? Friends were never a good idea, always too complicated and unpredictable. But... but I told him that maybe this would be different, so didn't I owe it to him to try? **"I'll help you try it on, because it has bows and stuff to tie."** There. I'll help him. Yes.

**"It's... it's beautiful. I mean, not too flashy..."** It was actually hardly flashy at all. Okay, not something I'd wear to school. But... I mean. It... it wasn't the same. Different. Very different. But equally perfect. And I just... I felt my cheeks get a little pink, just a little bit, and I licked my lips. My head felt funny.. **"Um... I... I probably shouldn't like... um... with you here... I mean, I love it, I just..."** ...just... um...

**"Nuhuh. This is a space where you can wear stuff like this, and you hardly fit in here dressed all boring."** Actually, for a boy, Oaklee dressed very well. **"I'll wait in the playroom, you take off your clothes and put the dress on and then I'll come in when you say and do the details."** I was feeling a little overwhelmed, I never did stuff like this... never suggested myself into anything. I was the embodiment of opt-out.

She left me alone in the room and I just held the dress in my hands. I didn't feel right. I mean, I was confident. I was. I would wear a goddamn schoolgirl outfit to school if my parents let me! There's this one kickass cardigan online! And I had this scarf from forever ago... but this dress? It made me cold and shivery. But I felt like I was burning up. Why was this different...?

In the playroom, I did what I could to normalize this all. I did what I did when I needed centering, and I fell into routine. I called JJ's, and I ordered subs. He'd have the same as me, and he'd deal. And we'd have cookies, and it would be good. And then I stood in front of the window and brushed my hair, waiting quietly for the boy to beckon for my help. What was taking so long?

My chest didn't hurt. I wasn't breathing heavily. I wasn't panicking. So why couldn't I keep my temperature right? Why was I feeling so flushed? There wasn't any mirrors in

here, but I didn't need one to speculate how I'd look in the dress. I walked back toward the playroom, quiet, shuffling my steps, and holding the dress in both my hands. I looked at the girl on the phone, a tiny tint to my cheeks, and breathed evenly and deeply and quietly. When she noticed me, she finished her call and I looked at my feet.

"Um....." What was I going to say? Something about not wanting to wear the dress, right?

**"No, you're going to wear it because you're polite and that's the polite thing to do when you're given a gift, even if you didn't like dresses."** I blurted that out before he could even say anything, because I could see it in his eyes. Equally, it was the only convincing I'd be able to do — I felt not so great myself. **"I ordered us JJ's, and when it gets here we can sit around and look cute together and watch silly cartoons, okay?"**

**"R-right..."** I was a little quieter, but I still wasn't freaking out. Not like before. I didn't move, though. I just stood there, holding the dress in my arms, and watching my feet. I think I forgot what I was supposed to do next. Change, right? Just put the dress on. Right, okay... but how do I do that? I felt so cloudy... **"Um..."**

**"Take off your top. You can put the dress on, and then pull your pants down once it's on."** He looked lost... and I wanted to help. I wanted to prove my words right, that he could be different. That we could be different. **"Once you're dressed I'll put one of my lolita dresses on, too, and we can be cute at the same time, would you like that...?"**

**"Um... y-yeah..."** I looked around the room a little and then down at my shirt. I looked around the room again, somewhere to set down the dress, until Mac came up to me looking a little nervous and took the dress from me. She didn't take her eyes off me while I unbuttoned the shirt and slipped it off my chest. I wasn't buff. I wasn't really pudgy. I was just kind of thin...

Boys being topless was never something girls were sheltered from, because apparently boys chests were somehow less sexual. I didn't get it, but it was what it was. He dropped his top of the floor and I pulled the dress over his head — when I did, he stiffened, like he had insects crawling all over him or something. It was just a dress. Please calm down...

The dress settled down over my shoulders, over my chest, and flounced down to my knees. She started tying one of the bows around my waist, and I didn't move. I didn't look up from the floor. My cheeks were pinker, now, just a little, more noticeable, and my eyes glistened like stars. But I wasn't panicking. I wasn't freaking out. I was just a little... different.

I'd make sure to point out in our next IM conversation that he did indeed blush, and to tease him for it in the sweetest possible way, but right now I wasn't comfortable enough to say those kinds of things in person. I tied the bows — and there were many — and

adjusted the dress. **"So cute. So pretty. Okay, um. Take off your pants. If you reach up the sides, then the dress will still cover your... you. Um. Yeah."**

**"R-right..."** I took my pants off like she'd suggested, leaving me in just the dress and socks. My fingers played with each other in front of me and I tried not to think about it. That I was in front of Mac wearing a little lolita dress. I tried to keep my head about me. But it was just difficult to focus... I swallowed and looked up at her, my cheeks perpetually a very slight pink, my eyes slightly glossy, just a tad, and my breathing a little heavier than usual. Still, no panic attacks. Nothing like at the school.

**"Here."** I wasn't sure what was going on with him, but he looked... lost. Maybe seeing himself would help, or that was my logic, so I took his hand and led him to the wall. I took hold of a handle and extruded a mirror set into a sliding recess in the wall. The mirror unfolded once, then twice, and created a tri-fold, full length mirror suite.

I would never wear this outside. This wasn't my *style*. This was what I thought was cute online. This was the kind of thing Missy talked about wearing with her boyfriend. It made my skin tingle. I thought about Mac and how she talked about those dresses online. I thought about Skype calls with Mike. This was just so.....

**"You keep looking... I'll go change. Don't come in, okay?"** I smiled meekly and took a step backward from the boy, slowly, passing through the archway into my room to get changed. My dress was different, a little fancier, and I'd wear pretty white stockings with a cute print on the material, and shoes that matched. But I was a girl, I felt the need to at least try a little harder. Or maybe I wanted to impress him... stupid blushy thoughts.

I wiggled a little bit in the mirror, running my fingers down the dress. I'd never worn something like this. I'd daydreamed. But I wasn't sure... if I liked it or not. I wasn't sure if I liked the way it made me feel. I wasn't blushing, was I? I didn't blush. I was never ashamed of the skirts or dresses I liked. I pulled them off. I pulled this off too! Ugh, what was different?!

At some point the doorbell intercom rang, and I disappeared downstairs to the obliviousness of the boy to get our food from the front door. By the time I got back, two sandwiches and a half dozen cookies in hand, dressed gorgeous as I was (or felt, I could never judge actually how looked), Oakley was still standing in front of the mirrors, blushing. **"You look so pretty, right? Um. I got food?"**

**"R-right."** I pulled myself away from the mirror and shuffled over to the little beanbag chairs by the television. I sat down on one of them, my knees pressed together, and flatted out the dress. I was so warm, but I still shivered when I moved. I was so fucked up... **"Um... thank you for food..."**

**"I don't know what you like, so I got you the same as me."** Italian with no cheese, because as I had established, I did not much care for cheese. I did care for this, though, for the quite and demure way the boy moved. The way he closed his smooth legs

naturally. It should have been surreal to see him in a dress, but it was more surreal to see how shy he'd become. **"You don't need to be shy, you can wear anything you want when you're here..."**

**"R-right, I... y-yeah..."** I wasn't shy. I was just... getting used to it. Just getting accustomed to the dress, obviously. Why wasn't I saying that out loud, though? It sounded like something I'd normally say out loud... I unwrapped my sub and looked it over. No tomatoes... I guess I could enjoy it. I took a small bite and chewed, watching the sub instead of my friend.

**"Do you like Gravity Falls? I watch a lot of shows but I don't know if you watch any of them and Gravity Falls is good because you can watch it out of order..."** He didn't look up. His cheeks were warm, his knees gently rubbing against one-another, and his eyes fixed on the sandwich. **"I'll put it on..."** We were still so awkward...

Okay, so this show was pretty cool. I kept eating quietly, and when the food was gone and the show was still on, I was smiling and laughing. A little different, still. I didn't feel like me. I kept a cookie in my hand perpetually, biting it in between smiles.

He was smiling. Smiling and laughing and enjoying himself! It was good, normalizing, comforting... it meant I didn't have to stay awkward, too, and I could start getting comfortable. The episode ended, and I took the trash from Oaklee and stood up, smoothing down my own dress as I stood in front of him. **"You look so cute, you really do. I hope you know that..."**

**"Thanks..."** I blushed a little deeper, just a shade, and looked down into my lap. She was too nice to me. But was she wrong? I guess not. I did look cute. Not at all like me. But cute. Ugh, my head was too cloudy for this... **"Can we watch another?"** **"Yeah, okay."** I fiddled with the remote to put another on the TV and leaned back into the bean bag chair.

I deposited the wrappers in the trashcan over the other side of my playroom and then joined Oaklee in front of the television again as he clicked play on the remote. He was, for the first time since I'd met him this afternoon... calm. Like, literally, calm. Content. I liked that. I liked that he was content, because it made me feel like I was doing something good.

I wasn't sure what was with me. I mean, we watched like five episodes of this TV show, and I was just so giddy and easily excitable. And the dress was so nice. And the ladylike shyness I gave off earlier was kind of gone. I mean, that's good, because ladylike and shy are two things I'm not. But now it was different. I sat comfortably in the bean bag chair and watched the TV with a smile. I'd ask questions about the show. When Mac would talk, I'd talk back. I didn't even think about it. But it wasn't like online. I wasn't witty or quippy. I didn't tease her. I just like... talked.

So things normalized, and we watched television, and after five episodes Oaklee leaned back on the beanbag chair and arched his head back, looking up at the steeped ceiling. **"Would you like to meet my dolls? You probably wouldn't, but I talk about them a lot and I figure if you know who they all are then maybe you might be more interested when I babble?"**

**"Dolls...?"** I looked at the girl curiously and she smiled at me. She really was cute in the little dress. Was I that cute? This whole time, despite everything, the dress and the talking and the laughing, I still had a bit of blush to my cheeks. It didn't go away. **"That sounds cool!"**

Wow. That was not the response I expected! But nor would I take it for granted, either, so I smiled in response and waited for Oaklee to get to his feet, still clad in socks. **"I have a lot, but there nine of them that I buy new clothes for and dress up. Um. I'll show you."** I kept my dolls primarily in my playroom, through a few were in my room at any given time. **"This is Nanako, and this is Naomi. They're 30" dolls, and their clothes cost more than most of mine."** Those two dolls were almost the size of small children. No, they were the size of small children. Each was beautiful, of course, immaculately dressed and presented, and they had faces that were charming and not creepy. **"And then these ones are smaller, only 12", this is Nina, and Nana, and Nora, and Nona and Noaka and Nokina and Nala."**

**"Wow... they're so big..."** Dolls aren't usually this big, are they? **"Uh, can I..."** **"Oh, sure."** I picked up one of the dolls and played with the edges of the dress. She looked so cute. I moved her hands around and smiled at her. Mac watched me curiously, until I noticed her, and the blush on my cheeks got darker. **"Um... they're very cute..."**

**"You don't have to be shy you know, they're meant to be enjoyed."** I picked up Nanako and presented her to the boy. **"Nanako took nine months to make, jus' like I did, and she was my birth present from Zaza."** Oaklee looked curiously and I explained. **"Zaza is my grandmother on my Mom's side. Nanako has always been here, and when I get scared, I cuddle with her, and when I'm afraid of storms, she keeps me safe, and when I get lonely I... talk to her."** Okay, now it was my turn to blush. **"I bet that made me sound real crazy, huh?"**

**"Nuh uh..."** Nuh uh? Jeeze, I was starting to act as childish as she did... I looked around the room, at the dolls, at the walls, the toys, the blankets. I looked at the TV and the mirrors and the dress she wore, and the dress I wore, and I just... felt so... jealous. I put her doll back down and smiled a tiny smile at the girl. What time was it? Already seven? Or was that clock wrong?

**"Is something the matter?"** That smile was the first one since we'd started watching television that looked fake again, and I couldn't help but wonder why. Was it what I said? About talking to my dolls? Or was it the dolls themselves? I felt like I ruined something good, spoiled like the air did to fruit, and I frowned a little.

**"N-no! No, I... I just..."** What was it? Why did I act that way? Why did I feel this way? I bit my lip and looked at my feet. **"I'm just happy to be here, and... I don't know. I don't wanna... get all mushy or... I'm just glad you had me over. And... and I'm just... very... uh... happy... about it..."**

**"Oh."** Oh! I smiled. Yes. Yes, I'd done good! I nodded my head quickly and took Oaklee's hand, squeezing it between mine. **"You can come over again, whenever you want. I think that would be really nice to have you... I don't have many visitors, and sometimes Nanako needs a break from being my only friend, don't you think?"**

**"...yeah, I.. I'd like to. I mean, I like... being here and... thanks..."** My cheeks were pink again and her hand was in mine. It was... a really nice moment. I wish I could quantify it better. I wish there were words about how I felt. But there wasn't. The clock ticked its way toward nine, and I knew I had to go. I didn't wanna.

**"I've ordered the car company, and they'll take you home and you don't gotta pay."** My parents were a big fan of taxis, and uber, and other such amenities. Anything to not have to take care of me themselves. **"Um. Oh. Also..."** I pulled a box out from the back of my closet, one that looked nondescript and plain and bore the name of a textbook company on the side. **"You can put your dress in here so when you take it home if your parents ask you can say I gave you some of my textbooks."** I was proud of my thoughtfulness, but Oakley looked like he was about to cry...

**"...can't..."** I bit my lip on the inside of my mouth a little too hard, and I started to feel sick. I had to take the dress off in the next ten minutes. That was fine. I didn't really care that much. But I couldn't bring it home. I knew I couldn't. I swallowed hard and faked another smile. **"Th-thank you... I just... can't take it home or it'll get... thrown out and I... I don't..."**

**"Well, that's okay."** Optimism! Optimism! I wanted him to have it, but he could have it and then just wear it here I guess... **"You can wear it when you come over, okay? And you can come over whenever you want, I don't mind... I'm lonely anyway and it's nice to have a friend to watch TV with."** He was... he was going to cry. I was sure of it. Social grace demanded... I bit my lip and leaned over, wrapping my arms around Oaklee and squeezing him in my arms. I never hugged... hugging was weird...

I hugged the girl back and buried my head into her shoulder. She was too nice to me. She was just so warm and happy and she regulated my body temperature. Gosh maybe this is how it feels to like somebody. But it wasn't romance. I knew what romance was like, sort of. This wasn't it. This was just... comfortable. **"...thanks..."**

**"And we broke the ice, didn't we? So now next time you want to come over you don't have to worry yourself up into a mess and the try to sneak away, right?"** Despite the hug, and how foreign the contact was to me, I felt nice. Nice that I could

help. Nice that I made him smile, because his words online always seemed like someone who never did.

The car took me home. I was out of the dress. I was in my house. Everything was normal again. Except me. My head was spinning. Everything that happened today... how I felt. It was new. I didn't understand. I'd worn skirts before. A dress or two. I looked at stuff online. I wasn't ashamed or embarrassed. But today, at Mac's... my phone vibrated. I was too tired to answer it. I just needed a good night's sleep...

**6:**

**"Heard you were with a girl last night."** Very, very rarely did Oaklee's father initiate conversation with his son, unless it was to berate him. Today, he stood in the doorway of the bedroom silhouetted by early-morning light, and held a plate with two warmed-up frozen waffles on it. He leaned on the other crutch under his side with the stumped leg, and set the plate down on the dresser. **"Good job. Here's breakfast. I'm heading across the street to Karl's. Keep it up."**

I didn't eat breakfast. I was hungry, I just... was angry. At my dad maybe. For making it seem like such a good thing. I mean, it was a good thing, but for different reasons. I was just so angry at him, or maybe at myself. I finally got out of bed at noon. More texts. I didn't check them. I just wanted to get online and talk to Missy...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** Helloooooo!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** you didn't reply last night

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** && I guess you were tired

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** I had fun though!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** && hope you did too && we can do it again?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** anyways

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** text me when you get on && I'll get on

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** going to go back to my cocoon I mean bed!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has gone offline.

**missymeow1213** » Hi =) Mac was looking for you in chat earlier lol

**missymeow1213** » How are you?

**Numbers-1377325** » um I'm fine

**missymeow1213** » You usually get online earlier on Saturdays =) Sleep in huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah dad's being a jerk and I'm just being a jerk back i don't know how are you?

**missymeow1213** » Well your Dad being a jerk is nothing new lol

**missymeow1213** » I'm good, preparing for the con next week

**missymeow1213** » So much to do, heavens me!

**Numbers-1377325** » hey uh

**Numbers-1377325** » I went to Mac's yesterday

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? What happened to your "I never meet people online" stance?

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont. She goes to my school. Its not like I can help that

**missymeow1213** » Oh. Well. That makes sense =) How did it go?

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know.. not well?

**missymeow1213** » Oh =( What happened? Tell me all about it, and be detailed ~ I'm styling a wig so the more you type, the more time I get between being distracted with replies lol

**Numbers-1377325** » it's like

**Numbers-1377325** » It's weird meeting somebody in person when they know so much about you

**Numbers-1377325** » and so I went to her house

**Numbers-1377325** » And actually things were okay. i mean awkward but totally okay

**Numbers-1377325** » And then I guess like

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh.

**Numbers-1377325** » She got me this like. lolita dress..

**Numbers-1377325** » Yeah I wore it don't go getting weird on me

**Numbers-1377325** » but like... I just didn't feel like me after that

**Numbers-1377325** » Maybe I was trying to act the way she'd want me to act?

**Numbers-1377325** » All girly and crap....

**missymeow1213** » Maybe it just brought out a part of you that you don't usually know about?

**missymeow1213** » Like, I'm shy as a kitten usually. But when I cosplay, I feel really different. Still me, just a different me =)

**missymeow1213** » But I didn't know about that until I started cosplaying either, so maybe its like that.

**missymeow1213** » Was it a cute dress btw? lol I'm jealous

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess...

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean yeah it was really adorable

**Numbers-1377325** » totes not my thing though

**Numbers-1377325** » Like. uh. lolita stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » I wouldn't ever wear that.

**missymeow1213** » But you did and it made you feel different, right? =)

**missymeow1213** » That's not a bad thing, dear.

**missymeow1213** » In fact, that's a good thing! Situational feelings are good!

**missymeow1213** » So was that why you think it was bad? Were things awkward?

**missymeow1213** » What's her house like? Were her family nice? Tell me everything =)

**Numbers-1377325** » uhh.. .her fmaily wasn't home.

**Numbers-1377325** » Her house is gorgeous.

**Numbers-1377325** » ohhh her room! you would have loved it. there were like dolls and stuff. She collects them I guess. And she has these beanbag chairs for the TV instead of like a couch. And posters and art and stuff. And one of those four post beds and blankets like literally everywhere it was awesome

**missymeow1213** » lol it sounds like you're jealous!

**missymeow1213** » And she sounds like a princess =)

**missymeow1213** » She never acts spoiled online though, huh, I guess I didn't pin her as the type.

**missymeow1213** » But she let you go over there without her family home? That's weird...

**Numbers-1377325** » ...it's weird?

**Numbers-1377325** » wait I'm not jealous

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not a girl. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » I never said you were, sugar =)

**missymeow1213** » Don't be that way lol

**missymeow1213** » And yeah I mean you're a boy, she's a girl, and she sounds spoiled to heck, you'd think her rents would be way overprotective.

**missymeow1213** » I dunno.

**missymeow1213** » So you're avoiding her now, huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » not... avoiding...

**Numbers-1377325** » Just.. not sure how to talk to her...

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean. I like her

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm just worried about this. I was worried about this from the start

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't wanna be somebody around her that I'm not..

**missymeow1213** » But that's part of who you are, sugar =)

**missymeow1213** » Being there just invoked it, but it won't go away.

**missymeow1213** » And I bet you can think of some positive things to say about the way you were, too.

**missymeow1213** » If you try.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...i dunno

**Numbers-1377325** » It was...

**Numbers-1377325** » ...ya know, now that I think about it

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't think I was nervous or scared or anything...

**Numbers-1377325** » I was like panic attack bad before we went to her house and then just

**Numbers-1377325** » poof.

**Numbers-1377325** » gone.

**Numbers-1377325** » see. Not like me.

**missymeow1213** » Wait. You're trying to tell me that you being in a situation where you figured out how to stop a panic attack is a ba thing? lol

**missymeow1213** » It sounds like whatever being at her house brought out in you was a good thing.

**missymeow1213** » And like, you're hungover now.

**missymeow1213** » Going back to a place where you don't feel that way.

**Numbers-1377325** » it wasn't a good thing

**Numbers-1377325** » it wasn't like me

**Numbers-1377325** » she probably thinks I'm like a little pansy girl now

**Numbers-1377325** » That's how I acted. Like a girl

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not a girl

**missymeow1213** » No, you're not.

**missymeow1213** » But you're a boy who appreciates girls clothes, right?

**missymeow1213** » Couldn't you also be a boy who appreciates girls reactions and feelings, too?

**missymeow1213** » Like, you're not a girl.

**missymeow1213** » More like a Boy+

**missymeow1213** » Where the + is things you can do that girls do.

**missymeow1213** » But which don't make you any less of a boy.

**Numbers-1377325** » nobody sees it that way

**Numbers-1377325** » I just.. I don't know why I got that way

**Numbers-1377325** » I think I was just trying to impress her..

**missymeow1213** » Backpedal there, chum =)

**missymeow1213** » Just because nobody "sees it that way" doesn't mean it's wrong, does it?

**Numbers-1377325** » no but

**Numbers-1377325** » at the same time.

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't really think I believe in it either

**Numbers-1377325** » I swear, Missy. I was like. Not me.

**Numbers-1377325** » fuck

**Numbers-1377325** » like. I wish you could see. You'd get it then

**missymeow1213** » But you're you now, and being a bit different didn't make it any harder to going back to being you.

**missymeow1213** » So like, it's like when you work, you have to be a certain way.

**missymeow1213** » And then you're a different way with friends.

**missymeow1213** » A different way with family

**missymeow1213** » A different way with girlfriend

**missymeow1213** » exextra

**missymeow1213** » How do you know this isn't just another different way to be you, and in time you might get used to it? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » I just feel like it's lying

**Numbers-1377325** » I honestly think I'm just lying to her

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh she's gonna get on and talk about how fun last night was and I'm gonna have to tell her I wasn't even me

**Numbers-1377325** » I just can't do this today

**Numbers-1377325** » I wanna go back to bed

**missymeow1213** » Mac's a smart chick.

**missymeow1213** » Tell her you had fun last night, but you feel a bit overwhelmed and you're trying to figure out if you liked how you acted or not.

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't like how I acted -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » it was like.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno....

**missymeow1213** » Alternately, tell her you'd like to hang out somewhere else next time, like at the mall or something. Give her a chance to see the you that you're comfortable being =)

**missymeow1213** » Just until you normalize this.

**Numbers-1377325** » mm

**Numbers-1377325** » She's a freshman..

**missymeow1213** » Thats like on year difference lol

**missymeow1213** » My boyfriend is five years older than me.

**Numbers-1377325** » you're like a cat 40% of the time

**Numbers-1377325** » hardly the stanard relationship

**Numbers-1377325** » also not dating her.

**missymeow1213** » Oh, meow.

**missymeow1213** » Don't be catty. That's my thing.

**missymeow1213** » I know you're not, which is why it matters even LESS that she's younger, dum dum.

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess...

**Numbers-1377325** » It's just

**Numbers-1377325** » blah

**missymeow1213** » You're making something complicated that isn't.

**missymeow1213** » I'll simplify =)

**missymeow1213** » Something about her or her house or the lolita dress

**missymeow1213** » Brings out a part of you that's new.

**missymeow1213** » It's probably been ages since you've acted new before.

**missymeow1213** » So you're cautious.

**missymeow1213** » But she's a girl and she seems to be cool with your dress thing.

**missymeow1213** » So why complicate it lol

**Numbers-1377325** » she just bothers me sometimes...

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh that makes me sound so fucking rude

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not anything she does it's just like

**Numbers-1377325** » her being younger than me bugs me.

**Numbers-1377325** » and her clothes bug me

**Numbers-1377325** » even though she dresses like amazingly

**Numbers-1377325** » just like. her.

**Numbers-1377325** » it bothers me!

**missymeow1213** » Bothers is such an ambiguous term =)

**missymeow1213** » Is it that you're jealous?

**missymeow1213** » I don't mean to taunt or tease lol

**missymeow1213** » I just mean she can wear pretty things whenever, right?

**missymeow1213** » And it sounds like her place is pretty nice, and her parents give her a lot of freedom, right? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ...yeah I guess...

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe I'm a little jealous...

**Numbers-1377325** » I see your point

**Numbers-1377325** » actually it still doesn't cover all the bases

**Numbers-1377325** » because I'm not jealous she's younger than me being a freshman sucked

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you're jealous she's younger because of exactly that. You hated being that age, you were miserable, and fighting with your family a lot, right?

**missymeow1213** » But it sounds like she has it pretty good =)

**Numbers-1377325** » blah

**Numbers-1377325** » such a stretch

**missymeow1213** » Well you can take the stretch answer, or you can contemplate that you wish you were her, not because she's a girl but because she can do everything you want, without anybody being an assbutt about it.

**Numbers-1377325** » true

**Numbers-1377325** » you're so helpful sometimes. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » 'cause you're the oldest I imagine.

**Numbers-1377325** » I wonder what Mike would say.

**Numbers-1377325** » You know, I hate that I'm the only one without an M name, now.

**missymeow1213** » "hit that loli yo" probably.

**missymeow1213** » lol

**missymeow1213** » Maybe it's just because you're special! =)

**Numbers-1377325** » nah man he's selfish he'd get pouty that I have other friends! XD

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe. I think my parents planned it. they hate me more than I know!!

**missymeow1213** » Your parents named you after a brand of sunglasses =D

**missymeow1213** » I think that's boss as hell!

**Numbers-1377325** » I think it further proves my point.

**missymeow1213** » Honestly, though, would you rather have been Mackan? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » that really is such a bad name....

**Numbers-1377325** » poor girl

**missymeow1213** » You understand why she goes by Mac, though!

**missymeow1213** » So =D I wanna know the goss.

**missymeow1213** » Is she cute?

**Numbers-1377325** » man she's super cute...

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? =D Tell me what she looks like!

**missymeow1213** » And NO this isn't a Missy-wants-to-be-with-girls-still thing, you jerk lol

**missymeow1213** » I'm just curious!

**Numbers-1377325** » she's like 14, I don't think you'd be that into her

**Numbers-1377325** » uh. she's short. shorter than me by a couple inches. her hair is like orange, but she doesn't have freckles. her skin's really light, too. like i worry about it, like if the sunlight is gonna kill her

**Numbers-1377325** » she's super nice but a little shy but like she knows how to talk, better than me I guess

**Numbers-1377325** » it's weird. she's great. I just hate that I'm so bothered by her sometimes.

**Numbers-1377325** » jealous, I guess -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » whatevs

**missymeow1213** » At least now that you know that you're jealous, it's easier to deal with things =)

**missymeow1213** » And it sounds as though she's happy to have you at her place, so think of her like... she's sharing who she is with you. That's pretty cool, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..yeah, that is pretty cool..

**Numbers-1377325** » ahh she's so cool.

**missymeow1213** » I gotta go and take care of my wig for a bit, you gonna be okay? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess. I'll message Mike and see if he's on.

**Numbers-1377325** » thanks for helping. I do feel better.

**missymeow1213** » Or you could message Mac because she probably wants to talk to you lol

**Numbers-1377325** » @\_@ I'm just gonna say something stupid.

**Numbers-1377325** » she's asleep anyway.

**Numbers-1377325** » I promise I will soon.

**missymeow1213** » Don't you break your promise, then! Remember, I'm a black cat and can TOTALLY curse you with bad luck =D

**Numbers-1377325** » \*throws a cushion at you\* XD

**Numbers-1377325** » ttys

**7:**

**"Hey you want pizza?"** Nobody ever knocked on Oaklee's door, but of the residents of the house, Deagan was only one allowed not to knock, as in, given permission by his younger brother to peer his head in. **"Hey, man, yo. I'm getting pizza, you want some? Mom and Dad aren't come, so if you want we can catch the end of the game on TV and eat some pizza."**

**"...yeah, I'll be right down."** I guess Mike would have to wait. I picked my phone up off the bed and skimmed through Mac's text messages. All stuff from last night. She was probably still asleep. I'd message her later.

**"How'd things go with the girl? Or you don't wanna talk about it?"** Deagan always managed to have money, though it seemed to come in ebbs and flows, and nobody asked and he never discussed it. Today seemed to be a down day, because he'd ordered from the cheaper pizza place and was drinking domestic beer — in spite of his age — and not import. **"Wanna have a beer?"**

**"That stuff tastes terrible." "You'll learn to like it when you're older."** I'd never been drunk. I've had sips of drinks. That's about it. I guess because I'm fifteen. **"Stuff with the girl was fine. Her name is Mac, by the way." "The Freshman?"** ...was she renown or something? I pouted and sat back in the chair. **"Yeah, the Freshman.."**

**"Huh, alright. So Mac, you and the freshman. Alright. There gonna be a second date?"** He took a sip of his beer and looked over his shoulder at the game on the TV. **"Well, second whatever. You know what I mean."** Deagan was, as far as parental figures went, about the best thing that Oaklee had going. And he was a pretty decent human being, too, despite the odds.

**"I don't know. I mean, we haven't talked about it. But I don't know why we wouldn't hang out again..."** Truth be told, even if things were... abnormal... they were nice. Very nice. I smiled a little to myself and took a bite of pizza. I just needed to make sure to act more like myself next time...

**"And still no chance of it becoming real-dating? She's pretty hot. You know, for a Freshman. Dad would be stoked to see you with a honey like that."** It was weird to hear Deagan talking like that about a freshman, but it wasn't any secret that he was pretty sought-after property when it came to girls entering their sexual appetites for the first time.

**"I don't really like her that way..."** Then again, I didn't like *anyone* that way. Maybe I didn't know what *that way* felt like. I shrugged my shoulders and took another slice of pizza. **"Anyway, we just met. It's not really like I should be thinking about dating her yet."**

**"Just sayin', gotta keep your options open. Just you know... don't bring her back here."** Deagan made no secret of his distaste for his dwelling, though he loved his family, loved them dearly, he never brought girls home. Not once. He'd got a hotel

before he did, and that was impressive for a boy who ostensibly didn't work. Well, not on paper.

I didn't really get why he didn't like our house. I mean, it was a house. It wasn't a trailer or an apartment or a condo. It wasn't the nicest, but we had an upstairs. I had my own room, even if it was barged into every twenty minutes. We had a kitchen, even if the cupboards were outdated. Our fridge even had one of those water dispensers. What more can you ask for. **"I want her as far away from Mom and Dad as possible."**

**"Good call, man, good call."** The older sibling turned in his chair to face the television, put his feet up on the coffee-table adjacent to the pizza box and un-muted the TV. Some things, like beer and pizza and sports, were better enjoyed without dialog to interrupt the flow of the game.

My phone buzzed. I looked down at the new text and took a deep breath. I guess sooner was better than later. Even if I didn't get a chance to talk to Mike about it first. Really, his advice was probably lame anyway.

**Oaklee** » Morning.

**Mac** » you are now being snobbed mister!!

**Mac** » \*SNOBS LOUDLY\*!!

**Oaklee** » o\_o

**Oaklee** » ..should I come back later or..

**Mac** » you should learn to answer your messages

**Mac** » I was worried maybe your dad smelled my vanilla candles when you got home

**Mac** » && ate you or someth...

**Oaklee** » oh

**Oaklee** » I didn't think you might be worried.. >\_<

**Oaklee** » I'm an idiot.. sorry

**Mac** » dont be silly

**Mac** » && just tell me your okay

**Mac** » &&& then we can talk like normal

**Oaklee** » I'm okay.

**Oaklee** » Sorry for upsetting you.

**Mac** » haha its okay!!

**Mac** » I had fun! did you have fun?? I had fun. it was neat!! && you didn't even whine about how I like JJ's and not subway

**Mac** » (its better okay!!!)

**Mac** » && you were so cute

**Oaklee** » ..yeah?

**Oaklee** » I mean

**Oaklee** » I had fun..

**Mac** » me too

**Mac** » && I thought for sure that you would think my dolls were weird

**Mac** » &&& then I would cry

**Oaklee** » They're cool.

**Oaklee** » I mean

**Oaklee** » I don't know anything about dolls but I they seem cool..

**Mac** » ill teach you all about them

**Mac** » what are you doing over the weekend??

**Mac** » mom called && there's an audit so I'm alone all weekend && its going to storm tonight it says

**Mac** » blah...

**Oaklee** » Not into storms?

**Oaklee** » I can keep you company online?

**Mac** » I am 14 && have never been hugged by my parents

**Mac** » no I do not like stroms!!

**Mac** » \*storms sorry

**Mac** » oh I hung your dress up so it doesn't get crinkled && made you a little segment in my closet for any other stuff

**Mac** » you might want to leave at my plae!

**Mac** » \*place

**Oaklee** » You've never been hugged by your parents?

**Mac** » its a joke

**Mac** » did you have fun??

**Mac** » you seemed really bummed out when you left

**Oaklee** » uh

**Oaklee** » yeah. i mean

**Oaklee** » ...it's kind of...

**Oaklee** » that's just not how I usually act...

**Oaklee** » Not sure what happened. @\_@

**Mac** » well you were happy

**Mac** » && you giggled a lot

**Mac** » &&& you rly liked graviy falls!

**Mac** » gravity

**Mac** » I think it was the dress!!!

**Mac** » i get super excited whenever I get a new dress too, there magical

**Oaklee** » Maybe..

**Mac** » your doing that thing when your super thoughtful again!!

**Oaklee** » I can't explain it. sorry

**Oaklee** » Forget it.

**Oaklee** » I did have fun.

**Mac** » try!

**Mac** » it was hard for me too

**Mac** » I was worried b/c I havent brought any1 up to my room in liek 4 yrs.

**Mac** » && thought you would think I was to childish to hang out w/

**Oaklee** » well you totally are XD

**Oaklee** » But it's kinda cute.

**Oaklee** » idk

**Mac** » did I do something wrong???

**Mac** » just u avoied me after u got home

**Mac** » && now your all mysterious

**Oaklee** » you had fun, right? and you thought I was cute

**Oaklee** » I think I'm just worried 'cause like that's not really how I am.. i'm not sure why I was that way..

**Oaklee** » I don't know forget it.

**Mac** » I thought it was def. differnt to how you are online

**Mac** » && how u were when you were worried

**Mac** » but liek it was good to b/c you were happy too

**Mac** » maybe its new for you to be happy

**Mac** » wow I made you sound so emo000

**Mac** » dooooooooooM!!!

**Oaklee** » Right, see? it is different

**Oaklee** » Also I'm happy a lot of the time just my parents tick me off sometimes thats all

**Mac** » well were u happywhen you were w/ me?

**Mac** » maybe not when we were walking or when I gave you the dress

**Mac** » but when I was tying the bows

**Oaklee** » \*shrug..\*

**Oaklee** » I guess..

**Mac** » I used 2 be rly sad b/c I'd feel like I was happy but

**Mac** » everyone says you need a mom or dad to be happy

**Mac** » && mine are never here

**Mac** » so I felt like

**Mac** » I couldn't be happy if I didn'thave that

**Mac** » but

**Mac** » happy is happy && if it doesnt hurt anybody

**Mac** » just enjoy it

**Oaklee** » Okay.

**Mac** » && anyway maybe being w/ someone who doesn't judge you

**Mac** » was different to what your used to

**Oaklee** » ...okay.

**Oaklee** » I mean, I don't really believe it

**Oaklee** » Or know what to make of it

**Oaklee** » But I don't think being a negative nancy is going to help

**Oaklee** » So just. okay

**Mac** » you can be a positive polly instead!

**Oaklee** » Yeah sure. XD

**Mac** » why arent you online anyway

**Oaklee** » I am watching television with my brother and eating pizza

**Mac** » pizza has cheese on it!!

**Mac** » we already covered this, Olena!!

**Mac** » on 3

**Mac** » 1

**Mac** » 2

**Mac** » 3

**Mac** » EWWWWW

**Oaklee** » Ew. XD

**Mac** » there! eat more JJ's and less pizza

**Mac** » they have freaky fast delivery

**Mac** » it says so on the ad!

**Oaklee** » If I was paying for it myself I probably would

**Oaklee** » what are you gonna do about your storm?

**Mac** » cry....

**Oaklee** » I can be on the computer all night if it helps..?

**Mac** » maybe we could skype proper like w/ video now that we know how cute each other is

**Mac** » && by that I mean

**Mac** » how pretty you are!!

**Oaklee** » >///  
< don't say stuff like that

**Oaklee** » I guess video cant hurt..

**Mac** » yes! && u can see me being a crybaby && cuddling up to Nanako

**Mac** » && you can be liek

**Mac** » babee dun cry

**Mac** » && be all maternal && stuff!

**Oaklee** » Not. A. Chick.

**Oaklee** » But yeah, totes.

**Mac** » I didnt say you were!!!

**Oaklee** » Maternal means girls.

**Mac** » what

**Mac** » no it doesnt

**Oaklee** » Uh yes it does.

**Mac** » no

**Mac** » that cant be right

**Oaklee** » Like almost positive. google it

**Mac** » I'm p. sure it just means like

**Mac** » loving

**Mac** » like taking care of a baby

**Mac** » oh

**Oaklee** » Like a mom taking care of a baby

**Oaklee** » And like.. paternal is the dad version?

**Mac** » yeah

**Mac** » but!!!

**Mac** » if your a dad

**Mac** » then u cant play w/ dolls with me

**Mac** » so you can be a mom

**Mac** » but

**Mac** » a boy mom.

**Oaklee** » ...I think that's the definition of a dad.

**Mac** » no way

**Mac** » Im no expect

**Mac** » but

**Mac** » is your mom anything like your dad??

**Oaklee** » They're both kind of assholes?

**Mac** » but different, right??

**Oaklee** » If you say so

**Oaklee** » Do you like how I humor you?

**Oaklee** » Like a toddler?

**Mac** » do you like how

**Mac** » I'm basically

**Mac** » a toddler?

**Mac** » or at least

**Mac** » a princess in a tower

**Oaklee** » Never thought about it that way. o\_o

**Oaklee** » So like

**Oaklee** » Am I supposed to save you?

**Mac** » maybe

**Mac** » or maybe your the pretty && dashing prince

**Mac** » who climbs up my tower

**Mac** » && then dresses up in my pretty princess dresses w/ me

**Oaklee** » Oh gosh.

**Oaklee** » That's a fairy tale I'd read.

**Mac** » why read it when you can live it??

**Mac** » it was a dark and stormy nite

**Mac** » princess mac was lonely && frightened

**Mac** » prince olena came to keep her company

**Mac** » && they did each others makeup all night long!!

**Mac** » (thats my way of asking you to stay the night but maybe your parents wont allow it && I understand)

**Oaklee** » They wouldn't

**Oaklee** » But I'll see if I can lie my way through it

**Oaklee** » If you think it'll help.

**Mac** » you should try

**Mac** » && I will send a car!

**Mac** » (I feel like a mobstar!)

**Oaklee** » Do not send a car @\_@ my parents would be like whhahahahaat noooo

**Oaklee** » Let me figure it out

**Mac** » okay!! talk to you later then??

**Oaklee** » hey uh

**Oaklee** » I was thinking though

**Oaklee** » Or actually it was Missy's idea I just think it might work

**Mac** » missy is very wise!!

**Oaklee** » That maybe if I actually get to come over we just... be normal... like not dressing up..

**Oaklee** » I think I should probably like. Learn to have a real conversation with you..

**Mac** » okay! if you like, but if you want to later on you can still dress up okay?? but we will not plan for it

**Oaklee** » Alright cool thanks.

**Oaklee** » I did enjoy yesterday though!

**Oaklee** » I just want you to like. actually be able to talk to you..

**Oaklee** » And if you haven't noticed I really suck at it

**Mac** » then we will practice!

**Mac** » && dressing up after could be like

**Mac** » a reward

**Oaklee** » Hm.

**Oaklee** » that's actually pretty smart

**Oaklee** » Lets do it that way!

**Mac** » sometimes Mac can be wise too, it seems!!

**Mac** » must be an M name thing!

**Oaklee** » I WAS JUST TALKING ABOUT THAT

**Oaklee** » I want an M name so bad this isn't even fair

**Mac** » ABOUT HOW YOU ARE SPECIAL && HAVE AN O NAME && WHO EVER HAS AN O NAME??

**Mac** » eeheeheehee

**Mac** » maybe

**Mac »** I will come up with one for you!!

**Oaklee »** Okay!

**Oaklee »** I only use Olena on that forum 'cause I couldn't think of anything

**Oaklee »** It's more of an inside joke than anything now, 'cause like... I don't have any reason for a girl name. Since I'm not a girl and I don't pretend to be one like Kiki. And I don't want to be one like Lia.

**Oaklee »** But if I ever need a girl name for whatever reason you can pick it, cool?

**Mac »** and it will be an M name!

**Mac »** I have many ideas!!

**Mac »** wahaha!~

**Oaklee »** Well I'll keep you posted if I ever need one

**Mac »** now go lie to your parents!!

**Mac »** go go!

**Oaklee »** \*rolls eyes\*

**Oaklee »** Ttyl

**Mac »** <3

**8:**

I knocked at the door nervously, playing with the straps on my backpack. The sun was just going down. I had my phone with me - I could have just texted her - but I thought knocking was more appropriate. She'd sent me a couple more messages since this afternoon asking if I'd be able to make it. The truth was, I wasn't even sure I could until maybe ten minutes ago. I walked from Bindie's.

The delay in coming to the door was only by virtue of the distance from the top floor down to the entry hall, and I was short of breath by the time I got there, clearly having made good pace. There was no dress today, no fancy lolita fashion, just simple pink

pajama pants in capris style, with ribbons tied into bows at the bottom of each leg, and a cute top that showed some of my tummy. Simple, comfortable, pajama clothes. **"Hi!"**

**"Hi..."** I sounded equally out of breath. I had probably walked a little too fast down the street. Almost a run, really. She was radiant, even in her pajamas. I just didn't get how a girl like her couldn't have more friends. She was just so... quintessentially attractive. I, on the other hand, had windswept hair and wore my secretly-girl pajama pants Mac had sent me.

**"Pajama pants!"** I touched the boys pajama pants with glee, before realizing how inappropriate it was for me to touch his pants, and pulled my hand away with a little blush to my cheeks. **"Um. Come in?"** The sky above was dark, dark enough to be night even though it was still an hour or so away, and in the distance, thunder crashed. I winced, holding onto the doorframe and them blushing at my own stupid reaction.

**"It's cool... like, did you learn in eighth grade how thunderclouds work and stuff?"** See! I could talk! I could have real conversations! I put my backpack on the floor by the door. It's just my jeans and some "overnight clothes" and a video game I promised to bring over to Bindie's. But he knew I would be sneaking out and hanging with Mac. Still, I'd have to be back by like... seven in the morning...

**"Maybe. I daydream a lot."** I closed the door behind Oaklee and went down the line of three additional locks, like I was afraid the storm was tangible and might actually break into the house if I didn't do so. I hated the rain, and I already had enough issues sleeping at times. **"Thanks for coming over. I think it'll be nice to have someone spend the night, and I have a trundle bed.."**

**"That's cool. I can sleep on pretty much anything if you give me a pillow."** I followed her up the stairs and into her room. Hm. Okay, so she's afraid of storms... **"Storms are like, really not dangerous at all. I mean, we're not anywhere near the coast so there's no hurricanes or anything. And you know how the clouds are black? If it's a tornado, they'd be this pea green. I saw it on a movie once."**

**"Well, we have a basement. And a shelter, too. Sometimes I go down there, but it's always cold and dark, so I don't do it very much, just if thunder is loud."** One disadvantage of such a large house was the reverberations that would travel up the structure with very loud booming thunder. I didn't like that at all. **"I got lost once, in Maui, when I was really young and we were on vacation. And it stormed really bad, and I cried a lot. We didn't have any other vacations after that... and I don't like storms either."**

**"Hm..."** The whole room was bright. All the windows and blinds were shut tight and every lamp turned on. I knew what I said about being able to sleep anywhere, but maybe not when everything was this bright. Another roar of thunder overcame the house and the girl shivered in place. I bit my cheek.

What did people do when they had company? Oaklee had talked about wanting to talk with me, but I was woeful in the school of conversation. I sat up on my bed, pulled a pillow into my lap and squeezed it, looking past my polished toes at the boy still standing. **"You can come and sit here if you want."**

**"...okay..."** I sat down by the girl on the bed for only a minute before another roar of thunder, making the girl nearly jump to her feet. I watched her, and then quietly got up and went over to the window. **"H-hey!"** I tugged the blinds up and turned off one of the lights. **"It's cool, just gimme a sec."**

**"Please close the blinds..."** In the few minutes that had passed, the first few drops of rain had started to fall on the street outside. Only a light pitter-patter so far, but the storm was clearly approaching. **"We can watch Gravity Falls! Or dress up my dolls, or... or anything, really, that doesn't involve opening the blinds?"**

I'd opened almost every blind in the entire upstairs, though, despite the girl's protests, and turned off about half the lights. The place was dimmer now, and the little patter of raindrops tapped on the windows. She was freaking out... I sighed and hurried back over to her on the bed. **"Hey, it's cool. Like. You know how thunder is like, the noise lightning makes, right? But light is faster than sound... so if you see the lightning first, you can brace yourself for the thunder. So it doesn't scare you."**

Truthfully, with my blinds, the intent was to not see the lightning at all — that helped me a lot! **"I'm not scared!"** Totally a lie. **"I just don't like it, like... like I bet you don't like things, too, but that doesn't mean you're scared of them. I'm not some little kid you know, I'm fourteen."**

**"...I didn't mean it like that..."** There was a little flash of light from one of the windows in the other room, something we both noticed out of the corners of our eyes. I looked in to the hall, then at the girl. **"Brace yourself."** And sure enough, within a second, a loud roar of thunder. I wasn't sure if it was helping the girl, but at least she seemed more prepared... less jumpy.

I clutched the pillow a bit tighter and frowned. **"I was gonna ask if you want to paint your nails... because you said no dressing up, but that's not really dressing up, right?"** Maybe it was a distraction, or just something I needed, but the idea seemed like a pretty good one to me.

**"...uh... yeah, alright."** Nail painting was another thing I just didn't understand why only girls could do it. I mean, it was awesome. Sparkly nails? Fuck yeah. A little bit of light flashed from a window behind her and I nodded. **"Lightning."** She closed her eyes and waited for the thunder, which rang a little softer than the others. The rain was getting heavier though. I got here just in time.

**"I'll do it for you this first time but you should pay attention because you should learn how to do it. Pick out a color."** I kept my nail-polishes in a rotating spice-rack,

which was weird to most people but it meant I could store 48 colors in a quick and easy way to access. I favored pastels, but had plenty of other colors, too, and a dozen pens that I kept in a cup next to the arrangement.

**"Uh, that purple one."** I liked purple. It wasn't a girly color, though. Most guys could get into purple at my school. Pink was a girly color, but I didn't like pink. I didn't know how a color could be girly either way, though... **"Lightning."** She nodded. This time she didn't tense up, and when the thunder hit, she didn't jump. Maybe this was helping?

**"You need to take better care of your nails..."** I thought it would be weird to take Oaklee's hand in mine, to trim his nails and file them and shape them nicely. It wasn't, though. I daydreamed of interactions like this, admittedly with another girl, usually, but Oaklee would do in a pinch. **"This is going to be an ingrown, if you don't stop biting your nails!"**

**"I don't bite my nails..."** **"Your nails say otherwise."** Did I? I guess maybe I did. I never really noticed. A roll of thunder hit and she nearly took my finger off with the nail filer. I hadn't been paying attention for lightning. Oops... **"Sorry... I should have been watching."**

I would have felt terrible if I'd hurt him, but I didn't seem to and that was good because being terrified every few moments wasn't conducive to this sort of thing. It was fine. I'm fine. Yes. **"Tell me what you know about nails, and then I'll tell you what's wrong and teach you stuff."**

So we talked about nails. Interspaced with the word "lightning" every minute or two. The rain was harsh, now. But from what I could tell, the thunder was starting to let up. Maybe we were just getting used to it. It was already nine when my nails were a soft purple, and nine thirty before I was allowed to touch things again. They really were pretty... **"So then what do your parents do if they're never here?"**

**"Mama is a PA to a CEO and Papa is a Diplomat. Which means both of them are either always at the whim of somebody else, or in another country."** It meant that money wasn't typically a limiting factor, but that didn't mean there weren't other shortcomings in my life. **"They're good people, but... I guess I wish I had... any other parents. Any other parents at all..."**

**"Well, I wish my parents would be overseas or whatever, anywhere but in my house. Around me. Making me wear ties to school pictures. Ties are stupid. You know what's cool? Scarves are cool. Scarves, collared shirts, and a kickass skirt."** I guess we really were two different people...

He was adorable, really, a boy unrestrained internally by gendered clothing norms. The external influences, though... **"You say that, but once they're no longer around you start to think about what you'd put up with, if only they were here..."** I looked at the

window, at the rain pushing against the glass, and looked at my dolls. **"It's pretty lonely."**

**"Well, hey. You've got me now. And you can meet my friends if you're worried about making your own. And you could come over for dinner - you're white and cute so my family would probably be fine with you. Even if my house is total trash."** I still didn't hate my house like my brother, but damn it was nothing on this place.

**"I'm also a freshman, and I know enough about school politics to know that nobody is safe from ridicule at our school if they make friends with a freshman."** I smiled, then jumped, then hiccuped with a frown. **"I might get jealous of your life if you show me too much of it. Your family and your brother and your friends..."**

**"...it can be your life too?"** She gave me a look and I felt a pout on my cheeks. **"Not like that! I just meant you can totally come over for dinner. And you can hang with me and my friends. Just like... you can be a part of it if you want? Takes some of the pressure off me, anyway..."**

I smiled, but the smile was the type I used in photographs, the countless around the house, nothing action shot, everything studio and staged, all with the same smile. Three photos in my room alone with that same smile. **"Have you eaten? I had the maid pick up a tray of hot wings from Costco that I can put in the oven. I don't know if you like hot wings, but everybody does."**

**"Um... no, I'm not really..."** I was looking at my nails, leaning back against the headboard of Mac's bed. She was playing with her phone in her lap. **"Lightning."** It was into one of those awkward moments of conversation. Where neither of us knew what to say. This was what I was working against.

**"I'm not very good with people. I'm a wallflower, I fade into the background and then people don't notice me, and it never seems to be any different at all."** I sounded emo as could be as my brow furrowed and my fingers played with the ribbons on my pants. **"People get bored of me."**

**"How can anyone not notice you? You're like the prettiest chick in the whole school. And anyway, I think you're wrong. My brother knows who you are, and he's a Senior. Obviously people notice. Maybe you just don't notice they notice?"**

Wow. Wow. Wow I was blushing. Stupid girl hormones. Ugh. No, it's not like that, Mac, you just don't know how to take a compliment, you're reading too much into it. **"You think I'm pretty?"** People did say it, but only in passing, only insincerely. Nobody I could ever trust or believe.

**"Yeah. Don't you? I mean, like, you're the prettiest girl I know..."** Wow. Sappy. Lovey dovey. It wasn't meant to sound that way. I scratched the side of my head, playing with my hair, and looked in embarrassment up at the ceiling. **"A-anyway... I think you should give people a chance. You gave me a chance.."**

**"You're different."** Wow. Not like that. **"I mean. You're an exception. I got to know you online, and even when we first met at the diner I still wanted to run. Even when you came over, when I found you in the parking lot, I almost didn't!"** People were... unpredictable. Unreliable. **"People just leave me. Like my parents do..."**

**"I'm here... isn't that something...?"** It was complicated. She was more... uh... damaged than I thought she'd be. I guess her parents never being around really fucked her up. I put my arms over my chest and looked at her, then at her window. **"I don't know... maybe you're right. I've got tons of friends and family and stuff, and they're just like... sometimes I think I'd be better without. I shouldn't be pushing you out of your comfort zone..."**

**"It's not that I don't appreciate you caring, I really really do..."** That was accompanied by a smile that was genuine. **"It's just that every person is a risk...I wish I could be like you. Wish I could... just have a ton of people in my life, have them come and go, be good and bad... but when all the other kids were learning how that worked, I guess I missed out."**

**"It's funny... you're all alone, and you're the one with faith in people. You're afraid of somebody leaving because you know people can stay, too. I've got tons of people, and I know one day they're just not going to mean anything."** Maybe those were the wrong words. They seemed to make the girl sad. I guess I understood why... **"Sorry... I don't want to talk about this anymore."**

**"Hot wings?"** It seemed to be a viable out for the both of us. Cooking was distracting. Eating was transitory. Conversations had before a meal rarely had the means to travel through to the other side. Food changed people. Eating together especially. I smiled weakly, and thunder crashed, and I didn't jump.

**"Yeah, sure. Hot wings."** I wanted to show Mac that there was a better world than the one she was living in by thrusting her into the one I was living in. But the sick thing was, I thought her life was better altogether. Maybe it's that "grass is always greener on the other side" thing. Then why was I trying to fix her? Why should I even bother? It wasn't that. It's that... I hated seeing her sad. But I knew - even if it had slipped my mind for a moment - that I'm not a problem-solver. I'm just a stupid boy in high school.

///

**"Hey Oaklee."** It was 2:19 — I had a tacky little alarm that my parents would never approve of, that I'd put my hand on top of and it would project dimly the time onto the ceiling. Outside, the rain was pouring still, but the blinds were open, the lights off but for

my four night-lights. It was stupid, and I wasn't thinking, but I had a horrible dream and my words happened before my thoughts did. **"Will you come up here and lay with me?"**

**"Mm...?" "Would you... lay with me?" "...right, okay, sure..."** I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. The trundle kept me very close to the girl already. There was really only a foot and a half difference between us sharing a bed. I crawled onto her mattress, finding my way into her covers. **"What time is it..."**

**"Late... early... I don't know."** I'd changed my underwear to what I usually wore to bed shortly before we slept, and as he crawled into my covers and my thoughts caught up I made sure that there was nothing shameful about my sheets. My heart calmed as my fingers felt no surprises. **"Just lay with me okay."**

**"...alright, sure..."** My phone was somewhere on the other bed. The alarm was set for 6:30 in the morning. I'd have to get up and change into jeans, then walk back to Bindie's. But for now the sun was still down. I put my head on Mac's pillow and touched my forehead to the side of her hair. **"Bad dream or something...?"**

He was warm like the embodiment of everything nice under the covers, and stupidly I touched my head to his, idiotically I rolled over and shamefully and unforgivingly, I put my arm over his chest and sighed. **"Uhhuh."** My eyes were already closed again, in my head he was Nanako, only bigger, warmer... breathing. It was so calming.

We faced each other while we slept. Or tried to sleep. Or something. I dunno. I was still half asleep when I got in the bed. Our foreheads touched. Her arm was around me. Mine was somewhere between us, the other under my pillow. I didn't even think it was intimate at the time...

I think I mumbled something, I wasn't sure. I didn't know. I was tired. I drifted back into sleep, and back out. His eyes were open, and I closed mine quickly, searching for sleep again. He was so warm. Everything was warm. The bed was warm, his breath was warm, the covers were warm, my underwear was warm. I didn't even think about it. I just slept.

UGH! JUST. SHUT. UP. I rolled over in the bed, tugging some of the covers with me, and fumbled around in the mattress beneath me. My phone tumbled out and onto the carpet and I had to pull myself fully out of the bed to turn it off. It was so early... I was so stupid for doing this. I felt cold, really cold, without the blanket and I looked down at my pajama pants. They looked the same, but they were... wet? I touched my fingers to them, and then looked at the bed sleepily. Huh?

If my parents knew, they never said anything. Maybe it was their fault. Maybe they knew it was. Lack of love and nurture. I took care of it myself, it didn't happen every night, but I was prepared for it nonetheless. And when it did happen, rarely ever did it leak. I laid on my back, habitually, sometimes with a doll pulled to my chest. Last night I laid on my

side, last night I laid cuddled up to someone. Last night I leaked. I rubbed my eyes, feeling the cool morning air invading the sanctuary of my blanket, and looked around blearily, around my room, at the arch, the fading grey outside. At Oaklee. **"Too early..."**

I just looked at the girl a second, trying to make sense of it. I mean, I probably just sweat through my clothes. It was pretty warm in the room. Why was I reading into it? Why did I *think*... I bit my lip and tried to smile at the girl. It was so false. I wished I could have just left before she woke up... **"Um... I gotta get going... Bindie's parents are gonna be awake soon..."**

**"Your pants are wet."** Maybe he spilled something. Maybe he was washing off in the bathroom and splashed some water. Maybe I was cuddled up to him... my eyes went wide and I sat up, pulling the covers tight, wishing and hoping and wincing as my hand under my blanket felt around. Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god. No no no. No no no. **"Oh my days, oh I... oh... oh no, no no no..."**

Okay, so that reaction. I just watched her. I mean. I probably should have been grossed out, right? But I kind of... wasn't? I mean, it was weird, because she was fourteen, but like... I don't know. Maybe it didn't register. But the freak out. It was so obvious. She knew exactly what happened. We both did. The smart - and kind - thing to do would be to lie. **"I sweat in my sleep a lot."** Simple. But the words didn't come out. What was *wrong* with me?!

**"You... I'm... you have to go... go! GO! I'm sorry, I'm.. go... please..."** I was crying. Crying like a little girl, woken up wet, wanting a change. I felt so small and pathetic, and when Oaklee stood there dumbfounded, I threw a pillow at him which he artfully dodged, but didn't leave. He just stayed there..

**"I-it's... it's fine... I mean..."** **"Get out, Oaklee!"** I recoiled a little. Believe it or not, I wasn't used to being yelled at. Even my parents were more passive than aggressive. I hesitated, stepping back. **"GO!"** I regret it. I regret leaving. She was crying and I wanted to make her feel better. But I was fifteen and I thought listening to people was more important than doing the right thing. So I changed in the foyer downstairs and walked back to Bindie's.

**9:**

**"What-up my man, how went the covert operation, did you do all sorts of fake-boyfriend stuff?"** Bindie was awake, wide awake — he woke with the sun as dictated by particular life choices. He ate curry for breakfast, which was purely because his Mom made awesome curry. **"Want some breakfast? You got a little somethin' on your pants, too."**

**"Breakfast, sure..."** No offense to Bindie or anything, but I just wanted to go home. I sat with him long enough for his parents to register I was there, and as much as he talked about all the not-boyfriend stuff we could have done together, I barely replied at all. I wanted to text her. But was she mad at me? I didn't do anything wrong! I just... felt so helpless. I just wanted to help her...

**"You alright, my broseph?"** Bindie, despite his mastery of such, didn't speak english as his first language — until he was six he didn't speak it at all. It meant, mostly, that particular trendy vernacular would fascinate him, sometimes long after the point it no longer fascinated anybody else.

**"I think I just want to go home." "That bad, huh?"** He meant my night with Mac. He meant I was shot down. Didn't get to second base or whatever the fuck people do. But all in all, the phrasing was pretty accurate... **"Yeah, that bad..."** I walked home, which was a ways. It took more than an hour, and still, she hadn't texted. I didn't know what to say. I just wanted to tell her it was okay. But she was so upset...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** sorry

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** feel dumb

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** && u prolly think im a freak now

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** was dumb 2 ask u 2 cuddle

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** stupud stupid

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed off.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed on

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed off.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed on

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed off.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed on.

**Numbers-1377325 »** It really isnt a big deal

**Numbers-1377325 »** I mean... does that happen.. uh

**Numbers-1377325 »** often?

**Numbers-1377325 »** I mean its fine

Numbers-1377325 » it happens, I guess

Numbers-1377325 » don't feel bad, okay?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u only want 2 know 2 tease me

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » i know its freaksih

Numbers-1377325 » No like

Numbers-1377325 » okay but I wear dresses

Numbers-1377325 » you really think I'm gonna tease?

Numbers-1377325 » Anyway it's like

Numbers-1377325 » It really isn't a big deal

Numbers-1377325 » it's gotta happen to lots of people, right?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » shouldb't

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » im 14

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && wear diapers 2 bed

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » freak mac...

Numbers-1377325 » oh

Numbers-1377325 » i mean you.

Numbers-1377325 » I just mean if you have

Numbers-1377325 » so wait

Numbers-1377325 » Isn't the point to like not have..

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » they dont usually leak!!!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » b/c i wuz cuddled 2 u

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » on my side

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && scared from the thnder

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » not talking anymore

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » want 2 bury myself

Numbers-1377325 » Oh

Numbers-1377325 » huh that makes sense..

Numbers-1377325 » I'm sorry I just dont really know what to say about this stuff.

Numbers-1377325 » but I think its fine! and I think youre still awesome

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » no1 would

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && not awesome

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » aweome ppl dont wet the bed

Numbers-1377325 » psh says who

Numbers-1377325 » I still think you're cool

Numbers-1377325 » its just one stupid thing

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » MY PEE GOT ON U

Numbers-1377325 » okay well thats a bad way to put it

Numbers-1377325 » but like really it wasnt that bad

Numbers-1377325 » its my fault anyway cause I let you lay on your side

Numbers-1377325 » you shoulda told me..

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » DONT SAY THAR

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » no b/c then

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u would no.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && I didn want you 2 know

Numbers-1377325 » i know now?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » it was a caculated risk but i am bad @ math!

**Numbers-1377325** » would it help if I pretended it didn't happen..?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u wont be able 2

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » just

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » say what u want 2 say

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » anything

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » next time 2 cum over

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » dont talk about it ever

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » go

**Numbers-1377325** » ...uh

**Numbers-1377325** » have you... always?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » only @ nite

**Numbers-1377325** » okay

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » only sumtimes

**Numbers-1377325** » um

**Numbers-1377325** » do.. you consider maybe like.. some different..

**Numbers-1377325** » like.

**Numbers-1377325** » i mean if it leaked it's not...

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean I didn't even notice until like it happened that you like

**Numbers-1377325** » So I mean, aren't there different kinds you could get to keep from happening?

Numbers-1377325 » the leaking i mean..

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » yes but they are thicker

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && im not a baby

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » &&& does not happen every nite

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » soooooo

Numbers-1377325 » oh

Numbers-1377325 » okay I get that

Numbers-1377325 » um

Numbers-1377325 » ..uh..

Numbers-1377325 » do your parents know..

Numbers-1377325 » or your maid?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » iono probs not

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » idont tell them

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » maid knows

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » she washes my sheets

Numbers-1377325 » right

Numbers-1377325 » makes sense.

Numbers-1377325 » Uhh...

Numbers-1377325 » whats it like?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » ????

Numbers-1377325 » like... it...

Numbers-1377325 » I don't know. like

Numbers-1377325 » I just... uh

**Numbers-1377325** » can't imagine what it's like, so I thought I should ask?

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if u r curious u can just wet ur bed

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but I dont recomd it

**Numbers-1377325** » shut up.

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't mean like that

**Numbers-1377325** » nevermind..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no u sould clarify

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » bc u cant ask later

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know! I don't

**Numbers-1377325** » I thought like..

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess it's like not explainable, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » do u mean bedwetting

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know

**Numbers-1377325** » forget it.

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm just being weird.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » last chance 2 ask

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » try harder

**Numbers-1377325** » ...I don't know....

**Numbers-1377325** » like....

**Numbers-1377325** » how do you.. feel?

**Numbers-1377325** » no like

Numbers-1377325 » how..

Numbers-1377325 » ugh

Numbers-1377325 » I'm not even making sense

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » try harder dummy

Numbers-1377325 » I just think its weird!

Numbers-1377325 » NOT WEIRD

Numbers-1377325 » DIFFERENT

Numbers-1377325 » that's interesting!

Numbers-1377325 » different is interesting!

Numbers-1377325 » I was just curious!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » about bedwetting

Numbers-1377325 » no

Numbers-1377325 » yes

Numbers-1377325 » no

Numbers-1377325 » not about

Numbers-1377325 » i mean

Numbers-1377325 » yes about

Numbers-1377325 » but not ABOUT

Numbers-1377325 » I just want to know how you feel about it!

Numbers-1377325 » ugh why aren't you getting this

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u want to know how I feel about being a bedwetter

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » @ 14

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » yes??

**Numbers-1377325** » ...yeah stupid question.

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe I'm still tired -\_-

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like a little baby

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » weak && helpless

**Numbers-1377325** » that's sucky?

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean like

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » it's just you

**Numbers-1377325** » nobody knows

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean, I know

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u know

**Numbers-1377325** » But I won't know in like 5 minutes when I forget it all!

**Numbers-1377325** » Erasing it from my mind!

**Numbers-1377325** » But like

**Numbers-1377325** » if it's just you, why does it matter...?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c 14 y/o girls dont wet their bed

**Numbers-1377325** » right but nobody even knows

**Numbers-1377325** » so just like do whatever you gotta do..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I just want 2 b like other girls

**Numbers-1377325** » other girls are stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » you're awesome

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » other girls dont get their wee on cute boys!!

**Numbers-1377325** » you really shouldn't phrase it like that..

**Numbers-1377325** » wait I'm cute?

**Numbers-1377325** » wait

**Numbers-1377325** » you take measures to keep that from happening

**Numbers-1377325** » it was one stupid moment

**Numbers-1377325** » and you should just like, get over it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its not that easy oaklee

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i cant just stop doing it.....

**Numbers-1377325** » I just mean get over feeling stupid about it

**Numbers-1377325** » just like, be okay with it

**Numbers-1377325** » like I am with girl stuff

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » bc u enjoy ur girl stuff

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i dont enjoy this

**Numbers-1377325** » I really dont see the difference

**Numbers-1377325** » it's just about accepting it or whatev

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u want ur girl stuff to be normal tho

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u want to keep doing it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maybe doing it more

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i dont!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if i wanted that

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Id be like wearing diapers 2 school

**Numbers-1377325** » I just think you're overreacting

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if I accept this then i wont want it to stop happening

**Numbers-1377325** » I accept my parents are terrible but it doesn't mean I dont want them to stop

**Numbers-1377325** » you're being too literal

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » this makes me hate myself

**Numbers-1377325** » why?

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not weird

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it is so!!

**Numbers-1377325** » it's just a little odd, but that's fine

**Numbers-1377325** » I think it's kinda cute?

**Numbers-1377325** » not cute but like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no u dont

**Numbers-1377325** » Not cute

**Numbers-1377325** » It's

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes, not cute!

**Numbers-1377325** » sweet?

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know.

**Numbers-1377325** » like it's hard to explain but I don't think its gross

**Numbers-1377325** » it's just kinda... unique in a Mac way?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » my bladder does its own thing at night b/c nobody loved me growing up

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u think thats sweet??

**Numbers-1377325** » no..

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't mean it like that..

**Numbers-1377325** » I just think..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » id rather be unique for wearing pretty things or being nice...

**Numbers-1377325** » I know that!

**Numbers-1377325** » I just.. this is coming out wrong

**Numbers-1377325** » just don't be upset over it, okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » that's what I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » just stop being sad because it's fine and I'm fine with it

**Numbers-1377325** » okay?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » mrggr

**Numbers-1377325** » just get over it!

**Numbers-1377325** » I sitll like you!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ur weird for liking a weirdo

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » weird bu association!

**Numbers-1377325** » okay

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll accept that

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok then

**Numbers-1377325** » so thats it?

**Numbers-1377325** » we're good?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i guess

**Numbers-1377325** » no more talking about it then, I guess..?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its fine I guess

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » just dont be weird about it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ur going 2 come over lots

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && i wear diapers

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so just

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » dont be like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh mac ur diaper is so cute!!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » or anything wierd.

**Numbers-1377325** » what if it is?

**Numbers-1377325** » can I say it if it is?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you wontbe seeing it!!!

**Numbers-1377325** » oh. good point

**Numbers-1377325** » ha

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » perv!

**Numbers-1377325** » did you call me a perv about bedwetting stuff? -\_- that's so fucked up

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no!!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » look

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » im probs going 2 not do it anymore

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » go see a docto

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » or s/t

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » iono

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but i dont want 2 wear diapers nemore

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » because its fucked up.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » even if ur like `its so cute!!` i think it isn't

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't say it was cute -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I said you shouldn't be so pouty about it

**Numbers-1377325** » I just think you're cute and your quirks are cute by extension?  
That's what I was trying to say.

**Numbers-1377325** » and yeah I guess you could see a doctor..

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't think of that..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u are trying 2 flirt is what u are doing!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ps if u want 2 flirt then flirt w/ interest in my dolls

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i need 2 sleep now

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » tired

**Numbers-1377325** » sure.

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm sorry...

**Numbers-1377325** » if I did anything to upset you today..

**Numbers-1377325** » I just... I am really fine with it... with everything

**Numbers-1377325** » and you're still my friend..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u were totally cool

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && should be so mad @ me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maybe u will be

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maybe im just dreaming this

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its hard 2 tell w/o my glasses

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && I broke them

**Numbers-1377325** » go to bed

**Numbers-1377325** » text when you get up?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » hey oaklee

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » im sorry

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » im a freak

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u deserve a better friend

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » nite

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed off

**10:**

Numbers-1377325 » hey Missy? you on?

Numbers-1377325 » helllloooooo

Numbers-1377325 » of all the times to not be on

Numbers-1377325 » I need to talk to youuuuu

Numbers-1377325 » Don't make me go to Mike for advice!

Numbers-1377325 » you are always onnnn

Numbers-1377325 » come onnnn

Numbers-1377325 » MISSY

Numbers-1377325 » I know these go through to your phone

Numbers-1377325 » I am gonna message spam you until you come on

Numbers-1377325 » MISSY

Numbers-1377325 » COME

Numbers-1377325 » ONLINE

Numbers-1377325 » HEY

Numbers-1377325 » Right

**Numbers-1377325** » now

**Numbers-1377325** » I know where you live!

**Numbers-1377325** » not that I'd ever like

**Numbers-1377325** » show up

**Numbers-1377325** » because I hate meeting people i talk to online

**Numbers-1377325** » but

**Numbers-1377325** » the threat is still there

**Numbers-1377325** » MISSYYYYYYYYYYYYyyyyyy

**missymeow1213** » Oh hey lol

**missymeow1213** » Sorry, I was with the boy =)

**missymeow1213** » Is everything okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » it's too late

**Numbers-1377325** » I ain't tellin you nuthin' now.

**missymeow1213** » Always the prima-donna lol

**missymeow1213** » Well, if you don't want to tell me...

**missymeow1213** » Then I guess I will tell you about the boy and what I was helping him to do =)

**missymeow1213** » (It involves a razor and a penis)

**Numbers-1377325** » ...I have no idea how we are friends...

**Numbers-1377325** » I actually had a question..

**missymeow1213** » Shoot =)

**Numbers-1377325** » uh. is wetting the bed like a really weird thing at my age?

**missymeow1213** » Uh. Well. Most kids your age have pretty solid bladder control =)

**missymeow1213** » There are exceptions. Some kids wet the bed even as late as 9 or 10, but those are usually girls.

**missymeow1213** » Anything past that age I would think a little harder about.

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee. Are you wetting the bed?

**Numbers-1377325** » NO

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- it's a friend of mine

**missymeow1213** » Is it Mac?

**Numbers-1377325** » Nope

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't think its someone ive mentioned to you before

**missymeow1213** » Well, this friend is your age, and having night-time wetting?

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess? idk

**missymeow1213** » In teens, it can be a sign of abuse. I should get that on the table.

**Numbers-1377325** » hm I don't think that's it

**Numbers-1377325** » but I'll keep my eyes open

**missymeow1213** » Is this person a boy or a girl.

**Numbers-1377325** » girl

**Numbers-1377325** » does that matter?

**missymeow1213** » Yes. Adolescent bedwetting is more common in girls than in boys =)

**Numbers-1377325** » i.e. less of a big deal

**missymeow1213** » More or less =)

**Numbers-1377325** » hm. cool.

**Numbers-1377325** » anything else?

**missymeow1213** » Well, girls of that age are changing physically, obviously lol

**missymeow1213** » The onset on menses can mean weaker pelvic floor control which shows as poor bladder impulse.

**missymeow1213** » And we have social conditioning to overcome bladder impulse, but when we're asleep it's different.

**missymeow1213** » Same thing happens to most women after child birth at least for a while =)

**missymeow1213** » lol tmi?

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh.. the more you know..

**Numbers-1377325** » what if like.. it's not new?

**Numbers-1377325** » like what if she's been having this problem for like forever?

**missymeow1213** » Well it could be different causes just running into each other

**missymeow1213** » Like late development running into early-onset puberty

**missymeow1213** » Or it could be a symptom of abuse.

**missymeow1213** » Stress can cause it, too.

**Numbers-1377325** » mm any way to like.. help?

**Numbers-1377325** » like maybe make her not wet the bed?

**Numbers-1377325** » not that I care like at all but I guess it bugs her

**missymeow1213** » Well if you know it means she trusts you.

**missymeow1213** » So normalize it.

**missymeow1213** » That way, if its stress related you don't contribute.

**missymeow1213** » If its physical, it shows her that you're onboard =)

**Numbers-1377325** » she said she doesn't wanna talk about it anymore..

**Numbers-1377325** » How am I supposed to normalize it?

**missymeow1213** » Well you can normalize it without talking about it lol

**missymeow1213** » Like if you were dating her, she might be weird about sharing a bed with you

**missymeow1213** » But you could be playful and end up laying with her and bypassing her defenses =)

**missymeow1213** » Or whatever lol

**Numbers-1377325** » hm

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not like romance or whatev but yeah I guess I get it

**Numbers-1377325** » like.

**Numbers-1377325** » I kinda wish she wanted to talk about it more..

**missymeow1213** » Why? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » iono. Like I just feel like the more I know about it the more I can help?

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know.

**missymeow1213** » Well, there are exercises girls can do to improve pelvic floor muscle strength.

**missymeow1213** » That can help =) And could be a way to have her open up.

**Numbers-1377325** » am I supposed to be more grossed out? she thinks I'm supposed to be grossed out

**Numbers-1377325** » but like I'm a guy, we like camping and dirt and football and stuff... so it doesn't seem that gross

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean I don't like camping or dirt or football...

**Numbers-1377325** » but it's like. an example.

**missymeow1213** » If she expects you to be grossed out it means that she is grossed out.

**missymeow1213** » And shame like that makes me think its emotional and not physical.

**Numbers-1377325** » so not abuse

**Numbers-1377325** » hm. cool

**missymeow1213** » Well, it could still be.

**missymeow1213** » But I mean that pee is pretty tame by teenage bodily fluids standards =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ...i don't know what that means

**Numbers-1377325** » is this one of your weird fetish things?

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't wanna hear it Missy!!

**missymeow1213** » Then don't ask lol =)

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- ew

**Numbers-1377325** » I was gonna talk to Mike about it too

**Numbers-1377325** » but I think he'd just think I'm talking about myself. @\_@

**missymeow1213** » Probably =) And why is it 'ew' when you think about it in context with me, but fascinating with this mystery girl?

**Numbers-1377325** » it's different

**Numbers-1377325** » bed wetting is not the same as like sex pee stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't even know what to begin calling it..

**Numbers-1377325** » AND I WOULD LIKE TO KEEP MY INNOCENCE THANK YOU

**missymeow1213** » So it's an innocence thing? =)

**missymeow1213** » Like, bedwetting is accidental, so its pure.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...pure?

**Numbers-1377325** » i dunno....

**missymeow1213** » Well, we see it as childish.

**missymeow1213** » And children are "pure"

**missymeow1213** » Bedwetting would be pure because it's childish

**missymeow1213** » But if she was aroused by it

**missymeow1213** » It would be different for you lol

**Numbers-1377325** » she isn't aroused by it. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » she hates it

**Numbers-1377325** » who is aroused by bedwetting?

**Numbers-1377325** » you live in a messed up little world

**missymeow1213** » Different doesn't mean messed up, lol

**missymeow1213** » So you see that your interest

**missymeow1213** » Is because it's pure and innocent, right? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't understand

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't have an interest. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » I think you're curious =)

**missymeow1213** » Maybe because she's doing something that people see as not usually associated with her

**missymeow1213** » Like for you, you step outside the gender norms.

**missymeow1213** » For her, its age norms.

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you see kinship lol

**Numbers-1377325** » except she hates it

**Numbers-1377325** » and she yelled at me for like basically saying exactly what you just said

**Numbers-1377325** » she just wants to be a normal 14 year old girl

**Numbers-1377325** » and I'm trying to explain that it's like

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know

**missymeow1213** » Well because when I say it to you, she's hypothetical. She doesn't exist to me.

**missymeow1213** » When you say it to her, she probably feels objectified =)

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- this is so stupid

**missymeow1213** » Well, think about if you were ashamed to like girls clothes.

**missymeow1213** » And every night you were reminded of that shame.

**missymeow1213** » Sometimes you dress up because you can't help it.

**missymeow1213** » But then the shame is worse and you start hate yourself.

**missymeow1213** » Would you want to talk about with anybody? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ...shoot.

**Numbers-1377325** » No.

**Numbers-1377325** » BUT

**Numbers-1377325** » I JUST WANNA TALK TO HER ABOUT TIT

**Numbers-1377325** » ;\_;

**Numbers-1377325** » Girls are lame.

**Numbers-1377325** » I should just be gay after all

**missymeow1213** » We're pretty crazy lol

**missymeow1213** » But you seem pretty fascinated by this.

**missymeow1213** » If you want to understand and she wont talk to you

**missymeow1213** » Just drink a few gallons of water before bed

**missymeow1213** » And soak your sheets lol.

**Numbers-1377325** » you're an idiot

**missymeow1213** » Hey, what's the harm? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » what's the harm in what?

**missymeow1213** » Trying it for yourself.

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you'll understand better when she doesn't want to talk about it, then =)

**missymeow1213** » Or maybe you'll find some common ground lol

**Numbers-1377325** » please be kidding. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » lol

**missymeow1213** » Fascinating.

**missymeow1213** » You're interested when she does it.

**missymeow1213** » But disgusted at the idea of you doing it.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...well

**Numbers-1377325** » It's different

**missymeow1213** » Why?

**Numbers-1377325** » with her it happens

**Numbers-1377325** » she doesn't have to like make herself...

**Numbers-1377325** » not that I would anyway. @\_@

**Numbers-1377325** » man you're getting my words twisted!

**missymeow1213** » So it's because its involuntary?

**missymeow1213** » Like a helplessness thing? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ...yes?

**Numbers-1377325** » no?

**Numbers-1377325** » I really don't..

**Numbers-1377325** » wait when was this about me?

**Numbers-1377325** » I was talking about her!

**missymeow1213** » Well, what if it was you? =)

**missymeow1213** » If you were a girl

**missymeow1213** » And you wet the bed

**missymeow1213** » And you had a guy friend

**missymeow1213** » Who was curious about it.

**missymeow1213** » How would you feel and how would he need to approach you about it?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...iono...

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess I probably wouldn't want him to really approach it at all....

**Numbers-1377325** » which is like exactly what she said.

**Numbers-1377325** » Maybe I should just let this go...

**missymeow1213** » Well, that's a good realization.

**missymeow1213** » But you think that she'd be happier if she talked to you about it, right?

**missymeow1213** » So how would someone normalize it for you? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » well no... see...

**Numbers-1377325** » the thing is....

**Numbers-1377325** » I think she's probably better off handling it on her own?

**Numbers-1377325** » But I still wanna like...

**Numbers-1377325** » ...i dunno, forget it

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not making sense.

**missymeow1213** » It's good that you're talking about this =)

**missymeow1213** » Keep working through it with me lol

**missymeow1213** » Let's try this.

**missymeow1213** » What is your ideal situation?

**Numbers-1377325** » what do you mean?

**missymeow1213** » Well, what would be your goal? She wets the bed still, but she's not shy about it, or she's comfortable with you being around her when she does? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe?

**Numbers-1377325** » no not...

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't want her to wet the bed. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I just want her to talk about it...

**Numbers-1377325** » she shouldn't wet the bed. I would want her to probably get over it.

**Numbers-1377325** » It's just like. maybe she could talk to me until then?

**missymeow1213** » So you think that she should get over it...

**missymeow1213** » But until then you still want Mac to talk to you.

**missymeow1213** » Because maybe sometimes you can make her feel better about it? =)

**missymeow1213** » I get that.

**Numbers-1377325** » right?

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm being altruistic.

**missymeow1213** » Absolutely.

**missymeow1213** » And you also just told me that it was Mac =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ..

**Numbers-1377325** » @\_@ uh

**Numbers-1377325** »

**Numbers-1377325** » different Mac.

**missymeow1213** » I won't tell her, don't bother trying lol

**Numbers-1377325** » she will literally kill me...

**Numbers-1377325** » please don't even mention this conversation...

**missymeow1213** » So now that we are done with the pretenses.

**missymeow1213** » Tell me what happened lol

**missymeow1213** » Did she tell you up front about this?

**missymeow1213** » lol I won't tell her =)

**Numbers-1377325** » >///  
< fuck

**Numbers-1377325** » um well I snuck out and stayed at her house last night.

**Numbers-1377325** » I know, I'm such a bad kid

**missymeow1213** » A true rebel.

**Numbers-1377325** » anyway I guess like 'cause of the storms she wanted me to lay with her

**Numbers-1377325** » and yeah. the next morning just

**Numbers-1377325** » happened

**Numbers-1377325** » and then she yelled at me and kicked me out of her house

**missymeow1213** » She doesn't like storms? That's so cute =)

**Numbers-1377325** » it is?

**Numbers-1377325** » it's actually a little annoying. @\_@

**missymeow1213** » She's vulnerable and showing her weaknesses to you, you idiot lol

**missymeow1213** » It means she trusts you not to find her annoying.

**Numbers-1377325** » but it is annoying.

**Numbers-1377325** » I wouldn't tell her that

**Numbers-1377325** » but it is, a little bit.

**Numbers-1377325** » and it's not her fault. and I understand that. And I'm supportive and stuff and I helped her through the whole night!

**Numbers-1377325** » and I laid with her in her bed and got my pjs wet because of her

**Numbers-1377325** » So I think I did fine

**missymeow1213** » She's lonely, Oaklee. Her parents were never there to tell her it was alright, figuring that money substituted good parenting. But jeez, she was on an island in a typhoon on her own for six hours when she was a kid. No wonder she's afraid of storms.

**missymeow1213** » But anyway =)

**missymeow1213** » When a girl shares her vulnerabilities

**missymeow1213** » it means she trusts you

**missymeow1213** » She's giving you a chance actually

**Numbers-1377325** » how do you know all that?

**missymeow1213** » The storm thing? She told me =)

**missymeow1213** » She didn't tell you that?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah she did

**Numbers-1377325** » but just last night..

**Numbers-1377325** » you guys have only been talking like 5 days. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » It came up when we were talking about the weather forecast =)

**missymeow1213** » I mentioned there was a storm coming

**missymeow1213** » And she told me lol

**missymeow1213** » Here's the thing

**missymeow1213** » Girls trust girls with that stuff by default

**missymeow1213** » But for a girl to trust a boy with that vulnerability

**missymeow1213** » Means that she's trusting you, dummy

**Numbers-1377325** » hm

**Numbers-1377325** » So like

**Numbers-1377325** » I should push the subject. the bedwetting

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean, I'm just trying to help

**Numbers-1377325** » and she could use somebody there for her about all this.

**Numbers-1377325** » It's for her own benefit.

**missymeow1213** » Rule #1: Always listen to what she wants.

**missymeow1213** » But you can work around that. You can listen to what she says directly, and still be there for her the way you want to be =)

**missymeow1213** » If she says not to talk about it, don't talk about it. But then you can still do things like offering to make a blanket fort and showing that you don't associate her bed with stigma.

**Numbers-1377325** » I think if I start treating her like a kid she'll beat me up...

**Numbers-1377325** » She's not a kid.

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean I don't think of her that way

**Numbers-1377325** » no matter what she wears to bed

**missymeow1213** » Rule #2: All. Girls. Like. Blanket. Forts.

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm gonna talk to her about it

**Numbers-1377325** » 'cause

**Numbers-1377325** » she needs a friend who knows, and I'm that friend

**Numbers-1377325** » and she's probably gonna be mad but she'll be happy later.

**Numbers-1377325** » plus like

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm the epitome of unconventional. So if there's anyone to talk to being weird about!

**missymeow1213** » She also needs a friend she knows will listen =)

**missymeow1213** » So make sure to respect that. Don't just think "this is for your own good" and keep pushing if she says stop.

**missymeow1213** » Because she will freeze you out faster than a cold front off the lakes.

**missymeow1213** » =)

**Numbers-1377325** » \*pout\*

**Numbers-1377325** » I just wanna help...

**missymeow1213** » Be her ally, then, and don't try to talk over her.

**missymeow1213** » If she can tell that you sincerely care, she'll let you be a part of it.

**missymeow1213** » Just put yourself in her shoes.

**missymeow1213** » And before you say anything out loud, imagine it's you with the problem and her saying what you're about to say.

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah, yeah... maybe I won't talk to her about it after all... what does it matter, anyway?

**Numbers-1377325** » she'll come to me..

**Numbers-1377325** » if she wants..

**missymeow1213** » That's a good idea =)

**missymeow1213** » And hey she let you lay in her bed with her

**missymeow1213** » You must be doing something right! lol

**Numbers-1377325** » right..

**Numbers-1377325** » thanks Missy.

**missymeow1213** » You're not as content with my advice as you usually are =)

**Numbers-1377325** » your advice and what I wanna do usually line up better.

**Numbers-1377325** » but I see your point. and being forward is probably just going to piss her off..

**missymeow1213** » She's been on her own for a long time, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » But she seems to trust you.

**missymeow1213** » If anybody can help her, it'll be you =D

**Numbers-1377325** » doesn't make me more content -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Well, it's do it this way, or find her some cute incontinence pants that make her feel like she's a princess.

**missymeow1213** » lol jk

**missymeow1213** » So you stayed the night, huh? Thats so cool =D

**Numbers-1377325** » I wonder what she wears...

**Numbers-1377325** » probably a rude question

**Numbers-1377325** » like asking a girl about her underwear

**Numbers-1377325** » but worse

**missymeow1213** » She probably wears disposable undies, Oaklee.

**Numbers-1377325** » right but like

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean I was laying next to her all night and I didn't even notice.

**Numbers-1377325** » I notice when a toddler's in one..

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe she lied abou tit

**Numbers-1377325** » stupid thing to lie about though

**missymeow1213** » Well, she might do things like wear baggier pants, not because she's expecting company but maybe she likes to hide it from herself.

**Numbers-1377325** » She had on normal PJs.

**Numbers-1377325** » oh her top part showed her tummy too.

**Numbers-1377325** » I definitely don't think she was wearing something for it...

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe because I stayed over?

**missymeow1213** » so she wore a top to make herself feel cute? =)

**missymeow1213** » what about her bottoms?

**Numbers-1377325** » like... pajamas... but they weren't down to her feet, like, almost to her ankles? With bows.

**Numbers-1377325** » she wouldn't lie about it right?

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean there's easier ways to get my attention. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » about wetting the bed? no, she wouldn't. And you suck for thinking that of her.

**Numbers-1377325** » I do suck

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh

**Numbers-1377325** » You're right

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe she forgot to put one of her night things on?

**Numbers-1377325** » I swear she didn't have anything on. she looked like any other girl in pjs

**missymeow1213** » well adult incontinence pants are pretty subtle, Oaklee. Toddlers don't need subtleties, adults do. No adult wants someone to notice what they're wearing =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ...I wonder if I could ask...

**Numbers-1377325** » probably need to be able to TALK ABOUT IT FIRST

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh these rules suck

**Numbers-1377325** » why did I agree to this

**missymeow1213** » Because she's cute and pretty and you're jealous of her princess-in-a-tower-status.

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah that's very true

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe I LIKE HER

**Numbers-1377325** » @\_@ Gosh lets hope not

**missymeow1213** » You'd be able to share a wardrobe!

**Numbers-1377325** » I actually enjoy my time with her. I don't want that all muddled up with like romance stuff

**missymeow1213** » Romance isn't always muddy =D

**missymeow1213** » Things finally got clear for me when we finally started dating

**Numbers-1377325** » if I knew what she wore to bed, I could help her find something better... like that wouldn't get her sheets wet when I stayed over...

**Numbers-1377325** » I should ask

**Numbers-1377325** » no I shouldn't because that's stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » stupid\*

**Numbers-1377325** » not like I plan to do a lot of sleeping over..

**missymeow1213** » She'll be abrasive at first, no matter what you do, because she's ashamed and she wishes you didn't know.

**missymeow1213** » So I hope you're ready for that lol

**missymeow1213** » I think if she invited you once

**missymeow1213** » She means to again.

**Numbers-1377325** » Its less her issue and mor emine. My parents wouldn't let me I gotta sneak around and stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » it's hard work

**missymeow1213** » And the princess isn't worth it? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » she's not a princess

**missymeow1213** » You are <3

**Numbers-1377325** » >///  
< I'm not a princess either.

**Numbers-1377325** » there are no princesses

**missymeow1213** » You both are!

**Numbers-1377325** » no romance!

Numbers-1377325 » no storybook

Numbers-1377325 » bedwetting girl and crossdressing boy

missymeow1213 » You want to run away to her tower and have tea parties and doll conventions for all eternity!

Numbers-1377325 » ...yuppers

missymeow1213 » Nailed it lol

missymeow1213 » Oh shoot, I gotta go.

missymeow1213 » Keep me posted alright? =)

Numbers-1377325 » sure

**11:**

mrmr22 » Heeeyooo

mrmr22 » did you

mrmr22 » #hitthat

mrmr22 » yet?

Numbers-1377325 » grow up

mrmr22 » Oh don't you get your panties in a bunch muffinpie

Numbers-1377325 » >///< shuttup..

mrmr22 » Your coy blush game is strong!

Numbers-1377325 » I gotta question

Numbers-1377325 » uh..

Numbers-1377325 » what do you know about bedwetting?

mrmr22 » Uhhh...

**mrmr22** » Kids do it.

**mrmr22** » Some LG's do it

**mrmr22** » Some people are into it.

**mrmr22** » Not much personal experience

**mrmr22** » You thinking expanding on your cutie points?

**Numbers-1377325** » what?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**mrmr22** » Some people are into it.

**mrmr22** » Like how you're into dressin' all pretty n' shit

**mrmr22** » Sometimes its a fetish

**mrmr22** » Or a power thing

**mrmr22** » Or a comfort thing

**mrmr22** » One of the other forums I go to has a lot of CD's and traps who are into that stuff

**mrmr22** » Diapers and shit

**mrmr22** » Well not shit

**mrmr22** » I hope

**mrmr22** » But yeah its w/e

**Numbers-1377325** » ...um

**Numbers-1377325** » Wow.

**Numbers-1377325** » something you know more about than Missy..

**mrmr22** » Oh yeah man, my game is strong when it comes to traps

**Numbers-1377325** » I was just wondering if like.

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean did you ever?

**Numbers-1377325** » I should have asked Missy this question. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » she rambled on about thow like all girls do it.. sounded very personal-experience-y to me.

**mrmr22** » Wet the bed? Nah. One of the traps I hit a while back did, though.

**mrmr22** » and I've got some peeps on my IM who are into wetting themselves and junk

**Numbers-1377325** » hm..

**Numbers-1377325** » like..

**Numbers-1377325** » mm.

**Numbers-1377325** » okay.

**Numbers-1377325** » I was just wondering..

**mrmr22** » wondering what?

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno

**Numbers-1377325** » like

**Numbers-1377325** » what it's.. like?

**Numbers-1377325** » not like personaly

**Numbers-1377325** » GOSH I KNOW SOMEBODY

**Numbers-1377325** » I should have led with that. -\_-

**mrmr22** » OOOoohhhh

**mrmr22** » haha right

**mrmr22** » fuck

**mrmr22** » yeah, had me worried there for a bit cutie

**mrmr22** » (though they make adult diapers just for trans and cd's now, so you'd be set on that front haha)

Numbers-1377325 » ...I...

Numbers-1377325 » you're weird

Numbers-1377325 » um

Numbers-1377325 » nevermind

Numbers-1377325 » Thanks though

mrmr22 » you got something on your mind, babe, just say it

mrmr22 » haha mince around in cute clothes, don't mince words

Numbers-1377325 » >///<

Numbers-1377325 » the friend I have wont talk to me about it

Numbers-1377325 » I don't know.

Numbers-1377325 » I just think it's..

Numbers-1377325 » I just wanna like

mrmr22 » so you got a friend with a watersports fetish

Numbers-1377325 » -\_- no

mrmr22 » and you're curious about it

Numbers-1377325 » dude

mrmr22 » No?

Numbers-1377325 » NO NO NO NO NO

Numbers-1377325 » NO

Numbers-1377325 » Oh gosh

Numbers-1377325 » no

Numbers-1377325 » what is

Numbers-1377325 » -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » how do

**Numbers-1377325** » we even get into this

**Numbers-1377325** » you're WORSE than Missy!

**mrmr22** » I am an equal opportunity playah

**Numbers-1377325** » nevermind!

**mrmr22** » If its pretty, fuck it. There is no gay. Wiser words have not yet been spoken or memed

**mrmr22** » And if pretty wants to piss herself, thats cool, too

**mrmr22** » Anyway, you were saying

**Numbers-1377325** » this is pretty much how I expected this conversation to go

**Numbers-1377325** » Thanks anyway

**mrmr22** » Be a good girl and tell me whats up. So you got this friend, she's a bedwetter. And you want to know what its like for her.

**Numbers-1377325** » ....I guess... yeah...

**Numbers-1377325** » not like weird fetish stuff or sex or anything!

**Numbers-1377325** » so I figure you probs don't have a lot of insight

**Numbers-1377325** » I shoulda asked Missy before she signed off..

**mrmr22** » Bitch I got tons of insight

**mrmr22** » look man, its usually broken girls.

**mrmr22** » like daddy issues n' shit

**mrmr22** » but it can be like abandonment too

**mrmr22** » or w/e

**mrmr22** » but if you want to understand it

**mrmr22** » try it out

**mrmr22** » who's gonna know but you right?

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy said something like that too

**Numbers-1377325** » but it's not like it's something you can try

**mrmr22** » sure it is

**mrmr22** » you're a dude

**mrmr22** » get comfy, put on a diaper, drink as much beer as you can stomach

**mrmr22** » and go to sleep

**mrmr22** » you'll wake up wet, 100% man

**mrmr22** » dude physiology is simple

**Numbers-1377325** » I hate beer

**mrmr22** » coke would work too

**mrmr22** » just need a drink that'll make you feel bloated

**Numbers-1377325** » totes not actually doing that because it's fucking crazy

**Numbers-1377325** » but I guess you're right about like.

**Numbers-1377325** » it not being impossible.

**mrmr22** » you're clearly into this chick whoever it is

**mrmr22** » and if you're curious for w/e reason

**mrmr22** » who fucking cares?

**mrmr22** » its your business

**mrmr22** » just do it, do whatever you want.

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't wanna do it.

**Numbers-1377325** » and I'm not into her

**Numbers-1377325** » I just think I'm pouty because she wont talk about it

Numbers-1377325 » I don't know

Numbers-1377325 » but you did help.

mrmr22 » you're so fucking cute

Numbers-1377325 » ....?

Numbers-1377325 » huh..?

mrmr22 » Just sayin' shit like that. Pouty. Haha. You're cute as shit.

Numbers-1377325 » \*rolls eyes\*

Numbers-1377325 » I'm gonna go find my brother.

Numbers-1377325 » figure out what we're doing for lunch

mrmr22 » yeah, I got a boy from craigslist coming over, wants to know what it's like to be used like a girl. I didn't have the heart to tell him that girls deserve respect and shit. I'll tell him that after he's done haha

mrmr22 » Seeya cutie.

Numbers-1377325 » you're a regular superhero.

Numbers-1377325 » See ya, Mike

Here's the thing about my friends. Mac's fourteen. Missy's like a hundred. And Mike doesn't know an ass from a vagina. Literally. None of them are me, or even close to me. Maybe I could ask Bindie, but maybe he's just as far away from me as they are. I guess I'm an outlier. I can really only rely on my own ideas. Still, I like the perspectives... I like that people will tell me things I hadn't thought of. That's probably why I keep such weird friends. But it still begged the question: what next? Spin the little roulette wheel of ideas, or just make something up myself? For now, I guess Missy's was the best. Be there if she needs me. Who knows, maybe she'll text me wanting to talk about it! But she didn't. When she woke up, we talked about candy corn for like half an hour. No going back now...

12:

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && honestly

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » dont even get me started

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » on that seasonal stuff

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » starburst candycorn??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » who eve rsaid they wanted that??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » candycorn is candycorn flavored

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && its perfect b/c it is

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you stopped replying

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » is your dad there??

**Numbers-1377325** » watching youtube

**Numbers-1377325** » i have a question

**]Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you may ask the princess your question!

**Numbers-1377325** » uh did we.. like..

**Numbers-1377325** » were things normal with us?

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean, excluding the obvious thing. that we don't talk about

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean, before that. just me being there..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I don't understand the question

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ?????

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I think we are fine??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » explain??

**Numbers-1377325** » like

**Numbers-1377325** » the first time I came over and that dress and stuff I was acting weird?

**Numbers-1377325** » and that wasn't really how I normally act..

**Numbers-1377325** » but you called me cute and stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » and then last night. I felt a lot more like me

**Numbers-1377325** » I was just wondering..

**Numbers-1377325** » if you still.. liked me

**Numbers-1377325** » when I act like me?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I like you then

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && I liked you before too

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » both are you, Oaklee

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » just different clothes you wear

**Numbers-1377325** » I think I was just nervous the first time

**Numbers-1377325** » that's not how I am

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so then you can wear pretty dresses next time you come over again!

**Numbers-1377325** » I think so, yeah

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe something a little more me, though?

**Numbers-1377325** » like a cute cardi or something

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i thought maybe

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we could go somewhere

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like out

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && you can wear a pretty dress && a cardi && I can do your hair && makeup

**Numbers-1377325** » ..yeah?

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean..

**Numbers-1377325** » ..it's probly not a good idea..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your not ashamed of what you wear

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && we will go somewhere on my side of town

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » noone you know will recognize you

**Numbers-1377325** » ..right but

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your being lame!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » this is what u wanted!!

**Numbers-1377325** » It is!

**Numbers-1377325** » I just..

**Numbers-1377325** » what if its weird..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » weird for you or weird for me?

**Numbers-1377325** » weird for everyone else?

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean, my parents are always talking about the way things are

**Numbers-1377325** » and I think they're just assholes most of the time but like

**Numbers-1377325** » that stuff has to be coming from somewhere..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » thats their problem!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && honestly

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ppl never really care about anyone else

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'm a 14 yo girl who lives on her own

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && nobody cares right

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » (basically on her own)

**Numbers-1377325** » it matters

**Numbers-1377325** » I just dont want people to look at me weird..

**Numbers-1377325** » I should be allowed to dress however..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you are allowed to dress however

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and if ppl stare you just stare right back

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like you cant believe

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » they left the house

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » looking like THAT

**Numbers-1377325** » ..that's true

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean a lot of people dress really bad. @\_@

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » they rily do!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u told me that clothes are just clothes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your not dressing like a girl

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your dressing nice!

**Numbers-1377325** » \*nod nod\*

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah

**Numbers-1377325** » you're right

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh I can't believe I'm letting my parents get to me..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I bet they dont dress half as nice a you do too!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your a diamond in the rough!

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh you're so lame. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah

**Numbers-1377325** » fuck my parents

**Numbers-1377325** » I am totes gonna put a nice outfit together and go out HOWEVER I WANT

**Numbers-1377325** » this weekend

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » Wednesday

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » with me, wherever you want!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » as long as we can get an uber there

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it will be my treat!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » o/c i don tknow where people go at our age...

**Numbers-1377325** » uh like the movies?

**Numbers-1377325** » we could get coffee?

**Numbers-1377325** » do you like coffee? I don't thnk i like coffee

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I dont think i do

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I avoid caffiene after 4pm too

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » caffenne?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » caffine?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » caffeine

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe a movie then

**Numbers-1377325** » or like a bookstore or something

**Numbers-1377325** » i dunno

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh I love bookstores!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && movies are good too

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » theres a really big mall not far from my place

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » do teenagers still do malls?

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno

**Numbers-1377325** » if word gets back to my parents though..

**Numbers-1377325** » i probs wont be able to see you anymore...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » do your parents usually go to a mall where the \$1 menu at taco bell is \$2.79?

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o gosh no

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and are they likely to use a very expensive private card service??

**Numbers-1377325** » no.. i just mean I dont want word getting back to them. @\_@

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I'm pretty sure there isn't some gossip network

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » that exists

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » just to tell your parents

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » how pretty you are

**Numbers-1377325** » ..good point..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm being paranoid. @\_@

**Numbers-1377325** » okay I'm in

**Numbers-1377325** » no worries

**Numbers-1377325** » lets do it

**Numbers-1377325** » well not now

**Numbers-1377325** » but later

**Numbers-1377325** » like wednesday

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » wednesday

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I need to stop by build-a-bear anyway.... so it will be good for us both!

**Numbers-1377325** » build a bear? >\_<

**Numbers-1377325** » aren't you supposed to be like pretending to be grown up?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » what do you mean pretending??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I am very mature for my age!!

**Numbers-1377325** » says the girl who wants to go to build a bear. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » that's so 5 year old

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you are clearly jealous that you do not have a build a bear!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so I will buy you one

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && then you will not tease me about mine!

**Numbers-1377325** » yes and my parents would have a field day with that one XD

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » 'my girlfriend got me a teddy'

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » `I think its lame but shes into that stuff`

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » `&& i gotta make some sacrifices to keep her happy`

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » `beer football orangutan`

**Numbers-1377325** » she wont buy it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you are apparently dating a 14 yo girl!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » as a 14 yo girl

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I can confirm

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » 14 yo girl like this stuff!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we'll get you a boy bear

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » with a football uniform

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » or something

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && tons of pretty dresses too

Numbers-1377325 » .hm

Numbers-1377325 » I guess like

Numbers-1377325 » that's not the stupidest idea

Numbers-1377325 » he could be like me!

Numbers-1377325 » XD oh gosh

Numbers-1377325 » now you have me wanting a teddy bear

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » see if you would just listen to the princess

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » you would be much happier!

Numbers-1377325 » Wednesday then?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » wednesday!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » you need to pick a name for your teddy before then

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » thats your assignment!

Numbers-1377325 » -\_- this is so stupid

Numbers-1377325 » gonna head out shopping for junk food and energy drinks. ttyl

## 13:

**"You heading out? Want a lift somewhere? I'm taking off, gonna go check on the girl."** Deagan didn't use names for his interests, only ever the girl, and he rarely specified if the girl was someone else this time or not. It was a good catch-all term for him. It was better just to not involve the family.

**"Uh, no, it's fine..."** Honestly, the Walgreens down the road was a ways, and getting dropped off was pretty cool of him, but I just wanted to think on my own for a while. I thought about not bringing my phone. Not talking to Mac. But then again, I'm fifteen. Phones are my life. **"I can walk. Thanks though."** I was putting my shoes on - a pair

of skate shoes that my parents thought weren't girly enough to warrant replacing. They changed my laces, though... they were blue fucking laces!

**"You look about as lost as an elf at a sci-fi convention."** The voice didn't have to carry far — there were only the two of them in that aisle, the tall fixtures atop the shelves creating a modicum of privacy. It was hard to tell the gender of the voice, too — it wasn't airy and girlish, but neither did it have any of the chest resonance of a boy. **"I mean, you've walked up and down this aisle a dozen times now, looking nervous and worried."** It was a... boy? A pretty boy? or a kind of androgynous girl, maybe. Hair short cut, shaved to one side with swept bangs, squared off glasses that should have been dark, but were bright pink, and tight fit girls jeans. **"I'm Sayla. And you're... going to hurry away now because you're embarrassed...?"**

Who approaches people like that? And like, down here? And like... my cheeks were crimson. Like really red. I was embarrassed. She wasn't an employee. She was just a normal girl. He? It was... surprisingly hard to tell. I tried to find some words or something, but all that happened was my looking from the packages to the... uh... person. And back at the packages again. **"W-well... i-it's not like... uh.."**

**"Most of what you can get online is better. People who wear because they need to get prescription stuff, and people who wear because they want to can find cuter. So then you have this stuff, which is like... buying bread at a gas station. Just for in a pinch."** Sayla seemed pretty knowledgeable about the topic of adult diapers, but also somewhat disinterested as well.

**"...I'm not sure what you're talking about,"** I said quietly, and stepped away from the girl. Or boy. Like he or she imagined, I left the aisle, walking down another one, one with makeup, which probably wasn't much better. What the hell was wrong with her...

**"That color is wrong for you."** It was about 5 minutes later, and Sayla took the bottle of foundation from the boy, set it back on the shelf, regarded the available options, and picked out a replacement. **"Look in the mirror."** Sayla motioned to the display mirror, smeared a little of the foundation onto a finger, and rubbed it into a patch on the boys chin. **"See?"**

**"I know what I'm doing,"** I said flatly. **"You clearly don't."** No bashing me for being a boy and looking at makeup? Jeeze, she wasn't even bashing me for being a boy and hanging in the tampon aisle. Maybe I over reacted... **"I like the lighter one 'cause of my hair."** **"Get a lighter powder, not a lighter foundation."** ...huh. I guess that made sense. **"Thanks..."**

**"Have you thought about putting a highlight through your hair? Nothing over the top, but you have amazing hair, and hair is like art — you gotta work the shadows and highlights, right?"** The boy was looking at his reflection again, in consideration, appraisal. **"You didn't tell me your name, either."**

"...Oaklee... and you're..." **"Sayla."** "Okay..." Sayla. Hm. I blinked, then looked around, then up at the girl. Or boy? I was in my Walgreens. The one by *my* house. This wasn't like being across town at Mac's! And I just gave her my name... **"I... gotta go... sorry..."**

**"There's a mirror up there, see?"** Sayla motioned to the far corner of the store, smiling slyly. **"You can see the door, and the whole store, really. So if you're afraid of running into somebody, you'll have the jump on them."** They weren't just words of advice, they were words spoken from experience. **"Oaklee. I dig it, that's a pretty name."**

I looked up at the girl, then at the mirror, and backwards at the registers. It wasn't that I was worried about running into somebody I knew: I was worried I'd run into somebody I didn't. And have that person get to know me. Which was what was happening... **"Thanks, I guess..."**

**"Okay, so you're into lookin' good, and doin' good at it, let me tell you."** Sayla grinned. **"Okay, so the diapers. You're not a femme, and you're jumpy, so it's not for a family member, and your fine lil' tush tells me you don't need them because you're not wearing now. So you're a little, right?"**

**".....huh?"** I had no idea like anything she just said. I blinked up at her, and I guess my bewilderment surprised her. She was the type not to be wrong very often, maybe? **"Uh... I was... I've got a friend who has trouble... I was just trying to... familiarize myself... if that makes sense..."**

**"Well. That's good!"** Sayla spoke in a tone both accepting and totally not believing, and motioned to the end of the aisle. **"Let's talk about them, then. I know a little. And by that I mean a little bit about the subject. And I was right about the makeup, wasn't I?"** Clearly speaking, Sayla didn't seem used to not being right.

**"...I guess..."** I'd asked Missy about it a little, but she didn't know anything. At least, she wasn't letting on. And Mac sure as hell wasn't going to tell me anything. I followed her back into the aisle and looked down at the packages. **"Uh... I just... I was wondering what she wears. My friend. She's smaller than me..."** I put my hands on my hips quietly, blushing a touch. **"But I didn't even notice... maybe she just wears like pads or something..."**

**"Well the idea is that you don't notice, if she wears because she's incon."** Sayla ran fingers over the shelves and picked out a package. **"Like I said, if she's incon she probably gets prescription stuff better than this, but these are similar, and they're meant to be pretty similar to knickers."** And then, remarkably, Sayla opened the package and pulled one out, gently unfolding the pullup and holding it up. **"These are good for discretion, but can leak sometimes. So it's a trade-off."**

**"Y-you can't just open that!"** My words were a bit of a hiss, trying to keep my voice down. I looked around the aisle and up at the mirrors, trying to figure out if anyone was watching. Then I looked at her, and at the... uh... underwear? They looked like underwear. But different. And the packaging was a bright pink instead of the usual dull blues or greens. It wasn't for kids, was it...? Maybe it was a pad. I felt my cheeks hot, looking at the underwear, and swallowed hard. I dropped my gaze to my feet. **"You're going to get us in trouble.."**

**"No I'm not."** There was a small laugh, and Sayla folded the pullup back up and pushed it back into the package, setting it down on the shelf. **"There's a lot more spread than there is with baby stuff because babies don't really get a say what they wear."** There was some level of confidence in all of the words chosen, the actions taken and the expressions made. Sayla smirked, looking at the boy. **"You're cute when you're flushed like that."**

**"I.. really should go..."** The demeanor changed pretty quick. From the boy who told her off in the other aisle about make up to the one now, moving nervously from foot to foot. I wasn't sure which way to walk. Backward, and double through another aisle? Past the girl? I felt so stationary... **"Thanks for your help..."**

Sayla reached into the tight pocket of the jeans and pulled out a name badge, clipping it place with a smile. **"Would you like me to ring anything up for you? I can do it at the pharmacy counter and brown-bag if you want."** In that moment, a lot of the over-confidence and knowledge about the product started to make a lot more sense.

She worked here? She wasn't in uniform, though. But she had that badge. Sayla. Weird name. But if she worked here, it meant she'd see me more often. I always came up here for snacks and stuff. Jeeze, now I'd need to find a new shop... and the next one was a quarter mile up the road... **"No thanks..."** I guess I was walking past her, past the girl with the badge on her shirt, as I blushed and hurried for the exist.

**"Have a nice day!"**

**14:**

**Mac » hi**

**Mac » how is your energy shopping going??**

**Mac » i dont know how you have that much caffiene!!**

**Oaklee » uh decided not to go**

**Mac** » then get online!!!

**Oaklee** » Okay uh gimme a bit

**Mac** » what are you doin?

**Oaklee** » Just gettin food!

**Oaklee** » Calm your farm!

**Mac** » bring me food!!

**Mac** » haha jk you like cheese ew

**Oaklee** » yup i'm just gonna eat cheese and more cheese

**Mac** » ew ew ew!!

**Mac** » what are you going to name your pretty boy teddy??

**Oaklee** » i dunno I don't really want one

**Mac** » yes you do!!!

**Mac** » its not ur choice

**Mac** » he will play football

**Mac** » && do ballet

**Mac** » &&& be a cheerleader 2!

**Oaklee** » I don't want one

**Mac** » why?? we agreed

**Mac** » wednesday

**Mac** » did something happen?

**Oaklee** » No

**Oaklee** » Nothing happened

**Oaklee** » I just wasn't really into it in the first place

**Mac** » your such a liar, oaklee!!

**Mac** » we will talk about it after you have your teddy on wednesday

**Oaklee** » ugh

**Oaklee** » I'm not getting one

**Oaklee** » Okay?

**Mac** » nuhuh

**Oaklee** » whatever

**Mac** » you remmber how u were worried

**Mac** » tht you sometimes didnt act like urself?

**Mac** » this is not acting like u

**Oaklee** » Yeah well this one's your fault

**Oaklee** » 'cause you're just not open or anything

**Mac** » huh???

**Mac** » what did i do??

**Mac** » i talk 2 u about everything!!!

**Mac** » ur like my only friend...

**Oaklee** » Right sorry

**Oaklee** » Forget it I'm just crabby

**Oaklee** » I woke up early right? I'm just tired

**Oaklee** » forget it

**Mac** » going 2 lay down

**Mac** » ttylz

**Oaklee** » Hey wait

**Oaklee** » Did I say something wrong?

**Mac** » u blamed me for you not acting like u

**Mac** » i dont no if that is my fault but if it is then i should go away 4 a bit

**Mac** » b/c u is important

**Oaklee** » No

**Oaklee** » I'm sorry

**Oaklee** » Its not your fault

**Oaklee** » I'm just trying to help or whatever and its harder like

**Oaklee** » When we cant talk about stuff

**Oaklee** » I don't know

**Oaklee** » is this about the bear?

**Mac** » what are u talking bout...

**Oaklee** » I just don't really understand stuffed naimals

**Oaklee** » I just feel stupid right now..

**Mac** » what do u want 2 help w/?

**Oaklee** » I dunno.

**Oaklee** » I just feel dumb

**Mac** » ur not dumb

**Mac** » just tell me ur feelings plz

**Oaklee** » I am

**Oaklee** » I feel dumb

**Oaklee** » I feel like I don't know anything

**Mac** » u know how 2 be a cutie patootie!

**Oaklee** » and you know how to cheer me up

**Mac** » if u dont want a bear thats okay i just wanted 2 give you something nice && you were excited when I told you that he would be like you

**Oaklee** » It's just a bear

**Oaklee** » Like I care if I have one or not

**Oaklee** » Im just all over the place today

**Mac** » there is something u want to talk about isnt there??

**Oaklee** » huh?

**Mac** » u said u couldn't talk 2 me about something

**Oaklee** » I dunno I was just rambling. -\_-

**Mac** » u werent!!

**Mac** » be honest!

**Oaklee** » There's nothing to talk about

**Mac** » would u pinky promise?

**Oaklee** » I gotta go moms home

**Oaklee** » ttys

**Mac** » bye

///

**Numbers-1377325** » You think she's mad at me?

**Numbers-1377325** » My mom really was home. @\_@

**missymeow1213** » I think she's going to think you dodged out on a question she felt strongly about =(

**Numbers-1377325** » I just think shes right

**Numbers-1377325** » Pretending it didn't happen

Numbers-1377325 » It's just getting me in trouble trying to be helpful

Numbers-1377325 » not worth it

missymeow1213 » Probably lol

missymeow1213 » But

missymeow1213 » You can't just turn off how you feel =)

missymeow1213 » It's not in you to let things go.

missymeow1213 » Which can be a good thing

Numbers-1377325 » bad thing today

Numbers-1377325 » I just wanna forget it..

missymeow1213 » You can always try.

missymeow1213 » But it's not in our nature to deny ourselves =)

Numbers-1377325 » over

Numbers-1377325 » done with

Numbers-1377325 » no more on it

Numbers-1377325 » how are you?

missymeow1213 » lol if you say so

missymeow1213 » I am okay =)

missymeow1213 » Collared today lol

missymeow1213 » So might take off at random mid-convo

missymeow1213 » Pending the boys whims lol

missymeow1213 » But I look cute as hell.

missymeow1213 » What did you get up to today, apart from fighting with Mac?

Numbers-1377325 » nothin'

**Numbers-1377325** » stayed home

**missymeow1213** » sounds fun lol

**missymeow1213** » When are you hanging out with Mac next?

**Numbers-1377325** » never if she doesn't stop being upset

**missymeow1213** » And you think its her job to stop being upset?

**missymeow1213** » And not yours to help her? =)

**missymeow1213** » That doesn't sound like the Oaklee that I know.

**Numbers-1377325** » mannnn stop being logical

**Numbers-1377325** » \*pout\*

**missymeow1213** » I am Oaklee's sense of logic.

**Numbers-1377325** » \*deep sigh\*

**Numbers-1377325** » How do I fix it?

**missymeow1213** » Tell her the truth. And then do as she says once she knows the truth =)

**missymeow1213** » Only way to fix it.

**Numbers-1377325** » just tell her the truth..

**missymeow1213** » Tell her you wanna help with the bedwetting thing.

**missymeow1213** » Or at least normalize it so she doesn't feel ashamed

**missymeow1213** » She'll prolly say no lol

**missymeow1213** » But then at least it was her choice to say no.

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't wanna do that anymore

**Numbers-1377325** » I just wanna not think about it.

**missymeow1213** » I don't think that is true =)

**missymeow1213** » I think you see a connection with her.

**missymeow1213** » Because you're genderly displaced

**missymeow1213** » And she has something to make her chronologically displaced

**missymeow1213** » You want to feel connected to someone.

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not genderly anything. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » and she's not chronoly anything either

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not even the same thing, and I get that now, because she was smart and told me

**Numbers-1377325** » and honestly I just wanna not deal with it

**Numbers-1377325** » I liked it more before today, before I knew

**missymeow1213** » Okay =)

**Numbers-1377325** » it was some stupid crappy thing that happened and I'm gonna take her advice and ignore it

**missymeow1213** » Well, I did tell you to listen to her lol

**missymeow1213** » Just dont let it get in the way of your friendship, Oaklee

**missymeow1213** » She seems really good for you!

**Numbers-1377325** » yes ma'am..

**missymeow1213** » lol not ma'am today

**missymeow1213** » That was yesterday

**missymeow1213** » lol =)

**missymeow1213** » Does she know that you're jealous of her?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**missymeow1213** » Oh, shoot

**missymeow1213** » bbl

missymeow1213 has gone offline

**Numbers-1377325** » wait!

**Numbers-1377325** » dude

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh

**Numbers-1377325** » I hate your stupid boyfriend sometimes

## 15:

**Numbers-1377325** » it's like almost midnight and I think this is stupid because I get you're upset because I dodged out of your question

**Numbers-1377325** » But you shouldn't not talk to me because that's lame and I'm really cool, even when I'm being a jerk

**Numbers-1377325** » How are we fighting like we're actually dating when we're not actually dating?

**Numbers-1377325** » \*groan\*

**Numbers-1377325** » I was upset because I kind of wanted to talk more about the stuff this morning some more just some stupid questions

**Numbers-1377325** » but I think its a bad idea now

**Numbers-1377325** » And I got ahead of myself and thought I could fix your life and your problems

**Numbers-1377325** » but that's stupid because you're fine the way you are and I like the way you are

**Numbers-1377325** » so like, in summary

**Numbers-1377325** » 18 hours after what happened this morning happened

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm done thinking about it.

**Numbers-1377325** » You were right about everything and us not talking about it and pretending it didn't happen. and I'm just an idiot for thinking I knew better than you

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not going to bring it up again pinky promise. and if it happens again what happened this morning I'll pretend its something else that happened

**Numbers-1377325** » just don't be mad at me anymore..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm gonna go to bed

**Numbers-1377325** » Because it's like really late and I got up really early

**Numbers-1377325** » we can text tomorrow and wednesday we'll go shopping for a bear or something

**Numbers-1377325** » and everything will be back to normal

**Numbers-1377325** » nice boy who comes over for storms and nice girl who buys him cute stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » because thats how I like us being

**Numbers-1377325** » anyway

**Numbers-1377325** » sweet dreams whenever you go to bed

**Numbers-1377325** » sorry again

**Numbers-1377325** » night

11:56pm

///

2:18am

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has come online

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » can i come over

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ur offline...

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has gone offline

///

2:41am

**Mac** » wake up

**Mac** » please

**Mac** » wake up now

**Mac** » why dont u

**Mac** » sleep with ur phone

**Mac** » in ur hand

**Mac** » liek normal

**Mac** » teenagers

**Mac** » wake up...

**Oaklee** » h,?

**Oaklee** » Id o sleep wit my fone in ey haned

**Mac** » not well enough!!!

**Oaklee** » It slips outt

**Oaklee** » What

**Oaklee** » ?

**Mac** » can i come over

**Mac** » ull say no

**Mac** » but

**Mac** » its

**Oaklee** » Cant mom wont

**Oaklee** » Whats up

**Mac** » its dumb

**Mac** » just heard noises outside

**Mac** » got scared

**Oaklee** » Its fine

**Oaklee** » Nobodys there

**Mac** » u dont know that

**Mac** » what if its a cat burger

**Oaklee** » ..like a burger of cats..

**Oaklee** » Do you have cats?

**Mac** » no like

**Mac** » one of those robbers

**Mac** » that dress all in black

**Mac** » && steal diamons

**Oaklee** » Do you have diamons?

**Mac** » yes some

**Oaklee** » o-o oh

**Oaklee** » Uh

**Oaklee** » Call the police

**Mac** » see it could be a cat burger!!!

**Mac** » it sounds like

**Mac** » they wanted my trash

**Mac** » do cat burgers go though trash??

**Oaklee** » Probably like a racoon or a goat..

**Oaklee** » Just go back to sleep

**Mac** » we dont have goats

**Mac** » do u have goat problems wear u live??

Oaklee » Uh

Oaklee » Not really

Oaklee » Rraoons dre a probely theough

Mac » talk to u in the morning

Mac » need 2 change

Mac » ....shut up

Mac » to tired 2 censor

Mac » night!

Oaklee » Wait

Oaklee » Get online

Oaklee » I'll get on

Oaklee » Keep you company utnil ur tired

**16:**

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » cant find my glasses

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » one sex

Numbers-1377325 » you uh

Numbers-1377325 » by your window?

Numbers-1377325 » with the blanket and stuff?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » uhhuh

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » dont see any goats tho

Numbers-1377325 » if you get tired just fall asleep ok we can talk more in the morning dont stay up cuz of me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » going to find my glasses now

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » dont fall asleep!

**Numbers-1377325** » its so early..

**Numbers-1377325** » woke up early yesterdya wnt to bed late and awake at..

**Numbers-1377325** » 3:03 am

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Hi

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » you like..

**Numbers-1377325** » changed or whatev..?

**Numbers-1377325** » not trying to ask questions..

**Numbers-1377325** » just like

**Numbers-1377325** » nvm

**Numbers-1377325** » so tired

**Numbers-1377325** » wait does us talking mean you arent mad at me now?

**Numbers-1377325** » or is you being mad on pause until the cat burglars go away

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your making a bigger deal out of it with your not question

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && im not mad at you

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& its car burgers theres no L

**Numbers-1377325** » .. i'm almost sure theres an L

**Numbers-1377325** » you seemed mad at me yesterday

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » theres not then it wouldnt make sense!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » wasnt made you just made me feel really horrible && i didnt know why

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c you dont usually do that.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..oh

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't mean to...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i know

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you want to talk about my thing

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && your sad when i dont want to

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& i dont know why you want to talk about it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c its weird and gross and blah

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && i thought b/c I told you to aks questions before

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » that it would be enough

**Numbers-1377325** » it was

**Numbers-1377325** » Its out of my system

**Numbers-1377325** » I think just because its new or something..

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy says its because we're both weird in our own way and I get drawn to that

**Numbers-1377325** » whatever that means

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u enjoy yours though

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && it makes you happy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » mine makes me sad

**Numbers-1377325** » I know

**Numbers-1377325** » you're right

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » wait

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » wait wait wait wait

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u told missy???????

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » kfjnsdksjnsknseifewfiwun

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » what

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u said u did!!

**Numbers-1377325** » I was nonymous!

**Numbers-1377325** » annonymous\*

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » what does she know?????

**Numbers-1377325** » nothing!!

**Numbers-1377325** » i said I had a friend wih that problem and i wanted to know if it was typical

**Numbers-1377325** » she asked if it was me and is aid no and she asked if it was you and i said no

**Numbers-1377325** » i said she didnt know hte perosn i was talkig about

**Numbers-1377325** » i swear

**Numbers-1377325** » but Missy also said its normal

**Numbers-1377325** » not normal but like pretty normal

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » mrggrgr...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she thinks im neat

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if she knew that I

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ugh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she would

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » hate me

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont thinks hed hate you

**Numbers-1377325** » but missy said it was fine

**Numbers-1377325** » that its kinda common in girls

**Numbers-1377325** » especially with like. abuse or abandoning

**Numbers-1377325** » and you never see your mom and dad so maybe

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » im not absued

**Numbers-1377325** » i didnt say you were

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » they love me

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont think you are

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » there just

**Numbers-1377325** » i know

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » busy

**Numbers-1377325** » its fine

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but they love me

**Numbers-1377325** » i just mean cuz they arent there

**Numbers-1377325** » that it might be a reason

**Numbers-1377325** » and missy says it happens

**Numbers-1377325** » and its like totally fine

**Numbers-1377325** » and she thinks youll grow out o fit

**Numbers-1377325** » we arent supposed to be talking about this

**Numbers-1377325** » that was your rule

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no where not

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its not b/c of them

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » its just

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » im broken

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » is all

Numbers-1377325 » you arent broken

Numbers-1377325 » you are awesome

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » aweosme girl dont wet the bed

Numbers-1377325 » i think its cute!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » how?????????????

Numbers-1377325 » i dunno it just is

Numbers-1377325 » just shut up okay

Numbers-1377325 » because you're so fucking cute

Numbers-1377325 » and your room and your bed

Numbers-1377325 » and your stupid dolls and teddy stuff

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » >/////////<

Numbers-1377325 » and your bedwetting is just

Numbers-1377325 » its cute

Numbers-1377325 » really cute

Numbers-1377325 » so just shut it

Numbers-1377325 » dont wanna hear another word about it

Numbers-1377325 » are you in another one

Numbers-1377325 » diaper

Numbers-1377325 » are you?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » ....yes

Numbers-1377325 » what kind are they

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » what

Numbers-1377325 » what kind

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » thats

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » no

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » this conversaton is

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » over

Numbers-1377325 » i want to know

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » omd

Numbers-1377325 » in case you ever DO stay the night here

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » ...

Numbers-1377325 » i just

Numbers-1377325 » if something comes up

Numbers-1377325 » and i gotta get them

Numbers-1377325 » i want you to be comfy

Numbers-1377325 » just

Numbers-1377325 » please.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » i feel sick

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » really sick

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » b/c im gross

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && u dont seem 2 see it

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » i would give up my room && my dolls && my bed && my teddy && everything

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » 2 not wet the bed

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && have parents like yours

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » that care

Numbers-1377325 » my parents literally hate everything that makes me who i am

Numbers-1377325 » dont act like you want that

Numbers-1377325 » id rather have no parents than my parents

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » hate is better than apathy...

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u dont ever say that

Numbers-1377325 » whatever

Numbers-1377325 » forget it

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » going 2 sleep

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » bye

Numbers-1377325 » mac

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » thx for wkaing up

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has gone offline

**17:**

Numbers-1377325 » its my turn to be mad right?

Numbers-1377325 » she signed off on me

Numbers-1377325 » are you even listening?

Numbers-1377325 » i'd talk to missy if she were answering

mrmr22 » chicks do that haha

mrmr22 » They do these big rants and then sign off

**mrmr22** » You can be mad at her but it will just extend the "fight"

**Numbers-1377325** » BUT I WANNA BE MAD

**Numbers-1377325** » I AM MAD

**Numbers-1377325** » I want her to apologize to me

**mrmr22** » for what? haha make sure you know

**mrmr22** » because just being mad and not knowing why sucks babe

**mrmr22** » tell me what your pissed off over.

**Numbers-1377325** » she's always so depressed

**Numbers-1377325** » I was trying to tell her not to be that shes amazing

**Numbers-1377325** » and she like ignored it

**Numbers-1377325** » and went on about how my life is great like fuck my life

**mrmr22** » well babe

**mrmr22** » the grass is never greener on the other side

**mrmr22** » thats dumb as shit

**mrmr22** » you think her life is better

**mrmr22** » she thinks yours is better

**mrmr22** » but the grass is greener where you water it

**mrmr22** » fuck babe

**mrmr22** » if you think she has it better

**mrmr22** » then change your life

**mrmr22** » collect dolls and shit you know

**Numbers-1377325** » >///  
< thats not what I meant..

**Numbers-1377325** » I meant like parents and stuff..

**mrmr22** » yeah but everyone hates their parents

**mrmr22** » and if you hate your parents

**mrmr22** » then anyones parents look pretty good!

**Numbers-1377325** » its still at least as much her fault as mine...

**mrmr22** » well yeah but when two chicks fight

**mrmr22** » it always is

**mrmr22** » and this is a chick fight

**mrmr22** » sorry cutie I dont make the rules.

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not a chick -\_-

**mrmr22** » thats not the point

**mrmr22** » you're embroiled in a chick fight

**mrmr22** » the only way to fix it is for one of you to apologize

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not apologizing

**mrmr22** » which is exactly what chicks say haha

**mrmr22** » thats what I mean

**mrmr22** » so you have to think about it

**mrmr22** » you care about her, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » sure I guess

**mrmr22** » and your heart is in the right place

**mrmr22** » you want to show her that you can take care of her

**mrmr22** » right?

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » I am not trying to coddle her

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm trying to get her to feel better

**Numbers-1377325** » not even

**Numbers-1377325** » it's more complicated.

**Numbers-1377325** » nvm

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**mrmr22** » yeah thats also not what I said, babe

**mrmr22** » explain it to me like I'm 5.

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno..

**Numbers-1377325** » I just want her to stop hating everything around her...

**Numbers-1377325** » I just want her to see how lucky she is...

**mrmr22** » Why do you think shes lucky?

**Numbers-1377325** » she just has such a great life and can do what she wants and doesnt check in with her parents and its so

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno like

**Numbers-1377325** » why cant I just live however I wanna live?

**mrmr22** » So its not envy, it's jealousy.

**Numbers-1377325** » what?

**mrmr22** » you don't think she should see how good things are

**mrmr22** » you think she should appreciate it

**mrmr22** » because you'd kill for what she has

**Numbers-1377325** » ...no its not like

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno..

**mrmr22** » If you could trade your life with her

**mrmr22** » like. become her.

**mrmr22** » and she'd become you

**mrmr22** » and assuming she wanted to

**mrmr22** » would you/

**Numbers-1377325** » well

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not a girl but

**Numbers-1377325** » sure i guess..

**mrmr22** » even if it meant you'd have to be a girl?

**mrmr22** » I mean

**mrmr22** » you'd be here

**mrmr22** » you'd look like her

**Numbers-1377325** » ...

**Numbers-1377325** » this is stupid..

**mrmr22** » answer the question, cutie

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno..

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe..?

**mrmr22** » so you're so jealous of her life that you would even accept being a girl

**mrmr22** » you know how you're feeling now, all longing and shit?

**mrmr22** » maybe she feels the same way.

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont wanna talk about this anymore..

**Numbers-1377325** » I just want her to shut up and apologize..

**mrmr22** » yeah well maybe she wants the same thing

**mrmr22** » maybe she's talking to someone else about this right now

**mrmr22** » you think shes in the wrong

**mrmr22** » she thinks you're in the wrong

**mrmr22** » unless you two can sit down with each other over coffee and accept that you're different from each other

**mrmr22** » and that's okay

**mrmr22** » it'll be a stalemate.

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't wanna talk about it

**Numbers-1377325** » forget I said anything

**mrmr22** » dude

**mrmr22** » listen

**mrmr22** » don't run from this

**mrmr22** » you've been really cool since you started talking to her

**mrmr22** » and I think she's good for you

**mrmr22** » maybe even girlfriend material

**mrmr22** » so come on, don't duck out

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not into her that way

**Numbers-1377325** » she's cool because she gets the whole dress up thing and clothes being not gender based and all that and I love that

**Numbers-1377325** » but like

**mrmr22** » yeah you've been single forever and you're not just jumping onto her because she's there

**mrmr22** » that's why I think she's good for you

**Numbers-1377325** » then things like this happen, and it's just like. I really don't like her sometimes..

**mrmr22** » here's the thing

**mrmr22** » she's a girl

**mrmr22** » she's probably socially awkward as fuck

**mrmr22** » low self esteem

**mrmr22** » doesn't really know how to deal with peeps

**mrmr22** » you're a natural with people, so its simple for you

**mrmr22** » but this is probably terrifying to her

**mrmr22** » and do you always know the right answer to things when you're scared?

**mrmr22** » she probably wants to trust you with everything

**mrmr22** » but

**mrmr22** » I don't know

**mrmr22** » imagine if every time you talked to someone

**mrmr22** » you were waiting for a sign that you annoyed them or upset them

**mrmr22** » and then you just write yourself out

**mrmr22** » shit man

**mrmr22** » I dont know

**mrmr22** » she has cute shit and all that

**mrmr22** » but you have something she doesn't

**mrmr22** » the ability to deal with people

**mrmr22** » understand them

**mrmr22** » you still there?

**Numbers-1377325** » Maybe I should just... give her space...

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe I need space

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll be around if she wants to talk I guess and I won't be an ass

Numbers-1377325 » but like.

Numbers-1377325 » idk

mrmr22 » would you act like that if you had a fight with any other friend?

mrmr22 » Or would you just want to put it behind you?

mrmr22 » Friends are worth a lot when you don't got much, right?

mrmr22 » you told me that.

Numbers-1377325 » Missy would have been better at this

Numbers-1377325 » -\_-

mrmr22 » yeah well

mrmr22 » what do I tell you?

mrmr22 » what you want to hear? or the truth?

Numbers-1377325 » blah

Numbers-1377325 » I should sleep

mrmr22 » wait one sec alright

Numbers-1377325 » I'm sure I'm just crabby because it's ike 5am and I haven't slept..

mrmr22 » look. my speciality is broken birds, girls who are fucked up in one way or another

mrmr22 » I'm a good lookin' guy

mrmr22 » I give them something they need

mrmr22 » so yeah I know how to work chicks like that

mrmr22 » but Mac...

mrmr22 » Mac is going to end up taken advantage of by a guy like me unless she finds a friend like you

mrmr22 » Someone who gives a fuck

**mrmr22** » and you do, Oaklee

**mrmr22** » you give a fuck

**mrmr22** » thats pretty cool of you.

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah I guess

**Numbers-1377325** » night Mike..

**mrmr22** » night

I guess she wasn't in the mood to talk on Sunday. I guess I wasn't really either. I didn't know how we'd break the tension between us, but I figured we would. I mean, maybe we wouldn't. I sent her a message online, but she wasn't on. Just telling her I still wanted to keep our plans Wednesday. Monday after school, I didn't get online. I didn't want to know if she replied. I wondered if Missy was worried. But she didn't worry a lot. I was probably fine. I went on a different website for a couple hours instead. Escapism had always been a real talent of mine.

**crinkabell** » Hey

**crinkabell** » Haven't seen you around here before.

**crinkabell** » You new here?

**Quietplaces** » uh hi yeah

**crinkabell** » I usually stalk profiles when I see new people, but yours is empty XD

**crinkabell** » So we're going to have to do this the haaaard way

**Quietplaces** » oh i dont really wanna make friends or anything

**Quietplaces** » i'm just reading

**crinkabell** » Like, the stories and stuff?

**Quietplaces** » huh?

**Quietplaces** » no just a forum post

**crinkabell** » Oh, that's cool XD Most people either come here for the stories or the galleries \*lol\*

crinkabell » You a boy or a girl?

Quietplaces » boy

crinkabell » That's cool XD

crinkabell » So you're a daddy, then? or a baby? Or just a diaper lover?

Quietplaces » uh

Quietplaces » no

Quietplaces » I'm sorry i'm busy

crinkabell » Oh, I'm bothering you? :)

crinkabell » Sorry :)

crinkabell » If you have any questions or anything

crinkabell » I'm like, the resident diaper princess

crinkabell » So you can message me anytime

So that didn't work. I closed the website, erased my browser history like I do every single time, and put my head on the desk. Why was I still looking into her bedwetting? And that place was such a bad resource... all about sex stuff. Why is everything about sex? Don't fourteen year olds have bedwetting problems that aren't about sex?

## 18:

**"Come on, bro, I'm taking you to Denny's."** That was Deagan's go to — breakfast at any hour of the day, who could hate on that? He'd come into his brothers room to find the boy with his head on the desk, playing idly with the edge of his computer. **"You seem pretty down. Is this about that girl? We'll get a couple plates of pancakes and talk about it. Or just check out the waitresses."**

I didn't want to talk about Mac. I didn't know what I wanted to do or say. But the pancakes were pretty nice. And the waitresses were pretty cute. Can't hate Denny's, no matter how hard you try. **"So is it about the girl?" "Not really... we're just not talking right now. I don't think it's a fight. Just like... taking time."**

**"Huh, alright."** The older brother started up the engine of his car, noisily, and ruffled Oaklee's hair. **"Well, chicks are complicated. I mean, not if you just want to hit some tail, but if you want to be their friend, or a boyfriend, or whatever. Yeah. Chicks speak different languages to us."**

**"I guess..."** I mean, I didn't think it had anything to do with her being a "chick". But we were definitely speaking different languages. Her of the privileged no-parent family with the cute dolls and bedwetting. Me with my obsessive parents and poor home life. Maybe we needed to work it out. Maybe it was worth checking my computer when I got home... **"I'm going to the Westwood mall Wednesday in a skirt."** Telling my brother this was either perfectly fine or perfectly stupid. Neither was an advantageous decision. I gained nothing. But ultimately, I was tired of hiding it. I had to hide it from my parents. But Mac was right - I was starting to feel ashamed. I wouldn't let that happen. And my brother was someone I could normally talk to...

**"Uh, alright."** That was Deagan's tone he used when he wasn't so sure how to respond or what to do with a nugget of information. But he was a good brother, and protective, and he fell back onto what he knew best. Protecting. **"Alright, you going with that girl? I don't want you going alone, you could get hurt."**

**"Mac. She's coming with me."** And that alleviated any ambiguity of Mac *not* knowing I liked to wear girl's clothes. Or just cute clothes other people thought were specifically girl's clothes. Word was going to spread around school so fast... **"I just wanted you to know..."**

**"Well, that's cool."** The car pulled into the parking lot of the Denny's, and the older sibling cut off the car. **"I'll make sure Mom doesn't head out anywhere"** - their father never left out of walking distance - **"in exchange, you promise to call me if you get in over your head or anybody gives you any shit."**

**"Nobody will."** Actually, I couldn't be sure of that. But I wanted to alleviate both my brother's and my own worries. Those words would help. They did. I followed him out of the car and into the Denny's. He seemed thoughtful. He was a slower thinker. That sounds like a bad thing, but it's not. He always says things in the best way because of it. I'd give him time while we got a table.

The two of them sat, and appreciated waitresses, and ordered a pair of full stacks of pancakes, and it was then, when they were alone, that Deagan finished with his thought. **"Are you sure that this means enough to you to go down this path? I'm not judging, not at all. This is your life, Oak. I just mean it's one thing doing it in your room on your own, but going out in public makes it... real. And you could get hurt."**

**"I think that if other people want to make a big deal about what I wear, then they can go right ahead. But like, people wear really ugly things. Like Mom. Don't get me started. And honestly, you could use with a new coat."** This was my way of

being nice, apparently. **"I wanna be me. I'm not gay and I'm not a girl: I just think some clothes people think are "girl-only" are really awesome. And I'm not letting people get in the way of me and what I want. Like you're not letting anyone get in the way of your engineering fellowship."**

**"Yeah, I get that."** The same words could be said from Deagan or from one of their parents, but Deagan could always get through a little more effectively. Maybe because he was so non-confrontational about it. **"It's just going to mean you're constantly having to fight off peoples misconceptions, always."** Which was, again, not confrontational — just honest. Pancakes arrived.

**"I don't care. Who knows - maybe everyone's misconceptions will be fixed? Maybe I get to do that. Running scared isn't helping anyone, not me or them. Ya know?"** I took a bite of pancake, then looked across the tables at a girl by the register. I nodded for my brother to look, and after he did, he had a little smile. Like maybe he believed me.

**"So tell me about the girl, now that you've hung out with her some. She end up being girlfriend material?"** It didn't matter too much that they weren't talking right now, because Deagan knew his brother and knew that he was a diplomat like few others. Any disagreements now would be worked through. **"She's cute, right?"**

**"Yeah, really cute..."** The words sounded sour though, and it didn't take him long to ask. **"What's wrong, then? You're so down."** **"I dunno. She's from the west. And I didn't think it would be a big deal, but she's so upset about it. Like I have it better somehow? I dunno... it's weird. I'm trying to ignore it."**

**"Well yeah, but you've read The Outsiders,"** Despite the lack of available money, the Edwards were notoriously well-read. It was a matter of family pride. **"Everybody has their problems, and you give a girl enough problems and she's going to think about how anything else must be better."**

**"I know. I mean, I know you're right, and I guess that's the worst part. Because I should just let it all go, and I can't seem to. Like, I just wanna say her argument is valid and her concerns are valid, but I just get so... upset about it. Like I care about my money or my parents, right? So why am I fighting so hard?"** It was rhetorical. I sighed and took another bite of pancakes. I should just tell her all her sadness is okay. Because that's what a good person does...

The older sibling shrugged his shoulders and mulled over his own syrup-soaked pancakes for a while, appreciating the other waitresses for a while. **"She has things a lot better than us, huh? She lives in the West, and probably gets what she wants, and I bet her dad isn't an alcoholic cripple. And I bet if she were a boy and wanted to dress in girls clothes, she wouldn't be screamed at for it, either, right?"**

"...right." Not that any of that even mattered. I was never upset with her for being different. Honestly, I handled my parents pretty well. And now I was even going behind their backs to do what I wanted anyway. I didn't care about where I lived or the money I had. I guess that was when I first realized: I'm not jealous of her at all. Then why did Missy and Mike keep calling me jealous?

"So you resent her, right?" It was a term that nobody has had mentioned, and maybe it was only because Deagan had the reality of the situation to work with. **"She probably knows you do, too. It's inevitable when it comes to people of different classes, but there's so much other stuff she has, I'd be amazed if you didn't resent her."**

"Resent... her? For what?" **"I dunno. Money. Having parents that leave her alone. Getting to wear what she wants."** Money. Like I cared. Parents. I ignored mine most of the time anyway. I didn't like her glamorizing my parents, because bad parents and no parents are both shitty things. But did I resent her? No. It's my life. So I blinked up at my brother and shook my head. **"No. I don't resent her. I like who she is... I wouldn't want that to be different."**

**"No, you wouldn't want her to be different. You wish you were more like her, though. Like you had some of the things she has. Like I dunno, I bet she has a bigger room than you, right? Probably no idiots racing muscle cars up and down the street, or train tracks right near by."** And that was just the simple analysis, based on how little the bigger brother knew.

"...I like the train tracks..." But I wished I had her room. Not bigger. Just different. And her spot by the window. With the blankets. The dolls were kind of cute. In a weird way. And a teddy bear from build a bear? I dunno. Maybe. I looked down at my foot with a bit of color on my cheeks and tried to find the words. **"Either way, I should talk to her..."**

**"Yeah, you should."** That was based on the idea that guys shouldn't feed into drama, they should be the ones to stand stoic while the girl burns herself out and then everything would be fine. But Deagan didn't know how things were with his brother, because maybe his brother found more comfort in dealing with this stuff like a girl.

## 19:

Deagan drove me home before taking off again. My dad was home, but my mom wasn't. It didn't matter. I went up the stairs and into my room, pulling myself up to the computer. The monitor was new, but the tower itself was pretty old. At least it looked fancy if you kept the cabinet closed. I clicked the IM program and watched it bounce to life. Two days worth of missed messages popped up.

**missymeow1213** » Hey. Sorry, I was busy.

**missymeow1213** » You still there?

**missymeow1213** » I'll be here =)

**mrmr22** » how'd things go with the bae?

**mrmr22** » haha dont keep me in suspense!

**missymeow1213** » Still not around?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » hi...

**missymeow1213** » Mac was in chat today, she seemed really off. Is everything okay?

**mrmr22** » the two of you still not talking??

Missy was the only one online. I was hoping for something more than "hi". No texts either. Hm. I sighed and clicked Missy's SN.

**Numbers-1377325** » A stupid fight

**missymeow1213** » Hmm. Tell me about it?

**missymeow1213** » And where have you been?

**Numbers-1377325** » just keepig my distance

**missymeow1213** » And why's that?

**Numbers-1377325** » because i'm an idiot

**missymeow1213** » lol =)

**missymeow1213** » Catch me up?

**Numbers-1377325** » I got in a fight about parents and stuff.

**Numbers-1377325** » like because mine are assholes and hers are never around

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont even know why because I don't believe in any of it. I think both our parents suck and that should be htat

**Numbers-1377325** » but we were talking about her bedwetting and then the topic shifted a couple times

**Numbers-1377325** » and like

**Numbers-1377325** » I was saying stuff I didn't even believe in

**Numbers-1377325** » because she wasn't listening

**Numbers-1377325** » it was so stuipd and I'm so over it

**missymeow1213** » Ah. Runaway Brain?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah i guess

**missymeow1213** » So she's mad because you think her bedwetting is good and you're mad because she thinks your parents are good?

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » she said something about how my parents are better than her parents and I said that was crap

**Numbers-1377325** » even though it's probably true

**Numbers-1377325** » I just don't know why I argued

**missymeow1213** » Well, maybe her parents are better in terms of success.

**missymeow1213** » But your parents are better at being parents

**missymeow1213** » At least, at being there

**missymeow1213** » Either way its a dumb thing to fight over =)

**Numbers-1377325** » I agree

**missymeow1213** » Obviously, the answer is to dress up as each other and swap families for a week!

**Numbers-1377325** » that sounds nice. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » she dresses nice!

**missymeow1213** » Would you fit into her clothes? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » uh huh

**Numbers-1377325** » i think so

**Numbers-1377325** » i mean maybe not her jeans shes thinner than me

**Numbers-1377325** » but dresses or skirts or something

**missymeow1213** » So now all you need is a way to have her pass for you =D

**missymeow1213** » And you'll be set!

**missymeow1213** » Psh, like you'd wear jeans if you had access to a rich-girls dresses!

**Numbers-1377325** » so true o\_o

**missymeow1213** » I think you two just need to talk

**missymeow1213** » And understand how you both have things good and bad

**missymeow1213** » Because you two are like

**missymeow1213** » Made for each other.

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- dont say gooey stuff like that

**missymeow1213** » I don't mean romantic, dummy

**missymeow1213** » Though you'd be cute

**missymeow1213** » Like a pair of matched dolls!

**missymeow1213** » But I mean you get each other I think.

**missymeow1213** » You just both need to listen a little more.

**Numbers-1377325** » I knowwwwwwwwwww

**Numbers-1377325** » this is all stuff I've figured out

**missymeow1213** » So you listen. She listens.

**missymeow1213** » Then you take tons of cute pictures of you guys as twins

**missymeow1213** » For me to frame and put on my wall! =D

**Numbers-1377325** » you aint ever gettin pictures of me pervert! XD

**missymeow1213** » I will! Once Mac is done training you~

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**missymeow1213** » Nothing =D

**Numbers-1377325** » you tell me!

**missymeow1213** » Obviously I've been grooming Mac to be a pretty little domina, bent on turning you into a pretty little living doll

**missymeow1213** » Duh!

**Numbers-1377325** » youre crazy..

**missymeow1213** » The best thing is that you don't know if I'm kidding or not =D

**Numbers-1377325** » you are

**missymeow1213** » Well, you're already pretty fixated on her =D

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- i am not

**Numbers-1377325** » she is a friend

**missymeow1213** » She's looking forward to taking you teddy shopping, btw.

**missymeow1213** » Wednesday, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..she mentioned that huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » >||< it's nothing

**Numbers-1377325** » stupid fake girlfriend thing, she said

**missymeow1213** » She was crying because she thought you wouldn't want to do it anymore, actually.

**missymeow1213** » She thinks you hate her =(

**Numbers-1377325** » she's so dramatic. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » She's a 14 year old girl.

**Numbers-1377325** » I sent her a message telling her I was still going.

**Numbers-1377325** » she's just being difficult

**Numbers-1377325** » she really is like a baby.

**missymeow1213** » You might not want to tell that to her, with the bedwetting and all.

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't mean it like that

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » she keeps saying she's not a kid

**Numbers-1377325** » and then acts like a kid

**missymeow1213** » Well, she doesn't know how to act around people =)

**missymeow1213** » She's been treated like a kid her whole life.

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno

**Numbers-1377325** » it's cute that she's childish

**Numbers-1377325** » but like

**Numbers-1377325** » super annoying.

**Numbers-1377325** » XD

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't make any sense when I talk

**missymeow1213** » Well, a lot of teenage girls are childish, though.

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you could cultivate it, help her see it as a strength.

**missymeow1213** » And curb her away from the more annoying elements of it?

**Numbers-1377325** » it's alllllll annoying

**Numbers-1377325** » and alllllll cute

**Numbers-1377325** » It doesn't matter

**Numbers-1377325** » I just wish she'd put a little more faith in me..

**missymeow1213** » You could be all little sister aesthetic with her! Make her one of those hyperactive genki anime girls.

**Numbers-1377325** » than to think I wouldn't be friends with her after so long

**Numbers-1377325** » if I can move past bedwetting I think I can move past parents being stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » like

**Numbers-1377325** » why doesn't she see it as a strength

**Numbers-1377325** » us being the same

**Numbers-1377325** » she has to be more screwed up than me

**Numbers-1377325** » like that matters

**Numbers-1377325** » I just want her to be her

**missymeow1213** » She expects the worst of people, because that's what she knows. Teach her that your friendship is invincible, and she might surprise you.

**Numbers-1377325** » what do you think I've been doing?

**Numbers-1377325** » you dont even know her

**Numbers-1377325** » you're not her therapist or anything

**missymeow1213** » Twelve hours of chatting yesterday says otherwise.

**Numbers-1377325** » forget it

**missymeow1213** » Hey, now. What's with the hostility? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » just

**Numbers-1377325** » why do I have to make it better?

**Numbers-1377325** » you're my friend and you're protecting her

**Numbers-1377325** » and just

**Numbers-1377325** » forget it

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont wanna make it better

**missymeow1213** » She makes you better just by being in your life. She normalizes your dressing desires, she arranges dates for you to go out in public.

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm tired and confused and that's all this does to me

**missymeow1213** » Shut up.

**missymeow1213** » And listen.

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**missymeow1213** » What has she done as benefit to you since you met? Be honest => I'm not protecting anybody. I'm not taking sides. I'm looking at this as objectively as a girl with cat ears and a largely uncomfortable princess plug can look at things.

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm just

**Numbers-1377325** » tired of this

**Numbers-1377325** » tired of protecting her and make her feel better when everything is feeling crappy

**Numbers-1377325** » and then when I feel crappy having everyone tell me I need to just make it better

**Numbers-1377325** » and I'm just tired of it

**missymeow1213** » ...are you done? I'd like to talk now.

**Numbers-1377325** » No!

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not done

**missymeow1213** » Okay, continue.

**Numbers-1377325** » It's not going to go away

**Numbers-1377325** » its not gonna be done

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm aggravated

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not babysitting her

**Numbers-1377325** » we are friends and I get shes a girl and I'm not

**Numbers-1377325** » and I get shes more emotional than me

**missymeow1213** » Sit down. Shut up. And listen. Because you're in a meltdown, and I won't tolerate it.

**Numbers-1377325** » but everybody you and Mike

**Numbers-1377325** » you and make and..

**missymeow1213** » Quiet.

**missymeow1213** » All I want to hear from you, is 'Yes Missy'. Understand, sweetie?

**Numbers-1377325** » ... when im..

**missymeow1213** » This temper tantrum has gone on long enough.

**Numbers-1377325** » .. im..

**missymeow1213** » You're acting like a baby. So listen up, because Mommy is talking.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...

**missymeow1213** » 'Yes Missy'

**Numbers-1377325** » but..

**Numbers-1377325** » nobody gets it..

**missymeow1213** » Would you prefer 'yes Mommy' instead?

**Numbers-1377325** » ... >////< can you not..

**Numbers-1377325** » youre doing that thing where

**Numbers-1377325** » yur being a brat..

**missymeow1213** » Listen. No interruptions little one.

**missymeow1213** » She spoils you. She puts up with your doubts and your drama, and she encourages the parts of you that you have trouble encouraging. She wanted to meet you. She chased after you. She dressed you in a cute dress and showed you her room, and her world, and her shows and her dolls.

**missymeow1213** » She's planning to take you out in public in a skirt. She has huge social anxiety, how hard do you think it will be for her, being right next to the center of attention?

**missymeow1213** » Mac cares about you. A lot. And she feels so unremarkable next to you.

**missymeow1213** » And the only thing she feels makes her different, now, noticeable.

**missymeow1213** » Is that she wets the bed.

**missymeow1213** » She feel like that makes her a joke, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » She puts so much into you, and then when someone tells you

**missymeow1213** » Hey, maybe you should help Mac with her doubts

**missymeow1213** » You flip out.

**missymeow1213** » So no. No tantrum.

**missymeow1213** » No emo kid routine, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » No easy way out here.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...i dun like it...

**missymeow1213** » And why? You can tell me, be honest =)

**Numbers-1377325** » she just..

**Numbers-1377325** » gets everything...

**missymeow1213** » I know. And it's not fair, I know. She knows...

**missymeow1213** » She wants to share that with you, too, I think...

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont get it...

**missymeow1213** » She can give you a friend who nurtures you, and access to her world, and endless pretty things.

**missymeow1213** » And you give her someone who actually wants to know her.

**missymeow1213** » There isn't a thing she wouldn't do for you.

**Numbers-1377325** » she doesn't let me know her she doesn't talk to me about stuff...

**missymeow1213** » she thinks that if she lets you into that, you won't want to know her anymore. And what did I trust say that you give her?

**Numbers-1377325** » well I do wanna know and I'm aksing and she doesn't answer.

**missymeow1213** » She talks about everything else, though, doesn't she?

**missymeow1213** » She tells you about her dolls

**missymeow1213** » And her parents

**missymeow1213** » And her fear of storms

**missymeow1213** » And what happened on Maui

**missymeow1213** » She tells you everything else, doesn't she?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...right...

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess...

**Numbers-1377325** » but not about...

**missymeow1213** » I'm sure there are things you don't talk to her about, too, aren't there?

**Numbers-1377325** » not really

**Numbers-1377325** » if she'd just talk to me about it!

**Numbers-1377325** » I could get to know her better!

**missymeow1213** » And why does that one thing mean so much? You know I won't tell her, so tell me?

Numbers-1377325 » because!

Numbers-1377325 » she's hidin things!

Numbers-1377325 » meaning

Numbers-1377325 » shes not being open!

missymeow1213 » But you know she wets the bed

missymeow1213 » What else would you like to know, that she didn't already tell you?

Numbers-1377325 » I dunno like...

Numbers-1377325 » what she wears and stuff...?

missymeow1213 » And that's important for you to know?

missymeow1213 » Not judging, just curious.

Numbers-1377325 » well

Numbers-1377325 » she's hiding it...

Numbers-1377325 » shouldn't I be curious?

missymeow1213 » So you wouldn't be curious, if she didn't hide it?

Numbers-1377325 » of course not

Numbers-1377325 » because then I'd know

Numbers-1377325 » and she'd be being honest

missymeow1213 » Well. Would you ask her what type of tampons she uses?

Numbers-1377325 » ew no

Numbers-1377325 » o\_o

missymeow1213 » And this is different?

Numbers-1377325 » so

Numbers-1377325 » different

**missymeow1213** » Because this is cute?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**missymeow1213** » Because you don't think that this... endearing, maybe?

**missymeow1213** » Or just because it makes her different?

**Numbers-1377325** » I just

**Numbers-1377325** » it's just different..

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not all weird and

**Numbers-1377325** » periods are weird

**Numbers-1377325** » putting things in you to make it less weird is still super weird

**Numbers-1377325** » talking about those things is weird

**Numbers-1377325** » is this how Mac feels about cheese?

**Numbers-1377325** » blah

**missymeow1213** » What? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » she hates cheese

**Numbers-1377325** » finds it gross

**missymeow1213** » But her name...

**missymeow1213** » Like her SN...

**Numbers-1377325** » ...huh

**Numbers-1377325** » never thought about that

**Numbers-1377325** » anyway its very different

**Numbers-1377325** » her "cheese sticks" and bedwetting

**missymeow1213** » And you don't think it would be weird if you wet the bed?

**missymeow1213** » If you had to wear diapers?

Numbers-1377325 » well..

Numbers-1377325 » ..iono

missymeow1213 » What if it were you, and this girl that's kind of magical to you found out, how would you feel?

missymeow1213 » Ashamed?

Numbers-1377325 » ...I guess...

Numbers-1377325 » but

Numbers-1377325 » she should be being honest with me!

Numbers-1377325 » see this is what I mean

Numbers-1377325 » everyone defends her

Numbers-1377325 » always about making her feel better

missymeow1213 » This isn't about her.

missymeow1213 » I'm trying to make you feel better.

Numbers-1377325 » if shed talk to me I'd feel better!!

missymeow1213 » Now calm down, or Mommy will slap your pretty face.

missymeow1213 » We're doing this rationally.

missymeow1213 » Understand?

Numbers-1377325 » >///< don't say stuff like that..

Numbers-1377325 » though you'd be a better parent than my mom.. @\_@

missymeow1213 » She might actually talk to you about it, you know that?

missymeow1213 » Perhaps she feels like you don't understand.

missymeow1213 » I have experience =)

Numbers-1377325 » you have a kid?

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't know that..

**missymeow1213** » I didn't say that =)

**missymeow1213** » (nor did I not say that)

**missymeow1213** » lol

**missymeow1213** » Anyway

**missymeow1213** » Maybe she feels like you don't understand

**missymeow1213** » How do you think you could mitigate that?

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't caaaaaaarreeeee

**Numbers-1377325** » we came to an agreement

**Numbers-1377325** » not to talk about it

**Numbers-1377325** » because like you said

**Numbers-1377325** » even if its not weird, it's weird to her

**Numbers-1377325** » so like, I'm respecting her

**missymeow1213** » And the agreement is making you upset, and causing friction, isn't it?

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**missymeow1213** » Wanna try that again?

**Numbers-1377325** » no..

**missymeow1213** » I can help you.

**missymeow1213** » But you gotta stay honest with me.

**missymeow1213** » Even if some truths are harder to admit to.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..I dont know what ur getting at.

**missymeow1213** » You're curious about it. And agreeing not to talk about it, doesn't make your curiosity go away.

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you find it endearing, or cute, or anything else.

**missymeow1213** » Have you thought about you being a bedwetter? About wearing diapers at night? Waking up wet?

**missymeow1213** » I want you to be honest when you answer that, okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » NO

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy

**Numbers-1377325** » seriously

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm just trying to help her out

**missymeow1213** » \*slaps your cheek\*

**Numbers-1377325** » can you not be

**Numbers-1377325** » ..

**Numbers-1377325** » .. you cant slap me through a computer...

**missymeow1213** » and yet your cheek is still tingling

**missymeow1213** » believe me, intent can be conveyed very well through word =)

**missymeow1213** » Now listen

**missymeow1213** » Say she tells you what she wears

**missymeow1213** » What then? How does that help?

**missymeow1213** » You could buy some. Maybe wear them once or twice, but what then? How is that helping her?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..its not about me.

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not

**Numbers-1377325** » I wasn't going to buy anything

**Numbers-1377325** » I was wondering

**Numbers-1377325** » because if she ever runs out

**Numbers-1377325** » or is in a bad situation

**Numbers-1377325** » I can get her some

**Numbers-1377325** » or

**Numbers-1377325** » I can look up something on the internet

**Numbers-1377325** » similar to them but might not leak

**Numbers-1377325** » so she can feel better about laying in bed with me

**Numbers-1377325** » during storms and stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » you're so weird

**Numbers-1377325** » how do you even think this stuff up

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm just trying to plan ahead

**missymeow1213** » =)

**missymeow1213** » if you wet the bed, would you want someone to do all that?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...yeah

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean...

**Numbers-1377325** » I'd be shy, I think.. but..

**missymeow1213** » even if you leaked on them?

**Numbers-1377325** » it'd be nice to know there are like... contingencies...

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean... they would already know...

**Numbers-1377325** » and

**Numbers-1377325** » and if I leaked

**Numbers-1377325** » then they deserve like

**Numbers-1377325** » the right to find me something better!

**Numbers-1377325** » so it doesn't happen again

**Numbers-1377325** » seriously that's like

**Numbers-1377325** » it's almost rude

**Numbers-1377325** » that she expect me to come over and stuff again

**Numbers-1377325** » without doing research

**missymeow1213** » so how do you think she feels about being almost rude to you?

**Numbers-1377325** » CRAPPY SO I AM TRYING TO HELP

**Numbers-1377325** » if she'd just tell me and I could look stuff up!

**Numbers-1377325** » then she wouldn't have to feel this way anymore

**Numbers-1377325** » see this is what I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » she can just make her life so much easier if she'd tell me

**missymeow1213** » Have you considered if she might have already looked things up herself? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » She could have missed something

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm really good with web searches and stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » and there are forums and stuff

**missymeow1213** » Forums, huh? And what did they teach you? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » well like

**Numbers-1377325** » I need to know what the hell she wears so I can figure it out

**Numbers-1377325** » 'cause that lady said they were probably this one brand 'cause I didn't notice

**Numbers-1377325** » but like I know?

**missymeow1213** » Lady?

**Numbers-1377325** » and like absorbances or something?

**Numbers-1377325** » the one at the store

**Numbers-1377325** » and then there's like 90 different things

**Numbers-1377325** » there's plastic ones but they make sound

**Numbers-1377325** » and she doesn't make sound

**Numbers-1377325** » but there's cloth ones that need to be washed

**Numbers-1377325** » and she has a maid

**Numbers-1377325** » See

**Numbers-1377325** » if she'd tell me

**Numbers-1377325** » this would be like 900% easier

**Numbers-1377325** » but she's being a brat about it

**Numbers-1377325** » like she doesn't want my help

**missymeow1213** » ...you talked to a lady in the store?

**missymeow1213** » About diapers?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » what?

**Numbers-1377325** » no.. liek

**Numbers-1377325** » not about them

**missymeow1213** » Why were you looking at diapers? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ..I wasn't looking..

**Numbers-1377325** » I was just trying to..

**missymeow1213** » But you talked to a lady in the store about them?

**Numbers-1377325** » I thought there was just one kind..

**Numbers-1377325** » but there are a lot so like

**Numbers-1377325** » I wa sjust walking through..

**Numbers-1377325** » you're getting off topic

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy

**missymeow1213** » Tell me about this lady =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ...why?

**Numbers-1377325** » she was just a clerk

**missymeow1213** » Curious.

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno

**Numbers-1377325** » she was a clerk

**missymeow1213** » Was she cute? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ...I dunno

**missymeow1213** » What did she look like?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh... she was taller?

**Numbers-1377325** » had short hair, and it was like, to the side?

**Numbers-1377325** » and she had makeup on but she was really thin

**Numbers-1377325** » like thin like me, even though she was totally older

**Numbers-1377325** » actually to work there you have to be 16 so she was at least 16

**missymeow1213** » Must have been a pretty in-depth conversation for her to imprint that much on you =)

**Numbers-1377325** » what?

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » she helped me pick out makeup

**missymeow1213** » So she knows you wear makeup, and that you're interested in diapers.

**Numbers-1377325** » and I asked about Mac

**Numbers-1377325** » I ASKED ABOUT MAC

**Numbers-1377325** » I asked if she knew anything

**missymeow1213** » Did she?

**Numbers-1377325** » Kinda

**missymeow1213** » What did you learn?

**Numbers-1377325** » there was like this one brand she thinks mac probably wears because they look like underwear

**Numbers-1377325** » but like

**Numbers-1377325** » they literally look just like underwear

**Numbers-1377325** » just not like fabric. like fuzzy

**Numbers-1377325** » it's weird

**Numbers-1377325** » anyway

**Numbers-1377325** » I can't KNOW

**Numbers-1377325** » because Mac doesn't TALK to me

**Numbers-1377325** » you get it?

**missymeow1213** » You should try some, wear them at night, see if they feel like what Mac was wearing? =) The recon could be good and helpful, not in a teasing way.

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't feel her up you pervert. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » She laid close enough to you to leak on you, though, right? And you kept saying how she 'didn't look like she was wearing a diaper'. So why not do some product testing?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » because if my mom catches me I'm grounded for eternity?

**Numbers-1377325** » because it's stupid?

**Numbers-1377325** » because I don't actually know anything about anything

**Numbers-1377325** » and because I have no money?

**missymeow1213** » you're used to hiding things, aren't you? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » not since my parents turn my room upside down

**Numbers-1377325** » its stupid anyway

**missymeow1213** » But if you had money, and a place to hide them, you would?

**Numbers-1377325** » a complete waste of time and moeny

**Numbers-1377325** » when she could just TELL ME

**Numbers-1377325** » like a NORMAL PERSON

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh

**Numbers-1377325** » you do see the insanity in this, right?

**missymeow1213** » But in the meantime.

**missymeow1213** » If you had the money and a place to hide them

**missymeow1213** » You would?

**Numbers-1377325** » youre just messing with me

**missymeow1213** » Do I ever? =O

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe..

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean if she was really that against talking to me about tit...

**missymeow1213** » Then you'd be able to talk to her about it with experience, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » right..?

**missymeow1213** » Well if seems to me you should be finding a new hiding place, and working out some money =)

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not buyign them -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » you're an idiot sometimes

**missymeow1213** » And you're considering buying diapers to help a friend who wets the bed.

**missymeow1213** » This isn't about her.

**missymeow1213** » You're curious =)

**missymeow1213** » And curiosity is rad!

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm curious about wetting the bed?

**Numbers-1377325** » wait, you think I WANT TO?

**Numbers-1377325** » you're bonkers..

**Numbers-1377325** » you need a therapist. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » I think childishness is seen as feminine inherently, and that's part of her charm to you.

**missymeow1213** » And it's a charm you'd love to have.

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't want to wet the bed Missy

**missymeow1213** » Maybe not, but I think the fact she wears diapers is curious to you.

**Numbers-1377325** » it's curious because its causing her trouble

**Numbers-1377325** » I want to make tha trouble go away

**Numbers-1377325** » okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » so just

**Numbers-1377325** » stop being a know it all

**Numbers-1377325** » you can be wrong sometimes too

**missymeow1213** » So if, say, you had a caring, understanding babysitter type, who wanted to sit you both down, do your hair pretty, dress you alike and then put you both in diapers and down for bed together, that doesn't appeal to you?

**Numbers-1377325** » you are so stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » that doesn't even make sense

**missymeow1213** » Why not? It sounds very feminine to me. Very girlie.

**missymeow1213** » I mean, little girls are much more feminine than adult ones.

**missymeow1213** » Lolita fashion is built around that concept.

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not a girl

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not a little girl

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac isn't a little girl

**Numbers-1377325** » Im me

**Numbers-1377325** » she's her

**missymeow1213** » I know, but you like girlie things.

**missymeow1213** » Both of you do, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » she hates the bedwetting anyway

**Numbers-1377325** » girly things is subjective

**Numbers-1377325** » I like what I like

**Numbers-1377325** » that's it

**Numbers-1377325** » okay?

**missymeow1213** » Yes, because she sees it as weird and unusual and unique to her. Makes me wonder if she would if someone else she knew did it

**missymeow1213** » Anyway. I gotta run =)

**Numbers-1377325** » good

**Numbers-1377325** » go

**Numbers-1377325** » Stubborn know it all

**20:**

**mrmr22** » you actually told Missy off?

**mrmr22** » lol

**mrmr22** » nobody does that, dude

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah well she was out of line

**Numbers-1377325** » she acts like because she's known Mac for like 5 days they are BFFs

**Numbers-1377325** » and like she has all this insight into who I am or something

**Numbers-1377325** » like being a Psych major makes her some sort of spyglass into the human soul.

**Numbers-1377325** » fucking adults man

**Numbers-1377325** » they can't ever admit when they're wrong

**mrmr22** » I dunno man, haha

**mrmr22** » she's usually pretty against arguing though

**mrmr22** » so if she's been pushy it usually means she's pretty sure of herself.

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't care

**Numbers-1377325** » she's an idiot sometimes

**Numbers-1377325** » she lets her "i'm an adult i'm in college" thing blind her

**Numbers-1377325** » and you know that's true

**mrmr22** » that's women for you, man

**mrmr22** » bitches be craycray

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll give you that one. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac still isn't online

**Numbers-1377325** » it's been like 3 hours..

**mrmr22** » maybe you should text her?

**Numbers-1377325** » it's like cheating

**Numbers-1377325** » like, when I needed space, she gave it to me

**Numbers-1377325** » but online, it's like in person.

**Numbers-1377325** » if you wanna walk away you can

**Numbers-1377325** » can't walk away from your phone

**Numbers-1377325** » you can not reply to messages but that's different

**Numbers-1377325** » that's ignoring that's rude

**Numbers-1377325** » she'd feel bad if she had to ignore me

**Numbers-1377325** » but waiting for her online is like

**Numbers-1377325** » waiting for her at a bus stop

**Numbers-1377325** » texting her is like

**Numbers-1377325** » throwing rocks at her house

**mrmr22** » Man I don't think I was ever that complicated when I was your age lol

**Numbers-1377325** » I just know personal space is a good thing

**Numbers-1377325** » and like

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll be here if she needs me

**mrmr22** » And if she feels like she's bugging you?

**Numbers-1377325** » coddling her isn't going to help

**Numbers-1377325** » if she wants to be my friend she needs to learn to trust me

**mrmr22** » maybe she wants to be coddled? it might be new to her lol

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't want to coddle

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not a coddler

**Numbers-1377325** » I can help with things like storms but I can't teach her to trust me

**Numbers-1377325** » she's gotta do that on her own..

**mrmr22** » yeah but that takes time, too, like you gotta give the girl the chance to trust you too

**mrmr22** » like thats girls 101

**Numbers-1377325** » if she honestly thinks I hate her over one stupid fight then.. maybe we can't be friends anyway

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not that boy

**Numbers-1377325** » a lot of boys are

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm the on-equal-footing type

**Numbers-1377325** » I like to make jokes and watch TV and make fun of stuff

**mrmr22** » fair call.

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not a pick me up or an anti-depressant

**mrmr22** » but like, if you want equal footing, are you saying you'd never ever want to be coddled or nurtured?

**Numbers-1377325** » I can't rationalize her problems away and the last time I tried we got into this fight!!

**Numbers-1377325** » no I don't mean that

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » I can't feel like I'm walking on eggshells with her

**mrmr22** » like you've never fucked up so bad and you just wish that the person would come and hug you and say its cool?

**Numbers-1377325** » if I go running up to her now to make it all better, I feel like our friendship is fragile

**Numbers-1377325** » and if I do that

**Numbers-1377325** » I won't be me around her...

**mrmr22** » You're always you, dude

**mrmr22** » times change, people don't.

**mrmr22** » look I just mean

**Numbers-1377325** » no listen

**Numbers-1377325** » listen

**Numbers-1377325** » wait

**Numbers-1377325** » just

**Numbers-1377325** » listen

**Numbers-1377325** » I have put up with you and Missy telling me how to handle this for like 3 hours now

**Numbers-1377325** » and even before that you've been doign it all weekend

**Numbers-1377325** » and I'm glad to have you guys telling me fresh ideas

**Numbers-1377325** » but I like her.

**Numbers-1377325** » and if I want to keep liking her and keep being me around her and not feel closed in and stifled the way my parents make me feel

**Numbers-1377325** » I just need to...

**Numbers-1377325** » trust her...

**Numbers-1377325** » that she won't say this is the end of us hanging out

**Numbers-1377325** » and she needs to trust me that I'm not upset

**Numbers-1377325** » so just

**Numbers-1377325** » I told her Wednesday we'd hang out

**Numbers-1377325** » if she shows then...

**Numbers-1377325** » we'll be fine

Numbers-1377325 » and if not

Numbers-1377325 » she doesn't

mrmr22 » yea fair call.

mrmr22 » guess you'll see how wednesday goes lol

mrmr22 » did you agree where to meet?

Numbers-1377325 » no but

Numbers-1377325 » I'll meet her where we did last time

Numbers-1377325 » thanks for talking to me

mrmr22 » cool man, sounds good

Numbers-1377325 » even if you're lame!

Numbers-1377325 » XD

mrmr22 » Hey man, I got some grade-A pussy here waiting on me

mrmr22 » and I told that bitch to hold her horses for you

mrmr22 » thats bros over hoes you know

Numbers-1377325 » a man after my own heart

Numbers-1377325 » ttyl

mrmr22 has signed off

## 21:

Okay. She didn't talk to me all Tuesday, either. Now I was self-conscious. Maybe I put too much faith in her. Letting her trust me more than her own preconceptions of me? We've only known each other three weeks! Ugh. I was so stupid. Still, I waited by the exit of the school. I waited where I waited before, on the railing above the door. If she came out and walked home, she didn't want to see me. If she looked around for me... I'd go say hello.

Everything felt pretty monochrome since we stopped talking. I don't know, maybe I was dumb to put my faith in anybody, even if it was somebody as lovely and pretty as Oaklee. I kept my options open, I dressed cute, I focused on Wednesday afternoon. And when that came, when I emerged from the double doors where I always did... he wasn't there. I looked around, left and right, optimistic, hopeful, maybe he was just late... but he wasn't there. Wasn't anywhere. I balled up my hands under my too-long cardigan sleeves and stamped my foot. Stupid boy. Stupid. Boy. Stupid Mac...

**"Hey..."** She looked up at me, her eyes watery, like she was close to crying. I bit the inside of my cheek and forced a smile. I wanted to tell her I was sorry. That what I said was stupid and I didn't even believe it, and that I hoped one day she wouldn't believe it either. But I wasn't sure how to get those words out just yet... **"Um. We're still doing the mall thing, right? I mean, my days aren't messed up...?"**

Those same oversized sleeves quickly rubbed my eyes, and smeared eyeliner on them — freshly applied. It was stupid, but I didn't care, and I nodded my head quickly. **"Uhm.. uhuh. Yes. Yes, um... it's Wednesday."** I looked down, sheepishly, and frowned at the black smears on my sleeves. **"...I just ruined my makeup, didn't I?"**

**"I actually really like pandas, so spot on. And hey, if those raccoons ever like go through your trash again you could go out there and go undercover for information?"** She laughed, she really laughed, and I laughed too. **"Wanna go back in the school for a bathroom, or just fix it when we get to your house?"**

**"I can fix it at home. I need to do your makeup, too, unless you know how. Um. We might need to stop on the way because my powder and foundation might not be so good for you."** No kidding — I had the complexion of a pretty little corpse. I laughed a bit under my breath, smiled bright and tugged my hat back into proper place and realigned my glasses.

**"Yeah? Uh... I only have like eleven dollars..."** I bit my lip a little nervously and looked down at my feet. **"I can pay,"** she offered. **"No. Uh. Just... if I go over, maybe you could like, cover change or something... and uh, I can't take it home. I'd have to leave it at your place..."**

I was about to spend several hundred dollars on a teddy bear and teddy bear accessories for Oaklee, so I was content to let him pay for the makeup as much as he wanted to. **"Well, you'll wear makeup more often at my place, and if you want to wear it to school you can just come to my place super early and then we can walk in together after you're all pretty and stuff?"** It seemed to make sense to me, and I frowned again at my sleeves.

**"My place is like, super far away..."** The school was on the north end of the city, along with a lot of office buildings. Downtown was a ways south, and the West - with the nice houses - was just to the west of downtown. The south - where I lived, was

even further away, and the east was packed mostly with retail stores. It wasn't a huge town - if I wanted to walk to Mac's, it would take about an hour. But to walk home from school is more like two hours.

**"Well, I don't know. I'll sign into uber on your phone?"** It was ubiquitous to me, and I guess that was unique to my situation and he wouldn't accept it, but I made the offer. **"Anyway, you're safer at my place anyway. Are you excited about today? Did you think of a teddy name?"**

**"Oh. Uh. No... I didn't..."** I bit my lip a little and started walking home with the girl. She was so cute, even now, even with her make up all messed up. Gosh, we should just never fight. **"I'm terrible with names. Why do you think I let Mike call me Olena. Like what the hell name is that, anyway? That's not even a real name."**

**"It's really not. But I like it! it sounds Victorian, and you know Victorian names always sound classy."** And besides my name was Mackan. Ugh. **"My teddy's name is Cheese."** I winced, bracing myself for the deluge of comments about that little fact. He didn't say anything, though, not until I looked up and saw him looking at me with a big smirk. **"Oh shush..."**

**"YOU. HATE. CHEESE." "It's with a Z." "Like your screen name." "Oh... yeah, I guess."** So her screen name had nothing to do with mac and cheese, it was her and her teddy bear. Gosh. How lame. And cute. And... interesting. And... I bit my lip and looked down at my feet.

He suddenly got very quiet, and I wondered if he was going to tease me again, but his gaze found his feet the way mine had, and I followed it from feet to knees to chest to face and looked at him until he looked up. **"You'll have plenty of time to bond with your teddy and make up lame screen names, too."**

**"Right, sure."** I smiled at the girl and she smiled back. I guess things really were back to normal. When we got back to her house, though, I started tearing through all her drawers and closets. **"You are putting all that back,"** she shouted at me. **"You have like no clothes." "I have hundreds of clothes." "But nothing I like!"**

**"I picked you out an outfit, um..."** He was like a little kid in a candy store, and I frowned a little bit, biting my lip as I sat on the edge of my bed. **"You don't like the way I dress? I thought you did, because you smile whenever you look at me..."** How do I tell him to just... stop. Deep breath. **"I'm going to get us some cookies from the kitchen. Um. Please don't make too big a mess..."**

**"I do like the way you dress. I adore it. But like. It's not how I dress. It's like, style. And- oh! This is nice! Okay, and where was that top I had earlier? Gosh you don't have any scarves or... oh, you're gone..."** She wasn't in the room anymore. When had she left. I sighed and went back to the closet. I thought I saw a cardigan in there....

**"He's just excited, that's all..."** I didn't have much in the way of company, so I talked a lot. To my dolls. To myself. Usually in very hushed whispers, maybe so nobody could hear, but nobody was ever around anyway. I opened the cookie jar, fresh cookies from today inside, and put a few onto a plate before I started to walk upstairs with them, still muttering. **"Be patient..."**

**"Well?"** I met her at the top of the stairs. I was wearing a skirt, something in a soft plaid, almost like schoolgirl style if it was more casual. I had stockings on up to my knees, too, because I probably needed to shave my legs. And the top was a blue button up with a collar, and a light cardigan over the top. I also had her glasses on. Or a spare pair, I guess. They made my head hurt like hell, but I looked SO GREAT!

**"Super cute."** And he was, too! I felt a little cornered on the stairs, but he stepped back and allowed me up and I set the cookies down so I could take a better look. **"If only more boys had your dress sense, Oaklee, I might actually date one!"** I grinned, trying to ignore all my clothes on hangers all over my bed. The enthusiasm was... challenging. But I mean, he didn't have too many other opportunities. **"Can you even see with those on?"**

**"Oh, uh... no... actually they're making me a little dizzy..."** I took the glasses off a second and bit my lip, looking in the mirror. I was so cute. But the glasses made it better. I looked weird without the glasses... I could put up with them. But with my vision restored I noticed Mac's expression, and followed her gaze to the bed. **"...you don't like that I made a mess. I'm sorry... I'll clean up."**

**"Um. It's okay. How about I tidy up, and you can do your makeup and I'll fix anything I think needs fixing?"** I was okay with him wearing my clothes — I invited it. But the mess was troubling, and my glasses were.. well. **"We'll get you some faux-glasses when we go out, and then you can look super cute and be able to see?"**

**"I guess... I like your frames, though..."** I put the glasses down on the dresser and she picked them right back up. I guess that's not where they go. I went to do my makeup with the supplies from the drug store. I bought a darker foundation like the girl at Walgreens had mentioned. It looked really good, too. I didn't do makeup that much - just foundation and powder and some lip gloss. I'd do my eyes if I was wearing something more personal.

It took me a good ten minutes to put everything back away and to get my room back to the way I liked it — I wasn't a tidy girl, but things all had a place and I liked things to be in their place. I bit my lip and set the glasses back on the glasses tree on my desk, along with the other five pairs, and then walked through the arch to my playroom where Oaklee was. **"Stand up, show me your makeup so far."**

Mac took my face in her hands and looked me over with a little nod of appreciation. **"Not bad!" "Thanks."** I didn't have as much practice as I'd like, but more practice than

most boys. It helped that I wasn't over the top with any of it. **"You sure I can't wear your glasses out?"**

**"They'll give you a headache, and pretty people with headaches get cranky and I don't want you getting cranky."** I'd do some makeup for his eyes that he'd love — I knew about a thousand different ways to do eyes, and I was going to blow him away. I was going to give him fairy eyes, and he was going to lose his mind. **"Sit down."**

She was doing so much work on my eyes. I never did things like eyeshadow or eyeliner because I didn't like to accentuate my eyes. I liked to accentuate my lips. I sat quietly, patiently, while she instructed me to do things. Blink. Close eyes. Tilt your head. I did my best to obey her. Until she let me go and let me look in the mirror. Oh jeeze, I looked like someone sprinkled me in rainbows. My cheeks warmed up. **"I'm so cuuute..."**

**"Yes you are, but I could have said that about you before I did your eyes, too."** I pulled the trifold mirror out of the wall and motioned for Oaklee to stand up. **"Go admire yourself, I need to fix my makeup and then we need to get a move on. Don't touch your eyes!"** I was so pleased with myself, he looked so good.

With her glasses, I looked like a young hipster girl. The makeup just made it perfect. I kept putting her glasses on in the mirror, trying to look through them without looking through the glass. I just wanted to wear her glasses. When she came back into the room - her eyeliner fixed - I pouted at her. **"Please can I wear them..?"**

**"Okay, fine, but if you get cranky I'm never gonna let you wear them again!"** What would the harm be, right? I picked up Cheez off the shelf and adjusted her dress, tucking her under my arm as I looked back at the fawning boy. **"You can try my shoes on if you want... I don't know if they'll fit."** If they didn't, his brightly colored sneakers would be fine... kind of hipster, emo thing, with the stockings. But workable.

**"Nah, I like my shoes. But if you have laces..." "Uh..." "Sorry. I've made enough of a mess of your room."** I smiled at the girl behind the glasses and pulled my shoes on over my feet. I looked so cute. Not like a girl at all! Like a very pretty boy! I was so happy!

**"I'll buy you laces at the mall if you let me buy you some cute faux-glasses."** Like I needed permission to buy him things. Psh. I nodded toward the door to the stairs and smiled. **"You can leave all you stuff here, but bring your phone in case you wanna do selfies. Do you want a purse? I have a few..."**

**"Nah I don't like purses. And I have a pocket here in my cardi. Uh. Your cardi. Same thing, right?"** She smiled a little at me and I smiled through the lenses. She grabbed a bag of her own and we made our way down the stairs. I was so giddy! There weren't words.

I expected the giddiness to fade as we got downstairs, but he was bubbly like a kid on Christmas.. or how kids on TV were on Christmas. I got to the front door and opened it, the pleasant late afternoon air sweet from the flowers out front of the house. **"Time to make your debut, Oaklee. After you."**

I really had no trouble being outside of the house like this. I did, however, lose some of my giddiness. My smiles persisted, though. I kept smiling while we walked, playing with the sleeves of the cardigan, with the edges of the skirt. It was so obvious there was no shame or embarrassment here. I honestly loved being out like this.

**"I like you like this, you're actually smiley and happy and peppy. Yes. Peppy is a good word."** He looked like he could be my older sister, but he also looked enough like a pretty boy to make people who looked wonder. I kept my teddy under my arm and we made our way in ten minutes of pleasant distance to the far entrance of the mall. There were bigger malls, and certainly ones with more levels, but being on only one level made this mall seem like it sprawled on forever and ever.

## 22:

So people were looking at me. That made me a little nervous. I pushed the glasses further up my nose so I didn't have to look at them. Everything faded into a sick blur and I followed the girl - the blur beside me - as we made our way further into the mall. I couldn't read any of the store signs, but I could manage not to run into things. My head, though, was really pounding...

I knew people would stare — it was how people were, they were attracted to things different to them. And **Oaklee** was different. It was fine. He was fine. I was... well. I felt sick. Anxious. Horribly anxious. Toward the store, I took his hand — for my benefit more than his — and didn't let go until we got to the Build a Bear store. The store was shelter. Secluded. Partitioned off. **"Here we are."**

**"Here."** **"Hm...?"** I looked up behind the glasses. The room was spinning a little. I could barely make out the girl's face. I smiled at her, though, and she led me into the store. **"You can pick any bear from the wall that you want."** I lifted the glasses up to see the wall of bears, the different styles and colors, and I felt my cheeks get a little pink. A teddy bear for me...? I put the glasses back on my nose and nodded quietly.

**"You need to pull them down your nose a little,"** I did just that, pulling Oaklee's borrowed glasses down the bridge of his nose a little, so he could see over the top of them. **"Now you can see proper. Um. Cheez's model is discontinued, but you need to pick up any of the ones you like, touch them, hug them, decide which one you like most."**

**"Right..."** My head was still spinning as the girl left me. I touched the different bears and hugged them to my chest and played with their ears. And I just felt so weird. And the glasses made my head spin when I looked through them, and my eyes were glossy. And I was blushing, really blushing, and breathing a touch too heavily. When she came back over, when Mac put her hand on my arm, I looked up at her through foggy glasses. They were really fogged up. **"Um... like this one... um... she's cute..."** She..?

**"Uhhuh, she is."** His glasses were fogged up, and I wondered about that as I took his hand in mine and let him past the wall, picking up one of the bears to be filled and leading Oaklee to the filling station. There were a few kids in line ahead of us. **"Did you think of a name, yet?"**

**"...uh... no... um..."** I looked down at the little lifeless bear. Poor bear. I just wanted her to be full and happy. I played with the fabric in my fingers and closed my eyes tight. It was so hard to see looking down, the spinning of the room, the glasses skewing everything, and the weird fog that came from them, heated up by the color on my cheeks. Exhale. Inhale. Quiet. Short.

We got to the start of the line, to the associate sitting on the stool, a cute girl with bleached hair in braids, and she smiled, looking up at us. **"Oh, hello Mac! I see you brought Cheez for some new outfits, huh? And who's this?"** I motioned to Oaklee, the boy blushing, trembling a little. **"This is Oaklee. He likes to be pretty, and he needs a teddy."** **"Oh, cool. Well, Oaklee, you're definitely pretty!"** She spoke like she would speak to any six year old boy who was having a princess phase. **"And does your pretty teddy have a name yet, Oaklee?"**

**"Uh... um.. n-not yet..."** I could see the top of the woman's head just fine above the rim of the glasses, but the rest wasn't right. Obscured. I found Mac's hand and took it in my own. She tilted her head curiously up at me, but I didn't see it through the glasses. She handed me a little heart and told me to kiss it and to make a wish. I looked at the little heart shape through the fog and kissed it with my lips, leaving little prints of gloss on it before handing it back.

**"Her name should be Mira. It means 'something to aspire to'."** We had the teddy now, pretty and cuddly and soft, and in Oaklee's arms the way that Cheez was in mine. I'd been thinking about it since we left for the mall, and I knew he'd hate it, but I quite liked the meaning behind it. **"Here, you have to give her a bath."**

**"Mira..."** I bathed the little bear and held it in my arms. It felt so... gosh, there wasn't a word. I felt dizzy and sick and lovely and happy and my blush was so bad it completely fogged up my glasses. My eyes were glossy on the other side of them. I was looking at clothes when I bumped into one of the racks and nearly fell over. Everything was just so cloudy...

**"Okay, maybe I'll hold your glasses?"** I reached up to the boy's eyes and slid them away, holding them in my hand and looking curiously up at his glossy gaze. **"You can**

have whatever clothes you want for Mira. No limit. Okay?" He'd try compromise, try to limit himself, but I wouldn't allow it. He would leave here with everything he wanted.

"...what about this one?" "Okay." "Oh this one's nice..." "Alright." "If I get that and this." "Sure!" "What about..." "Absolutely." "This has pajamas." "They're so cute." "There's a bed, too..." "Don't you wanna sleep with her?" "Oh, right, yeah, okay..." So I didn't get the bed. "Hey, Oaklee... don't you want any boy clothes for her?" "Nuh uh." And I kept picking things out.

I wasn't sure how well things would go at home with the overtly feminine bear and the abundance of girls clothes for her, but I didn't want to ruin the moment. It was easy and simple right now, and I wouldn't spoil that. I was just here to enable, to supply, to pay the bill at the end. I picked out two outfits for Cheez, and finally led Oaklee to the faux-terminals with a smile. "Okay, so sit down here," my hands were filled with clothes, and Oaklee only held Mira now. "You put in her name, whatever you like, and then your name and birthday, and print and you'll get her birth certificate and then I can pay."

"Okay..." I printed out the little certificate, a piece of paper, and looked it over. There was no more fogginess and I wasn't bumping into things anymore, but the world was still a little glassy through my hazy eyes. Mac took the paper from me and went to the check out, but I wouldn't give Mira to her. I went instead to buy more clothes. Mac sighed and followed behind me. "Can I get her this?"

"Anything you like." My parents knew I liked Build a Bear. They'd write off the charges on the statement as something for myself, and if they didn't, I'd tell them the truth — they'd be thrilled that I made a friend. Utterly thrilled. "Mira is going to be just as well dressed as you, isn't she? You'll make her gorgeous, all the time. Cheez will be so jealous!"

"I... I was..." Nervousness. It was something she hadn't seen so present since we'd gotten here. Probably not something she'd seen since I walked into her room with that lolita dress in my hands a week ago. But it was obvious now. Evident. I was nervous... "...c-could I... get her... um... these... in case she has... um... accidents...?" I had the little package of two build a bear diapers in my free hand, the other holding Mira. My chest hurt a little...

"Well she is a newborn... right? She was only born today, so that makes sense." The connection between the childish little motion and my bedwetting wasn't made in my head — Cheez had diapers, too, but then again I'd only gotten them for her because I wore them and I figured she would, too. Oaklee was a mess, though, so worked up and nervous and shy. Not at all the boy who'd left the house with me. "Hey, don't be shy — you're a very good Momma to her for thinking about her needs." Momma was a slip of the tongue, but it didn't seem to upset him at all...

"Okay..." I smiled at the girl a little, still nervous, and followed her to the check out. I still wouldn't let the bear go, though, when they scanned her. Mira stayed in my arms and all of her clothes went into the little box she came with. Together we stepped out of the store, Mira in my arms.

**"Do you think you might want to put some clothes on Mira? Then we can take her and Cheez and we can go and get something to eat?"** The box was sat on the bench next to where Oaklee had sat down. **"You're so cute, I am definitely in charge of your eyes from now on, got it?"**

"Uh.. uh huh.. okay..." I fished through the box of clothes until I found a little dress to put on her, and then pulled some pink underwear up her legs. I played with her ears while I tied bows into them and smiled down at her like a child to a teddy bear. I was just so happy to have her... **"Thank you, Mac. She's so wonderful.."**

**"I'm glad that you like her! Do you think that her and Cheez will be friends?"** On the bench, Oaklee with Mira, the box, and then me with Cheez. Two of the outfits in the box belonged to Cheez, too, but I wasn't going to be too pushy about it. **"I think they'll be bestest friends, just like we are, what do you think?"**

**"Uh huh! They'll be best friends."** I smiled up at the girl, and then, with a blush, returned to my teddy bear. Perpetually, actually, since we walked into the build a bear, my cheeks were red. Like I couldn't help it. I never blushed. Just right now, just before, with the lolita dress. Mac watched me get up and start heading to the foot court, playing with Mira in my hands.

I was relatively certain that Oaklee wasn't being honest with me about the just wanting to be a boy in dresses thing. Both times that I'd immersed him in femininity, he became this. He became a girl. And he was such a girl right now. No longer the big sister image, so much the little, despite the height difference. We walked to the food court, side by side, teddies in hands, and I sat him down at a table, setting Cheez down next to him. **"Could you take care of Cheez while I order us food?"**

**"Uh huh! Okay!"** I smiled up at Mac as she left me alone with the teddy bears. I played with the bows on Mira and then checked out Cheez, looking at her up and down. She was so cute. No wonder Mac liked her so much. It was such a peaceful moment for me. Or at least, it was for a while.

**"Um. Here we go."** I slid the tray into place — salads from the boutique healthfood place, with really healthy things like kale and spinach and quinoa and goji berries... them smothered in decadent dressing to actually make it taste good. **"This is for you, Oaklee. Here, put Cheeze and Mira over here so they don't get any food on them."** I was talking to him like a little girl...

**"Uh-uhm! Mira can eat with me!"** **"You don't want her getting dirty though."**  
**"...oh... um... alright...."** Mac took Mira and put her on one of the other chairs. I

looked down at the food with a bit of a frown. Salad. Ick. I took a bite anyway and pouted up at Mac.

**"It's good for you, helps you keep a cute and girly figure!"** That's what I read once when I was younger — that salad made you pretty, and I'd always liked it for that reason. Not that being pretty mattered, but I liked to keep my options open. Sometimes, though, I missed the point and drowned it in dressing. **"And if you're a good girl,"** I trialed the term, watching Oaklee carefully, **"we can share an ice-cream sundae after, okay?"**

I pouted a little bit but the promise of ice cream perked me up. I took another bite and tried to smile. At least the dressings were good. I looked past Mac at the boys a couple tables away. Nicely dressed boys. I wasn't sure I knew any of them first hand, but they were all looking at me. I went back to my food.

Facing away, I remained oblivious to the boys. To the murmuring, and the planning, and the eventually decision for them to stand up as a group and approach our table. Oaklee looked up first, frowning with confusion, but not recognition. I couldn't seem them, but I felt their approach. **"I didn't know it was Halloween."** The voice was cruelly intoned, and I stiffened, feeling the boys' hands on my shoulders like I was just a piece of furniture. **"Maybe it's the gay pride parade? I mean, I didn't know we let faggots in here, this mall's got a reputation to uphold."**

I looked up at the boys curiously, then at Mac. I didn't really get it. I mean, I wasn't gay. Were they talking about me? I took another bite of the salad without thinking, and swallowed. Until one of them picked up Mira. My heart nearly jumped out of my chest and I pushed the chair away standing up. **"Give her back!"**

**"This yours?"** There were two of us, and two teddies. He had a 50% chance of picking the right one, and Mira was closer to Oaklee. He shot up to his feet, and one of the other boys pushed him back, jostling him against a trashcan. I took a deep breath and pushed my chair back, smoothing out my skirt as I stood up. **"Please give her the teddy back. Or you'll be sorry."** **"Oh, we'll be sorry!"** There was laughter, mocking, cruel, mean laughter. One of them still had Mira, and Oaklee looked like he might cry. I wasn't some superhero, I wasn't versed in martial arts or anything. I was just a girl, not a character in some mary-sue tale. But I did know that this was wrong, and I looked down at my salad, picked it up, and then with all the might my little form would allow, I crammed the half-filled bowl into the boy's face, grabbing for Mira. Unfortunately, while I grabbed her safely, she ended up with numerous spots of salad dressing over her head. I felt so bad, I should have been more careful. **"Stupid bitch!"** I grabbed my purse, picked up Cheez, and one of the boys grabbed me again, taking my hat.

We ran down the hall. My chest was hurting. I felt sick to my stomach, and by the time we collapsed on the sidewalk outside the mall, just short of the parking lot, I couldn't even think. I brushed the little specks of dressing out of Mira's fur, but it didn't look right. Too shiny. The pain in my chest doubled and I tried more diligently to clean it out.

Before Mac sat up, before she noticed me, tears were already on my cheeks. **"She won't get clean...."**

**"It's okay, it's okay, we'll get her proper clean, we will."** He had his arms wrapped around the teddy, fretting feverishly, and I wrapped my arms around him, awkward as it was with my smaller size. **"Shh, shh... it'll be okay. Mira's special, when she was a lil' baby bear, she was attacked by Meanies. And she has little spots in her hair, but she was saved by her Momma Oaklee, wasn't she? Saved, that's right. And she's a pretty little teddy, just a bit timid and shy because of it. But she loves you very much..."**

I couldn't stop crying. It was just a stupid bear. I just couldn't. It wasn't working. And I kept thinking about it. And it kept going in circles. Working my way into a panic attack. It was pathetic, and Mac couldn't do anything to calm me down. She just held me and cuddled me and played with my hair over and over. The make up was ruined. I felt ruined...

I didn't know how to deal with this. Didn't know what to do. I tried, I did! I cuddled the Oaklee, and I told him stories, and I wrote it into Mira's past, and it didn't help. So I held him, and I cuddled him, and I played with his hair until he was no longer sitting, until he was laying with his head in my lap, no longer crying but just sobbing softly, the teddy clutched to his chest. It was my fault... but I didn't want to risk tearing her, hurting her... I bit my lip. Self pity wouldn't help now, but I'd always know it was my fault. **"It's okay, baby bee, it'll be all okay, everything is okay..."**

We took a bus home from the station by the mall. I didn't say anything. I just held the bear in my hands, looking down at her with glassy eyes. I didn't get it. Nothing was making sense. Sometimes Mac would ask me questions, but I don't think I heard any of them. She had to prompt me to get off the bus. I followed her home.

My room was where I felt safest, and I knew it wasn't his room, but I hoped he'd find some safety there, too. When we got to the top of the stairs, I led Oaklee to the nook in my bedroom by the window, and sat him down in the mess of cushions, and pulled the comforter up over him and Mira. I set Cheez down on my shelf, and the box of clothes, and turned the lights down with the dimmer. Safe. Calm. My space, now his space. I sat down against the wall just outside the nook, and reached for his hand — giving him space, but letting him know that I was still here for him.

I think I was broken. Mac always talked bout being broken. That she just wasn't right from the start. Not that it was her parents fault or anything. She just wasn't right. I wasn't like that. I was fine. But then I saw the little specs of color in Mira's fur. Things I couldn't get out. Couldn't erase. Permanence. Everything's so permanent... broken things aren't fixable.

As the sun came down, Oaklee didn't talk. Nor did he sleep. Eventually, I went downstairs, I looked for answers. I found a cleaner, diluted it, found q-tips, returned.

When I sat in front of the boy, I gently put my hands on Mira, and smiled. **"I'm going to try to clean her, okay?"** I didn't know that I could make her like new, but the cleaner would at least make the spots lighter than her fur, rather than darker. I didn't know if that would help, but I wanted to try.

I wouldn't let go of her. I wouldn't. No matter how Mac tried. So she tried cleaning Mira up when she was in my arms. It probably made her job harder. I didn't notice. I didn't care. I was happy for a minute. Like actually happy. In a weird happiness. A different happiness. And I won't ever find that again. 'Cause somebody broke it. Stupid boys broke it.... and it's gone forever. Permanent...

Remarkably, I didn't know if because build a bear made their bears for children, or if I struck it lucky with the cleaner, but as I rubbed at the first spot — admittedly a lighter one — with a q-tip, it actually... cleaned out. Like the spot wasn't even there. I smiled reservedly, but Oaklee noticed, and I looked up at him, waiting to see if he realized.

I gave her a weird look. A strange look. A curious look. A look altogether. Something more than nothing. She did it to another of the spots, and again, it went away completely. My breath caught in my chest, like discovering a new element, and I stumbled closer to watch as Mac took each of the spots out one by one.

I didn't know that it would work. I'd used some potent cleaners, diluted them in water, mixed and matched and paid no heed to the mixture. It didn't smell bad, though, it smelled of pine and vanilla, and spot by spot, it cleaned the bear. Spot by spot it cleaned the guilt, and spot by spot it brought color back to the boy. He was on his knees now, holding the teddy as I carefully, slowly, tenderly finished the cleaning. I couldn't believe it...

I looked at Mira with bright eyes and hugged her to my chest. I was just so happy. And then my eyes met Mac's. She looked so tired, but so happy, and I was so happy, and I just... leaned forward, without thinking, and kissed her on the lips. I wasn't shy about it, though the perpetual blush was back. And then I smiled down at Mira again. **"Thank you so so so much..."**

**"Uhhuh..."** He kissed me. He kissed my lips. My first kiss. Oh gosh. I was blushing. My first kiss, and a stolen one at that... the way I always thought about it, unplanned, spontaneous, no awkwardness, just a kiss. A natural kiss. Easy. Flowing. But in my imagination, I dated Oaklee, I knew him forever, we knew everything about one another. I bit my lip, smiling a little, blushing, and laying back on the floor on my back. First kiss. **"You're very welcome..."**

"...uh... what time is it?" A question we should have asked a long time ago. **"Eleven."** Eleven?! I fumbled for my phone, dropping Mira in the process, and checked the missed calls. Six. Shit, shit, shit, shit. **"I gotta go! Sorry! Oh jeeze..."** I started undressing, taking the skirt off first and pulling my jeans on over the boxers. Then the cardigan, the top, everything, until I was back in my clothes. I ran down the stairs before Mac could even get to her feet, and then, just as quick, I ran back up. **"The... glittery... eye stuff... jeeze... do you have like... wipes... shoot, shoot, shoot..."**

**"Sit. Down."** I grabbed Oaklee by the shoulders and pushed him down to the chair. **"I'll order an uber, and you'll take off your makeup, here."** I put the little tub of wipes in his hands and picked up my phone. Rightly so, his house was far enough away that he wasn't going to be walking there, especially not this time of night.

**"...right..."** I started wiping the color away from my eyes, from my cheeks. The glitter. Everything. I forgot I was so pretty. I guess somewhere in the mall I just stopped thinking about the way I looked. When did that happen? That's not like me. It took six wipes before I was comfortable with the lack of glitter and then my phone buzzed. I quickly answered, not noting the caller. I figured it was my mom, and I wasn't far off. **"Where the fuck are you?"** Dad. **"Uh... I fell asleep at Mac's, sorry... shit, I'm on my way home..."**

My phone buzzed as Oaklee talked drearily to his father, choice words I didn't approve of coming from the ear-piece, and I took his hand and began to lead him downstairs — the vibration meant the car was here. We got down two flights, to the front door, and there was a Mercedes down past the gate. The boy was still on the phone and I hugged him and whispered, **"Tell the driver where you're going, see you later."**

**"No, dad, really, I'm on my way!"** I waved goodbye to the girl and climbed into the back of the car. **"No, dad... I'm getting dropped off. Yes. YES. Her mom."** The driver was a guy. Oops... **"Er... dad. Her dad is dropping me off. I swear, I'm like ten minutes away... yeah, if you wanna come out and meet him... right, I know it's late... well you can see him from the window? I'm in a silver car."**

**"Expensive car, her ol' man got some money, huh?"** True to the offer, the man was standing against one of his crutches on the stoop of the house. The Mercedes definitely stood out against the sensible sedans and pickups of the neighborhood, and the man in the drivers seat waved as instructed by Oaklee as it pulled away. **"Guess all that money was too distracting for you to answer your phone, huh?"**

**"I just fell asleep... we were watching TV."** I wasn't shallow. My dad was a little shallow, but not in an obnoxious way. I should have just said we were having sex... he could get behind that. **"Anyway, I'm gonna go up to my room."** **"Wait a minute."** I froze. Did I forget to take some of my makeup off? Was I still in the skirt? What shoes was I wearing?

The man took his sons chin in his hand and turned his head to one side, and the other, frowning. **"Are you wearing lipstick?"** The nascent gloss to the boys lips could barely be considered lipstick, but it was noticeable in the direct light of the front porch. **"And perfume?"** There was a gently simmering suspicion in the man's eyes that was starting to boil over.

Okay. Uh. well. That's... not good. Not good. I tried to pull away, but the man held my chin. It hurt, too. My chest started to hurt and I tugged backward, nearly stumbling into the door. I tried to act like it wasn't a big deal. **"Yeah, I mean... I fell asleep next to Mac, Dad..."** He just stared at me. Angry. And the lipstick? The lipstick... the lipstick... **"She was wearing lipstick..."** Which implied...

The rage fell down from the boil like the heat had been taken away, and the man grinned widely, proud. **"Ah. Ahaha. Ohhh, you got yourself a sweetie. That's my boy, ahaha. Come on kid, I'll make you some waffleburgers. Bet they try to feed you caviar and shit over there, right? A growing boy needs real food."** The change was incredible, night and day, like suddenly the boy was longer the pariah of the family.

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't take that lip gloss off.. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I need to be more careful..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » eeheehee.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » did you just tell him you were making out with me?!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » dads love that stuff

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » right??

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah thats basically how I got out of it but still

**Numbers-1377325** » i need to be more careful

**Numbers-1377325** » and not wait until 11 to get home

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » that is proolly a good idea!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » tho you were sad

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && that means its a exception.

**Numbers-1377325** » I still shouldn't have lost track of time I'm such an idiot. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » how are you?

**Numbers-1377325** » sleepy?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » a bit

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I put Mira in her nightgown, the pink one

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && sat her with Cheez

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she seems happy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » how are you??

**Numbers-1377325** » oh right

**Numbers-1377325** » no way I can bring her back here

**Numbers-1377325** » my dad would flip his shit no matter how i try to explain it

**Numbers-1377325** » sorry.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u could if you got her at least one boys outfit like you were aposed to!!

**Numbers-1377325** » I forgot. -\_-

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && say she was a gift from me && a he

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& then your dad will believe it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c he thinks ur kissing me

**Numbers-1377325** » i'd rather not risk it hes a lot bigger than me..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if u want him to think we're dating

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && he thinks i am a rich girl

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then u having a prezzie from me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » makes sense

**Numbers-1377325** » don't think its a good idea...

**Numbers-1377325** » not after today..

**Numbers-1377325** » I was late home and he was really suspicious and..

**Numbers-1377325** » I need to give him time to cool down I think..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i'll forgive you

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but I cant speak

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » for mira~

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm sure she'll get over it. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » today was pretty cool

**Numbers-1377325** » except for like

**Numbers-1377325** » my crying? idk

**Numbers-1377325** » I never cry..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you cry pretty ♥

**Numbers-1377325** » I think I was nervous and exhausted 'cause I thought maybe you were still mad

**Numbers-1377325** » and my head was killing me because of those glasses... @\_@

**Numbers-1377325** » I have to take the lenses out next time.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh I have photos!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » want me to send to you?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez wants to send 6 files.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...photos?

**Numbers-1377325** » of what?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » 2day

Downloading 6 files from Mac-N-Cheeeeeez.

**Numbers-1377325** » when did you take my picture?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » lots of times, on the way to the mall

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and @ the mall

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I like 2 take them w/o u noticing

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » more natural that way

**Numbers-1377325** » oh okay

Download complete.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u look so pretty!

**Numbers-1377325** » I am so cute!

**Numbers-1377325** » damn that eyeshadow though. o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » you're so pro

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » eeheeheehee

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I had no friends && access to youtube..

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && I have nice eyes so I learned a lot about eyes

**Numbers-1377325** » oh i know when you took that one!

**Numbers-1377325** » you were on your phone

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't know you were taking pictures. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » jeeze

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Mac the Picture Sniper!

**Numbers-1377325** » oh don't send these to Missy!

**Numbers-1377325** » we have a battle of wits going

**Numbers-1377325** » about who can keep the other from knowing what they look like the longest

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I promised I would send her one picture of you if you were okay w/ it!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » shes very excited!

**Numbers-1377325** » nope nope nope nope nope!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && mike 2

**Numbers-1377325** » You get a picture from her first

**Numbers-1377325** » you can send one to mike, he's seen me before and he knows about the rules of the game with Missy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » mike is going 2 want to sex you

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » or whatever it is boys do

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » 'hit that'

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » right?

**Numbers-1377325** » yup

**Numbers-1377325** » he's tried

**Numbers-1377325** » XD

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm like 90% sure Missy's like a really gay man or something, btw

**Numbers-1377325** » because she's so protective of pictures of her

**Numbers-1377325** » or a movie star!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I think she has kids doesnt she??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i know sometiems she is a cat

**Numbers-1377325** » idk i've known her for like a year now and she only mentioned it like last weekend and im pretty sure she was messing with me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » the cat thing???

**Numbers-1377325** » nah the kids thing

**Numbers-1377325** » Either way it's very suspicious she doesn't share what she looks like

**Numbers-1377325** » especially meeting her on a site about sissy boys

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I dont share waht I look like!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » am I a gay man??

**Numbers-1377325** » no ur 14

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c if so then u kissed a gay man!!

**Numbers-1377325** » 14 year olds get a pass

**Numbers-1377325** » because they're too young

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » a 14 y/o gay man!

**Numbers-1377325** » you cant be 14 and a man

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » (I would be the cutest gay man!)

**Numbers-1377325** » you gotta be 18 to be a man

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » why not??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh

**Numbers-1377325** » otherwise your a boy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I would be a 14 y/o sissy gayboi

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I want 2 do it again, tho, take u out all pretty okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » totally!

**Numbers-1377325** » it was awesome

**Numbers-1377325** » but like I said - no lense in the glasses next time

**Numbers-1377325** » you must be blind without those things

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && yes I will fix that

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I AM NOW U KNOW WHY I TYPP BAD W/O THEM

**Numbers-1377325** » XD

**Numbers-1377325** » just please dont send any pictures to missy until you get one of her

**Numbers-1377325** » but like talk them up

**Numbers-1377325** » be like "HE IS SO CUTE AND YOU TOTES NEED TO GIVE IN TO HIS GAME"

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » talk about my pretty fairy boy!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you were totes cute omd

**Numbers-1377325** » Thank you. ^\_^

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez wants to send 1 file.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Mira's birth certificate!

Downloading 1 file from Mac-N-Cheeeeeez.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you can have the original when you pick her up

**Numbers-1377325** » can't take it home ;\_;

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Mira is a HER not an IT

Download complete.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and when we get her a football uniform

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » You WILL bring her home!

**Numbers-1377325** » Same thing

**Numbers-1377325** » she ain't playin football yo

**Numbers-1377325** » she's a prissy thing

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » NOT THE SAME THING

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » am I an itt??? are you a she??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » eeeheehee

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » just like you!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Oaklee is a prissy lil' thing!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh oh can I dress you and Mira alike?!!

**Numbers-1377325** » no -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » that is so lame

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » (I dont know if tey might build a bear baby pants in your size tho)

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but I could totes get you nighties

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u would be so cute!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » cuddling w/ your Mira!

**Numbers-1377325** » baby pants?

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't remember half the stuff i got her -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » stupid glasses stupid headache

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » wrell you got her like everything

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but you wanted her to have baby pants in case she has accdietns

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c she's a newborn

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it was so cute!!

**Numbers-1377325** » i dunno what that is

**Numbers-1377325** » but okay

**Numbers-1377325** » All the best for my little teddy bear thing!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » diapers??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » baby pants is cuter name

**Numbers-1377325** » oh.

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and she is not a thing!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she is a princess

**Numbers-1377325** » uh huh

**Numbers-1377325** » so

**Numbers-1377325** » you got cheez some stuff?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » uhhuh, I got her a promdress b/c at least one of us should go to prom

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && I got her a kimono b/c its so cute

**Numbers-1377325** » cool

**Numbers-1377325** » you should totes pick out Miras clothes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » nuhuh you did so well picking out her clothes!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » shes your prncess anyway

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » btw are we going to talk about u kissing me?

**Numbers-1377325** » if you wanna

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oaklee edwards

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u are my first kiss

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » how lame do I sound right now??

**Numbers-1377325** » hm

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess you're mine too?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » what

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no way

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your a hot boy with many friends

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » who want you

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no way

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm pretty sure

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean does what happened count as my first kiss if I kissed you?

**Numbers-1377325** » I think it does

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it does if nobody has kissed you before today

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » which I am doubtful of!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ur too pretty for that to be true

**Numbers-1377325** » nope no kisses

**Numbers-1377325** » I think you confuse what I am, which is tolerated, with what I'm not, which is popular

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » eeheehee

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so I am ur first??

**Numbers-1377325** » uh huh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » was it worth remembering forever && ever?

**Numbers-1377325** » I think so?

**Numbers-1377325** » it was nice.

**Numbers-1377325** » Nicer than I thought kisses look on tv

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we can do it again if u liek

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » kiss i mean

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it was nice...

**Numbers-1377325** » but we're not dating

**Numbers-1377325** » isn't that like a conflict of interest?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » is it??

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » do u want 2 kiss me again??

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » kinda

**Numbers-1377325** » but like

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno

**Numbers-1377325** » cause

**Numbers-1377325** » I haven't relaly dated anyone

**Numbers-1377325** » and idk

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » do u want 2 date me? >///<

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » i dnt really know you a whole lot yet..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » okay

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ummm

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » did ur dad yell @ you?

**Numbers-1377325** » wait

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't want thigns to get weird

**Numbers-1377325** » we just had a fight and didn't talk for like 4 days and now you wanna know if we should date

**Numbers-1377325** » and that's like really dumb

**Numbers-1377325** » because we can't even be normal when we aren't dating so how are we supposed to be normal when we are

**Numbers-1377325** » if we are

**Numbers-1377325** » ya know?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ppl only say that on tv

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if u want 2 date me u will tell me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && that will be enough

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » bsides

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I might not even say yes!!!!!!

**Numbers-1377325** » you would

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I am not a safe bet!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I am very choosey!!

**Numbers-1377325** » nah

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && u are a bit of a brat

**Numbers-1377325** » that's true

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maybe

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I would say no

**Numbers-1377325** » you wouldnt

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maybe I would date missy!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » or mike!!

**Numbers-1377325** » missy is like 90 years old

Numbers-1377325 » and has a boyfriend

Numbers-1377325 » mike would do you in the tush

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » girlfriend > boyfriend

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » what

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » no ew

Numbers-1377325 » he's weird

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » poo comes from there

Numbers-1377325 » dont go down that road

Numbers-1377325 » ur 14 and missy is 18

Numbers-1377325 » i think its illegal to date

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u said she was 90

Numbers-1377325 » I was being dramatic

Numbers-1377325 » like

Numbers-1377325 » parable

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » i would not date mike but would maybe date missy

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » if shes not 90

Numbers-1377325 » you cant date her she's 18

Numbers-1377325 » youa re 14

Numbers-1377325 » you can barely date me

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » i can so too date you

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » just dont push my tush

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » thats icky

Numbers-1377325 » uh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » +++++ i am a virgin

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && I dont think

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » that I should be advanced

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » when

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i am not even beginner

**Numbers-1377325** » I relaly dont wanna talk about that

**Numbers-1377325** » yes

**Numbers-1377325** » definitely shouldnt talk about this

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you dont find me sexy??

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm like 15 years old

**Numbers-1377325** » I find ham sandwiches sexy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i am sexy dammit

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » sexier than a sammich..

**Numbers-1377325** » doesn't mean I know what the hell i'm doing

**Numbers-1377325** » yes

**Numbers-1377325** » you are sexuier than a sandwich

**Numbers-1377325** » wait do you wanna date?

**Numbers-1377325** » like is that why youre asking

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh look at the time

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » zzzzzz

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » goodniteee!!!

**Numbers-1377325** » don't be a brat

**Numbers-1377325** » okay

Numbers-1377325 » all cards

Numbers-1377325 » uh

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » zzzzzzzz

Numbers-1377325 » you're like

Numbers-1377325 » perfect

Numbers-1377325 » but i'm a fucking idiot

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » sexy?

Numbers-1377325 » and i would probably like

Numbers-1377325 » not wanna ruin being with you..

Numbers-1377325 » so..

Numbers-1377325 » i'm not saying no

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » ur the boy

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u have 2 ask

Numbers-1377325 » I just think you should have more time to realize my idiotness

Numbers-1377325 » before i ask you

Numbers-1377325 » out

Numbers-1377325 » on a date

Numbers-1377325 » maybe when i'm 16

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » so u will ask me out??

Numbers-1377325 » or when you're 16

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » what if some other idiot gets 2 me first!!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » then

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » my whole perception on boys

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » might be ruined

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » because u didnt take your chance on me

**Numbers-1377325** » then I can come in like a kniht in shinging armor

**Numbers-1377325** » and sweep you away with my awesomeness

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » want a princess in shiny pannies

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » can u be that instead?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » knights are boring

**Numbers-1377325** » pannies?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » undies

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe

**Numbers-1377325** » they look wicked uncomfy...

**Numbers-1377325** » we'll see

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » there really not!!

**Numbers-1377325** » like bras

**Numbers-1377325** » bras are stupid

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » bra are comfy too!!!

**Numbers-1377325** » id on't get the sissies who are into bras and undies

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » can I get u 1? a training bra? u will be so cute!!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » omd

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » my mom is home

**Numbers-1377325** » I wanna wear cute stuff people seeeee

Numbers-1377325 » wait

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » this never happens

Numbers-1377325 » ur mom is home?

Numbers-1377325 » o\_o

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » shes never home

Numbers-1377325 » wowwww

Numbers-1377325 » why iss he there?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » I dont know!!!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » I bet she has presents for me

Numbers-1377325 » well go find out!

Numbers-1377325 » I'll wait up for you

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u sleep

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » I will message u in the morning

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » cutie

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » pattoie!

Numbers-1377325 » night

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u didnt call me cute names

Numbers-1377325 » night uh

Numbers-1377325 » fumbly.

Numbers-1377325 » i dont understand nicknames...

Numbers-1377325 » just call you candy right?

Numbers-1377325 » night whoppers

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » ...

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » we'll work on that

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » goodnite

Numbers-1377325 » night twizler!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed off.

**24:**

missymeow1213 » Hey boo

missymeow1213 » I hear you have some happy snaps for my enjoyment =)

missymeow1213 » Something about fairy eyes?

Numbers-1377325 » hm

Numbers-1377325 » I do, indeed.

Numbers-1377325 » very pretty ones

Numbers-1377325 » gosh I mean

Numbers-1377325 » so cute

Numbers-1377325 » if only there were something you could trade for them

missymeow1213 » What about silence about the fact you kissed Mac? I'm sure Mike would have a field day knowing about that lol

Numbers-1377325 » it was no big deal

Numbers-1377325 » you shouldn't dramaticize it

missymeow1213 » Oh, I will. I might tell him how much you

missymeow1213 » #hitdatloli

missymeow1213 » And he'll give you dudebro high fives

Numbers-1377325 » go ahead

**Numbers-1377325** » i LOVE dudebrohighfives

**missymeow1213** » Hmm. Name your price, fairy eyes.

**Numbers-1377325** » a picture of you holding a sign that says "I am Missy I am not 80 years old and Oaklee is super awesome"

**missymeow1213** » How many pictures do I get for this?

**missymeow1213** » And do I get a recurrent subscription to all future pictures of you en femme? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » you can have

**Numbers-1377325** » the six that Mac took

**missymeow1213** » Hmm. No dice =)

**missymeow1213** » Thanks anyway.

**missymeow1213** » So how was the kiss?

**Numbers-1377325** » fine! three of the six Mac took. and 3 a month subscription for six months.

**missymeow1213** » All the ones Mac took

**missymeow1213** » And six per month for six months

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont take that many pictures. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » I bet Mac will.

**missymeow1213** » Take it or leave it.

**Numbers-1377325** » six pictures, three per month for six months, no distribution rights.

**missymeow1213** » four per month, take it or leave it =)

**Numbers-1377325** » fine. six pictures now, four per month for six months, and no distribution rights. deal?

missymeow1213 wants to send 1 file.

Downloading 1 file from missymeow1213.

Download 1 file complete.

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » what are you wearing

**Numbers-1377325** » is that now?

**Numbers-1377325** » your handwriting is cute

**Numbers-1377325** » does this count as porn?

**Numbers-1377325** » you look younger than I thought you would

**Numbers-1377325** » also I WIN

**missymeow1213** » pony up, fairy boy

**Numbers-1377325** » took a goddamn year

**Numbers-1377325** » but I WIN!

Numbers-1377325 wants to send 6 files.

**missymeow1213** » Yes, but I'll win the new game starting now: The one to amass the most pictures of the other in a six month period!

Transferring 6 files to missmeow1213.

**Numbers-1377325** » you are like naked

Transfer complete.

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm pretty sure I don't care

**Numbers-1377325** » what if like I do dirty mike-like things to this picture?

**Numbers-1377325** » you don't know me well enough to know I won't

**missymeow1213** » You can see more on any magazine cover =)

**missymeow1213** » lol

**missymeow1213** » omg

**missymeow1213** » omgggg

**missymeow1213** » jesus

**missymeow1213** » You're fucking pretty

**missymeow1213** » Jesus. My boy would destroy your pretty little self.

**missymeow1213** » Wow

**missymeow1213** » She was not kidding about your eyes!

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_\_- okayyy

**Numbers-1377325** » you can shut up nowww

**missymeow1213** » You should be more worried about boys doing dirty mike-like things to you

**Numbers-1377325** » boys plural?

**Numbers-1377325** » I thought you had a boyfriend

**missymeow1213** » you're like jailbait supreme

**missymeow1213** » I do

**missymeow1213** » But he has friends =D

**Numbers-1377325** » ....

**Numbers-1377325** » you sleep with his friends?

**missymeow1213** » and straight guys would bang you like a flyscreen door

**missymeow1213** » what? no. When did this become about me?

**Numbers-1377325** » I AM A CHILD AND YOU SHOULD WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE

**missymeow1213** » You are a sexpot!!

**Numbers-1377325** » Lan

**Numbers-1377325** » gu

**Numbers-1377325** » age

**missymeow1213** » And I should appreciate you thusly!

**missymeow1213** » SEXpot =D

**missymeow1213** » Hey. What's Mac look like?

**missymeow1213** » Are you a cute couple?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**missymeow1213** » I bet you are =D

**Numbers-1377325** » well we're not a couple

**Numbers-1377325** » but she's pretty cute

**missymeow1213** » Cutest little lezzies in the world.

**missymeow1213** » Show me!

**Numbers-1377325** » < boy

**missymeow1213** » boy lesbian!

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont have a picture of her

**missymeow1213** » It's TOTALLY a thing

**missymeow1213** » Describe her!

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm almost sure i've done this already

**missymeow1213** » I want to visualize her and you so I can write fansmut.

**Numbers-1377325** » she's shorter than me with orange hair and no freckles and super white and small and dresses awesome and is like half anxiety ball of sadness and like half super awesome taco supreme.

**Numbers-1377325** » wait write what?

**missymeow1213** » Super awesome taco supreme? I thought she didn't like cheese? =D

Numbers-1377325 » taco supremes have cheese?

missymeow1213 » Yes...

Numbers-1377325 » i dont like tacos..

Numbers-1377325 » so I didnt know

Numbers-1377325 » I was just like

Numbers-1377325 » being funny..

missymeow1213 » You don't like the taco? Huh. Explains a lot.

Numbers-1377325 » i dont get it

missymeow1213 » Taco is a euphemism for a vagina, sweetie.

Numbers-1377325 » o\_o

Numbers-1377325 » i've never partaken..

Numbers-1377325 » like

Numbers-1377325 » i imagine they're pretty cool?

Numbers-1377325 » like...

Numbers-1377325 » mittens?

Numbers-1377325 » like you just kinda put stuff in it and its warm and comfy

missymeow1213 » =X

missymeow1213 » Please stop talking

Numbers-1377325 » what

Numbers-1377325 » like

Numbers-1377325 » kinda like snowshoes?

Numbers-1377325 » or like

missymeow1213 » I will warn Mac adequately!!

**Numbers-1377325** » anything wintery

**Numbers-1377325** » hot chocolate?

**missymeow1213** » They are not wintery!

**missymeow1213** » If anything they're more like...

**Numbers-1377325** » I just thought they were like

**missymeow1213** » A rainy summer.

**Numbers-1377325** » fleshy jeans pockets.

**missymeow1213** » ...

**Numbers-1377325** » meant for carrying around dicks like cell phones

**Numbers-1377325** » and some vibrate?

**Numbers-1377325** » right?

**missymeow1213** » =X

**Numbers-1377325** » who chooses which ones vibrate?

**missymeow1213** » NO

**Numbers-1377325** » God?

**Numbers-1377325** » or like

**Numbers-1377325** » do you get an implant

**missymeow1213** » I see you have chosen to abstain from the pink taco!

**Numbers-1377325** » does yours vibrate?

**Numbers-1377325** » like

**missymeow1213** » I am warning Mac as we speak.

**missymeow1213** » Of your disregard for vaginal understanding

**missymeow1213** » She will be warned!

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess its kinda like fucking the space between two couch cushions right?

**Numbers-1377325** » just without the zipper

**missymeow1213** » That you think of her as a solitary mitten!

**Numbers-1377325** » there's not a zipper is there?

**missymeow1213** » Just imagine what you think the other mitten is!

**missymeow1213** » Maybe the girls from Kingdom Hearts have zippers.

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont know what that means

**missymeow1213** » Never mind.

**Numbers-1377325** » is that like a strip club?

**missymeow1213** » No. Do not stick your hand in Mac.

**missymeow1213** » You will gently love her

**missymeow1213** » Gently!

**Numbers-1377325** » gently

**missymeow1213** » She is probably a virgin!

**Numbers-1377325** » she is

**Numbers-1377325** » she said so

**missymeow1213** » You will be tender with her.

**missymeow1213** » And you will not attempt to wear her as mittens

**Numbers-1377325** » ... why would I do that?

**missymeow1213** » You will be gentle and tender, like checking the temperature of coffee with your finger.

**Numbers-1377325** » I meant like it's like the idea of a mitten

**missymeow1213** » Gentle.

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe a mitten was a bad metaphor.

**Numbers-1377325** » i think my couch cushion one made more sense

**Numbers-1377325** » like

**Numbers-1377325** » the legs just extend up

**Numbers-1377325** » and instead of penis

**Numbers-1377325** » it just goes into infinity

**Numbers-1377325** » into another dimension

**Numbers-1377325** » with mittens

**missymeow1213** » Do you need to see a vagina to help you understand?

**missymeow1213** » Will it help you not to think of Mac as furniture?

**Numbers-1377325** » i've seen porn

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm fucking with you

**missymeow1213** » Oh, because I got permission...

**missymeow1213** » Okay then.

**missymeow1213** » Never mind!

**Numbers-1377325** » ...wait

**Numbers-1377325** » permission?

**Numbers-1377325** » what?

**missymeow1213** » Oh no, no, you understand tacos now.

**Numbers-1377325** » i

**Numbers-1377325** » i lied

**Numbers-1377325** » I just

**missymeow1213** » Too late =)

Numbers-1377325 » don't wanna seem like the innocent little boy I am

Numbers-1377325 » ;\_;

Numbers-1377325 » so innocent

Numbers-1377325 » no idea

missymeow1213 » I'm sure my jewelry would just throw you off anyway.

Numbers-1377325 » jewelry..... o\_\_\_\_\_O

Numbers-1377325 » where do you....

Numbers-1377325 » what.....

missymeow1213 » It is a mystery to all!

Numbers-1377325 » \*googles\*

missymeow1213 » Oh honey, no.

Numbers-1377325 » NO

Numbers-1377325 » NOOO

Numbers-1377325 » WHAT

Numbers-1377325 » STOP

Numbers-1377325 » WHO WOULD WHY

Numbers-1377325 » MISSY

Numbers-1377325 » NO

Numbers-1377325 » NO

Numbers-1377325 » Nnooooo

Numbers-1377325 » OH GOD

Numbers-1377325 » THAT WOULD HURT SO ABD

Numbers-1377325 » I CANT

Numbers-1377325 » NO NO NO NO NO

Numbers-1377325 » THEY HAVE ONE ON A PENIS

Numbers-1377325 » HOW CAN

Numbers-1377325 » THIS ISNT

Numbers-1377325 » REAL ANYMORE

missymeow1213 » It stings a little.

missymeow1213 » But no worse than your ears

missymeow1213 » You're getting your ears pierced, right?

Numbers-1377325 » WHERE IS CHRISTIANITY WHEN YOU NEED IT

missymeow1213 wants to send 1 file.

missymeow1213 » ^\_^

Numbers-1377325 » o\_\_\_\_o

missymeow1213 » Educational.

Numbers-1377325 » please don't ruin my innocence.....

missymeow1213 has cancelled the transfer.

missymeow1213 » As you wish~

Numbers-1377325 » ...what is it?

Numbers-1377325 » what was the picture

Numbers-1377325 » ?

missymeow1213 » =)

missymeow1213 » It was educational Missy material

missymeow1213 » But you're just innocent.

Numbers-1377325 » I'm not innocent..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm a total pervert

**Numbers-1377325** » true story

**Numbers-1377325** » quintessential 15 year old boy

**missymeow1213** » I'll send my pretty pictures to Mike instead, I'm sure he's not innocent

**Numbers-1377325** » I'M NOT INNOCENT

**Numbers-1377325** » I CHANGED MY MIND

**Numbers-1377325** » I NEED TO KNOW

**missymeow1213** » It's better I not sully your world view

**missymeow1213** » I don't want to upstage Mac anyway

**Numbers-1377325** » ...;\_;

**Numbers-1377325** » send it to me

**Numbers-1377325** » or no talking about my smooches!

**Numbers-1377325** » ^\_^

**Numbers-1377325** » blackmail. Oaklee style

**Numbers-1377325** » gettin porn from muh friends

**Numbers-1377325** » and after this I'll officially have porn from all my friends too!

**Numbers-1377325** » except mac!

**Numbers-1377325** » fuckin mike sending dick pics ever 20 seconds..

**missymeow1213** » Oh, you don't have porn of Mac?

**missymeow1213** » Huh...

**missymeow1213** » Interesting.

**Numbers-1377325** » why would i

**Numbers-1377325** » shes 14

**Numbers-1377325** » I think thats illegal

**missymeow1213** » I just figured because you were making out with her

**missymeow1213** » you kids work fast,you know?

**Numbers-1377325** » i kissed her one time

**Numbers-1377325** » it wasn't even anything big

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean like i guess it was our first kiss... both of us

**Numbers-1377325** » and it was... nice

**Numbers-1377325** » but we aren't dating so why would we even begin doing that

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- idiot

**missymeow1213** » You kissed her

**missymeow1213** » You're a teenager

**missymeow1213** » She's 14

**missymeow1213** » You basically asked her to marry you.

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » I told her I didn't wanna date

**Numbers-1377325** » now send the picture

**Numbers-1377325** » or no juicy details

**missymeow1213** » Translation: I want to wait until the time is right to woo you.

**missymeow1213** » Well

**missymeow1213** » What are you offering me? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » details of my kiss!

**Numbers-1377325** » it was very emotional

**Numbers-1377325** » very marriage material

**missymeow1213** » I want to know the entire details of your mall date

**missymeow1213** » And keep in mind

**missymeow1213** » I know some stuff

**missymeow1213** » So if you lie, I might find out

**missymeow1213** » Tell me, and when you do

**missymeow1213** » If I don't catch you in any lies

**missymeow1213** » I'll send.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...what's the picture of?

**missymeow1213** » My taco, complete with jewelry.

**Numbers-1377325** » see. like

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not at all interested in that

**Numbers-1377325** » but

**Numbers-1377325** » I love the idea of having a photo of your genitals to mock you with

**Numbers-1377325** » it's such a hard decision..

**missymeow1213** » Well, you can take it or leave it

**missymeow1213** » I did get permission.

**Numbers-1377325** » anything to sweeten the pot?

**missymeow1213** » my pot isn't sweet enough for you? =)

**missymeow1213** » Huh.

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you DO like boys...

**Numbers-1377325** » Same picture - no sign!

**Numbers-1377325** » then you got a deal ^\_^

**missymeow1213** » No dice.

**Numbers-1377325** » fine by me.

**Numbers-1377325** » my mall trip is kinda private anyway

**Numbers-1377325** » all that hot sex in the bathroom..

**missymeow1213** » mrgrgrrr

missymeow1213 wants to send 1 file.

Downloading 1 file from missymeow1213.

**Numbers-1377325** » I was gonna have you wait until after the story, but this totes works. ;)

Download complete.

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh you're pretty sexy for an adult.. o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » and a total tease. covering up is cheating

**missymeow1213** » Pony up, fairy boy

**Numbers-1377325** » alright uh

**Numbers-1377325** » nothing really happened.

**Numbers-1377325** » We went to the mall

**Numbers-1377325** » went to build a bear

**Numbers-1377325** » came home

**Numbers-1377325** » kissed

**missymeow1213** » What's your bears name?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » we went for clothes for her bear

**Numbers-1377325** » oh

**Numbers-1377325** » her teddy bear is named cheez!

**Numbers-1377325** » it all makes sense now right?!

**missymeow1213** » Yes, I know =D

**missymeow1213** » She told me

**missymeow1213** » WHEN SHE TOLD ME YOU GOT A BEAR

**missymeow1213** » YOU LIED

**missymeow1213** » NO BOOBS

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't lie.

**Numbers-1377325** » I said we went there for her bear. which we did

**Numbers-1377325** » duh

**Numbers-1377325** » also I kinda got what I want anyway

**missymeow1213** » I mean, I'm surprised...

**missymeow1213** » I didn't think you'd settle for just underboob

**missymeow1213** » You can get that on any magazine cover...

**Numbers-1377325** » ...what are you implying?

**missymeow1213** » That you played your hand too soon.

**missymeow1213** » You offered me so little, and now I have no incentive to give you more than PG13

**Numbers-1377325** » ...

**Numbers-1377325** » you're bluffing

**Numbers-1377325** » Not fallin for your silly tricks

**Numbers-1377325** » how are you even awake at 3am? You're in bed at like 9pm every night

**missymeow1213** » I'm being punished =( Have to stay up all night, naked, and then wake up the boy with a BJ.

**missymeow1213** » He's asleep, so it's easy to get permission to do anything....

**Numbers-1377325** » your life is crazy....

**missymeow1213** » Such an opportunity might not happen again anytime soon...

**Numbers-1377325** » ...don't be a tease.

**missymeow1213** » But I guess underboob is enough for you...

**Numbers-1377325** » ...cut that out. >\_<

**missymeow1213** » Oh! Do you want to see my tail?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...what?

missymeow1213 wants to send 1 file.

Downloading 1 file from missymeow1213.

Download complete.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...what the hell is that thing...

**missymeow1213** » It's my tail!

**Numbers-1377325** » its very cute?

**missymeow1213** » See the plug on the end? That goes in my butt

**missymeow1213** » And you were happy with underboob...

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_\_\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » what is with you and mike and putting things in asses!

**Numbers-1377325** » SO

**Numbers-1377325** » WEIRD

**missymeow1213** » Don't diss it until you try it, sissy!

**missymeow1213** » If this site is to be believed

**missymeow1213** » It's your DUTY to make your tushy receptive!

**Numbers-1377325** » never happening

**Numbers-1377325** » in a million billion years

**Numbers-1377325** » so weird.

**Numbers-1377325** » soooooo weird

**missymeow1213** » You'd never be even a little curious?

**missymeow1213** » I mean

**missymeow1213** » Just say you were playing with Mac

**missymeow1213** » With your finger, or a vibe

**missymeow1213** » And she seems to be in so much pleasure

**missymeow1213** » You wouldn't be curious?

**missymeow1213** » Wouldn't want to be shown how it feels? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » weird

**Numbers-1377325** » so weird

**Numbers-1377325** » can we not talk about my not girlfriend's naked body please?

**missymeow1213** » You don't think it's pretty?

**missymeow1213** » Yes, we can not talk about your hot girlfriends naked body =D

**missymeow1213** » I think you're gonna love it in the tush

**Numbers-1377325** » moving on

**Numbers-1377325** » so far on

**Numbers-1377325** » soooooo far

**Numbers-1377325** » I should sleep maybe.

**Numbers-1377325** » I've probably teased you enough for one night. ^\_^

**missymeow1213** » If you don't tell me more details about your date.

**missymeow1213** » I will never show you another picture of me

**missymeow1213** » Because as far as I am concerned

**missymeow1213** » You reneged on our deal.

**Numbers-1377325** » No, you did.

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't see your boobs

**Numbers-1377325** » so we are even

**Numbers-1377325** » and I wouldn't be so quick to say evil things like that because I can easily take away the other like 24 pictures I owe you. ^\_^

**missymeow1213** » I should not have been trusting of an icky boy!

**missymeow1213** » Who probably doesn't even like to be pretty!

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh I am in a position of power!

**Numbers-1377325** » over YOUUuuu big boss psych lady!

**missymeow1213** » I bet you

**missymeow1213** » like to

**missymeow1213** » wear

**missymeow1213** » FLANNEL

**Numbers-1377325** » how dare you

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah you're totes not getting any info from me now.

**Numbers-1377325** » sweet dreams!

**missymeow1213** » I shouldn't make deals when I am exhausted

**missymeow1213** » But be warned

**missymeow1213** » Mike will hear of your fairy eyes!

**Numbers-1377325** » you already agreed to no distribution!

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll probs show him anyway -\_-

**missymeow1213** » You just want him to call you sxe!

**Numbers-1377325** » ...yeah I guess -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » he's good at shit like that...

**Numbers-1377325** » notice though I made no such non-distribution rights over YOUR pictures!!

**missymeow1213** » Don't show Mike, or else I'll tell him you love bumsex

**missymeow1213** » And he'll believe me

**missymeow1213** » And if you think he flirts with you now....

**Numbers-1377325** » He would care more about Missy pictures than anything and you knowwwwww it

**Numbers-1377325** » i totes own you. ^\_^

**missymeow1213** » We'll see!!

**missymeow1213** » At least HE knows a vagina is not a mitten!

**Numbers-1377325** » shutt up it was a joke!

**missymeow1213** » Wait until I tell Mac you made THAT analogy...

**Numbers-1377325** » IT WAS A JOKE

**Numbers-1377325** » SHE WOULD FIND IT FUNNY

**Numbers-1377325** » wait

**Numbers-1377325** » don't talk to mac about sex

**missymeow1213** » We do all the time?

**Numbers-1377325** » do not

**Numbers-1377325** » you're a bigger liar than mike!

**missymeow1213** » She has needs too

Numbers-1377325 » and you wonder why I never believe you!

missymeow1213 » She has a recorder from grade school

Numbers-1377325 » NO NO NO NO NO

Numbers-1377325 » HEY

Numbers-1377325 » STOP

missymeow1213 » She says she can make some notes if she tries...

Numbers-1377325 » DONT WANNA Know

Numbers-1377325 » DO

Numbers-1377325 » NOT

Numbers-1377325 » want

Numbers-1377325 » TO

Numbers-1377325 » KNOW

missymeow1213 » THEN SPILL THE BEANS

Numbers-1377325 » THERE ARE NO BEANS

missymeow1213 » TELL ME ABOUT MIRA AND THE BULLIES

Numbers-1377325 » ..

Numbers-1377325 » she told you that?

missymeow1213 » She said some guys were assholes and tried to steal your teddy

missymeow1213 » That's all, though.

Numbers-1377325 » well yeah

Numbers-1377325 » it wasn't even a big deal

missymeow1213 » I figured you beat them up. But then I remembered that you're a sissy.

Numbers-1377325 » just asshole dudes

**Numbers-1377325** » nah we ran..

**missymeow1213** » Did you cry?

**Numbers-1377325** » no -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't cry

**missymeow1213** » Oh, is that so?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh yes?

**missymeow1213** » What if I said I knew otherwise?

**Numbers-1377325** » she lied then

**missymeow1213** » Tell me about Mira =D

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno she's a bear

**missymeow1213** » What color is she?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh like... light brown...?

**missymeow1213** » Is she soft? Like, nice to cuddle?

**Numbers-1377325** » i dunno I guess

**Numbers-1377325** » Misssyyyyy it is late and I have bed to get to!

**missymeow1213** » Oh, did you have to do the thing with the heart and the kissing?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh..?

**missymeow1213** » Well, when you build a bear, they make you kiss the heart before they put it in.

**missymeow1213** » Tell me about some of the clothes you got for Mira!

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno like some dresses and stuff..

**Numbers-1377325** » and yeah I did the spinny kiss thing. It was a little weird.. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » Missyyy its laaaaattee

**missymeow1213** » What was your favorite thing you got her?

**missymeow1213** » Was it the cheerleader dress?

**missymeow1213** » Or the diapers?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..uh..

**Numbers-1377325** » ..i dunno..

**Numbers-1377325** » like probs the pjs..

**Numbers-1377325** » i dunno

**missymeow1213** » Were the pajamas cute? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah. like they have little candy prints on them

**Numbers-1377325** » they're cool

**missymeow1213** » so you did get the build a bear diapers

**missymeow1213** » does Mira wet the bed? <3

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » she's..

**Numbers-1377325** » she's a bear..

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy

**Numbers-1377325** » it's lateee

**Numbers-1377325** » misssyyyy

**missymeow1213** » Quiet, Mommy is talking

**missymeow1213** » Tell me about Mira's other clothes.

**missymeow1213** » Mommy wants to know =D

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- dont say that

**Numbers-1377325** » that's like

**Numbers-1377325** » creepy..

**missymeow1213** » Is that why you're blushing?

**Numbers-1377325** » i don't blush

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't even remember what I got her

**Numbers-1377325** » just dresses and stuff

**missymeow1213** » You do =) I know that now.

**missymeow1213** » Why did you pick the name Mira?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh..

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac picked it.

**Numbers-1377325** » what do you mean you know that now?

**Numbers-1377325** » know what?

**missymeow1213** » she takes such good care of you, doesn't she?

**missymeow1213** » Doing your makeup

**missymeow1213** » Helping you get dressed

**missymeow1213** » Picking out pretty names!

**Numbers-1377325** » ...Mac?

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno..

**Numbers-1377325** » its 3:30.. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » And you don't want to sleep, you want to tell me about Mira

**missymeow1213** » About how much you want to cuddle her right now

**missymeow1213** » Soft, and sweet-smelling

**missymeow1213** » And so well dressed, just like you!

**Numbers-1377325** » .. i' tired..

**Numbers-1377325** » she does have nice clothes..

**Numbers-1377325** » she wears different stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » prissy stuff not like my stuff

**missymeow1213** » anything you wish you would wear?

**missymeow1213** » even on special occasions?

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno..

**Numbers-1377325** » theres... a lot there..

**Numbers-1377325** » iono

**missymeow1213** » Tell me one thing you wish you could wear

**Numbers-1377325** » of hers?

**missymeow1213** » Yup.

**Numbers-1377325** » uh...

**Numbers-1377325** » iono... this one pink dress... like...

**Numbers-1377325** » it's got an undershirt and then like a pink dress over it, like with straps..?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » \*pout\*

**Numbers-1377325** » you're keeping me up

**missymeow1213** » That sounds so cute!

**missymeow1213** » You would be SO cute in that, Oaklee!

**missymeow1213** » You want to tell me this stuff, though, you did all night =)

**missymeow1213** » You were just shy

**missymeow1213** » Did you like being able to pick from Mac's wardrobe for clothes to wear?

**Numbers-1377325** » she has amazing clothes..

**Numbers-1377325** » like you have no idea

**missymeow1213** » Tell me some of them?

**Numbers-1377325** » and we can talk more in the morning though

**Numbers-1377325** » 'cause I have school in like 3 hours.

**missymeow1213** » We've got good flow right now

**missymeow1213** » So lets keep talking now.

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_\_- mm..

**Numbers-1377325** » I wore a blouse and a cardigan and a skirt... and wore her glasses...

**Numbers-1377325** » she's blind as a bat. @\_@

**missymeow1213** » Is she? =O

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah like her glasses are really thick

**Numbers-1377325** » it gave me such a headache..

**missymeow1213** » you wore her glasses? Why?

**Numbers-1377325** » they were cute o-o

**missymeow1213** » they're bad for you, though!

**Numbers-1377325** » ...are they?

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't know that...

**missymeow1213** » oh yeah, it can be so bad for your pretty eyes

**missymeow1213** » (And god they're pretty...)

**Numbers-1377325** » but you saw them in the pictures right?

**Numbers-1377325** » totally worth it

**Numbers-1377325** » now I can sleep?

**missymeow1213** » I want to know one more thing

**missymeow1213** » And you have to promise an honest answer

**Numbers-1377325** » as long as I can sleeeeeeep

**missymeow1213** » Did you feel like a little kid in Build a Bear? Like, giddy? Like a princess being spoiled?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh...

**Numbers-1377325** » not really...

**Numbers-1377325** » just a little dizzy from the glasses

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac took them after that

**missymeow1213** » And you were completely coherent and on point and your usual self after that? Or were you like you were in the lolita dress?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...huh..?

**Numbers-1377325** » what dress..

**missymeow1213** » Never mind =)

**missymeow1213** » Just working some theories

**missymeow1213** » Go sleep now

**Numbers-1377325** » ...theories..? @\_@

**missymeow1213** » Never you mind, princess =)

**missymeow1213** » Goodnite!

**missymeow1213** » (OH MAYBE MAC WEARS GOODNITES)

**Numbers-1377325** » ...i dont knw what that means..

**missymeow1213** » Baby diaper

**missymeow1213** » Maybe she wears baby diapers

**missymeow1213** » She's small, right?

Numbers-1377325 » ...oh....

Numbers-1377325 » uh....

Numbers-1377325 » I.... guess so..

Numbers-1377325 » iono if shes that small..

missymeow1213 » Food for thought

missymeow1213 » Goodnite, Oaklee!

missymeow1213 » The boy beckons

Numbers-1377325 » wait..

missymeow1213 » Yes?

Numbers-1377325 » are they like... the white ones with the purple..?

missymeow1213 » I do not know the answer to this

missymeow1213 » Maybe check online?

Numbers-1377325 » ...mm...

Numbers-1377325 » hold on..

Numbers-1377325 » is it spelled like that all weird?

missymeow1213 » Goodnite? Yes.

Numbers-1377325 » no these are way too small

Numbers-1377325 » shes 14

missymeow1213 » Okay =D

missymeow1213 » Was just an idea!

Numbers-1377325 » right..

Numbers-1377325 » the brand from the store with the lady

Numbers-1377325 » the white ones with the purple lines or.. something

Numbers-1377325 » i dunno what they are but maybe those ones?

Numbers-1377325 » not that it matters..

Numbers-1377325 » -\_\_\_\_-

missymeow1213 » Maybe. You could buy a pack and see, I guess?

Numbers-1377325 » ..uh.

Numbers-1377325 » dont have anythig to compare against

Numbers-1377325 » no place to put em anyway

Numbers-1377325 » it doesn't matter i'm over it

Numbers-1377325 » dnt even think about it anymore

missymeow1213 » I'm surprised you didn't look for hers when you were in her closet...

Numbers-1377325 » .....oh.....

Numbers-1377325 » ....didn't think about it...

Numbers-1377325 » ...thats like an invasion of privacy though...

missymeow1213 » Yes it is =) I'm glad you understand that

Numbers-1377325 » mmhhhhmmm

missymeow1213 » Goodnite, Oaklee.

Numbers-1377325 » i'm a very considerate prson

missymeow1213 » Go lay down and cuddle your pillow and imagine that its Mira

missymeow1213 » Okay?

Numbers-1377325 » -\_\_\_- odnt patronize me

Numbers-1377325 » nightt

missymeow1213 » Nite, PrincessBoy

Numbers-1377325 » night boobygirl XD

Numbers-1377325 has signed off.

## PART 2

### 25:

I guess all that was over and done with. I kissed Mac. She kissed me back. I cried over a stupid teddy bear because I can't understand the idea of concentration and glasses and shit. Oh, I got a picture of Missy's tits. Always a plus. But now, as Thursday dragged on, it seemed like nothing was really different at all. Maybe that's a good thing. One moment of niceness without ruining it. I like that.

**"What's going on with you and that girl now? Dad said you were fresh with her."**

Deagan was seated on one of the tables in an empty classroom, a box of pizza in front of him, and Oaklee on a chair adjacent. Little treats like this were part of his skill set as big brother, school rules be damned.

**"Just trying to get dad off my back."** Fresh with her. What was this, a 50s film? Not-school-cafeteria pizza though was really good. Can't hate on free pizza, right? **"Well how'd the... like... going out go."** **"Uhh... it was nice. I have a picture if you're interested."** He wouldn't be. What brother would be?

**"Sure."** Deagan found the idea pretty weird, but there was a difference in being neutral to a topic and being supportive, and because Oaklee had offered, Deagan didn't want to invalidate his brother. Nonetheless, the answer seemed to surprised his little brother. **"I mean you don't gotta, but if you're comfortable showing me."**

**"...no, yeah... yeah, hold on..."** I fished out my phone from my jacket pocket. I hadn't really been texting Mac today, but that wasn't really the biggest deal. Some days we didn't text. Usually days we were sleepy or had too much homework. I found one of the pictures - it didn't have the skirt in it, but the glasses, the fairy makeup, the lip gloss, the blouse, the cardigan, they were all there. I turned it around for my brother to see.

**"Huh."** Well, it wasn't a negative response. It wasn't the most positive thing the boy could have said, but it wasn't bad, either. He smirked and shrugged his shoulders. **"You look like one of those raver boys."** Well, girls. But he knew that his brother clung to being a boy somewhat, and he liked to respect that. **"Just add a pacifier and a brain full of ecstasy and you're set!"**

**"Really?"** This was how boys dressed at clubs? This and pacifiers? Can't hate that, huh? I bit my lip and looked at myself in the picture, then up at my brother. **"Can I go?"**

"Gotta be 18. And I never saw you as a club-go-er type." I pouted a little and took another slice of pizza. Hm... "It sounds cool if people can dress how they want.."

"Well, ecstasy makes people obsess over shiny things. And want to kiss. A lot." It was better marketing than it turns girls into rabid sluts, and to Deagan, a part of his brother would always be ten with skinned knees. "So everyone dresses pretty bright, boys and girls. There's a lot of glitter, and fur and other stuff to stimulate the senses."

"...that's kinda cool." "Don't do drugs." I pouted, taking another bite of my pizza. "I didn't say I was gonna! I just mean that place sounds cool... jeeze, I'm not a total idiot..." Deagan had done drugs. Still did drugs? I dunno. It was hard to tell sometimes.

"There's underage raves. Uh. Every now and then, usually by the docks. Usually 13 and 14 year old girls who want to dress up and impress boys who are probably too old for them. It's under 18 only, and no drugs or alcohol. But they have some pretty good DJ's." Deagan never saw the point, in part because he didn't have a market there, but a lot of the kids took them pretty legitimately.

"I wonder if Mac would wanna go... I mean, like just for fun? I can't dance, though. Should I know how to dance?" "Dude, no guy knows how to dance." "Hm. Okay, cool." At least I knew I was on the right track. "If you get any info on that, just tell me." "Sure, sure." A rave. Hm. Sounds interesting...

"I think you'd have fun. Just be... mindful. A lot of the girls there still act like they're on drugs — it's part of the fun for them." Deagan could have explained things, like why the pacifiers were a thing for drug users, why emulating that behavior was probably dumb, but his brother never took an interest in anything. "So. You gonna date her? Mac?"

"Nuh uh." "Really? But like, you did kiss, right?" "Once. Kind of on accident." No reason to really try to hide that information from him. He was my brother, after all. "Then why not date? You're young." "cause I like her." "All the more reason to date!" "Nah..."

"Oh don't do the TV thing — nobody ever benefits from that whole don't want to ruin the friendship thing. Look. You're a kid. She's a kid. You like her, you date her. it doesn't work out? You go back to being friends. Maybe date again later. You get like, one stage of your life where you can change shit like that and it's all good. Don't waste it on caution, man."

"I'm not being cautious," I said flatly, taking another piece of pizza off the tray and stuffing it into my mouth. Stupid Deagan didn't get anything... just sex. "I don't want to date her. If I wanted to date her, I'd date her. I just wanna be friends with her."

"Yeah but." How to to put this in a way that his brother would understand and relate to. **"Being friends with a girl is like. Borrowing a skirt. You can probably have it when you want it, but others might have it, too, and it's not really yours. Dating her is like buying the skirt. She's yours whenever you want her."**

"**I don't want to buy Mac.**" Honestly, this conversation was pissing me off. I put the pizza back down in the box and brushed off my hands on my jeans. **"I don't want to date Mac. I like Mac. And I don't want to start hating her just so I can kiss her sometimes, alright? We can talk to each other and have real conversations and be normal and happy and shit, and I wanna keep it that way. So just... forget it."**

"**Hey man, up to you.**" Deagan didn't often hear his brother act so... catty. It was surreal. **"Just think you're onto a good thing here, man, that's all. Even whipped up a skirt metaphor for you and everything."** He wasn't hurt, because Deagan didn't really get hurt. Or really even frustrated. It was just hard at times.

"**...if I wanna date someone, it won't be Mac. It won't be someone I like half as much.**" I grabbed my backpack and got up from the chair. **"I'll just see you after school. Thanks for the pizza and stuff... and the metaphor. I really do appreciate it..."**

"Yup."

**26:**

"**Hey um. Hi.**" We didn't talk much at school. Or like. Ever. I looked the same as ever, and swayed nervously on my heels as Oaklee regarded me curiously. I felt so out of place, like despite everything we were just strangers at school. **"Um. So. My art class needs a model, because the one the teacher paid bailed. And I said I might know someone. And you get a pass for your actual class, if you want."**

"**Oh.**" How did she even find me here? Lunch was still in session, and I was at one of the back tables with a couple of my friends. She stared at me, then at them, and then at me again. A model for her art class? **"Sure. Uh. Now?" "Yes, now." "Right. Yeah. Okay."** I was already filled up on pizza anyway. Sitting in the lunch room for twenty minutes wasn't going to do anything for me.

I had B lunch, which fell after his. I didn't know how he'd feel about being the center of attention for two dozen 14 year old girls, but I was thankful he accepted. **"I told the class I knew a really hot boy who'd model, and they're very excited..."**

My friends watched me walk away. I was sure I'd hear more about this later. Mac and I left the cafeteria together and started down the art hall. I was pretty okay with getting let

out of Geometry - it was such a crappy class anyway. Who the hell cared so much about triangles. **"So what do I gotta do? Just stand there?"**

**"Sit, today. Um. Actually, you'll be laying out on a sofa, the teacher will tell you how to pose. When we have a model, it's a free day — we can use any medium we want, so it's our favorite times."** Everybody knew me. I didn't know anybody. That I'd made this suggestion was out of place and out of character and way out of my comfort zone.

**"Sounds fun. Getting painted and drawn and stuff. Are you any good in art class? I mean, when I took it last year, I sucked at it. There was this one boy who did everything in crayon and he was like a God or something. And I was over there trying to paint an apple that looked more like someone was murdered on the paper."**

**"I'm okay."** I liked exclusively colored pencils. I always had. And I wasn't the world's best artist, but I got by, even if everything I drew looked particularly childish in style because of my medium choice. **"The others are all much better, though. I just take the class because it's better than the other options."** At my grade year, I had two slots out of six for practical arts. I took Home Econ and Art.

So like 90% of her class was girls. Mine was a lot more even when I took the course. They all looked at me and I did my best not to seem nervous. The teacher led me over to the couch in the corner and started telling me something about placements and stuff. Then asked if I was okay with missing class. **"Yeah, sure. Why not. Whatever helps."**

There'd be coverage given, a pass to excuse the absence. Right now, the art teacher — a woman whom honestly didn't seem too much older than the students — was giving final directions for posing. With the art-boards all arranged stadium style, it had to be intimidating for him, but he'd look at me, and I'd smile, and I hoped that helped him out some.

It seemed like a more advanced art class than the one I'd had. We didn't have models for mine. Then again, I'd had a different teacher in a different room. Maybe it was a curriculum thing. I sat looking at the ceiling for the better part of twenty minutes, keeping quiet and stealing glances at the girls. And boy. They seemed so diligent and focused. Who the hell took art this seriously?

It really was a savior moment for the class, and it was the first time at school that our lives would cross. I liked that it did. I was nervous about the finale — each of our artworks would be hung on the wall, and the model would assess. Whomever he picked as his favorite got not only a star on the chart, and a box of cookies, but the model would keep their work. I never won. Colored pencils were boring to most. It didn't bother me, though, and I understood the rationale — our teacher wanted for us to be able to be creative while still working within the confines of what a client might want.

It was awkward, sure. But not more awkward than other awkward stuff I'd done. Like going to the drug store to look at make up and other stuff with that girl. I tried to remember that moment, so this one would feel less weird. And when I was allowed to sit up, the other girls were still working. I sighed and stretched. Lunch was over, according to the clock.

Due to the overlay, our class would take up a half of his next class. I'm sure he didn't complain. He wouldn't see us pin up our works, he wouldn't know who did what. Part of me wished he would, wished he'd pick mine, even out of pity or friendship, just to say I was picked once. He wouldn't know which was mine, though, and that was fine.

The pictures were hung up along one of the walls by the chalk board. The freshmen brought their pictures over one at a time but piled them all up. I saw Mac do the same, but I didn't know which paper was hers. When they were all there, the woman started to hang them up with magnets. I watched quietly until she was done. "Oaklee, was it?" "Uh... yeah." "You get to pick your favorite." Oh...

Carlene would be his favorite. Or Emmabelle. Or Jasmine. It wouldn't be mine. My art fell into the center of the pack, lost between brilliance and pity-vote. I didn't mind. The mediocre were seldom singled out, and I liked being invisible. I sat on my hands, my art supplies away so as not to provide any clues, and smiled. I was so happy he was here. Gosh, why? Why? ugh. Not a lovesick puppy...

"Uh, I like that one there." "As your favorite?" What, was the teacher surprised or something? She looked at me and then at the girls - specifically at Mac - and I blinked up in confusion. "I just... think colored pencils are cool... I mean, I don't think it's the best one" - sorry Mac! - "but you asked which one was my favorite, right?"

Mine? Mine. Mine... I buried my face in my too-long sleeves, turning away as all the pairs of eyes in the room looked at me, and then at him, and then at me. They must have thought that he knew it was mine. They must have figured out that he deduced somehow. And now they'd think we were dating. Involved. I was so red. Then the comments came. "You know I think Mac's stuff is really underrated!" "Yeah! I mean. Pencil is so timeless." "She's so good with it, too." "Uhhuh. I always overlook her, but her lines are so good." "And she always picks unconventional shades — like aqua for the sky, or rust for the carpet." "Mac! Mac! Come up here, the boy liked yours most!"

Oh jeeze... I didn't mean to pick Mac's. Not that I minded! But yeah, okay, she was a much better artist than I thought she was. Actually everyone in this class was pretty good. Maybe they were actually taught things instead of just told to "be creative" a hundred times a day...

I got to my feet, shyly, dragging them as I approached the girls, and the boy, and the teacher. "Oaklee, would you tell Mac what you liked most about your rendition?"

"He... he doesn't have to. I mean. Art is personal, and..." "And you will never see an objective view if you keep it personal, Mackan Edith-Lillen." Uuuuugh. She'd she have to use my full name like that...

"Uh, haha... um..." Wow this was awkward. "I dunno. I think like. Everyone did really good. And way better than I could ever draw, by the way. But like. I thought they were just too... uh... much? I just don't see how I can look like some of these really nice ones. But I think me just being there in pencil makes sense..." Or rather, it had nothing to do with her art, it had to do with my self-depreciation. Ugh.

"Ah, so you appreciated the limitations of Mac's format, then?" Great! Great! He only even picked mine because he thought it sucked. I felt myself blushing and finally edged away from the crowd, now that the focus was back on him. I didn't like crowds. I knew the teacher rolled up the drawing and put it in a tube, giving it to Oaklee, but by the time that happened, I'd left the room.

The bell rang and I took the little tube with me out of the room. I wasn't sure where Mac had gone, but I guess I should get to the second half of my class, right? I sighed and pulled myself down the halls with the younger kids, looking at the cardboard tube. Did I upset her, maybe?

///

**Oaklee** » I didn't catch you on the way out of class.

**Mac** » thats b/c Im fast like a hedgehog

**Oaklee** » Not mad then?

**Mac** » why would I be mad?????

**Mac** » u have bad taste in art thouhg!!!

**Mac** » dummy

**Oaklee** » I like your art

**Oaklee** » I didnt know it was gunna be yours

**Mac** » maybe u saw my penis!!!

**Mac** » omd

**Mac** » autocorrect

**Mac** » pencils!!!!

**Mac » omd**

**Oaklee »** Trust me i didnt wanna pick yours

**Oaklee »** I thought if I did the class would be weird about it since you came to get me

**Oaklee »** I just picked honestly

**Mac »** u just didnt expect mine 2 b so bad huh?

**Oaklee »** It was my favorite...

**Mac »** not jus saying that?

**Oaklee »** No i swear

**Oaklee »** I know this probably sounds stupid but

**Oaklee »** Everyone else made me look like something im not

**Oaklee »** And I thought yours was like.. really spot on

**Oaklee »** Like I'm not artsy or beautiful

**Oaklee »** I'm simple and colored pencils and stuff

**Mac »** i think u look good in pencil

**Mac »** && beautiful

**Mac »** but beautiful like

**Mac »** honestly

**Mac »** &&& not liek watercolory

**Oaklee »** Yes

**Oaklee »** Exactly

**Oaklee »** Thank you

**Mac »** u can throw it away if u like

**Mac »** i wont be upset

**Mac** » promise

**Oaklee** » I like it

**Oaklee** » Can I actually keep it

**Oaklee** » or do you want me to throw it out

**Mac** » o/c u can

**Mac** » wont ur parents hate it??

**Oaklee** » Ugh right

**Oaklee** » Idk

**Oaklee** » It's not girly

**Oaklee** » I'll figure it out

**Mac** » just say a little kid drew it!!

**Oaklee** » XD

**Mac** » it will be believable

**Mac** » hey

**Mac** » um

**Mac** » do u wanna hang out?

**Mac** » 2day after school?

**Oaklee** » Today?

**Mac** » yes

**Oaklee** » Uh

**Oaklee** » Sure is there anything you wanna do?

**Mac** » put you in a pretty dress && do your hair?

**Mac** » hehe

Oaklee » XD sure

Oaklee » We could see a movie if you wanna

Mac » like a date??

Oaklee » No

Oaklee » Like

Oaklee » The mall but at a movie theater?

Mac » will u let me dress up up again??

Mac » that is required fyi!

Oaklee » Sure why not

Oaklee » It was fun

Mac » okay!

Mac » so meet @ the usual spot?

Oaklee » Kay

Mac » kay!

## 27:

I was nervous after today, after the nonsense with the art class, and my stupid pencil drawing. I'd wanted very badly for him to pick mine, but then when he did I wanted anything else. What was with me? I was never so complicated. I emerged from the doors, looking cute as ever, and leaned against the wall, waiting for Oaklee. Movies were complicated. Long, dark, and distracting, usually with a beverage. Most often I went on my own, and most often I wore a pullup...

She beat me outside for the first time ever. I waved to get her attention and together we started the walk back to her house. I'd already texted my mom: "movies with mac, call if you want". And one to my dad: "be home by 9 this time promise". Maybe damage control was all I could really accomplish with my family.

We got to my place, we went upstairs, and I got changed. And I didn't wear a pullup, and I was stupid, and put my pride above my reality. It was something I'd come to regret — but I wore a skirt which I never did, and I wanted to impress him. **"You can go get changed now, I'm going to go downstairs and get my moms hair iron."**

I didn't wear a skirt. Actually, I managed my own jeans! But she had awesome bracelets and a t-shirt with a band logo and a necktie I particularly liked the look of. Today was an eyeliner day, though - with this top, for sure. And in the end, I opted out of wearing her glasses. I checked myself in the mirror - sparkles on my cheeks, darkness around my eyes - and checked the closet door in the mirror. I shouldn't have went looking because it was rude and invasive and terrible, but... I was just a little curious. And if she came in, she'd just see me as looking for clothes...

**"Okay, um, so I want to try something with your hair..."** I had the iron in my hand when Oaklee peered out of my closet, looking adorable as always. **"Are you looking for something?"** It didn't occur to me that he might invade my privacy — maybe I was naive.

**"Nah, just looking..."** I didn't find anything. Maybe she didn't keep that stuff in her closet. I mean, who did she have to hide it from? Maybe it was in her underwear drawer. Maybe I just didn't have time to look everywhere. I pouted a little, distraught with how little I'd learned... **"Sure, do whatever you want with my hair."**

What I did was ringlets. Adorable ringlets. He looked less like a boy and more like a prom-queen because of it, but I thought the change was worthwhile. And his hair was short enough to still look a little boyish, too, so I was sure he'd be okay with it. The fact that I was unsure about it, though, was why I didn't let him look at the mirror until I was done. **"Okay, now you can go look..."**

**"...I need glasses for sure, now."** My hair was too short for a style like this. Actually, it didn't look that bad. Actually, I looked like a toddler. She could really only curl the longest parts of my hair, which were near the bottom. And it looked okay. But it looked way better with nice thick frames. I turned them over a couple times until I found the part where the plastic opened up, and I popped the lenses out. **"There we go!"**

**"Oh, um..."** Okay, my glasses were expensive. Popping the lenses out was probably not a good idea, but he moved quickly and did so before I could stop him. Before I could offer him the frames with the clear lenses that I'd bought him. I held them in my hands, but he seemed content with his choice. **"Maybe I should take you glasses shopping and you can pick some out that you like, and you could even wear them when you're dressed in boy clothes?"** I was worried about the lack of protection, about the risks, but I guess I could skip the soda...

**"Oh! That would be cool. And there are so many outfits I have that I would love to have glasses for, you don't even know..."** I smiled up at the girl through the frames and played with my hair in the mirror. **"So curly..."**

**"It looks good with ringlets! Um. And if you had longer hair I could do more, too."** Glasses I could buy him. I was spending a little more than my usual habits, but my parents wouldn't usually care unless I bought like, a car or something. **"We should get a move on if we wanna make the movie theater before it gets too busy."**

**"Right! Sorry. Okay, let's go."** I led the way down the stairs and out into the yard. The girl nervously followed. She wasn't embarrassed with the way I was dressed, was she? Nah, that didn't make sense. I looked way girlier last time. Maybe it was just the movie thing. She didn't see it as a date, right?

I liked movies. Moreover, I usually liked seeing them alone, because then I could watch them in peace. I didn't know about this seeing-it-with-a-boy thing, but other girls seemed to be doing it. The closer we got to the theater, though, the more vulnerable I felt. It's okay, Mac. Just don't get soda. Get him anything he wants, just avoid soda. It'll be fine, it will. I mean, you probably should have worn protection... **"Huh?"** What did he ask? **"Oh. Um. I don't mind what we see. You can pick."**

**"Uhhhhhhhhh just the next one that's out. What? ID? Well, the next one that's out a 15 year old can see! Jeeze."** The woman gave me a smile and passed me two tickets. What were we going to see, anyway? I walked past the entryway with Mac following behind. She still seemed nervous, and I kept picking apart the curls in my hair. It felt weird having my bangs out of my eyes, or the sides off my ears...

**"You shouldn't fuss over your hair, you look really nice."** Plan of attack time. **"Here, you get snacks."** I handed him a \$20 bill and looked around. **"I'm just going to the little girls room, and I'll meet you back here?"** I should have been more specific. I'd regret that I didn't. Should have told him I didn't want soda. Should have been specific. Ugh.

**"Here ya go." "...oh." "...oh, uh... I mean, I thought you liked Mountain Dew, because yesterday at the mall..."** Shit... **"Sorry... uh... I'll see if I can get something else." "No, no, it's fine..." "You sure? I don't mind asking..." "I like Mountain Dew. Thanks." "Yeah, of course..."** She was being so weird. I had gotten us a popcorn to share, too, and some Snocaps if she wanted any. We were so set on snacks! I thought I did a good job, but she was just nervous. I didn't get it....

**"Um."** I took his hand, but only to take the popcorn, and set the bag down at the seasoning station, dumping three different powders over the popcorn and shaking it with an earnest look on my face. I had mastered popcorn seasoning, though he looked at me like I had lost my mind. **"Try it."** My direction was clear as day, and I nodded to the popcorn with a determined look.

**"...you're weird..."** She ruined my popcorn! Why would she do that! I paid for that! If I knew she was going to ruin it, I'd have just gotten two of them instead of sharing.... oh. Oh! **"Wow! That's really good! What did you just do..."** Whatever she did, it

seemed to have gotten her out of her funk. I smiled at her and we made our way back to the theater.

**"You gotta trust me, I am the Popcorn Princess."** Equal parts Ranch, Caramel and White Cheddar Jalapeño. It had no right to work, but it did. It was my secret weapon, and something I would be proud to be associated with. The theater was fairly empty, and we took a seat at the bar, he was pretty, I was pretty, we made a really good couple... **"Looks like not many people wanna see a movie that's a seventh sequel..."**

**"We're not dating. It's not a date." "Huh?" "You look all nervous or whatever, so just don't overthink it. There's not like hand holding or arm reaching or weird relationshipy stuff. Just a movie. So calm down."** I was actually really worried because she hadn't touched any of her popcorn or drink, and we were already past the previews!

**"You're right... I know. I'm sorry. I just don't want you to think I'm weird, because I really truly am."** I smiled, put my head on Oaklee's shoulder despite his admonishment not to, and then started to eat the popcorn. And oh what a mistake. The thing about my popcorn was that it was very more-ish, and made me very very thirsty. Once I started to eat popcorn, drinking my soda was inevitable.

The movie was terrible. I made fun of it a lot, but Mac only made fun of it sometimes. I'd catch her looking over at me, but other times I'd catch her with her eyes closed. She didn't seem sleepy, so maybe she was just thinking. Was she still lost in her head? Was she going to try holding my hand or something? I didn't know how more direct I could possibly get!

I knew I was being distracted. I knew I was focused. My chest hurt with worry, and I knew I should have gotten up. I knew I should have. But it was two hours! What adult couldn't go two hours? My soda was finished. Stupid. So stupid. Oaklee didn't like my distractedness, though, he thought I wasn't enjoying it, or him, or the movie...and he was playful. He smiled at me, and made jokes, and finally he said something I couldn't mildly giggle at — I burst out laughing. And then something else burst.

She stopped laughing. I bit my lip and looked at her nervously, but turned my attention back to the movie. I said something else, another joke, but I didn't get any response. I took a deep breath and turned to the girl with a tiny smile. **"Hey... you can talk to me if something's bugging you... I mean it..."**

I wanted to talk. I wanted to scream. I wanted to yell, to whisper, to whimper, to say something. More than that, I wanted to disappear. My eyes were wide, and I trembled, and then I did whimper, my fingertips digging into the edges of the handrests. **"I..."** I couldn't talk. **"I..."** All I could do was quiver. No sounds... until the pitter-patter of liquid as it ran off the back of the seat onto the floor during a very quiet moment of the film. I needed to get out of here. I needed to disappear. I needed to scream. I needed to.. I...

I took her hand in my hand, despite saying otherwise, and smiled at her. **"It's fine... it's cool..."** Gosh, what was this about? Parents? Did something about her parents mess her up today? She's been like this since her house. Or was this about me? She pulled her hand away from me, and I guess then I knew. I sighed and fell back into my chair. **"Um... sorry..."**

I stood up. I stood up and I stumbled past Oaklee, my skirt soaked, the seat soaked, and I ran haphazardly out of the cinema, tripping on the bottom stair, falling onto my hands and then scrambling back to my feet as quick as I could. I was so pathetic. This was pathetic. I was gross. Disgusting. Broken. Broken. Broken. This was my fault... I let it happen. I was stupid... careless... arrogant...

...I'm so stupid. I sighed and fell back into the seat, looking up at the screen. I felt sick from overeating popcorn, and the film sucked, and she was sad. This wasn't supposed to be a crappy day. I finally gave up, grabbing my phone, and walking out of the theater. I looked around for Mac, but no sign of her...

**28:**

**Oaklee** » Where'd you go?

**Oaklee** » I'm sorry if I upset you..

**Oaklee** » I don't know what I did..

**Mac** » dont play dumb

**Mac** » liek u didnt notice

**Mac** » im a freak

**Oaklee** » Uh

**Oaklee** » I'm sorry?

**Oaklee** » Wait is this my fault?

**Oaklee** » Seriously where did you go you like vanished

**Oaklee** » Are you outside?

**Mac** » yes!!! u got me soda!!!!!!!

**Mac** » no

**Mac** » no my faul

**Mac** » stupid brken

**Mac** » fuckedup girl...

**Mac** » hiding

**Oaklee** » Uhh..

**Mac** » crying

**Mac** » stupid

**Oaklee** » Why?

**Mac** » b/c im a freak

**Oaklee** » A really pretty freak?

**Mac** » b/c im broken

**Oaklee** » I'm out here in eyeliner!

**Oaklee** » I look like a 5 year old girl with my hair like this!

**Mac** » little bit...

**Oaklee** » Whaaaaaat

**Oaklee** » Did you do that on purpose?!

**Mac** » nuhuh...

**Oaklee** » I bet you did!

**Oaklee** » Gosh you're such a butt! XD

**Mac** » ur not allowed to make me smile

**Mac** » this is no time 2 smile...

**Mac** » respect my no smilng!!!!

**Oaklee** » :C

**Oaklee** » Aaaand someone just asked if I needed help finding my parents

**Oaklee** » They're gonna take me to the service desk!

**Oaklee** » They're gonna use the PA system!

**Mac** » stop making me smile!!!!!!

**Mac** » buttface

**Mac** » omd

**Mac** » stoppat!!!

**Mac** » inconsieated!!!

**Oaklee** » "WILL SOMEONE PLEASE PICK UP THIS LITTLE GIRL FROM THE SERVICE DESK PLEASE"

**Mac** » meaaaniieeee

**Mac** » u have no little girl game on me!!

**Mac** » u just a posrr...

**Oaklee** » "she has ringlets and somehow got out of her stroller"

**Oaklee** » Gosh I need to fix my hair XD

**Mac** » im in a place u cant cum to

**Mac** » with mirrors && hiding

**Oaklee** » Bathroom?

**Oaklee** » Ifi you think i wont walk into the chicks bathroom u are so wrong

**Mac** » u dont no which 1!!

**Oaklee** » Theres only like 2..

**Mac** » ill run!

Oaklee » Why?

Oaklee » Did I do something?

Oaklee » Is it 'cause this isnt a date?

Mac » b/c im a freak

Oaklee » Mac

Mac » im glad it is not a date b/c u should not date a freak!!!

Oaklee » You're being a little stupid..

Mac » u r better than that

Oaklee » Mac -\_-

Oaklee » Please cut it out

Mac » im turning off my phine

Mac » freaks shouldnt have fones

Mac » dont come 2 the bathroom r i will bite you!!!

Oaklee » Mac -\_-

Oaklee » Please

Oaklee » Can we just like

Oaklee » Not do this today?

Oaklee » Mac?

Mac » come here ok

Mac » u

Mac » dont want 2

Oaklee » Int he girls bathroom?

Oaklee » o\_o I was kinda kidding about folowing you in there...

**Mac** » need someone from u

**Oaklee** » Security is gonna kick me out

**Mac** » plz

**Oaklee** » ..sure..

**Mac** » something\*

**Oaklee** » What do you need me for?

**Mac** » need u cardigan u borrowed

**Oaklee** » I didnt bring one

**Mac** » i told u to!!!!

**Oaklee** » It didnt go with my outfit!!

**Mac** » i dont no waht 2 do now...

**Mac** » would u buy me a skirt if i ive u money

**Oaklee** » Huh?

**Oaklee** » You have a skirt. -\_-

**Mac** » i need a differen 1

**Mac** » that isnt covered in pee ok

**Mac** » plz,,

**Oaklee** » Oh

**Oaklee** » Uh

**Oaklee** » Lemme see what i can do

**Mac** » plz...

**Oaklee** » Hang tight

**Mac** » sorry im a freak..

**Oaklee** » Please shut up

**Mac** » ur made @ me now...

**Mac** » shoudnt of told..

**Oaklee** » Ugh

**Oaklee** » Hold on

A skirt. Not covered in pee. She wet herself? That didn't make sense. She wasn't asleep. Was it on purpose? Ugh, not now, Oaklee. Fuck. How was I supposed to get her a skirt? I couldn't. The mall was so far away, too. I should have brought a jacket. Could have tied it around her waist. Shit. Okay. Um...

**Oaklee** » Is it bad?

**Oaklee** » Your skirt was dark blue no way its that noticable.

**Mac** » its liek

**Mac** » somehow

**Mac** » a whole cup of soda

**Mac** » is on my skirt

**Mac** » as pee

**Oaklee** » Jsut turn it around and like pretend you spilled something on it

**Mac** » should i just wait until it dries in here && then walk home n the darkk??

**Mac** » im letting ue help...

**Oaklee** » Im trying!

**Oaklee** » I could walk home? to your house?

**Oaklee** » It would be like an hour..

**Mac** » i could 2

**Mac** » but then u would seeme wet...

**Oaklee** » I meant i could walk back and get you a change of clothes?

**Mac** » ok

**Oaklee** » It'll be like an hour.. you live far..

**Mac** » the door code is 7712

**Mac** » i will wait here

**Mac** » could order u a uber if u want

**Mac** » might b faster

**Mac** » plz dont say mad @ me

**Mac** » i shoud have been smartr but

**Oaklee** » Just gimme a sec

**Mac** » wasnt

**Oaklee** » Shh

**Mac** » ok.....

**Oaklee** » I dont like leaving you here..

**Oaklee** » If we call a car can like..

**Oaklee** » You just make it outside into the car?

**Mac** » i am soaked in wee

**Oaklee** » You made it like from the theater to the bathroom

**Mac** » && smell like a toddler

**Oaklee** » I look like one!

**Mac** » the car driver will no!!!

**Oaklee** » We're like twins

**Oaklee** » Dude you pay him

**Mac** » maybe u could go 2 the mall && getme a skirt....

Mac » cum get my card...

Mac » plz?

Oaklee » If he says anything we wont use the service anymore

Oaklee » Thats still like 45 minutes!

Oaklee » I just..

Mac » i cant sit on the seat like this....

Mac » if I had a towel maybe

Oaklee » Okay! shut up

Oaklee » I'm coming in

## 29:

I had no idea what I was going to do. And honestly I'd probably get like arrested or some shit. Fuck. I felt so pathetic. I just wanted to help her. And she was being so... stupid. I mean, I get she was embarrassed. But like... I didn't get it. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes, hurrying into the girl's bathroom. Thank God this place was so barren right now... **"Mac...?"**

**"I will give you my card and you will get me a skirt. Or you can give me the jeans you're wearing and you can wear your undies, I don't care which...."** Despite the quivering to my voice, I managed that set of directions pretty well, though I was now shivering horribly.

**"...fine..."** I pouted and went into the adjacent stall - the second to last - and slammed the door shut. I hated this. I hated that she was acting this way. But at the same time, leaving her seemed... horrible. Like... abandoning her. And her parents had done that enough. I took the jeans off and dangled them over the top of the stall, and when she pulled on them, I held my end. **"Tell me you are beautiful."**

**"Now is not the time!"** I knew I was on edge, because I felt like I was about the most disgusting thing in the world right now. I smelled like wee, and I was itchy, and I had soaked the seat in the cinema. I tugged on the jeans, trying to take them from him, but he held fast. I stamped my foot and audibly whined. **"Please!"**

"Tell me you're beautiful and amazing and not a freak and I like you the way you are even if you think you're weird sometimes. Tell me you are better than acting like a little brat in the bathroom instead of just asking for my help in the first place. And tell me you are sorry. I mean it. Do it or stay in the bathroom all night!"

"**MRGRGR!!!!**" I kicked the side of the stall, which was stupid, because it hurt my foot and he took the jeans away, and I fell back on the floor in my wet panties and sobbed some more. He didn't say anything else, but he didn't leave either. He was... waiting for me? It was a few minutes more before I spoke to him. **"Why...? Why do you even care..? You shouldn't have to put up with this..."**

And that's the thing. I really shouldn't have. I was putting so much effort into her, and... and the truth was... **"I don't like you like this..."** It sounded rude or harsh or whatever, but it was true. **"I like you all the time, and I even like you when you are weird and silly, but not like... not like this. Not when you hate yourself... it's stupid and irritating and I don't want my friends to feel that way. So you can just... get over it. Get over it, or make a friend who can put up with it better..."** That's the reality of it. I can put up with a girl who pisses herself in a movie theater. I can't put up with a girl who can't be nice to herself.

**"I'm..."** I was so conflicted. I wanted to tell him to go away. I wanted to make him go away, and be done with him, and be done with friends, and be done with all of this. Solitude was better. Solitude wasn't being afraid to wear a pullup to the cinema. Solitude, unfortunately, though, wasn't having someone who cared. **"I'm beautiful.... please can I have the jeans now? I just wanna go home..."**

I tossed the jeans over the stall and sighed, looking up at the ceiling. I listened to the girl clamor into them, buttoning them, zipping them up. They were my jeans, and they'd be a bit too big on her. She had smaller hips than me. I looked down at my boxers with a little blush on my cheeks... **"...can I have that skirt please...?"**

**"...it's covered in wee..."** He was kidding, right? He had to be. He wouldn't ask that. He wouldn't ask to be dressed in someone else's wee, because that would be the weirdest thing I'd ever seen ever. He had to be grossed out. He had to be disgusted. Why would he ask for that?

**"Ugh, can you just give it to me already...?"** I had my own plan. Not one I was *happy* about. And I'd still have to walk the whole way home in a stupid wet skirt. But it was enough that I felt capable of actually *walking* home in a stupid wet skirt... **"Or just go, and I'll stay here all night..."**

I tossed the skirt over the stall, I meant for it to hit the top and rest there all classily, but I was short and I tossed it right on over, and winced because I was imagining him with my soaked skirt landing on his face like a cartoon. **"I'm sorry..."** I didn't get it... I mean,

why was he being so hostile to me? I knew why. He was mad at me. I was a freak. I'd be mad at me, too...

I pouted and held up the skirt. Okay, so it was pretty wet. And noticeably so. I opened up the stall door and peeked out, looking nervously around. Nobody. I hurried to the sink and turned the warm water on, soaking the whole skirt under the faucet. I rung it out best I could and hurried back into the stall. It didn't match at *all*, but I guess I couldn't be picky right now. I tugged the wet skirt up my legs and sighed, a blush on my cheeks. "...can we go now...?"

I should have thought of that, honestly, but to me the idea of anybody seeing me in a wet skirt was worse than the fact I'd wet it, or at least as bad. I hobbled out of the stall, dropped my panties into the trash-can, and looked at Oaklee with red-rimmed and puffy eyes. "**I'm sorry about all this...**"

"...it's okay. It is..." Poor girl was crying. I sighed and put on a smile. "**I'm sorry if I was short with you. I just... wanna help. And you're always like, keeping me from helping. I hate that... and I don't know how to get through to you, so... I don't know. Can we please get out of this bathroom before someone comes looking?**"

"**Uhhuh...**" Honestly, I wanted to get home anyway, to get away from this, and what I'd done. And I took his hand and pulled him from the bathroom, outside the cinema and into the fresh October air. "**Wanna walk, or call a car?**" After all I'd put him through, the poor boy deserved the choice.

"**Dun care...**" Okay, so... it was weird at first. But when we got outside and the cold air on the skirt, and the cold skirt on my legs? Which probably needed to be shaved to wear a skirt like this! But still. It felt weird. And the idea of the girl in the movie theater wetting herself. And now that skirt was on me. Like me in the theater wetting myself. I shivered a little in the cold, a bit of a blush on my cheeks, and followed behind the girl, my hand in hers...

"**Um.**" He complained that I never talked to him. He saved me. He deserved something... "**I wear my baby pants to the movies, because when I drink soda and get distracted, sometimes I don't realize I have to go.**" In many regards, the admission was a lot worse than just being a bedwetter. It implied a greater lack of control.

"...oh..." I was a little out of it, sure. But I heard her. I understood her. I smiled behind my little blush and squeezed her hand tighter. "**Tha's okay. I mean... I usually get up like ten times during a movie, so... I mean, iss not so bad...**" Gosh I felt weird. The skirt was so cold...

He was acting weird. The way he did when he was at Build a Bear. Cutesy. I didn't mind it, I just felt like the timing could have been better. I held his hand, feeling a little warm

that he seemed to like it, and we made our way away from the mall on foot. **"I wish... you understood how I felt when that happened... "**

I looked up at her curiously. My cheeks were a little pink, perpetually, the way they used to be. The way they were yesterday. I blinked my eyes, staring. Understood... how it felt...? "...huh?" She kept her hand in mine while we walked. I didn't mind it.

**"It's just... I don't feel like an adult... feels like I have no control, and I'm small, and I can't take care of myself... and then I get scared, because I'm always on my own, so feeling that way just means feeling alone."** He didn't seem to get it, and I didn't expect him to. I felt better to be away from the mall, but his jeans were weird on me, especially without undies. **"What are you thinking?"**

**"...I can do that..."** She looked at me a little weirdly and I looked away from her. It wasn't what I was supposed to say. I felt weird all over. But her words were ringing in my ears. I shifted uncomfortably in the skirt and then, after a minute, stopped walking altogether. She kept her hand in mine, stopping too. **"...I could... uh... try to... uh... understand..."**

**"I don't think you can, because you, like most people our age, actually learned to control your bladder like 10 years ago..."** I sounded bitter, but honestly it was more like jealousy. I felt jealous. Envious. What a stupid feeling to have over something like this, how dumb was it to feel envy over bathroom habits? How pathetic...

Her voice was harsh. So harsh. Acidic. Contemptuous. And I squeezed her hand tighter, maybe to get her attention. When she looked at me, I looked back at her, trying to be sure of myself. But then I looked down, and I let her hand go. I didn't know what I was doing... **"...I just... figured I could try... iono... forget it..."** Still, quiet. Blushing...

**"Try what?"** What was he even talking about? What was he implying? I frowned a little and looked away. **"You want to wet yourself? No you don't... it's not fun... it... it hurts. It hurts who you are..."** I hated it. I hated myself. I couldn't imagine he'd ever want to volunteer to do it. He was just humoring me... **"You're just trying to make me happy, but this will only make you sad..."**

**"I said forget it,"** I said with a frown, and walked past the girl. I couldn't believe I even suggested... ugh. I felt so stupid. Why did I even say that? She wasn't serious. I wasn't serious. And here I was, humoring her ridiculousness. And she should be moving past it, not getting stuck in it! I just... hated it. I hated this. So I walked ahead of her on our way back to her house.

I hurried after Oaklee, the jeans slipping, needing to be tugged back up every few steps, until I grabbed his hand. He pulled away. I grabbed again. **"I think it's sweet, okay! I think it's sweet."** He stopped. I didn't know if he was incredulous or interested. I didn't focus enough to figure it out. **"I just would never wish this on anybody..."**

**"...I just wish you were happier..."** Stupid skirt. Stupid wet skirt. I wasn't feeling the same way anymore. The warm or the fuzziness. I felt cold, like the fabric on my thighs. I just wanted to get back to her house where it wasn't so windy. I still walked ahead of her, even if I did walk slower. We didn't talk the whole way...

I wished I was, too. I wished I was a happy girl. I tried to be. I drew, and I colored, and I dressed my dolls and I tried to fake it. But I didn't know what happiness really was... yup. I was officially emo. The thing was, I got given everything, and I didn't know how to make happiness out of infinite pieces. He was given so little, and still managed to build happiness. I didn't get it. He entered the keycode on my front door — I told him what it was in text — and he went upstairs, and I followed. We still didn't talk. I collapsed into the nook in my playroom, and Oaklee went into my room. I cuddled with one of the pillows and sighed.

**"You don't imagine I could have my jeans back...?"** I was in my shirt again. The makeup was wiped off. It was only six in the evening, but the sun was already starting to go down. I figured it would be an hour's walk home, and better safe than sorry. Today just wasn't my day...

**"Want cuddles."** I rarely vocalized affection, even rarer did I even consider requesting it. Because it was new to me, crazy to me, inconceivable to me. But I did it. I asked him. I didn't look up at him, I stayed staring out the window. He'd probably say no, he'd probably make excuses. He probably wouldn't honor the request.

I sighed and ran my fingers through my hair. It had taken like a thousand brushes through to get the curls out, or at least, most of them. It was enough to get by at home, I was sure. I sat down on the ground, the skirt still damp, and put my arm around her. She was such a child...

I shuffled over deeper into the nook, but didn't say anything. He took the hint and shuffled into the nook, and I pulled the comforter over the both of us, putting my head on his shoulder as a final gesture. This was new to me. It felt new to him, too, from my view. But it probably wasn't. I bet he'd cuddled many others before me. I sighed and nuzzled a little closer.

We sat there for a very long time without talking. It was nice being close to her, but my mind raced through other rings. Things I didn't really want to think about. And I just... had trouble with it. I wasn't sure how much time passed when I finally got up again. It had to have been at least half an hour. The skirt was dryer... **"I really shouldn't go home in your skirt."**

**"Then don't go home... we can order anything you want... even stuff with cheese."** I didn't want to be alone. I was always alone. But I didn't feel alone for a moment, and I liked that. I actually liked how I felt right now, having him here. I felt warm, fuzzy, lovely. I didn't want for it to go away...

"If I show up late again tonight, I'm not only grounded, but probably shipped off to boarding school..." I gave a little smile to the girl, though I didn't feel it. Mac looked up at me with a pout. I hated it. I loved it.. **"Jeans, please?"**

I pulled the comforter up over me, and then reached under and wriggled out of the jeans. I'd been wearing them without undies. Some couples might find that sexy. I didn't think about it, the jeans that smelled like me. I handed them back to him, and smiled meekly. **"Sorry I had an accident today."** No sorry I fucked up, no sorry I'm disgusting, no self-depreciation.

...she was so fucking cute. I wanted to kiss her again. But at the same time, I just wanted to yell at her. And I didn't get it. I sighed, smiled, and nodded. **"It's okay... one day at a time, right?"** I took the jeans with me into her room to change. I threw the skirt into her hamper. Even if I'd rinsed it at the movies, I suspected she'd want to wash it anyway.

I wrapped the comforter around me like a robe, even though I had nothing on half my body, I felt amply covered. I met Oaklee at the staircase and smiled weakly. **"Want me to call you a car? It's a long way home."** I didn't know where my phone was, but it couldn't have gotten too far away...

**"I wanna walk."** I just needed some time to think. I hugged the girl goodbye. I hugged her. Not sure why. Mac hugged me back. It was weird. Not weird. Different. Stand outish. And then I left. I played with my phone in my pocket while I walked, wondering what to do next.

**30:**

**"It's not like you to be hangin' out on your own so many days in a row."** Deagan was juggling a single mango, one he'd been juggling all morning, like one thing counted as juggling. He was impressed with himself. **"Did you break up with your fake-girlfriend?"** He almost missed the mango, but managed to catch it right above his brothers bed. **"You know I read if you catch a mango a thousand times, it becomes like, a god-tier mango."**

**"I don't know what that means. And I think you're insane." "It's Saturday! Go hang out with your fake girlfriend!"** My fake girlfriend who had texted me like an hour ago. I should get online. That means dealing with things, though. I hate dealing with things... **"Maybe I will."**

**"You know, your fake girlfriend might decide that her fake-boyfriend is avoiding her. You wouldn't be avoiding her, would you?"** He almost dropped the mango

again, and went careening across the room trying to catch up. For an older brother, Deagan could still be a bit of a kid sometimes, for better or worse.

**"I'm not avoiding her. I'm just... being lazy. People can be lazy."** But not texting back for an hour in the mid-afternoon? I guess he was right. **"Getting online in a sec,"** I typed, and sent. I guess that was that. Problem solved.

**"You found a girl who wants to hang out with you and take you out dressed like a fairy — oh hey, did you ask her about the rave? There's one tonight down at the docks, I could probably cover for you if you want. I don't know how her parents are, but whatever, you know."** That was Deagan trying to fix things for his wayward brother. Again, for better or worse.

**"Maybe I'll check it out."** I didn't know if I would. Honestly, if I did... I wasn't sure I wanted to go with Mac. It wasn't anything against her. But it felt like I was the only thing that ever made her happy, and that was a lot of pressure to put on someone who so consistently fucked things up. I adored Mac. She was my favorite person. But every time we hung out in person, something always went wrong. I wished she had a safety net or something...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u are avoiding me**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » dont even lie**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » your weirded out b/c I had an accident @ the movies**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » and**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » thats crappy of you**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » b/c I already feel bad for it**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && I like u**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » &&& I dont know how 2 undo it**

**Numbers-1377325 » uh**

**Numbers-1377325 » hi to you too**

**Numbers-1377325 » no I'm not avoiding you.**

**Numbers-1377325 » and we are past your accident**

**Numbers-1377325 » there's no point in worrying about it anymore**

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » I would beleive that

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » but

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u are weird w/ me now

Numbers-1377325 » I am not weird

Numbers-1377325 » you are so paranoid sometimes

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » okay

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » um

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » there is a thing

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » that

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » nm...

Numbers-1377325 » ??

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » nm!!!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u wouldnt be interested

Numbers-1377325 » o\_o one way to be sure..

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » well

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » theres a thing

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » that i go 2 usually

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » but its

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » a ways away

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && u wouldnt be interested

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » &&& if u were

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » your parents wouldnt let ou

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » just anice though

**Numbers-1377325** » well that last part is probably true

**Numbers-1377325** » if you dont wanna tell me you dont gotta but you mentioned it for a reason

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c I want you to come

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its lolita fashion fest

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its mostly egl but theres some sl stuff and they have lots of vendors

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && amazing cute stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont know what any of that means but it sounds cute

**Numbers-1377325** » you are probably right about my parents though

**Numbers-1377325** » it's an all day thing?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » egl is goth loli

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && sl is sweet loli

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& vendors are ppl who sell stuff

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its a weekend thing but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we ciuld just go for one day

**Numbers-1377325** » when? today?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » my maid chaperones usually && I can stay the weekend

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » today && tomorrow && monday

**Numbers-1377325** » I really doubt it

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe if I had more time I could work up a lie but its just short notice..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I was thinking

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you can tell them that my parents want someone to chaperone me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and maybe they could call my maids number to confirm

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » iono...

**Numbers-1377325** » to a lolita ocvention? XD

**Numbers-1377325** » oh yeah my parents would just be totes fine with that

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u could tell them its like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » a comic thing

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » or something

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » baseball or guns or whatever ur parents are into

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » YOU HAVE TO PROTECT ME FROM BOOOOOYS

**Numbers-1377325** » they wont buy it, Mac..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm sorry..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » issok

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I figured

**Numbers-1377325** » sorry..

**Numbers-1377325** » you should go, you never get to go anywhere fun

**Numbers-1377325** » oh you could buy me something?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we can do it next year!

**Numbers-1377325** » you should go this year. and buy me nice things. because you have an amazing track record at buying me stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll have Missy to keep me company

**Numbers-1377325** » you will have so much fun

**Numbers-1377325** » and we can text?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » only wanna go w/ u

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I have been spoiled by this 'friend' concept

**Numbers-1377325** » you don't need me to have fun mac.

**Numbers-1377325** » how about you go and make a friend on your own!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I DID

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » HIS NAME IS SISSYPANTS FLUFFYBOTTOM

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » And he is a PRINCESS

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_\_\_\_\_ -

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » (pst he is you)

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_\_\_\_\_ -

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » (Sissypants)

**Numbers-1377325** » baby pants

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » >//////////<

**Numbers-1377325** » look I finally came up with a nickname!

**Numbers-1377325** » I like it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » who told u that term!

**Numbers-1377325** » stickin' with it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I am obliged to allow it b/c u are no good at nicknames

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but still

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » MRGRGR

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » Sissypants!

**Numbers-1377325** » go to the con

**Numbers-1377325** » buy me stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » or I'll start calling you baby pants at school

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then I will start bringing mira 2 school and leaving her on ur lunch table w/ you!!

**Numbers-1377325** » i need to spend a weekend home anyway if I wanna hang out with you next week

**Numbers-1377325** » you dooooo wanna hang out right?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » uhhuh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » can I adopt you??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » That would be simpler

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u could be my little baby dolly!!

**Numbers-1377325** » go

**Numbers-1377325** » please enjoy yourself

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && I will raise u in my image!!

**Numbers-1377325** » send pictures

**Numbers-1377325** » and text

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » meanie poopoohead

**Numbers-1377325** » have fun

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll have my phone

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » fiiiiinneneee

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez has signed off.

**31:**

**missymeow1213** » Heyeeeeeeeeey

**Numbers-1377325** » well hi there

**missymeow1213** » How are things? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » good good

**Numbers-1377325** » you free tonight?

**Numbers-1377325** » I figure we can have an internet date

**Numbers-1377325** » like the good ol daysss!

**missymeow1213** » Why don't you take your not-girlfriend out on a REAL date instead? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » she's going to some convention

**Numbers-1377325** » so I'm free

**missymeow1213** » She's like 11 =0

**missymeow1213** » Okay, well....

**missymeow1213** » I suppose we can do a date tonight, yes.

**missymeow1213** » How's the famfam?

**Numbers-1377325** » blah the usual

**Numbers-1377325** » there's like a party tonight

**Numbers-1377325** » i might go to

**Numbers-1377325** » haven't decided yet

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? =) Who's party?

**Numbers-1377325** » iono some rave thing for kids

**Numbers-1377325** » I hear boys wear make up there though so yay

**missymeow1213** » Hah

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, sounds like fun

**missymeow1213** » Don't take any pills, and don't kiss people with eyes the size of saucers

**missymeow1213** » lol

**Numbers-1377325** » i believe there aren't any pills

**Numbers-1377325** » because it's for kids

**Numbers-1377325** » but thanks for the advice

**missymeow1213** » lol =)

**missymeow1213** » Well, you should go!

**missymeow1213** » Will you dress up cute?

**Numbers-1377325** » no way I can..

**missymeow1213** » Mac should give you a spare key for you to use to dress up when she's out of town! =D

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » I have her keypad code...

**Numbers-1377325** » but I think it's breaking and entering if I go there without asking

**missymeow1213** » ...does she live in a safe?

**Numbers-1377325** » basically yes

**missymeow1213** » Well just ask her first =O

**missymeow1213** » Texty texty

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » well

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't really want her knowing I'm going to a party

**Numbers-1377325** » or she wont go to her convention..

**missymeow1213** » Just tell her you want to see your teddy and maybe borrow a cute outfit because your folks are going out tonight and you have your place to yourself, then.

**Numbers-1377325** » then she will stay home because I'm coming over

**\Numbers-1377325** » she's a little clingy

**\missymeow1213** » You mean the girl with no friends is clingy?

**missymeow1213** » Shocker! =D

**missymeow1213** » Well, text her after she leaves, then

**missymeow1213** » You have no imagination..

**Numbers-1377325** » she'll come back..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll just go dressed however

**missymeow1213** » Wow you really don't like her, huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...what?

**Numbers-1377325** » of course I like her.

**missymeow1213** » Do you, though?

**Numbers-1377325** » of course I do

**Numbers-1377325** » what the fuck is wrong with you

**Numbers-1377325** » don't go filling her head with doubts

**missymeow1213** » I don't know, you never talk to me about good things about her.

**Numbers-1377325** » yes I do she's great

**Numbers-1377325** » but she needs to have fun without me

**Numbers-1377325** » that doesn't mean I don't like her

**missymeow1213** » Well, alright =)

**missymeow1213** » My point stands, though.

**missymeow1213** » You're pretty negative about the poor girl pretty often!

**Numbers-1377325** » I am not

**missymeow1213** » Anyway. Let's talk about you.

**missymeow1213** » Any romantic interests lately?

**Numbers-1377325** » nope

**Numbers-1377325** » romance isn't my thing

**missymeow1213** » You're 15 lol

**missymeow1213** » You're telling me nobody interests you?

**Numbers-1377325** » people interest me

**Numbers-1377325** » not romantically

**missymeow1213** » As a rule?

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » I just haven't found anyone right

**missymeow1213** » Tell me about your ideal girl =)

**missymeow1213** » It can be good to talk about it.

**Numbers-1377325** » for like a romance thing?

**missymeow1213** » Yuppers

**Numbers-1377325** » uh my age I guess.

**Numbers-1377325** » my height

**Numbers-1377325** » long hair

**Numbers-1377325** » very straight looking so my parents dont like start questioning shit

**Numbers-1377325** » boobs. XD

**missymeow1213** » Boobs are nice =D

**Numbers-1377325** » cute underwear

**Numbers-1377325** » independant

**missymeow1213** » What music does she like? What books?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk it doesn't really matter.

**missymeow1213** » Hmm =) So you don't like clingy girls? You said independent

**missymeow1213** » I would have thought you'd like a girl that needs you.

**Numbers-1377325** » oh god no

**missymeow1213** » Interesting. I always took you for the 'we do everything together' type.

**missymeow1213** » Like, matching outfits and all.

**Numbers-1377325** » why?

**Numbers-1377325** » what does that accomplish?

**missymeow1213** » It means sharing the things you love, with someone you adore

**missymeow1213** » Making memories

**missymeow1213** » Together

**missymeow1213** » I think that's sweet

**missymeow1213** » I thought you thought it was sweet, too. You're the kind of sensitive guy who gets that kind of stuff.

**Numbers-1377325** » well yeah but that's what friends are for

**Numbers-1377325** » like Mac and you and stuff

**missymeow1213** » You want to form all your amazing memories with varying different friends?

**missymeow1213** » You don't want to have your wonderful memories formed with someone who means the world to you? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » the idea of one person meaning the world is silly

**Numbers-1377325** » or we wouldn't have other people like friends and stuff.

**Numbers-1377325** » I think it makes more sense to have your meaningful memories and stuff with people you actually like

**missymeow1213** » Friends are for different things =)

**missymeow1213** » Like, you'd go to like, Hawaii, with a girlfriend. You'd do things together, ride ziplines, learn to hulu, surf, with a girlfriend. Friends are for different things.

**missymeow1213** » And I'm pretty certain that you would like your girlfriend.

**Numbers-1377325** » I would go to Hawaii with you or Mike or Mac or Bindie

**Numbers-1377325** » that sounds way more fun than going with someone i'm dating

**Numbers-1377325** » you and I would like totes fuck up hawaii yo

**Numbers-1377325** » ;)

**missymeow1213** » You really know nothing about dating, do you? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » I know enough

**missymeow1213** » You don't, though =)

**missymeow1213** » No offense sweetie, but when you feel it

**missymeow1213** » Like

**missymeow1213** » Love

**missymeow1213** » Attraction

**missymeow1213** » You'll get it

**missymeow1213** » Why that one person is worth more.

**Numbers-1377325** » they aren't, everyone is worth one person

**Numbers-1377325** » putting all your happiness into somebody is stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » forget it

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm gonna go to the store and see if I can afford cheap makeup

**Numbers-1377325** » ttyl

**Numbers-1377325** has signed off.

missymeow1213 » Wait.

missymeow1213 » Offline? Ugh...

missymeow1213 » I think you might overlook what it means to be together, when it comes to your own friends

missymeow1213 » or whatever lol

missymeow1213 » see you I guess

**32:**

I had eleven dollars and fifty cents. I had no makeup. Even if I got cute eyeshadow, even if I got cute lip gloss, what could I really afford. I played with the colors, checking the prices on the bottom. 8 bucks for some liner. What was worse - I'd have to throw it all away tonight...

**"Well hey there, sugarpop."** Sayla was dressed differently than before, but clad still with the uniform name-badge and that same toothy grin. **"Headin' for the waterside, huh?"** It was easy to infer. Feminine boy looking at impressive makeup in cheap brands the day of a huge rave.

I looked away from the girl and put the eyeshadow packet back down on the shelf. **"I was just looking,"** I muttered. It was a rough day. A rough weekend. First with Mac, and then with Missy. I just didn't want to get into it with this stranger. Like, what were the chances of her working today, at this time? Ugh.

**"You got anyone you're going with? I'm going down there with some friends if you wanna hang with us."** There was something oddly cute about Sayla, too, and it was hard to put a finger on it. Sayla was going to mention about having the hookup if Oaklee needed it, helping his night kick off, but the little blonde thought better of it.

I bit my lip, looking up at the girl. She smiled at me and I played with the little thing of eye shadow in my fingers. Someone to go to the water front with? I mean, how bad could that be? At least I'd know somebody... **"...I guess I could..."**

**"Ahh, see! I knew you were more than a pretty face. Alright, awesome. You wanna meet me here at eight — be pretty as shit, because my friends are gonna devour your pretty ass."** The boy was holding cheap makeup, and Sayla picked out three more things and smiled. **"Tell them at the counter that all that stuff is promo samples from Sayla — they won't charge you then."**

**"...I'm not trying to hook up with anyone."** Honestly, it was only because of Mike I knew the lingo at all. Devour my pretty ass. It could have been an innocent statement, but it could have been something else entirely. **"I just wanna go check it out. That's it..."** How old was she anyway?

**"You can hook up with as many or as few peeps as you want, cutiebutt."** Sayla shrugged. **"No judgement. Slutty or demure, you're still hot and that's enough for me, You got any heels? You should wear 'em. Like always. With a butt like that it would just pop."** Sayla certainly seemed to be an authority on butts.

**"This was a stupid idea,"** I said with a sigh. She was just like Mike, just girlier. Pervy little know it all. I put the make up back on the shelf and shook my head, stepping away from the girl. I didn't make it to the end of the aisle before she cut me off.

Sayla pushed lips to the boy, tasting of tinging mint lipgloss, and with the blessing of nobody else present in the store, pushed the boy back to the shelf, then to the floor, pinning him down until forced up to breathe. **"What time did I tell you to meet me here, again?"** As it turned out, Sayla was pretty straight forward.

**"....um.... e-eight...."** She pushed her lips down on mine again. Kissing me. This girl. Some stranger. Kissing me. I couldn't even move, my back to the hard tile of the Walgreens. The mirrors were everywhere, but they didn't account for being pinned to the floor. Nobody saw us here. My head was spinning...

With one action, a kiss, Sayla could punish, encourage, teach, admonish, coerce, train and shape. Kisses were amazing, and Sayla's kisses were particularly high pedigree. 8pm. He'd be going with Sayla and Sayla's friends, many of which would want to devour his pretty butt. He was not going to be arguing.

The girl climbed off me and left me alone on the floor. I didn't know what to do. I just laid there until I saw her in my vision again, holding up a basket. She set it down next to me and walked away. The make up? I sat up nervously, my fingertips shaking. I'd never been kissed before. I mean, I'd kissed Mac. But *that*...

**"Will I be ringing that up for you, sir?"** The clerk at the counter smiled. Maybe she knew of Sayla's antics, maybe she was oblivious. Oaklee was blushing, looking at the basket of makeup, and at the clerk, and then around, as if to look for Sayla. **"Sir? Is everything okay?"**

**"Y-yeah... um... S-Sayla said... uh... this was like... promo something..."** I was still lost in my head. Lost in the logic, or lack thereof, of everything that had happened. She'd pinned me to the ground. She'd kissed me. Just so I would come here at 8pm? What was I getting myself into...

"Ah, samples?" The clerk smiled, looking at the makeup, and at the boy. "You're going out tonight with Sayla, huh? Make sure you're pretty, though..." The girl smiled. "You don't look like you'll need to do too much work. Sayla's gonna adore you." Was everybody in on this? She scanned everything, punched in a code, and the priced zeroed out. "You're good to go!"

"...r-right..." I walked out with the bag of makeup, and then, only halfway home, realized there was no way I could take this inside. I took all the make up out of the bag and stuff my jeans with it, trying to hide it best I could. How I would get out again, how I would do my makeup and leave the house, though, was beyond me. But I'd have to figure something out...

### 33:

The afternoon dragged on. I couldn't stop thinking about the girl in the shop and the kiss she gave me. It was a really nice kiss. Maybe this is what it's like to free romantic stuff. It's so coincidental Missy and I were *just* talking about it. She'd love to know I was into somebody. But at the same time, I didn't even know if I wanted to be with her yet. But that kiss... *damn*. I told my parents where I'd be. No point lying about it. The rave was from eight until midnight. I left at seven thirty, pockets full of makeup, and sat at the bus stop to see myself in the reflection of the glass. Doing make up this way was hard, but I didn't have much else to go on. The only mirror I had was so small, I could really only use it sparingly. I wore jeans and a tight top. Nothing feminine, but my makeup would make up for it. And my hair looked really good today, too. I was actually excited about this party! But about that older girl... I was nervous about her.

"There are some things you need to know, sunshine." Sayla was standing in front of the store, her top recently pulled over her head, facing away from the boy like she needed to show more modesty to him than she did to the rest of the world. "We are from different worlds, and you're pretty enough to visit mine, but you have to first accept that you know nothing about it, and if you visit it, you follow my direction." She leaned down, pulled something that looked too bright to be real, and began to pull the very very tight bright pink vinyl top over her chest.

I looked at her a little nervously, standing in the doorway of the Walgreens. It was still open, because it always was, but we had a bit of privacy where we were. I shuffled nervously in the darkness and played with my hands in front of me. "Uh... I've been to parties..." Raves, according to TV, were a little different. But not different enough to matter. I didn't like the way she talked about me, like I was beneath her.

"Oh, I don't mean the rave." Sayla turned, facing the boy, adjusting the tight and bright top that only came down just below her boobs, or where one might expect boobs to realistically be. She was pretty flat, though. "And I don't mean it negatively. I mean

**you have a family, you have school, you have a normal existence."** Says the girl who works at Walgreens, so okay, Sayla was a little pretentious. **"You play the game, I use cheat codes. And I'll show you what that's like tonight, but only if you promise to listen."** She turned again, pulling her jeans down over her curvy butt.

...she had cute panties. Really cute. I'd never seen a girl's panties on a girl in person before. I mean. I kinda get it. Like, why guys wanna hit that. And yeah. Definitely straight. No question about it. **"I'm not here to be treated like a kid. I'm not looking for you to show me anything."** Which was true. What, she didn't go to school or something? Or like, she didn't have a family? Maybe she was too stupid to date.

**"That's what I mean."** She shimmied into a skirt not much longer than her top, made up of the same brightly colored vinyl trimmed in black edging with faux-lace, and then drummed on her flat tummy as she turned around to face the boy. **"You think that you know everything there is to know, and here's this fly-ass bootylicious babe to show you something at the end of the spiral, and you're being a know-it-all."**

**"Actually, I think you're being a know-it-all and I'm just kind of calling you out on it."** Which wasn't the best answer. I took a deep breath and forced a smile, looking up at the girl. Fine. I'll try again. **"I think hanging out with you will be kind of cool... okay?"**

**"Calling out is another way of saying being a know-it-all."** Which, admittedly, Sayla was a little bit of. She stepped toward the boy, took his chin, then his cheek, then the back of his head, and pulled him close enough to kiss. Sayla liked to kiss, even when she was only a few inches of shiny vinyl away from being naked. Even if it was stuck-up strangers.

I felt my cheeks turn pink while she pushed her lips on mine. Once. Not like in the shop. There wasn't the same force. More like simplicity. I guess... that was kind of cool. I mean. She can be a brat and I can be a brat and she still kisses me. That's like. Relationship 101. And Missy says I don't know anything about dating. Psh. **"...I thought you said you had friends coming..."**

**"I do. Put this on."** She reached into her back and activated a pink glowstick bracelet, handing it to the boy as a pick-up with a dozen kids in back pulled around the corner at the end of the street. She could have explained the meaning of the glowstick, but some things were pointless to bother with, and she pointed to the pick-up. **"This is our ride."**

I looked at the little glowy band and shrugged my shoulders. Sayla got into the back of the pickup with a couple other kids. Maybe eight or ten? I followed, sitting against the wall of the truck. Some were my age. Some even looked younger. Most were older, though. How old was Sayla? She had to be at least 16. But she couldn't be 18 either, 'cause this is an underage party.

"**This is...**" A half dozen faces looked at her expectantly and she clicked her fingers at the boy. "**Name?**" He stammered out an answer and then almost fell over as the truck pulled away from the curb. "**He's cool.**" "He's pretty as fuck," came the response from one of the boys, who was wearing more makeup than some of the girls.

"**Oaklee,**" I said quietly, looking up at the kids in the truck. The boy who called me pretty was also very pretty. Actually, if it wasn't for his hair, I would have thought he was a girl. He even sounded like one, like he hadn't hit puberty yet. I leaned against the hatch and tried to hold myself up. What the hell had I gotten myself into...

Sayla didn't know half the kids names — she knew who the driver was, and some of the passengers, but not all, and conversation happened in pairs and small groups, and not as a big whole. "**It's only a fifteen minutes from here,**" she began to explain, her hair whipping around her face as the truck started to speed up and her voice was drowned out, as was most of the conversation. One of the girls found her way to the front of the flatbed and crawled to her knees, and then stood up, holding her arms out in the windflow, her hair long, sparkly with glitter, cascading behind her as two others grabbed her legs to stop her being knocked back.

Weird kids. Weird place. Maybe Sayla was right about me not understanding this side of things. Honestly, for a poor kid down South, I was surprisingly sheltered. Not sheltered, but... not adventurous. I think it had something to do with my never getting off the computer. My brother used to do stuff like this all the time when he was my age.

The girl eventually fell to her back and skittered along the steel of the tailgate to the back, where she looked far too jostled for comfort, but she only laughed. Then giggled. Then giggled incessantly, like it was the funniest thing in the entire world. Not too long after, the pick-up pulled into a parking lot in the shipping district, and one of the warehouses a few hundred yards down had the thrum of loud music echoing from within.

This place was actually really well monitored. Adults weren't allowed. There were police sometimes, but often it was just really cool parents. It was a south-side thing. Parents making sure their kids were safe and not interfering. West-siders wouldn't get that. Inside the warehouse, past the two adults at the door, it was just kids and lights and dance music.

The music was loud, but the space was expansive, and it meant that unlike clubs, conversation wasn't too difficult to maintain. Most of the other kids had dissipated, and that just left Sayla with her small sling back, and the boy. "**Are you ready to cheat-code yet, or do you want to play by the rules?**"

"...I have no idea what those things mean." Honestly, I didn't really get her metaphors. She was a little too complicated for me. I think because she was older. I, on the other hand, was as simple as could be. I didn't elaborate on things with weird analogies: I just said things how they were. The blessings of being 15, I guess...

Sayla sighed and rolled her eyes, reached into her pocket and licked something off her palm. Immediately following, she kissed the boy. It was a common distribution method, hard to detect for the adults, and oftentimes with kids their age, it was the best way to get past the drugs are bad routine drilled into them from school. She kissed him, pushing the pill with her tongue to his mouth, and holding the kiss until she was sure that he'd swallowed. It was easier to just not ask him things.

I pushed the girl off me, choking on the little near-dissolved tablet. I spit it out into my hand, but most of it was already gone. It had taken way too long to get her to stop kissing me. I threw the little wet tablet at the ground and pushed her again, harder. **"What the hell is your problem?!"**

Sayla was smiling, sweetly, the strobe light reflecting off her top. She answered, simple, with one word. **"Cheating."** He was angry, because he thought the rules mattered, and she took his hand in both of hers and pulled on it, tugging him off balance, and then began to tug him toward the crowded, brightly lit, throe of teenagers dancing and bathed in bright lights.

I pushed her again, as hard as I could, until her grip broke. I stormed back toward the exit, away from the music and the lights. I blinked my eyes hard, shaking my head. Stupid girl trying to drug me. Fucking idiot. I couldn't believe this. I pulled my phone out of my pocket and started to dial my mom.

Sayla caught up, not sure why she was bothering, but having downed her own pill now and too excited to care. She snatched the boys phone away, and took his hand gracefully when he tried to grab for it, placing it on her very-flat chest. In the moment it took him to realize that he was groping her, she kissed him again. No pill this time. But she knew the damage was done, knew that it was only a matter of time.

She took her lips off mine, holding the phone up above her head. I was too short to get it back. I jumped for it, like a child to a bully, and failed to reach it. My cheeks were pink and I looked away from the girl nervously. My head was spinning... **"I'm going home... you can keep my phone if you want it..."**

**"Just stay, come on, dance with me for a bit, please? I dressed sexy just for you, Oaklee."** She didn't even know his name before the trip here, but that was a minor detail. The blacklights made the pink of the vinyl glow, and her cheeks already did, sparkling in the strobing lights. Sayla was radiant. **"What's the worst that can happen?"**

**"I'm going home..."** I left the building, left the warehouse, pass the two adults. Honestly, it was pretty crowded even out here. People talking. The night was still early. The adults wouldn't interrupt kissing or something, but they'd get in the way if there was anything indecent. That's what I'd heard anyway. But the dim dullness of the outside

made me a little sick. I reached for my phone again before remembering I never got it back...

**"You okay?"** It was the boy from the back of the truck, and he was sitting on a barrier by the waterside, oddly alone. **"Oaklee, right? You cool? You look kinda freaked out."** With the moon reflecting off the water, and the rippled light coming up from there, the boy looked remarkably pretty.

**"I'm fine... just tryin' to find my way home..."** **"You just got here."** **"Yeah, but like... that girl is crazy, I think. And she has my phone..."** I sighed and sat on the edge of the curb with the other boy. He was pretty in the moonlight. I was a little jealous. He pulled off his outfit so well - something so masculine - and still looked like a young girl.

**"Oh, Sayla? Yeah, she's... unconventional. Her home life is fucked up, and she lives for this. I don't know, she doesn't talk about it much."** The boy looked over his shoulder at the water and then next to him at the boy with a little smile. **"She seems to like you, though, and she doesn't like many people. Your makeup is hot, by the way."**

**"Oh... uh... thanks..."** The water shimmered in nice ways and the pulsing of the music from the warehouse still ached. I closed my eyes tight, taking a deep breath. Everything was really bubbly... it was so hard to explain. It was like being tired, but in reverse...

**"You wanna come inside for a bit and dance with me? And if I see Sayla, I'll get your phone back? I mean you're already out here lookin' cute as hell, it would be a waste not to have some fun, right?"** Sayla was pretty presumptuous, and the boy had a pretty good idea what she'd done — she romanticized the idea and wanted someone who'd just go with it. Obviously Oaklee wasn't that, but the boy didn't mind hanging out with him for a bit.

**"Dun know how to dance..."** **"Nobody does. Come on."** I followed the new boy - gosh, I didn't even know his name - back into the club. The warehouse. The lights were brighter than I remembered. The music sounded like it was underwater. I bit at my lip as the music rang through me. And I guess we were dancing. Badly. But it was... still pretty fun.

There was only so much you could do to teach someone to dance, especially since they were so obviously drugged up, but the boy danced and Oaklee seemed to emulate him, for better or worse, and that seemed to go okay. As the track changed, the boy put his hand on Oaklee's hip and experimented, pulling closer to him, gauging reactions.

He was shorter. So it was weird. It was like if I was dancing with Mac. I guess it was fine. It's just weird dancing with a boy. But he was cute and close to me and warm and

I kind of... liked having someone against me. And he was a pretty good dancer, even if the song wasn't slow enough to warrant us standing this close.

So they danced. They danced closer. The music became fluid, and the crowd more excited, and the two ended up somewhere in the center of the large pit of teenage bodies. Here, no words could be heard, no distractions, just the music. And the two of them. And the boy sliding his body against Oaklee. And then his lips on the drugged-up boys.

He was a good kisser too. Why was everyone such good kissers? I pushed my body against the boy's while he put his lips against mine. If anyone saw - any parent or friend from school - they'd think I was kissing a girl anyway. Really. He was that pretty. And this lasted a good while until we were pulled apart. Not by an adult, though.

Sayla was not happy. It was her pill. She'd invested in the boy for her enjoyment, not for some other little boy-slut to preoccupy his attentions and affections. But Sayla was also not stupid, and she knew better than to get angry. Instead, she moved herself between the two boys, placing their hands on her body as she took over the duty of kissing the shorter boy. And while she'd placed Oaklee's hands on her bubble-butt, she knew he'd be jealous, knew he'd want to be the one kissing her, especially now. And she was punishing him.

My fingers ran over her ass. Over the boy's arm. Down it. Off it. I tried to get closer again, but Sayla kept getting in the way. I pouted, whimpering, and trying to get between the two, but she kissed him with the kind of force you only see in disaster movies. My head was swimming and I hated it and I felt like crying. Everything was bright and happy and I just wanted to kiss too!!

She broke the kiss with the shorter boy, stepped back, and pushed the two boys closer together again. Kissing her was a reward, and Oaklee would have to settle for the boy now, which was what she'd been pouty over, only now it was her command and that made it okay. As the boys lips connected again, it was Sayla's turn to grope some pretty ass.

I broke the kiss with the boy and looked up pouting at the girl. She had her hand on my butt and I couldn't quite stand still. It wasn't fair... she didn't have any right. I licked my lips, biting at it again. I couldn't stop myself. I had been biting at them all night. "**Y-you're a jerk...**" Like she didn't know.

The music was loud, the words lost, but the intent clear enough. She smiled and slapped the shorter boys ass, and he took the hint, disappearing into the crowd of dancers, leaving the two of them face to face. She touched his cheek, smirked cutely the way she had in the store, and counted in her head how long it was going to take for the boy to lock his lips onto hers.

"...j-jerk..." I looked at her, at her lips, and at the ground. I was angry with her. But she had her hand on my cheek. Her lips were right there. And I just... hated her. But at the same time, I just wanted to like, undress her. This was romance, huh? So fucked up. I leaned up and pushed my lips on hers before she pulled away, barely allowing a kiss, and I tried to catch my breath from the shock of it.

She grinned widely, her teeth glowing in the black light, and flittered into the crowd, putting a few kids between them. Predictably, Oaklee followed and when he did, she kissed him. That same brief, fleeting kiss. Then pulled into the dancers again, leading him on in the most literal sense. She just wanted him to be crazy with need for her, that was all.

It was quieter and less bright and my breathing was out of control. I kept biting at my lip until a little bit of blood leaked down my chin. Then we were in a quiet corner, quiet enough that I could whisper, and dark enough that my eyes refused to adjust properly to the way the warehouse looked. I reached up for another kiss, passionate, aggressive, but she pushed me to the wall before I could.

That was something about Sayla that was renowned to those she sprinkled with favor — she was in control. She was aggressive. She got what she wanted, even if she had to, in her wording, cheat. She was cheating now, pushing the boy to the wall, kissing his lips, guiding his hand to her chest again.

I put my hand on her chest, on her boobs, or... I mean, she had boobs. They were just really, really small. Smaller than Mac, and Mac was 14. Her lips, though. Those were more important. She didn't care about the drying blood on my chin the same way I didn't care that her kisses would sting if she hit the right spot. I didn't have a choice, anyway.

Kissing was okay. That was to say, it was accepted and not admonished by the supervisory adults, and that was good. This sort of aggression, though, these kisses — they required the privacy of the darkened corner, away from prying eyes with the music sounding almost distant, like rain on the roof in a thunderstorm. One more advantage to the dark corner was that other things could happen, too, though — like her hand slipping down the waistband of the boys jeans.

I yelped. Kind of like a puppy. I mean. I'd never had... I mean, *obviously* I'd never had! But... but this was... jeeeeeeze. She didn't go into my boxers. Not yet, anyway. But my cock was already hard against her hand. My cheeks were pink at the idea that she was so close to my private parts... we'd just met!!

She moved like this wasn't the first time she had her hand in a boys pants, she she rubbed with movements through the boxers that were cheating all upon their own. To make it worse, she kissed him again, ensuring no protest from her actions. He'd be hers tonight, even if she had to cheat — she never saw that as a bad thing. And besides

which, he had one more thing he needed to do before she'd give him anything more than light rubbing.

I was shaking. Really shaking. It felt so good... ridiculously good. I just... wanted her to keep going. And the kisses! Ugh. Gosh, was this what relationships were like? Fuck whatever I was saying to Missy: this was awesome. Fuck Hawaii, I wanted this. But before things got too heated, when I was whimpering and moaning into her mouth, she stopped. I looked up at her with confused neediness.

Some boys freaked out. Already Sayla knew he wouldn't. With one hand in his pants, she took one of his and slipped it up beneath her vinyl skirt. And then her final cheat became apparent. She kissed him, his hand on front of her panties. She rubbed his boxers, as his eyes were wide. He'd calm down when he saw the beauty of the symmetry, she knew he would — she'd rub his cock, and he'd rub hers, the very obvious lump in her panties, unmistakable, and he was far too gone to care. Sayla was confident.

My cheeks burned like the sun at the realization. But even the realization hardly mattered at the moment. Ugh, I was such a frickin' weirdo. I wanted to get off so bad I was willing to rub her off? Yup. Basically, that was the story. I moved my hand against her panties the way she moved hers against my boxers. I let her kiss me. I kissed back. I couldn't help it...

Sayla felt like a god, felt so in control, so in charge. She had the boy rubbing her, mirroring her actions in his pants, and her moaned. She kissed him. And then lectured him. **"Moan higher, softer, moan like you love everything you're doing."** Moan like a girl, in every other way but the words themselves. He'd honestly have robbed a bank for her, if she said so.

I listened. I shouldn't have listened, but I just didn't want to upset her. I didn't want her to stop. So I whimpered and moaned like a child. Or I guess a girl. Or a really obedient sissy. Oh, maybe I actually was that last one! I mean, I am a sissy. And now I was rubbing off this one girl at a club. And I was listening to her. So maybe... this was just me. Who the fuck really cares, as long as she doesn't stop?

Sayla had done this before, obviously — she knew whenever he was close, and she'd slow down, she'd force him to get her closer, to try harder, to think about his hand on her cock. She'd make him obsessed with it, and then reward him with more. She'd make sure he felt her wetness soak her panties before he was allowed the same privilege in his boxers, and she'd kiss him constantly, shove him toughly against the wall, make sure he knew that he wasn't in charge anymore.

I was losing it. Everything kept spinning and I felt so tiny in her arms. And she kept touching me and I kept moaning. Gosh, it had to have been like. A day. Or a year. At least. I didn't know. I was just so exhausted by it. I was so tired of her teasing and not getting my way and I felt so helpless..... it wasn't fair.....

The girl kept her composure, kept control, even as her legs felt like jelly, even as the boy finally figured out what he was doing, and stopped fumbling over her and started playing her like a game he knew well. And he did. He had a cock of his own, he knew what to do, and she made sure her lips were forced onto his as she soaked her panties. And moreover, once she did, she made sure it would be less than ten seconds later that he came in kind because of her.

I nearly fell to my knees. The only reason I didn't was because the girl pinned me to the wall. I couldn't stand upright. I shook and trembled, the boxers leaking cum down my legs. Everything was so dizzy and bright and I started biting on my lip again without thinking, ignoring the blood.

He pulled his hand away, but Sayla stopped him, pushing her fingers back up under her skirt, to the wet cum pooling in her pants, and then pushed those fingers smeared with love between the boys lips. He deserved a reward. **"I knew you were a sissy the moment I saw you, pretty one."**

I sucked instinctively on the girl's fingers. Which was weird. Because I don't have an oral fixation or anything. I don't bite pens and I don't eat a lot. I don't smoke. But the second her fingers went in my mouth, I sucked like a toddler on a nipple. It wasn't even a choice. It just happened. Even though the taste and her words brought me close to tears with humiliation...

What happened next should have been something that someone stopped, someone, anyone, but nobody did, not even the boy. Nobody stopped her taking off his jeans, nobody stopped her taking off her skirt, sliding it up his legs. Nobody stopped her pulling off her panties in the dark corner of the club, her softening cock clear to the boy now, hairless and cute, and tugging the boys boxers down, replacing them with her heavily cummy and very feminine panties. He was still sucking on her fingers, softly moaning obediently whenever she'd brush against his manhood. She left his boxers on the floor, tugged his jeans up her legs, and then motioned for him to take off his top. This was her ritual.

I took the fingers out of my mouth and went right back to biting my lip. I looked down at the skirt, at the wet panties I was not wearing, and then up at the girl in confusion. What was she... but she took the shirt off over my head and the bright pink tank top over her own, switching them, too, until I was not only wearing her entire wardrobe top to bottom, but also the mess in her underwear.

She was dressed in his clothes now, looking so much more the one in charge, the assertive one — the boy now looked like what he truly was now; a sexy little sissy tease. Sayla smiled, kissed the boy one final time, then handed him back his phone, took his boxers, and walked away, leaving him there with his shameful outfit. She wouldn't come back, either — she'd made her conquest. She'd made him hers.

The boy gave me a lift home. Or the boy had a friend who's sister gave me a lift home? I didn't know. Everything was still really bright and dizzy and when I finally fell asleep it was in my own bed. I didn't have the full doze of whatever it was I had, so sleep took care of most of my issues. Not all of them. And certainly not the big one. The big one being my mother waking me up at seven thirty in the morning...

**34:**

**"What the fuck are you wearing?"** The boy had slept restless at first, had spent the night tangled in his blanket, and had greeted his mother in the morning with his vinyl-skirted bottom on prominent display. **"I let you go to socialize with the other kids, and try to be normal, and you dress like this? Where did you get this trash? Oh, wait until your father hears of this."**

**"...wha....?"** I could hardly sit up. The lights weren't bright anymore, even in the very early sunlight. I looked down at the outfit, the skimpy top, the skirt, and prayed to God the panties weren't on display. I quickly grabbed for my blankets, covering myself up, though it didn't hide any of the makeup on my face. And all the make up in my pockets, those jeans, my top... all gone. Where the hell was my cell phone...? **"I... I didn't dress like this...! Mom!"**

The woman slapped her sons face in the way that only a mother can. **"Don't you lie to me, you little shit. And here I was telling your father that this new girl you met was good for you, that you were done with this bullshit."** Clearly, it was apparent that the woman had worked all night on a double. **"Does she knew you do this? Does she know what a homo you are? I bet she wouldn't be your friend if she did."**

Tears formed on my eyes and I tried to get myself out of bed only to be hit on the other cheek by my mother. I could hardly breathe while they ran down my cheeks, smearing my make up. **"...M-Mac w-was out of town... I... I didn't... it was a party, and this girl... she..."** I was crying. Crying like a child. But my mom would see it as crying like a girl...

**"Real men don't cry, Oaklee! They don't blubber like a girl when they fuck up, do they?"** Real men don't had become something of a mantra for the woman lately. **"Don't lie to me, don't pretend like any girl at some party would be interested in you looking like this. No more parties, that's for sure, and maybe no more computer. I don't know where you got slutty shit like that, but you will not dress like a slut under my roof."**

**"It's not mine!"** And a third slap, but this one came hard. Very, very hard. Hard enough to hit me to the floor. I sobbed into the carpet and refused to look up at my mother. I was trembling... **"DO NOT LIE TO ME!"** "I..." I wasn't lying... I wasn't...

**"Where did you get that?" "...a girl at the party-" "No computer." "...I swear, Mom, she-" "No cell phone!"** I couldn't stop crying...

The woman went over to the desk, actioning the threat that the boys father would usually make — she reached behind the computer and started unplugging the cords angrily, muttering about the disappointment that was her son. **"You bringing your phone out to me once you get out of that trash, you hear? And when your father gets home from Doug's, he's gonna tan your hide."**

The panties were soaked with cum. Not my cum. I remembered that. I held my head in the sink. I felt so filthy. I hated how much I enjoyed last night. And now what? Now I was... stuck here. Like this. I had changed out of all the clothes completely, into something more my speed. Pajama pants. Not Mac's. Just normal ones. And a T-shirt. I didn't want any trouble. I just wanted this to be over with. I came downstairs and handed Mom my phone. I wanted to text Mac, tell her I'd talk to her at school, but it was dead. I didn't have time to charge it.

The woman had a bottle of wine on the table and was refilling her glass as she took her son's phone, shaking her head. **"Just what were you thinking? You're lucky you didn't get beaten to death, being out in public dressed like that. You know what happens to girls who dress like that, Oaklee? They get raped for being skanky little sluts. What do you think a real man would do if if saw you like that, teasing him like you're a woman?"** Yes. She actually tried to make this sound like it was because she was concerned about her son.

**"Mom, I swear-" "You're grounded for two weeks. Don't make it three by lying." ...** two weeks. Two weeks without my phone and my computer. I felt sick... **"...I don't know, Mom... I wasn't thinking... I thought that's how people dressed at parties..."** Ugh... **"Some other boys wore make up..." "It was ironic, Oaklee. Mocking."** How stupid can one woman really be? **"...right... I didn't know..."**

The woman sighed, drinking down the glass of wine in one sip and taking a few moments while the alcohol hit her system. She shook her head, ruffling her sons hair. **"I just don't know where I went wrong with you, we raised you just the same as your brother, and he don't do this shit. He's out there dating girls, bein' a man."** This was her softening tone, though, and it meant she was winding down. Like maybe she wouldn't tell his dad, maybe.

**"...I won't do it again, Mom..."** Well, at the very least, I wouldn't go get drugged at some party and come home in wet panties and a vinyl skirt... **"I'm trying... I just... please don't tell Dad..."** Dad had seen me in bad situations before. I'd gotten it bad. But this... was... so much worse than bad... I was actually really... scared.

There was another glass poured, which might have been odd for eight in the morning, but the woman had clearly been up all night so this wasn't exactly morning to her. **"If I find one more thing, Oaklee, one more skirt, or mascara, or... or a pair of panties**

**that you didn't get given by a girl as a trophy,"** which meant she'd obviously seen what he was wearing under the skirt. **"I will tell your father about this, and you know he will beat the homo out of you."**

**"...and you don't see something wrong with that?"** A stupid thing to say. A comment about Dad's violence being a bad thing. Which it was. My mom might even know it was! But it wasn't the thing to say. Under any circumstance. And I was trying to apologize. I'd take it back... **"...sorry. Okay... not one more thing... I promise..."** I wondered if I could get my phone back...

If she hadn't been three glasses of wine in, the woman would have slapped her son again, but she looked at him, seething, and muttered softly. **"I'm going to check the Tivo, make me some breakfast, would you? If you wanna be a woman you might as well make your mom something to eat."** That meant she wouldn't tell the boys father, that she was exhausted now, and a little tipsy. She was nicer when she was this way. Approachable. Even funny. She'd once even talked to Oaklee about eyeliner in a similar state, though she'd always deny it.

**"...pancakes okay?" "Sure..."** She got up from the table and stumbled into the other room. I sighed and turned one of the burners on. This was how things were. Before my moment last year, when I'd wanted to wear a girl's uniform to school, we joked about it. We had fun. Mom hardly ever drank back then, even when my dad was rude to her. But after that, after I changed things... well, this was just how things were. I wished I had never said it. I wished I had my old mom, still...

She didn't take any wine into the living room, beyond the half a glass she had in her hand, and it was long gone by the time the boy came in, unfolded the legs of the lap table, and set the plate down on top of it for her. **"Sit."** She nodded to the other arm chair adjacent, where the boys father would usually sit. **"We're gonna watch yesterdays The View together, and pretend that you're normal for an hour, alright?"** Ironic, given how much of a woman's show it was — but Oaklee had always watched his Mom's shows with her, growing up. It was an old tradition, and it had been forever since she'd invited him to do so.

**"...okay..."** I didn't talk. We used to make fun of it together, but not today. This wasn't how things were anymore. It didn't matter. I mean, it did, but not enough to say anything. Things only change when they're good, not when they're bad. This doesn't change...

**35:**

I hated not having my phone. How did I get through class before texting Mac? This was just so boring! I put my head down on the table and closed my eyes. Fuck it if the teacher yelled at me...

**"Hey dudemanbro."** That was Bindie, and only Bindie could get away with such an outdated butchering of the English language. **"You look beat, big weekend? Chasing them bitches and hoes?"** Sadly, Bindie learned a lot from TV, but even more from music — which he only listened to on a format nobody even heard of.

**"Mm... I'm sleeping..." "You're going to get detention." "Fine."** An hour less at home. An hour more of sleep. Honestly, I just really wanted to sleep all the time now. That's how Sunday was. Though that urge wasn't quite the same way today, I still just wanted to sleep it off anyway. Plus, without texting, what was the point of school?

**"Sleeping is for night time, yo."** Despite the fact that they were in class, and the threat of detention was palpable, this class in particular had a discussion component and Bindie slid a half a can of energy drink across the table for Oaklee. **"Drink up man. What'd you do on the weekend? You still hittin' that fly-ass freshman?"**

**"Grounded..." "Aww, for what?" "Ugh, went to some party and came home way too late..." "You got grounded for coming home late?" "Well, I was wearing girl's underwear and high out of my mind... so yeah, I'm grounded for two weeks."** I could tell Bindie the whole story if I wanted. He knew I liked chick's clothes. It was just a rarely-touched topic.

**"Haha, oh man, you got high?"** That was what surprised him, not the girl's clothes thing, but that was how Bindie was — old information was passé, and new information was always more interesting. **"How did you like it? I don't mind it, but it always makes me hungry. Like man, I could destroy three of four footlong subs hungry."** Clearly the two of them were talking about different drugs.

**"I think mine was a little more "have sex with everything" than "eat everything", but sure. Kind of exactly like that..."** I hadn't had sex. Which was probably good since I was 15 and on drugs. But I had gotten my first hand job! Wait, that counts, right? Even through boxers? Ugh, I missed those jeans....

**"Oh cool, yeah, party pills huh? Yeah I've done those."** He hadn't, the caramel-colored boy just liked the fit in. **"So you had sex with the freshman? High five, my man, yes — she is delicious like a footlong sub."** Analogies were not always his strong point, but his heart was in the right place.

**"...uh, no. Mac was out of town."** Actually, Mac had mentioned the convention running until Monday. Was she even at school today? The whole point of her going to the convention without me was to have some time alone, and now I just wanted to see her. It's weird the way perceptions flicker...

**"Ooh, man, no no no — bitches don't like that. You gotta be faithful, she's gonna think you're a slut."** If only Bindie had been there — truthfully, the term wasn't too far from the truth, and the flighty girl had no doubt called him that a few times, too. He sipped some more of his drink, noticing that Oaklee didn't seem to want any.

I wasn't a slut. I wasn't dating Mac. But Sayla's words echoed in my head, the same as my mother's. I put my head deeper into my arms and shook it. **"I need a nap... keep me out of trouble."** I just needed to be alone for a while. Or with Mac... I didn't care which...

**"Okay, yes."** Bindie was crude, sometimes, and did what he could to fit in, often at his peril. Like all Indian students, though, he was remarkably hard working and book-smart, and took the boys book from in front of him to begin filling out the class notes. Sometimes it paid to have friends with different backgrounds, it seemed.

She didn't show up after school at the usual spot. And I couldn't miss the bus. I was already grounded, and if I was late home... I shook my head and left the parking lot, hurrying to catch my ride. I sat in my room and watched the ceiling. Did people even *do* things before the internet? What if Mac thought I was mad at her? And I didn't leave on good terms with Missy, either... fuck, fuck, fuck...

**"So uh. Heard you had a pretty good weekend, huh? Don't worry, she hasn't told Dad. I don't think she will, I think she's afraid to."** To say that their father wasn't a violent man wouldn't be fair — he was a marine, after all. And yeah, he had his resentments, and he wanted to see his sons grow up to be like him. He never beat either of them, though. He disciplined them in what he saw as a fair and reasonable manner, but never abused them. Never broke bones. Never had them not know what they did wrong. Deagan sat on the vacant computer chair and put his feet up on the desk. **"Must have been some night. Wanna tell me the non-Mom version?"**

**"Nothing to say..." "You embarrassed?" "No."** I was. Fuck I was... **"I just... got into some stuff I shouldn't have."** He looked at me. He knew I meant drugs. I didn't even fucking mean to! It was such bullshit... **"Mom found me in some girl's clothes. I guess we changed clothes? I don't even know..."** Let's skip the mutual hand job part...

**"Well, you got her naked? Way to go, haha."** Just like Deagan to see the positive angle in the situation. Out-right changing clothes with her was a little outside of the older brothers experience, but hey, whatever. **"You get any action? Tell me about her, she cute? Cuter than the freshman?"**

**"...I don't think she's my type."** Actually she was probably exactly my type. A total pain in the ass. Bossy and demanding. Didn't give a fuck about the consequences. One night of pleasure: two weeks of misery. Maybe I should go visit her...

**"Yeah well, hard to get to know someone when your head's all fucked up. You got her nude, so I'm gonna say E, yeah? Pot doesn't usually make nudity happen, is all, and I can't picture you doin' anything harder."** Not that Deagan was thrilled about that, either, but he wasn't Oaklee's dad, either. **"She cute?"**

**"...she's older than me. I dunno how old..."** Younger than 18. Older than 15. It left, what, a two year range? At least a year older than me, though... **"I guess she's cute though. Dad would hate her. She's a little andro..."**

**"Andro?"** The older boy turned on his brother's chair, giving Oaklee a look with a small smile. He tried to keep up with the lingo his brother used, but he was a pretty typical teenage boy, too. **"You mean like, androgynous? Like she looks like a boy?"** He didn't have any judgment to pass, just curiosity.

**"Uh, no, not like a boy. Just like, if she tried hard enough, she could be a boy?"** It might have been a rude thing to say. I mean, she was obviously a boy at one point. She certainly wasn't now, though. Maybe she wasn't a girl either - maybe she was queer or something. Benefits of being a sissy: you get pretty tight with the gender lingo.

**"Huh, well, I dunno — if she looks like a girl, dresses like a girl, doesn't like... shave her head or anything, I think Dad would be fine with it."** Deagan smirked and shrugged his shoulders. **"He'd probably just be good with the idea of you dating a girl, I think. What's going on with the freshman, you and her still a not-thing?"**

**"Uh, I guess so. We're not dating, if that's what you mean. And we won't."** **"Why not?"** We'd been over this. Like, last week, over pizza. I sighed and rubbed my eyes. **"Just not the type of girl for me..."** She was too nice. Too perfect. Too sweet. Too generous. Too cute.

**"Yeah? And what about mystery girl? She your type? She lets you go home in her clothes, so that's a pretty good start, right? Man, I wish I could have seen Mom's face — she said you looked like "the sort of slut that the whole football team appreciates". Man, she's so stupid at times."** Deagan knew he had it better than his brother, but it's not like their Mom was the best parent in the world to either of them, even as the favorite.

**"Yeah, well, she wasn't too far off..."** I could have probably told my mom I was on drugs, but believe it or not, there's worse things than having your parents think you're just dressing like a chick. I remembered when they found out Deagan was doing drugs. I did *not* want to go through that... **"I dunno. I think she's an ass. The mystery girl. She's a total bitch..."** Actually, she wasn't. She was just very... direct. **"I guess she could be my type..."**

**"Haha, man. You say the prissy little rich chick isn't your type, but the girl you did drugs with that sent you home in her clothes is? That's so weird, I always took you as the type to be into the prissy sort."** Not that he meant anything bad by that,

just that everything he knew about his brother made him think he'd be into the prissier girls.

**"I like Mac too much to date her."** Which was, honestly, the fact of the matter. Mac was like... amazing. Even when she was being weird and 14 and self-deprecating, she learned and understood and helped and... it was nice. Lovely, even. And I just... didn't want that to go any different.

**"Man, you can be such a chick sometimes."** Deagan didn't mean it offensively, and he was pretty sure Oaklee knew that he didn't, too. It was okay for Deagan to say it, because Oaklee knew simply that his brother knew he wasn't a girl. **"Well, rich girl, mystery girl — just try not to come home in pink vinyl with Mom coming back from a double... and maybe try to stay off the drugs."**

**"Yeah, trust me, I will..."**

**36:**

**"I'm going out." "You're grounded." "Just down to the store!" "You have half an hour."** Half an hour. I just wanted to see that girl again and talk to her. I wanted to clear the air and figure out what exactly she was. If whatever last night was was just a fluke, I could be okay with that. But I wanted to know...

**"Hey cutie."** Sayla was working today, she had a cheeky smile on her face when she saw the boy — like she knew he'd come. Like she knew he'd be here. If not only in her knowing smile, but in the fact she was wearing his fucking jeans, oh the audacity. **"Gosh you're cute. I got your makeup, by the way."**

**"I can't take it home with me..."** Honestly, I didn't have pockets. I was in sweatpants because SHE HAD MY ONLY PAIR OF JEANS. I pouted at them. Man, she looked good in them, too... **"...um... can we like... talk or something...?"** Not that we weren't alone in the make up aisle anyway...

**"Sure."** She was so... confident. Smug. Like nothing could rattle her world, which was pretty amazing given she clearly presented as a girl, clearly had basically gone to town with this boy, and didn't seem at all bothered by him being here. She unclipped her name-badge and the two of them left through the front entrance, where she led the way two stores down to the McDonalds.

I walked nervously beside her, a little more intimidated by her in person than I was on the way down to the Walgreens. I stopped just outside the McDonalds. This wasn't supposed to be a date or an outing or anything. I just wanted to say some stuff... **"... you're a jerk for what you did, and I got in a lot of trouble at home... but I kinda**

had fun, so like, I just... wanted you to know you're both a really bad person and a really cool one..." Wow.... talk about hopeless when it comes to talking to girls...

"Yeah, I know." Sayla opened the door and nodded for the boy to go in. He stared at her, incredulously, so she took his hand and led him inside and up to the counter. **"Four triples and a large soda."** She paid, took the tray, filled the soda, and led the boy to the back of the restaurant without another word, not before she sat in the booth and separated two of the cheeseburgers, pushing them across the table to indicate she bought them for him. **"Alice said he took you home, he's such a bad driver, I'm amazed you made it!"**

"...r-right..." Why was she so stupid? Why couldn't she just tell me she was fucking with me like a normal person? Or maybe tell me she liked me. Just, anything but this weird in-between stasis... **"...I can't stay long, I gotta get home."**

**"Sit. Eat. I've only got a ten minute break, I can't waste time arguing with you."** She nodded again to the two cheeseburgers she'd assigned the boy. **"That rave was pretty fun, though, wasn't it? The DJ's were kinda lame this time, but the venue was jumpin'."** No mention of what they'd done. She just sat there, very comfortably, in the boys jeans, eating one of the triple cheeseburgers.

I sighed and unwrapped the burger myself. She didn't even punch out - how did she know how long she had until she had to be back? Ugh... **"I don't think that kind of place is for me,"** I said honestly, biting into the burger. Gosh, fast food just hit the spot sometimes...

**"We're going to another one on the 17th."** A few days over two weeks from now, the Friday night. **"If you'd like you can be my date again. I mean, unless your first experience with cheating wasn't something you enjoyed?"** She knew he'd enjoyed it. They both did. If he argued, they'd also both know he was lying.

**"I can't..."** For more than one reason. A lot of reasons. Having just said it's not my thing, for instance! But I guess I decided for once in my life just to be honest with a stupid stranger who had her hand down my pants. **"...I'm in a lot of trouble... a lot, a lot... so I just... really can't risk it..."**

**"So don't go home afterward in some girls clothes with a boy named Alice?"** And there it was, with one simple sentence, she made it entirely Oaklee's fault that he'd gotten in trouble, like she had nothing to do with it, like it was all his own bad planning. And her sly smile, her quiet confidence, her smug contentedness wearing his jeans, it all made it pretty difficult to argue. **"We can go somewhere and crash after, and maybe I'll show you what happens when my oral fixation kicks in later in the night?"**

**"I'm not looking for a hook up... it's not how I operate..."** Of course, I was saying this to a girl who had just fondled me. A girl who, the first time we met, caught me

looking at diapers. It was... a weird relationship. **"Just... forget it. Sorry... I'm not that hungry..."** I got up from the booth and left my other sandwich. This was my signature move, I guess. Walking out...

**"If you walk away, you're not playing the game, you're not making any stand except showing that you're really good at turning it off. At quitting."** Maybe she anticipated this, maybe she chose this booth for this reason — further to walk. **"Come back here, sit your pretty butt back down, and stop acting like a kid when there's a total hottie interested in you."** She was just so calm. Direct.

I looked back at her with a bit of bewilderment, which quickly turned into a pout. Was this how Mac felt when I'd talk down to her? Did I talk down to her? Because this feeling... really wasn't nice. **"I'm not playing any games,"** I said, and left the McDonald's. At least that's one variable in my life I never have to think twice about...

Maybe he walked slowly. Maybe she walked fast. Maybe he wanted her to catch up. Because she did, before he even made it to the Walgreen's, she caught up, and she pushed him roughly to the facade of the adjacent store, and she put her hands on his cheeks, and she kissed him with that same fierce passion that first caught his attention. Huh. Turn his back on her, would he? Who did he think he was?

Decisiveness. Directness. They were things I liked and hated about this girl. Like Mac and her stupid childish attitudes. But different. My cheeks were a little red in her palms and I tried to look away. She, though, kept her fingers on me in a way that I had to look into her eyes. I felt small against her... **"...I don't wanna play games,"** I said quietly. **"I just wanna be happy..."**

**"Yeah? Then do what makes you happy, instead of quitting the game every time you can't make a choice."** Her eyes were pretty, they bore into him as her flat chest raised and fell slightly, her hands on his cheeks still, her lips glossy from the lipgloss and glossy from the kiss. In the most perfectly androgynous way, Sayla was beautiful.

**"...I don't know what to say... or do... or anything right now..."** **"You could give me your phone number."** **"...my phone was taken away..."** Blah. I'm so lame... I'm so stupid and lame. Why did I have to be fifteen and so subjected to the whims of my parents? I bet Sayla would never let her parents take her phone away...

Sayla reached into the pocket of her stolen jeans and took a pink marker she used for her work. She held up her hand, and handed the boy the marker with the other. **"Write down your number on my hand, and then I'll do the same. That way if one of us gets stuck in a flash flood, and loses the number, it's no big deal."**

It seemed like dedication. Not inherently, but the idea of wanting to communicate so badly that we both exchanged numbers this way? I don't know. Like a weird 15 year old version of commitment. She wanted to talk to me again. I sighed and wrote down

my phone number on her hand, and she did the same. Sharpie. Greaaaatttt. **"I won't get my phone back for another two weeks..."**

**"Not with that attitude you won't. Do your Mom, Moms are easy. See if there's some stuff she needs done, like chores, or errands, or anything."** It sounded like she was advocating sucking up, which didn't seem like her. **"Then when she needs something, make out like you need your phone for it. She'll hand it over, and she won't ask for it back, just do a good job. Moms are easy."** Ah, there it was. That was Sayla.

**"...maybe..."** I guess that was true. I mean, that was how I got out of her telling my dad. As far as he knew, I was grounded from my phone for missing curfew again. He didn't talk to me about it. I bit my lip. My back was still pressed to the wall, my lips still close to hers... **"...I should get home,"** I said quietly.

Sayla let the boy up, and when he stepped away, she slapped his ass — objectifying him the way that boys did to girls. She winked when he jumped and look at her with a scowl, and nodded toward her work. **"See you later, Oaklee. Text me when you figure out how to play your Mom."**

**37:**

**"What is wrong with you?!"** Mac slammed her hands down on the table, glaring at me in a way I was sure even the other sophomores at my lunch table were turned to ice by the young Freshman girl. I recoiled, looking into her eyes in panic.

**"You can't just ignore me! You're the one that told me to go to the stupid convention without you, and now you're acting like a pouty little toddler about it! Screw you!"** **"...Mac... my mom took my phone away..."** Well. That deflated me somewhat, and I looked around at all his friends, only now seeming to realize how many of his friends were here, and how foolish I felt. Oh... **"Oh..."**

**"...would you... uh... wanna share my M&Ms...?"** She just stared at me, at the table of mostly-boys-and-a-couple-girls, then at the package of candy on the table. She must feel so stupid. Yelling like that. Jeeze, half the lunchroom probably heard her. Speaking of, wasn't she supposed to be in art class? She sat down across from me, next to one of my friends - Josh - and I handed her a couple of the little candies. She ate them quietly.

I just wanted to shrink away, disappear into a hole in the ground. I should have walked away, but somehow the walk of shame seemed to be significantly worse, so I smoothed down the front of my ornate pastel colored lolita dress and sat down at the table across

from Oaklee. He handed me M&M's, and I ate them quietly, cheeks burning beneath the huge colored bow atop my head. Stupid boy. Stupid getting his phone taken away.

**"Uh... how was the convention?"** Apparently awesome enough to warrant buying a nice dress and wearing it to school. She was so overdone. I wondered what people thought of her. Did they laugh at her? Nah, she was too pretty for that...

**"It was nice. Um. I got you some..."** I couldn't mention that, could I? Three of his adjacent friends looked up at me expectantly, and I recovered the situation. **"...pictures of cute girls there. Lots of cute girls."** Great. They'd think I was gay now! I brushed my hair back some and puffed out my cheeks. **"What happened to your phone?"**

**"Mom took it..." "Why?" "Uh... I came home at like two in the morning high on ecstasy and wearing a lot of eyeshadow."** I guess she didn't expect me to say that. I mean, maybe she didn't expect me to be on drugs. Or maybe to mention make up in front of my friends. Neither really embarrassed me. Honestly, I had very little shame over anything in my life. It was very refreshing. **"Love your dress, by the way."**

**"Um."** Did his friends know? Was I allowed to talk about it? He used to say that I couldn't ever meet him because I knew he liked this stuff, that it made me special and he'd be too shy, but now all his friends knew? It didn't make sense. **"Thank you. They tailored it when I was there, but even then the price was very good."** Wait. Drugs? **"You were doing drugs? I thought you weren't allowed out..?"**

**"It's a long story..."** Ones that my friends were clearly eager to hear, though. **"Come onnnn! Don't leave her hanging like that!"** Ugh. **"Um... I was invited down to a party at one of the warehouses..."** Would she even know what those were? They were very south-focused. And she was a freshman... **"Some girl slipped me a pill."** **"What about the make up?" "Uh, actually I wore it there."** I smiled a little and laughed.

**"Oh, a girl?"** Girls my age had plenty of opportunity to practice not sounding jealous and awkward, but for me the feelings were new and I frowned, my cheeks coloring up some as I mouthed the words. I mean, there were girls at the table here, too, so I don't know why it was weird, but... **"You ditched me to go to a party with another girl?"**

**"...you were in another city." "You could have went with me." "No, I couldn't have. Because my parents wouldn't let me go two hours into the city overnight. And especially not to a fancy dress convention. I was stuck home either way, and I thought I'd make the best of it... what do you care, anyway?" "She's jealous,"** Josh told me. **"Of the party? It was stupid."**

**"I should go..." "You don't have to — Oaklee should apologize, honestly."** That was one of the girls at the table, she wore jeans and a faded and cracked band tee, with lots of bracelets. She was so much prettier than I was, to my eye, and even my dress

didn't make me feel any better about it. I shook my head and wished I had more M&M's...

**"Wait, why am I apologizing?"** I really didn't get it. Mac was out of town! She was at a convention I actually really wanted to go to! And I was in trouble for trying to go to a party? Such bullshit. **"I didn't do anything wrong. She's the one yelling at me in the cafeteria!"**

**"It's okay, um."** I cut off the girl who was speaking on my behalf, and forced a smile that felt like it might crack my cheeks from the strain of maintaining it. **"Tell me about the girl? Do you like her?"** That was how friends did it, right? That was normal?

**"Uh... she's just some girl. She invited me to the party when I was getting some stuff from the store, so I went..."** I could have told Mac that I kissed her. Or she kissed me. I could have told Mac about the escapades at the warehouse. But I wasn't the kiss and tell type. And honestly, I didn't think I wanted Mac to know...

**"Do you want to come over today?"** I didn't feel right here, I wanted to know more about what had happened, I wanted to know more about the girl, but mostly I just missed him and that was dumb and I felt dumb, and I looked at what I was wearing. **"I should go home and get changed."** **"No way."** That came from three others at the table, in some form, and the boy next to me, put his hand on my gloved one, and squeezed it. **"It's super brave to come to school dressed like that, and you look adorable."** Some girls would get teased, I didn't know why I wasn't, I just blushed at the compliment... but I caught something in Oaklee's eyes as he watched.. was he jealous?

**"I'm grounded,"** I muttered, putting some more M&Ms in my mouth. **"Straight home after school, no phone, no computer... two weeks."** Of course, it was Tuesday. That meant only 12 days. I could handle twelve days... though I had buttered up my mom pretty good last night. Maybe I could get it knocked down to a week.

**"Oh."** Oh, don't sound sad. Stupid, stupid girl. **"I should go, um, I have class."** I almost fell over as I stood up, but still managed to smooth out my dress elegantly, before leaving the cafeteria. I felt so foolish. **"What's your deal? She's totally into you, too. What are you doin' messing around with other girls? She's gorgeous."** A few other voices at the table seemed to choir in agreement, too.

**"...I didn't say I was messing around with anyone. She just invited me to the party. Jeeze..."** I pouted, finishing off the bag of M&Ms. How aggravating... **"And anyway, I don't like Mac that way. Can everyone just mind their own business?"** **"Not when your business is so adorable."** **"Ugh.."**

**"So you didn't get freaky with party girl at all?"** Josh had the good graces to wait until the table had dispersed and he was alone with Oaklee to ask — mainly because he'd had some experience with the drugs in question and he found the story presented to be wholly unbelievable. **"And is she anyone I'd know?"**

**"...the girl? Uh, her name is Sayla, I think."** If she went to school here, she was an upperclassman. At least a Junior. But I'd never seen her around the high school. Maybe I should have been more concerned that Sayla was once a boy and word getting out about us being together, but it wasn't like that. She was a girl. It doesn't matter what privates someone has. **"And we fooled around. Why does it matter?"**

**"Huh, Sayla? That's a weird name. Yeah, I don't know anyone like that. You sure it's not Taylor? Or Kayla? I know a few of those."** The boy stopped at a vending machine for a chocolate bar, and Oaklee stopped with him. **"So like, 2nd base? Or did you go 3rd?"** At fifteen, and for boys, sex was something of a mystical thing that everybody seemed to talk about, but only in theory.

**"Uh... third?" "....wow. No wonder she's pissed at you..." "Mac?" "Uh huh. Third base? Jesus, Oaklee..." "Don't sound so impressed."** I pouted and waited for the boy to grab his candy bar. I guess it was weird to me, too that I went from first to third in a matter of like, a week...

**"Mac's from the west, she's probably got this whole fairy-tale prince thing she daydreams about, because rich girls are like that. And I don't know man, maybe she sees that in you, and for her, you with some other chick, one you don't even know, it probably makes her think she's not good enough."** Not that Josh knew Mac, beyond today, he just knew she was cute and came from money. But that, combined with today, was definitely enough.

**"I'm not into Mac. She knows this, because I told her this. Can we just... not talk about it?"** Honestly, I was feeling a little bad. But at the same time, a little pissed off. I told Mac I wasn't into her that way! Why would she be upset if I was seeing someone. Which I wasn't. Yet.

**"Well, do you like this other chick? If you do, it's cool, just like, I think you should be direct with Mac about it."** Even if Mac did like Oaklee, at least if he were up front about his own feelings for another girl, she'd know where to set her sights and how to act and how to move on. **"So Mac's single, right?"**

**"...yeah, I guess. Why?" "I dunno. I mean, she's cute." "Uh huh. I'm not sure how she doesn't get a boyfriend, either."** She really was cute. Any Freshman would date her. Fuck sexual orientation: Mac transcended that.

**"Yeah? You think she'd be into an older guy?"** Josh was just making banter — he was actually a month younger than Oaklee, and she was clearly into him. **"I mean, if you're not gonna hit that, others are interested, you know? I guess this Sayla chick must be some kind of goddess for you to go after her over Mac, but I'm not complaining."**

"...wait, you wanna ask Mac out?" Wow, I was slow. I mean, I just... didn't think... "She's a Freshman, dude..." "I don't care. A year apart is a stupid reason not to date somebody." "...you aren't her type." "Why not?" Because you would over react if she wet her bed. I felt a little mean for even thinking it... "You're just not."

"Yeah well, the dude who apparently is her type would rather get his moves on with some party girl, so I'm content being her second choice, you know? She's at that age, she needs someone to show her the ropes."

"Do not date Mac." "It's kinda shitty you're telling people not to date her." "Not people. You." "Same difference, and you know it." I frowned at the boy, then at my feet. I couldn't stop him from dating her. I wasn't in charge of her. She was a kid, sure, but... whatever. "Fine... I don't care..."

"So tell me about the club bunny, what's she look like? She got nice boobs? Are you gonna date her, or was it just a one-off thing?" He opened his Twix and handed one half to the boy as they began their walk together down the immensely long B-hall toward the science wing.

"...I dunno. She's fine. She's nice. She's kind of... pushy. I don't know. She's older. I said that, right? That's probably why she's pushy - she knows what she likes. Anyway, I will probably text her if I ever get my phone back..." Her number of which was still firmly written on my hand in Sharpie.

"Just go to Walmart and get one of those, like, \$20 phones. Or even like CVS or Walgreens or whatever, they all have them." Non-smart-phones, yes, but phones nonetheless and a great way to stick it to parents who liked to over-extend their reach over their kids.

"I don't have half that kind of money..." Even twenty bucks wasn't something I could spare. I had eleven for makeup, which unfortunately, was still in the pants of the girl who had stole them. I had been wearing cargo pants to school for two days now...

"See if Mac will get you one? It's in her best interest, right? Like, I bet she misses texting you, too, you saw how she flipped her shit." Not the nicest way to put it, but whatever. "Maybe she has one of her old phones, or something, or whatever. Just seems like a pretty good move, I think."

"I don't ask for things from Mac. It's rude." "She's loaded, though." "This is why you shouldn't date her. You wouldn't even... ugh. I gotta go to class." Stupid Josh. Why would he try to hit on my friend? What an asshole. Class was boring. Worse without Mac. Maybe I could ask her for a phone. But no, I wouldn't do that. It just wasn't me. I looked at the numbers on my hand. Maybe I should write these down someplace...

**38:**

"Hi." I was sitting on the wall outside of the exit where we usually met — I was there first, which was unusual, and he jumped when he heard my voice, and looked up at me. I'd skipped my afternoon class. It was a bad idea. But I had a lot to think about. **"I'm sorry about today, um, I was out of line. I was just worried something bad had happened..."**

**"No, uh... I've been wanting to text you like this whole time."** I checked the busses, then the girl on the railing. She was sitting almost exactly where I used to sit. I sighed and pulled myself up the hill. **"I came here yesterday and waited for you, but I guess you were still at the convention..." "Yeah."** "Josh wants to ask you on a date, you know..."

**"No thank you."** I declined politely, the way I'd grown up doing whenever offered something with cheese on it, or something else similarly distasteful. **"I bought you three dresses, and some gloves, and shoes, and stuff... I spent way too much, but it's okay because we're the same size so it's really just like I'm buying it for me anyway."** I wanted to ask about the girl, so so so badly...

**"Yeah? I can't wait to come over..."** Honestly, I couldn't. New dresses. New time with Mac. I smiled up at her, but she didn't smile back. **"Um... I can't stay long. I have to get home. I want to get on my mom's good side so I can get my phone back sooner..."**

**"Um. If you want, we could get a car to my place, and I could let you borrow my old phone... and... sorry, it's a dumb idea. I just miss texting you."** She couldn't help but notice the writing on Oaklee's hand, and finally the curiosity peaked. **"Is that her number? The girl? You should tell me about her! What's her name?"**

I looked at my hand, a little embarrassed, and then up at Mac. She was just so endearing... **"Uh... Sayla. Her name is Sayla."** She had offered a phone. That's different, isn't it? I could accept that offer... **"I need to get home before my mom does, but how about you bring it to school tomorrow? Your spare phone. And we can text?"**

**"Uhhuh. That's a good idea. And then you can text um... Sayla? That's a very interesting name."** That was a very big difference between me and his friends, I guess — unbeknownst to me, of course. I thought her name was interesting, I tried to show genuine intrigue. **"How about I take your bus with you? Then you can tell me about your weekend. And about Sayla?"**

...that seemed fair. She couldn't follow me home, but she could call a car at my stop. I still found it weird that she could just call cars whenever she wanted. She was so rich!

Spoiled rich girl. I had to smile. **"Alright, sure! But you can't come in my house. I really do need to keep things going well with my mom..."**

**"That's okay."** I didn't know much about where he lived, his neighborhood, his family. I rarely rode on school busses, either, and doing so in a fluffy lolita dress didn't seem too smart either. What was the worst that could happen? **"I want to know everything, because you went to this big party and that's all so foreign to me, so you have to let me live vicariously through you!"**

**"Uh, well... it's like a light rave down at the docks. I mean, a lot of kids go. West-kids go too! Not many, but like, when they really wanna feel grown up. I don't think it's your scene." "And it's yours?" "Oh hell no. I won't be going back, that's for sure."** All the while, I was leading the way to the busses.

**"I would have went, you know. I mean, I guess you had plans, but I would have went! Better than some con where I had a stupid panic attack and cried a lot."** I frowned, playing with my gloves in my hands. **"Now you can live vicariously through me, so you can tell me everything about yours. Was it like TV? Did a lot of people use drugs? What drugs did you do? Like... pot?"**

**"Uh... ecstasy, I think... I don't really know. I didn't mean to take it. It was kind of... forced on me, if that makes sense?"** Ugh, this was weird... **"Um... it's weird. Kind of makes everything bright, and makes you really happy? Probably something else I won't ever do... oh, this one's mine."** I let her get on first, and I helped her into one of the front seats. It would be quieter up here to talk.

I got a lot of looks. A lot of stares. Everybody who got on the bus after us looked at me like I was some strange spectacle. **"You'd think they'd never seen a girl in a dress before..."** I pouted softly, trying to both smile at the stares, politely, and avoid eye contact, self-preservationly. **"Um so... do you like her? Sayla? it would be cool if you had a girlfriend, you can both hang out at my place if you wanted, so parents don't get in your business..."**

**"...uh, well... I mean, it's not really like that. She's cool. I mean, I... I dunno. Maybe I like her..."** It was best to be honest. That's what Josh said. I knew he was right... ugh... **"I think I'll ask her out. If she's interested... but she probably won't be. She's older than me."**

**"Well I don't think age matters that much..."** The bus finally started to trundle away. I was thankful. No more stares, or at least ones that I could see. I missed being able to text him, because I was so much more eloquent. **"I think it would be cool if you did, because then I wouldn't be the one with the strangest name anymore! Does she know you like to wear pretty things?"**

**"Oh uh... I guess it didn't really come up. But I wore make up to the party, so I guess, like... I don't know. She probably has an inclination..."** Not that I tried to

hide it very well. And I did wear her clothes home... **"Uh, I'll make sure to tell her before I ask her out..."**

**"Do you like my gloves? They're so soft."** I tried. I really did. I tried, but it made my chest ache like I was watching my teddy be taken away, and I needed an out. Maybe I was jealous. **"I got you a pair of gloves, too, but I don't know if you like them. They're very princessy, which is cute, but they also make me seem like I'm kind of a snob, too..."**

**"A little bit. You wore those things all day?"** We were done talking about Sayla it seemed, which honestly was just fine with me. Not that I didn't like telling Mac things, but... I don't know. There's more to it than that. I just didn't want her getting upset. And she got upset over *everything*. The rest of the bus was spent talking about dresses and stuff, and then we got off at my stop. **"You should call a car."**

**"I could come to your house if you want, and you could ask your Mom if I can stay for a bit? And if I can't that's okay, but she might like it that you asked? And I could order pizza for dinner for everyone."** I was nervous about meeting his family, especially after everything his dad had done to him, but everyone but me liked pizza and that was okay. I could do it.

**"...uh... Mac..." "You don't want me to come over?" "...my parents are home. And... it's just not a good idea today. Please? If you want to bring a phone tomorrow, we can start texting again, but... I don't know... just... I don't really want you coming over yet. Not yet..."**

**"Okay."** I smiled, but it felt fake. He was ashamed of me? I pouted. It was okay, I understood. I was a dumb little princess and stuff, and his family were a different world to me. **"I'll order up a car, then, and if you want you can go home... I'll be okay, uber doesn't usually take too long to get to me."**

**"I can wait. I'll be a couple minutes late, but it shouldn't be a big deal."** I stood awkwardly on the sidewalk, looking down the street toward my house. It was just a short walk from here... I could even see part of the chimney. **"I don't want you to think I don't want to have you over. I just... today's not good. With my parents and all..."**

**"I understand."** It was a diplomatic answer, but I delivered it with a cute smile and I'd always learned the importance of cute smiles. **"Maybe another time? I'd like to make a good impression anyway and I bet they'd think I was weird, seeing me dressed like this."** I put my arms out, and then giggled.

I laughed, I really laughed, and thought for a moment the reaction my father would have if I walked in with Mac dressed like a big fancy toddler. **"Oh gosh, I didn't even think of that!"** She used her phone to call the car and I waited with her, like I promised.

Before she got in, I gave her a hug. Awkward. Hugging was always awkward. **"Tell Missy and Mike I'm okay. And I'll see you tomorrow."**

**"Uhhuh."** Those were both things I could do adequately. **"Um. Do you like iPhone or Android or Windows or Blackberry?"** So I had a thing for changing phones, okay! But like. I could hardly be blamed, I read a lot of stuff online and it always seemed like someone else had something good or bad to say about everything, and I didn't know, I was just a silly little impressionable princess.

**"Surprise me."** My phone was an iPhone, and I didn't really like Windows at all, and I wasn't even sure what a Blackberry was, but I would rather her choose. It felt cooler if she chose. **"See you tomorrow." "See you."**

**39:**

I looked at the number on my hand, faded from two showers now, and then at the matching number in the recipients list. I hit send.

**Oaklee »** hi.

**Sayla »** Hi. Oakleigh I presume?

**Oaklee »** that is how you thik my name is spelled?

**Sayla »** Not anymore, clearly!

**Oaklee »** Oaklee\* and yeah hi

**Sayla »** Hi. My name is spelled Sayla if you were wondering.

**Oaklee »** That's what I figured kidn of childish spelling

**Sayla »** Childish, huh? Do you think I'm childish?

**Oaklee »** yourr nanme is

**Sayla »** Well, I did come up with it when I was 6/

**Oaklee »** when di dyouu fdchante it?

**Oaklee »** change\*\*\*\*\*

**Oaklee »** ugh this keyboad

**Sayla** » Wow, are you drunk?

**Oaklee** » not my phone i still hvan't gotten it back im using a friends

**Sayla** » Ooh. Hand-me-downs are rough. I was thinking it was a little bit early for you to be texting. Missed me that much, huh?

**Oaklee** » shes a nice girl so she like really hslpe me out sometimes

**Sayla** » Who is? I didn't know there was another girl in your life. Am I the other girl?

**Oaklee** » just a friend. you dont have guy friends?

**Sayla** » Sure I do. But most of them want to get in my pants, and being as you're a guy, I presume you are an aficionado of ladies pants, also.

**Oaklee** » your the one that stole my pants!!!

**Oaklee** » which I woul dlike back

**Sayla** » Alternately, you're the one who stole my entire outfit. Which you looked gawgiss in, I might add!

**Oaklee** » got me grounded

**Oaklee** » idiot

**Sayla** » The happy ending you got to wear home didn't make it worthwhile for you? Shame.

**Oaklee** » not the grounding and no computer, no

**Oaklee** » sorry you aint that good

**Sayla** » Well, I'll give you your jeans back once you return to me my outfit. You can keep the panties, though, I know you boys like your souvenirs.

**Oaklee** » uh

**Oaklee** » mom total threw those out

**Sayla** » Well, at least you got to wear them for a little while.

**Sayla** » How long are you grounded for?

**Oaklee** » two weeks

**Sayla** » Bummer.

**Sayla** » Wanna sneak out once your rents go to bed and we can hang?

**Oaklee** » no I wanna get ungrounded

**Sayla** » What they don't know won't hurt them. Or you.

**Oaklee** » trust me you are so wrong

**Sayla** » I'll wear something sexy. What do you like on a girl? Skimpy beach slut? Tarty school girl? French maid?

**Oaklee** » thats super hot actually

**Oaklee** » but no

**Sayla** » Which one? And you know you'll end up wearing it, so you really should take me up on my offer.

**Oaklee** » i like gir lcohtes

**Oaklee** » not girl clothes i like wearing stuff like that that people think is girly because its awesome and cute

**Sayla** » Yeah, I got that. But you still blushed like a virgin buttslut when I pulled my cummy panties up your legs, so clearly some of the stuff still seems taboo. And I'm all about the taboo.

**Oaklee** » you kind of drugged me

**Oaklee** » and its not taboo i like it

**Sayla** » You kind of loved it.

**Oaklee** » sorry but you really should know that i am totes fine in girl clothes i like dressing nice and fuck gender clothes

**Sayla** » Yeah, fuck gender in general imo.

**Oaklee** » im down with that

**Sayla** » So what're you rocking for kinks. I refuse to believe you're a little vanilla angel.

**Oaklee** » kins?

**Oaklee** » k

**Sayla** » Yeah, like. Fetishes and stuff. You were checking out daps, you into that?

**Oaklee** » i dnt have any fetishes?

**Oaklee** » like tying up and stuff?

**Sayla** » Sure.

**Oaklee** » not really

**Oaklee** » sorry

**Sayla** » Well, give it time. What would it take to get you to sneak out tonight?

**Oaklee** » nothing literal

**Sayla** » Lame

**Oaklee** » sorry I've got standards!

**Oaklee** » uh.

**Oaklee** » would you wanna go out? when i'm ungrounded?

**Sayla** » Are you asking me out? On a date?

**Oaklee** » uh

**Oaklee** » i mean if thats fine

**Oaklee** » like i know ur older and stuff

**Oaklee** » and you probably just kiss all the boys you fondle.. -\_-

**Sayla** » How old do you think I am?

**Sayla** » Oh, you think I'm a slut, huh?

**Oaklee** » ..? 17?

**Oaklee** » i didnt say you were a lut

**Oaklee** » slut\*\*

**Oaklee** » wait are you?

**Sayla** » I only fondle the prettiest of boys, and only ones who aren't boring. Most boys are boring.

**Oaklee** » uh

**Oaklee** » okay like

**Oaklee** » but would you wanna?

**Oaklee** » a date?

**Sayla** » Will you wear what I tell you to wear?

**Oaklee** » no

**Oaklee** » i will wear what you tell me to wear if its cute and tasteful

**Sayla** » You don't think I'm cute and tasteful?

**Oaklee** » most of the time no

**Oaklee** » ur clothes i mean

**Oaklee** » ur super cute and taste very good

**Sayla** » Yes, you would know how I taste \*wink\*

**Oaklee** » date or no?

**Sayla** » You'll wear a pair of my panties during the date. Non-negotiable.

**Oaklee** » sure

**Oaklee** » i think theyre stupid and pointless but sure

**Sayla** » It's just a personal thing. You'll understand in time. Where are you taking me?

**Oaklee** » movies?

**Sayla** » Yes okay. Thats fine. You should know that I don't really date. You have to make me a promise though.

**Sayla** » I mean I will for you, but you have to make me a promise.

**Oaklee** » uh okay?

**Sayla** » Don't fall for me. I'm broken as fuck. And I'm okay with that, but if you fall for me, you'll think you can fix me, and that'll just suck for both of us. Alright?

**Oaklee** » youre so lame

**Oaklee** » like straight walk to remember shit right there

**Sayla** » Yeah, maybe. But the boy was a dumbass in that movie, too, and I'm only agreeing to go out with you because I think you're not a dumbass.

**Oaklee** » i wnt fall fr you

**Oaklee** » we arent even friends

**Sayla** » That's true. Wow, you really ARE a slut, huh? Getting frisky with a chick you're not even friends with.

**Oaklee** » friends and girlfriends are not the same thing

**Sayla** » Oh, you think we're girlfriends now?

**Oaklee** » -\_-

**Oaklee** » you are my girlfriend

**Oaklee** » or will be when i'm ungrounded and have money for a movie

**Sayla** » One date doesn't make you my girlfriend, Oaklee. A date is an INTERVIEW for you to be my girlfriend.

**Sayla** » Bring your A game.

**Oaklee** » ?

**Oaklee** » i dont think thats right

**Sayla** » How many dates have you been on?

**Oaklee** » uh

**Oaklee** » well none..

**Sayla** » I have been on a number MORE than none. So you should listen to me. It's an interview, bring your A game, and if you do good, maybe I'll let you be my girlfriend.

**Oaklee** » hm..

**Oaklee** » okay.

**Oaklee** » no wait im not a girl

**Sayla** » Yeah, but I don't want a boyfriend. Boys are assholes. You don't need to be a girl to be my girlfriend, you just need to know that there's a difference between boyfriend and girlfriend, and I want the latter out of you. And you can be a boy and be my girlfriend.

**Oaklee** » i dont get it..

**Sayla** » It's not a gender thing. Boyfriend entails a power dynamic that I disagree with. Girlfriend is much more agreeable.

**Oaklee** » fine just dont say that shit to my parents

**Sayla** » Given I doubt you'll be telling your parents about the lump in my panties, I am comfortable with us building upon this stack of lies. Parents are assholes anyway.

**Oaklee** » you are like the perfect girlfriend for me. XD

**Sayla** » I figured. You know I'm bossy, right?

**Oaklee** » idc.

**Sayla** » You like it.

**Oaklee** » that youre bossy?

**Sayla** » Yes.

**Oaklee** » not really but like it doesn't matter much to me

**Oaklee** » like if thats you, I can just follow instructions.

**Oaklee** » i'm kinda dumb anyway.

**Sayla** » I like it when you follow direction. I like doing things like shoving to the floor and kissing you, or putting my hand in your pants (which will ONLY happen now when you are wearing panties).

**Oaklee** » cool so if I'm not in the mood for that i know how to void it XD

**Sayla** » Like you'll ever not be in the mood!

**Oaklee** » well actually im new to the handjob thing so you are probs right

**Sayla** » I will do more than that if you are a good girlfriend. But you will work for it.

**Oaklee** » sounds cool

**Sayla** » You're coming to the next rave with me, too. And this time you won't freak out when I give you a kiss with a little extra pushed into your mouth.

**Oaklee** » no

**Sayla** » No? The first time, I used my hand. What do you think will happen the second time?

**Oaklee** » not doing more drugs

**Oaklee** » also i dont think i like raves. -\_-

**Sayla** » You think about drugs like an after-school special. But really ecstasy just helps you take a few extra steps. You didn't like when you were on it? When we were dancing, when we were kissing? When I shoved you against the world, and the colors seemed so bright?

**Oaklee** » I kind of like kissing girls when I am not all cloudy and horny.

**Sayla** » We will do plenty of that when we are not at the rave. But I want you to go with me, and I want you to do stuff with me, and I will reward you.

**Oaklee** » ??

**Sayla** » Nothing bad happened, did it? Apart from getting grounded? Which wouldn't have happened if you didn't go home in sexy clothes.

**Oaklee** » i dont want to

**Oaklee** » i might do the rave thing again but not the drugs

**Sayla** » What will you offer me instead, then? Maybe a collar at the rave...

**Oaklee** » like missy/.

**Sayla** » I do not know who Missy is. That sounds like a stripper name.

**Oaklee** » uh no

**Oaklee** » whatever a collar is fine

**Oaklee** » idc

**Sayla** » And a leash?

**Oaklee** » huh?

**Sayla** » A collar and a leash? And a sexy outfit?

**Oaklee** » uhh..

**Oaklee** » sure... i guess..?

**Sayla** » Good. What are we going to do about this being grounded situation?

**Oaklee** » wait?

**Oaklee** » i'm already trying to butter up my mom

**Sayla** » Be more proactive. What does your Mom like?

**Oaklee** » iono

**Sayla** » Does she drink? Smoke?

**Oaklee** » drinks?

**Sayla** » Beer?

**Oaklee** » uh no

**Oaklee** » like everything else

**Sayla** » Alright. Come down to my store, I work at 6. I'll get you some wine for her, and you can say you got it for her because she's such a good Mom or something.

**Oaklee** » uh

**Oaklee** » my mom would like

**Oaklee** » kill me if i brought home ine

**Oaklee** » wine\*

**Sayla** » Yeah right, you're like 12.

**Oaklee** » -\_- i am 15

**Sayla** » Still a baby though.

**Oaklee** » >//< idiot

**Oaklee** » better than being like 90 like you

**Sayla** » You don't know how old I am, and it drives you crazy!

**Oaklee** » i know i'm younger and cuter

**Sayla** » Well you were quite adorable in pink vinyl. Wanna see pictures?

**Oaklee** » ...what?

**Sayla** » I'll send you a picture. Wait. Can your loaner phone get picture messages?

**Oaklee** » what do you mean a picture?

**Oaklee** » you did not take a picture of me

**Sayla** » Alice did.

**Oaklee** » ..no he didnt

**Oaklee** » no he didnt

**Oaklee** » you do not have any picture of me

**Oaklee** » and if you do you do not anymore

**Sayla** » Sending.

**Oaklee** » delete everything

Incoming MMS.

**Oaklee** » no

**Oaklee** » NO

**Oaklee** » DELETE THAT NOW

**Sayla »** Why? I thought you were cool with wearing girls clothes?

**Oaklee »** YES RESPECTABLE NOT SLUTTY WHAT THE FUCK THAT IS NOT EVEN REAL

**Oaklee »** CUTE CLOTHES YS

**Sayla »** You were so hot.

**Oaklee »** DELETE THAT

**Oaklee »** RIGHT NOW

**Oaklee »** I AM SERIOUS

**Sayla »** What are you going to offer me?

**Oaklee »** .. you are joking

**Oaklee »** do it or im not being you r girlfriend

**Sayla »** I am going to take pictures of you. I am going to have my friends take pictures of me. And then, when I am alone, I am going to touch myself over you. And I will not share them, because they are for me. Do you have a problem with that, my pretty little slut?

**Oaklee »** ..i just dont like that one...

**Oaklee »** im not dressed nice..

**Sayla »** You're dressed the way I want you to be dressed, and that's what matters, isn't it? That's your job as my girlfriend, to make me happy.

**Oaklee »** that sounds sutpid..

**Sayla »** It's how things are going to be. I'm in charge, because I'm bossy, and you're my sissy. Got it?

**Oaklee »** ...

**Oaklee »** and we can kiss and stuff..?

**Sayla »** So much kissing. And other stuff I'm sure you'd like to do. How about you tell me about things you want me to do to you?

**Oaklee** » >||< i'm at school..

**Oaklee** » but uh..

**Oaklee** » I guess that's a fair trade.

**Oaklee** » I make you happy, you make me happy. that's kinda the point of relationships, right?

**Sayla** » Yes. I'm bossy, you're sissy, we'e both girlfriends. Easy, right?

**Oaklee** » right!

**Oaklee** » wait, i..

**Oaklee** » we still have to do our date though..?

**Sayla** » Yes we do. You want to wait that long to start being my sissy?

**Oaklee** » .. not really?

**Sayla** » That's what I thought.

**Sayla** » Come by after school

**Sayla** » I have something for you

**Oaklee** » ..i'm grounded..

**Sayla** » Get off the bus one stop earlier, come via my work.

**Oaklee** » okay..

**Sayla** » Good sissy. I have to get back to class.

**Oaklee** » you go to school?

**Oaklee** » hey do you go to West Jefferson?

**Sayla** » No, it's bossing sissies around class. I teach it.

**Oaklee** » -\_- you are so lame

**Oaklee** » and cute..

**Oaklee** » do yo ugo to west jefferson tho?

**Oaklee** » orrr teach there i guess?

**Oaklee** » i woudl take your class!!

**Sayla** » You want my other class — being a good little sissy slut who wears his girlfriends panties 101

**Oaklee** » not wearing panties until you tell me if you go to school with me!

**Sayla** » I go to a private school. I have a uniform and everything.

**Oaklee** » for real?

**Oaklee** » thats sexy..

**Sayla** » For real real.

**Sayla** » Gotta go

**Oaklee** » bye

**40:**

**Oaklee** » isn't texting me great? aren't you glad you lent me your phone?

**Mac** » hi!!!

**Oaklee** » i've missed talking to you. ^\_^

**Mac** » same same!! is the phone okay?? its my last one I had before this one && its a bit big 4 me

**Oaklee** » its very big, yeah but cool

**Oaklee** » its hard to get used to texting

**Mac** » my tiny hands are just 2 small!!

**Mac** » b/c I am tiny

**Mac** » iono if u noticed

**Oaklee** » suepr tiny!

**Oaklee** » i noticed.

**Mac** » eeheehee

**Mac** » um

**Mac** » when do u get ungrounded?

**Mac** » iwanna show u ur dresses!

**Oaklee** » i wanna see them so bad!!

**Oaklee** » oh send pictures when you get home!!

**Mac** » yes i will!

**Mac** » um

**Mac** » when u are ungrounded

**Mac** » i was wondering if

**Mac** » u wanted to go 2 the movies again maybe..??

**Oaklee** » yeah i think that would be cool

**Oaklee** » i wont get you soda -\_- sorry..

**Mac** » nono its okay!!

**Mac** » i will just come prepared

**Mac** » maybe iono yet

**Mac** » what u up to?

**Oaklee** » chemistry..

**Mac** » thats cool

**Mac** » I have math

**Mac** » I am not good at math

**Mac** » I got a a- last semester

**Oaklee** » thats not good? i get like cs in math

**Mac** » but ur a boy

**Mac** » boy are allowed to get cs

**Mac** » but

**Mac** » girls have to do a

**Mac** » its the rules

**Oaklee** » i think that makes no sense

**Mac** » i no right!!!

**Mac** » but mom said

**Mac** » she said

**Mac** » mackan

**Mac** » get good grades

**Mac** » or no boy will want you

**Oaklee** » boys love dumb girls

**Oaklee** » stupid boys, but still its true

**4Oaklee** » anyway you should like date girls they are way cooler

**Oaklee** » fig. 1 = you

**Oaklee** » date yourself

**Oaklee** » get a twin

**Mac** » but waht if i want babies??

**Oaklee** » i'll donate serpm

**Mac** » ewwwwwwww

**Mac** » ill get boy cooties!!!

**Oaklee** » more reason to date girls!

**Oaklee** » girls are better

**Oaklee** » i'll set you up with a friend!!

**Oaklee** » that girl at the lunch table?

**Mac** » who?? not josh!

**Mac** » who?

**Mac** » wait no

**Mac** » I like boys!

**Oaklee** » her name is Kimberly

**Mac** » ur just trying to get rid of me!

**Oaklee** » i'll talk to her about it at lunch ;))

**Mac** » BOYS!!!

**Mac** » are yummy

**Mac** » especially lolita boys

**Oaklee** » think of all the sexy videos i can film

**Mac** » HINT HINT

**Mac** » oaklee! no!

**Oaklee** » huh? what are we hiniting?

**Mac** » bad lolita boy!

**Oaklee** » come onnnn lesbians are cute!

**Mac** » but if i was a lesbian then you couldnt take me to the movies no more!

**Mac** » cause

Mac » some floozy would be taking me!

Oaklee » i can do whatever i wanna do

Mac » the floozy might be upset!

Oaklee » i'm the best friend you gossipi with about all the dirty stuff!

Oaklee » o\_o goals in life: befriend lesbians

Mac » i think u have to be gay to be the gossip friend

Oaklee » nnoooooo youuuu have to be gay

Oaklee » so it works

Mac » i am not gays!

Mac » Mac likes boys

Mac » and dolls I guess

Oaklee » Kimberly will hve your nubur by the end of the day

Oaklee » shoot gotta go

Oaklee » bye baby pants

Mac » >//////////<

///

"How's things going with the rich girl? You give her my number yet? Max, right? That's her name?" Josh was eating an apple as he spoke to his friend, the two of them were first at the lunch table. He'd make up for the fruit with chocolate following lunch.

"Speaking of which." I leaned past Josh, ignoring him, and talked to Kim. "You wanna date a girl by chance?" "...huh?" "Mac wants to date a girl. Well, she doesn't know it yet, but it's better than dating Josh. You interested?" As far as I knew - which admittedly was very little - Kimberly was straight. Actually, didn't she have a boyfriend...?

"Don't be an ass, she's a nice girl. And she's gonna be dating you, and you are the one who doesn't know it yet." "Ooooh!" Josh grinned, "man, you got slammed. Hey, wait a sec, what about me?" "She is far too good for you, Josh," Bindie interjected as he sat down, unwrapping his lunch which smelled of spices and

awesome. Everybody loved Bindie's lunches. **"Now, if she wants to try Indian cuisine, this hot momma is available."** **"Guys, seriously. Mac is way into Oaklee."**

**"She's not into me,"** I sighed. **"And anyway, I've got like, a girlfriend..."** Like a girlfriend was probably the best way to put it. We weren't officially dating yet anyway. **"That girl from the club?"** **"Mmhmm."** But I didn't want to talk about Sayla. **"Kim, you don't have to *actually* date her! Just mess with her! Flirt and stuff until she gets all shy, it's super cute."**

**"She needs to at least be a Sophomore if you want her to be all lesbianny."** **"Hold up my man, bro, brutherman, what is this about a girl from the club?"** **"He's got a girlfriend. She drugged him at a rave and now they're doin' it."** **"Doin' it? Like all the way? Oh man, congrats, yes!"**

**"She's very lesbianny, I promise! Just take her number, send a couple cute texts, so I can make fun of her for it. It's not that hard."** **"You try awful hard to make fun of this girl."** **"That's what friends do, right Bindie?"** **"Totes, yo."** At least in our friendship group: friends made fun of friends.

**"Enough about the flat-chested freshman, tell me about your conquest!"** **"It's not nice to refer to girls as 'conquests' in this country, Bindie."** **"He's been here since he was like 6, Kim."** Josh laughed and nudged Oaklee with a grin. **"When are we gonna meet this chick? Or does she have B lunch?"**

**"She goes to a private school, like the kind with uniforms?"** **"Daaayyyymmnnnn."** **"Grow up. Anyway, Kim. You in? It'll be greatttt! Pleaaaaaaseeeee?"** She hadn't explicitly said no, yet! And anything was better than talking about Sayla right now.

**"Fine. Just this once. But you owe me, and you're gonna pay me by telling this idiots about your girlfriend so I can eat my lunch in peace."** The collective male population looked celebratory, all but Oaklee, who looked like he'd just had victory pulled from underneath his feet.

**"I don't know a whole lot about her. She's older than me. She kisses like a train against wet paper. She is kinda bossy, but in a cute way? I don't know. I like her..."** Of course, I'd known her a collective... what, five days? But it was enough. Enough to know that she'd never be the kind of person I was with Mac, and that Mac would never be the kind of person I was with her. Sayla was in her own league.

That and the fact she wore a private school girl uniform seemed to be enough for the table, and Kim got her wish for a peaceful meal. Not that she really wanted to torment the young freshman, but it was a small price to pay.

**41:**

**"Hey girlfriend."** Sayla was at the front of the store, stocking gourmet lollipops from a box, when the boy came in. She knew he was in a hurry, which was why she continued to stock the lollipops for a few moments longer, while he watched, exacerbated. **"Meet me in the bathroom."**

**"...uh... I really can't stay..."** I looked at the time on the loaner phone, biting my cheek. Ugh, if I didn't get home soon... **"Just meet me in the bathroom!"** **"...fine, fine."** I sighed, heading down to the restrooms, and walking into the guy's. Expectantly, it was empty. I looked at myself in the mirror, brushing my hair out from my eyes. I looked pretty good today, despite the stereotypical clothing styles of a young white boy.

The girl walked into the bathroom with the force of a mission, a bag in her hand. She took the boy by a handful of his top and tugged him into the stall, closing the door behind them as she pinned him roughly to the wall and kissed him. It wasn't enough to kiss, though, not with her — she pulled her pants down as she kissed him, her pants which were actually his jeans, and her panties as well. She broke the kiss, stepped back, and started to pull his cargo pants and boxers down before he had too much time to protest.

**"W-wait! H-hey! Wait, wait, wait!"** The woman tugged my pants and my boxers down past my knees and I flatted my shirt down over my legs. **"STOP! HEY!"** Wait, had she taken her pants off, too? I looked at my jeans on the floor, next to the cargo pants around my ankles, and my cheeks went crimson. **"What the hell is your problem..."**

**"I'm giving you your jeans back."** Simple. Of course, the first step of this involved her pulling her panties up the boys legs after relieving him of his cargos and boxes, the soft silky french cut sliding up his thighs and being tugged nicely into place, still warm with her body heat. She held the jeans out and slapped the boys behind. **"If you waste any more time you'll get in trouble for being late, step in."**

My cheeks were red as I stepped into the jeans, pulled up to my waist, and she buttoned them for me like I was a child. I looked at her in bewilderment, blushing, and looked away. Gosh... what was her deal... **"If anyone finds out..."** My mom already saw the panties once. If she saw them again...

**"You won't let them. My panties are a private thing, and you will not flash them to anybody. They're on you now as a sign that you are mine. Understand? They warm you like my kisses, and keep you from ever forgetting your place, girlfriend."** As the night as the club, she plucked the boxers out of the cargos, and then pulled the pants up her legs, her cock not seeming to be anything she was ashamed of, as she buttoned the tan pants into place. **"Here."** She handed him the small bag she'd had with her when coming in. **"Your makeup."**

"...I can't take this home." Her words were... very poignant. I prided myself on how shameless I was. I liked how girl clothes were normal to me. I liked that nothing got to me or brought me embarrassment. But her words.... well, they were definitely new.

**"Its a waterproof bag, when you get home, climb out your bedroom window and tuck the bag into the gutter above your room. That way you can reach your makeup when I want you to wear it, but your parents won't find it."** These were the words of a girl who'd had to hide things from her family in the past. She took the boys hand, and placed it between her legs, the shape inside the cargo pants unmistakable. Shameless. **"Any questions, girlfriend?"**

...she was just... like a genius or something. Or insane. One of the two. Either or, it was... new. Refreshing. And her words were heavy in my ears. I nodded quietly and she pushed the bag into my arms. My cheeks were crimson when she stepped away from me. I didn't blush. Never. Just once, in those pictures Mac took. But now...

There was one final kiss, just enough to daze the boy before he was tugged out of the sanctuary of the stall and back into the store proper. **"Get home, don't get in trouble. If you're a good girlfriend, next time's visit will be even better. Go."** And like at the club, she left him — though she did it to get back to work, and was still visible, the boy standing there with the small bag, in his jeans, someone else's underwear, in front of the bathroom... well, he might as well have been a thousand miles away.

I walked home quietly, my cheeks burning. I got home before my mom, thank God, and hurried upstairs before my dad could ask about the bag. I pushed open the window and tucked the bag into the gutter, looking nervously out the window. It was... a really good plan. I didn't know how she thought of it. I sat down on the edge of the bed, in my jeans, in new underwear, and felt a twinge of shyness. This was so weird. And then I realized: Mac's phone! It was in my cargo pants! I raced down the stairs, but my dad stopped me at the door. **"Where are you going?"** **"..just down to the store. Uh, to get some snacks."** **"You'll spoil your dinner."** **"I... I need paper for school."** **"You're grounded - that means no leaving the house!"**

**"How goes the incarceration?"** Deagan was sitting on the stairs when Oaklee dejectedly wandered back from the confrontation with their father, and the older brother had a half a sandwich in his hand. Oaklee looked so upset, frowning, his cheeks pink. It was an odd sight to see, even for Deagan.

**"Can you do me a favor?"** **"Uh...."** **"I need you to go to Walgreens down the road and ask the girl in the cargo pants if I can have my phone back."** Okay. Okay, that sounded less weird in my head. And my brother would probably recognize my cargo pants, too. No, maybe not. He didn't pay a whole lot of attention. But if I started ignoring Mac again...

**"Uh, yeah. What, do I just tell her that I'm your brother? Did you leave your phone on the counter again? Wait, I thought Mom took your phone away?"** The leaving

the phone on the counter thing had been a trend from last year, when Oaklee had left his phone in stores a half dozen times in three months. He'd only stopped when he'd actually gone back to the store and they didn't have it. He'd been so upset, and it was only that a good samaritan handed it in a few hours later that he got it back. He was much more careful with his phone since then.

**"Uh, well... it's not really my phone, it's Mac's." "...you're using a second phone while you're grounded?" "Shut up..." "I am so proud of you!" "Ugh! Can you get my phone for me, or not?"** I did *not* want Sayla meeting my brother... but it wasn't like I could do it myself...

**"Yeah man, that's cool."** Deagan got up, finished the last two bites of his sandwich, and ruffled his brother's hair. **"I'll bring it up to your room when I get back, you go relax. Want anything from the drive-through? I'm gonna get some eats. Maybe McDonalds."** Clearly, today was a day that Deagan had money.

**"...yeah, alright..."** This was stupid. Why did I have to leave my phone with her? Why didn't I remember to get it out of my pockets?! Did she *know* it was in there? Deagan left a couple minutes later and I waited by the window of my room. This was nerve-racking... what if Mac was texting? If she thought I lost her phone..!

It took Deagan twenty minutes to get home, and another two to get upstairs, after having dropped a McDonalds bag with their dad to distract him. **"Here you go. She said she turned it off when she realized you forgot it. She's a hottie, too, man, you should get her number."** He tossed the phone to his brother, and then set one of the McDonalds bags down on the desk where the computer tower had been.

I bit my lip and looked at the phone in my lap. It was off. I played with the edges of it in my fingers and looked up at my brother with a thankful smile. **"Thanks... here, toss me a burger."** Which he did. I unwrapped it while I waited for the phone to boot back up again. See - worrying about nothing!

**"If Mom finds out you got another phone, she'll flip, though. She'll think you're undermining her, so just be careful, alright?"**

**Mac » hi**

**Mac » hello??**

**Mac » really?!**

**Mac » I loaned you a phone!!**

**Mac » where areeeeee you**

**"Of course. I'm not stupid, Deagan."** Said the boy who left his phone with his new girlfriend, after having borrowed the phone from what could have been an old girlfriend. Yes, I was brilliant.

**Oaklee »** hi.

**Mac »** oh! finallyyyyyy!!

**Mac »** what happened??

**Mac »** mira says hi

**Mac »** im dressing her up atm

**"So Mac gave you a phone? That's pretty cool of her. Didn't figure she'd be the stick it to your parents kind of girl, not living out where she does."** He was eating one of his burgers, and sat down on the swiveling chair.

**"She just wanted to be able to text. I think it was selfish. And selfless, like at the same time."**

**Oaklee »** forgot my phone at the walgreens on the way home?

**Oaklee »** yeah I'm an idiot

**Oaklee »** oh send pictures?

**Mac »** dummy

**Mac »** um

**Mac »** yes I will take pictures now!!

**"Seems kinda clingy, man. I don't know. Girl like that could be good for you, though. Someone you can take care of, give advice to, be there for. Seems like your kind of thing, don't it?"** Deagan honestly couldn't imagine his bother dating any kind of independent girl, not with how his personality was laid out.

**"Mac isn't my type."** Which we'd been over. He kept bringing it up, but in different ways. Like testing the waters for something... searching for the ships in battleship. Of course, I didn't really pay any attention to this stuff.

**Oaklee »** oh she's so cute!

**Oaklee »** when did you get that one?

**Oaklee** » was that when we went shopping?

**Mac** » uhhuh! you picked that one out

**Mac** » actually

**Mac** » you picked most of them out!

**Mac** » you were so essited!

**"You got this big grin on your face when you're texting her, though, you know? You keep saying you're not into her, but a girl like that makes you smile, you gotta give it some thought."** There was a vibrating from Deagan's lap and he reached for his own phone with a sigh. **"I gotta jet, I'll talk to you later kiddo."**

**"...yeah, sure."** I looked at the phone and then up at my brother as he left the room. I don't smile when I text her... she's just nice to me. And she sends me pictures of bears in dresses. I sighed and went back to the phone, shaking my head. Stupid brother...

**Oaklee** » Yeah XD I guess I got carried away?

**Mac** » you did, but thats okay

**Mac** » you should have seen me when I was first there!!

**Mac** » i mean i was 5 y/o at time

**Mac** » so I guess u were like a 5y/o!

**Oaklee** » >//< blah

**Oaklee** » you are so lame

**Mac** » I am not!!

**Sayla** » Put you hand down the front of your jeans, girlfriend. Touch your reminder that you're mine.

**Mac** » anyway you love it when im lame

**Mac** » oh do u want 2 see your dresses from the con??

**Oaklee** » totally! i'm actualy really interested.

**Oaklee** » i'm sorry btw that you thought i was ignoring you. ;\_;

**Oaklee** » you are weird

**Sayla** » If you don't do it, I'll text your little rich girl friend and make her help me. What was her number again?

**Sayla** » 311 727 7262

**Sayla** » Right?

**Sayla** » Now put your hand where I said, and tell me what I want to hear, girlfriend

**Mac** » okay um, I'll send them a few at a time

**Oaklee** » you took her number form my phone?! what the hell is wrong with you!

**Oaklee** » leave Mac out of this

**Oaklee** » sure okay

**Sayla** » That didn't sound like you behaving at all.

**Sayla** » Do I need to make my panties wet and sticky before I make you wear them next time?

**Mac** » okay, so these are the three dresses

Incoming MMS.

**Mac** » And this is the accessories

Incoming MMS.

**Mac** » And I got you these shoes, but I don't know how well they will fit but they are SO CUTE

**Oaklee** » ...stop being weird... just... I'm busy... -\_-

**Oaklee** » o\_o gosh those are so cute..

**Oaklee** » like absolutely no logical time for me to wear any of them..

**Oaklee** » actually no, that black one could be like.. something probably..

**Oaklee** » but the blue one? >||< that will be an "at Mac's" dress

**Sayla** » Maybe I'll be busy, too. Busy finding a new girlfriend who knows how to play the game...

**Mac** » eeheehee

**Mac** » yes!!

**Mac** » speaking of

**Mac** » when will b the next time you are at macs?

**Mac** » mac misses you

**Oaklee** » what gaaaaammmeeeeeee

**Oaklee** » Soon? Honestly like day 1 when grounding is over?

**Sayla** » I want your fingers on my panties right now. I want you to describe them.

**Mac** » yes! good!!

**Mac** » && u can tell that other 1 girl that u liek

**Mac** » that she has 2 wait

**Mac** » b/c mac has dibs!!

**Oaklee** » ..sayla -\_-

**Oaklee** » totes! Mac has dibs. i promise

**Sayla** » Are you going to make me ask again? I would have thought my slutty little sissy would want to please her girlfriend...

**Sayla** » I had a little picture show planned for later tonight, too, but if you're going to be... disobedient...

**Mac** » good. b/c even if u do date her

**Mac** » she needs to know

**Mac** » that

**Mac** » mac was here first

**Mac** » okay???

**Oaklee** » ..i'm texting with othe rpeople and its weird...

**Oaklee** » uhhuh course

**Sayla** » So you want to, then? You want to behave?

**Sayla** » Well, your heart is in the right place...

**Sayla** » Now let's get your hand in the right place, too. Don't worry, the rich girl won't know.

**Mac** » um, what else

**Mac** » OH!

**Mac** » OH I GOT YOU THE COOLEST THING TOO

**Mac** » sorry caps

Incoming MMS.

**Mac** » I got you a parasol!

**Oaklee** » sayla i dont like tis..

**Oaklee** » thats so cute. what is a parasol

**Sayla** » But I do, and you want to make me happy, don't you?

**Sayla** » Tell me about the panties you're wearing.

**Sayla** » My pretty panties

**Mac** » its the umbrella looking thing in the pic!

**Oaklee** » i dunno.. they're fine.. please stop it

**Oaklee** » its just werd

**Oaklee** » at least wait until tonight

**Oaklee** » arent you at work?

**Oaklee** » i know that!! i mean like what does it do like rain and stuff?

**Sayla** » I am, and I'm on break, and you're supposed to be turning me on right now, sissy

**Sayla** » I'm giving you a rare chance and you're wasting it...

**Mac** » eeheehee, nuhuh, it's just for looking cute!!

**Mac** » so you can hold your mira, and your parasol

**Mac** » && wear your pretty dresses!!

**Mac** » &&& we can have a tea party or some such!

**Oaklee** » later

**Oaklee** » oh. thats cool.

**Oaklee** » never had anything like that.

**Sayla** » Sissy, do you want to have the chance to put your hand down my pants again?

**Sayla** » Don't make me have to ask again

**Mac** » are you okay??

**Mac** » you seem a bit

**Mac** » not like u

**Oaklee** » ur not the only bossy one you know! watch it!

**Oaklee** » I'm fine? o\_o

**Sayla** » I guess I'll have to find another sissy who knows how to follow directions

**Mac** » oh! ok!

**Mac** » u just seemed a bit distracted

**Mac** » && I thought maybe ur dad was being a butt

**Oaklee** » you will not. and i'm not intimidated by you

**Oaklee** » you are not the same in text as you are in person, let me say

**Oaklee** » now be quiet and go to work

**Oaklee** » we will talk later

**Oaklee** » nah. ^\_^

**Oaklee** » just layin' in bed

**Oaklee** » daydreaming about dresses clearly!!

Incoming MMS.

**Mac** » eeheehee

**Mac** » i wish u could have mira at home

**Mac** » she misses you!!!

**Mac** » cheez tells her that you love her

**Mac** » but she gets sad sometimes...

**Oaklee** » i have seen more than you have to offer girlie

**Oaklee** » be good

**Oaklee** » she does?

**Sayla** » Oh no, you misunderstand. Next time we meet, you're going to take that picture the same way. And I will keep it, along with the slutty ones I have already. A nice little gallery of debauchery..

**Mac** » uhuh

**Mac** » she asked me if she could maybe dress as a boy

**Mac** » && come live w/ you

**Mac** » I said I would ask for her

**Oaklee** » you need to learn you cant always have youre way.

**Oaklee** » i wish...

**Sayla** » Maybe. Or maybe I just wanted an excuse to punish you for being a bratty girlfriend.

**Sayla** » See you tomorrow, same time.

**Mac** » well there are liek

**Mac** » batman costumes!

**Mac** » && she said she would even learn 2 talk liek a boy too!

**Oaklee** » see. you're learning!

**Oaklee** » we can talk about your behavior tomorrow, sure

**Oaklee** » um

**Oaklee** » she's safer there for now..

**Mac** » ok well

**Mac** » she understands

**Mac** » but she said maybe she could ride in your schoolbag one day w/ u

**Mac** » && I could take her home in the afternoon

**Oaklee** » maybe

**Oaklee** » that kinda sounds nice.

**Mac** » uhhuh && then maybe one of us could skip class so we can have lunch together

**Mac** » && we can do a picnic in a empty classroom

**Mac** » w/ our teddies??

**Oaklee** » that would be really nice..

**Mac** » uhhuh!!

**Mac** » have a look @ the pictures

**Mac** » && tell me what u think mira should wear

**Oaklee** » uh... idk..

**Oaklee** » i'm not good at this stuff..

**Mac** » well look @ her clothes

**Mac** » && think about what u would want to wear

**Mac** » u have very good taste in pretty clothes, olena!

**Oaklee** » yeah? uh..

**Oaklee** » the.. ruffly dress? the pink one?

**Mac** » uhhuh! I like that one too!

**Mac** » maybe w/ the cardi && a pretty hat?

**Mac** » b/c it is starting to cool down outside u know!

**Oaklee** » uh huh thats true

**Mac** » okay

**Mac** » && maybe we can have lots of sammiches

**Mac** » w/ the crust cut off

**Mac** » &&& cut into little fingers

**Mac** » even some w/ cheese for you

**Oaklee** » that sounds nice

**Mac** » ok!!

**Mac** » well

**Mac** » we will do it tomorrow

**Mac** » b/c she misses u

**Mac** » oh um

**Mac** » also!!!!

**Mac** » i got that pair of glasses u like

**Mac** » w/ clear lenses

**Mac** » && figured that

**Mac** » no1 could be mad at u for wearing them

**Mac** » b/c glasses are for boys or for girls!

**Oaklee** » yeah good point

**Oaklee** » maybe my parents wouldnt be mad

**Oaklee** » but id have to somehow convince them theyrer real

**Mac** » u could say that you were having trouble w/ reading or something

**Mac** » && one of your boy friends loaned them to you

**Mac** » &&& they help!

**Oaklee** » thats true! okay!

**Oaklee** » i'll try

**Oaklee** » they might take htem away though.

**Mac** » well they wont b able 2 if you say they are someone elses

**Mac** » they can just make you give them back

**Mac** » eeheehee

**Mac** » so its okay either way

**Mac** » && you laooked SO PRETTY in them

**Oaklee** » yeah?

**Mac** » uhhuh! oh gosh yes

**Mac** » && b/c you have great cheekbones

**Mac** » &&& gorgeous eyes

**Mac** » remember how u looked w/ fairy eyes? that only worked so well b/c you have such pretty eyes

**Oaklee** » you are way too nice to me sometimes.

Mac » you are friends w/ the most clingy messed up boring girl ever

Mac » your the nice one >////<

Oaklee » you are my favorite so dont be all pouty about it!

Oaklee » i should go help mom with dinner. hoping to get my computer back this weekend. fingers crossed

Oaklee » ttyl?

Mac » good luck uhhuh!

Mac » -huggles-

**42:**

**"Over here, over here!"** I ducked into the empty classroom, looking around the quietness. It was actually really hard to find vacant classrooms during lunch even though there was only half the classes. Probably because the lunch ladies liked to lock the doors to keep us all in the cafeteria. Mac had set out a blanket on the desk, like a picnic, and pulled herself onto the table. I went over to sit down beside her.

I'd been carting a much larger bag around today to accommodate the two teddies and the picnic stuff, and I was so happy to have it all unpacked now. The blanket, the teddies, and a series of stacked bento boxes that clipped together. I had a dozen varieties of sandwich fingers, and some rice-balls, and some candies: sometimes having a maid paid off. **"I'll set up the food, and you can cuddle with Mira. Um. Oh!"** I reached into one pocket of the bag and handed the glasses to Oaklee, as promised.

I put the glasses on my nose and smiled at the girl through the fake lenses. I looked *awesome!* Honestly, like, the whole thing was amazing. I sat on the edge of the big table - covered in a blanket - while she unboxed some of the foods. I played with Mira's dress in my lap, then set her down with me, my arms around her like a child. I never understood stuffed animals. But this felt different...

**"This is so cool, I'm so glad we're doing this!"** I pulled Cheez into my lap and looked around, like I was forgetting something. Oh! I reached down into the large bag and pulled out a small cooler, unzipped it, and put one can of soda in front of me and one in front of Oaklee. Now, between us, were the opened plastic containers with all the food within. **"Um. There's lots of sandwiches, and rice-balls, and stuff... I hope this is okay. If there's anything you don't like, you don't gotta eat it."**

**"That's cool... thank you. This is just really sweet. I mean, we never get any time anymore, 'cause of my stupid parents, and... this is just really nice."** I took one of the little sandwiches with a smile. It was weird. I felt like such a kid. The teddy in my lap probably didn't help!

**"I know that you'll make fun of me, and call me a spoiled princess, but I won't eat sandwiches unless they have the crust cut off..."** I laughed, taking one of the finger sandwiches and enjoying a bite, smiling at the boy in my glasses. I really did like those ones, too! But he looked so good in them, gosh. **"Mira looks so happy, she's so so so happy to be with you, finally. Even Cheez can see it."**

**"...yeah?"** I looked at the little teddy bear and then at the finger foods. I was being shy? Nah. I was just tired or something... **"Um... I like sandwiches better this way too, without the crust... they're more even. But like... nobody really gets that, so I just... deal with it, ya know...?"**

**"Well, you're a princess and princesses shouldn't need to deal with anything."** I nodded and picked one finger up, passing it to Oaklee. **"This one has cheese on it, so it's for you. A Princess Olena sammich, uhhuh. Mira likes cheese. And Cheez does, too! Just not Mac."** I nodded, like I'd said about the most sage thing in the entire world.

I took the little sandwich and ate it, smiling. It was good. Cheese and ham, maybe? I was really happy here, sitting on the blanket with Mac, eating finger sandwiches with teddy bears in the middle of school. I just... felt very... homey. More homey than I felt at home. I ate nearly the whole bento of ham and cheese sandwiches and by the end of it I wouldn't let Mira out of my arms. I held her against me while I ate, while I sipped my soda. While Mac and I laughed.

**"You can bring Mira with you today, and then after school I can take her home, and I think you will both be much happier for having spent the time together, yes."** Moreover, I was happy that the two of us — or four of us — had spent some time together. Honestly, since he'd gotten grounded, I felt so detached from him... and I didn't like that.

**"...yeah? Alright."** Honestly, it was stupid to do. To take Mira with me. I knew that. But I felt a little disconnected. I didn't think a stuffed animal would matter so much. So I took her to class with me, and I played with her ear in my bag when I reached for a pencil. But when the time came at the end of the day to meet with Mac, she didn't show up. I texted her on her phone: **"Where are you?" "Heyyyyyy" "I'm waiting by the doors"**. But the busses were starting to leave. I bit my lip and looked down at the backpack. Shoot... I'd just have to bring her to school tomorrow.

**"Gotcha."** The boy had wandered into the Walgreens as he'd been asked to do the previous night, by the girl he was now dating, and she'd snuck up behind him, wrapped

the collar around his neck, and clicked it shut. Unseen to him was the tiny padlocking hanging from the blue leather — she kissed him to make sure he wasn't too analytical. **"Did you miss me, girlfriend? How long do we have before you have to go?"**

I looked nervously at her, then at my neck. I couldn't see it, but I could feel it. A collar. Well, it was weird. Kind of leathery? Maybe it was a collar. I'd have to check the mirror in the bathroom... **"Uh... not long at all... a minute or two..."** Probably more like ten, but I didn't want to give her an advantage. Plus, with Mira in my bag, I was... a little off today.

**"Enough."** She had a coy look on her face, the cheekiest she might ever have shown him, and as the day before she led him into the bathroom. As the day before, she kissed him. As the day before, she pulled down his pants, and his boxers. And completely different to the day before, she deviated — her lips wrapped around the tip of the boys cock. A minute or two? He was a teenage boy — that would be all he'd need. Not that she was going to let him finish, she was just going to get him very very close, and then dress him in her panties. A typical afternoon, really.

Oh. My. Fucking. Christ. Shit. Wow. Okay. Yes. This. This... Her lips wrapped around my cock, not even against the shaft, just the tip. Her tongue. Sooooo warm. So nice. And I was trembling against the wall. My knees felt like jello. I'd never been given a blowjob, but damn. If this was what a relationship was... getting head every day after school? Yeah, I could do a relationship.

Boys were very easy to judge, and boys who had never been given oral before were very quick. It was less than 30 seconds before he was quivering, whimpering, clawing at the bathroom stall wall. And only 30 more seconds before she was sliding her panties up the boys legs. He had to pay for his misbehavior. **"If you'd been a good last night, I would have finished the job, and sucked you dry. But no no no, you had to be a brat. Maybe tonight when you're given directions, you won't argue, will you?"** He looked at her, desperate, confused, lost... and she put her hand down the front of his pants, and rubbed the panties with a smile — his walk home would be warm and wet and sticky.

I slid to the bathroom floor, my eyes glossed over, my lips trembling as I gasped for air, and the girl's panties covered in cum. I couldn't even breathe. I looked up at her with red cheeks, humiliated... I couldn't even move. My backpack sat beside me on the ground, but I kept my phone in my pocket. Of course, my jeans were still at my ankles...

Gently, the girl pushed the top of her workshoe against the panties, against his softening cock, the wetness spreading through the fabric as she pushed. **"Stand up. Pull up your pants. Don't be late home, and don't disobey me when we text tonight. Understand, my slutty sissy?"**

She pushed me out the door herself. The walk home might have been the most uncomfortable five minutes of my life. I still wasn't used to the cut of panties, and the wetness made it unbearable. I was so ashamed, so humiliated. When I finally got home, when I went into my room, I changed out of the panties and into a fresh pair of boxers. I didn't feel better, though. My cheeks were pink in the mirror, and they would fog up the bottoms of my new glasses. What was I getting myself into...

**Mac » omd**

**Mac » i am so sorry!!**

**Mac » I GOT DETENTION**

**Mac » me**

**Mac » uhuh**

**Mac » princess mac got detention**

**Mac » im so sorry is mira okay?**

**Mac » are you okay???**

**Oaklee » uhuh.**

**Oaklee » uh**

**Oaklee » why did you get detention**

**Mac » skipping class for a lunch >////<**

**Mac » so stupid....!!**

**Mac » um**

**Mac » i can come over**

**Mac » && get mira**

**Mac » if you want...**

**Oaklee » no**

**Oaklee » i'll bring her to school tomorrow**

**Oaklee » hey how do i get this off?**

**Oaklee** » this collar thing

**Mac** » okay

**Mac** » you can cuddle w/ her tonite!!

**Sayla** » Well, that all depends on if you were good or if you were bad. If you were good, and kept my panties on, it'll be easy. If you were bad, well... let's just say you might want to put them back on if you were bad...

**Oaklee** » probs not with my mom here but its a nice thought

**Oaklee** » this isnt funny seriously it wont come off i mean it

**Mac** » please make sure she is safe && so are you!!

**Sayla** » Put my panties back on that you made a mess in, take me a pretty picture, and I'll tell you the combination to the lock. I wouldn't argue if I were you, my pretty slut.

**Oaklee** » of course

**Oaklee** » ..they're dirty.

**Sayla** » And who made them dirty?

**Oaklee** » ..please... if my parents see this collar...

**Sayla** » If they see it, it's because you let your silly pride get in the way of getting it off. Boyfriends are prideful. I don't want a boyfriend. You're my girlfriend. You should be thinking about how sexy you can make the picture you're going to send me, instead of arguing over it.

**Oaklee** » fine.. just gimme a sec..

**Sayla** » Make it good. If I'm not impressed, I'll make you wait another hour.

**Oaklee** » this is so stupid....

Sending MMS.

**Sayla** » Try again. I want to see the tip of your cock peering out the top of the panties, and I want you to rub your finger in the wetness and touch it to your lip for the photo.

**Oaklee** » i am not giving you photos of me like that

**Sayla** » See you in an hour.

**Oaklee** » also since im 15 its illegal if i show certain parts.

**Oaklee** » im trying to do the most i can with what i got...

**Sayla** » Kneel on your bed, spread legs, wet panties on display, and lift your top and cup your chest like you have tiny little boobs like I do.

**Sayla** » Fair?

**Oaklee** » ..no face... okay..?

**Sayla** » Face. Not up for debate. You're mine, and I want to see your face. Part of being my girlfriend is trusting that I will keep you only for me.

**Oaklee** » i dont trust you. -\_- ive known you like 6 days..

**Sayla** » Your actions now are determining what we do tomorrow afternoon. Sure you want to argue?

**Oaklee** » i'm not omfortable with tis...

**Sayla** » Good. I'm pushing your boundaries. How else will you grow? Make the picture sexy for me. If you do a good job, I'll let you change out of the panties before bed.

**Oaklee** » no.

**Oaklee** » collar ocmbination now.

**Oaklee** » i mean it

**Sayla** » Excuse me? Were you making a demand? My pretty little slut? You don't give orders. You take them. You don't make the rules. You follow them. If you disobey me today, tomorrow it won't be me sucking your pretty little cock, it'll be you on your knees in front of me in the bathroom, learning what happens to bad girlfriends. Take the photo. Now. Am I clear, sissy?

**Oaklee** » not intimidatted....

**Sayla** » You shouldn't be. You should be awed.

**Oaklee** » dont have to do anything..

**Sayla** » Do you want to feel my lips on you, tomorrow?

**Oaklee** » gimme the combination or

**Oaklee** » you wnt see me at all tomorrow.

**Sayla** » Do you want me to have you finish in my mouth?

**Sayla** » Want me to run my fingers up your back as I pin you to the wall?

**Sayla** » Taste you potently as I kiss you after...

**Sayla** » A fitting reward for a good little slut...

**Sayla** » You want to be my good little slut, don't you?

**Oaklee** » im..

**Sayla** » A good girlfriend.

**Sayla** » Obedient.

**Oaklee** » im not playing..

**Sayla** » Submissive

**Sayla** » Compliant.

**Oaklee** » stop it.

**Sayla** » Sexy.

**Sayla** » Pretty.

**Sayla** » Soft

**Sayla** » Pliable

**Sayla** » Mine

**Sayla** » So obey. Send me a picture so hot it makes my breath skip.

**Sayla** » Show me how sexy you can be...

**Sayla** » Make me want to take you right here on the spot.

**Oaklee** » im.

**Sayla** » A good girlfriend.

**Sayla** » a slut

**Sayla** » my slut.

**Oaklee** » not a slut...

Sending MMS.

**Sayla** » Good girl.

**Oaklee** » not a girl..

**Sayla** » Panties stay on until bed. Combination is 1722

**Sayla** » Understand?

**Oaklee** » no..

**Sayla** » Tomorrow I'm going to give you a very very good surprise, but if you argue with me here, you won't get it..

**Sayla** » Don't you want to fuck me?

**Sayla** » Push me against the wall, make me yours?

**Sayla** » Want a picture just before bed, showing that you're still in the panties. Understand?

**Oaklee** » htey're uncomfy..

**Sayla** » They're wet. Sticky. Sexy. Tomorrow, I'll let you wet a pair that I've cum in, and that's so sexy, isn't it?

**Sayla** » Picture before bed, and tomorrow is a reward day

**Sayla** » No picture, and tomorrow is a punishment day

**Sayla** » Do you want to be a good slut, or a naughty slut?

**Oaklee** » not a slut...

**Sayla** » Tell me you'll send the picture.

**Oaklee** » i'll send it..

**Sayla** » Tell me what you want tomorrow.

**Oaklee** » ..not to be in a bathroom..

**Sayla** » Go and fill your panties again, girlfriend. I'm sure you need to. And if you do, then tomorrow, it won't be in the bathroom.

**Sayla** » Leave your collar on. Fill your panties. Leave them on until you sleep. You can take the collar off after you cum. I want a picture before bed. Any questions?

**Oaklee** » no...

**Sayla** » Are you hard right now?

**Oaklee** » shut up

**Sayla** » Strike 1.

**Sayla** » Are you hard right now?

**Oaklee** » ..wait.. what are the strikes...

**Sayla** » Three strikes and it'll be me fucking you tomorrow afternoon.

**Sayla** » Are you hard right now?

**Oaklee** » ...you are joking...

**Sayla** » Strike 2.

**Sayla** » Are you hard right now?

**Oaklee** » .. mmhmm.

**Sayla** » Good. You know what's expected of you. I'm going back to work~

**Sayla** » Tomorrow, you're going to be SO rewarded.

**Oaklee** » kay..

**43:**

**"I hate you so much..."** She was blushing! Gosh, I wasn't sure I'd ever seen Mac blush before. I mean, even when she had her accidents, she just got really mad. Maybe she was mad now, too? Either way, I was laughing too hard to care. **"What, you don't think Kim is cute enough?"** It was between-class. We'd met at the top of the C section stairs: a very secluded spot. We had to swap my bear, lest I take it home a second time.

**"There is a very special circle of hell reserved for you, Mister!"** Though I wasn't inherently religious, my parents sent me to all the right places for me to become a well-loved member of society. Unfortunately, I had the internet, as anybody with half a brain and maybe the other half as well would tell you — God is Dead. My phone buzzed and I frowned again, blushing deeper. **"She says very unladylike things!"**

**"Look at you! Maybe you really should date her. I mean, it was just a joke, but when I tell her how you're acting?"** Kim had a boyfriend. Kim was probably also very straight. But that didn't mean I couldn't tease. **"She'll be all over you! Pushing you into bathrooms and pinning you to the wall."** Fantasies I only now knew because of my own girlfriend...

**"Where do you even come up with this stuff?! Gross!"** I puffed out my cheeks, which were only redder for the runaway imagination, and crossed my arms with a pronounced huff. Stupid boy. Who did he even think he was?! Stupid harlot girl. **"You should tell your friend Kim that I hope she does not text her Mom with those fingers!"**

**"I'll make sure to tell her that. You hope she touches you with those fingers."** I nodded affirmatively and she pushed me into the wall. I bit my lip with a smile and fished into my backpack. We were alone here. **"Here's Mira."** I held out the little bear for Mac.

**"You had better believe that I will be playing I hate boy music to Mira!"** I nodded, as though that were a very real threat, and cuddled the bear to my chest. **"You tell her to stop, or I'll tell... well, not my parents because they don't care, but maybe like my maid and she's Spanish so she'll call the mafia!"**

**"...the mafia isn't Spanish. It's like Russian or something... silly girl."** She put Mira into her backpack and I looked up at the clock. Ugh, I had to get to class... **"Go to class. We'll text. I don't want you getting detention again."** I was still on Mac's phone: how long would I have to wait to get mine back?!

Mac » hi

Mac » ummm

Mac » when can u come over?

**Mac** » I miss you...

**Oaklee** » not today sorry

**Oaklee** » we just saw each other like 3 hours ago

**Mac** » but I wanna dress up w/ you!!

**Mac** » && have a tea party

**Mac** » &&& there are new episodes of gravity falls!!

**Oaklee** » one more week

**Oaklee** » uh. actually like 8 days

**Mac** » thats dumb

**Mac** » u should move out

**Mac** » parents sound lame!!

**Mac** » cum b a princess w/me!

**Oaklee** » ..you really need to start spelling that different

**Mac** » princess??

**Oaklee** » -\_- come

**Oaklee** » spell it properly

**Mac** » why??

**Mac** » its eaiser this way

**Oaklee** » yes but it

**Oaklee** » you know what cum is right?

**Mac** » ...no

**Oaklee** » ..oh jeeze...

**Mac** » it means come but spelled eaiser!

**Oaklee** » do you text Kim like that, too?

**Mac** » like what??

**Oaklee** » cum?

**Mac** » I guess??

**Oaklee** » no wonder she talks dirty to you!

**Mac** » I dont understand!!

**Oaklee** » i cannot do this

**Oaklee** » google it

**Mac** » cum cum cum

**Mac** » its not dirty!

**Oaklee** » google

**Oaklee** » it

**Mac** » why??

**Mac** » omd

**Mac** » omd!!!!

**Oaklee** » uhhuhh

**Mac** » WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU

**Mac** » IAM 14!!!!

**Oaklee** » i thought you knew?

**Mac** » I AM 14

**Mac** » && a girl

**Mac** » EW

**Oaklee** » its girls too....

**Oaklee** » not just boys?

**Mac** » not what the pictures looked like!!!!

**Mac** » willies everywhere!

**Oaklee** » google "girl cum"

**Mac** » NO

**Mac** » girls dont have williea

**Oaklee** » do it

**Oaklee** » you need to know

**Mac** » dummy

**Oaklee** » you need to be educated

**Oaklee** » do it

**Oaklee** » or no texts

**Mac** » girls have kitties

**Oaklee** » o\_o kitties..

**Mac** » I DONT WANT 2 SEE GIRL WILLIES

**Oaklee** » you're like a toddler..

**Mac** » nuhuh!!

**Mac** » I googled girl willies + cum

**Mac** » i h8 u

**Mac** » omd....

**Mac** » i am going 2 hell

**Oaklee** » gotta get on my bus hold on

**Mac** » stupid boy

**Mac** » this is why boys have cooties

**Oaklee** » hi sorry

**Oaklee** » i thought you knew!

**Oaklee** » at least now you wont say it anymore

**Oaklee** » kim still firtying?

**Mac** » WHY WOULD I WANT 2 NO ABOUT GIRLS w/ WILLIES

**Mac** » kim && I are not friends anymore

**Mac** » she said she knew what it meant

**Mac** » && thought I was flirting

**Oaklee** » ..you told her you didn't know what it meant?

**Mac** » o/c

**Oaklee** » she's ogonna think you're more of a baby than you are @\_@

**Mac** » notta baby

**Mac** » I am 14!!!

**Mac** » I have college plans!

**Oaklee** » no tknowing that word in high school makes you a baby

**Mac** » no it makes me pure!!!

**Mac** » boy like pure girls

**Mac** » boys dont like strumpets

**Oaklee** » pure + high schoo = baby

**Mac** » no!!!

**Mac** » means

**Mac** » clean

**Mac** » innocent!

**Oaklee** » baby

**Mac** » thats why u kissed me

**Mac** » b/c I am innocent && pure

**Mac** » obv.

**Oaklee** » ..actually

**Mac** » ...what?

**Oaklee** » kinda?

**Mac** » rellly??

**Mac** » I was making that up...

**Mac** » u really like me b/c im innoent?

**Oaklee** » well no not like..

**Oaklee** » I mean.. 'cause we were okay and I was sad but you made it better and you looked cute and your lips were right there and I wasn't thinking but.

**Oaklee** » I think you being innocent or acting innocent or looking innocent factored in?

**Mac** » is ur other girl innocent 2 like me?

**Oaklee** » sayla? haaaa no

**Mac** » in dont like the idea of u dating a strumpet!!!

**Oaklee** » i dont know what that means

**Mac** » strumpet??

**Oaklee** » yeah?

**Mac** » it means liek

**Mac** » girl who is easy 2 do nnaughties w/

**Oaklee** » oh yeah sayla is definitely that

**Mac** » u cant be friends w/ her!!!

**Mac** » i cant compete w/ that

**Mac** » so ull encourage me to be strumpety too!!

**Oaklee** » o\_o why are you competing with her?

**Mac** » not

**Mac** » just

**Mac** » dont want u to forget about me...

**Oaklee** » like I could!

**Oaklee** » ur totes my best friend

**Mac** » rlly?

**Mac** » i didnt think boys could have girl besties

**Mac** » thats what I read online.....

**Mac** » but ur so much better than most boys!

**Oaklee** » I think ur my best friend?

**Mac** » do best friends have teddy bear tea parties?

**Mac** » OH DO UR FRIENDS LIKE UR GLASSES

**Oaklee** » ..nobody said anything?

**Mac** » but you looked so cute...

**Mac** » how could boys never call each other cute???

**Oaklee** » dunno i love the word

**Oaklee** » i guess because its girly? idk

**Oaklee** » I dont think its girly

**Mac** » words dont have gender...

Oaklee » so true

Mac » why do ppl have to gender words && clothes??

Mac » its not fair for boys @ all

Oaklee » THANK YOU

Oaklee » THIS IS MY POINT

Mac » I just dont getit

Mac » b/c 'boy' clothes are like

Mac » boring...

Mac » && dresses are so cute!

Oaklee » yes.

Oaklee » god you are so cool

Oaklee » this is why we are best friends

Oaklee » okay my stop

Oaklee » g2g

Mac » ttfn!

## 44:

"**Hey cutiebutt.**" Sayla was in the photo center counter today, it seemed, and her hair was colored in layers of cotton candy blue and pink, which would have looked crazy weird on anybody else, but Sayla made it look like the cutest thing. "**How was school?**" She knew what he wanted, of course, what she'd promised him — but boys were eager. He'd mess up.

"**Fine...**" "**Cute glasses.**" "**Huh?**" Oh. I didn't wear them yesterday, did I? I put them away with Mira. I'm still not really that used to them, even if they are fake. That means today was the first time anyone saw them. I wondered what my mom would say...

**"Thank you. Mac gave them to me."** Oh right, I almost forgot! **"You can't keep Mac's number."**

**"I can't? Why's that?"** I slip a little package of photo prints in an envelope across the counter to the boy with a smile, the writing in pink marker on front which read Oaklee's Big Night ♥. He looked at it, and looked at me, and then back at it, like he'd forgotten what he was trying to admonish me about.

**"What are those..?"** I took the pictures off the counter and opened up the envelope. They had my name on them. That made them mine. Grade school rules! Right? **"And because. It's Mac's. You can't just take people's things..."** Pictures?

Pictures from the night at the rave — and not just the one she'd shown him, either — there were easily twenty, from throughout the night, from before change in clothes and after. **"I have a thing for printed photos, I think they make great keepsakes. I have my own copy already, these are just your doubles."** Again, I ignored the topic of the phone number.

I looked up at the girl from behind my glasses, my bottom lip quivering in embarrassment. I closed the envelope with the pictures and folded them into my jeans pocket. I'd have to like, burn these or something... **"You can't just keep pictures of me like that! You didn't even ask!"** Mac's number would have to wait as a topic.

**"You're mine, cutie, so I think until that is no longer true, I can keep whatever photos of you I like."** She reached across the counter and put her hand on the boy's cheek, smiling. **"You don't object, do you? You want to make me happy, right? It's not like I scheduled all the staffs breaks earlier and later so we could have the break room. You know. Which has a lock..."**

...right. She promised me... not the bathroom. The staff room? Was that better? I guess better than a bathroom, huh? A little more romantic. I felt a blush on my cheeks, looking away from her eyes. **"Okay..."** I'd been good last night. Maybe we could just fool around for a while. Kiss and stuff... maybe without the hurry...

**"There's my princess."** The girl tapped a few things into the register, and then slid over the top of the counter with all the grace of a dancer, avoiding knick-knacks and whatsits with aplomb, and landing next to the boy, her hand taking his. **"How have you been enjoying my panties, cutie?"**

**"...they're not as bad as I thought, I guess."** When they're dry, I wanted to add, but was too embarrassed. I followed the girl into the backroom, my hand in hers, and down into the break room. **"I thought they'd be more uncomfortable maybe, but they're not so bad..."** I guess she knew the right kinds to get, too, given her situation...

**"I think you should wear them all the time from now on."** She clicked a small lock on the door behind them — the break room had a table, and some chairs, and some

lockers and a kitchenette. Not much else, but it was private. **"Think of it like a reminder that you're mine, something only you know about. And I think handling over control of your underwear to me would be a very good show of devotion."**

**"I guess so..."** She gave me a curious look, like maybe she hadn't expected me to agree. But she was right! I mean, like... I didn't see a point in things that weren't seen. Why wear cute undies if no one got the luxury of appreciating them? But this gave them some purpose. **"I can't keep them in my house... all yours are stuffed in the gutter outside my window."** Both sets filthy...

**"I'll give you seven pairs. Sometimes, I'll make you cum in them. And that's a reward. Once a week, you'll bring them to me, and I'll return them to you clean."** It sounded like she'd given it a lot of thought, and the girl sat up on the edge of the table, smiling, spreading her legs a little so her skirt fell between them. **"Would you like to see today's panties you'll be wearing?"**

I felt a bit more of a blush on my cheeks, the girl so actively willing to display her underwear. I bit my lip and shook my head a little. **"Uh... I... really can't... Sayla, I can't have this stuff in my house. Maybe one at a time, but not... I can't. I'm sorry."** It even sounded interesting to me! But it wasn't worth the risk...

**"We all takes risks, Oaklee, it's part of the thrill. You know where to keep your precious frillies, and your makeup. And once a week you'll bring the bag to me and I'll clean your pretty panties. Now stop being a whiny brat and put your hand on my thigh, right there, see?"** She rubbed her thigh with a small smile, indicating him where to put his hand — just past where the hem of her skirt fell.

This really wasn't a good idea. I knew it wasn't. I wasn't stupid. But... I guess I could try it. What was the worst that could happen? The underwear were on the roof for Christ's sake. No one would look on the roof. At least not until Spring. That was months away. So I stepped up to the girl and put my hand on her thigh, biting my cheek. I leaned in, taking initiative, and kissed her softly on the lips, like I once did with Mac.

Sayla allowed the single kiss, and smiled with all the coyness of a virgin starlet, pressing her finger to the boys lips to indicate no more. Not yet. She put her fingers on his wrist, and moved his hand to her skirt, pushing it up, slowly, carefully. **"On your knees, I want you to get a good look at today's panties. No arguing."**

I looked nervously at the girl and slid down to my knees. Fair enough, her skirt was right in view. Like, literally. If I ducked my head down an inch, I'd be able to see under it. I didn't, though. I just looked up at Sayla with a small smile.

**"So compliant. So soft..."** One of her hands gently began to play with his hair once he was down and in position, and she used her other to pull her skirt up out of the way to

show her powder blue panties, the material sitting in a way it wouldn't on most girls. **"Do you like my panties today, Oaklee? Describe them to me. In detail."**

**"...you're being weird,"** I said quietly, biting my cheek. They were cute. Like, really cute. Actually... a little... uh... childish? **"...they, uh... are blue... and... um... have little clouds on them..."** Seriously? After the three pairs of her panties I had worn, this wasn't what I expected. I felt my cheeks go a little pink.

**"Kiss me."** He motioned to stand, and I pushed him back down, playing again with his hair. **"Kiss my panties. I want to feel worshiped, and adored. My panties should feel that way, too, because they're a privilege for you. You should honor them."** As she spoke, her panties swelled a little, like her words of diminishment of the boy only served to arouse her.

...okay. Uh. This was... weird. New? Uh. Not... unpleasant? I mean, yeah, a little. But like... Sayla was my girlfriend right? And she'd... she had underwear on. I should stop being so sensitive. I leaned in, slowly, and touched my lips to the front of her panties. Her little baby blue panties. They looked ridiculously out of place on her... even though she was so small and thin. She was anything but the child they portrayed. They looked like something Mac should wear.

Honestly, she hadn't expected that he would — but it delighted her that he did. She shivered, and she knotted his hair in her fingers, and spread her legs a little wider. **"Again..."** There was some composure in her voice lost, not the way that she usually sounded, but this was all ad-lib now and it didn't stop her from being in control. **"Show me that you want me to feel good, sissy."**

**"...Sayla,"** I muttered, my cheeks taking a touch of color, like someone had done my makeup. But her fingers tightened in my hair and I let out a little gasp of air. She pushed me forward until my lips touched her panties again, and when I kissed them, I pulled away. Okay, now I felt weird... now I felt a little... uh... strange... I tried to stand back up.

**"Don't. You're going to make me feel very nice today, and when you do, I'm going to take you in my mouth. And trust me, my little slut, you've never felt anything like that before."** He tried to push up as she spoke, but fell back to his knees, her hand still in his hair.

My knees hit the tile hard and I felt nervous and quiet. I let out a little gasp of air as her fingers tightened in my hair. I whimpered quietly and tried to shake my head. **"Sayla. Cut it out, I mean it!"** She could probably make me. Push my head between her legs if she wanted. But I could bite her, too. And anyway, she didn't seem like the kind of girl to find force very fun.

**"It's only fair, isn't it? You want me to put you between my lips... or maybe more..."** Boys always freaked out here, but Oaklee was doing very well, he was going

to do this, and Sayla was shivering with anticipation. **"But you have to show me that you think I'm sexy first, show me that you find me worth worshipping..."**

Her hands tugged in my hair and I tried to stand up again. Before I could think, her hand came down on my cheek. It reminded me of my mom that morning she caught me in those clothes. I looked up at her with glossy eyes and swallowed hard. My hands felt numb, and they fell from my hair to my side. **"W-we've only b-been together a week..."** Less than!

**"I don't have any use for a frigid slut, Oaklee. Are you going to be a priss, or are you going to put out, mm?"** She stroked his cheek where it now burned from the slap, and cocked her head to one side, cooing softly as she stared down at him. So innocent. God. So sexy. She wanted to corrupt him so badly. **"You're not ashamed to be worshipping your girlfriend, are you?"**

**"...no, it's not-"** She tugged on my hair again. Her free hand drew lines on my cheek. My cheeks were so warm, now, even beyond the slap. Tinted slightly. I swallowed hard, my bottom lip shaking. **"...th-this isn't... I just... we've only been together a week, and... and this isn't something you do after a week..."** Not commenting on how she'd already done it to me. I didn't complain then.

**"You hardly had anything in protest to say when it was me between your legs, did you? If you ever want me to trust you enough to put you inside of me, you've got a lot of work ahead of you. Right now I feel like you mustn't find me sexy..."** Her finger continued on its way, and her legs stayed spread, and his eyes kept staring.

...she had such a point. And my head was foggy and my cheek hurt, and her fingertips were warm. I looked at the panties. I would be wearing those, I reminded myself. I'd be wearing those childish underwear home. I bit my lip and tried to look away, but she kept her hand in my hair. **"...I... I do think you're sexy..."**

**"Prove it. Show me how sexy you find me."** She wouldn't make him take the panties off, she'd only make him orally please her through them. But not would she stop him if he took the initiative, nor would she discourage any given enthusiasm. **"Remember last time... how close you came...? Wouldn't you want to have me go all the way on you...? See me smile with a mouthful of your love? You have to devote yourself to me first..."**

...she was right. In a way. I mean. She... she was, right? I leaned in, my glasses fogging from the warmth between her legs, and that of my cheeks, and put my lips to her panties. I kissed. Once. Twice. And then I pushed a little more when I kissed. I didn't know what the fuck I was doing. I felt stupid. But I felt... really weird, too. A little... uh... small...

**"Good little princess, that's right..."** Once he started, once the momentum began, the kisses didn't stop. He kissed her panties, and nuzzled his face to them, and each

kiss made her a little tighter, a little more swollen, until after the tenth the tip of her cock crested the waistband of her panties. Oh how curious she was now, how far he would go for her. **"Show me how devoted you are, my pretty little slut, show me how much you want me..."**

I was shaking. I felt humiliated. I hated this. This isn't at all what I wanted. But I just wanted her to believe I liked her. So she'd do this stuff with me, too. And it made sense. Returning the favor. And it wasn't that bad. Just... weird. And different. And... strange. My tongue came out of my mouth, licking the fabric against the underside of her cock. It tasted so strange...

**"This is your place, this is where a slut belongs, on his knees, worshipping... adoring... impressing and going above and beyond..."** She tugged at his hair, the gentle playing now tight pulls, sharp yanks, little moments of pain that seemed only to spur the boy on — maybe he was a masochist, it was hard to tell. **"Show me that you're learning to like this, show me with your enthusiasm, show me what a slut you can be..."**

**"I'm not-"** But the muffled words were censored by her hand tugging hard on my hair, shutting me up mid-sentence. I wanted to correct her, but... maybe she was right? I felt dizzy and warm and impressionable. I mean, I knew I wasn't, but maybe... I shook my head, kissing at her panties, licking at them, pleasing her through them. She had to stop me soon, right? Right?

**"You are, you're just conditioned to fight it, just like you're conditioned not to wear pretty clothes... but you fought that conditioning, and you can fight this one, too... you can fight what they taught you, you can own your sexuality, and you can be a slut. And be proud of it."** She was being reckless, brash, but he was eating it up. Her heart raced. She tugged the edge of her panties down, enough for her cock to be free. **"Fight what they taught you, sissy princess."**

I shook my head and pulled back, away from the girl, but she held my hair tight in her hand. I kept struggling, though. I wasn't going to suck her off. I wasn't! I wasn't gay, for one. But she was a girl. How did normal people handle this? Being straight and dating a trans girl? My chest was racing, and I tried to take her hands out of my hair.

**"You're taught so many things... that boys can't wear pretty things, that you shouldn't be slutty, that sucking a pretty cock makes you gay. But I'm pretty, aren't I? I'm a girl? How can it be gay to worship a girl? Fight what they taught you, sissy... think about all the horrible ways people have treated you for being pretty... think about how much you want to put them in place, think about all the ways you would get revenge... you have the chance, so show me that you're better than their sexiest crap, sissy!"** She wouldn't physically force him. She wanted him to do it by her words alone. **"A chance for revenge, and a reward to follow... you'd pass this up?"**

"**Lemme go, lemme go...**" I sounded different. Not panicked. A little... flat. Not flat. Sharp? I sounded meek. It was a strange way to hear myself. I'd heard myself this way before, though. I couldn't figure out when... "**Let me go,**" I tried, correcting my speech.

She let his hair go, as he requested, and he fell back on his knees, looking up at her, meek, shy, nervous, cheeks red as could be. "**This is the next step to being a sissy, the next step to being pretty. It's not just how you dress, it's confidence and sexiness that only comes from crossing these bridges.**" Her cock was still hard, close enough for him to be fixated on as she spoke. "**You think I'm beautiful, don't you? And you want to be as beautiful as me?**"

I stumbled to my feet, shaking a little bit, and trying to see through the fogginess of the glasses. My cheeks were scarlet and I felt nervous and skittish. She was just... really intimidating. I bit on my bottom lip and tried to flatted out my jeans. "**...I.. gotta get home... b-before I'm grounded...**"

She smiled at him, turning her head to one side in that condescending way. He was close to doing what she wanted of him, and she knew she could coerce him with a little pleasure — but pleasing him like a boy would only make him confidence. Cocky. He was so timid. Meek. God it was sexy. She took his hand, and smiled coyly. "**Crawl up on the table. Now.**" There were other places she could use her tongue, places that would not make him feel anything like a boy.

".....I... **I need to go-**" Her lips touched mine. Not like mine touched hers. Like a car to a mango. I nearly fell over, and she had to catch me in her arms. When she pulled away, she just stared at me, a little bewildered that I'd almost fallen over. It wasn't my fault, though! I was dizzy! And... "**On the table.**" "**...kay...**"

He crawled onto the table, and laid on his back. How naive. I smiled, my cock lifting a section of my skirt as I shook my head. "**On your tummy, knees tucked under. I'm going to show you how girlfriends get can make one another squeal.**" He looked at me, confused, and I slapped his thigh — hard. Even through the jeans he screamed out.

I turned over onto my stomach, on my hands and knees, and I looked back at her nervously. I felt stupid, like a toddler, and I tried to sit up before she pushed me back down. My cheeks were scarlet, my glasses foggy. "**...what are you doing...?**" "**Shh.**" "**Hey, no, really, what are you-**" And like that, she pulled my jeans down over my ass.

Boys were always a little icky at first — he had faint peach-fuzz, though, and not the dark hairs on his behind that many boys had. He'd learn to keep it nude for Sayla, nonetheless. She gently pulled apart his cheeks, and before he could complain, she ran her tongue up between them. Boys were so easy — so macho until they were licked out like a girl.

My elbows buckled and my face nearly hit the table. I laid my forehead down on my arms while the woman ran her tongue against my ass, my entire body shaking like a phone on vibrate. One big, long, lick. And I felt like I was made of pudding....

".....wh-what....."

**"No words. Communicate with moans, girlish sissy moans. That's how I'll know what you like."** He tried to speak, and she slapped his ass cheek sharply, then went back to work with her tongue. No more big long tease, no no, there was place her tongue needed to be and it was very talented in that area of the human body. Sayla went at him like she was trying to break the record on getting to the center of a tootie pop.

This is something I never once in my life thought about. Never. I mean, I knew some guys... gay guys, I guess... liked to put stuff in there. I was never interested. And even now, I wasn't interested. But fuck. How did she do that? How did she make me feel like this? Before I could think, I moaned into my arms. My cheeks went even redder...

Boy, girl, whatever else — rimmng was the great equalizer. Everybody moaned like a little slut. He'd never have this done before, Sayla could tell without any doubt, and she knew she'd be able to make him beg for release; release only fingers inside of him could provide. When the time came, she'd offered him the choice: finger fucked like a sissy slut, or him to take her in his mouth, and she return the favor after. Honestly, he was doomed.

I didn't know how long I was on that table. Too long. Way too long. I was sweating and moaning like a girl. I couldn't stop shaking. I was brought to climax, and left, and brought, and left, over and over. I didn't get it. It was infuriating. And tears were forming in my eyes. I had never felt this way....

**"You can devote yourself to me, you can worship me, you can put your lips around me and embrace the sissy that you are, and when you're done, I'll show you what a real sluts lips can do. Or I can finish you here, but to do that..."** Gently, she ran her finger around the boys behind. **"I'll need to finger-fuck you like a girl, girlfriend. What will it be?"**

"...I..... I just...." I whimpered into the table, trying to breathe. But I couldn't. I felt so helpless here... **"...I'll... p-please you..."** But the second she stopped, the second she walked away, I couldn't even move. My body was so... I was so... I felt so humiliated. I was so hard, so needy, and... even when I tried to get up, I couldn't move my arms.

He squirmed on the table, he tried, he longed to move, Sayla could tell. She spared him the indignation — she crawled up on the table and sat about his head, her legs on either side of his body, and her still-hard cock now within reach. Maybe not to suck on with the fervor of a spunky cheerleader, but in this position, he would at least be able to nurse on it. And oh how she liked the idea of that. Nourishment for her little sissy.

I could hardly breathe. I managed to lift my head up, to see the girl from a new angle, and the cock now free of the blue girly panties. I licked my lips, my eyes dizzy, and inched forward. This was humiliating. But if I did this... she... she would finish... and... gosh, was I this pathetic? I kissed, for the first time, her bare cock.

**"It feels good to accept your slut training, doesn't it, sissy? To take the first step? Go on, it's your toy now, yours to kiss and lick and suck and touch, yours to prove to me your devotion."** She inched forward, but did it in a subtle way so as not to make it obvious — she wanted him to have more access to her. She wanted him to only see her as his energy returned, when the spark caught and the flame burst inside of him.

**"...y-you shouldn't... s-say stuff like-" "Excuse me?"** ...it was something about her tone. Something the way my mom would say it. I shook my head and looked down at the cock in front of me, dizzy and exhausted. I didn't dare speak up. I kissed it again. She's a girl, Oaklee! Just pleasure her so you can... I took a deep breath and took the tip into my mouth.

It was hard not to fuck his eager little mouth, but it was important he take this at his own pace — that he accept it and come to crave it. That he positively associate this. **"The sooner you please me well enough, the sooner it'll be your turn, my pretty sissy... take your time and learn, experiment, but remember the light at the end of your tunnel."** Conflict. She created it inside of him with one sentence — it was Sayla's thing.

...the light at the end of my tunnel. Her mouth on me. Like this. But on me. And she promised to finish. My chest rose with anticipation and I took her cock a little further into me, licking it with my tongue. This would make her feel sexy, and then... I could go home happy...

**"Mm... mm... that's good. Think about the things I did to you last time, the way I had you in my lips. You remember, don't you? A good little slut never forgets."** She reached past his shoulders and slapped his still-bare ass hard as encouragement. **"Impress me, you're so impressive, you're so pretty, show me that you can do things other pretty people can."**

...one thing that made me want to hit her, and then things like that. Things about how I'm special. Impressive. Pretty. I licked a little more, kind of the way she did with me, and took her further into my mouth. I hated to admit it, but I think she is bigger than me.....

She quivered, her breath caught — she made a show of it. She made sure he knew that he was directly pleasuring her. That he was doing a good job, that she was proud of him. **"Mmm, you're so good at this, so good for just your first time... don't you want to see how it changes down the length? Learn everything there is to know,**

**practice so you can throw me to the sofa when we're hanging out and make me squeal, you want that power, don't you, girlfriend?"**

...I was blushing less. I was... actually interested. She was right. She tosses me around like a doll and pushes me down and licks me. She pleasures me. And in the end I go home in her cummy panties. If I could control her... I could do that stuff, too. And I was so good at it already, my first time. Like she said. I propped myself up in my elbows better and went further down on her cock, gagging a little as I came up. Okay, too much...

**"Oh, ohh, such enthusiasm, such dedication, I bet if you try it again you'll do it, you just need to swallow a little as you do, I bet just like makeup this is another thing you'll master so quickly..."** If there was one thing that Sayla was good at, it was manipulating peoples strengths, preying on their insecurities, pulling their strings and especially the broken ones. **"Show me how much you can fit, my pretty little girlfriend, impress me, don't give up now."**

I tried, swallowing while I went down, and took almost all of her cock into my mouth before pulling back up. A rush of humiliation washed out the pride as a moment of clarity overcame me, showed me what I was doing, and I hesitated again. Then I remembered. I needed to impress her. So I did it again, down her shaft, and up.

Oh god. He was doing it. He was doing it, and he was proud of it. Sayla's head swam and she felt her cock swelling. She had to be careful, he had to make him work for it. His head bobbed up and down now, the boy eager to show off his new skill, the tip of her brushing the back of his throat every time he went down, and she started to play with his hair. **"You're so impressive, I'm so proud that you're my girlfriend, now that you've done this once you'll want to do it always, want to pin me to walls, throw me to beds, control me and make me scream. Don't forget to use your tongue, honey, there's a good sissy."** Words were getting hard, but it was okay — more or less the boy was working on his momentum now, sucking her cock. A natural. A pro.

I had found a rhythm. I didn't know how long it had taken, but now, as I bobbed up and down on her, as I licked the tip of her cock, her moans were perfectly placed. I had gotten her this way. She was so turned on. I did that. I was so impressed with myself. If I was this good at this, imagine how I'd be at sex!

She could have warned him, but she didn't. She wanted him to understand that this was cause and effect, that this was inevitable, not to give him a chance to back out, to regret. As her moans crescendoed, the first sticky stream of cum shot against the boys throat. The second, atop the inside of his mouth, and his tongue. And finally, a half dozen more pumped across his face as he pulled up in surprise, shock, but certainly not disgust. He was marked. Some he couldn't help but swallow. Some was in his mouth, making sure he tasted it. And hopes of warm sticky love painted his face now. She was breathless, almost limp in his body, though her cock still seemed to resist that notion for

a while longer. She pressed it to his lips. **"Lick it clean, pretty sissy, never leave a job half done."**

I shook my head, stepping back and wiping my sleeve on my face. Little sticky spots of cum stuck to my clothes. I felt so sick. The taste in my mouth was... surreal. I'd actually... I couldn't believe I... I stumbled off the table, pulling my jeans back up over my ass. I could hardly breathe....

He backed away, and Sayla was on him like a lioness, pinning his back to the wall. Pulling his jeans down. Giving him his reward — he'd tasted cum, swallowed it, wore it, marked by it, now he needed his reward. His jeans, and his boxers, and his cock — oh how hard he was, from sucking her, nonetheless — was between her lips. And for how impressive she'd talked him up to be, he was every bit the first timer compared against her stunning skills. She took him six or seven good pumps into her throat, then spoke. **"Wipe your face clean with your fingers, then lick them clean. If you stop, I stop."**

There was no way I could stay standing. There wasn't. But she pinned me to the wall. She sat on her knees, my cock in her mouth, as she took me into her. I shook my head, but then she stopped. I whimpered and shook my head some more... **"..th-this is g-gross....."**

**"No it's not — if I were a boy it would be, but I'm a girl. That was your reward. Sweet and warm, sticky like cake frosting. Wipe with your fingers, lick them clean, focus on my taste or I won't finish you."** She took him back between her lips, smiling, sucking, licking. Unlike him, she could control when this cock came, and she'd made him do far worse — her next demand would be that he had to talk about how delicious she was.

She was... really... amazing... and right when my knees gave out, so close to coming, she stopped. I fell forward, onto her shoulders. I couldn't stand. I felt so pathetic. I was so close. So close. My hands trembled on her shoulders and I shook my head, running my fingers along my cheek and putting them in my mouth. I just wanted to get off....

**"Tell me how I taste, tell me how delicious I am, and don't stop. When you stop, I stop, and I won't start again. You're going to do it again and again, and you love it, tell me how much you love it, how you love the taste."** She teased him in the worst way possible — she blew warm breath across the twitching tip of his cock and he whimpered. He wanted so much more, and every second was one second further he backpedaled away from climax.

**"....it's... it's v-very good..."** It wasn't. It really, really wasn't. It wasn't even the taste - it hardly tasted like anything. But it smelled like it smelled when I'd do it myself, at home in bed. And it had the worst consistency. But I swallowed it anyway. Because I just needed her to continue... **"It's... delicious...."**

**"Do you want more?"** Words screamed with a girl between his legs would become truth. Confessions he'd ruminant on. Boys were so easy. Boys were so malleable, changeable, and a pre-established little sissy like him... she'd put his cock between her lips, take it deep, then saying something else, before repeating. **"How about every day?"** In and out. **"You can come here, pin me to the table, take me in your mouth?"** In and out. **"Make me scream."**In and out. **"And go home with warmth in your tummy, a trophy to the prize you made me into."**

"....uh huh...." I never thought of it that way... not like... a trophy. I mean, I didn't see girls that way. But every day I go home in her panties, because she bests me. And she never listens. And if I... if I did that. I could get her to listen to me. I could beat her at her own game. **"Every day..."**

**"It's the taste of winning."** She repeated the process, training him with every word. **"A taste for only you, girlfriend, because only you're allowed to... that's why it's strange at first, because it's special, exclusive, you're special."** He was trembling. He was so close. When she let him cum, she'd kiss him after, feed it to him. Send him on his way in her panties. Not yet, though. Just. Soon. **"Tell me you love my taste, tell me why."**

**"... 'cause it's special... w-winning..."** Gosh. I couldn't do this. I leaned on her shoulders, my knees shaking. I was so close. It hurt... I felt little tears in my eyes. I just... needed to... why wasn't she... she could, right? Was she holding out? I just... didn't... I was being good... and... and...

**"Good girlfriend."** It became apparent only then how she'd held back, how everything she gave until then was just a passing effort. Those six seconds it took the boy to cum were an incredible mix of tongue acrobatics, throat control, suction and glee. Six seconds from the time she decided he would cum until the moment he did. She wanted him to know that she was on another level.

I fell to the floor. I knew it would happen. I sat with my ass on the tile and my cock out, dripping onto my jeans. But her lips crashed on mine before I could think, and the slurry of cum poured into me, into my mouth, and she didn't break the kiss until I swallowed for breath, and got the cum instead. Tears slid down my cheeks as the humiliation washed over me...

As he whimpered, as he sobbed, the girl pulled down his jeans and his boxers, then lifted her skirt to shimmy out of her panties. The cloudy powder blue pulled up his legs, the realization that her cock had continued to leak cum after the fact and that the were now very damp. She smiled sweetly as she pulled his jeans up, her hand going to his cheek, wiping a tear. **"I am proud of you, sissy. Now get up and get out of here. Now."**

It wasn't "now." It was five minutes, or so. But she left. She left me there. I finally stumbled out of the room, but she wasn't at the photo counter. I walked out into the

sunlight and started my way home, licking my lips every so often. I fumbled for my phone in my jeans. Eight texts?

**Mac » hi!**

**Mac » hellooooooo??**

**Mac » are you home yet???**

**Mac » um**

**Mac » missy says she misses you!!!!**

**Mac » && mike 2**

**Mac » i told him u had a girl!!!**

**Mac » he wnts to know if you 'hit that'**

**Oaklee » huh?**

**Oaklee » fuck**

**Mac » i think he thinks ur dating her**

**Mac » but i said u were just friends**

**Mac » um**

**Mac » are you ok??**

**Oaklee » gotta go**

**Mac » noooooooooo!!!! come back!!!!!!**

**45:**

**"Where the hell have you been?!" "...I was just down at the Walgreens..." "For two hours?!" ...shit, shit, shit... "I..." "Give me your school bag." "...Mom, there's nothing-" "Give it to me." I handed her my bag and crossed my arms, shrugging back against the doorway. Did I have anything in there? I didn't even know... I still had my glasses on, right? Yeah. I gave Mira back. Panties on me, sure, but not in the bag.... oh, the photographs. Thank Christ I put them in my pocket.**

The woman tore through the bag, frowning, expecting to find something — nothing, though. Nothing incriminating. She threw it to the ground and eyed her son cautiously. **"You want to tell me where you've really been? Want to make this worse by lying? You expect me to believe that you were at the drugstore for two fucking hours? I wasn't born yesterday, Oaklee."**

**"...I was, Mom, I swear..." "You want to be grounded for another two weeks!"** Fuck, no. No I did not. I swallowed hard and closed my eyes. And... told the truth. **"I'm dating the girl behind the photo counter, and... and she had a break, so we..."** I felt a little bit of color on my cheeks. I couldn't elaborate, or I'd get grounded again...

**"You...what? What happened to the rich girl? I thought you were dating her? See, Oaklee, something doesn't add up here, how can you expect me to trust you when you lie like this?"** Her tone had softened, though even if only by a little, and she stood with her arms crossed, eyeing her son.

**"I was never *dating* Mac... we were just friends..." "But you came home with her lipgloss on your lips?"** Shit, dad told her that...? **"Just one time... one kiss... and it was a mistake. I don't like her that way."** This was getting so flimsy. I thought for sure the truth would work. I thought it would! And now this...?

**"Tell me about the photo girl. What's her name? Where does she live? What color are her eyes? Go on, you should know all this if you're dating her. When did you start dating her? Pretty hard to do when you're grounded with no phone, isn't it?"** It was a good thing that she was challenging him, though — it meant that she actually wanted him to be telling the truth.

**"...her name is Sayla, she's like, this tall.."** I pretty much put my hand where my own height was. Was she taller than me? Shorter? If anything, it was only an inch. **"I dunno her eye color, but she had blue hair today..."** Today. Like this happened a lot. Ugh. **"Uh... we met at the party..."** Wow. Bad move. Backpedal... **"Before the clothes-switching... it was a dare. Sayla thought it was funny, and we kinda talked and stuff, and we made out and... you can ask her. Uh... I have her number."** I almost actually pulled out Mac's fucking phone!! **"...um... it's in my room. It was that green number on my hand last week?"**

**"Well then, you can march right back down there and invite her here for dinner — your father has the grill out."** If he agreed, even if the girl said no, at least his mother would think he might be telling the truth. If he hesitated, made excuses, then he would be condemned a liar and grounded for many weeks more.

**"...alright..."** I bit my cheek and put my shoes back on. Thank god Mac's phone was in my pocket. I didn't even know if Sayla was still at work... **"Um... be right back, then..."** And like that, I left the house. I sighed, starting back down the street toward

the Walgreens. I pulled Mac's phone out of my pocket. Ugh, another five texts from Mac.

**Oaklee »** I'm in trouble ttys

**Oaklee »** where are you?

**Sayla »** I am at work for another 20 minutes. Why?

**Oaklee »** tell you in a sec.

I found Sayla at the photo counter. What, did she like, wait until I left? When I approached her, though, I felt hesitant. I steeled myself and took a deep breath. I was so tired of her shit. **"You're coming over for dinner after work because I'm not getting my ass grounded because you can't keep it in your goddamn pants, you got it?!"**

**"If it you're referring to is what you so lovingly adored, then I guess we're both to blame."** She smiled cutely and shrugged her shoulders, at least impressed with the boys gumption. **"If I come over for dinner, you know I'm going to take you to your bedroom after and do things to you. Is that a price you're willing to pay, girlfriend?"**

**"Do *not* call me that in front of my parents. Do not allude to *any* of this! I mean it. You act like I'm the fucking football star in John Hughes movies! You treat me like I'm your master - not your boyfriend. And if you can actually somehow behave yourself for two fucking hours while we eat, and you can somehow get me ungrounded early, I swear to Christ, you can do whatever the hell you want to me!"** I, clearly, was done.

**"Oh, can I now?"** She smirked and shrugged her shoulders, then held out her hand to the boy across the count, sliding up onto it gracefully the way she had earlier. **"Lead the way then. But believe me, you're much prettier than anybody on your school's football team, including most of the cheerleaders."**

**"None of that. None of *anything*. Got it? Nothing!"** She laughed and smiled. I guess she didn't care about the last ten minutes of her shift the way she didn't care about wearing an actual uniform to work. We left the Walgreens together and started down the road. I took out Mac's phone and sighed, looking at the messages.

**Oaklee »** I'm fine, don't worry about me please

**Mac »** if u dont tell me what is happening I will be so mad @ you!!!

**Mac »** even matter than I was for you not telling me what cum means!!!

Sayla followed alongside the boy, her hand in his, she as bizarrely out of place in the world as Mac was, only for entirely different reasons. She was an anomaly, not just an exception, she existed despite the rules and not just at the top end of them. **"So your parents are crazy homophobes, right? I don't usually do homophobes in my life — it's bad for my health."**

**"Homophobes isn't the right word..."** Because they were fine with gay people, as far as I knew. They just weren't fine with me being gay. Or me wearing girl's clothes. Or me doing anything my brother didn't do, I guess. Well, my mom. My dad was probably just a homophobe. Despite my talking to Sayla, my hand in hers, I was still texting Mac.

**Oaklee »** Trying to convince my parents that im dating sayla so I can get ungrounded and its like this huge thing and i just wnt my computer back mac!!

**Mac »** wait

**Mac »** your dating sayla now??

**Mac »** since when??

**"Who's that? The rich girl? You got a picture? I bet she's cute. Most rich girls are, it seems like. Some of us had to work for our cuteness."** It was the first inclination that Sayla might actually have emotions and feelings related to other human beings, and the frown looked out of place on her. **"So you been wearing skirts for how long? Your dad beat you for it?"**

**"Her name is Mac. You should call her that."** I sighed, reading through my texts with said "rich girl". Some things about Sayla really pissed me off. But she was good at sucking my cock, so it was hard to complain. **"Uh, I just like clothes. It's not a gender thing or a "dress like a girl" thing. I just like what I like."**

**Oaklee »** I didn't say that

**Oaklee »** I dunno what we are

**Oaklee »** but yeah its like a ploy

**Mac »** well dont u go doing stuff w/ her!!

**Mac »** u gotta be proper && wait until ur married!!

**"Huh. Alright. So your folks didn't do the go to therapy to try and prove you're crazy shtick? Lucky shit. Alright, what do they know about me? Who do you need me to be? Prissy prep? Slutty cheerleader? Quiet smart and geeky girl? I got it all."** It certainly raised a lot of questions about Sayla, really.

"Whoever you want. Try to keep the lies simple so I don't like, forget them..." This was my reality. Lying to my parents about stupid shit just so I didn't get grounded and yelled at. And hey - if it worked, awesome! Honestly, I kind of needed it to at this point.

Oaklee » im not waiting until I'm married -\_-

Oaklee » i am going to have sex with a lot of girls before I get married

Oaklee » i'm fucking adorable

Mac » no!!

Mac » sex is special

Mac » u have to wait

Mac » 4 some1 u love!!!

Mac » what would mira think??

"Okay. What should I know about you? I know you're my pretty sissy girlfriend, you rock sexy in pink vinyl, and you look adorable with your face covered in sticky white. What else you got? Tell me something to impress your parents with." Sayla was obviously no stranger to lying to peoples parents, it seemed.

"It doesn't really matter - my parents don't actually know anything about me..." As true as it was, it was still sad in a way. I sighed and took my hand out of Sayla's to text.

Oaklee » she's a bear grow up

I put the phone in my pocket and brushed my bangs back with my hands. There was no way this would go well...

"Hi." Sayla had a certain charm about her, a directness, a truth and honest appeal that she won the boy over with. Her first word to his mother demonstrated the opposite of that. She was shy, waved sideways, sweet and demure. She stood just behind the boy, gripping his hand sweetly, as the woman approached. **"You must be Salya. I don't know what kind of parents you have to name you that, but you don't seem too worse off for it."** "They're a little odd, it's true, Miss, oh, what would you prefer I call you?" "Mrs. Edwards is fine, dear." There was something in the woman's voice... she was impressed.

Wow. Dodging a backhanded compliment. Nice going, Sayla! We came into the living room. I guess my brother wasn't home. Again, my house wasn't impressive, but it was nice. It would do. Not an apartment or a trailer, anyway. **"That's the living room. The kitchen's in there. That's kinda it..."** My definition of showing her around.

**"Would it be okay for you to show me your room?"** Sayla said it loud enough for the boy's mother to hear, and the older woman piped up with a rare smile to her tone.

**"That's fine, dear, just leave the door ajar. We have an open door policy here." "Of course, Mrs. Edwards." "Why don't you take her upstairs, Oaklee, then come on down here ~ I need your help with something."**

**"Wow, you're like, really good at this..."** I wondered how many parents she had lied to before. Surely my mom would never have guessed Sayla was born a boy. Still, Sayla was a silly name, especially to pick for yourself. Did she pick it? She had to have, right?

**"Parents are easy."** The girl shrugged as she followed the boy upstairs, her voice kept low. **"You only have to know what they want to see. Your Mom doubts your manhood, because you're a sissy. She wants to see a girl subservient to her son, respectful to him, never speaking out of line. I can give her that. And then later tonight, I can put you on your knees and show you who the subservient one is."** The girl sat on the bed and trailed off mischievously. **"Stupid cow, though, hatin' on my name."**

**"It's a silly name,"** I said simply. My room, unfortunately, was nothing special. What few things that once made it special were now in the trash or on the roof. And my computer - poor computer! - was gone. Temporarily. Hopefully only until tonight. That would be nice, wouldn't it? **"I should go see what she wants..."**

**"I'm gonna go through your stuff."** She didn't seem to, though, instead choosing to lay out on his bed with her legs spread, and her skirt covering the space between her thighs. The space without panties now. The boy certainly noticed. **"What? Go on, don't keep her waiting, I'll be fine up here."**

I sighed and made my way downstairs, stopping just short of the kitchen. I couldn't believe she was in my room. That was like, the last place I wanted Sayla... it was the last place I wanted anyone. **"You needed me for something?"** Maybe to set the table. Always asking me to do stuff like that...

**"She's cute."** The woman smiled — actually smiled as her son. **"Polite and well mannered. I just want to make sure you know all about your responsibilities. The birds and the bees, and have you been buzzing with her? I don't mind grandkids, but you're a little young is all, and the last thing we need is trouble with this girl's family if you knock the poor dear up."**

**"...we've been dating like five days, Mom..."** Wow. Really? The Sex Talk? Now? **"I promise, we aren't having sex... and if we were, I'll like... not get her pregnant. Condoms. That jazz..."** And this year, the winner of the most awkward conversation goes to...

"Well, that's good. We're eating on the patio, you can set the table out there. And is that really her name? I can't imagine parents smart enough to raise her so good would be such darn fools as to give her a name like Sayla." Obviously, it seemed, Oaklee's mother approved of the girl in her son's bedroom.

"...uh, as far as I know... that's her real name?" I didn't like it either, but you can't pick a person's name. No sense being a pouty pants about it. Of course, my mom would likely never get the memo that there are some things worth getting over. "I'll go set the table."

## PART 3

46:

missymeow1213 » Did you really just snob me for 10 days? Not even an email?

missymeow1213 » So grounded from Missy.

Numbers-1377325 » MISSY I HAVE MISSED YOU SO MUCH!

Numbers-1377325 » I HAVE MISSYD YOU!

missymeow1213 » I was worried about you.

missymeow1213 » Stupid boy.

Numbers-1377325 » I didn't know I'd get grounded or I would have told you. ;\_;

missymeow1213 » What did you even get grounded for?

Numbers-1377325 » uhhhh

Numbers-1377325 » its a long story -\_-

missymeow1213 » I've got time =)

Numbers-1377325 » uhh

Numbers-1377325 » my mom caught me wearing sayla's club outfit home?

Numbers-1377325 » in short.

missymeow1213 » Describe =)

Numbers-1377325 » uhh

Numbers-1377325 » I dunno. -\_-

missymeow1213 » You owe me big time for the worry. Indulge a girl. What were you wearing? =D

Numbers-1377325 » ..um like this weird not really a top thing... like idk

Numbers-1377325 » and then a really really pink skirt that was way too short

Numbers-1377325 » It was not a proud moment in my life. i looked trashy.

missymeow1213 » Oh man, you wore a micro-skirt? There are pictures, right?

Numbers-1377325 » sadly -\_-

missymeow1213 » I'm waiting =D

Numbers-1377325 » I don't have them

missymeow1213 » ...who has them?

Numbers-1377325 » sayla

missymeow1213 » ...why does a random girl have pictures of you and I do not? =(

Numbers-1377325 » she's kind of my girlfriend now?

missymeow1213 » What.

Numbers-1377325 » Sayla is my girlfriend?

Numbers-1377325 » like

Numbers-1377325 » dating

missymeow1213 » No way. Since when?

Numbers-1377325 » uh 8 days ago.

missymeow1213 » ...I have missed so much. Have you kissed her yet? =D

Numbers-1377325 » Yup. ;)

**missymeow1213** » =D

**missymeow1213** » So proud

**missymeow1213** » What's she like?

**missymeow1213** » Is she a good kisser?

**missymeow1213** » If she dresses as slutty as you say I bet she is =D

**Numbers-1377325** » she is

**Numbers-1377325** » and she does

**Numbers-1377325** » and she's very forward and it's kinda cool

**missymeow1213** » Got to second base yet? =D

**missymeow1213** » You boys and your baseball things...

**Numbers-1377325** » It's like when we're together it's not about all the awkward silences and shit

**missymeow1213** » Boobs are awesome, though =D

**Numbers-1377325** » Uh.

**Numbers-1377325** » mm i guess I missed the boob thing..

**Numbers-1377325** » No I had my hand under her top at the club but I was on drugs and we werent dating

**Numbers-1377325** » so that probably doesnt count

**missymeow1213** » Oh =D

**Numbers-1377325** » oral is third base, right?

**missymeow1213** » Wait have you done more than boob touching? =O

**missymeow1213** » wtf yes

**Numbers-1377325** » Im at third base I think.

**missymeow1213** » in only 8 days??

**missymeow1213** » Jesus

**Numbers-1377325** » She's forward.

**missymeow1213** » Is she forward with other boys concurrently to being forward with you?

**missymeow1213** » She sounds a bit... easy

**Numbers-1377325** » We are dating so..

**missymeow1213** » Tell me more about her =D What's she look like?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » she's my height? her hair is blue atm

**missymeow1213** » =O

**Numbers-1377325** » like the almost blue green

**Numbers-1377325** » uhhhhh

**Numbers-1377325** » like cotton candy in sunlight

**missymeow1213** » But how are her boobs, Oaklee? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » I think shes older than me because she has a job

**Numbers-1377325** » oh she's like super flat

**missymeow1213** » Oohlala. Older woman!

**Numbers-1377325** » not a whole lot of boobage. probs why I forgot to touch them.

**missymeow1213** » Oh =(

**missymeow1213** » Poor thing

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac has more boobs than her. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » which is sayyyying something

**Numbers-1377325** » because Mac's boobs are awful small too

**missymeow1213** » DO NOT TALK ABOUT MACS BOOBS OR LACK THEREOF MISTER

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o i'm a guy.

**Numbers-1377325** » I kinda almost exclusively talk about boobs

**Numbers-1377325** » like what do you think god's boobs are like if she's a girl?

**missymeow1213** » She is. And they're glorious. Earth is one of them.

**Numbers-1377325** » LIVIN ON BOOBS

**Numbers-1377325** » & LOVIN IT

**missymeow1213** » Wait wait

**missymeow1213** » So

**missymeow1213** » You're dating

**missymeow1213** » An older, sluttier woman

**missymeow1213** » With no boobs

**missymeow1213** » And blue hair?

**missymeow1213** » Sweet =D

**missymeow1213** » Wait, did she go down on you or did you go down on her?

**Numbers-1377325** » um

**Numbers-1377325** » both by now

**Numbers-1377325** » she started it?

**missymeow1213** » Damn son!

**missymeow1213** » Most guys don't like

**missymeow1213** » You know

**missymeow1213** » Vaginas.

**missymeow1213** » With their tongues anyway

**missymeow1213** » Props!

**Numbers-1377325** » she has a penis

**Numbers-1377325** » she's probably trans

**Numbers-1377325** » we haven't talked about it

**missymeow1213** » Girls do not

**missymeow1213** » Oh

**missymeow1213** » Wait you sucked her cock? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » i put it in my mouth?

**missymeow1213** » How was it? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » sucked is not the verb..

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**missymeow1213** » Oh man, do NOT tell Mike...

**Numbers-1377325** » sucked is however the adjective.

**Numbers-1377325** » adverb?

**Numbers-1377325** » hm.

**Numbers-1377325** » adverb. yes.

**missymeow1213** » Wait, so. Okay. You went down on her lady-penis. Before or after she went down on yours?

**Numbers-1377325** » after.

**Numbers-1377325** » not like RIGHT after

**missymeow1213** » Oh man you would look so cute with those lips of yours =D

**Numbers-1377325** » like a couple days after

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- can we be normal please

**missymeow1213** » I'm so proud of you.

**Numbers-1377325** » like 5 minutes thats all I ask

**Numbers-1377325** » proud?

**missymeow1213** » Listen.

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, wait.

**missymeow1213** » Look, if she's trans or whatever

**missymeow1213** » She's probably really weird about letting people know

**missymeow1213** » And if like

**missymeow1213** » You went down on her, like it didn't make any difference at all?

**missymeow1213** » That's really fucking cool of you =D

**missymeow1213** » Like

**missymeow1213** » You're awesome.

**Numbers-1377325** » uh I was a little weird?

**Numbers-1377325** » but she didn't seem to mind..

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess she thought I'd be weirder about it.

**missymeow1213** » Like. Weird surprised, or weird disgusted?

**Numbers-1377325** » when she told me?

**Numbers-1377325** » I was on drugs when I found out

**Numbers-1377325** » so idk how I acted

**missymeow1213** » Well, were you weird when she showed you?

**Numbers-1377325** » not really

**missymeow1213** » So proud.

**Numbers-1377325** » i've seen enough porn not to care

**missymeow1213** » So does she look... you know. Like she's really a boy?

**missymeow1213** » Or was? I don't know.

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**missymeow1213** » What do I know I'm a cat.

**Numbers-1377325** » she's ridiculously pretty

**missymeow1213** » That's really cool =D

**Numbers-1377325** » never would have guessed if I didn't have her naked bits by my face.

**missymeow1213** » So like. She must really get you, huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » hm?

**missymeow1213** » Like, fuck-you to gender norms and all, I bet she gets it.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..mm..

**Numbers-1377325** » not really?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk she doesn't get it like Mac.

**Numbers-1377325** » I think she makes a big deal about tit? Like she makes the girl stuff seem even more girly and the boy stuff seem even more boy-y.

**missymeow1213** » That doesn't make any sense.

**Numbers-1377325** » But she just mixes and mingles but they're still very BOY x GIRL

**missymeow1213** » What do you mean? Examples.

**Numbers-1377325** » but Mac like ignores the gender, like its not even a thing which is more like me

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » well..

**Numbers-1377325** » if I wear her panties she talks about how I'm a good girl and blah blah blah

**missymeow1213** » I thought you didn't do panties? =O

**Numbers-1377325** » Oh and she calls me her girlfriend because she thinks that's like a REALLY different thing to being a boyfriend.

**Numbers-1377325** » like apparently all girlfriends are one way and all boyfriends are another

**Numbers-1377325** » and I fit more in line with girlfriend, even though I'm a boy?

**missymeow1213** » And you're cool with that? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » no, not really

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont remember her argument, but it was pretty good at the time.

**missymeow1213** » But she sucks your dick, so whatever, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » basically. XD

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, Mike would love talking to you about this. But don't tell him you went down on her — he says it's gay if you suck their dick.

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont take sexual advice from Mike either way

**Numbers-1377325** » plus i'm like 95% sure hes gay

**missymeow1213** » So do you think you'll have sex with her? Or like her with you?

**missymeow1213** » Wait. Is she a top or a bottom?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » usually we're standing..?

**missymeow1213** » Sweetie. Sexually. Is she a top or a bottom?

**missymeow1213** » Like

**missymeow1213** » Is she in charge? Or are you?

**Numbers-1377325** » she's probably in charge

**missymeow1213** » So she's a top?

**Numbers-1377325** » not all the time, but she's a lot better at it than i am

**missymeow1213** » Huh.

**missymeow1213** » So like.

**missymeow1213** » Serious question.

**missymeow1213** » Would you let her fuck you? Like, with her cock?

**missymeow1213** » (Is it tiny? I heard they have tiny cocks)

**Numbers-1377325** » they?

**Numbers-1377325** » i would probably do the fucking

**missymeow1213** » Tranes

**Numbers-1377325** » wait in her ass, maybe?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...hm

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't think this far ahead

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? Like, she doesn't have a vag right?

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm pretty okay with the blowjobs for a couple more months..

**missymeow1213** » Like, what if she wants to fuck YOUR tush?

**Numbers-1377325** » she probably will. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » She sounds like she moves pretty quick, Oaklee =\

**missymeow1213** » I don't think she'll wait months.

**Numbers-1377325** » i wanna say I would say no

**Numbers-1377325** » but I probably wouldn't.

**missymeow1213** » Want some tips? Like, not in a teasing way?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...about getting it in the ass?

Numbers-1377325 » uh

Numbers-1377325 » I'm not sure I'm ready for tips. -\_-

missymeow1213 » Who else can you honestly talk to about this?

missymeow1213 » Grow up. You might need to know this stuff.

Numbers-1377325 » ..okay..

Numbers-1377325 » I guess...

Numbers-1377325 » is it like

Numbers-1377325 » wait do you do that, too?

Numbers-1377325 » like, 'cause you're a girl

Numbers-1377325 » orrrr uh

missymeow1213 » Okay listen.

Numbers-1377325 » a born girl?

missymeow1213 » Shh. Not about me.

Numbers-1377325 » blah i'll look up some words on that.

missymeow1213 » Listen. Is she big?

Numbers-1377325 » ...big?

Numbers-1377325 » oh

Numbers-1377325 » uh

Numbers-1377325 » idk

Numbers-1377325 » I only have me to compare to?

Numbers-1377325 » but uh

Numbers-1377325 » given i'm like

Numbers-1377325 » pretty huge

Numbers-1377325 » ;)

missymeow1213 » Bigger or smaller?

Numbers-1377325 » -\_- bigger..?

Numbers-1377325 » it's a matter of perspective..

Numbers-1377325 » between your legs vs in your mouth...

Numbers-1377325 » maybe she's smaller

missymeow1213 » Okay. Width. Bigger than a carrot? A cucumber?

Numbers-1377325 » idk

Numbers-1377325 » dude

Numbers-1377325 » this is weird

Numbers-1377325 » don't wanna talk about this

missymeow1213 » Oaklee. Shut up.

missymeow1213 » Listen.

missymeow1213 » Do you want to like it when she does it?

missymeow1213 » Or hate it?

missymeow1213 » Because listening to me is going to be the difference.

missymeow1213 » So grow a pair, and listen. Okay?

Numbers-1377325 » listening..

Numbers-1377325 » not telling you about her body

Numbers-1377325 » but I will listen

missymeow1213 » Fine.

missymeow1213 » Look. Be honest. Have you ever played with your ass?

missymeow1213 » had anything in there?

**Numbers-1377325** » no.

**Numbers-1377325** » this is weird I don't like this topic. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Okay. Listen. Don't get weird, okay?

**missymeow1213** » It'll hurt at first. Like. It does.

**missymeow1213** » It's your first time.

**missymeow1213** » It's gonna hurt.

**missymeow1213** » But.

**missymeow1213** » And this is crucial.

**Numbers-1377325** » it hurts? o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » ;\_;

**Numbers-1377325** » cant we talk about the drugs I was doing or how you're still mad a tme?

**missymeow1213** » Shut up.

**missymeow1213** » You're doing great, okay?

**missymeow1213** » Read and listen.

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe I wont do it

**Numbers-1377325** » I gotta draw a line somewhere, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » that's where I'll draw it.

**missymeow1213** » I do my boy sometimes.

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

**missymeow1213** » And he said it's one of the best feelings he's ever felt.

**Numbers-1377325** » perv.

**missymeow1213** » Boys have like

**missymeow1213** » Your G-spot

**missymeow1213** » In there.

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont know half of what that means

**missymeow1213** » Argh. Do you want my widsom?

**Numbers-1377325** » not really!

**missymeow1213** » Okay. Um.

**missymeow1213** » You know the tip of your cock? The like. Squishy bit?

**missymeow1213** » Does it feel good when she touches that?

**Numbers-1377325** » O\_O

**Numbers-1377325** » I AM A CHILD

**Numbers-1377325** » WE ARE DONE

**Numbers-1377325** » line

**missymeow1213** » There's another spot like that

**missymeow1213** » IN YOUR ASS

**Numbers-1377325** » -----

**missymeow1213** » IMAGINE

**Numbers-1377325** » ————< the line

**Numbers-1377325** » no more

**Numbers-1377325** » DO NOT

**Numbers-1377325** » CROSS

**missymeow1213** » She's going to do it anyway. You're her bitch =D

**Numbers-1377325** » THE

**Numbers-1377325** » you dont even listen

**Numbers-1377325** » shh

**missymeow1213** » She's gonna breed you like a birthin' sow~

**Numbers-1377325** » YES SO I AM WEARING GIRLS UNDERWEAR NOW

**Numbers-1377325** » ISNT THAT INTERESTING

**missymeow1213** » Permanently? =D

**\Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » for the foreseeable future.

**missymeow1213** » Show me your panties you are wearing and I will stop talking about her poppin' yer cherry.

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » grow up

**missymeow1213** » You sure do gots a purty mouth~

**missymeow1213** » =D

**missymeow1213** » Maybe she'll get you pregenant!

**Numbers-1377325** » please do not make her sound like that -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Your dad would love that!

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- shut up

**Numbers-1377325** » taking your fucking picture

**missymeow1213** » Panties?

**missymeow1213** » =D

**Numbers-1377325** » such a bitch

Transferring 1 file to missmeow1213.

**missymeow1213** » =D =D

Transfer complete.

**Numbers-1377325** » they arent really sexy today..

**Numbers-1377325** » her style is weird

**missymeow1213** » They look like what I imagine Mac wears =D

**Numbers-1377325** » >||<

**missymeow1213** » You're wearing 12 year old girl panties!

**Numbers-1377325** » SHUT UP

**Numbers-1377325** » AND MAC IS 14

**missymeow1213** » She's basically 12

**Numbers-1377325** » true

**missymeow1213** » She names her dolls and talks to her teddy bear.

**Numbers-1377325** » so true...

**missymeow1213** » Full on conversations...

**missymeow1213** » I worry about her.

**Numbers-1377325** » she's a kid

**Numbers-1377325** » let her be naive

**Numbers-1377325** » she didn't know what cum meant until like yesterday

**missymeow1213** » You're wearing pink shooting star panties

**missymeow1213** » You told her? =O MONSTER

**Numbers-1377325** » she talked like "cum over!"

**missymeow1213** » You are trying to CORRUPT HER

**missymeow1213** » SHE IS A KID

**Numbers-1377325** » you cant text like that in high school, Missy

**Numbers-1377325** » you really

**Numbers-1377325** » really cant

**missymeow1213** » A BABY

**missymeow1213** » My baby

**missymeow1213** » I will cuddle her and keep her innocent!

**Numbers-1377325** » you couldn't keep a baby rabbit innocent

**missymeow1213** » Protect her from boys like you! Icky boys!

**missymeow1213** » Bitch I am the queen of innocent!

**Numbers-1377325** » anyway idk whats with the underwear

**Numbers-1377325** » she picks them

**missymeow1213** » aren't they uncomfortable? Cause you know. Dick.

**Numbers-1377325** » it started with like really sexy ones. Like seriously

**Numbers-1377325** » and like three days ago, or four? she had these blue ones on?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » since then they've just been kinda

**Numbers-1377325** » embarrassing. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » and no

**Numbers-1377325** » not uncomfy

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe because she knows what to buy?

**missymeow1213** » I think she's training you...

**Numbers-1377325** » but yeah they're okay. Weird but okay

**missymeow1213** » Like, to feel lesser to her =D Wow. She's like. Full on domme.

**Numbers-1377325** » you and your weird adult sex things

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » you need to calm down

**missymeow1213** » Did she give you a safe word?

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont know what that is

**missymeow1213** » Huh.

**missymeow1213** » Well okay, I bet you say "No!" a lot when you really kinda want it, but you say no because that's what's expected, right?

**missymeow1213** » Like I bet you didn't just agree to blow her.

**missymeow1213** » I bet you said no, but she knew it was kinda a yes.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...uh...

**Numbers-1377325** » ...I guess I did?

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh

**Numbers-1377325** » hm

**missymeow1213** » You didn't say no at all? Or argue? You just sucked it like a pro?

**Numbers-1377325** » talk about her like shes a girl please

**Numbers-1377325** » and no

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » I did say no

**missymeow1213** » I am =\

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't really remember why I did it -\_\_-

**missymeow1213** » Okay, well a safe word is a "real" no. Like. "I'm not playing around with this no" no.

**Numbers-1377325** » huh maybe I should ask if we need one?

**Numbers-1377325** » but really we do like nothing weird

**Numbers-1377325** » first, second, third..

**Numbers-1377325** » rinse repeat.

**Numbers-1377325** » she doesnt tie me down or something

**missymeow1213** » Well here's the thing.

**missymeow1213** » If you have one.

**missymeow1213** » Then she is officially a domme.

**missymeow1213** » And you are officially a sub.

**missymeow1213** » Like me!

**Numbers-1377325** » and I'm stronger than her

**Numbers-1377325** » why am I not the domme?

**missymeow1213** » You're stronger, but she still always wins, right?

**missymeow1213** » That's why.

**Numbers-1377325** » not always

**Numbers-1377325** » actually not at all the past couple days!

**Numbers-1377325** » she's been actually super cute

**Numbers-1377325** » vulnerable and stuff idk

**missymeow1213** » Give me some examples.

**Numbers-1377325** » uh idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » okay i think it's because she met my parents?

**Numbers-1377325** » like we took too long to like, do stuff.. and my mom got mad

**Numbers-1377325** » so like three days ago my mom wanted her over for dinner to prove I wasn't lying about having a girlfriend

**Numbers-1377325** » and she started putting on this shy fake routine thing to please my parents which is SO COOL of her

**Numbers-1377325** » and since then whenever we meet up or something she looks a little uhh

**Numbers-1377325** » shy?

**Numbers-1377325** » and I steal kisses and stuff its really cool. XD

**missymeow1213** » And has she pushed you over any limits of yours since then?

**missymeow1213** » Encouraged you to do anything?

**missymeow1213** » Enticed?

**Numbers-1377325** » nothing I hadn't done?

**missymeow1213** » Did you go down on her again?

**missymeow1213** » Maybe this time without her doing it first?

**Numbers-1377325** » well she didn't do it first the first time..

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean she did it

**Numbers-1377325** » first

**Numbers-1377325** » but then like, the day of

**Numbers-1377325** » I did it first?

**missymeow1213** » So you have done it since then?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah sure

**missymeow1213** » Does she like it? Does she praise you verbally?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah.

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess I'm really good. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » don't laugh at that -\_\_

**Numbers-1377325** » it wasn't suppoed to be like that

**Numbers-1377325** » shh

**missymeow1213** » Uhhuh, definitely. No laughing.

**missymeow1213** » You're good at making her happy!

**missymeow1213** » What she has between her legs is irrelevant, imo.

**Numbers-1377325** » yes thank you

**missymeow1213** » So okay, tell me about one of the times after the first one?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk... she was working?

**missymeow1213** » You don't have to be too detailed. Just the situation. Or whatever you're comfortable with.

**Numbers-1377325** » usually like.. she brings me into the bathroom or into the back room or something and we do stuff?

**Numbers-1377325** » but this time I told her to take her break and took her into the guy's bathroom.

**Numbers-1377325** » she didn't argue or anything

**missymeow1213** » Ooh. Assertive!

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah. XD

**Numbers-1377325** » it was pretty cool...

**missymeow1213** » Did she do you, too? Or was it just you on her? No judgment, just curious =D

**Numbers-1377325** » not like in a demeaning way

**Numbers-1377325** » uh that time just me.

**missymeow1213** » Does she moan like a girl? Like, is it sexy? =O

**Numbers-1377325** » uh huh o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » and afterward she's like

**Numbers-1377325** » this weird dizzy almost blushing kind of way?

**Numbers-1377325** » it's soooooo cute

**Numbers-1377325** » are all girls like that?

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, it's something cute girls do. I mean. Not just girls. Some boys, too. The ones who realize that it's really cute.

**missymeow1213** » Like I bet if you got that way after she went down on you, she'd love it.

**Numbers-1377325** » I think i'm probably that way anyway. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't even realize I'm halfway home until I am..

**missymeow1213** » So okay, personal question! Because I don't get to ask many people this, so this is a favor for me, okay?

**missymeow1213** » Do you like... spit? Or swallow? My boy makes me swallow, but I used to hate it. Until he was like, you know, it's disrespectful and rude to spit. And I get that I guess. You prefer it when she swallows, too, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...uhh...

**Numbers-1377325** » ..mm

**Numbers-1377325** » I swallow now..?

**Numbers-1377325** » the first time I didnt'..?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**missymeow1213** » Oh, was she mad?

**Numbers-1377325** » a little?

**Numbers-1377325** » not a lot.

**missymeow1213** » Is that why you do it now?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...well

**Numbers-1377325** » like you said its rude not to..

**Numbers-1377325** » I dnt wanna be rude to her?

**missymeow1213** » I think it's really cute that you have a domme. Like, most boys think it's not a boyish thing. But you're proving once again that gender is stupid, and you can do whatever you want, and it doesn't make you a girl.

**missymeow1213** » I respect that!

**Numbers-1377325** » but she's not really a domme

**Numbers-1377325** » like you said we dont have a safe word

**Numbers-1377325** » and i've been in charge for days now

**Numbers-1377325** » I think its kinda like we take turns?

**missymeow1213** » Actually, she's probably a power-bottom. She gets really in charge, grooms you, trains you, then makes you into a little submissive thing that pleases her for praise.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » she isn't training me -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not a kitty like some peopel!

**missymeow1213** » Really? Seems like she trained you to go down on her without prompting, like it's your idea? And to swallow? And to wear her panties?

**missymeow1213** » Progressively younger panties to diminish you even further from being in charge.

**Numbers-1377325** » that's just stuff you do in relationships..

**Numbers-1377325** » She goes down on me too without prmopting

**Numbers-1377325** » listen missy

**missymeow1213** » Does she spit or swallow?

**Numbers-1377325** » nobody in the world knows of your weird adult shit

**Numbers-1377325** » everyone else is pretty normal

**Numbers-1377325** » she just does what she likes and I do what I like and I'm not trained or domme or anything

**Numbers-1377325** » it's what it is

**missymeow1213** » Have you swallowed cum in the past 6 hours? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » it's like 8pm

**missymeow1213** » So yes?

**missymeow1213** » About 3:30pm?

**Numbers-1377325** » you're such a bitch

**missymeow1213** » You didn't argue the 3:30 thing =D

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » it doesn't mean anything

**Numbers-1377325** » I shouldn't have told you

**Numbers-1377325** » now you're all weird and erotic about tit

**missymeow1213** » It means she's really awesome and good for you.

**Numbers-1377325** » we wouldn't be talking this way if it was Mac

**missymeow1213** » No, shut up, listen.

**missymeow1213** » Okay?

**missymeow1213** » You are in a relationship. Relationships are like clothes — there is no normal. There are only good ones and bad ones, just like there are only cute clothes and ugly clothes. You are in a good one.

**missymeow1213** » She's good for you. You're good for her. This is good, like an awesome skirt.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..okay..

**Numbers-1377325** » I've been saying that though. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » the past 8 days have been really cool..

**missymeow1213** » You're denying what makes it good, making excuses like you want to meet some stupid 'norm'.

**missymeow1213** » You meet her after school and go down on her

**missymeow1213** » She bosses you around some

**missymeow1213** » Own it, Oaklee. Be fucking proud of it.

**missymeow1213** » She's all yours =D

**missymeow1213** » If she wants you to do stuff, go along with the ride =D Don't try to justify it or explain it.

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess..

**Numbers-1377325** » doesn't bother me any.

**missymeow1213** » Okay, so like, if she wanted you to wear like... a training bra under your clothes at school? Like, one of hers? You would, right? Because she digs that.

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't see the point...

**missymeow1213** » And if someone noticed? You don't need to make excuses. Or be shy. Just be like. "Yeah, my hottie of a girlfriend likes this."

**missymeow1213** » YOU don't need to. It's about her =D

**missymeow1213** » If she sees a point, you know that's enough

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » ...I guess...

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**missymeow1213** » Own it.

**Numbers-1377325** » Can we talk about something else?

**Numbers-1377325** » like anythig else?

**missymeow1213** » Okay, exercise. One last thing. Okay?

**missymeow1213** » Then we can talk about crap.

**Numbers-1377325** » i thikn you are making a bigger deal about this than it is

**Numbers-1377325** » becuase it's just us being sexual and stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » which is fine

**Numbers-1377325** » and you're making it into this like weird elaborate thing about training bras

**Numbers-1377325** » and bottom tops and stuff

**missymeow1213** » Make one IM message that tells me about her and you and the relationship things you do. Own as much of it as possible. Make me believe you're proud of it all.

**missymeow1213** » Dude, stop rambling.

**missymeow1213** » Just do the thing.

**Numbers-1377325** » you are being a pervert

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » not giving you some hot stuff for you and your boy toy to go fuck with

**Numbers-1377325** » grow up!

**missymeow1213** » I'll show you the panties I'm wearing~

**Numbers-1377325** » there's the internet for that shit

**Numbers-1377325** » psh idc

**Numbers-1377325** » I have my own now ;)

**Numbers-1377325** » haha

**Numbers-1377325** » if only they didn't look like children's underwear -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Oh, I meant they'll be between my teeth while I'm topless~

**Numbers-1377325** » ...

**Numbers-1377325** » ur weird..

**missymeow1213** » Come on! Own it like you did just then!

**Numbers-1377325** » ughhhh uh... we meet and I pin her to the wall in the back room and I kiss her and she moans and stuff and I kiss down her stomach to her skirt 'cause she like loves wearing skirts even though it's november and freezing out and I lift it up

and take down her underwear and go down on her and swallow her cum and wear her underwear home rinse repeat

**Numbers-1377325** » ....this better be one sexy fucking picture....

missymeow1213 wants to send 1 file.

Downloading 1 file from missymeow1213.

Download complete.

**Numbers-1377325** » why wont you just show me your chest without stuff over it?!

**Numbers-1377325** » though you wear that..?

**Numbers-1377325** » that's not even underwear...

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

missymeow1213 » I wouldn't want to make your girlfriend jealous of my lady lumps.

**Numbers-1377325** » I should ask about that if she's like

**Numbers-1377325** » self consciosu about her boobs

**Numbers-1377325** » then again

**Numbers-1377325** » we don't really tak about stuff like that

**Numbers-1377325** » which is fine with me.

missymeow1213 » OH I

missymeow1213 » No wait you don't care

missymeow1213 » nm

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

missymeow1213 » You're just gonna call me weird again...

**Numbers-1377325** » probably

**Numbers-1377325** » say it anyway

**missymeow1213** » Sucking on nipples helps breasts to grow. Thats why newly delivered mothers get bigger boobs.

**missymeow1213** » You could pleasure her AND help her.

**Numbers-1377325** » hm

**Numbers-1377325** » thats an idea

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe I'll ask

**Numbers-1377325** » if I ever get that far. XD

**missymeow1213** » You're going down on her!!!

**missymeow1213** » Boobs are like

**missymeow1213** » Old hat

**missymeow1213** » You have rights to boobs

**missymeow1213** » She'd probably let you finger her, too, I bet.

**missymeow1213** » But I bet you're gonna be like

**missymeow1213** » ew no asses are gross

**missymeow1213** » I am a dumb boy

**missymeow1213** » ew her ass is gross

**missymeow1213** » ew missy ur weird

**Numbers-1377325** » dude her ass is sexy o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » idk about sticking stuff up there but like

**Numbers-1377325** » it's ballin

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? =O

**missymeow1213** » Like, bubble-butt?

**Numbers-1377325** » nah like

**Numbers-1377325** » kinda small but super cute?

**Numbers-1377325** » like it makes up for her not having boobs

**missymeow1213** » Oh she doesn't have body hair like a dude does she? =O

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » very curvy

**missymeow1213** » Okay, so don't take this personally right. Okay?

**missymeow1213** » If she has no body hair

**missymeow1213** » You should probably shave yours too

**missymeow1213** » Because she probably would appreciate that.

**Numbers-1377325** » .....

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » no?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » she... has to have body hair..

**missymeow1213** » Okay but listen

**missymeow1213** » Isn't her body sexier without it?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...well

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess it makes the whole... going down on her thing... better/

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » she's my first girlfriend

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you could try it? You could always grow it back if you don't like how it looks? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » never shaved anything before -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » nervous..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » unless she complains I don't see a point

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not going out of my way for her

**missymeow1213** » don't you want to show initiative for her?

**missymeow1213** » I don't know, she seems to do a lot for you...

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't think so

**Numbers-1377325** » She does wht she wants and I do what I want

**Numbers-1377325** » we both get pleasur eout of it so it's all good

**Numbers-1377325** » mutual beneficial

**missymeow1213** » Do you find pleasure in going down on her? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » ..idk

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not terrible..

**missymeow1213** » Like, it's normal to I mean

**missymeow1213** » Like

**missymeow1213** » You should

**missymeow1213** » If you think she's sexy

**missymeow1213** » You should

**missymeow1213** » Wouldn't you want her to show that the mere act of having you in her mouth turned her on?

**Numbers-1377325** »

**Numbers-1377325** » ..

**Numbers-1377325** » just

**Numbers-1377325** » stop talking -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Man, you're in an adult relationship

**missymeow1213** » And you still act like such a baby

**missymeow1213** » Like I'd expect this from Mac

**Numbers-1377325** » can we just not talk about sayla. What about you? How've you been 10 days without me?

**missymeow1213** » You don't want to know.

**Numbers-1377325** » probably not just changing the subject

**Numbers-1377325** » officially ungrounded though so maybe I can actually spend time with Mac

**missymeow1213** » She... =\

**Numbers-1377325** » did I say he?

**missymeow1213** » No no, I mean...

**missymeow1213** » Oh, never mind.

**Numbers-1377325** » hm?

**missymeow1213** » She misses you. A lot a lot. And she's... I don't know. I think she's convinced herself you're gone for good...

**Numbers-1377325** » i've been trying so hard to visit and stuff...

**Numbers-1377325** » like yesterday I skipped fourth hour to eat lunch with her and this one girl from her art class?

**Numbers-1377325** » errr, today, I guess.

**Numbers-1377325** » she seemed okay to me.

**missymeow1213** » Well, she's clingy. And she wrote you this letter, in calligraphy. She was going to give it to you at school.

**missymeow1213** » But Mike told her it was weird and you'd think she was a freak

**missymeow1213** » And she got so upset. She actually called me and I had to calm her down.

**missymeow1213** » She might be too much for you, with your girlfriend and all. She's wonderful, but she's.. I don't know.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...oh.

**missymeow1213** » She's not into you, so far as I can tell.

**missymeow1213** » Or she didn't say it

**missymeow1213** » But like

**missymeow1213** » She's...

**missymeow1213** » She's never had any friends, and she's been sealed up, and she never let anybody in

**missymeow1213** » So for a while she's gonna be a bit lost with all this

**missymeow1213** » And she's worried you're gonna find her annoying.

**Numbers-1377325** » its annoying she talks to you but never talks to me..

**missymeow1213** » Well, you think she could talk to you...

**missymeow1213** » About how she's scared

**missymeow1213** » That talking to you

**missymeow1213** » Will make you hate her?

**Numbers-1377325** » forget it.

**Numbers-1377325** » I should go to bed.

**missymeow1213** » And this is why I shouldn't tell you things

**missymeow1213** » You freak out...

**missymeow1213** » She trusts you, and you don't care =\

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont feel trusted

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh

**Numbers-1377325** » I thought we were doing okay..

**missymeow1213** » She let you into her ROOM, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » She's never done that. She barely lets her maid up there.

**missymeow1213** » She trusts you, and is afraid you don't trust her.

**Numbers-1377325** » forget it

**Numbers-1377325** » i need to sleep

**Numbers-1377325** » School in 8 hours.

**missymeow1213** » Call her. Just say you want to wish her sweet dreams.

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm not babysitting her

**missymeow1213** » Not asking you to.

**missymeow1213** » Asking you to be the kind of friend who knows what makes her happy.

**missymeow1213** » She got you those glasses, right? Because they made you happy?

**Numbers-1377325** » well I'll figure it out on my own

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont ened your help

**Numbers-1377325** » giving her ur SN was suuuuch a mistake

**missymeow1213** » You're lashing out at me because you're frustrated that you didn't realize she was upset. It's okay, Oaklee. She really did want to tell you, that's what lunch was about. She brought a friend to help her be strong, but she got overwhelmed. Didn't she seem off? Stomach pains was her excuse, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » night

**Numbers-1377325** has signed off.

**missymeow1213** » I know you're invisible.

**missymeow1213** » =\

**missymeow1213** » You're like a moody girl sometimes...

**47:**

**Sayla** » To what do I owe the pleasure of this late night message, hmm?

**Oaklee** » Idk

**Oaklee** » You dont do stuff with other guys do you?

**Sayla** » Not recently. Before you, yes. But you give me the sugar I need. Why's that?

**Oaklee** » Something missy said.

**Sayla** » Missy?

**Oaklee** » Uh a friend online

**Sayla** » That sounds like a strippers name.

**Oaklee** » Says the girl named sayla..

**Sayla** » Are you seeing a stripper behind my back?

**Sayla** » Sayla is a perfectly respectable name!

**Oaklee** » Are you trans?

**Sayla** » Sassy girlfriend is sassy.

**Oaklee** » Like weve been dating like a week and i havent asked

**Sayla** » Well, I have a penis.

**Oaklee** » I keep forgetting because i see you and then just wanna kiss and stuff

**Sayla** » Yeah you do.

**Sayla** » Rwar.

**Oaklee** » So you were a guy before.

**Oaklee** » Ur really too pretty for that. XD

**Sayla** » I tried it for a while, didn't think too much of it. The clothes were boring.

**Sayla** » And guys are boring mostly.

**Oaklee** » I agree.

**Oaklee** » that's why I wear skirts and shit - compensation

**Oaklee** » So like..

**Oaklee** » You're okay with what we do?

**Sayla** » Yes, it's all my idea, so I would hope so.

**Oaklee** » Right -\_- just checking..

**Sayla** » I don't like the term trans btw. It implies I'm a work in progress. And I'm not, I'm done. I'm who I am, and that's not some journey.

**Oaklee** » Oh this is my real number btw.

**Sayla** » As opposed to your fake spy phone number.

**Oaklee** » Basically yeah. I'm gonna give Mac her phone back tomorrow so text this number from now on

**Oaklee** » And I guess the trans thing makes sense

**Sayla** » Oh, Mac, huh?

**Sayla** » The cute rich girl,

**Sayla** » Yes I will definitely not accidentally text sexy pictures to the other number.

**Oaklee** » You won't

**Oaklee** » Because you already stole her number from me and if you were gonna you woulda. XD

**Oaklee** » I'm on to you!

**Sayla** » Look. This is important. Before we get off topic.

**Oaklee** » The trans stuff?

**Oaklee** » I know its important because I asked!!

**Sayla** » I am Sayla. My gender is Sayla. You can call me a girl or a boy or whatever you want. I don't call myself either. I'm Sayla, and that's cool. That's it. I like girl pronouns because they're cuter, but if you want someone who's going to be prom princess and only like frilly shit, that's not me.

**Sayla** » I play football, and I'm also on the cheer squad.

**Sayla** » I like fucking and being fucked.

**Sayla** » I wear makeup and sometimes shave my head.

**Sayla** » You have to know that I'm not like, some hopeless case that needs any help, or that I'm confused.

**Oaklee** » Hm maybe you understand me better than i thought..

**Oaklee** » Okay cool

**Oaklee** » Be you

**Oaklee** » That's who I like anyway

**Oaklee** » Mac should take lessons from you

**Sayla** » Good.

**Sayla** » Well I'll get her a cute little strap on and give her afternoon tutoring, okay?

**Oaklee** » -\_- dont even joke

**Oaklee** » She's like 14

**Oaklee** » Oh

**Oaklee** » I'm going to macs tomorrow so I wont see you at work

**Oaklee** » Macs\*\*

**Oaklee** » Trying to remember CAPITOLS in NAMES

**Sayla** » Oh? And what tribute are you offering for your absence?

**Oaklee** » Because Sayla looks stupid all lowercase.

**Sayla** » sayla looks adorable however you write it. Sayla. sayla. SAYLA. sAyLa. SaYIA. See?

**Oaklee** » How about if you're very good until wednesday I'll give you a little reward ;)

**Oaklee** » But one word out of line and no reward!

**Oaklee** » So shh!

**Sayla** » Oh, I'm all a flutter!

**Sayla** » Also re: earlier. My six year old self will kick your butt if you dis the name she chose for me.

**Sayla** » So don't be a Sayla-hater.

**Oaklee** » Totes.

**Oaklee** » I am going to bed. Night.

**Sayla** » Sleep well, girlfriend.

**Sayla** » In your pretty panties, I hope.

**Oaklee** » Of course XD

**Oaklee** » Oh

**Oaklee** » Ah nvm.

**Oaklee** » More Missy paranoia . XD

**Sayla** » Tell me.

**Oaklee** » Night!

**Sayla** » Better you let me ease the paranoia.

**Sayla** » Than let it build, right?

**Oaklee** » I dont believe her anyway

**Sayla** » You believe her enough to mention it.

**Oaklee** » No it was like a joke thing

**Oaklee** » But uh

**Oaklee** » She said like you were training me to wear your underwear or something

**Oaklee** » Which is stupid because I kinda volunteered.

**Oaklee** » Idk she's dumb

**Sayla** » Of course I am. But we're doing it together, so it's more like a game. Like training for something fun. You didn't wear girls undies, so I saw a way to make something special that was ours. Is that a bad thing?

**Sayla** » Don't you like knowing that what you're wearing has hugged my most intimate places for hours and hours?

**Sayla** » How could that ever be a bad thing?

**Oaklee** » ...I guess

**Oaklee** » She just... said something about..

**Oaklee** » How they're getting more childish or whatever because of the stars today...

**Oaklee** » Idk..

**Sayla** » Intimacy is what girlfriends do that boyfriends never do.

**Sayla** » ...do I look like a childish person?

**Oaklee** » No!

**Oaklee** » I told her that!

**Oaklee** » She was the one that said they look like 12 year olds undies not me. -\_-

**Sayla** » They're sexy in an ironic way. Like. Reclaiming innocence and corrupting it in the sexiest way possible.

**Sayla** » I put you in juvenile looking panties after cumming in them, and it's like... something sweet has become something erotic and intimate and sexy.

**Sayla** » You don't think that's beautiful?

**Oaklee** » Not really you are so weird

**Oaklee** » But your explanation is sound

**Oaklee** » Despite being crazy

**Oaklee** » Weird Sayla logic

**Oaklee** » Okay anyway!

**Oaklee** » SWEET DREAMS

**48:**

I said sweet dreams to my girlfriend, but not to Mac. I hated myself for it. If she was really that upset, like Missy said... but ugh. I wanted to be Mac's best friend. But maybe Missy was. Maybe I should just let her be. Fuck it. The next morning I wore the same starred-panties to school. Normally I'd get new underwear after school, but I wasn't sure what I'd do about that tonight. I had told my mom I was hanging out with Mac, and she seemed okay with it. Mac didn't know yet, but she never had plans anyway. Maybe another movie?

**Mac** » um...

**Mac** » maybe iono

**Mac** » i might have homework && u no how that is.

**Oaklee** » Oh.

**Mac** » sorry && i wanna...

**Oaklee** » You are never busy though

**Mac** » plus i bet ur gf wants to see u!

**Oaklee** » It's my first day of freedom. I thought the movies could be cool?

**Oaklee** » Or if you just wanna dress up at home?

**Mac** » u were supposed to send me a picture of her!!

**Oaklee** » I dont have any...

**Mac** » dont u take selfings 2gether??

**Oaklee** » No?

**Mac** » oh

**Mac** » well

**Mac** » um

**Mac** » ok

**Mac** » i miss you

**Mac** » if it wont be a bother...

**Oaklee** » What about homework?

**Mac** » huh??

**Mac** » oh

**Mac** » yeah its okay

**Mac** » i will make the maid do it!!

**Oaklee** » That's the Mac I know!!

**Oaklee** » Okay usual spot after school?

**Mac** » uhhuh

**Mac** » u can finally try on ur dresses...

**Oaklee** » OH MY GOSH I FORGOT YES

**Oaklee** » I am sooo excited now

**Mac** » um

**Mac** » oh um

**Mac** » also if u want ur allowed 2 bring ur g/f over

**Mac** » i dont know if u want

**Mac** » but u said ur parents are lame so...

Oaklee » Oh

Oaklee » I thought it could just be us?

Mac » uhuh

Mac » i was just offering

Mac » 2 be accommodating && polite

Oaklee » Shes lame you dont wanna meet her. XD

Oaklee » Okay usual spot?

Mac » if shes lame why would some1 so cool as u date her??

Mac » ur so lying

Mac » ok

Mac » c u there!

I didn't want Mac to meet Sayla. Honestly, I didn't want Mac to meet anyone. I didn't want Missy to meet Mac either. It was weird. Like she was a private thing. Like she was a trinket or something. That's such a selfish, stupid, horrible thing to think. But I couldn't help it sometimes. And I just wanted to protect her. But she didn't need protecting... anyway, Sayla worked. So fuck it either way.

It was starting to get cold today, cold in the way that was basically the seasons saying it is cute coat weather now. Thusly, I wore a cute coat. And a skirt, and stockings. I didn't usually wear anything so flashy, but they were warm stockings and they had candycanes on them and if malls could be Christmassy, so could I. The wind tried so hard to chill me when I pushed through the door, but the thick coat and cute scarf and cute stockings meant all it was able to accomplish was to rustle my hair and flutter my skirt. Where was Oaklee?

I missed Halloween early in my grounding. **"I wanna go out with friends,"** I told my mom. But I knew it wouldn't go over well. Halloween was a normal "dress as a slut" day. She'd see it as a way around my usual resistance to certain attire. That left me in the early weeks of November. I never wore coats. **"Hey! Mac!"**

I almost jumped. Maybe because nobody ever called me by name like that, not loudly, not from afar — people who would ask me to sit with them would typically approach quietly. I forced a smile, sparkly lipgloss on my lips because I totally wasn't showing off, and waved a hand at the boy. **"Oaklee. I missed you, because you're a dummy who got grounded. I'm jealous. I've never been grounded."**

**"Yeah, well, trust me... it's no picnic."** I pouted, putting my arms around the girl. So we'd seen each other like four or five times since the grounding. I knew that. But it still felt different. Actual out of school contact. I was a little elated by it, honestly... **"Um... okay, so let's walk."** **"You don't have a coat?"** **"Huh? Nah. I don't like coats."**

**"You need a coat. I will buy you a coat. A cute one. And coats are gender neutral."** Rarely did I ever make calls like that, but he seemed so smitten by the girl who was direct, and I wanted to emulate that. Okay, fine, it was lame, but I'm 14! And anti-social! What the heck do I even know? But it was cold, and he needed a coat...

**"...yeah, alright. I mean, I gotta be there to make sure my parents won't throw it out, but sure."** I knew the kinds of winter coats my parents liked. Thick puffy black ones. Why do you think I never wore coats? Ugly as sin, those things...

**"Well, you can say that it's a gift from my family, because you um... did something for me. I don't know... lying isn't really my thing. But we'll think of something!"** More directness. Nice. I smiled, cheeks flushed but not enough to not be able to blame the cold, and swayed closer to Oaklee as we walked. **"Mira misses you."**

**"Yeah? I miss her too."** She was a bear. I mean, I didn't care a whole lot. But at the same time, I was eager to see her again. I followed Mac through the cold toward her house. Gosh, why did she have to live so far away? It was freezing out...

**"You will go upstairs and say hello to Mira and pick out one of your dresses, they are on the left and you will see them. And I will get us a car and you will come downstairs when you are ready."** I felt so awkward. Like. Pushy. Bossy. This was stupid. I frowned, looking down at my feet. Don't change for him, Mac. He's just a boy... **"I mean, if you want."**

**"Yeah, of course!"** I went up the stairs with a smile and went into Mac's room. I thought about what Missy had said about it being a safe place, and I tried to take it in. In the cold months, her room was so comfortable... I went over to the closet and over to the left where the dresses from the pictures were hung up. I ran my fingers over the edges of the fabric. They were so cute. But I forgot just how... not me. I mean, adorable! But in public? I bit my lip and went to the end, the black one. Still too fancy. Blah...

It was ten minutes before I could convince myself that he wasn't going to storm out, that I wasn't being a bother, that it was okay. That I should, admittedly, calm down a little with the pushiness, but that it was okay. We were okay. It was okay. I ordered the car, took note of the timer, and began to head upstairs to let him know. I could have shouted, but it wasn't my thing.

"...this thing is too flouncy..." Honestly, I didn't know the first thing to do to put it on. I'd taken the black dress off the hanger, but my eyes didn't look up at the girl through the glasses. "Um, is there something else I can wear? I mean, I like it, but like... outside... it's..." Was this offensive? No, I already told her it wasn't my outdoors-style. I mentioned it when she sent me the pictures.

"You should wear this one," I reached past him to the closer to one printed with cupcakes and crayons in pastel colors. "It's got a simpler bodice, so it will be better for when you try on coats. More representative." I'd actually picked that one out just for him to wear in public, and I was surprised he hadn't taken it out to look at it. Maybe he didn't like it...

I looked at the little crayons and my cheeks went pink. I bit my lip and looked at the outfit, then at the one in my hand, and then at the floor. Gosh, my glasses were getting foggy... "Um... that's cute, but... like... wearing it outside? I... I just don't think that's really my look... too uh... mm..."

"It's perfect, try it on." Was I being pushy? Or just supportive? Gosh I didn't even know right now, getting myself all messed up like this, dumb dumb Mac! "Would you like it better if I wore a loli dress too? I could get changed, it's no trouble." The car would be here soon, but it didn't matter, they'd wait even if we took a little while.

"Well! I... I'm not saying it's not perfect..." But she took the black one away from me. There were three. The black one, that could be something of a fancy outfit. Maybe. The yellow one, which was something like a party dress for a ten year old. And then this one. The pastel blue and purple with the pink cupcakes and crayons. It was... for a child. Only a child. And I just...

"Try it on, I'm going to change okay? Turn around, and no peeking! If you peek, you'll get in trouble." Yeah! Intimidating Mac! I frowned to myself as I physically turned Oaklee around so he was facing away and began to look for a dress I could wear. I hadn't wanted to change, but I did want him to feel encouraged, so I could manage that much.

"I don't get this thing... there's too many ribbons and bows and stuff." I'd somehow managed to pull it on over my head, but it didn't look right at all. It even looked more infantile than when it was on the hook. I puffed out my cheeks and tried to keep from blushing, but it didn't work very well...

I was down to just my bra, but still had my skirt and stockings on, and without thinking too much about it I turned to Oaklee and started to fuss over the accessories of his dress, the bows and ribbons and stuff that he didn't get. It was dumb and forward, and I should have put a top back on, but I mean, my boobs were covered... what was the difference between this and a swimsuit? I shouldn't have to be shy. "Stop squirming."

"**R-right...**" She was in her bra. And socks. And a skirt. And her hair was down and she just looked *really* really attractive. And I thought about kissing her again. Except I was dressed like a toddler and had a girlfriend and Mac was my best friend. I forced a smile, my glasses foggy with heat off my cheeks. This was so silly....

"**See these ones help it have its shape?**" He was distracted, and I pouted a little, tugging tighter on the ribbon. "**Pay attention, mister, or else you won't know how this goes on! See. Um. Here? This ribbon and this one? You tie them into a bow, and then these ones here? Do you know how to tie a bow? I'm sure you do...**"

"...huh?" "**Gosh Oaklee, you can't tie a bow?**" "...n-no, I can! I'm sorry! I can!" Wow. What was with me? I reached up and took the ribbons in my hands, tying them into a bow while she left my vision to work on something on my back. I looked up at the ceiling shyly. Why was I so embarrassed... it was just a dress...

"**No no, not like shoelaces. Then one ends up under the other, see? It looks tacky. And you are not tacky, mister, you are prim and proper, and a reflection on both you and your parents, so you gotta do it right.**" The words were parroted from a decade ago, and I felt my cheeks warm. Stupid non-present parents. "**Like this, and then over and under, see? Like this?**" I left him to try again, and returned to the massively ornate bow on the lower back that would define his hips when tied.

"**Not like that... like this.**" ...how did I not know how to tie a stupid bow. After the third try she did it for me, and I crossed my arms in frustration. Stupid bows. Stupid dress. Stupid foggy glasses... this was so dumb... "**...I don't wanna wear this outside...**"

"**Well you're gonna, so you might as well smile about it — the rest of the world doesn't want to see your sour face, mister.**" More parroted. I frowned and finished the details, then pointed to my bed. "**Sit. Carefully. I'll do your makeup after I get dressed. Don't fidget or you'll spoil your bows.**" Okay, so assertive I couldn't do. Bossy felt wrong. But act like my only memories of my mother? Sure.

I sat on the edge of the bed and looked down at my feet. They were already dressed in the white stockings Mac had picked out. I looked like such a child. I played quietly with my fingers in front of me, trying to figure out how to tell Mac this looked silly. But I couldn't find the words...

In significantly less time than I'd spent on him, I pulled myself into a sweet looking mint green dress that looked fantastic against my hair, and then shimmied out of my skirt underneath the ruffles of the dress so as to protect my panties from prying eyes. "**This one is cute, right? Mint green doesn't get any appreciation at all...**"

I looked up at her through the glasses and bit my lip. Gosh she was so fucking cute... "**You look amazing Mac. You always dress nice, but that color is really...**" I couldn't come up with another adjective. My head was foggy. I took the glasses off and cleaned them on my dress.

**"Yay!"** I was giddy, and I teetered through the archway to the playroom vanity to get my makeup. **"Do you want fairy eyes again? I could match them to your dress?"** My voice was light and airy and carried through the distance with aplomb, and lost none of my girlish glee. This was so much fun, and he complimented me!

**"Um... okay... but..."** But this dress isn't my style. I can't wear this outside. Why was I so embarrassed? It hardly made sense. I took a deep breath and got up from the bed, walking over to where Mac was fixing her own make up. I felt weird... **"Um... I really can't wear this outside..."**

**"If you don't, then I'll feel too shy to wear mine."** I wouldn't, and I'd demonstrated that, too, I'd worn loli to school! But the excuse wasn't for me. I looked up and pouted at the boy, one of my eyes already ornately made-up in gorgeous shades. **"And you wouldn't want me to waste this makeup job, right? Sit down and you can watch and learn, okay?"**

**"I guess..."** I sat down and watched as she applied the make up in the mirror. I was just visible. I looked so silly in the dress. My bangs covered the tops of the dark glasses and my cheeks were a pink like I was already wearing make up. Like a boy, obviously. A pretty boy. Dressed like a toddler...

**"Would you let me do your hair?"** Hair, thus far, he handled himself. I didn't know why, maybe he felt like it was personal. Or like I'd make him look like a girl. But I bet if I'd done his hair last time, those mean boys wouldn't have even paid any attention to him. It was short, but his bangs were adorable, and I figured I could do something with it.

**"Uh... well, I just... it has this look 'cause..."** **"Here sit down right here."** She sat me in front of the mirror and I blushed at myself. I knew it was stupid, looking the way I did. I knew it. But I couldn't keep my eyes off myself...

The car was downstairs, but there was still work to do, and besides the driver was getting paid anyway, so... whatever. I did his hair first, combing it, and putting product in to build volume, and then styling and blow-drying until it looked like he had twice as much hair and it all shimmered like a photo in a magazine. Gosh he was pretty, so pretty... and he kept staring at himself in the mirror, quietly, flushed red. **"Okay, turn around, gotta do your makeup."**

**"Uh huh..."** I looked up at her with foggy glasses, but she took them off. Then she worked on my eyeshadow for a long time and little contours by my mouth. So much make up. And then blush on my cheeks, like I needed it. I felt so weird. Dizzy...

Once I was done, I slipped the glasses back into place and went to get the shoes that I'd gotten him at the con — single strap patent leather in the softest most darling pink. He had white ones, and black ones, to suit all his outfits. These would do, though, and I

was slipping into my own pair as I approached, scuffling my feet on the carpet as I got closer and then knelt down to dress his feet. **"You are just the prettiest, like gosh..."**

**"Uh huh..."** She stood me up and showed me to the mirror. I looked like a girl, now. I mean, like, really. With the make up, the eyeshadow, my hair pushed to the side the way it was? I swallowed hard and looked at my feet, my breathing a little heavy. Then Mac took me by the hand and started down the stairs.

I had a cute little clutch over one shoulder, and Oaklee in my other hand as I took him down the stairs, and the car was waiting out the front — a white Lexus this time. I didn't know the driver, but he was the sweetest thing, and called us princesses when he asked for the destination. It was so cute! We sat together in the backseat, and I quietly schooled the boy on proper sitting etiquette and getting in and out of a car. **"I had decorum school for three years, you should be thankful that I'm sharing this stuff with you."**

**"Okay..."** The shyness was slowly melting, but the rest of it wasn't. The fogginess, though my glasses stayed proper. The heat of my cheeks underneath the make up. We finally pulled up outside Burlington and I looked up at the entrance. Was I really going to go in there dressed like this?

The driver stepped out of the car and came around to let us out, and nodded respectfully to us like we were actually princesses. I smiled back, but Oaklee was too shy. I took his hand in mine and looked at the two of us in the store window reflection. We were so pretty. **"We look like the most adorable si..blings."** Well, that was close. I smiled like I meant it all along, and then tugged on Oaklee's hand. **"We gotta get you a coat, or you'll turn to iiiiceeee."**

**"What about this one?"** She was helping me look through stuff at the store, from one place to another. We started in the women's section because that was the goal: find a girl's coat that looked like a boy's coat. But there was absolutely nothing that could pass. And then there was me, holding up light pink coats and ones with lace on the sleeves.

**"Well, I don't think your parents would appreciate the lacy detailing, but it's way cute, so maybe one like that? But a bit less lacy?"** I sounded like a parent, it was so surreal. Why was I even being this way? Because he liked it? Because he needed it? I picked up a chocolate-colored one from a clearance rack, a slightly feminine cut, soft fur lining, and a hood. It could pass for a boy, if not for the colorful ice-cream print on the inside of the pockets.

**"This one?"** Not pink. Not lacy. But went down to my knees and looked like a children's parka. **"Oaklee, we gotta get you something your parents won't hate."** **"....right..."** How had I forgotten about that. That's why we were shopping here... **"Maybe the boy's section."** I pouted and shook my head, going through the racks again.

**"They have some really cute ones, you know, it's not all black and bushy and bleh. There are some very stylish boys!"** It was like the day at Build a Bear, the way that he'd acted when picking out Mira's clothes. No boy outfits for her. No boyish coat for him. Hmm. I picked up another off the rack — it had a cinched waist-look, which was a telltale side of feminine, but it wasn't actually too bad for color. **"This one?"**

I shook my head, looking through my rack. I picked out another, one with white puffs of wool around the sleeves. It wasn't even a real coat - just a really thick cardigan. **"This?"** She shook her head. While Mac was getting a little disinterested in the Search for the Impossible Coat, I wasn't. I was content to keep looking. The store was huge, after all!

It was surreal! Like maybe my doing his hair pulled too tight and he forgot he was a boy! I decided to try something, as he pulled out another coat, and thoughtfully just dropped the line. **"Maybe we could get you a bra while we're here? A cute training one?"** Like what I wear? Ugh. I expected him to yell at me, tell me he's not a girl, that I'm dumb. But he held the coat in his hand and looked... thoughtful.

**"Uh... okay..."** I felt my cheeks burn under the make up, but maybe that was just because it was hot in here. Or because I was pulling the coat on over my body. A dim pink, big sleeves, white trim around the edges. It looked adorable, and kind of... matched the outfit. In a childish little-sister-wearing-big-sister's-coat way. **"Hey, it fits!"**

**"Well, how about we..."** He'd never be allowed to take it home. **"We'll take it with us, and if you still like it, we can get it for you?"** Something was definitely up. He'd never have agreed to this before, never ever ever. Maybe he did want to be a girl after all. I mean. I don't know. Was that something boys did? I didn't understand him at all. Then again, I didn't understand people at all.

**"Alright, but it really is cute, right?" "Absolutely."** She watched me curiously while I followed behind her, still wearing the coat over my outfit. It was warm in here, too, which made my cheeks turn pink. The whole place was so warm, plus the dress, plus the coat. I didn't seem to mind, though.

We had to go up one level to get to undergarments, and I was familiar enough with the section where we'd find bras for girls who were a little... lacking. **"What do you think of this one?"** Sizing wouldn't be an issue — he'd be the same size as me, more-or-less. The one in my hand was lilac with a white lacy trim and some subtle padding. **"Feel the padding here, see? It's so you feel a bit more confident."** He was so going to yell at me...

**"Do they have any blue ones?" "Yeeeeeaaahhh, probably..."** Her words were slow, and she was staring at me. I felt a little intimidated and I quickly shook my head. **"Sorry this one's fine! I didn't... I mean, I'm not trying to be picky... not that I'm paying or... shoot, sorry... I sound so ungrateful..."**

**"Oh no no, I'm not worried about that. I know you appreciate it."** I held up the bra and pushed it toward Oaklee. **"Hold it, okay? Your dress has buttons on the straps, so if you want you can try it on. And then we could see if they have a blue one?"** I felt uneasy... this wasn't like him at all. **"But you know that bras are girls clothes, right?"**

**"...uh huh?"** I waited, like she had more to say, but she didn't say anything. I just stared at her, then at the bra in my hands, and then up at the girl again. **"...I shouldn't have one, 'cause I'm a boy?"** That was what I'd worked out. I bit my lip and nodded, looking down. **"Okay, here.."** And I handed it back to her.

**"Well..."** He looked sad, and I pushed it back into his hands. **"How about we try it on first, okay? Then you can decide if you want one. Just because you're a boy, there's no rules against it."** Okay, so he wanted to wear a bra. Like. Wanted to. Maybe this was because of his girlfriend? But surely she didn't know he was into this stuff.

She took me into one of the changing rooms and I looked at my dress in the mirror with a smile. I looked closely at my make up and at my hair and when I saw Mac watching me I quickly turned toward her and bit my lip. **"Sorry. It's just a really nice dress. Thank you for it.."**

**"I'm so glad you like it. I was worried you wouldn't! It's a bit... juvenile, but that's what loli is about, isn't it?"** Each of the shoulder straps had a large button on top, and I pulled the coat off the boy and hung it up, before unbuttoning the straps and shimmying the dress down his flat chest. **"Do you want me to teach you how to put a bra on?"**

**"Isn't it just like... a shirt... but with like... straps instead of sleeves?"** Honestly, I didn't know. I'd never even felt a bra. Sayla didn't wear one. The first time I even saw one on a girl was today. I felt a little nervous as she helped me out of the top half of the dress. My bare chest was showing in the mirror...

**"You put your arms through the straps, like this."** I did it for him, slid the delicate straps of the bra intended for a 12 year old but in my size up his smooth arms, and settled the delicate lace-trimmed lilac on his shoulders. **"You just attach the clasp, like this..."** I did so, and then adjusted the front of the bra, the padding actually giving the illusion of small breasts. **"Look in the mirror, see? I'm gonna undo it and you can try, okay?"**

**"Okay..."** She undid the bra, and again, I tried to put it on myself. But the clasps were just... impossible. Like. It wasn't even funny. How did girls get this on. Mac laughed a little to herself and my cheeks went red. **"It's okay - it's always hard at first."** She clipped it on again and I looked at myself in the mirror. It... really was kinda cute...

**"Wanna see what it looks like with your dress?"** I pulled the front of the dress back up, and buttoned each of the shoulder straps one at a time. The effect was obvious — even with the dress made for asian bodies, the subtle padding of the training bra gave a noticeable impression and finally completed the illusion. Oaklee was a girl.

**"...it's pretty..."** Barely anything. Honestly, unless I turned sideways only a shadow or two was out of place. But yeah. Boobs. Not a lot. But like, the same as Mac? I felt a little foolish, dressed like this, here, but... I looked down at my feet, fogging up the glasses. I felt so embarrassed...

**"Now we match, see?"** I turned to the side so he could see my profile in the mirror, and then giggled. Gosh. I couldn't believe I was making the comparison, but I really didn't have very much at all! Stupid petite body. **"Do you wanna buy it still? There's no rules, but I think if you buy it you should wear it as much as possible when we hang out, because I have to, and you wanna match, right?"**

**"...you don't gotta..."** She looked at me a little curiously, still smiling. I felt my cheeks get darker. **"Um.. it's fine... I don't really want it really, just thought it would be... uh... like dress up, ya know?"** Gosh. Why was I so weird? I was usually so fluid with Mac...

**"Well, do you like the way you look?"** I unbuttoned the strap on one side, enough that the dress slipped down so that one half of the bra was visible to Oaklee. **"I think you look really cute. Just like a girl."** The word was a challenge, I wanted him to yell at me and tell me how much he was a boy and how I was being dumb.

**"...yeah?"** I looked at myself in the mirror, then away from the mirror, then up at Mac, then away from Mac. I swallowed a little bit and bit my lip, playing with my fingers in front of me. This felt weird... **"I... I don't think I'd wear it... but if you wanna get it... iono..."**

**"Well... I would be happy to."** He didn't argue being called a girl. Why was he so argumentative sometimes and then at others like this he was so damn cute?! So confusing! I bit my lip, stupidly, and cupped one of his padded bra cups. I don't know why, I never thought about him like that so I don't know why it was so damn sensual, but my lips trembled and I looked into his eyes before gently pulling away. **"Do you feel like a girl?"**

**"...w-we should get going... um... don't I still need to find a coat...?"** I shuffled the strap back up over my arm, buttoning it in place with nervous, shaky fingers. I left the bra on, I guess? Which was stupid. Because I had to take it off to leave. Ugh. I started to work at unfastening the button again.

**"Shh."** I reached behind Oaklee and took the price tag gently off the bra, unfurling the string and retrieving it before helping him fix his strap. **"Now I can pay for it."** My eyes

went to the coat on the wall of the dressing room and I smiled. **"That one still, or should we go down and have another looksie?"**

**"...can't wear it home,"** I said quietly, like it was a secret. Though we both knew it was true. I hated how true it was. I took the coat off the rack and draped it over my arm. I'd just go put it back and we'd have to find something else.

**"I saw a really cute white one, with a really soft looking lining, and it's cute enough to look like a very pretty princess would wear it, and could wear it home, too."** It was in the boys section, but probably barely — the one I'd seen looked more like something a teenage girl should have been wearing. **"Over here, see?"**

I looked up at the coat, down at the pink one in my arms, and nodded quietly. I wasn't very enthused, obviously, but I couldn't argue. It didn't look right. It didn't feel right. Not like the pink one. But I couldn't say no because she was being nice and helpful and I was being a pain...

**"If you promise to be a good girl, I'll buy you both, okay? The pink one for when we hang out, and the white one for at home?"** Coats here were pricey, and the bra, too, but it was for a good cause... and if he pouted, I could say it was a Christmas present. **"I mean. On one condition!"** I made that dramatic. **"You be my little dress-up doll and let me practice my makeup on you tonight, before you go home. You can wear your bra and some pretty jammie pants, okay?"**

**"...dun like that one, though..."** It was true. I mean, I really had a very... specific taste at the moment. But even when I was being normal, I almost exclusively hated white clothes. And my parents would probably kick my ass over it anyway. But my head didn't feel right enough to pick something they wouldn't hate...

**"Well, you go and look at those coats over there, and I'll pick out one for you to take home?"** He didn't like the ones I'd picked out, but that was fine.. there were plenty more. Maybe I'd hit the kids section, he wasn't too big himself and I figured he could fit into something cute and unisex. **"Go on! I'll meet you over there and you'd better have at least three cute things to show me, princess!"**

Coats were boring now that I had the pink one, but I put it back on the hanger anyway. I didn't want to make her pay for it, and I couldn't wear it, and that was stupid... no point in doing it! So I wandered to the women's clothes and started looking there. Women's clothes were pretty lame, though... maybe I could find something more my taste...

It was twenty minutes before I found something nice, and it was so nice. A really dark shade of blue, with a clean cut, and zipped pockets like a child's coat, but with a stylish zipper end in the shape of keys. It was about the nicest thing I could find while still being something a 15 year old boy might actually wear. When I got back to the coat section, though, he wasn't there. **"Huh..."** I frowned and looked at the coat, and the bra-tag in

my hand, and then around what I could see of the store. Stupid being short. Maybe he went to look at other clothes...

"...hm?" **"Where are you?" "Over here."** I waved and Mac finally found me. I'm not sure how she could miss me, really. I'm dressed like a giant cupcake, for Christ's sake! I was beyond the pajamas, looking at some of the children's clothes. I was small, sure, but this was unrealistic. I was just looking, though...

**"There's a section over there for tweens, they make clothes sometimes like these ones, but in a bit bigger sizes. Um. I fit into them, so maybe you will?"** Actually, I almost exclusively shopped for clothes in the 10-12 range on account of my size. **"Did you see anything here you liked? Where's your coat? Oh, um, try this one on, too."** I offered him the boys coat in my hand.

The boy's coat was very sharp. Very very sharp. Like, it looked like an adult coat, the kind you could get away wearing with a suit, and was made of wool or looked like it was made of wool. But the pockets had zippers instead of snaps and it was a dark blue. And when I put it on it was sexy as fuck. I looked down at it, then up at Mac, and said, **"I like the pink one..."**

**"I said you could get both, dummy... you can wear this one at home and at school and you can wear the pink one at my house and when we go out, like today."** Though he didn't seem to have it anymore, and I frowned, crossing my arms over my chest. **"Where did it go, anyway?"**

**"I put it back 'cause I can't wear it,"** I said with a pout, and took the blue one off. It looked amazing, sure, but not exactly with this cupcake dress. I passed it back to Mac and went back to looking at the children's clothes, like the exchange had hardly happened.

**"You could totally wear it to school, some days! I could give it to you in the morning, and pick it up after school in the usual spot?"** He was actually being... ostentatious. I was impressed at his level of princess game, to be truthful. **"Go get the pink coat. I'm buying that one, and this one, and if you want anything else you'd like you'd better get it now, we're not staying here all day, little miss!"**

I pouted a little and looked back at the children's clothes. I knew nothing would fit me either way, and even if they did, I didn't know why I'd want them. So I followed Mac back to the women's section until she found the pink coat I liked. I still pouted at the checkout, though. Her paying for one coat I can't wear and one coat I wouldn't.

**"She's wearing the bra,"** I explained to the cashier, for the very first time using a female pronoun for him, and eyeing him cautiously. I wondered how he'd take it, I expected he would flip out or something, because he would yell at me sometimes online, but this had been so casual, maybe he wouldn't even notice. **"I love your**

dress, darling, are you two sisters?" **"That's why I'm spoiling her, that's what big sisters do."** I nodded in agreement.

I blushed a little bit and looked down at my feet while Mac paid for the outfits. And the bra. I forgot I was wearing the bra. The pronoun change, though, and the comment on sisters, I didn't even pick up on. We left the store and it was already dark out. This was the problem with winter.

**"Here, put this on."** I handed him the pretty pink coat, which matched so wonderfully the dress and accompanied it with a stern look. **"We can go to a movie or a restaurant or something if you wanna?"** I felt a little coy, frowning to myself as I remembered the last time we'd gone to the movies. I'd have to stop at home...

**"Uh... I gotta be home by nine, and..."** I patted my pockets, or lack thereof, and remembered I didn't bring my phone. I bit my lip and slipped into the pink coat, zipping it up in front. I didn't even know what time it was... at least after six, with the way the sky looked.

**"So Jimmy Johns in my bedroom, and then a car to take you home?"** I smiled sweetly, actually pleased that I didn't have to get protected for a movie. Honestly, I was a homebody, and this worked well for me. I picked out my phone looked at the time — it was 7:15, which meant we'd been at the store for like 2 hours! Gosh.

I climbed into the car and sat next to Mac, looking at the coat over my hands. It was so cute and so darling and not anything I would ever wear in a million years - too flashy - but it was just so perfect and... I let out a little sigh, my cheeks still perpetually pink, my breathing just a touch off center... **"Thank you for buying me things.."**

**"That's what big sisters do for their baby sister."** I nodded, earnestly. He really didn't care that I was calling him a girl... maybe this was how he was, without the protection of his denial over the top? I could deal with him as my baby sister. **"You look so cute you know, like, everybody was looking at you and talking about how adorable you look."**

**"Yeah...? I... I don't really like people looking at me, though, but..."** I looked at my feet with a deeper blush on my cheeks. Thankfully the car and the sky were both too dark to notice. It was different, though. When I normally dressed nice, I liked to be noticed. Now I just wanted to stay quiet...

**"Well, Mommy used to say,"** I would never have said Mommy to anybody else, but it's what I said when I saw my Mom, and I didn't see any reason to be shy about this to Oaklee. **"that little girls are God's gift to everybody else, and we should always dress as pretty as possible because just seeing a pretty princess makes people smile, even if they're having a bad day."**

".....oh....." At that, I got really thoughtful. Like, really thoughtful. And right when Mac started to worry she might have said something wrong, I smiled and looked up at her with a big grin. **"I never thought of it that way! That's really cool!"**

I felt so proud. Mom would be proud! Yes. I could totally be a parent. I grinned at the bright-eyed boy and nodded quickly. **"Uh huh, so you should always try to be as cute and pretty as possible, and to smile back when you see them smiling at you, and to know you make a difference."** I nodded my head and looked at Oaklee. **"You make me happy."**

**"...you make me happy too,"** I said with a smile, a quiet voice, and then, before I was thinking, I licked my lips and looked down at the seat between us. Gosh, why did she have to go and make me feel this way, all warm and stuff... it wasn't really fair...

**"Well, how you can put your head in my lap and I'll play with your hair? That's like what sisters do, right? I wouldn't know... you're my first sister, and so I guess maybe I could be wrong. But we could try it?"**

**"Yeah, I guess that would be okay..."** I put my head down on her lap and Mac's fingers ran through my hair. I wasn't sure of a lot of things in my own life, about my parents, about Sayla. About my friends or my future. I wasn't sure about anything. But in that moment, with my head in Mac's lap, I was so... content...

///

**"Ya know, this coat is actually really cool... I didn't notice these little keys before. How do I look?"** I was back in my clothes, now. It was almost 8:30.

**"Really sharp!"** I put a thumb up with a smile, though I looked exhausted. Somewhere toward the end, he changed. Not just his clothes, but his attitude. He seemed surprised at the bra when he got changed, but not angry, and once he got back in his own clothes he was back to the same old Oaklee I knew. It was so confusing. **"Do you like it? Do you think your parents will let you keep it?"**

**"Probably the most guy-ish piece of clothing I own, honestly. How much was it? I can pay you back."** **"You don't remember?"** she asked. **"Uh... I wasn't paying a lot of attention. Sorry..."** **"No, it's cool. Early Christmas gift."** **"Oh... alright."** Gosh I looked good. And it was *warm* too!

**"Um, the car will be here soon. Here."** I ordered six cookies with dinner, and we'd only managed one each, and then shared one, so I handed him the small bag with the remainder of the confection. **"Don't eat them all at once, though, or you'll get a tummy ache. Um. Anything else..."** The bra he wouldn't take home. The other coat. Um. **"Oh, make double sure to clean your lips, I think I did okay, but..."**

"Oh, yeah. I double checked the make up and stuff. It shouldn't be a problem like it was last time... and if it was, I'd just say I stopped at Sayla's or something, you know?" I smiled at Mac, and she smiled back, but she seemed a little lost in thought. I thought about what Missy said... "...hey, uh... today was just... so nice. Hanging out with you. Um. Please tell me if you wanna do it again. Pester me and bug me and stuff! I'm a little thick headed."

"If I pestered you every time I wanted to hang out, you'd be in princess-mode 100% of the time!" I smirked cutely at my own self-depreciation and shrugged a little. "I'm a bit pushy, I know, and you have a girlfriend and stuff. Oh, and I would love to meet her, okay! Unless you're like, ashamed of me or something."

"Of course not! She's just... like, really... weird." Okay, not weird. "She's... not like you. And I like you like you. And I feel like. Like if I introduce you to her, she's gonna..." Taint Mac? No... not that aggressive. "Color you. Change how you act and stuff. And I don't want that... fuck, I'm sorry. I'm such an overprotective prick. You aren't a kid, you can take care of yourself, right? Ugh..."

"...I like that you're protective of me..." I put my hand on his arm to get his attention, quieten him down with a blush and a smile. "You're like a big brother, and I really like that. And if you think she is bad for me, maybe she might be! But I also trust you, and maybe you could take care of me? Like, she could come here with you, so that we're in my element, and stuff...?"

"...if it means that much to you. I just... I don't know why it matters." Wow, I was dense. "I just mean. You're my friend. She's my girlfriend. You guys don't really have like... *anything* in common. You're completely different people."

"Well, we both like you? You're what we have in common." My eyes went wide. "Oh! Does she know? That you like to dress pretty? I bet she would love to see you in some of the stuff you have here! And with fairy-eyes!" I was bouncing on my heels and nodded my head over and over.

"Uh. Yeah. I mean she knows I like to dress nice, and she's seen me in a couple things." By things I meant her own clothing. Which was generally... tasteless. Mac could dress like a fucking Goddess. Sayla dressed like a gay pirate in a porno. "If it means that much to you I can invite her over this week?"

"That would be really cool. And um. We have a guest room, so if you want you can stay. Both of you, I mean?" Actually we had four guest rooms, all of them on lower levels than my bedroom. "I mean... your parents don't trust you, and she's a girl so I bet her parents don't even let her have boys over!"

"...I guess that's true. I never thought about that..." Gosh Mac was so fucking awesome. "Thanks!" I said with a smile. "I'll check with her. Maybe Friday? I don't

know, she always works. Oh shoot, look at the time... I really gotta go. Thank you for everything today, Mac!"

I smiled politely and hugged Oaklee the way I hugged strangers at gatherings I used to have to go to, and he disappeared down the stairs. Once I heard the front door close, I sighed and flopped back on my bed, closing my eyes and cuddling Cheez to my chest. Stupid confusing boy...

**49:**

**Oaklee** » Oh gosh you are so needy seriously 8 texts?

**Sayla** » You're in a lot of trouble, girlfriend.

**Oaklee** » I told you I couldn't see you today

**Sayla** » Yes, but when I text you to have you pay the toll and you ignore me, you're in trouble.

**Oaklee** » -\_- I was shopping with Mac

**Sayla** » Did you get anything cute?

**Oaklee** » Just a snazzy new coat!

**Sayla** » Oh? Coats are cool.

**Sayla** » How do you think you should be disciplined for failing to send me a photo of your panties, though?

**Oaklee** » They are the same underwear -\_-

**Sayla** » I had plans and a task and all sorts of sexy things planned, too...

**Oaklee** » Sorry I was out!

**Sayla** » And you shall never know the depths of the fun times I had planned!

**Sayla** » Maybe sexy subtle tasks to remind you of me aren't for you.

**Sayla** » Such a shame... they really do get me in the mood.

**Oaklee** » Don't be a butt! I told you I'd be out and you didn't say anything about making sure my phone was on me

**Sayla** » Girlfriend. You never go anywhere without your phone. You're fifteen.

**Oaklee** » I left it in my jeans

**Sayla** » you had your jeans off...?

**Sayla** » I see...

**Oaklee** » Oh you know that's not what I meant

**Oaklee** » I was in a dress

**Sayla** » You were in a dress?

**Sayla** » You never wear a dress for me.

**Sayla** » Do you know how easy it is to molest you in a dress?

**Sayla** » My entire head can fit up there.

**Oaklee** » Hm

**Oaklee** » This is true

**Oaklee** » And we never see each other more than an hour at your work!

**Oaklee** » Mac wants to meet you I think

**Sayla** » I'm not sure you want your tiny little rich girl friend to meet me

**Sayla** » I don't know if you've noticed, but I'm somewhat of a poor influence.

**Oaklee** » Yeah that's what I said

**Oaklee** » She doesn't seem to care

**Sayla** » Hmmm. Is she a priss?

**Oaklee** » Define

**Sayla** » Like, does she walk and talk like she has a pole up her ass?

**Oaklee** » mmmmm

**Oaklee** » No?

**Oaklee** » I can't imagine that would be comfortable. @\_@

**Sayla** » It's not so bad.

**Sayla** » Maybe some day you'll see for yourself.

**Sayla** » Okay, she can hang out with us. It means you give up pleasuring me that day, though...

**Oaklee** » I'm sure I'll live

**Oaklee** » She wants to go over to her house? like she offered you a bed if you and me wanted to stay the night together..?

**Oaklee** » Idk she's really cool

**Sayla** » Her house?

**Sayla** » Yeah, I don't know. Her parents might not like her having a chick and a dude come over for the night

**Oaklee** » Her parents are never home

**Sayla** » How old is she?

**Oaklee** » 14

**Sayla** » And her parents are never home? I don't buy that. Have you actually been to her place?

**Sayla** » 14 year olds lie. A lot.

**Oaklee** » Uh

**Oaklee** » Yeah

**Oaklee** » I go over there like ever week

**Oaklee** » And she doesnt lie. ever

**Sayla** » Hmm. Okay. I guess it would be nice to have a bed to do things to you in.

**Sayla** » And a door we're allowed to close.

**Oaklee** » My thoughts exactly

**Oaklee** » I was thinking friday if you dont work

**Oaklee** » and HOW OLD ARE YOU

**Oaklee** » not texting until you answer me

**Sayla** » What time? I can probably get the time off.

**Sayla** » ͇\_(˘)͇

**Sayla** » Well, I suppose if you're not going to talk to me... I'll just tell somebody else about what I had to do in the bathroom on my own today because my girlfriend didn't show...

**Sayla** » My panties were so damp. I just couldn't stop thinking about you, down on your knees, between my legs...

**Sayla** » You've become such a natural.

**Sayla** » It's hard

**Sayla** » Not to think about you down there when I'm aroused.

**Oaklee** » Age

**Oaklee** » Say it

**Sayla** » Younger than 18.

**Oaklee** » I'll wait

**Sayla** » I don't talk about it, because until I turned 6 and became Sayla, I don't consider myself to be alive. So my age doesn't feel right to talk about. Are you gonna make a big deal out of this?

**Oaklee** » Im dating you

**Oaklee** » So kinda yeah

**Oaklee** » Just tell me your age and i'll never have to mention it again

**Sayla** » Tell me how old you THINK I am, first.

**Oaklee** » 17 probs

**Sayla** » Oh you think I'm older than you? Huh.

**Oaklee** » are you not? o\_o

**Oaklee** » you gotta be 16 to work at walgreens

**Oaklee** » i asked because i wanted to apply over hte summer

**Sayla** » I know, I saw you.

**Sayla** » I'm 17. But I tell most people 14 and they believe it, because I'm cute. I figure I deserved at least half of those six years back.

**Oaklee** » Fiar enough

**Oaklee** » You can be 14 to me if you wanna idc

**Sayla** » See, now you're going to be weird about it.

**Sayla** » It's why I don't talk about age and gender.

**Oaklee** » Dude i so dont care

**Oaklee** » You want me to tell people you're 14 thats fine

**Sayla** » Can we mess around with your rich girl friend?

**Oaklee** » Huh?

**Sayla** » Like. We could teach her some of the stuff I taught you.

**Oaklee** » No

**Oaklee** » Oh god no

**Oaklee** » No

**Oaklee** » Do not even think about it

**Sayla** » Why not? Is she an uggo?

**Sayla** » I get it if she's not cute. We gotta have standards.

**Oaklee** » No

**Oaklee** » Because she's my friend

**Sayla** » Is she cute?

**Oaklee** » She's adorable

**Sayla** » What's she look like?

**Oaklee** » Very 14

**Oaklee** » She dresses very well

**Sayla** » Does she undress as well?

**Oaklee** » Cut that out

**Oaklee** » Shes my friend

**Sayla** » So? Friends can't think friends are sexy?

**Oaklee** » She is 14

**Oaklee** » She doesnt even know what sex is

**Oaklee** » Can we not talk about Mac this way please?

**Sayla** » I'm pretty sure she knows what sex is. 14 isn't a kid.

**Oaklee** » She is basically a kid

**Oaklee** » So treat her like an 8 year old

**Sayla** » So no inviting her to the next rave?

**Oaklee** » No

**Sayla** » So for real, you don't think she's ever thought about you that way?

**Sayla** » You're kinda hot.

**Oaklee** » No

**Oaklee** » I mean if you keep things SO PG if you come over there

**Oaklee** » Its her house and you are a guest and if I dont think you can behave you arent going

**Sayla** » You really think she's that sheltered?

**Oaklee** » I dont care if she is or isn't

**Sayla** » I'd had sex by the time I was 13. She might have as well, you don't know.

**Oaklee** » It doesnt matter our private time is private

**Sayla** » Hey, sneak out.

**Sayla** » I wanna see you.

**Oaklee** » She doesnt need to know anything

**Oaklee** » Its already late.

**Sayla** » Yeah but I'm out front.

**Oaklee** » Of my house?

**Sayla** » No, of the Pentagon. Idiot.

**Oaklee** » Shut up

**Oaklee** » I'll ask if I can come out for a walk okay?

**Oaklee** » hold on

**Sayla** » Alright. Hurry. It's cold out here.

Sure enough, there she was, waiting on the sidewalk. I closed the door behind me, wearing my spiffy new coat. She watched me hurry down the porch steps and out to see her. It was cold. November was always cold. She still wore a skirt, and she was sexy as hell. Idiot, stupid, sexy girl. **"Hey, what's up?"**

Sayla didn't answer with words — she pushed the boy up against the minivan in the drive and pinned him there, kissing him like somehow she could chisel away at the cold if she tried hard enough. Sayla knew a few things pretty damn well, and kissing was definitely one of them.

**"...wow..."** Her lips pulled off mine and it left me a little warmer for it. I put my hands around her, on her hips, and smiled up at her through the fake glasses. Sometimes having a spontaneous girlfriend was pretty rad, because like, free kisses...

**"Come on, I saw a park back this way."** When the sun came down this early in the evening, the blanket of darkness provided as much privacy as any room could, if you could pay the toll of the chilled winds that accompanied. The boy looked startled, but Sayla didn't care — she took his hand in hers and kept a steady pace down the drive and the sidewalk, even as he stumbled over his own feet.

**"...I can't be gone long."** She knew that though. Right? She wasn't just going to kidnap me, obviously... and anyway, I had my phone in my coat pocket. We went down to Redcliff Park, just on the corner of the cross streets, and I watched the breath make clouds in front of me.

Sayla giggled, which she didn't do often, as she started to run across the dewy grass toward the playscape in the center of the park. Her shadowy form disappeared into a play-fort, shelter from the wind, and she waited eagerly for the boy to catch up. When he did, she was sitting inside, her skirt hiked obliviously high on one side, like it could be completely accidental, and her lack of panties apparent. It would be the first thing he saw, and she knew it was important that the decision to suck her off felt like his.

I wasn't sure if my cheeks were pink from the cold or if they were pink from seeing up Sayla's skirt. I crouched down with her in the little wooden nook, hiding away from the wind. It was still cold here, but better. With the body heat between us, maybe even bearable. **"Do you like my jacket?"**

Really? Jacket? Sayla kept up her appearances, and smiled at the boy, nodding. **"It's really cute, most boys don't care enough to wear nice things, girlfriend. I like that you're the exception."** She held out her arms, coyly. **"Cuddle close, and keep me warm."** He couldn't be this oblivious...

I put my arm around the girl and my head on hers. The whole area was warming up over time, and I could even feel the heat permeate her skin and into mine. She was so cute, especially this close. Before thinking, I leaned down and kissed her.

Okay, that's better. Sayla usually initiated the kissing, but she let him. He had to get the idea. He kissed her, and she guided his hand to her thigh, ostensibly for warmth, and soon laid back on the coarse ground, pulling him on top of her. You're the stud, the star, the casanova, Oaklee, go right ahead and do it, idiot.

I kissed her more passionately, more aggressively, until I stopped and bit my lip. I knew what I wanted to do. I was just thinking too much about what Missy said. But the girl had literally not said a single word! Sayla wasn't doing anything... she was just... being cute and... and I wanted her to know she was mine.

There was a purpose to everything, how she dressed, how she looked up at him, how her lips glistened and even the direction she'd laid down, so the moon would reflect off her face and light up her blush. Boys were so easy, and easier still when they thought

they were in charge. She looked longingly, and bit her lip as cute as could be. **"Kissing time is over already?"**

I leaned down and kissed her one more time on the lips and ran my fingers up her leg. This was very common by now. It was the fourth or fifth time. But still, it felt weird. Out here in on the playground. She never seemed to wear underwear, either. I ran my fingers against her hip, across her thigh, and moved her skirt out of the way.

There we go, just like instinct now, no coercion, no pressure. Not even a direction given — he knew what to do. What was expected, even though he thought it was his own idea. Oh, boys. She laid her head back a little further and spread her legs just a little to make sure he had room to work.

She wasn't any smaller, despite the cold. It was familiar and warm and erotic. I was very good now, or at least as good as she said I was. I would be home in time for my parents not to get mad at me. I licked and bobbed my head against her cock until the cum filled my mouth. Unlike her, when she'd kiss me, I swallowed, like instinct.

She moaned the cutest little moans, the reward and payoff for him doing what was expected of him. Tools to build the illusion. And after she finished, after he swallowed like it was the most natural thing in the world to him now, she sat up, and she kissed him softly, leaning her head into his chest. She stroked his ego with moments like this. And, likewise, she moved his hand between her leg and had him start stroking her softening cock in return. She wanted him to play with it, touch it, want to see it, get excited. And this was the start of the next phase — touching without a strictly sexual goal. She whispered softly, pressing a warm cheek to his chest. **"I like when you do that, just play like that,"** as though she hadn't just physically guided his hand to start doing it, **"it makes me feel like you find me pretty."** His breath smelled like her cum... it was so hot.

I played with her cock with my fingers, but it didn't get hard, not ready for my mouth again. My head was spinning with the way she behaved, like she was mine. Whatever Missy was thinking, I knew she was wrong with moments like these. She made the move to get up and I followed her.

Demurely, she flattened her skirt, and smiled at the boy, cheeks still nicely pink. **"I've never done that in public before."** She was such a liar, but he didn't know that. **"I mean, the club, or the bathroom, but that's different. We should do it more often?"** She brushed against him and made sure her hand brushed his cock. He was so hard...

**"I'd like that,"** I said with a smile, and kissed her once more on the lips. She walked home and I went into my house on my own. **"How is she?" "Fine."** Typical parent talk. Since she stayed for dinner, my family was finally, finally, finally giving me a break! I went upstairs and got on my computer. Lots to plan for this Friday...

**50:**

**mrmr22** » heeeeeeeey

**mrmr22** » dude

**mrmr22** » DUDE

**mrmr22** » what the fuuuuck dude

**mrmr22** » I had to hear it from Missy that you got a broad

**Numbers-1377325** » yup

**Numbers-1377325** » you weren't on yesterday for my welcome home party

**mrmr22** » yeah I was bangin' some chick with low self esteem

**mrmr22** » so tell me everything

**mrmr22** » is she hot?

**mrmr22** » tall and leggy?

**mrmr22** » geeky?

**mrmr22** » you kiss her yet?

**Numbers-1377325** » yes, my height, no, yes.

**mrmr22** » awyiss

**mrmr22** » is she easy?

**mrmr22** » think shes gonna put out?

**Numbers-1377325** » probably

**Numbers-1377325** » and we are dating so dont be rude

**mrmr22** » dude

**mrmr22** » awesome

**mrmr22** » got any pix?

**Numbers-1377325** » nope

**Numbers-1377325** » groundrules

**Numbers-1377325** » will not talk about her naked

**Numbers-1377325** » will not talk about our sex life

**mrmr22** » dude what the heck else are we gonna talk about?

**Numbers-1377325** » will not let you watch on web cam

**Numbers-1377325** » will not take pictures

**Numbers-1377325** » the end

**mrmr22** » wait you have a sex life??

**mrmr22** » dude. did she blow you?

**mrmr22** » no way she blew you.

**Numbers-1377325** » that would fall under talking about it

**Numbers-1377325** » therefore I can neither confirm nor deny

**mrmr22** » unless she's like a megaslut. love me some megaslut

**Numbers-1377325** » in turn

**mrmr22** » aw dude she blew you! right on!

**mrmr22** » was it good?

**mrmr22** » dude dont deflect

**Numbers-1377325** » you will not refer to my girlfriend in any form as a potential or actual slut of any variety

**mrmr22** » its awesome right?

**mrmr22** » man your like all super serious.

**mrmr22** » she's just a chick

**mrmr22** » I tell you about my conquest all the time man!

**Numbers-1377325** » Warning you dude

**mrmr22** » fine lol okay, give me three questions no holds barred

**mrmr22** » and then I'll be cool with your terms.

**Numbers-1377325** » ....two.

**mrmr22** » does she spit or swallow and what's her body like? like boobs vag etc

**Numbers-1377325** » I will not answer descriptive questions.

**Numbers-1377325** » yes no only

**mrmr22** » dude come on

**mrmr22** » shit all right

**mrmr22** » does she have any kinks? I love kinky chicks man

**mrmr22** » handcuffs and spanking and shit

**mrmr22** » well not shit that's fucking nasty

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » hold on

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy

**Numbers-1377325** » question

**Numbers-1377325** » is it spitting or swallowing if you kiss somebody?

**missymeow1213** » Hey kiddo

**missymeow1213** » Like. After? That's called "snowballing". Why?

**Numbers-1377325** » spitting or swallowing

**missymeow1213** » I don't wanna know, do I?

**Numbers-1377325** » need an answer.

**missymeow1213** » Uh. Swallowing I guess.

**Numbers-1377325** » thanks

**Numbers-1377325** » Swallow

**Numbers-1377325** » and uh

**Numbers-1377325** » not that I know of?

**mrmr22** » awwyiss. love a bitch who respects the gift you gave her.

**mrmr22** » like

**mrmr22** » fuck bitches who don't swallow

**mrmr22** » like how would she feel if I spat out her cooking right?

**Numbers-1377325** » hm

**Numbers-1377325** » good point

**Numbers-1377325** » makes sense

**mrmr22** » exactly, right?

**mrmr22** » man I'm glad you agree on this

**mrmr22** » honestly man I worry about you lol

**mrmr22** » sometimes I worry that you dont even like chicks

**Numbers-1377325** » well you would be wrong

**Numbers-1377325** » anyway im glad to be back online!

**mrmr22** » yeah lol

**mrmr22** » alright btw whats her name

**mrmr22** » gotta make sure I didn't bang her

**Numbers-1377325** » sayla

**Numbers-1377325** » and you live like 3 states away

**mrmr22** » aw yeah I think I met a girl named sayla once. she had a shaved pussy and was crazy needy. sound like your girl?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » no not really

**mrmr22** » well have you checked?

**mrmr22** » is she a shaven haven?

**Numbers-1377325** » that's another question

**Numbers-1377325** » sorry

**mrmr22** » lol damn

**mrmr22** » alright well

**mrmr22** » you gotta tell me, as your best bro

**mrmr22** » when you fuck her

**mrmr22** » alright?

**mrmr22** » I gotta know when to high five you and bust out a cigar!

**Numbers-1377325** » fine

**Numbers-1377325** » thats fair

**mrmr22** » aw yeah. now remember that you gotta be strict with girls man

**mrmr22** » never go down on a girl. like. pussies are for fucking, not for eating. Don't put your mouth where your cock goes, alright? thats like a golden rule

**Numbers-1377325** » I will be sure to remember that

**Numbers-1377325** » but I'm doing fine without your help,

**Numbers-1377325** » I promise though any sex questions, I'll come to you.

**mrmr22** » yeah man I'm proud of you

**mrmr22** » like brofist

**Numbers-1377325** » thanks. ;)

**51:**

**Numbers-1377325** » oh man if I have any sex questions I am never going to Mike

**missymeow1213** » lol =)

**missymeow1213** » That's probably a good plan.

**missymeow1213** » You didn't tell him about your dommy girl, did you?

**Numbers-1377325** » I mentioned I had a girlfriend and she swallows that is all.

**Numbers-1377325** » enough to shut him up I hope.

**missymeow1213** » Did you mention that you have a girlfriend and you swallow? And apparently, that she snowballs you?

**Numbers-1377325** » I have no idea what you are talking about

**Numbers-1377325** » my question for you was purley scientific

**Numbers-1377325** » with no relevance to my life

**missymeow1213** » lol =)

**missymeow1213** » You don't mind the taste?

**missymeow1213** » I used to hate it =\ But it reminds me of happy feelings now, so I kinda like it =D

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- we really gonna talk about this?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » it's whatever? like

**Numbers-1377325** » the taste doesnt matter I guess its the texture..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm pretty over it now..

**missymeow1213** » Oh, you get used to it. It's rough at first, but I mean, it's easy to swallow, right?

**missymeow1213** » You know if you eat a lot of fruit, you can make yours taste sweet? Girls love that.

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah but I hate fruit

**Numbers-1377325** » doesn't really matter what girls love anyway since its not her that.. ya know

**Numbers-1377325** » this is weird

**missymeow1213** » How is the girl, anyway?

**Numbers-1377325** » she's fine.

**Numbers-1377325** » how are you?

**missymeow1213** » I'm good =) I got a new collar! Do you wanna see? It's got a bell and everything.

**missymeow1213** » Mac thinks it's adorable.

**Numbers-1377325** » two weeks and you send Mac pictures of you

**Numbers-1377325** » I had to wait like a year..

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah sure send away

**missymeow1213** » You're not an adorable girl who I had to explain the answer to "why would you wear a collar? like a cat?".

missymeow1213 wants to send 3 files.

Downloading 6 files from missymeow1213.

**Numbers-1377325** » oh gosh

**Numbers-1377325** » why do you have to taint her?

**Numbers-1377325** » just be nice

Download complete.

**missymeow1213** » I said that sometimes people can be pets, too.

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o that bell is huge..

**missymeow1213** » She said she thought it was a cute idea, and maybe she could be your pet!

**missymeow1213** » I told her that she might want to not rush into things.

**Numbers-1377325** » mine?

**missymeow1213** » Isn't it? It jingles so loud!

**missymeow1213** » Well, she doesn't know anybody else, and you already have a girlfriend.

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont want her as a pet

**Numbers-1377325** » I want her as a friend

**missymeow1213** » Well, I don't think she understands that it's more of a girlfriendy thing.

**missymeow1213** » She did ask if she should buy a collar, tho =) She's so cute.

**Numbers-1377325** » please don't tell her to buy one

**Numbers-1377325** » I really like just one of my friends being normal

**missymeow1213** » I'm normal =(

**Numbers-1377325** » you are less normal than mike!

**missymeow1213** » wtf no way

**missymeow1213** » Oh Mac said that she's going to have you and your kinky-ass girlfriend over.

**missymeow1213** » You want to talk about tainting Mac?

**Numbers-1377325** » already talked to Sayla

**Numbers-1377325** » she's not gonna do anything stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » okay?

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, but I bet you didn't think she'd have you trained to swallow cum, either, right? She seems sneaky =D

**Numbers-1377325** » she doesn't have me trained for anything

**Numbers-1377325** » We have a mutual agreement

**Numbers-1377325** » so shut it

**missymeow1213** » Oh? You're starting to like it? =D

**missymeow1213** » We finally have something in common!!

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not talking about this.

**missymeow1213** » So okay, the boy wanted me to have "the talk" with you. So shut it and listen.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...the talk?

**Numbers-1377325** » I've had the talk

**Numbers-1377325** » I know about the birds and bees and stuff

**missymeow1213** » Don't have sex with her, unless you can see yourself with her through college.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...why?

**missymeow1213** » If she's just a novelty, don't waste your first time with her. Make it someone you actually want to remember your whole life.

**Numbers-1377325** » why?

**missymeow1213** » Well, you only get one first time. Don't you want it to be special? And on your own terms? With someone you love?

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't really care

**Numbers-1377325** » the way I see it: the sooner I have sex, the more sex I get

**Numbers-1377325** » and I think Sayla and I could last until college she's pretty much exactly what I like

**missymeow1213** » Such a boy...

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? She is? So you can see yourself having sex with her? Knowing how to treat her body? Think you could spend your life with her?

**Numbers-1377325** » sure totally

**missymeow1213** » You won't even listen when I try to teach you how to have anal sex that's enjoyable.

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll ask you if it comes up

**Numbers-1377325** » until then its not your business

**missymeow1213** » I'm not prying =) I just think you're a bit more sentimental than most guys. I thought this would have meant more to you. I mean, why not just go see her right now and fuck her if it's just a numbers game to you?

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess I could

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe this week?

**missymeow1213** » Then maybe you should listen to my advice and buy some lube. Unless you don't mind going down on her ass to get it lubed?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..yeah okay I guess

**Numbers-1377325** » where do I get it like walmart?

**Numbers-1377325** » oh she probably has some from work

**Numbers-1377325** » check.

**Numbers-1377325** » lube. cock. hole. I'm set.

**missymeow1213** » You dont wanna just push it in, either. Bottoms need some preparation. Until you can get three fingers in her, don't try and put your cock in her, okay? Take it slow, it's worth it — the boy says anal feels so much better than vaginal when you're the one doing the fucking.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...okay nvm

**Numbers-1377325** » this is why I like blowjobs

**Numbers-1377325** » no complications.

**Numbers-1377325** » We'll have sex next year or something, when I care enough to look into it

**missymeow1213** » Okay, listen.

**missymeow1213** » Kiss her bottom a bit, relax her. Squeeze some lube onto her, and fuck her with one finger. When it gets easy and she's moaning, use two, and then three. It won't take long. It takes me about 10 minutes to be ready. Then you can fuck her, and it'll feel really really awesome for you both. And you'll know that you're the one in charge =D

**Numbers-1377325** » nope

**Numbers-1377325** » nope nope nope

**missymeow1213** » But like, remember that she might want to reverse roles, too, based on what you've told me about her.

**Numbers-1377325** » done

**missymeow1213** » -shrug- Okay.

**Numbers-1377325** » not thinking about it

**missymeow1213** » Alright =)

**Numbers-1377325** » whats going on with you anyway?

**missymeow1213** » I've got a vocational placement not too far from your school next month, so I'll be up that way for 4 days a week =)

**missymeow1213** » Mac wants to meet up for coffee one day.

**Numbers-1377325** » count me out

**missymeow1213** » Alright =)

**Numbers-1377325** » I should get to bed I guess

**Numbers-1377325** » ttyl

**missymeow1213** » Night babe.

**52:**

"I don't wanna have sex." "...ever?" "No, just like... not for a while..." We were laying together under the playscape at Redcliff park. Encore Night #2. "It's kinda scary to me, and I'm just... I know you're older and all, and probably more experienced. I just wanna wait..." "Until we're married?" "Uh. No. Just until I know what I'm doing."

"Well, what about if we did it opposite, first? Like. We could switch roles, and that way you'd have some experience? It would make you a lot more confident, and you'd know what feels good." The casual nature at which Sayla mentioned it made it seem like it wasn't her talking about violating his ass — like it was just a normal thing. "You know I'll be gentle, and I'm a good teacher. I'd just like to share that intimacy with you, girlfriend, and it's natural to be nervous."

"Uh. No. No. I mean. I'm not saying it won't ever happen. But not first. And not for a long time. I just... need time on that one..." It was a weird topic. Putting things in my ass. I guess it was weird putting them in hers too? That's why I just wanted to avoid this talk... "Forget I said anything. Just don't be upset if we don't go there right away."

"Well, remember when we were in the break room? And I did that thing with my tongue?" The perceived power dynamic at work here precluded her from using the term rimjob, but she knew he understood what she meant. "You liked that, right? Maybe we could introduce that to out play, another way to show we care, and that might make sex seem less weird to you in the long run, too."

"...maybe... I mean, if you wanted to." When was the last time she got me off, anyway? Gosh, I couldn't even remember... last week? No. It had to have been sooner... "I don't think I wanna do it. I mean, it's... it's weird. I don't know. And I don't want anything in me. But like... maybe I can work up to that stuff..." I was too damn accommodating.

"Lay on your tummy, tuck your legs up, I'm going to give you a little treat." Today, she would take the other path from the break room — today, after she got him to the edge, she'd push a finger into the boy and touch his prostate. She'd make him cum without even touching his cock. After that, he'd be an easy sell.

"Uh... not here. It's too cold and stuff. Tomorrow night maybe, since we'll have an actual bed. Oh... you are still coming, right? To Mac's?" It was already Thursday night. Friday was our tentative plans. I'd be going to Mac's either way, but Sayla joining us had been up in the air for a while now.

"I'll come, on the proviso that you let me kiss your bottom and make you feel nice when we're there. Fair?" He'd already blown her, and she knew he was probably hard. "You haven't been touching yourself, right? When I'm not around? I want you to really like it when I give you your reward tomorrow, so don't do that anymore, okay? Not without permission."

"...yeah, alright." Hm. I mean, I guess there were weirder things. And she'd kissed my ass before. And it actually wasn't even that bad. She was just... *really* good at this stuff. I sighed and pulled myself out into the cold of the night, wrapping my jacket around me. "I'll see you tomorrow, then? You want us to pick you up, or what?"

"Just text me the address, I can get there." Not that Sayla drove — but she did have a cute blue scooter that was like a car, but really only worked for transporting herself. And she liked that. It was cute and sounded like a lawnmower and was very her. "I'm gonna get home, see you tomorrow — text the address to me, okay?" Oh he was so doomed...

Numbers-1377325 » hm?

Numbers-1377325 » yeah I think sayla is going

Numbers-1377325 » did Mac say something?

missymeow1213 » She's nervous I think.

missymeow1213 » Like she doesn't want your girlfriend to think she's just some kid =)

Numbers-1377325 » I want my girlfriend to think she's just some kid!

Numbers-1377325 » she IS just some kid!

missymeow1213 » She doesn't want to come across like she's just a pest, dummy =)  
Like a kid sister.

Numbers-1377325 » I want her to come across exactly that way!!

Numbers-1377325 » she is like my kid sister!!

missymeow1213 » She doesn't see herself that way.

missymeow1213 » She thinks you respect her. And see her as an equal.

missymeow1213 » And she wants Sayla to do the same =)

Numbers-1377325 » I do see her as an equal

Numbers-1377325 » and also like a sister

Numbers-1377325 » and also like a kid

Numbers-1377325 » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm nervous

**Numbers-1377325** » something Sayla said but she was like just kidding around

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**missymeow1213** » What did she say?

**Numbers-1377325** » it was just a stupid joke from earlier in the week

**missymeow1213** » Well, tell me, and I'll tell you if you should be worried =)

**Numbers-1377325** » idk she just said like she wanted to know if she could involve Mac?

**Numbers-1377325** » like in what we do

**missymeow1213** » ...like a threesome?

**missymeow1213** » But you don't even have sex yet.

**missymeow1213** » Right?

**Numbers-1377325** » right

**Numbers-1377325** » which is why it was a joke

**Numbers-1377325** » still she's really forward

**Numbers-1377325** » I kinda yelled at her all day

**missymeow1213** » Do you think she thinks its a joke?

**missymeow1213** » Okay, here's how to tell.

**missymeow1213** » If you had said 'yes', would she go ahead with it?

**Numbers-1377325** » made sure she knew not to do anything stupid or make Mac unfomfortable

**Numbers-1377325** » idk @\_@

**Numbers-1377325** » basically I told her to act how she does with my parents even though its like a complete lie -\_-

**missymeow1213** » lol she lies to your parents? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » Sayla is just.. not the type of girl mac would be friends with

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah, i told yo this how she acts sweet and nice and innocent and stuff to appease them

**missymeow1213** » Do you think that's a problem with Mac, or with Sayla?

**Numbers-1377325** » not either

**Numbers-1377325** » they just arnt'e compatible

**missymeow1213** » I bet they get along so well, and then you're gonna be screwed =D

**Numbers-1377325** » why would I be screwed?

**missymeow1213** » Because they might become friends outside of you, and then what would you do? =O

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac wont like sayla

**missymeow1213** » I think Mac is polite enough to like anybody. I think Sayla might not like Mac.

**Numbers-1377325** » probably not

**Numbers-1377325** » I just want Mac to get it out of her system

**Numbers-1377325** » so they never have to see each other again

**Numbers-1377325** » but I cant say no because Mac thinks I'm embarrassed of her -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Are you?

**Numbers-1377325** » fuck no

**Numbers-1377325** » but for real

**Numbers-1377325** » mac wont be friends with sayla I just wanna get it over with

**missymeow1213** » Well, you've taken Sayla home, but still not Mac, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » Yes?

**missymeow1213** » I can see how she might feel like you're ashamed of her.

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- because I don't wanna expose her to the horribleness that is my parents?

**Numbers-1377325** » I use Sayla to my advantage or she wouldn't have been here either

**missymeow1213** » I think it'll be fine. What are you going to wear? Something cute? A nice skirt?

**Numbers-1377325** » oh

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll probably just dress how I do at school?

**missymeow1213** » That's cool => Look, you be you, and let them be them, and don't freak out.

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm not freaking out

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm just worried Sayla is gonna say something stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » or do something stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » but as long as she plays nice like she does with my parents it should be fine

**missymeow1213** » Well, what is the literal worst that can happen?

**Numbers-1377325** » with sayla?

**Numbers-1377325** » murder, probs.

**missymeow1213** » Be serious.

**Numbers-1377325** » idk...

**Numbers-1377325** » do I wish Mac and Sayla would get along?

**Numbers-1377325** » sure

**Numbers-1377325** » but Mac isn't gonna be friends with her

**missymeow1213** » Did you think about what you could be doing to help them be friends?

**Numbers-1377325** » ahhhh idk

**Numbers-1377325** » idk what I want

**Numbers-1377325** » I just hope I can get out of this whole event unscathed.

**Numbers-1377325** » tha Mac feels like she's importan

**Numbers-1377325** » that Sayla feels validated as my gf

**Numbers-1377325** » and we move on and live happily ever after

**missymeow1213** » Well, you gotta balance those things. I think them being friends would be a great idea, personally, because it means you can see them both more often.

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't really wanna see Sayla more often

**Numbers-1377325** » I see her just enough

**missymeow1213** » ...she's your girlfriend. That you can imagine going through college with?

**Numbers-1377325** » yes?

**missymeow1213** » But you don't want to see her more often?

**Numbers-1377325** » I see her every day!

**Numbers-1377325** » like an hour a day

**Numbers-1377325** » it's pretty perfect

**missymeow1213** » Just enough time to get on your knees for her, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » fuck you

**missymeow1213** » Speaking of. Did you talk to her about that? About not having sex?

**Numbers-1377325** » she said shes fine with it

**Numbers-1377325** » that we can do other stuff until im ready

**missymeow1213** » She sounds cool =D

**Numbers-1377325** » she really is. ^\_^

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh.. maybe I should sleep?

**Numbers-1377325** » gotta get up for school and stuff..

**missymeow1213** » I think you should at least do your makeup tomorrow, impress the both of them. You live by girls beauty standards, and so you should try to look your best =)

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe i'll get nice looking at Mac's

**missymeow1213** » Good idea =)

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you should show off one of the dresses Mac got you, for Sayla?

**missymeow1213** » Oh speaking of!

**missymeow1213** » I heard you got a new coat!

**Numbers-1377325** » yup it's spiffy and blue

**missymeow1213** » And a bra..? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac insisted

**missymeow1213** » Tell me about your bra, pretty boy!

**Numbers-1377325** » not mine

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh this was like 3 days ago

**Numbers-1377325** » you are so behind!

**Numbers-1377325** » man Mac must not like you as much as you think ;)

**missymeow1213** » She told me a while ago it's just teasing you over sucking cock is more fun than teasing you over buying a bra =D Tell me about the other coat!

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » oh the pink one

**Numbers-1377325** » it goes really nice with one of the dresses

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? Tell me about the dress. You wore it out, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » oh uh

**Numbers-1377325** » mm

**Numbers-1377325** » it was like blue and purple with cupcakes and stuff?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » it was cute

**missymeow1213** » Okay, so you wore a lolita dress in public.

**missymeow1213** » Wen to the store to buy a coat

**missymeow1213** » Bought two coats

**missymeow1213** » And a pretty padded purple training bra awww!!

**missymeow1213** » So you could have boobsies like Mac? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » >///< shut up

**Numbers-1377325** » she picked it out

**missymeow1213** » But you wore it =D Was it the first time? You know they say a boy never forgets his first bra.

**Numbers-1377325** » it wasn't like that!

**missymeow1213** » She also said that. mm. Nm.

**missymeow1213** » Go on!

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac just made a good point about aesthetic and those dresses and stuff

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » said what?

**missymeow1213** » Well she said that usually you yell at her if she calls you a girl, but you were totally cool with it?

**Numbers-1377325** » hm?

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess I didn't hear her.

**Numbers-1377325** » it was a busy day

**missymeow1213** » She said she didn't mean it, but yeah, she noticed =)

**Numbers-1377325** » hm okay

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you really are a girl under all that =D

**missymeow1213** » Like Sayla?

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm a guy

**Numbers-1377325** » trust me

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm very happy being a guy

**Numbers-1377325** » why do people always jump to this?

**Numbers-1377325** » haven't we had this exact talk like six months ago?

**missymeow1213** » I'm not teasing, dummy =)

**missymeow1213** » I just mean like, Sayla dyes her hair a lot, right?

**missymeow1213** » Six months ago it was one color

**missymeow1213** » That doesn't mean it will be the same color in a years time, does it?

**missymeow1213** » Things can change =) Maybe they haven't. But you should at least be analytical of yourself so if they DO change, you'e not the last to know.

**Numbers-1377325** » I am very sure

**Numbers-1377325** » I am a guy

**Numbers-1377325** » I like what I like not because its girly

**Numbers-1377325** » I like it because it's attractive

**Numbers-1377325** » it has nothing to do with you and the rest of the world's weird ass gender-stereotype nonsense

**Numbers-1377325** » I like stuff. I also like being a guy. If I wanted to be a girl, I'd just be a girl.

**missymeow1213** » I know =)

**missymeow1213** » Settle petal.

**missymeow1213** » I like who you are.

**Numbers-1377325** » \*pout\*

**Numbers-1377325** » Sorry

**Numbers-1377325** » Lot of people saying that recently -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Who is, doll? =) I'll beat them up.

**Numbers-1377325** » my brother and one of my friends at school and stuff so I'm on edge about it I guess..

**Numbers-1377325** » ha

**Numbers-1377325** » thanks XD

**missymeow1213** » You know I get you =) It's because I get you that I gotta ask you sometimes, because that's what a good friend does.

**Numbers-1377325** » hey, uh

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm really glad you and Mac get along

**Numbers-1377325** » 'cause I get that I'm her real-life friend and we go to the same school and stuff

**missymeow1213** » She's like the nicest person I've ever met.

**missymeow1213** » When I have kids, I would be lucky as fuck if I had a daughter like her.

**Numbers-1377325** » and I'm a guy and you're a girl and she doesn't have a lot of friends

**Numbers-1377325** » so I just think it's cool that you're being there for her too

Numbers-1377325 » just take care of her..

missymeow1213 » You planning on abandoning her? =O She's finally stopped worrying that she's annoying you!

Numbers-1377325 » no

Numbers-1377325 » I just mean

Numbers-1377325 » she doesn't always come to me, as evidenced

Numbers-1377325 » so thanks for picking up the slack?

Numbers-1377325 » and Im glad you are meeting her next month

Numbers-1377325 » I think that's pretty cool

missymeow1213 » I'm like the Momma lioness to all my little kittens =)

Numbers-1377325 » so ironic XD

missymeow1213 » How so?

Numbers-1377325 » 'cause you're a kitty!!

missymeow1213 » I am a very protective kitty!

Numbers-1377325 » that you are momma cat ;)

Numbers-1377325 » gosh I should sleep if I have this whole thing tomorrow...  
\*siiggghhhh\*

missymeow1213 » -tucks a cutie pretty boy in- Make sure not to sleep in your bra, okay sweetums? It's bad for you.

Numbers-1377325 » >///< idiot

## 53:

I played with my phone in my hand, sitting outside the doors like I always did. No sign of Mac yet. I looked down at the phone and back up at the door. I told my mom the truth, surprisingly. "**Staying the night with Sayla at her mom's house**". Almost true.

I made sure Dad was in the room when I said it. **"You go right ahead,"** he said, and my mom sighed and consented. No waking up at 6am, thank GOD.

**"Oh gosh, I'm so sorry. I got caught on the phone with the caterer, and there's a deadspot past the gym so if I walked past it, I'd lose the call. Were you waiting long?"** I was in a skirt and tights again, despite the weather, but I had an adorable cashmere cardigan with sleeves that fell down past my fingers, and my hair in braids woven with ribbons.

**"...a caterer?" "For dinner."** ...oh jeeze. Had she never had friends stay the night? **"Just... call back. Cancel the caterer. We're just going to order a pizza..."** I sighed and followed the girl out of the school parking lot. **"Come here, gimme that phone. I'll call them for you."**

**"But..."** He held out his hand and I frowned, handing him the phone with a sour look. **"I don't want to order pizza. Pizza has cheese on it, and cheese is icky."** What was wrong with a caterer? It was a good idea! They were going to bring really yummy food! **"I was just getting ribs and wings and sides and stuff, not anything fancy..."** Well. Caterer ribs and wings and sides and stuff.

**"Yeah, hi? Yes, I am calling on behalf of Macaroni Edith-Lillen. Yes, the girl who just placed the order. Please cancel that for me. Yes, she's only eight. Far too young to be calling caterers for her future wedding. Right, of course. Yep. Thank you very much."** And I hung up. **"I'll get your pizza without cheese."**

**"...Macaroni....?"** I whined and pouted, looking at Oaklee. Macaroni... that's not my name! Stupid boy. **"I just thought maybe your girlfriend might want to eat something yummy, and the caterer said that ribs were popular and... hey! I am not eight! I am fourteen... and my name is Mackan. Make-Enn. Mackan Edith-Lillen. You should learn it, mister."**

**"...that's such a silly name. Why do all my friends have such silly names... and they're all so sensitive about them, too."** I sighed and tossed the phone back to Mac. **"Anyway, we can get wings and garlic bread from a pizza place. I'll show you how girls have sleepovers! You've probably never had one, huh?"**

**"Oh, you are going to teach me how to have a girlie sleepover? You're a boy! A Princess Boy, but I am sure I have many more credentials on this topic!"** I didn't. We both knew it. I frowned and puffed out my cheeks, tucking my phone into the pocket on my cardigan. **"I want your girlfriend to like me."**

**"Yeah, well, everyone likes you, Mac. Everybody in the whole wiiiiide world!"** I put my arm around her while we walked, holding her close to me in the November air. **"Just be yourself. Let me take care of the logistics. For a boy, I'm very well versed in sleepover sitcom episodes."**

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**"Do we paint nails? If we'e gonna paint nails, we should stop at the store because I might need more emory boards..."** Clearly I was stressing, but like most things I did, I stressed in a cute way that only seemed to make people smile. I had the right to be nervous, though! If she didn't like me, then she could tell Oaklee not to like me...

**"...I have no idea what an emory board is..."** Ultimately, I doubted it would matter. **"Come on, let's get back home. Then we can get all nice and pretty for when Sayla comes over. I'll set some stuff up."** Sayla wouldn't be over until at least six, actually. She had work. But that didn't stop me from ordering pizza in advance, or setting up nail polishes if Sayla was into that kinda stuff. Truth be told... I didn't know a damn thing about Sayla.

**"I think you should wear your cupcake dress, it's so cute on you. And I bet she would really like to see you looking at your prettiest!"** I was going to stay in what I wore to school, but that was only because I couldn't fathom the stress of putting together something new to wear. This was what I had planned for tonight anyway, but then got worried before school that maybe she might show up so I wore it all day.

**"Uh... I don't think that's a good idea." "She knows you wear cute stuff though, right?" "Right, but... well, okay, like..."** Gosh how was I supposed to explain this to Mac? **"You remember how I said that stuff isn't my style? It's really not. It's like... play pretend dress up stuff? But not real clothes. And I wanna make sure I look like me... not dress up..."**

**"Oh. Okay."** I nodded and pulled instead a ruffled top with mid-length sleeves off the hanger close to me. **"I think this would look really cute on you, with a nice belt, and a cardigan? Or you can pick whatever you want to. Maybe we can all do dress-up later? I don't know if she's into that, but like... if she is."**

**"Uh..."** Gosh Mac was so darling... **"I don't think that's really her thing, Mac. But yeah - that top looks gorgeous. Let me finish putting this stuff out and I'll get changed."** She was right. I wore my usual jeans, which looked very dress-casual with the blouse she gave me. She picked me out a belt and I wore the cardigan I wore to the mall. All in all, though half of what I was wearing was probably too girly, I looked really awesome. I was so proud of myself. **"Missy said I should do make up. Maybe not over the top fairy stuff, but something nice?"**

**"Uh huh, um, sit down."** I nodded confidentially. Casual. Liquid liner. Mascara. Shadow to make his eyes pop, but not to be too flashy. And lipgloss, and powder for his skin tone. Just to bring out what he has, the way that I would do on a day to day basis. Nothing flashy.

I looked like a boy. A very cute boy in very cute clothes. And I loved it. I smiled at myself in the mirror and turned to Mac. She was just... so good at this stuff. Like. She

didn't complain about not wanting to wear the cupcake dress. And she picked me clothes. And she did my make up exactly how I wanted it. She was like... the perfect friend. **"Thanks so much, Mac. You're amazing."**

**"Amazing people do amazing things. I just do some things pretty okayly."** I was blushing, but there was a nearby heating vent and I hoped he would attribute it to that, because I didn't want him to think I was fluttery and gaga. Stupid wonderful boy. Stupid wonderful boy with a girlfriend. **"Um. Is there anything important I should know about her?"**

**"...I dunno. She's usually really forward. Be direct. If she says something that makes you uncomfortable or upsets you, just say so. She'll back off."** Honestly, I wasn't sure of that. But a demonstration of self-confidence would definitely help Mac's case. And if worse came to worse, I'd stick up for her. And then the doorbell rang. Deep breath...

Sayla had pulled her blue scooter all the way up the path to the front door, and she smirked at the boy and the girl when it opened. **"Hey girlfriend, hey rich girl." "Um."** Girlfriend? Rich girl? I forced a smile and huddled closer to Oaklee. **"Hi. Um. Sayla, right? My name is Mac." "Cool. You guys gonna invite me in?"**

**"Please be nice,"** I sighed, letting the girl in past the threshold to the door. Our town, despite the vast differences in "best around" and "worst", had very little crime. I think it's because the kids weren't total assholes and the parents raise them that way. Sure there's some resentment between the south and the west, depending on who you talk to, but never outright aggression. I only say this because I was actually worried Sayla might case the place until I realized it was completely stupid.

**"Nice place."** Sayla walked past me and past Oaklee, her hands on her hips as she looked around the entry-hall, making her way to the living room. I rarely went in there, but there were lots of photos of me as a baby and as a kid. My parents liked the illusion that they cared. **"Um. I can show you your room if you like?"** I hadn't told Oaklee yet, but I'd decided I didn't want her in my bedroom. We could hang out in the upstairs living room instead...

Nice place. No comments on Mac, on me. I was a little salty, to say the least. She wasn't often a *rude* person, just a direct one. **"That'd be lovely, Mac. Thanks."** Mac led me down the hall and into one of the spares. It was nicely decorated, if not completely impersonal. The bed looked comfortable though... Sayla followed, putting her bag down by the door.

She set her bag down, and sat down on the edge of the bed with a look of assessment, like she was testing the bounce to the springs or something, and nodded in approval. **"It's hard to find this place, all the houses out here are so big." "Uh huh, it takes me so long to train new delivery drivers from Jimmy Johns."** I smiled shyly, and the girl smirked, amused. **"Huh. JJ's? I would have totally taken you for the caterer"**

type. Maybe I misjudged." "Oh.. me? Nuh uh. I'm not a rich girl, I just live in her house." I nodded, feeling foolish. "Well, you're as adorable as Oaklee said. And Oaklee, girlfriend, you are looking smashing. Good enough to eat all up."

Well, okay. Maybe she wasn't rude. Maybe she just needed to find her groove. I gave a small appreciative smile at Sayla, but I doubt she even noticed. She was in her own little world bouncing on the bed. I'm glad it was a good call on the caterers, though. "Come on, let's go upstairs." "I thought we'd hang out in the living room." I blinked at Mac. We always hung out in her room. But I remembered what Missy said about that being an important place to her... so I nodded. "Great idea."

"So your parents aren't home?" "Nuh uh. Daddy is a diplomat and Momma is a PA." Daddy. Momma. Ugh. I never talked about my parents except to my maid, and I guess I never grew out of childish terms. The girl looked at me with a dizzy grin and then shook her head. "Are you sure you're 14?" "Uh huh... I just don't have company very often. Only really Oaklee. People are... troublesome." I was playing with my fingers nervously as we walked. "They really are. Why're you so quiet, girlfriend?"

"Hm? Oh. Just trying to not get in the way." It's weird that I felt like the third wheel. I mean, they were my girlfriend and my best friend. But this whole meeting was about them. Getting to know each other. Hopefully for the better.

"You can sit where you like. Nobody uses this room." The upstairs living room was for guests, and we never had any, not since I was very young. There was a cozy love-seat, and some recliners, and a television on the wall and some non-offensive decor. "I can't imagine what it's like to have a room nobody uses." Sayla sat down on the love-seat and pulled Oaklee down next to her, leaving the small rich girl standing. Mac smiled softly and sat on one of the recliners. "So this is where you hang out when you're not with me, huh, girlfriend?"

"Almost exclusively. Or lock myself in my bedroom. Whatever's easier at the time." Lock was metaphorical. My room didn't have a lock anymore. I had no privacy at all unless I was here, and even then, I had no privacy because I had Mac. Not that I minded.

"How'd you two meet? At school?" "Nuh uh." I played with my fingers in my lap and tried to breathe through the tightness in my chest. "Online. We go to the same school, but I'm a Freshman." "That's crazy. You don't go to some super elite private school?" "Nuhuh. Where do you go to school?" "I've been in private all-girl schools my whole life." "Oh..." "I do have a bangin' uniform, though. I brought it with me, I'll show you later?" "Sure..." She brought her uniform...?

Okay, so things were going okay! I mean, not amazingly, but... you know, altogether, not that bad. The doorbell rang and I climbed up from the sofa. "I can get it, no worries. Just sit and talk and stuff." I didn't want to leave Mac alone with Sayla, but

from what I could tell, she was actually on her best behavior... maybe this was a good thing.

I watched nervously as Oaklee went to get the door and bit my lip, looking down at my hands with a frown. **"So... you and Oaklee are dating..." "Yup." "I noticed you call him girlfriend." "Oh, yeah. It's just a thing we have." "Oh." "How long have you had a crush on him?" "I..."** I looked up with pinkened cheeks and shook my head. **"I don't..." "Oh you so do. It's cool, I mean, he's hotter than the sun." "Uh huh..." "But he needs a girl who'll put him in his place. Be firm. All boys are like they, just like pets really." "I don't think that's true..." "Well, which one of us got the boy?"**

I paid for the pizza with one of Mac's credit cards. The woman who delivered it said I looked very nice, which was a compliment I couldn't return. Workers with uniforms... I hope wherever I work, I get to dress myself. I closed the door after getting all the food and went to the kitchen for plates.

**"...um, well, I was at that convention, and I got him some dresses. Loli dresses. Do you know what that is?" "Yeah, pedobait." "Um, not really..."** We were walking toward the kitchen at the girl's request, and I struggled to keep up, both with her and her changes in topic. **"Okay so go on." "Well, I convinced Oaklee to wear one of them to the mall." "Sexy. Did you get pictures?" "Nuh uh..."** Oaklee stared at us, the boxes of food open on one of the stainless steel counters. I looked questioningly, and then blushed when I realized why he was staring. **"Um..." "She wanted to see my uniform, so I let her try it on. Cute, right?"**

**"Yeah, really cute..."** I hated that it was so damn cute, too, because Sayla really shouldn't have done that. I knew Mac and Sayla both at least mildly well, and I was almost sure it didn't go down the same way Sayla claimed. But at the same time, I had no proof to the contrary, either. So I took a deep breath and smiled. **"Very cute!"** And then gave Sayla a hard glance.

I felt very exposed... she said I shouldn't wear stockings, because it was warm inside and the uniform was her summer one. But I rarely wore skirts without stockings or tights, so I wound up behind the counter across from Oaklee, gently swaying side to side. **"Did you get mine without cheese...?" "Pizza in't pizza without cheese." "I..."** I frowned and looked at the counter, feeling foolish.

**"I got you one without cheese, and garlic bread in case the pizza sucks, and hot wings, in case the garlic bread sucks."** Mac smiled at me and I smiled back. Sayla didn't know Mac didn't like cheese, sure, but it still wasn't a nice thing to say. I passed out plates to the both of them and fished some pizza and bread onto my own plate. When Mac came around to get food, I watched the way the uniform moved on her body. Gosh. I took a deep breath and went over to Sayla, who was pouring drinks. **"Please be nice to her."**

**"I'm jus' saying, there are people in the world without pizza. Being anal and wanting it without cheese is rude."** Sayla was at least kind enough to speak quietly enough that the bubbles of the pouring soda kept her voice from traveling to Mac. **"Isn't she sexy in my uniform? Who would have thought that she'd have so much potential."**

**"She doesn't like cheese,"** I sighed, and turned back at the girl in the uniform. I really hated to admit how right Sayla was... **"Please just... don't think about her like that. Potential and stuff. Act like she's one of my siblings, or my parents, or something..."** Who knew I'd be having this problem?

**"Well, she's not one of your siblings, girlfriend, she's a socially awkward little rich girl who needs some affection and attention."** **"Um."** I heard pretty much all of that, and held the plate in my hands; the meat from the six wings I'd taken meticulously stripped from the bones with a knife a few moments ago. I didn't like to get sauce on my fingers, okay!

**"Sayla,"** I said quietly, something stern, direct, but Sayla shrugged my comment off. It worried me. This worried me. Sayla went and got food on her own and I bit my lip. I was actually nervous... **"...maybe we won't stay the night,"** I said quietly to Mac. **"She's being weird..."**

**"I think she's okay."** Though my cheeks were pink at the topic of the girl. **"She just seems like she... knows how to get what she wants."** Honestly, I could deal with her for the fact she seemed to know how to make Oaklee notice her whereas I was stupidly oblivious and equally useless. **"She just wants me to like her, so she's showing off a bit... girls do that. It's okay."**

**"If you're sure..."** I still didn't like it. Since Mac had offered to have Sayla over I felt this impending force. And now I felt it more than ever. I took a deep breath and forced a smile. **"Um... just please... be direct. If she's upsetting you, tell her off..."**

**"I'll tell you, okay?"** Honestly, I was very intimidated by Sayla, and likely wouldn't tell her off at all. We all took our plates to the adjacent dining room, with a table that could seat 14 and often seated nobody. **"Um. You can sit where you like."** I'd wait for them to sit, and base my choice on that. Sayla smiled and chose the head of the table. Of course she did. Oaklee and I took seats adjacent on either side. **"I think I should have brought two uniforms, you'd both look hot all matched up like that."** **"Oaklee does look cute in a skirt..."** I concurred, quietly.

**"Hell yeah! I could rock that uniform no probs!"** Gosh, this pizza was good. Maybe it was the dining table, or maybe they were making it extra good because the house was so big. I didn't know. But gosh. I had some of the garlic bread too, watching the two girls with a smile. This wasn't *super* awkward..

**"Do you like your school, Sayla?" "It's pretty cool. Some of the girls are bitches, but you just need to put them in place."** Her foot raised up under the table and slyly rested on her boyfriend's thigh as she spoke. **"Oh... what do you mean...?" "Oh you know. Make sure they understand the pecking order." "Like, you yell at them?" "Usually I just make them crawl after me in the halls on a collar and leash." "I..."** My cheeks flushed crimson and I looked at Oaklee for some kind of help on how to reply to that.

**"She's embellishing,"** I said, rolling my eyes, and her foot rubbed between my legs. I bit my cheek and looked down at the pizza. Jeeze, stupid girl... I tried to shake her leg off, but she pushed harder, and it took a minute for me to catch my breath.

**"Oh. Of course..."** I took a forkful of chicken to my mouth and Sayla stared at me. **"You are not eating hot wings with a fork, are you?" "Um. I don't like... sauce on my hands..." "Mess is one of the best parts of life, though." "I don't wanna be dirty..." "Do I look dirty to you?" "Well, no, but..."** Sayla picked up one of her wings and wrapped the girl's hand around it, and Mac winced and tried to pull away. And as quickly as she did that, she put one of the girl's fingers between her lips and started to suck it clean. Mac was quiet, and red, and Oaklee seemed pouty.

I kicked Sayla's foot off my lap and she stared at me, taking her mouth off Mac's finger. I glared at her, really glared, and she rolled her eyes. I was close to standing up. To pulling her away from Mac. But I didn't. Not yet... **"Don't play with your food, Sayla,"** I said diminutively.

She gave him what he wanted — the illusion of control, and recoiled a little, taking a napkin off the table and gently cleaning Mac's hand where she'd gotten sauce on it. **"Um. Is it okay if I use my fork now..?"** My voice was a little trembly, and didn't know why or what was going on. Oaklee looked at me from across the table and I looked down at my plate. I just wanted them to like me...

The rest of the meal was quiet and weird. Sayla really pissed me off, honestly. That was so uncalled for. Not only disregarding how Mac felt, but getting sauce on her like that. Not even counting the licking her fingers. Ugh, I was so angry at her. When I was done, I got up from the table before the others, washing my dishes in the sink.

The boy was left in the kitchen for longer than he should have been, though, and it became clear after a while that he wasn't going to be joined by either of the girls. When he finally came up the stairs to find them, Sayla was sitting next to Mac on the sofa, grinning. Mac wasn't grinning. She was in an outfit very similar to the one that Sayla had worn to the club that night, and her hair was up in pigtails, and her face was sparkly with glitter and over the top makeup. She looked humiliated... **"Well? Isn't she sexy as fuck? She needed a new style."**

It wasn't Mac. She was cute, sure. But it wasn't Mac. It was Sayla's trashy clothes and Sayla's stupid grin and I was really, really angry. I could have only been in there five

minutes. How the *fuck*... I went over to the two girls on the sofa and helped Mac up by her hand. **"Come on, let's pick out some pajamas, okay?"**

**"Um..." "Hey, girlfriend. Where are you going? It's your turn next."** I was ready to sit back down, but Oaklee actually ignored her and started to lead me up to my room. **"She said that boys don't like girls who dress nice, because then they have to dress nice, too. She was just trying to help me..."**

**"I like how you dress. And any boy who doesn't clearly has no fashion sense. And turst me - you don't want to be taking tips from Sayla, she dresses like a drunk clown."** I doubt Sayla heard the last comment, or that it would come as a surprise, but it needed to be said. I led the way up Mac's stairs, up into her room. **"I'm going to take her home. I don't really want her around you anymore."**

**"Nuh uh... don't. Because if she doesn't like me, she's your girlfriend and then you won't like me either, that's how it works!"** Despite the trashy outfit, my tones were much more childish than usual, which was what tended to happen when I came up against an emotion I hadn't had practice with. **"She's just unconventional... she's not being mean, please, I want her to like me..."**

**"Well it's not *you* I don't like right now, it's her. I don't like how she's treating you, and I don't like how she's acting. She's usually not so bitchy..."** A lie, probably. I sighed and shook my head. **"Get changed... I'm going to go talk to Sayla..."** I put my arms around Mac, mostly so I wouldn't have to see her in clothes like that, and left her alone in her bedroom.

**"It's just fun, like dress-up."** Sayla didn't seem to be taking the aggravated boy too seriously at all. **"Girls like that stuff, you wouldn't understand, girlfriend."** It was a cutting blow, too, and an ironic one given Sayla's own history was quite unlike most girls. **"Just chill out, she's gonna bring some of her fancy dresses down later on and show me how she looks, too."**

**"I told you not to do this kinda thing. Putting her in your skimpy clothes is *definitely* exactly what I wanted you to avoid. She's a kid. And she's my best friend, and if you pull that shit again, we are leaving, got it?"** I was angry. Like, actually angry. It showed.

Sayla sighed and approached the boy, looking maybe guilt, but probably not at all. Definitely not at all, as evidenced by the slap she landed on the boy's cheek, loud enough to echo. She shoved him against the wall and began to kiss him, kissing in the same way she did, which was to say, more like drowning compared to swimming. And her hand pushed down the front of the boy's jeans as she did. This was the Sayla solution.

It's very hard to stay mad at a girl with her hand down your pants. Those are just the facts of life. And as she kissed me, pushing me to the wall, and the slap on my cheek

that reminded me of the way my mom hit me, I was just... in shambles. When I was hard, when my breathing was heavy, she took her hand out of my pants and pushed me against the drywall, so I fell back onto my ass.

**"Don't ever tell me what to do, girlfriend. I'm not your toy, and not your property."** Ironic, because those were both things she had called him in the time they'd been dating. **"We're having a good time, here, and we're going to stay the night, and if you behave, you're gonna get a surprise present when we go down for the night."**

I was still angry, still mad, but not the same kind of anger. The kind that was beneath the surface, quiet anger, unvocalized. I tried to stand up again, but she pushed me back down, touching the front of her skirt to my face. Again, my breathing got heavy, until she pulled away. I wasn't even sure I remembered how to stand up again...

She was quite pleased with his reaction to her pushing her skirt so close, then taking it away. He was beginning to crave her cock like a good little slut should. **"If you promise to be good for the rest of the night, I'll let you give it one little kiss, so you can have the taste on your lips as incentive."**

I hated her for this. I did. I looked away from her, but she leaned down and took my chin in her fingers. **"Promise to be a good girlfriend,"** she said, and I felt my cheeks go a little pink. **"...promise,"** I muttered. She lifted her skirt for me and displayed her hard cock. Still no panties. I wasn't sure how she so diligently avoided underwear, while, alternatively, I was in another hopelessly childish pair. I leaned in and kissed the tip of her cock before the skirt fell over it again, and she walked away.

## 54:

**"Is everything okay?"** I felt foolishly stupid as I stepped into my pajama pants — I'd heard him yelling at her from the top of the stairs, but the yelling had petered out and he looked a little... meek now. **"She said it would make you happy to see me growing up, and I was dumb..."**

**"...um... it's fine..."** I was a little nervous. I didn't know why. I think because confronting didn't work. Nothing really worked. Sayla was like a tornado, burning through the house... I just had to wait out the storm... **"I think I'm just getting tired..."** It was only 8:30. Ugh, I was pathetic... **"Maybe we could watch TV?"**

**"That would be cool."** Cool? Smooth, Mac. I frowned a little, fumbling over the ribbons on my pajama pants, seemingly unable to tie them properly. What was wrong with me? I whined quietly, and before I could tell him no, Oaklee had his hands on the ribbons. He was warm, even a few inches away, and I bit my lip as he tied off a bow the way I'd

shown him with his dress. Gosh... talk, Mac! **"Um. We could do it in the living room?"**

**"Yeah, that sounds good."** Sayla was waiting for us, like she'd known our plans or something. I sat down next to her, faking a smile, and Mac sat down in her armchair. **"There's a new episode of Gravity Falls."** **"Cool! That sounds awesome."** And Sayla didn't have anything snarky to say... so it looked like we were in the clear.

I felt so stupid. The way I'd acted, the way I'd blushed, and gotten coy. He was just helping me because I was apparently useless at something as simple as tying a ribbon on my capris pajama pants. I couldn't look him in the eye, it was too much. Sayla seemed too self-involved to care, though, which I was thankful for. **"I've never seen this show before."** **"It's kind of like Adventure Time had a baby with Scooby Doo. And the internet thinks Mabel is bisexual but I don't think so."** **"Why's that?"** **"Because she's not real?"** **"Oh, so you're saying bisexuals aren't real? I'm real."** **"N-no, I just..."** What the heck... **"I meant that um... she's just a character in a show..."** **"Who would have thought you'd be so closed-minded, kid."**

**"Don't be a brat,"** I sighed at Sayla, but my tone was quieter, just enough for both girls to hear. I didn't look away from the TV. Honestly, I just wanted to enjoy the show in peace and quiet... why was that so hard? Sayla had to get in the way of everything, though. It was so much easier when it was just her and me...

I'd never heard Oaklee so reserved. Well. Actually, I had, but he wasn't wearing a loli dress or acting like a girl, so I didn't know what was going on. Sayla smirked at him, at his calmer tone, and then looked back at me like he wasn't worth discussing. **"Are you okay, Oaklee?"** **"Girlfriend is fine, he just had a bit of a mood after eating, poor thing."**

I sunk further into the couch and tried to focus more diligently on the TV. It didn't get me very far. I knew Sayla would get bored, and I knew Mac would get tired. I just had to wait for one of those two things to happen and I'd be set... **"I'm okay, Mac."**

**"We should give Mac a makeover, girlfriend. Like a proper one, help her break out of the mousy, librarian look."** **"Um. Maybe... we could just watch TV? We're missing the episode..."** **"Jesus, you even talk like a toddler. Don't you want boys to like you? You gotta get some sex appeal, or nobody will ever notice you."** **"I don't... want to talk about this..."** **"Tell her, girlfriend."**

**"I think Mac has every right to dress how she wants."** Mac sighed a little and Sayla pouted. Honestly, couldn't they shut up for a while? **"And Mac's right - we are missing the show. Why not try to follow along? Look, that's the girl Mac was talking about. And that's one of the guys we think is evil. But we aren't sure."**

Mercifully, Sayla left me alone for long enough for the show to become the prime focus again, and I cuddled up to a cushion in my lap. I was... disappointed. I guess I knew

that Oaklee was her boyfriend, but I didn't think he'd let her talk to me like that. Oh, don't cry. Gosh. Don't cry...

**"I'm a little tired..."** Thank. God. I smiled up at Mac from the sofa, nodding my head. **"You go get to bed. We can find our way back to the guest room. And I'll make pancakes in the morning or something, since I can actually stay! How's that?"**

**"Uh huh..."** I managed to avoid him seeing me cry, though Sayla smirked as I walked past and hurried upstairs. I felt so stupid. And pathetic. And like I couldn't compare to that girl, like she was an adult and I was a child, like she said. **"Does she always cry like that? I thought you said she was 14."** Sayla put her arm around the boy, around her boy, her property, and smiled sweetly at him.

**"Lay off Mac. She's my best friend. If you don't get along with her, or at least, like, pretend to... then we can't be together." "I didn't say I didn't like her! She's wonderful!"** ...it didn't seem like she thought that at all. I sighed and leaned into Sayla's shoulder. Just one girl. This I could handle...

**"You seem really on edge around her, though."** Sayla spoke casually, playing with the boy's fingertips as she spoke. **"Like she makes you nervous. I don't know about that, friends shouldn't make you feel that way. I guess being a rich kid she doesn't have a lot of social grace, though, huh?"**

**"You're one to talk,"** I threw back at Sayla. Honestly, this stuff just came out. Like when she said something about Mac, I said something right back. It didn't seem to make Sayla very happy... **"Just... let's not talk about her, okay?"**

**"I thought us hanging out was for you to chill about this, girlfriend."** Sayla didn't seem to raise her voice, but the boy's words had agitated her a little. **"This won't be the only time we hang out. She likes me, and she needs a friend like me to help her grow up a little. If you don't like that, I'm sorry to say, girlfriend, you don't get a say. It's up to her who she's friends with, you're not in charge of her."**

...I hated how right she was. I sighed and slid out from under Sayla's arm and ran my fingers through my hair. It wasn't my decision. Sure, I thought she was bad for her. But... it wasn't my call. It was Mac's. I closed my eyes tight and shook my head... **"Yeah... um... let's just go to bed..."**

Sayla didn't seem to agree with the assessment, and as quick as a striking snake she pulled the boy over her lap and tugged down his jeans. He squirmed, and she put her hand over his mouth. **"Shh, girlfriend. Wouldn't want to rouse the princess. You were naughty tonight, and you need to know that it's not okay to backtalk me."**

**"What the fuck is yurrprovlm!"** Sayla held her hand over my mouth with one hand, the elbow of her other digging into my back. My flailing across her lap was stilled as I

felt my body ache and tremble. It hurt *really* bad... I started to whimper, and she lifted her elbow off, but kept her hand over my mouth.

With the other hand lifted, nothing to really keep the boy in place but her firm words, Sayla delivered a very sharp smack to Oaklee's bare ass. Some people play-spanked, like the action was enough. Not Sayla — she would bruise bottoms with impunity, sometimes in less than ten sharp blows. **"You do not be snippy with me, girlfriend. And certainly not in front of your friends."**

...she spanked me. Like, really spanked me. And what was worse - it hurt! IT REALLY HURT! I started to yell through the girl's hand and she held it close to my mouth, until I bit at it. I tried to roll over, off her lap, but she used the free hand to push down on the same spot on my back. But with one hand on my back, holding me in place, and the other against my ass, my mouth was free. **"WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG-" "I'd watch your volume."** And then I blinked, looking at Sayla's smile, and at the sound of my voice. It couldn't possibly carry up to Mac's room...

**"Imagine if she sees you like this. She'll think you're some kind of pervert. Do you think she'd let a pervert stay over? And wear her clothes? Now. You're at 4. We're going to 20. If you're going to talk, you count. If not, then shut up and take your punishment like a man, girlfriend."** Her words were almost as sharp as her spansks, quick and precise.

The next one was worse. I didn't know how. Maybe because it occurred to me exactly how loud they were. They were too loud. Mac was going to come running down the stairs. But after a eight, I felt tears in my eyes, and by twelve, I was crying into the couch. Nothing should hurt like this...

By thirteen, the boy was bruising. By twenty, his tender behind was colored pink and blue and purple and yellow, mottled and discolored, painfully marked. **"Now, girlfriend, tell me what you did wrong, or I might have to think you didn't learn your lesson. And that would mean twenty more."**

**"...t-talked.... back to you.... was bad...."** I was crying. I was *really* crying. I was trying to keep it down, but I'd never quite cried like this. I felt so pathetic, so helpless, so small, and I didn't even try struggling to get off Sayla's lap. I just wanted to be held...

**"That's right. That was very bad. Now, I might have a pair of panties in my bag you can wear if you're a very good girlfriend and ask very nicely. Otherwise you're going to sleep with nothing covering you at all."** He was sobbing like a broken child, not trying to get up, not protesting. Whimpering. It was so delightful.

**"...p-please... m-m-may I w-wear your panties...."** I felt so pathetic. The girl stood me up, taking my jeans down off my ankles, and leaving me completely naked in front of her except for one of Mac's blouses. My cheeks were streaked with water, and I thought I didn't dare move or try to cover up. I couldn't meet Sayla's eyes.

Sayla reached into her bag and pulled out the pair of white panties, printed with different colored ice-creams — the print and the cut were both even more childish than anything she'd yet had him wear. They weren't just maybe a little juvenile. They were utterly and in every way children's panties, only in his size. Worse, she didn't give them to him to wear. No no no, she held them out, like a mother dressing a child. **"Step in."**

I swallowed hard and closed my eyes, tears still streaming down my cheeks, as I stepped into the underwear. Children's underwear. I felt so pathetic. I felt so small. I couldn't stop crying. I just wanted to be a good girl... boy. Boy... right? I shook my head softly as she pulled them up my body, against my waistline.

The panties were kind on his bruised behind, but not kind of his masculinity — in just the blouse and panties, he looked so much like a girl. **"Hold my hand, girlfriend, we're going to bed. And your reward I had planned for tonight will have to wait. You can suckle on me when we lay down, though, if you like."**

I was still crying as she led me to the bedroom and sat me down on the edge of it. I was still crying while she looked down at me, a serene smile over her lips. I couldn't look up at her, though. I couldn't stop crying. I wiped my eyes and sniveled like a child. Sayla just watched, a little curious.

Sayla had never seen the boy like this, never seen him so wholly... submissive. No. Childish? So childish. She didn't want a child, she wanted him to be humiliated. **"Your ass is going to be pretty sore for the next few days, but I'm sure it'll remind you of tonight and how bad you acted, won't it?"**

I nodded again, softly, still crying. I rubbed my eyes with the backs of my hands and looked down at my feet until Sayla lifted my head for me and kissed me on the lips. Hard. I still cried, but a little bit less after that...

**"You're not allowed to make me finish, but if you like, you can go to sleep suckling on me, okay?"** She loved that her cock had become a reward for him, but the boy that he was right now just didn't seem quite in line with the boy she was dating. No humiliation, none at all, just... shame. Childish shame. **"Would you like that?"**

She finally let my chin go and I looked right back at the ground again. I kept wiping my tears away, not saying a word, and Sayla frowned a bit. She knelt down, eye level with me, and looked at me. I could see the confusion in her eyes. I could see she was unhappy with my response, but not in an angry way... just in a "new solution" way.

He was... broken. Not like subs get broken, though, not craving control. Not craving approval. God no. He wanted to be nurtured. Held. He was a disobedient child. What had happened? Was it the spanking? She enforced the panties, seeking to diminish his vie for power. This was so.. unexpected! Oh, but so useful. **"Does Momma's little girl want cuddles?"**

My eyes lit up like christmas tree lights, but the face was of that of surprise. I felt my cheeks go from pale white to crimson red in the flash of a second, and I shrugged backward into myself. The first real response other than crying all day... "...I... mm..."

Oh well well well. Sayla grinned like a predator, and put her hand on the boys cheek, turning him just enough so that he could see the mirror by the wall. **"If you tell Mommy what a pretty girl you are, then you can have all the hugs and love that you want."** She'd never seen this before, not just in Oaklee, but ever!

My chest ached. I looked at the boy in the mirror. He was so cute. The blouse. The panties. My cheeks were so red. And she watched me, in my reflection. Sayla's eyes followed mine. I finally stuttered between shaking lips: **"...I'm a pretty girl...."**

Oh yes. Oh yes. Pretty boys were a dime a dozen, but this... this was exciting. Oh Sayla, you have hit the jackpot! She wrapped her arms around the boy and pulled him close to her, running fingers over the seat of his panties. **"It's okay that this is sore, pretty-girl girlfriend, the pain reminds you to be a better person. The pain is your friend, okay? It hurts, but..."** Her touches got softer. **"It's kind of nice, isn't it..?"**

I felt my head nod against Sayla's shoulder. Her fingers drew very gentle lines against the seat of my panties. I curled into her like a real child. Her hand slid a little ways into the waistband of the panties, touching my skin. My breathing got faster, but only just. My eyes closed...

**"Pain is seen as so bad, because it hurts... but that pain can remind us of so many things..."** As she spoke, she pressed softly on the bruised skin, soft like a piece of fruit dropped down a stairwell. As she did, he cuddled closer, tighter. **"You should honor the pain, cherish it... because without it, you'd be lost. Pain is like a map... to being the prettiest girl you can be."**

Again, I nodded my head against her shoulder. She pushed her lips against my forehead, her fingers touching spots on my bare bottom. I was alternating between exhaling and trembling and whimpering and sighing. It was a lot. The aches of her finger pushes. The relief of her words. The warmth on my forehead...

Oh, he was like putty. Raw material to be shaped. God... god, why didn't she spank him sooner? **"From now on, I want you to be a brave girl, and tell me when you think you need spanking."** Her words were serene and calm, and her fingers continued to bring dull aching euphoria to his skin. **"And every time you whimper, wince or pout in the next few days, remember this feeling. Remember being held... remember being a pretty girl... pain gave you this. Pain set you free."**

**"...k-kay..."** Her fingers drew little lines against my bottom. My cheeks, my breath, everything was so warm right now. I was so content and simple, even with the little bits

of pain. The lines spiraled across the bruises on my bottom until they touched between my cheeks. I felt my fingers tighten in her shirt...

**"If you want to be a pretty girl, there's something pretty girls do... I wasn't sure if you were a good girl enough after tonight to teach you..."** Her lips found his again. Soft. No aggression. None needed. He was nothing right now, she could do as she pleased. **"But if you ask oh so nice... and tell me how you've learned to cherish pain, maybe, just maybe...I'll make you a real girl."**

I swallowed hard and looked up into her eyes with my glossy ones. My glasses were somewhere on the living room floor after being pulled over her lap. She drew lines against my cheeks with her fingers, the spare ones, and lines between my cheeks with the others. I was so warm... **"...good girl... cherish... mm... pain...."**

She should have used lube — she had some in her bag. She planned for this, just not quite like this. After the spanking, though, his bottom was slick with sweat, and it was only one finger. One finger moving between his cheeks, getting nice and wet. **"This is a big step for any girl to take. Don't cry out. Bury your head in my shoulder, and cuddle close if you get scared. Mommy promises it will feel good."**

Her finger pushed into me, and like she said, I whimpered. I pushed my head into her shoulder and cried out into her top. Fresh tears came down on my cheeks, the finger slipping further and further into me, until finally it came to stop deep in my body. I was shaking so hard. My fingers were lost in her clothes, holding them as tight as I could...

Sayla was an expert when it came to this one particular place of the body, and she could have made the fireworks happen now, but that wasn't the association she wanted to give. She wanted to link the feeling with penetration and fucking. To that end, she played with the boys hair with her hand, and began to pull her finger out an inch or two, before pushing it back in. She'd touch his button, give him his reward and association... just not quite yet. **"You're being such a good girl for me, and I know it's strange at first, but I promise you'll beg for this soon. All girls do, and you're a girl, right?"**

I nodded my head into her chest, crying into her top. My fingers hurt with the way they held her clothing, and the rest of me begged for her to stop. But nothing made it past my lips but the crying of a child and the awkward whimpering moans of a young girl. I felt so pathetic, but so... strangely satisfied...

She'd give him more than one finger in future, and eventually, train him to hungrily receive her cock the way he did between his lips already. This time, she kept things simple. Almost innocent. There was a slight wet sound as she pushed her finger in and out of him, and his voice broke to soft little girlish moans, muffled by her tear-streaked clothes. She waited for the crucial moment, though, waited for the second to occur that he bucked his hips, pushed against her, waited for the moment his body betrayed him to the violation. And the moment that happened, she jabbed her finger into his hidden little

g-spot, more than enough pressure for a first timer to make him cum in a way he'd never experienced before.

It was almost an accident. The rocking back on her. I hadn't quite meant to. But when I did. Gosh, when I did. My whole body shook with electricity. I wasn't even hard. I wasn't even close to aroused. But the second it happened, I was screaming in pleasure. I gasped for air while she pushed her finger into me. I grabbed onto her clothes while my body gave way to the waves of pleasure, and then the waves of cum, that spilled into the panties. And when I finally couldn't move anymore, the puddle on the bed started to grow. I didn't even notice at first. The pooling wetness...

Well. Okay. That wasn't expected. Sayla had been pleased with the intensity of the orgasm, yes — she'd planned to tease him about cumming like a girl, praise him for his newly discovered femininity. Pee wasn't something she was quite ready for, though, and she gently kissed the boy on the forehead as she laid him down. This was her cue to go. He barely moved, not from the puddle, not from her bringing the blanket up over him and not from her leaving. Which she did. For the night.

## 55:

My phone wasn't here. It was with my jeans. In the living room. So it didn't wake me up. What woke me up? Nothing? I sat up in the bed, rubbing my eyes. The sun wasn't out. Or, maybe it was just barely out. It was hard to tell. The room was dark. I shuffled around, looking for my girlfriend, but I couldn't find her. I felt weird...

**"Um. Your phone was ringing..."** I had my toothbrush in my mouth, and the sound of my words was muffled, but Oaklee seemed to get the message, smiling at me from the bed with the covers pulled up over his waist. **"Did Sayla go home?"** I'd figured she'd be in here with Oaklee, but she wasn't. The guest room smelled strangely familiar to me, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I rubbed my eyes and yawned, stretching my arms up and pulling my already-short pajama top higher than it should have been.

**".....kay....."** I reached out for the phone, sitting up half-way in the process. But then the sensations washed over me. Cold. Dampness. I was sweating. Sweating in my sleep. Like I did that time with Mac, in her bed. Wasn't that what happened? I looked at the phone and flipped it open, turning off the alarm. I didn't feel right... so uncomfortable....

**"Um...did you spill... something?"** The question was innocent. Simple. It didn't occur to me at all that it could be anything else, certainly nothing related to the pullup beneath my pajama pants. I should have changed. It was dumb not to, but I also wasn't used to company. He looked confused, and I pointed to the sheets exposed by the rustling of his blanket.

"...no, I..." I wasn't sure how I got to it, or if I got to it at the same time as Mac. Maybe she had known from the start. But when I finally thought of it. When it clicked. A memory of the night before. Something foggy about the girl's fingers in my ass. I would have thought it was cum if it wasn't for so much of it. So much of... my chest started to hurt and I felt my whole body shake. I threw the blanket over the wet spot and looked up at Mac. I thought she'd be sympathetic. Maybe laugh. Maybe offer to clean up. But she looked.... irritated...?

"...you're... are you... are you mocking me?" I couldn't believe him! I couldn't. What? No! What a selfish... stupid... mean thing to do! Mean and rude rude rude! **"I thought you were nicer than that, Oaklee..."** I huffed and crossed my arms, and I wanted to run. I did. To lock myself in my room and screw him. But... for some stupid reason, I gave him the chance to talk.

My chest ached. Everything hurt. I didn't do this! I mean, I did but... no it could have been Sayla! She... wasn't she sleeping with me? No, she didn't. She left? No she didn't leave... I was so confused. So confused about everything except one thing. This. I did this. And I felt tears in my eyes. I shook my head in a panic and pulled myself out of bed. I was only in the children's panties with ice cream print, soaked through, and Mac's blouse. I pushed past her as tears started down my cheeks and went out into the living room.

Not even a word?! Not even an apology? A defense of any sort at all?! He rushed into the living room and I followed after him, uncharacteristically furious. How dare he?! Who did he think he was? I should have been sympathetic... I knew how he felt, I did. But I was so mad! I caught up with him, and took the jeans from his hands, tossing them against the wall and knocking over a lamp. **"Nuhuh! Nope. No. Nein! Aucun! Nie!"** I didn't speak enough languages to continue and he looked at me in shock. **"Were you making fun of me? Were you? Because of this?"** I pulled the hem of my pajama pants down an inch to show the pull-up. **"Was this her idea? Was it?"**

Tears poured down my cheeks. They just... poured. And I saw Mac start to soften. I felt so pathetic. I felt so horrible... She watched me cry, something she hadn't ever seen me do. Right? No... the teddy bear. I cried then, because of the glasses. My glasses which were still on the floor someplace. I swallowed hard and left Mac standing there, grabbing my jeans and pulling them on over the wet childish panties. I couldn't stop crying...

He got the jeans half way up his legs before I took his hand, still mad... still so mad, now he was taking away my right to be mad! But... but he was crying... and I knew how that felt. I knew how ashamed he must have been... if this wasn't a game. If he wasn't mocking me at all. I bit my lip, he wouldn't look at me, and I cuddled him. Stupid stupid. You're still mad at him, Mac! You're still mad at him. Don't forget! He was so distraught, though...

I shook my head and moved away from the girl, buttoning up my jeans over the wet underwear. I couldn't stop crying. She hadn't said anything. Not since the yelling. And I just wanted to throw up all over her living room. My head was pounding. "...**Oaklee...?**" I wiped my tears again and left her standing in the living room. I heard her voice one more time. "**Oaklee!**" But then I slammed the front door behind me. I ran for a while. To the corner. Down a side-street. Then I started to walk. I was so cold without my coat...

He didn't have his phone, or his coat, or anything, and we were so far from everything. I was still wet, still in my pajamas, and yet on that cold November morning, I stood on the curb waiting for the car to arrive. At ubers rates, we were going to drive around and look for the boy... my parents usually didn't care what I spent, but this... this was going to get me in so much trouble. Stupid Oaklee, stupid boy...

I stayed at the park for a while. My park, where I'd spend time with Sayla. But she wasn't here. I didn't have my phone. Had I left it in that room? I left Mac to clean up my piss. I left her in that house. I should have stayed. I should have said something! Sorry! Or... or that I'd clean up. I just hated myself so much... no wonder Mac felt the way she felt. She did this every night... and I couldn't even handle one...

It had been well past an hour. I almost didn't see him, only the driver asked as we drove past the park next his house. I didn't think he'd have made it this far, but the small huddled shape under the playscape looked just the right amount of tortured. I got out of the car, told the driver to wait, and in bare feet and pajamas, freezing cold and in a wet pullup, I made my way across the grass to the center of the park, to the playscape and Oaklee beneath it. "**Sorry I yelled...**" He just about jumped out of his skin when I spoke, looking up in a panic.

I looked at Mac, then at my feet. I felt so empty. It had been so long since I'd thought about anything other than this. In the outside world. I just wanted to stay here, in this playscape, forever... "**I don't wanna talk about it,**" I said flatly. I was still in piss-soaked panties. She saw those too. "**I never wanna talk about it...**"

**"Feels empty, right...? Like once upon a time so long ago you had the tools to deal with this, but they were taken away and now there's only blank space."** I never talked to anybody about this, and I hoped he knew this was for his benefit, not for mine. Gosh not for mine. But for so long I did wish someone understood, and while I doubted very much he would, I was confident I would be able to be that for him.

**"...don't wanna talk about it, Mac.... just... please go away... please go away and please don't talk about it again..."** I wouldn't stay the night there anymore. If I visited, it would be for a short amount of time. This was my fault. I knew it was. I didn't blame Mac. I would never blame Mac. But I just needed it to be over...

**"Do you know how many times I wished I could have someone stand next to me who understood? Someone who I could say this sucks to and have them nod and**

know they understood. And you... have that, and you're telling me to go away? **Nope...**" I sat down on the ground next to him, he winced and tried to pull away, and I put my head on his shoulder. Stupid boy. Stupid stupid stupid boy. **"You're not gross. It's an accident, and accidents can be cute."** I didn't believe it, but he told me that once, tried to drill it into me. I wanted him to hear those words, not spitefully, but because I hoped maybe they'd help him. **"No running..."**

I knew they were my words. I knew she was using them against me. I wanted to tell her off, how wrong she was... and it meant talking about how wrong I was. **"It's not cute. It's not. I didn't get it. It's not, and I don't want to talk about it, so talk about something else, or go away."** Honestly, I didn't have to sit here. I could go home. It was like five seconds away...

**"Did you like last night's Gravity Falls?"** I avoided the topic, then. I avoided Sayla, too. It only took a few moments but an eternity in head-time, and I knew what to do and what to say. What I'd want. I normalized things. Nothing bad. Routine. Good. If he could have normal conversations while wet, after wetting, then it wouldn't seem so shameful. I realized that I wanted that, too. I wanted to feel normal.

**"...it was fine..." "Yeah? What was your favorite part?" "...when Sayla shut up,"** I said with a small sigh, and then a tiny smile. Mac laughed. I just wanted to go home and change. I wished I could say something that articulate... **"Did you bring my phone?" "Yeah, here." "...cool..."**

**"I want you to come home with me, and shower and feel nice and use whatever ones of my pretty soaps you want. All of them if you want! All the soaps. And I'm going to order this amazing place that does breakfast delivery. And then you can go home. Happy... not sad. Please?"** The driver wouldn't be happy, Oaklee's jeans were going to be at least a little damp. But hey, I was already overspending, what was a soiling fee, right?

**"...I just wanna go home, Mac... I just wanna be away from everybody..."** It was terrible. I felt terrible. There weren't words for it. And Mac knew I was still in pissy panties. And I just... I rubbed my eyes with my hands. I felt like I was going to cry again... **"Sorry..."**

**"There's a closet in one of the spare rooms, that goes through to the crawlspace. I used to hide in there, even though I was always alone. I felt as gross as the spiders and the dust and the dark..."** Somewhere along the line, I put my hand in his. **"I can't force you, but... but I know that the day I decided that those mornings were just like any other... that was a good day for me... we can make this a morning like any other... and... they do these bacon weavy lattices..."**

**"It's not!"** I took my hand out of Mac's. My chest was hurting... **"It's not a day like any other. It isn't. It's... it happened, it's over, and... and that's it... just... stop, just stop it. Stop trying to act like it's okay! Stop!"** I knew Mac had her own issues. I

knew Mac felt this way every morning. I knew I was being insensitive. But I was crying again, and I couldn't... I shuffled out of the fort and walked over to where the car was. Mac hurried behind me, but I only grabbed my coat out of the back seat.

**"Sayla scared me a lot, and I wet last night, and I've been running around all morning for you... looking for you. If I can... if..."** My chest felt tight. **"...please just come back with me... please? I feel so unwell... I just want it to be worth it..."**

"...I..." I bit my lip and shook my head, then looked down at my feet. **"It's gross,"** I muttered to myself. Quietly. Like it wasn't even at Mac... **"...go home..."** And like it was nothing, I turned and left her alone on the sidewalk. My phone sat quiet in my pocket. At least I had it now. I just needed to be alone. For a little bit... just a little bit....

## **56:**

I didn't want to talk to anybody. Mac gave me some space, which was... nice. But Mac probably told Missy. Missy probably told Mike. Everyone knew. Why wouldn't they? So I stayed off the computer. I just couldn't do this today... my phone buzzed. Sayla. I put it down on my stomach and looked up at the ceiling. I had showered, but I still felt so gross...

**Sayla »** I'm coming over tonight.

**Sayla »** To pick you up, we're gonna go out.

**Sayla »** You're not answering, but the thing about my decisions is that they happen when you read them or not.

**Oaklee »** I' mbusy tonight

**Sayla »** Yes. With me.

**Oaklee »** No just busy

**Sayla »** I'll be there at 7. If you don't answer, I'm sure your parents will let me in. Might as well expect it, right?

**Oaklee »** Sayla relaly

**Oaklee »** I'm not in the mood tonight please

**Sayla** » What have you got better going on? Look. There's a thing tonight. A kind of party. Not the under-18-only kind.

**Oaklee** » Not interested

**Sayla** » See you at 7

**Sayla** » Turning off my phone now, girlfriend.

**Oaklee** » Sayla

**Oaklee** » Fuck

**Oaklee** » Seriously

**"Yeah, it's this dumb thing for the Church I go to. Like a fundraiser."** Sayla schmoozed like no other, and easily talked her way into the house with the boys mother within moments of arriving. **"He doesn't want to go, because he promised he would but then I told him it was for a good cause. Ugh. Boys, right?" "I'll make sure he comes along, don't you worry. Some community service will do him good, I think. Oaklee! Get down here!"**

...she aggravated me so badly. I said I didn't wanna go anywhere. But did Sayla listen? Did she ever listen? I came downstairs in jeans and a t-shirt, looking unimpressed and not at all my cute usual self. I just wanted to kill everyone in the whole house and sell it for enough money to get a plane ticket into the fucking sun. **"Hey..."**

**"You're going out with your girlfriend to help with her church fundraiser, you hear? I didn't raise no louse."** Sayla stood behind the woman, leaning on the counter with her legs slightly spread, her school uniform skirt slightly pulled up her thighs and her finger on her mouth with a wicked grin as she looked at the boy out of sight of the mother.

**"Whatever..."** I grabbed my coat off the hook and walked out of the house ahead of Sayla, who did her usual "goody-two-shoes" act and said goodbye to my mom. I put my hands in the pockets of my coat and started walking down the street. When Sayla finally caught up, I spoke. **"I'm not going anywhere. I'm mad at you, anyway."**

**"You're mad at me?"** She actually seemed genuinely surprised by the news, and grabbed onto the boy's wrists, pulling him close to her even though he tried to pull away. **"Why are you mad at me? Because I gave you the most amazing orgasm you've ever had? Because girlfriend, that's a shitty reason to be mad."**

**"Because you were an asshole to my best friend!"** My wrist was still in hers, and we were only halfway down my street. Nobody was out, though, because it was November

and late and cold. **"And because you just disappeared in the middle of the goddamn night. So just... leave me alone."** Why couldn't people just leave me alone?

**"I got a text from my Mom, I had to go."** A lie, but not one he could disprove. **"It happened while we were messing around, and I still put you first!"** Now she sounded indignant. She was going to make this his fault. **"I told you, but you were too dazed and euphoric to even care!"**

**"You did not!"** ...but I wasn't so sure. I looked away from her, tugging my hand out of hers, and looked down at the sidewalk. This was so stupid... **"...okay, fine. But you were still rude to Mac, and I said I didn't want to go out. And you showed up anyway. And that's shitty, okay?"**

**"I knew you were mopey, because you always reply to my texts instantly. Like. Even at 3am. So I came to cheer you up. And I don't know what's the deal with Mac, I thought we were fine?"** Like the stupid little pixie she was, she shifted gears and pushed the boy hard enough for him to fall into the grass, falling with him, landing on him, kissing his lips once they were down.

**"...well..."** To be fair, Mac didn't say anything bad about Sayla. I mean, she technically thought Sayla put me up to wetting the bed. Like I meant to do that. Ugh. I felt sick all over... **"...I don't want to go to some party or some shit... do you wanna like, go on a real date or something? A movie?"** I still felt gross. Maybe her lips could fix that...

**"Fine. A movie. But you wear what I tell you to wear, no arguments. And your Mom thinks I have you until morning, so after the movie you either come to the party with me or figure out somewhere else to go, because I'm going."** There was nothing at all plain and predictable about Sayla, she was a storm without a category rating.

**"Sure, yeah... okay..."** I got up off the ground and followed Sayla down the street. Actually, I'd never been to Sayla's house before. I wondered if that was where we were going. She said something about me changing clothes... **"I'm not wearing any of your trashy clothes. No offense, but you dress like, really bad."**

**"You're going to wear what I tell you to wear, and we're going to see what I want to see. You're my girlfriend, so you'd better get used to having decisions made for you."** At the end of the street there sat her little blue scooter, propped up against a light post. On the back on each side were two luggage bags, and she smirked. **"Come on, you can change in the cinema bathroom. Hop on behind me, you know how to ride bitch-seat, right?"**

**"...uh..."** Was she kidding? Was this what I was really going to ride? On this? I shuddered a little and watched her climb on. Was that all her clothes? **"...don't you**

have a house? Like someplace to live...?" She had those bags of clothes... but she was always showered. She had a job. Hm...

**"I came prepared."** Because obviously she didn't consider that he might refuse to come with her. Victory was a given with Sayla, and they both honestly knew that perfectly well and clear and simply. **"Hop on. You can either put your hands on my hips, or hold the bar on the back behind you."**

**"I don't wanna ride on that..." "Don't be a baby." "Is there like, a helmet or something?" "It doesn't go over 45."** I shook my head and waited on the sidewalk. **"I'll walk to the theater."** A good hour and a half, admittedly. It was in the center of the town, closer to Mac's. It would take me forever to get there.

**"Get on, girlfriend."** She reached out behind the boy and smacked his ass through his jeans, causing him to leap up about six inches. **"Oh, your pretty bruises are still stinging, huh? Get on, or I'll give you some more love-spots, girlfriend."** The girl didn't sound like she was kidding, either...

I swallowed hard and looked down at my feet, my cheeks taking on a bit of color. The burning on my ass was still very evident. It hurt to sit on my bed - I had to lay down. She spanked really hard. I still couldn't believe she'd spanked me like that... **"I said I can walk,"** I muttered to the sidewalk.

**"And I said if you don't get on the bike, girlfriend, I'm gonna do to you right here on the street what I did at the rich girl's house."** Which could have referred to the fingering, or the spanking, she wasn't too clear on that issue. What was clear was the conviction of the intent in her voice.

...okay, so I didn't believe her. But like, what was the worse that could happen? I'd have to get on either way. It was that or walking. Take a risk, Oaklee. So I stepped onto the back of her scooter and clung to her waist. This was fucking terrifying...

**"Hold lower. Lower. No, right here."** She moved his hands so they were literally as low as they could be on her waist, and then kicked the machine to life with an angry splutter that made the scooter seem every bit the ride-on-mower it basically was. **"Hold on tight, okay? I like to make my own roads."**

And she wasn't kidding. She drove through parking lots. Between cars. On sidewalks. Pathways. It didn't matter. If it was paved, it was fair game, and by the time she stopped outside the theater - fifteen minutes later - I was shaking. Never. Never. Ever. Again. I stumbled off the little motorcycle and wrapped my arms around myself, trying to calm down. **"You're a fucking idiot..."**

**"We got here alive, didn't we?"** That was basically her ethos on all matters, to be truthful about it — if she could do it and survive, she would take immeasurable risks.

The two saddle bags came off the back of the bike and she slung them over a shoulder. **"You promise, you wear what I say. Got it?"**

**"No. I didn't say that at all. I said I'd wear your stuff if it was tasteful and basically... not yours."** Sayla really had the worst sense of fashion... this was why she was my girlfriend and not my best friend like Mac. **"And like hell I'm going in the chick's bathroom so you better be okay walking into the guy's."** Though they probably had family restrooms...

**"Don't you get mouthy, girlfriend. If you abuse your right to talk, I've got something else I could use your mouth for."** The thing was, Sayla didn't sound like she was kidding. She took the boy's hand and pulled him through the doors into the cinema and to the door for the bathroom labeled with an icon of a woman stick figure carrying a baby stick figure. Once inside, she clicked the door locked behind the two of them with a grin on her lips.

I crossed my arms in the awkwardly lit bathroom. There was a padded table for changing with a mirror behind it, a toilet in a stall in the back, and a sink between. It was such a weird layout for a bathroom, and probably what all bathrooms should be like. Even the girl's bathroom here - since I'd been in there for Mac - didn't look like this. **"...so what am I wearing?"**

Sayla dropped the bags on the table and unzipped one of them, taking out what looked to be another of her school uniforms to match the one she was wearing. **"It's hotter if my girlfriend goes to an all-girls school with me, isn't it?"** And she looked smoking in her uniform, too, to be truthful about it.

**"...hm, yeah, okay."** Sayla was honestly a terrible dresser. But her uniform? It was really fucking cute. I couldn't lie. I didn't have makeup, and my hair wasn't done the way I liked it, and I'd look like a boy in a girl's uniform, but I was never one to care about that stuff. Still, I wished I had accessories...

Like a genie granting a wish, Sayla opened the second saddle bag and pulled out a number of things — the first was a curling iron, the second was a brush, then some hair spray, a headband and enough brightly-colored bracelets to engulf a Pringles can. She certainly came prepared. She pulled herself up onto the changing table and dangled her legs off the side. **"Come stand here, girlfriend, I need to do your hair."**

...okay, so, apparently... Sayla was actually pretty stylish. I mean, not like... Mac. But very good. Maybe as good as me. A little scene for my personal taste, but all in all... **"If you can pick outfits and accessories out like this, why don't you dress nicer? I mean, you wear pretty awful clothes..."**

**"I have clothing moods. Sometimes I'm a priss, sometimes I'm a scene girl, sometimes I'm goth or emo or just a tarty little slut. Clothes are art, girlfriend, and I'm not gonna limit my choice of palette because of some stupid social**

**convention."** As she spoke, the girl turned the boys hair from boy hair to adorable short hair in a girlish style, curling and spraying and fitting the headband. **"Put half these bracelets on each wrist, and then take like, an inch of them, and move them from your left to your right so it has more. Then I'll do your makeup."**

...so Sayla could do makeup. And clothes. And hair. And I mean, I was never big on "looking like a girl" in public. I actually *preferred* looking like a cute boy in girl's clothes. But by the time Sayla was done with me, I was indistinguishable. Similar to when Mac dressed me up for our trip coat shopping. I was plainly a girl. Again, not that I minded, but I wouldn't lie and say I was one.

**"It's more taboo to kiss you and feel you up in public if people think you're a girl. And then even more taboo when they hear you talk and realize you're not."** She stuffed one saddle bag inside the other, zipped it up, and then pulled out a long strap that converted it a purse for convenience. **"Come on, girlfriend."**

I followed her out of the bathroom. If someone was watching the door, or maybe cameras around the bathrooms, it would have been very interesting to see a reaction. I went in a boy. I came out a girl, very clearly. I was still wearing a pair of Sayla's panties - I'd had a few spare, even on days we didn't see each other. It was typical now. I never thought twice about it.

**57:**

Sayla bought tickets. She bought snacks, too — two sodas, one popcorn and a chocolate covered ice-cream cone that she didn't hesitate in opening for herself as she handed the popcorn to her date. **"Put salt on these, and tell me about your morning with Mac. You're mopey, so you had a fight with her, huh?"**

**"No, I..."** Gosh, was she like, being friendly? Usually we just had oral sex and stuff. Then again, this was our first date... I started to salt the popcorn and then looked curiously at the little shakers. What was it Mac said she did with the popcorn...? **"I just didn't sleep well, and then I got up way too early, and my parents were assholes... I'm gonna try something with the flavors, is that okay?"** She paid, after all.

**"Yeah, whatever. Popcorn tastes like crap anyway, you couldn't make it any worse."** Which begged the question as to why she even bought it in the first place, but maybe it was just because it was a movie tradition. **"Your parents do seem like assholes. Not that I've got a problem with assholes, I've had some great nights because of them. But yeah, I don't think they'd make good parents."**

**"Yeah, they don't."** I put the seasoning on the way Mac told me. I didn't know if I did it right, but after shaking it up... it was close enough! Way better than usual. **"You**

**should try some."** I handed the popcorn bucket out to Sayla while we walked down the hall and into our theater. I had no idea what we were seeing.

So it was an action flick. Maybe Sayla liked holding onto things, or maybe she just hated chick flicks. Either way, the film had already started when they got in. It was tradition for couples to sit near the back, which they did. What was not traditional was that once the boy had sat down, Sayla pulled up the back of her skirt, panty-less as had become the norm, and sat her naked ass down atop the boys skirted lap, wriggling to get comfortably into place.

**"...okay."** She was about my height. It was very weird. But what was I gonna do? I wrapped my arms around her and put my head sort of against her shoulder, which was the only real thing I could do. What a weird girl... like cuddling with the arm rest up would be such a big deal? At least she was light, though.

So there was intent to her seating choice. Because she was Sayla, and nothing she did was without intent, and every few minutes she made sure to wriggle her behind in just the right way to match up to the boys manhood inside the borrowed panties and beneath the skirt. She was going to make very sure that he was pliable and agreeable once the movie was finished.

No kissing. No anything. I really didn't expect to go two hours without one of us on our knees. Honestly! I thought "date" was like "excuse to pin somebody to the wall". But nope. Date meant date. Who the hell knew? Of course I couldn't focus on the movie. She would wiggle to get comfortable every so often, her bottom pushing against my skirt. The panties helped a little, but it didn't keep me from getting a little turned on...

By the time the 90 minutes had finished, she could feel the boy significantly bigger beneath his skirt, and she finally slid off to the chair beside him, making sure to lift her skirt enough so that her own arousal was visible the moment he looked at her. She smiled coyly, they were far enough up for nobody to see, and she wagered she'd trained him well enough to make the attempt. She'd stop him, though, she'd deny him, if he did. And he wasn't used to that.

She kept her skirt up. I looked down at first, at my feet, and then I tried to watch the movie. But she didn't care. She didn't care that her skirt was up, that her cock was showing. I closed my eyes, trying to ignore it. But after a while I figured it was what she wanted. Why else would she keep her skirt like that. My fingers moved to her thigh, only to be slapped away. I looked up at her with bewilderment.

Her look was stern, but wanting. Longing. She wanted him to know that she wanted him, and then she would deny him. Maybe allow him close enough to smell, but not to kiss. She wondered, ideally, if he got precummy yet just for sucking her — he was already so well trained, she wouldn't have been surprised. The girl slipped her straw between her lips, sucking as seductively as was possible, to put the idea on his head.

I swallowed hard and crossed my arms over my chest, looking up at the screen. She had to be kidding. I wasn't going to go down on her in a fucking theater. Ugh. Arrogant, stupid girl... so I tried my best to watch the film. It had to be close to the end, right? All the shooting and stuff already happened...

Oh come now, don't be shy. She had a plan B, but he would wish against wish he took plan A — he kept licking his lips, too. He wanted to. It was dark. She took his hand and played with his fingers, parting her legs a little more. It didn't matter that she planned to deny him, she wasn't about to have him deny her.

I watched the screen with stupid amounts of intent. I wouldn't look away. I didn't care. I didn't want to pleasure her, especially not in a movie theater. And I wasn't going to listen to her, anyway. I only did that to prove my position of power, to keep her in line. Not that she ever listened for more than ten fucking minutes... I sighed and steeled myself. Watch the screen Oaklee.

Fine. She pulled the boy onto her lap, resting directly atop her hard cock, pressing against the seat of his borrowed panties. He squirmed, and she whispered quietly into his ear, just loud enough to hear. **"Remember how good it felt with my finger?"** She giggled. Actually giggled like some kind of maniac, and continued to hold the boy in place.

**"Pervert,"** I muttered, and worked to slide off her lap. She kept her arms around me tight, wrapped around my waist like I had with her motor bike. I felt stupid here. I hated being this high up, too. How did she do this for a whole hour and a half?! And what was worse, her cock, now erect, was poking the seat of my underwear.

Was he really so dense? Gosh. If she wanted a frigid bitch, she'd have been dating a girl. No matter. She reached under his skirt with one hand and pressed it to the front of the boys panties where she'd left him hard and wanting. And she began to rub, just softly, while pulling him back closer to her. Just slowly. Softly. Rub his panties. Rub his bottom on her. It was almost sweet if it wasn't so fucked up and pervy.

I was breathing a little heavy, trying hard not to focus on the girl. On where her hand was. On her cock against me. I tried *really* hard. But gosh. I was whimpering a little by the time the credits started to roll, and THANK GOD they did! She was *insane!* I wiggled, working my way off her lap while the lights came back on.

Sayla let the boy up, and he did so quick as he could, though she grinned as he turned to face her and his cock tented his skirt. So fucking hot. **"You might wanna stuff that back down, girlfriend. It's very unladylike."** Not that she was any better, but Sayla conversely didn't care. **"If you come with me tonight, we'll finish what we started."**

**"You're an idiot,"** I said flatly. I turned away from the girl and flattened the skirt. Stupid girl. Stupid underwear. Stupid outfit. So much for an innocent first date... **"Can I have**

my clothes back, or..?" **"Are you coming to the party?"** I sighed. We were just making our way back out into the lobby. **"...I guess... what is it?"**

**"It's a thing. A few dozen people, venue is a warehouse underneath a shoe place. Chill out, do whatever. Just do what I do, and don't ask questions and you'll be good."**

**Mac » r u still upset b/c of the wetting thing??**

**Mac » i miss u**

**"Who's texting you on our date? Do I need to bury someone?"**

**"It's nobody..."** Seriously, did Mac have to say it like that? Deliberately told her not to mention it again. She mentions it again. Ugh. I slipped my phone into the pocket on the skirt - seriously skirts with pockets. Fucking perfect. **"Um... yeah, alright, let's go. Are we crashing there?"** Not that it mattered. I couldn't go home.

**"So by nobody you mean the rich girl?"** Sayla smirked and took the boys hand, pulling him down the stairs and out into the much brighter lights of the lobby with a smile. **"Come on, I need to go back to that bathroom for a sec, you'll see why we get there."** He might have argued, if she let him. Instead, the two of them barreled into the room and she clicked it shut. Time for phase 2. She lifted his skirt, quite pleased with the wet spot on his panties from her ministrations. **"Oh no, little Oaklee, can't keep her panties dry, soaked through, what a little baby..."**

I pushed the skirt down fast between me and the girl. My cheeks had a bit of color to them, but more than that, I was looking at Sayla with complete bewilderment. Who the hell did she think she was?! **"What is your problem?! Don't lift somebody's skirt, you pervert!"**

She laughed. Bright and airy and genuine, so unlike her. **"You're such a girl, girlfriend. All modest and coy like that. But the fact remains, you did get your panties wet."** Slowly, deliberately, she unzipped the saddle bag, the one that had contained the clothes, the ones she balled up, and stuffed inside the other. It turned out... there had been something else in there all along. A pull-up, with pink prints. She loved how vulnerable he'd been, enough to encourage it, and with the bedwetting, well...

...she was joking. I mean, I shouldn't have recognized it so quickly. But I was at Sayla's store with her. We'd talked about them. The pink one was something for older teens. Supposed to look like underwear, with a butterfly, or something. I thought it might be what Mac wore - which turned out to be correct, since she showed me the waist band this morning - but there was no way something like that would fit me... **"Don't be an idiot."** I said it as harsh as I could, as aggressively, but my cheeks were pink again. Fuck...

The pullup might not have been enough, no, but the fact that the girl — who was his size, after all — went and lifted the boy up onto the edge of the changing table certainly made a more pronounced impression on his ability to resist her. He winced when he sat because of the hardness and the bruises, but mostly he blushed like a thousand shades of red competing for the spotlight.

**"Sayla!"** I slid off the table, but my feet felt wobbly. I shook my head, biting my cheek. I didn't have any glasses on to fog up - they were still somewhere on Mac's living room floor. Or maybe in her bedroom, now, after she'd found them. Maybe picked up by the maid. I felt dizzy. I shoved her as hard as I could, back against the wall, and pinned her at the shoulders. Everything was foggy...

Oh, aggression, but it was all smoke and no fire. She easily slid her hands up the boys skirt and pulled his panties down with enough force that they dropped to the floor around his feet. **"You can't even keep a pair of panties dry, what a little girl, a helpless little thing, in-fact! You should be so ashamed, telling me you could stay dry. Such a dirty girl."**

The words hit like bricks. I stumbled back, tripping at the panties around my ankles, and coming down hard on the tile of the bathroom floor. My cheeks were scarlet. My whole body ached. The pain on my ass rang through my whole body. And Sayla towered over me. I felt so small...

Delicately, she bent down, her cock bobbed beneath her skirt and the boys interest with his eyes wasn't lost on her, She plucked up the panties, turned them inside out, and then pushed them into his mouth, the wet-spot against his tongue. **"Little girls should be punished for making wets. Now get up on the changing table like the little baby bitch that you are, so I can get you in your diaper."**

I took the underwear out of my mouth with my hand, but my cheeks were burning. Everything in my body ached, and I just couldn't think straight. I stumbled to my feet, but I didn't feel any taller. Without a word, I went over to the changing table and sat back up on top of it where she had put me before. **"Sayla,"** I muttered. I felt so weak... **"...please..."**

**"Put your wet panties back in your mouth, baby. Make sure you taste it, remind you to stay dry."** She nodded with a smirk, so much more a pissed off big sister than a Mommy figure. The pull-up crinkled as she unfolded it, and she made sure to do it slowly enough that he wouldn't be able to ignore it.

I shied away, putting the wet underwear on the edge of the changing table, and moved my feet away from the leg-holes of the pull-up. No way that thing would fit me anyway. It was Mac's size. Mac's color. If it fit her, no way it would fit me... **"..I'm not a baby... stop treating me like this... I mean it..."** Fuck, did I really sound like that?

**"Only a baby would wet her panties like that. Unless you were just horny at the idea of being buttfucked? Is that it?"** She held the pull-up out, and before the boy could answer, she slapped his thigh. **"Feet in, baby girl, we don't have all night you know."** That was the thing about Sayla, she was just so legitimately in control, always.

I put my feet in. I didn't complain. I should have complained. Argued. I didn't know what was wrong with me! And she stood me up, on my feet, and lifted my skirt, tugging the pull up around my waist. She flattened the skirt for me and looked me in the eye. I couldn't, though. I was just watching the floor. My cheeks were scarlet. My breathing slightly heavy. Just a touch. Nothing anyone would notice, but Sayla did. It was the same as the night with the spanking.

**"It's okay to feel warm when you're dressed like a proper baby, precious."** She rubbed the front of the pullup through the boys skirt and stuffed the panties back into his mouth with a smile, bright and airy. **"If you're a good girl, Mommy will finger your pussy when we get to the party, okay baby?"** Sayla was so... no, not maternal... condescending. In the hottest possible way.

I was feeling lightheaded, not being able to breathe properly out of my mouth. I swayed a little bit, foot to foot, but didn't dare spit the panties out. Her words kept me in the delirious haze, and I couldn't think right. I just felt so weird... so I just nodded my head.

**"Good girl."** So there, the boy in the school uniform and the pull-up, mouth filled with panties, was pulled out of the changing room by the girl, and soon was holding tightly to her body as they sped away from the movie theater on the scooter. The venue was twenty minutes drive away, but the slightly salty taste of his panties, the padded pullup, the bruising of his bottom and the way the skirt fluttered in the wind all kept the boy nicely hazy.

I nearly fell off the bike. I couldn't breathe right. When she finally parked, she took the panties out of my mouth and threw them on the ground. I breathed even more heavily, desperate for oxygen. I had no idea where we were or how we got here. I didn't know anything. I got off the bike and shifted awkwardly in the pullup, my cheeks still as red as before. I felt so off...

The building was nondescript. A sports shoe outlet above ground, closed now. There was a door by the side, a girl in denim with piercings stood watch, and Sayla spoke like she knew everything about everything. **"Two."** One word, and she lifted the boys skirt to show off the pullup. The woman in denim grinned and stepped aside, leaving the staircase. No cover. No ID. The two of them descended the stairs. Well. Sayla did. Oaklee just kind of stumbled behind her in a perpetual daze. Once they got to the bottom, it was revealed not to be a club or anything so fancy. It was a basement. A large one, yes, maybe an old warehouse for the building above. There were sofas, and chairs, and groups of people in circles, intermingling, moving from one to another. And here and there would be shier people, often with collars, always with eyes to the

ground, sometimes on their hands and knees. It actually seemed pretty normal if not for certain details. A party.

I tried to look around. People. Faces. Nobody I recognized. Actually, they all looked older than me... which was probably true. I was fifteen. I wiggled uncomfortably, following behind Sayla. Some of them crawled on the ground. Some had leashes. I was getting redder and redder... **"S-Sayla, I wanna go home..."**

**"Quiet, baby bitch. Don't you want Mommy to finger your pussy like before?"** It didn't seem like there was any order to the place, and Sayla took a seat on a vacant sofa, pulling the boy into her lap with hardly any resistance. They'd been noticed, a few sets of eyes, appreciating, appraising, assessing.

Some people watched me. Like they knew. My chest was starting to hurt. I didn't feel well at all... **"...S-Sayla... please... I wanna go home... I don't like it... please..."** I wanted to bury my head in her shoulder, but I was too high up on her lap. I wanted to cry or to sleep, but neither made sense. So I sat and played nervously with my fingers. I felt so wrong...

A girl flounced over, a few years older than Sayla. She wore a collar and a smile. As she spoke, Sayla tugged the back of the boys pullup down in her lap. Casual. Normal. Like it happen all the time. **"What's your name, sissy?" "Her name is Bubbles, and she's available for play." "Papa will be pleased. Is she fresh?" "Like mint in spring."** It wasn't a finger that touched the boy's bottom, not like before. As she spoke, **Sayla** gently pressed her cock between the boys cheek. Not aiming to penetrate. Just letting him know that she could. The girl with the collar stepped forward, unannounced, and pressed her lips to the boys, kissing him. Her tongue was pierced, and she kissed like Escher paintings made sense.

.....oh. Um. I mean. She kissed nice. And the girl's cock against my backside was... I mean, it wasn't... the worst thing. But this whole place was still scary. And I felt weird and dizzy. The girl's lips parted with mine and she looked at me in the eye. Mine were foggy and bright, glazed like donuts. I quickly looked away, my breathing heavy.

**"Bubbles knows not to look her superiors in the eye, how adorable." "She's a quick study. I'll be picking her flower in 10 minutes if you want to spread the word. She'd love an audience." "Will she be available for Papa?" "Perhaps, we'll see how she behaves. Let's say watching for now." "Of course, Miss."** As she spoke, Sayla continued to rub her cock between the boys cheeks, and that meant he was forced to rub against the padding of the pull-up in turn.

**"...Sayla... I wanna go home... please can we go home..."** Her cock pushed between my cheeks and I jumped on her lap, trembling as it touched the entry of my bottom. She didn't push, though. Tears started to form in my eyes. **"...p-please.... please wanna go home..."**

**"Remember how it felt, baby, remember my finger? I'm going to give you something so much better, something all girls really need to have. And you're my baby girl, aren't you? You wet yourself, and you're wearing a pink diaper. Do boys wear pink? Or is pink a girl's color?"** The collared girl had stepped away with a delightful grin and had started to spread the word.

Her words hit me hard, little triggers, that sunk me into her arms. I relaxed, even though my fears were not alleviated. Even though I didn't want this. Even though tears started down my cheeks. I rubbed them away before anybody saw... **"...k-kay... I... I juss wanna lay down, though... cuddle and lay down..."** I sounded so pathetic, mumbling to myself.

**"Of course."** It would be easier to prepare him if they did, anyway — so she laid down on the sofa, and she laid the boy next to her, as her little spoon. The position made it much easier for her to suck on her fingers, and then to slowly push the tip of one into the boy. She wouldn't touch his g-spot, she just needed him relaxed. **"You're such a dirty baby girl... you just want to be fucked."** She pushed the length of her finger in as she whispered the last word, making sure he well and truly remembered what happened last time.

## **58:**

I started to cry. Not like a little bit, but like, really cry. I felt horrible and small and vulnerable and this place was new and scary and everything was wrong and I felt wrong and dizzy and hazy and foggy and I didn't like it! And I just didn't... want this... not now... and not... this wasn't right. I tried to be quiet about it. I didn't want to draw attention. But attention was something I already had, so people took notice. I tried to wipe my tears away.

Sayla wanted to cover the boy's mouth, she moved her hand, but flinched, and one finger slipped between his lips. And he sucked. He sucked, and his sobs calmed, though the tears continued. To those who looked, they saw the sucking, they saw the skirt and the pull-up, and most figured it to be part of his game. Sayla was less calmed. She was furious. **"Do I need to spank you again, you dumb little baby?"** she hissed into his ear, as the collared girl returned. **"Papa wishes to know if Bubbles is having second thoughts? We play safe here."** Sayla smiled cheerfully, pulled her finger out of the boy's behind, and squeezed his bruised flesh.

I squealed like a puppy at the pinch on my behind, and I sucked quietly on Sayla's finger. My cheeks felt so warm, and my head felt so spinny... but the finger was out of my butt, and the seat of the pull-up was back up to my waist. I liked this. I just wanted to stay here, curling up to Sayla on the sofa...

**"No disrespect to the Mistress intended, but Papa has instructed me to be certain."** **"She's a happy sissy girl, aren't you, Bubbles?"** He sucked on her finger, and she held him next to her, the pull-up pulled back into place, waiting for him to give the proper response. In the pocket of the boy's skirt, the phone vibrated, but he seemed to ignore it.

I looked up at Sayla and then at the girl. She was cute and kind and kissed me. That was nice of her. Sayla kissed me too, but she wasn't nice. She said mean things in my ear. I finally spit Sayla's finger out and rubbed the leftover tears from my cheeks. Honestly, I had no idea what was going on... **"...hi,"** I said quietly up at the girl. I managed to sit up, my cheeks still warm. Were we leaving?

**"Pet, Mistress means to deflower you as spectacle. Are you consenting?" "I don't see how it's your business. Go back to your Papa, go on, get out of here."** Sayla made a mistake. She pushed the collared girl. A lot of things happened when she did — many of the patrons stood up, approached, but one particularly large and particularly larger dark-skinned man was there first. **"Papa, it's okay. It's a misunderstanding, she didn't mean it."** **"No hands on the subs without permission."** **"Well she was all up in my face, alright!"** The giant of a man knelt down, turning gentle as a teddy, and put his large hand on Oaklee's cheek. **"Is everything okay here? Do you know what is happening?"**

**"...huh...?"** The man looked at me. I should have been scared of him, I think. But he was big and soft and smily, which was like... literally every single thing my father wasn't. And his hand was warm on my cheek. I felt myself blush, leaning into him. **"....I... I thought we were going home... I don't..."** I felt weird... **"...um... I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."** New tears. What was my problem?!

The man lifted Oaklee up, as though he weighed nothing, and propped him against his hip like an actual toddler. His words to Sayla were stern. **"Stay here. Don't cause trouble. Once I've interviewed your sub, if everything is above board, you'll be clear to continue."** He walked across the venue to the sofa where he'd been sitting, and returned to doing that, propping the boy warmly on his lap with a cuddle. **"You can call me Papa, and this is my establishment. Tell me, what's your name?"** The girl with the collar had followed, and was sitting on the opposite chair, flashing reassuringly looks to the nervous boy.

...I tried to turn to look for Sayla, but the man took my chin in his hand and helped me stare into his eyes instead. I bit my lip and rubbed the tears away from my cheeks. **"... I'm... um... Oaklee..."** Oaklee. Right. Boy name. I was just having trouble remembering... simple things like that. I took a deep breath and tried to smile, but it fell so flat. **"...I'm sorry if I'm... I'm not really sure... um... I'm just a little confused..."** My phone was vibrating again. I recognized it this time. I reached into the pocket on my skirt and looked at the little square of plastic. My head was fuzzy...

**Mac » i miss u... still**

Mac » i hope ur okay

Mac » u dont usually go a day w/o messaging...

Mac » && I saw the cutest dress &&& thought of showing u

Mac » but ur not online....

"I just need to ask you a few questions, Oaklee. That girl, your Mistress? Are you of consenting age and are you agreeing to her making love to you tonight? It's your first time, is that right? Are you sure you understand what is happening here?" Not that he had any duty to talk the boy out of it, but the tears had looked legit enough to raise concerns within a number of the doms.

"Um..." I closed the phone and put it back into my pocket. Mac. Texting. I'd... I'd reply later... it was hard to think... "Um... um..." "Oaklee?" "...huh?" I was so scattered. This was obviously not lost on the large man or the young girl that kissed me. They looked nervous... "How old are you?" "...me?" "Yes." "Oh, um..." Small numbers bounced through my head. I had to think really hard. Oaklee. Oaklee Edwards... um... "Fifteen...?" I said it like a question.

"Get her out of here." His voice boomed across the room and two women approached Sayla and grabbed her roughly with disgust, shoving her across the room quickly toward the staircase. She was pissed. The large man didn't seem to care about her, though. "Honey, I am sorry to tell you but this is no place for a pretty little fifteen year old. It might be best that you head home. Do you have someone you can call? Your parents?"

"...um..." I looked up at the man, and down at my feet. "I... um..." I didn't. I didn't have anyone. I felt fresh tears on my cheeks and I quickly brushed them away. Maybe no one would notice. Maybe I could just disappear... "...y-yeah, I'll... c-call my parents..." I couldn't. I couldn't, because of what I was wearing. They didn't know that, though. I'd just... walk. Uh. To... uh... the store, and... where was my wallet, though? Sayla had it? I didn't know what to do...

Maybe it was because his voice was unconvincing and lost, but the man pulled the boy closer into a cuddle, and the girl with the collar slipped up alongside him, both fitting into the man's lap as though he were holding two large dolls and not people. Again, she kissed him, despite his age, and then played with his hair. "Oaklee, right? That's a much nicer name than Bubbles. Tell me your friend's name." She knew he was lost in subspace, and she knew equally well how to help him find his way out.

"...um... Sayla... um..." I turned to look again, at the couch, but Sayla wasn't there. I rubbed my eyes, rubbed the tears away, and looked up at the girl. She was probably my height, Sayla's height, but... older? Maybe. It was hard to tell... "...I think she has

**my clothes... if my parents..."** I hesitated, shaking my head, and withdrew from the girl. The man kept me close to his chest.

**"We won't call your parents, Oaklee. I bet they don't get how pretty you are, huh? Parents suck like that."** She poked her tongue out at the large man whom was obviously not her actual parent, and continued. **"Tell me the name of your favorite sports team. Do you like hockey? Papa used to play football, but I think hockey is better."**

**"...um... my brother played football for school,"** I muttered, and looked down at the floor. I kept wiping my face, though the tears were stopping. **"Um... I don't... know a lot about... um..."** I looked again toward the couch. No Sayla. My clothes, my wallet... I was so nervous. What was I going to wear home? Mom was going to kill me. Dad was going to *actually* kill me...

**"What about friends. Do you have any friends that would be okay seeing you so pretty?" "We're not comfortable sending you home with that girl, honey. She seems like bad news."** Rarely was there intervention like this, but the boy was underage by many years and shouldn't have been here at all — for everybody's sake. Whether or not Sayla was was less important.

**"...um..."** I played with the phone in my hand, then realized it was there. Realized Mac had been texting me. I blinked, then held out the phone to the girl. She had, after all, asked the question. **"Mac. Um. She knows... um... I mean, she's..."** Gosh, I was just so inept today...

**"Mac, huh?"** The collared girl looked at the phone, and then at the man, and he nodded, and she left his lap with the phone in her hand. The man pulled the boy in closer and gently started to rock him in his arms, soothing, calming. If this friend could be of help, it might be some time before she got there, and they wouldn't let the boy go with the chance of being accosted by Sayla upstairs. So Papa did what he did best.

I had never felt this way. There was more than the hazy and dizziness. In the man's arms, I just felt calm and clear. Not hazy. Not dizzy. Simple. Happy. Content. The same thoughts and emotions as before, the same vulnerability, but serene. Clarity. When the girl came back, my phone still with her, I was long past crying. I was smiling, even!

**"She's going to be a little while." "Alright. We'll babysit for a spell."** He laughed a little, but when he did it was like the pleasant elements of a storm, and the collared girl crawled back up next to the boy. **"You don't want your first time to be in a place like this, anyway. Make that dumb girl get you a nice hotel room, and romance you, and give you massages and stuff. Your first time is magical, make sure she treats you right."**

"...Sayla?" "Uh huh." I was clear, now. Talkative. Not exactly the most conversationally apt person, sure, but at least I could be coherent. **"She treats me fine."** **"Taking you to a place like this isn't fine."** "...I think she was just trying to have fun." **"How long have you been together?"** "...um... a little over two weeks?"

**"Two weeks and you're going to let her put you on a pedestal and pop your cherry for an audience? Is that how you want to remember your first time, honey?"** The collared girl nodded in agreement and played with Oaklee's fingers. **"It's super cool that you're comfortable enough with your body so young, but sex can be scary! You want to do it right for your first time."**

**"...why does it matter?"** Maybe it was a stupid question. They both looked at me like it was a stupid question. I still had my head on the man's shoulder. I was still so calm and relaxed. My words had no emotion at all. Just spilling out of my mouth. **"It happens, and it feels good, and then it keeps happening. So what if she makes me miserable - that's what relationships are about. But I get sex and stuff, so it's a fair trade.."**

**"That's not really a relationship, is it? When you think about it? It's more like a business deal. And sex is personal. Do you want that girl to be who you compare every single person who fucks your pretty behind for the rest of your life?"** The man was nodding, but he didn't interrupt. **"She needs to love you and respect you and spend an hour going down on you, in a nice bed! Before you let her hit that."**

**"I don't see the point..."** I guess it was really just getting through to me that she was going to have sex with me here. In front of people. Maybe Sayla was into that, though. Maybe it was normal. What did I know? I was just a kid... **"That's what dating is, though... like a business deal. Gotta give stuff up. Get stuff. That's how it works. I mean. My parents hate each other. And they've been together like twenty years..."**

**"Oh honey, no no no. Papa an' I have been together for ten years,"** so she was older than she looked, and she looked up at the large man. **"Papa, what is the most important thing?"** **"Mutual. Respect. Pardon me to say, but it seems to me like you shouldn't base too much of your world view on parents who hate each other. Many times parents stay together just for the sake of their kids."** **"Be with someone who respects you, Oaklee. And shares your interests, and asks you before bringing you to a place like this."**

**"...but I'm just gonna hate 'em anyway..."** Ten years wasn't twenty. Fact of the matter. I didn't know when my parents started to hate each other. Probably recently. I didn't know how long it took. Different times for different couples? Who knew... **"I don't wanna date somebody I like... I don't wanna date somebody like Mac, 'cause dating and marrying and kids and money is just gonna make me hate her, and I really, really like her... I'd rather just... learn to hate somebody I already don't**

really like anyway... Sayla, she's... she's pretty awful, and she's very... exciting. I could live like that..."

"Hating who you're with isn't inevitable, princess." "You could be with someone you hate if you want, but what about being with someone who gets excited over the things you do? Who wants to see that band you wanna see, heck, who buys you tickets to go with you?" "Someone who just fits." "Mmmhmm. The only way you'd ever hate someone in a relationship was if you're not compatible. And it sounds like your parents only stayed together because they had kids." "What she means to say, is, that they might not be the best role models."

"It's not just my parents. Everybody's. Josh's, and Kim's. Mac's parents, too. They don't even see each other. Part of being married is just being miserable. But you get a naked girl that's yours. So it's like. Balance..." I was trying to understand. I was. They'd gone ten years. Ten years and didn't hate each other. Or they were lying...

"Balance between the things you love, and things she loves, and the things you both love." "I played football for my whole darn life, and you know what? I marry a hockey girl." "But we go to hockey games and he calls them all weaklings, and we go to football games and I sit on his lap and bounce around asking when the fights start." "That's balance. Why don't you ask you friend when she gets here, honey. Ask her if her parents love one-another."

"But... it's not like that... it's just not..." I wasn't trying to be difficult. They were just wrong. They didn't understand... "It's... it's nice. The things. I do with her. With Sayla. So nice. And if I gotta put up with the rest of her for those things... if I did those things with other people, with people that aren't her, like my friends? It's weird and it would ruin everything..."

The girl and the man exchanged concerned looks, and then she took Oaklee's hand and squeezed it... then kissed him. Kissed him like she had earlier, only how she pushed him back into the embrace of the man that was clearly her partner. And though Sayla kissed well, she had nothing on this little nymphette. When Oaklee was allowed to breathe again, the girl smiled at him. "I'm not with you, but I can kiss you. I kiss you because you're cute, and I want to. But if I hated you, I wouldn't. Gosh no. Because why would I give someone I hate something good?"

".....I....." I had nothing to say. I had no comeback. She was right. Why give something nice to somebody you don't like? Why did I kiss Sayla if I didn't like Sayla? Why did I pleasure her? For... for return? Because it meant she'd do it back? "...so... you can get in return?" Did that mean she wanted me to kiss her? But she put a finger to my lips. She refused it. I didn't... understand...

"It's not about paying back. It's about giving something to someone you like. A kiss. A hug. Some magic with your tongue. Why would you give your virginity to

someone you don't even like?" **"Make it special, you only get one first time, honey. And believe me, pet, you are gorgeous enough to be as choosy as you like. Suitors are going to line up for you."** **"Papa is right, you're pretty as heck."**

**"You kiss me,"** I said flatly. I crossed my arms over my chest, still curled in the man's arms. I really should find my own space, but... I was warm and happy here. I didn't want to leave his lap. **"You kiss me, but you're dating, so... so you're cheating. You can't say you're happy. You don't count, 'cause you're cheating."**

**"I kiss you because it pleases Papa to see me kissing pretty people. I do it for him, because I love him."** Maybe the boy didn't expect that answer. He looked up at the man and the man nodded in confirmation. Which, in retrospect, was a pretty sensical answer, too.

**"...it's... that's still cheating..."** I muttered, looking away from the girl. She was turning my world upside down. I didn't know what to say. I didn't know how to argue. I'd never talked to anyone about relationships before. I'd never needed to. I was never *in* one...

**"Because we love each other, we talk about what one another likes." "And we set our own rules. Because we trust each other, and that's what relationships mean. Please don't let a girl you hate take your cherry, Oaklee. Take it from me, you don't want to regret that choice. Make it someone you adore, someone who makes you feel pretty, and worthwhile, and someone who gets you."**

**"...maybe, but,"** I muttered, putting my head into the man's chest. I was done with this conversation. It left me with a lot to think about. More than I wanted. My future with Sayla. My future in general... and all the while, I was still behaving like a child. Like a pouty child, curling up on her Papa's lap. Her? Ugh, now I was even doing it... then the phone started to buzz in the young woman's hands.

**Mac »** the car just got here

**Mac »** should i come down

**Mac »** or wait up here

**"Is that your ride?"** The boy nodded, and the girl slipped off the larger man's lap. **"I'll take you upstairs, make sure that you won't be accosted."** By taking you upstairs, the man seemed to intend the literal, because he propped the boy against his hip and carried him to the stairs, with the collared girl following behind.

**59:**

**"Hullo..."** The car was an SUV this time — Uber had insisted upon it when I provided the address — but the two back rows were facing one another, so it was like a sort of limousine. Oaklee sat opposite me, dressed in a private school uniform that I recognized very well, and with a shy grin on his face. **"Did that man carry you out here...?"**

**"...oh, um..."** I looked at the man in the doorway, and he nodded his head. **"Be safe,"** he said flatly in a way only I could recognize as concern. I felt like I knew him very, very well... **"Y-yeah... thank you..."** And he closed the door, leaving me and Mac alone. My eyes dropped to the floor, my cheeks colorful and pink. I looked like a literal girl, the hair and the make up. No glasses, though.

**"Um. Who was that?"** It wasn't that I was racist, per se, just surprised to see him in the arms of a black man that looked like he could probably win a tug of war with this car. With the door closed, the heat warmed him, but his cheeks still stayed pink as he leaned back on the seat, his knees apart with all the grace of someone who didn't grow up wearing skirts.

**"Um... I... I'm not sure what his name was..."** I nearly said Papa, but that wouldn't have helped the situation any. I wanted to return to the reality of the situation a little better, but I wasn't doing so hot. I shuffled in the seat quietly and played with my fingers in my lap. **"...um... I um... need new clothes, before I go home..."**

**"When do you need to be home by? I can take you to the store, um... Walmart or something 24 hour if you want...?"** Was he drunk? Was this what drunk people acted like? **"Are you drunk...?"** Only one way to find out, right? But I had other things I wanted to find out, too! Like where was Sayla?! How had he gotten out here? Why was some giant man carrying him around?

**"...huh? No... why? What...?"** Thing is, I didn't drink. Not that I couldn't. Mom had so many wine bottles in the house she wouldn't notice one or two going missing. I just never thought of it. 'Cause I saw what it did to my parents, maybe. I'd only had one beer my entire life. Not to say I wouldn't drink in the future...

**"Well you're just... acting funny. Um. Maybe it's just because I'm tired. I'll tell the driver to take us to the store?"** I never spoke to the drivers. I don't know why. I just... didn't. I pulled out my phone and started to tap instructions into the app which would go through to his phone and he'd know where to go.

The car started to move. I sat there, quiet, shifting from side to side. I wanted to get out of this weird dizziness, to feel normal again, so I could talk to Mac. To tell her I was sorry about this morning, maybe. But nothing was coming out. I was blushing, watching my feet, as we swayed in the car...

"Um." Awkward. So awkward. Say something, Mac, anything! **"Did you and Sayla have a fight? I just... you're wearing her uniform, and have girls' hair, and all those bracelets you don't usually wear, and you're stranded out here so I thought maybe you did..."** Babble babble babble Mac, gosh.

**"...maybe... iono... she went away..."** She got kicked out of the club. Right? Because... we were under age. Which made sense. I didn't know where she went, though... **"She has my um... clothes, and... uh... wallet and stuff, so I'm just... gotta get home..."** Oh. **"Oh."** Oh... **"But... I guess I can't 'til tomorrow..."** I needed a place to sleep...

That was something I knew how to handle proper! I nodded my head and smiled brightly, quickly tapping something else into my phone for the poor driver. **"You can stay at my place? Mira misses you anyway, and you can wear that nightgown I got you for at the con, because you didn't get to wear it last night..."** Had it only been one night? I felt so disconnected from the fight this morning.

**"...yeah? Yeah, I miss Mira, too... it's been like forever, and... and a nightgown's probably really nice! And yeah..."** I was babbling a little bit. My mouth still tasted like Sayla's finger, despite everything. I felt weird, a little dizzy. If it wasn't for this stupid pullup I could probably go back to being normal... I kept shifting in the seat... **"Um... thank you for getting me in the middle of... I mean, it was nice..."**

**"Well...that's what friends are for, right?"** I smiled optimistically, but I was furious at Sayla for abandoning him out here. **"So was that like... another party thing? Like the rave you went to before?"** Carefully, I stood up and changed seats, so I could sit next to him, and I put my head on Oaklee's shoulder exhaustedly.

I shuffled a little awkwardly, trying to get comfortable with Mac's head on my shoulder. It was a little weird, but I was managing. **"Um... yeah, I think so? I mean, I didn't stay long... and Sayla left, I guess... but iono... I just kinda am a little sleepy, but like, I'm not too sleepy, either. Iono. Just a weird night..."** I was rambling so hard...

**"You're very cute."** I sat up, because it was very clear that he didn't like me leaning on him, and instead I leaned into the corner of the seat and patted my lap. **"Put your head down, okay? On my lap?"** I was wearing a set of pink footed pajamas, because it was cold, with bunny slippers on the floor that I'd worn to the car from my house. He was obviously tired, because he was rambling, and obviously stuck on some thought or another.

**"...yeah?" "Yeah, sure."** I bit my lip and shuffled down on the seat, resting my head on her lap. Gosh, she was so warm. She played with my hair how she used to when Mira was hurt, before she cleaned her. She played with my hair and I felt into a non-hazy bliss. Euphoric. I let out a little sigh and closed my eyes.

For the first time since he'd gotten into the car, it felt like Oaklee was actually calm and relaxed and not worried about something. I played with his hair the way my Mom had played with mine when I was very young, barely before I could even remember. But I liked it, all the way back then, and in the same way, Oaklee seemed to like it now. There was one more thing I remembered, barely, I knew the melody and never the words, not until I turned 12 and discovered I could hum into an app on my phone, and know the song, and I learned it by heart then. The soft french lullaby had never been something I'd sung for anybody else, only to myself, only when I was alone.

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We were a long way from my house, twenty minutes or so by car, and the large SUV hummed along the freeway while Oaklee slept with his head in my lap. I didn't like Sayla... I tried to. I wanted to! I really honestly wanted to. But the way she treated him, the way he let her push him around, and ditching him like this... I couldn't imagine that she cared about him. And he deserved someone that did, gosh did he deserve someone that did. Before I knew it, we were pulling in, and I had to wake the boy up with a gentle shuffle of his shoulder. **"Wakey wakey..."**

**"...mm...?"** She shook me awake with a little smile. I sat up on my butt, wincing at the pain as it shot through me. I'd forgotten about that. I rubbed my eyes like a kid and she took my hand, helping me out of the car. I followed her up the walkway in the cold November night air, shaking until we got inside.

**"This is why you need to be cuddled up inside in footsies, and not prancing around outside in a skirt in the middle of November, silly."** I punched the code into the door and pushed it open, the warmth of perpetual internal climate control an absolute heaven-send, especially for Oaklee whom I ushered in in front of me. **"There's a vent in the hall over there, go stand over it until you warm up."**

**"I'm okay..."** Honestly, I just wanted to keep my hand in hers. I didn't know why. I just... felt... comfortable here. She looked at me a little and smiled, leading the way up the stairs. **"Is Mira up here..?"** She paused a little, looking back at me for a second. It was the first time I'd mentioned Mira first.

**"Uh huh, of course she is, she's up here with Cheez."** Rarely did he mention Mira first, it was never something we talked about unless I brought it up. He clung to my hand and I smiled at him curiously, watching the way he watched me, watching the way he matched my steps. Emulating me? Was that what he was doing? **"You should move your hips just a little, but not too much, or you look like a strumpet, that's what Mommy always said."**

**"...um... my hips...?"** I looked down at the skirt and stumbled, my hand slipping out of hers, as I hit the steps. ...I must have mis-stepped. I pushed myself back up onto my knees, brushing off my top with a blush. **"S-sorry... I wasn't looking where I was going..."**

There was something I saw when he stumbled ahead of me, something that I knew was just imaginary, that I knew better about. Because he wouldn't. He... maybe he wasn't... mocking me... maybe his curiosity was because he felt isolated, maybe we were the same, and I'd been so rude to him about it! Ugh! **"Smaller steps, but with a bit more movement in your pretty hips, okay? I'll go up first, you watch me?"**

I watched her climb the stairs and I watched my feet to make sure I wouldn't fall again. I didn't know why I was so nervous about tripping. I never tripped up the stairs. My head was just foggy, or maybe I was still sleepy from the car. When we were on the landing, in the outer part of her room, I waited by the door. I wondered where Mira was...

**"You did so good!"** He looked like he was still emulating me, but even with so, that didn't mean it didn't look good. Feminine. I liked that. **"You should try to walk like that all the time, it's so pretty."** I disappeared through the archway and came back with Mira and Cheez in my hands, both of them dressed in their nighties. **"I dress Mira for bed every night, and then for the day when I do Cheez. I hope you don't mind..."**

**"No, no! That's... thank you... I wish I could do it, but..."** I pouted a little, thinking about home. I took Mira in my hands and hugged her to my chest. She was so perfectly sized, even for someone my age. My size. I held her in my arms and looked down at my feet. **"Um... I... could I maybe see my nightgown, maybe...? I really wanna know if it's cute..."**

**"Don't I always buy cute stuff?"** I meant it playfully, but he was nodding in head vehemently in agreement and that made me smile. I padded around my room to the closet and came back with the nightgown, pale blue with white polka dots, and plenty of telltale lolita ribbons and bows as flourishes, along with a lot of lace. It looked far too childish for an adult, but that was the point. **"Ta da!"**

**"Wow..."** It was so cute. I hurried toward her, taking it out of her hands, and balancing between holding Mira and holding the nightgown. It was so soft, too. And... so cute. I bit my lip and played with the fabric the way I did the first day, the first dress, the first time. My cheeks were still pink. **"Um... I'm gonna go change in the bathroom downstairs, okay?"**

**"Nuh uh."** This was an opportunity. **"You've seen me in my bra, so we're like sisters now, plus I need to help you to do the bows and stuff."** It was a dumb opportunity, and one that stood to provide no real tangible benefit to the process of our friendship, but if he did wear diapers because he wet the bed, knowing about it would be nice...

My cheeks went very bright pink. So bright. I wasn't sure my face had ever felt so hot. **"Oh! !! Uh. I... I need to just... um... w-well... a-actually, I... I need to use the bathroom, anyway? I thought I could... I could change? I'm shy about... uh..."** I needed to get out of this pullup. Sayla was so stupid. If Mac saw... she'd think weird stuff. Like I was like her. I wasn't. I didn't want to get her hopes up...

**"Well, okay..."** His reaction pretty much confirmed things as solidly as they could be confirmed. It explained so much. **"But you need to make sure you keep your undies on, okay? Because I don't have any you can change into, and you can't just wear a nightgown without them."**

...oh. Oh... **"...M-Mac, um..."** Jeeze... damnit. I looked down at my feet, shuffling awkwardly in the room. She waited. Like she expected me to say something profound. But I didn't. I couldn't think of a legitimate excuse to borrow her underwear. You cant just ask a girl for her underwear, can you? Damn it... **"...o-okay... I'll be right back..."** And I went down the stairs.

The nightgown was cute, and not sheer in any way, but it was shorter than the skirt he was wearing, too, because it had matching bloomers that were intended to be worn underneath it to complete the look. I sat on one of my beanbag chairs, facing the stairs, waiting for him to return.

My fingers ran little lines across the edges of the pullup, against my waist, down the sides. It was stretched. It shouldn't have fit. If I bent over the wrong way, it would probably just rip. But it was nice... kinda... just... soft and childish and innocent and girly and... I shook my head, looking away from the mirror. I needed to get into the nightgown...

**60:**

**"Mac? Maaacccc?"** I was poking my head out of the door. The nightgown was too short. I mean, not horribly, but it meant I couldn't bend over even a little bit. Or sit down. Ugh... **"Mac?!"**

**"Hi."** I'd gotten changed before I left the house — taken my night time protection off while I waited for the car to arrive. While he changed, I changed back, though I still had the footed pajamas on. **"Sorry, I had to get. Um. Changed.. and you look adorable! It looks even better on you than I thought it would."**

**"R-right, but... it's a little short..."** I was looking at my feet, so when the girl put my glasses on my face, I was a little surprised. I looked up at her with glossy eyes and shied backward into the bathroom, nearly tripping over the bath mat. **"Y-you don't have some pajama pants or... or something?"** I looked so cute, too...

**"You don't need them, I mean, that's the point of a nightgown."** Definitely a diaper. Definitely a bed-wetter. Gosh, I felt so bad for having gotten so cross with him, the poor vulnerable thing! I'd make it up to him, though, I certainly definitely would. **"You can cuddle with me tonight, you and Mira with me and Cheez."**

"I..." I wanted to argue. I wanted to say no. I wanted to tell the girl that I couldn't. I had to say no, right? But my cheeks were red, and she was offering, and my glasses were already fogging up. We were so close to one another. And cuddling sounded... so nice... "...I..."

**"...want to cuddle with you, Mac."** I finished for Oaklee, and then for the sake of cuteness, added along with that, **"because you're cute and adorable and my favorite thing is cuddling you."** Too much? **"What's what you're trying to say, isn't it?"** I put my hand in his. I wasn't going to be assertive anymore... it was dumb to emulate Sayla, when Oaklee wanted to emulate me...

**"I... I guess so, I just..."** What if she saw? Gosh, I should have changed. I could have just told her I didn't have underwear *on*! That would have been the smart thing! I was so close to saying it, too, but the girl pulled me out of the bathroom and back up the stairs. I still had Mira in my arms like a child.

I didn't know why I was so excited. It was stupid. But for the first time I didn't feel alone in this nonsense, and not just not-alone like I had a friend now, but in the not-feeling-like-such-a-freak way. **"I promise I won't wet on you this time, okay?"** Actually, I couldn't promise, but I'd put one of my covers from when I was younger over the pull-up because I was worried about laying on my side. Most notably though, it was the first time I'd even mentioned it to Oaklee in a light-hearted, non-demonized way.

**"...r-right... I mean, I didn't think... I mean, of course you wouldn't..."** I bit my lip and followed her up the stairs, up into her room. I sat on the edge of her bed, pulling the nightgown down over the pullup. This was so silly... what time was it, anyway? Somewhere past eleven, if math served me right...

He was so shy, and I was so excited. It was such a silly thing to be excited over, but I felt... giddy. Stupid Mac. I pulled the covers back on my luscious bed, and crawled under the covers, wriggling down with Cheez in my arms. **"Here, come wriggle in here with me, it's coooooold outside, so we gotta stay warm."**

**"Okay..."** She pulled the covers over us both. I admit, I felt a little more confident with the blankets over me. I hugged Mia to my chest and looked up at the ceiling while she flicked off the light switch. My cheeks were pink. I felt dizzy... I didn't think I'd be back here so soon...

**"Once upon a time, there were two princesses, named Mackan and Olena. They were very beautiful princesses, and were not really sisters, but acted lots like it."** He looked at me, strangely, curiously, and I frowned and nudged him with my shoulder. **"Now you tell part of the story, and we go back and forth, silly."**

**"...oh... um..."** I mumbled, curling up to one of the pillows. I looked over at Mac, who was smiling over at me. We weren't touching. It was probably best we weren't, for now.

We didn't touch last time we slept together, either... **"...they were... uh... going through the woods... to pick flowers... and had their teddies..."** I held up Mira and then cuddled her back to my chest again. Teddies was also not a word I used very often. I just said "bear".

**"...because they had the prettiest teddies ever, and they wanted to make pretty flower crowns for them. And pretty flower crowns are an important thing for all teddies to have, but especially for the prettiest ones like Mira and Cheez."** I rolled over a little, pulling my knee up to Oaklee's thigh.

I felt a little blush on my cheeks. Mac leaned in closer, her leg touching my leg. My glasses were still on, and she leaned in to take them off. She folded them, not breaking eye contact with me, and put them where she put hers on the nightstand. I felt dizzy... **"...they... were making the crowns... when little fairies came by to ask what was going on... but some of them were taking the flowers... 'cause they were bad..."**

**"...and Olena told the fairies that all fairies should be good fairies, because it is very wicked for fairies to be bad like that, yes indeed it is."** She nodded her head with a grin and cuddled closer to Oaklee, sighing contently and softly. **"And the bad fairies cured Olena with a curse that made her much more beautiful than already she was, but there was a deep dark part of it, too..."**

**"A dark part...?"** I wasn't sure how I'd dropped out of the narrative. But now it felt like it was Mac telling the story. I wanted to say something, to interject, but I was... enveloped. Like a child during story time. I just wanted to know what happened next.

**"Uhhuh... Olena was cursed with endless beauty, and wonderful pretty things to wear, but in exchange for that, as price to pay for being bossy to the mean fairies, she was cursed to wake up wet every morning thereafter."** Mac was worried Oaklee would frown, or be upset, or anything negative like that — but maybe he just didn't realize it was about him.

My cheeks were warmer, scarlet, and I shrugged away from the girl. Her hand touched mine, though, and kept me close. **"Mac..."** I wanted to talk about it, now. Just to tell her it was an accident. To tell her that wasn't me. That I wasn't like her. But I couldn't think of the right words. And I just felt small, her hand in mine...

**"Her best friend, just like a sister to Olena, was envious of Olena's beauty, but deeply sorrowful for her almost-sisters curse. How could she find a man to take her hand in marriage, now? Olena was so distraught."** Oaklee had tried to interject, but I decided not to let him. The story would go on.

**"Dun like boys,"** I muttered very quietly, wiggling a little in the bed. We were talking about me. Olena was a silly stupid name that Mike came up with, but it was still me. Like an inside joke. But then again, Sayla wasn't a girl. She wasn't a boy either,

though. It was weird... Mac inched closer, her hands in mine, her free one working its way under my pillow. Her knees touched my thighs.

**"And that was a secret that Olena had never told her best friend Mackan, she never told her that she didn't like boys, and now she felt her life was doomed... what use was endless beauty, if you might never find someone to appreciate it..."** Mac cuddled a little closer, closer to Oaklee, her heart beating stupidly. She was so nervous. **"But Mackan had a secret, too, she had a particular affection for one such princess, an affection she dare not speak of..."**

...I couldn't even speak. She was closer to me. Her knee knocked my knee off itself, replaced with her own. Intertwining our legs. Her arm under my pillow. Her hand in mine, until it wasn't, until it was on my hip. My heart was racing.

I'd never flirted with boys before. Honestly, I didn't even know if I liked boys, but I knew that I liked Oaklee and that was as good a start as any as far as I was concerned. We were close now, very very close, and shamefully I felt stupid things I shouldn't have been feeling. I didn't want to ruin this. **"Mackan had always had eyes for Olena, and she was too afraid to tell her... just how beautiful she found her princess... how much she wished that they could kiss, if only it were allowed..."**

...was Mac going to kiss me? I mean, I... I'd kissed her. In almost this exact situation. Not in bed. But when she'd fixed Mira. And now Mira was the only thing between us. She was nearly on top of me. Her leg was between my legs. I was dizzy and my cheeks were on fire. And her forehead was so close to mine. Our noses almost touched.

I didn't want to kiss him. I wanted him to kiss me. I wanted him to be okay with the fact I wet the bed, and to tell me it was okay and it would go away one day all on its own. I wanted to tell him the same... wanted to just... my chest was racing. **"Mackan asked her princess friend... Olena... if maybe she would be able to handle her secrets... because she had one more."**

We were so close together. She was so close to me. I was so close to her. But she was on top of me, too. Not completely, but her arm was around me. Her leg was spreading my legs. We were woven. And her breath was warm on my already warm cheeks. **"....y-yeah...?"**

**"Olena had a curse, but... Mackan had been living with the same curse for her whole life... and she needed to know if... Olena could ever think of herself as worthy of love, because she would need to do that if she were to say she thought Mackan was worthy of the same..."** So many pointless words. Their lips were close, and she was shaking a little all over, her thigh between Oaklee's, her knee pressing to his diaper the way that his thigh couldn't help but feel the softness of hers.

I... had no idea what she was taking about. I was trying hard to listen, I was. But like... when a girl's lips are a certain distance from yours... it's hard to... I bit my lip and tried to look away from her, to make the awkward almost-moment a little less awkward or a little less almost. My chest was rising and falling.

**"Please kiss me, Olena... kiss me and tell me that you don't mind that I'm cursed, okay?"** Asking wasn't the same as initiating. She could ask and then he could do it, and then it would be okay. It wouldn't be weird. What was a little weird was that she'd slowly started to move back and forth on Oaklee's thigh.

I shook my head a little and wiggled out from under her body. I had only meant to put a little space between us, so we could talk, but I fell flat out of the bed and landed on my ass. **"...ow... jeeeeze... ugh..."** I rubbed my eyes and looked up at Mac, peering over the side of the bed. Where was I supposed to begin...?

Stupid, stupid Mac. Stupid... what the heck even came over you? I felt my cheeks the color of apples and looked down at Oaklee, before pulling my covers back over my head and hiding. Stupid. Stupid Stupid. What was I thinking?! What was I even under the impression would happen? He had a girlfriend!

**"...I am not like you,"** I said quietly to myself. This wasn't good. My chest was hurting. I felt sick. Not good. Not good... **"...I'm not... I don't have accidents, and... and last night was a one time... and... and just..."** I took a deep breath, trying to steady my shaking. I was going to throw up... **"...it's my fault. I should have talked to you about it... and I ran. And I... I'm trying... n-now... but..."** Tears on my cheeks.

As a lump of blankets, I rolled off the bed, and grabbed Oaklee, and pulled him under the fluffy covering, putting my finger to his lips. **"This is the blanket huddle. And everything is happy in the blanket huddle, and nobody gets mad at anybody, so you can just say anything you want and there'll never be any trouble okay."**

...I couldn't see her. I could hardly see anything. The blanket covered us, and my back was on the floor. I blinked, trying to adjust to the lack of light. But Mac's finger was on my lips. When she took it away, I tried to talk. I didn't know where she was, but I could feel her body heat on top of me. **"...it was an accident... only time... I swear... I'm not like... I should never have... compared myself to you... and I'm not... I just... I can't..."** I was breathing too heavy. My head was spinning. I didn't know what was happening, but it wasn't good. I couldn't breathe...

All my self discipline went out the window, I could hear him panicking, feel his chest rising, and all my childish ways of dealing with things were just moot right now. Useless. Impotent. So I kissed him, I kissed him which was the first time that I had ever kissed anybody else, and I was certain I was rotten at it. He was used to kissing Sayla, and she was probably not rotten at it. But I did it, because being childish didn't work so that was all I had.

She kissed weird. Kinda like a train. But not like Sayla. Like a toy train with smoke made out of water. The train that goes around a Christmas tree. But she kissed me a second time. A third time. And my breathing started to find the same pace as hers, the same as her heartbeat. And... and it was nice. Not like, sexy or, going somewhere... just... kissing and warm and nice...

I felt dumb in the worst ways, like I could be this elegant and pretty girl who knew how to dress well and knew how to decorate her space and knew how to hide from the world. But when it came to kisses, I was pathetic. I knew I wasn't doing good. I knew I was bad at this and I knew that he knew it, too, but knowing didn't really make me feel any better. And it didn't make me better at kissing, either. But I kept doing it...

Kiss. Kiss. Kiss. It was... weird. Because like. Every time I kissed Sayla, it was to get something. To get somewhere. And then when I kissed the girl at the club, it was to get me to stop thinking so much. But this didn't get me anything. Just kisses. And it was... really nice. And she was on top of me, her weight on me, being cute, and her lips were soft. And it was just so... nice...

There was no agenda. Maybe because I didn't know I was allowed to have one, maybe because it was far too many steps ahead of what I knew I was capable of right now. But by the time I stopped kissing him, when I put my head on his chest, I could hear that his heartbeat had slowed. Unlike mine, which still raced...

I put my arms around her, my fingers entwined on her back. Holding her against me. If my head was foggy before... "...I... didn't..." "**Shh...**" ...shh? I blinked and tried to see the girl in the dark. "...but..." "**Don't talk about it now... you're just going to get worked up again.**" ...maybe she was right. I put my head back on the carpet and closed my eyes. She was so warm. Like the best blanket ever...

We were friends, and friends didn't do this. He had a girlfriend, and she was remarkable and I was a potato in pretty clothes. I felt so stupid, but at the same time, my head on his chest, the darkness to hide my blushing, and him unable to feel my heart racing... it was better like this. And after we slept, we wouldn't talk about it. "**You kiss really nice...**"

"...you kiss really nice, too."

**61:**

I wasn't sure when I fell asleep. Or when she fell asleep. When we woke up, though, or when I woke up, I was still on the floor. Mac was on the floor next to me, an arm over top. I rubbed my eyes as the sun broke the blinds. How early was it...?

I was wet. I knew that I was before I even moved, but I was wrapped in a diaper and a cute cover and my footed pajamas, and I also knew I didn't leak. Oaklee was laying next to me, arching his head to look at the window in the alcove. **"Good morning..."** My voice was small. Meek. Shy. I felt so... inferior...

**"...morning..."** I looked down at the dress. I was still wrapped tight in the blankets. Gosh, it was such a childish nightgown. I rubbed my eyes and sat upright. **"...you don't know where my phone is, do you?" "...probably with your skirt?"** So downstairs in the bathroom. I sighed and gave up, lying back down. The phone was too far away...

**"I'm sorry Sayla ditched you last night. She probably would have been a lot more fun than I was."** I'd made a stupid spectacle out of the fact he was wearing a diaper for some reason I still didn't know, and then told dumb stories, and then kissed him and then acted like everything was fine. I was such a mess. **"I need to change."** It could have meant clothes. He knew otherwise.

**"Yeah, I should probably find my phone..."** We both untangled ourselves from the mess of covers. As far as I knew, Mac didn't know anything about my pullup. She was just making comments about the bedwetting this morning. I'd set her straight. I had a clear head, now. I was focused. But first... **"Mac?" "Hm?"** She was getting clothes out of her dresser. **"Last night was very nice. Thank you."**

**"Uh huh."** That was undoubtedly the tone of a girl who did not believe in the least bit the compliment, but that was okay. I didn't look over my shoulder, because my chest was tight, but I had to know. **"Why are you wearing one of my diapers...? Did you take it when you were here? It's... I mean it's not okay, but... could you tell me why? I'm not upset..."**

.....oh. So... she did see... **"...it's not yours..."** I didn't think. Actually, Sayla was literally in this house like one day ago. Realistically speaking, it could very well have been Mac's... **"...Sayla... I don't know. Coerced me. Trust me, it's not like... I mean, I wasn't making fun of you or anything... if that's what you're thinking..."** I felt sick. I felt really sick... **"I have to go change..."** And I started down the stairs.

**"I didn't think you were making fun of me."** He stopped two steps down. **"I thought maybe because you had that happen, you were trying to understand me, and empathize. It made me really happy to think that."** But it wasn't that... it was just some game Sayla was playing...

**"I don't want to talk about it,"** I said flatly, still two steps down the stairs. I looked at my feet, trying not to breathe too heavily. **"...I'm done with Sayla. I'm done with asking questions about... you know."** About her bedwetting. I'd been so curious, and now... **"When it happened, yesterday, I was... let's just say, I know how you feel now. And... and I'm moving on. From her. From that. From all of it. I just... want**

**things to go back to normal..."** And before Mac could say anything, I went down the stairs.

He was moving on from Sayla? They'd broken up? I wanted to follow, I wanted to ask more questions, but the warmth that let me know I was wet was now cold that let me know that I was gross and I wanted more than anything now to be clean. So clean I would become. But he and Sayla... broken up? Was it my fault? I had so many stupid questions... I didn't say anything, though. Not until I got changed and went down to the bathroom door, talking through it. **"I'm going to give you a pair of my panties to wear, and an outfit to borrow, and then we're gonna go to get you some bland clothes to wear home."**

**"Don't worry about it,"** I said quietly, just loud enough to be heard through the door. **"Don't worry about... the clothes?"** **"The underwear. I won't wear any. It's weird."** Mac didn't know I'd been in panties for over two weeks... maybe it was best I keep it that way. I wouldn't be in them any more, anyway. **"Just find me some jeans. We'll hit a Target on the way home."**

**"You are not wearing my jeans without knickers, Oaklee. If I give you a pair of knickers to wear, then you can just throw them out or whatever you want. But jeans are different. If I wouldn't wear them without knickers, I won't let anybody else, either."** I was being... systematic. It was how I got when I was bothered by something, only this time I didn't know what that something even was! **"Stop being a baby, okay? They're cute and you like cute things... right?"**

**"I said no, Mac. Just... forget it. Get me a skirt, then, I don't really care. I'm not wearing your underwear."** She'd think it had something to do with her. That I found it weird wearing someone else's underwear. Which was true. But it was more than that. It made me feel like Sayla's. I didn't want that anymore...

**"Okay..."** I had a long skirt... I wore it to some stupid diplomatic ceremony a year ago, when my father decided he needed a daughter. He could wear that, and honestly I could do without it... it was a little formal, but whatever worked. I sighed and walked up the stairs to my room, rubbing my temples. I just wanted normality... and in pursuit of that, I ordered Jimmy Johns.

I looked stupid. I didn't match. It would normally bother me, but honestly, right now I just wanted to get home. Things had been okay this morning, until she mentioned that stupid pullup. The one that now sat unused in her trash can in the bathroom. I felt so sick. I just... wanted to get home...

**"Are you and Sayla broken up, then?"** We were in the car on the way to his house, via a Target as per the request. I didn't go to the department stores too often, but I also bought most of my clothes and things online. **"It seemed like she made you happy?"** Though that didn't implicate her at all in actually caring about Oaklee...

"I'm just... really tired of dating her." "...why?" "Because she's kind of..." What was the word. Annoying. No. Aggressive. Undependable... "Bitchy." I often didn't swear around Mac, so the word sounded out of place. "I just... I was happier before her, before anything changed. I was happier before the club, before you went to that convention without me. I was happier when it was just you and me and Bindie and Josh and Kim. And I was happier when I could talk to Missy and Mike about Star Wars instead of sex. And I just... want it all to stop..."

"Uh huh... I guess if you don't like her... you shouldn't date her. Dating is special." Didn't I know it. I mean. I didn't know it personally, but I did know that it was special, that I felt it as special, and that I wouldn't date someone I didn't like. "Who were those people at the club? The man and the girl? They seemed pretty worried about you, he was carrying you, and she sounded so worried when she called me..."

"...I guess it was like some pervy club or something... Sayla brought me, and the guys kicked her out because she was being a jerk. That guy and the girl - they were just looking after me until somebody picked me up..." Honestly, I didn't know all the details. The whole moment was a blur to me... "Mac, can we just... pretend it didn't happen?" "Huh?" "Yesterday. And today! All the weird stuff. The... the accident, and... listen. It was just what it was. And I just... wanna move on." And then I laughed, scoffed, actually. At myself. "Listen to me. This is exactly what you wanted two weeks ago. And I ignored you. I'm so fucking useless..." Another swear word. I really was off...

"Don't call yourself useless. And don't swear." I wasn't naturally assertive, and barring the time that I'd tried to be like Sayla, I was only ever stern when it was something I felt strongly about. "Dumb people swear, people who haven't learned better words. And you're not dumb, you're brilliant, so don't lower yourself."

I sighed and sunk further into the seat. Into my new shitty clothes. My parents wouldn't notice. They didn't give a fuck as long as I wasn't in a skirt or something. "...you're right. Sorry. I just... wanna pretend it didn't happen. I just wanna go back. I feel terrible right now, I felt terrible all day yesterday, and I just... I wish none of it... ugh..." My chest was hurting again, my breathing heavy. I put my head in my hands.

I kissed Oaklee, but it was on his cheek, and when he looked at me, I was smiling. Bright enough for the two of us. "Cosmo says that everybody dates the wrong person at first, because they have low self-esteem and think that it's what they deserve." Which was bad news for me, because he'd be my first date. Ugh. Don't skip ahead, Mac! "So think about it, you got it out of your system. Ahead of the curve!"

"...Cosmo?" "It's a magazine." "...who reads magazines anymore?" "Hush up." We pulled up outside my house, or rather, just down the street. I'd have to walk back, because I didn't want my parents thinking I was at Mac's. They thought I was at church.

"...I guess you're right. I know you are. I don't know why I'm like this today. I don't know why I'm so... angry at myself..."

Because you dated her when you should have been dating me? **"Well, you should forgive yourself, and be nice to yourself because you're awesome, Oaklee."** I grinned. **"Awesome Oaklee. Kind of like Annie Oakley, but cuter and a boy?"** I actually didn't even know who that was, but I recognized the name and recognition was enough for me to make the reference.

"...thanks Mac. You always know what to say." I sighed and smiled up at the girl. "I'll talk to you later, alright? I gotta get my wallet back from Sayla, but I'll be online all night. And tomorrow, I'll see you at school. Or, if I don't, we can text all day?" I smiled at the girl happily. Mac was the best friend I could ever ask for...

## PART 4

### 62:

missymeow1213 » Hey

missymeow1213 » Online, or is just your Windows updating again? =)

Numbers-1377325» nah i'm home

missymeow1213 » Yay =)

missymeow1213 » What's been up?

Numbers-1377325 » nothing important

Numbers-1377325 » you?

missymeow1213 » Mac told me earlier that she met your girlfriend, and then you and Mac had a fight? =(

Numbers-1377325 » ex

Numbers-1377325 » and yeah I guess

Numbers-1377325 » I mean we didn't have a fight

Numbers-1377325 » I just walked home 'cause I didn't wanna talk

**missymeow1213** » Wait.

**missymeow1213** » She dumped you? =O

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » I dumped her

**Numbers-1377325** » or am going to?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk how to word it

**missymeow1213** » What

**missymeow1213** » Why?

**missymeow1213** » Hold up

**missymeow1213** » Talk to me =)

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't like her

**Numbers-1377325** » I thought it was worth it because I got blowjobs and shit

**Numbers-1377325** » but it's not because my life is like fucked up and complicated.

**Numbers-1377325** » so I just want it back to normal

**missymeow1213** » Well, as far as I understand it.

**missymeow1213** » You were doing most of the blowjobbing anyway...

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah you're helping

**Numbers-1377325** » thanks

**Numbers-1377325** » ass.

**missymeow1213** » No, I just mean.

**missymeow1213** » I think she was probably manipulating you anyway =(

**missymeow1213** » But you seemed to be having fun so I didn't want to spoil it for you.

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**missymeow1213** » Well

**missymeow1213** » Like

**missymeow1213** » When you first told me about her

**missymeow1213** » It seemed really cool

**missymeow1213** » But the more you talked about her

**missymeow1213** » The more it kind of seemed like she was like...

**missymeow1213** » A predator =\

**Numbers-1377325** » she's 17 -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » she's not a pervert

**Numbers-1377325** » well a little..

**missymeow1213** » You know that sociopaths can be any age, right?

**missymeow1213** » Like.

**missymeow1213** » Before you met her, and this isn't a dig at you, okay?

**missymeow1213** » Okay?

**missymeow1213** » Fine, whatever.

**missymeow1213** » But before you met her, would you ever have just sucked cock?

**missymeow1213** » Like, asked if you spit or swallow?

**missymeow1213** » I'm not teasing you.

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » like...

**Numbers-1377325** » she's a girl...

**Numbers-1377325** » I think its polite to please a girl if she pleases you

**Numbers-1377325** » not my falut she had a penis. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, but you were considering having her fuck you

**missymeow1213** » Like.

**missymeow1213** » Last time we talked, until you freaked out.

**missymeow1213** » Is Oaklee Edwards that kind of guy?

**missymeow1213** » Like she can have a penis, that's fine. But like.

**missymeow1213** » She had a penis, but it seems to me like you were "the girl" to her.

**Numbers-1377325** » fuck off

**Numbers-1377325** » I just don't like her

**Numbers-1377325** » like as a person

**missymeow1213** » Shut up.

**Numbers-1377325** » our sex stuff was fine

**missymeow1213** » Stop.

**Numbers-1377325** » seriously it was really fine

**missymeow1213** » I'm sick of you yelling at me.

**missymeow1213** » Over this stupid girl.

**missymeow1213** » Fuck, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » You were never so sensitive.

**Numbers-1377325** » you usually joke though

**Numbers-1377325** » and you're just being an ass

**missymeow1213** » No, I'm not. I'm trying to tell you that she's an abuser.

**missymeow1213** » She has you all fucked up, like you don't even know who your friends are or when someone cares.

**Numbers-1377325** » I AM BREAKING UP WITH HER

**Numbers-1377325** » ARE YOU NOT LISTENING

**Numbers-1377325 » I**

**Numbers-1377325 » AM**

**Numbers-1377325 » NOt**

**Numbers-1377325 » GOING TO DATE HER**

**Numbers-1377325 » ANYMORE**

**missymeow1213 » Good!**

**missymeow1213 » So when are you going to get back to the chill kid who was giddy over seeing my tits?**

**missymeow1213 » And who valued my advice?**

**Numbers-1377325 » ...**

**Numbers-1377325 » Missy.**

**Numbers-1377325 » Missy I promise you**

**Numbers-1377325 » Pinky promise**

**Numbers-1377325 » I will always want to see your tits**

**Numbers-1377325 » okay?**

**Numbers-1377325 » no girl will get between that**

**Numbers-1377325 » you know a quick reminder could probably really help my emotional development**

**Numbers-1377325 » I have been very out of sorts**

**Numbers-1377325 » a kind of refresher**

**missymeow1213 » I just feel like you're tightly wound like a fucking clockspring lately.**

**missymeow1213 » Most of the time I am still joking around with you.**

**missymeow1213 » And you get uppity as shit.**

**missymeow1213 » When you used to be so chill.**

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » It's not Sayla, actually

**Numbers-1377325** » I think it's me..

**Numbers-1377325** » I think I'm messing up..

**missymeow1213** » Thats what abusers do, they make you doubt yourself.

**missymeow1213** » Make you blame yourself.

**missymeow1213** » Thats what I mean

**missymeow1213** » Even though you're breaking up with her

**missymeow1213** » If you don't see the damage she did

**missymeow1213** » This'll become the new norm.

**missymeow1213** » It's not you, Oaklee. You're not fucking up.

**Numbers-1377325** » I have to disagree..

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac kissed me

**Numbers-1377325** » well gosh she doesn't have a single assertive bone in her body

**Numbers-1377325** » her lips just fell onto mine

**Numbers-1377325** » idk like some planet alignment shit

**missymeow1213** » Mac probably still wants her boobos kissed when she skins her knees, I remind you =D

**missymeow1213** » But like

**missymeow1213** » She kissed you?

**missymeow1213** » Like kissed kissed?

**Numbers-1377325** » eh idk

**Numbers-1377325** » we kissed yeah

**Numbers-1377325** » a couple times

**Numbers-1377325** » but it wasn't really...

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » it's weird

**Numbers-1377325** » I just don't want her getting all

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » there aren't even words for this shit

**missymeow1213** » There are, you're just afraid to say them =)

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah like what smarty pants

**missymeow1213** » You don't want her getting gooey over you.

**missymeow1213** » Because you're afraid to actually date someone you like =)

**Numbers-1377325** » not afraid

**Numbers-1377325** » but yes

**Numbers-1377325** » not afraid though

**Numbers-1377325** » because I don't wanna fuck up my awesome ass friendship

**Numbers-1377325** » seriously mac is way too cool to date

**missymeow1213** » Why is that, anyway?

**missymeow1213** » Like. Why do guys say that?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**missymeow1213** » Like

**missymeow1213** » "I dont wanna risk the friendship"

**missymeow1213** » Like

**missymeow1213** » She isn't worth taking a chance on

**missymeow1213** » Which guys get the girls they love for life?

**missymeow1213** » The ones who take chances

**missymeow1213** » The ones that don't end up dating girls like Sayla

**missymeow1213** » End up like your parents, kinda hating each other.

**Numbers-1377325** » you don't get it

**Numbers-1377325** » relationships ruin friendships

**Numbers-1377325** » they ruin everything

**Numbers-1377325** » you get the luxury of putting your dick inside some girl

**Numbers-1377325** » and the pay off is literally not liking her

**Numbers-1377325** » and I don't want that with Mac

**missymeow1213** » yeah, you think of a relationship as failing by default

**missymeow1213** » No wonder you're scared =)

**Numbers-1377325** » if there was some... grade school... nonsense.. hold hands kissing cuddling no sex no commitment no anything friendship?

**Numbers-1377325** » that'd be perfect

**Numbers-1377325** » like last night

**Numbers-1377325** » it just felt like friends. not romance. Just friends kissing and liking it and being okay and not trying to shove my fingers in her vagine

**Numbers-1377325** » vagina\*

**Numbers-1377325** » I just

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't want that with Mac

**Numbers-1377325** » I like her.

**missymeow1213** » I wanna play a game.

**missymeow1213** » You're always better to talk to when you get this testosterone out of your system.

**missymeow1213** » Battlefield, like last time?

**Numbers-1377325** » \*pout\*

**Numbers-1377325** » fine

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm out of practice..

///

**missymeow1213** » Oh man

**missymeow1213** » You kicked that snipers ass!

**missymeow1213** » His butt is gonna be sore for weeks =D

**Numbers-1377325** » why do people camp, you know?

**Numbers-1377325** » it's like

**Numbers-1377325** » you're going to die.

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not even fun!

**Numbers-1377325** » don't people play games for fun?

**missymeow1213** » They're afraid to get among the action.

**missymeow1213** » Because what they have is predictable

**missymeow1213** » And they could get so many more kills if they don't camp

**missymeow1213** » But they also risk getting ganked

**Numbers-1377325** » babies

**missymeow1213** » yeah, its dumb, huh?

**missymeow1213** » kinda like you

**missymeow1213** » camping

**missymeow1213** » when you could be down there among it

**Numbers-1377325** » ohhh aren't you snippy today

**Numbers-1377325** » \*sigh\*

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know how to put it in a way that makes more sense, ya know?

**missymeow1213** » Thats the thing

**missymeow1213** » It doesn't make sense

**missymeow1213** » I'm a fucking cat, Oaklee. And I lay on a mans lap and purr for hours while he does his work

**missymeow1213** » And we're getting married, and we'll outlast anybody

**missymeow1213** » Dating is ridiculous =)

**Numbers-1377325** » don't people like

**Numbers-1377325** » not date for a while?

**Numbers-1377325** » can't I just do that?

**missymeow1213** » Here's how it goes

**missymeow1213** » You date in high school

**missymeow1213** » then either

**missymeow1213** » a) find the love of your life

**missymeow1213** » or

**missymeow1213** » b) have enough dating experience to know you haven't found the love of your life

**missymeow1213** » then you get to college

**missymeow1213** » and you date there, or you fuck around there, or you do whatever. But the thing is, it's ALL fun.

**missymeow1213** » Even if you meet your one true love in high school, that means you have all of college to do the dumbest shit together.

**Numbers-1377325** » that's my point i just want to fuck around

Numbers-1377325 » -\_- I need to go actually officially break up with sayla

Numbers-1377325 » preferably before tomorrow since I got school and stuff

missymeow1213 » Better get to it.

Numbers-1377325 » good

Numbers-1377325 » I'm gonna!!!

missymeow1213 » Right now?

Numbers-1377325 » RIGHT NOW

Numbers-1377325 » GOIN!

Numbers-1377325 » peace out yo

Numbers-1377325 » be back in an hour or something

Numbers-1377325 » maybe we can play more BF? ^\_^

missymeow1213 » Yup. =)

missymeow1213 » Good luck.

Numbers-1377325 » wait

Numbers-1377325 » is it classy to break up with someone over text?

Numbers-1377325 » it sounds easier..

Numbers-1377325 » eh

missymeow1213 » No. Do it in person.

Numbers-1377325 » need my wallet anyway

Numbers-1377325 » ttyl

**63:**

Oaklee » Meet me at the park - bring my stuff

**Sayla** » Excuse me?

**Oaklee** » Park stuff now

**Sayla** » Give me half an hour.

**Oaklee** » Fine half an hour

**Oaklee** » See ya

I waited twenty minutes before heading down there. I was in my new clothes. Jeans. A t-shirt. Nothing special. Except my own underwear. That was new. I was so used to wearing her panties, it actually felt *weird*. But I'd get used to it in a couple hours. When I got there, she wasn't there. I waited.

Sayla caught him off-guard, like a storm catches the coast and like a plane load of people catch the flu. She shoved him to the ground from behind and leaned down on his back, kissing his neck as her hand smacked the back of his jeans. **"You left."** Smack. **"Without."** Smack. **"Me."** Smack. Smack. Smack. Not quite bare bottom over the knee, but he was still badly bruised from before. **"Didn't call. Didn't text."**

I rolled her off me, my cheeks pink from the cold. From the cold. Right. I stumbled to my feet, staring at her as angrily as I could. I was so furious. But she was, too. And my ferocity meant nothing against hers. **"I'm not getting into this! I want my stuff back, and I want to break up. And that's it."** No room for argument.

**"No."** To both. If he intended no room for argument, then her refusal would be very uncomfortable, wedged into him like large plug in a small hole. Which was an apt metaphor, because it wasn't his things in her bag. He looked at her, incredulous, and she shoved him against the playscape, and slapped his cheek, then kissed him in the way only she knew how to do.

I couldn't breathe. When she took her lips off mine, my bottom lip was trembling. The smack had gotten a good deal of my fight out of me. Knocked out, somewhere on the ground. I took a second to breathe, to try to think... **"...I don't want to be with you... I don't want to date anybody..."**

Her smile was sweet. Cute. But also... missing something usually found in human expression. **"You're going to be punished for ditching me, and I'm going to have to make it more severe now because you're being stupid."** Her lips collided with his again, but this time she slipped a hand down the boys pants without hesitation as she kissed, grasping his cock firmly.

I winced, trembling against the playscape, her lips on mine. When she finally parted her lips, only an inch from mine, I was gasping for air. My fingers grabbed at her wrist,

trying to pull it out of my pants, but she held my cock so tightly. And her other hand in my hair. **"S-stop! Stop, stop!"**

Her hand moved from the boys cock, to his balls, and her touch wasn't loving. She squeezed. Squeezed and twisted until the boy stopped followed her directions and stopped trying to claw her hand away. **"You're going to be punished, slut. Don't you get it? You're mine. Say it."**

**"I'm yours, I'm yours, stop, please stop!"** It hurt. Fuck, it hurt so bad. It made my eyes water. Her lips were close to mine while she spoke, one hand twisting in my jeans. I couldn't breathe. I was going to throw up...

She smiled cutely, keeping her hand exactly where it was, controlling the boy. **"Pull down your jeans to the ground, and those disgusting undies, too. You're mine, and you seem to have forgotten that, girlfriend."** Nothing she said sounded menacing, though, just very very direct.

**"We are at a children's park! And in the middle of the evening!"** But with another twist of my balls, I doubled over into the girl's shoulder. I was going to throw up. I knew I was. I was so close to throwing up. **"F-fine.. f-fine... fine... fine..."** I unbuttoned my jeans with trembling hands. It was so fucking cold out, too. I lowered my pants and my boxers to my ankles, looking around in complete fear. She needed to stop...

Her lips wrapped around the boy, and unlike every other time she ever allowed him into her mouth, she worked quickly, sucking and licking and loving and bringing him to a very, very quick orgasm. As he trembled, whimpered, winced, she reached into her bag with one hand and slipped a ring over his softening cock. Two more plastic pieces followed, a curved piece, and another, and then a padlock; the entire contraption enclosing the boys cock and preventing it from getting hard, or from even being touched. She stood, pinned him to the wall, and forced his cum from her lips to kiss in a lasting kiss.

I couldn't stand. I slid to the grass, my pants at my knees, and trembled. It was over so fast. I swallowed my own cum like it was nothing. I was so used to it by now, after all. I hardly noticed or felt the piece on my cock. I was too delirious...

She sat down next to him, not smiling, not impressed. This was discipline, not fun. She grabbed his hair and pulled on it until she had him laying over her lap, like she had when she'd spanked him. This time, though, it wasn't the harsh blow of her hand. It was the cold gel from the small tube of lube that she squirted between the boys cheeks and began to work in with her finger. Just a means to an end, not a means for pleasure. A means to fit the second part of his punishment in place.

I screamed as the finger pushed into me. I screamed and shook and kicked my feet, crying like a toddler. I couldn't do this. I couldn't handle it. I wasn't... this wasn't right. We were on the other side of the playscape, away from the street. People could see if

they tried, but not without looking close. And it was almost dark... **"STOP STOP STOP! SAYLA STOP IT STOP!"**

She touched the finger to his spot, not hard enough to make him cum, but enough to turn his screams into a moan. Enough that she slipped a second finger inside of him, and began to push them in and out. Quick. Not even that gentle. Her other hand fished into her bag and fetched the plug — not the small one she planned to introduce him to, when she wasn't mad. This one was bigger. This one was for punishment. And she wasted no time withdrawing her fingers and pushing the steel against his ass.

I screamed again, whimpering, as the cold metal was shoved into me. I shook and trembled in her lap, crying like a child. I didn't want this... why was she doing this... this wasn't sexy. She wasn't even trying to make me want it. She was just... being so mean...

It wasn't gradual, it was brutal. It wasn't tender, it was violating. And it wasn't the ten minutes she'd planned for a smaller toy, it was inside of him in less than one, slipping past the widest point and getting sucked firmly into his ass with a wet sound. She pulled him up, sat him straddled on her lap, his cock in the cage, the plug pushed around as he was placed on her knee. **"Beg to be forgiven."**

**"Y-you're c-crazy,"** I mumbled through wet tears. I wiped them away, but she grabbed my hair in her hands and bounced me on her knee. The plug pushed into me, into my ass, and the hardness of my cock touched the cage in pain. I screamed out and started to cry all over again. **"STOP STOP STOP!"**

**"I want to hear how sorry you are for what you did, and even how much more sorry you are for trying to leave me."** She bounced him steadily, smiling so sweetly as movement turned to violated pleasure turned to pain turned to anguish turned to deteriorated will.

It didn't take long. I was sobbing into her shoulder. I felt so pathetic. But she was right. And I felt so wrong. And I wanted it to stop. **"S-sorry... sorry, Sayla... I... I am so sorry... didn't mean it... didn't mean to leave... I'm sorry... please... I'm so sorry... please forgive me... please..."**

**"Are you going to leave me, girlfriend?"** Maybe the signs that Sayla was a little... unhinged, should have been more evident earlier. Maybe this was even a little too subtle, but she bounced the boy, slowing when he said something she approved of, and speeding up when he hesitated, training him, but never stopping. **"You're not going to leave, are you?"**

**"N-no, Sayla, no, no I won't... no... I promise, I won't... please... no, please..."** I couldn't stop crying. I couldn't stop. I was so pathetic. I just wanted her to forgive me. Finally, she stopped. Finally she was done. Finally, and the tears felt more of relief than pain...

**"Don't try to take off or out you punishment gear, not until I say so. If you do, the next time it'll be much worse."** She stood up and lowered a pair of panties out from under her skirt, panties that she'd obviously come in before arriving — maybe more than once, because they were sticky to the point of being almost heavy. She nudged the boy with her foot and spoke firmly. **"Stand up. You're going to wear these until I say so as well. I prepared them special for you, cumslut."**

She dressed me in the panties, pulling my jeans back on over them. I could hardly stand, and when I could, I could hardly walk. The cage on my cock hurt. The steel in my ass hurt. The panties were cold and wet and sticky and I wanted to throw up. And I was still sobbing...

**"You're mine. Don't forget. And when you're not mine, if I get bored of you, it'll be my choice. Understand, girlfriend?"** The boy was broken. Even if only for these few moments here, in Sayla's experience, even a few moments of being broken was enough to make a person want to behave. **"Say it. Say you're mine. Say you love me."**

**"...I love you... I'm yours..."** My first time I'd said those words to anybody. She smacked my ass, hard, and left me alone at the park. I couldn't go anywhere for a while, not until I'd stopped crying. Then, I started the walk home. I had never felt worse in my entire life...

**64:**

**missymeow1213 »** How'd it go?

**missymeow1213 »** Oh, you're not back yet.

**missymeow1213 »** Let me know when you are

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** hi

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** not online??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** not answering texts either hmph!

**Numbers-1377325 »** hey

**Numbers-1377325 »** hey

**missymeow1213 »** Hey. How did it go? Are you a free-agent, ready for to kill some bitches?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » hey!!

**Numbers-1377325** » uh huh

**Numbers-1377325** » just takinnng to mac

**Numbers-1377325** » talking\*

**Numbers-1377325** » whats up?

**missymeow1213** » Ah, I'll keep making dinner then. Let me know when you're ready to celebrate your freedom, okay?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » hey!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » how are you??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » do you wanna go to a thing w/ me next weekend??

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » okay

**Numbers-1377325** » what thing?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its a anime con thing

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ive never been to one before

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but we can dress up && cosplay

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& I always wanted to do that!

**Numbers-1377325** » that sounds cool

**Numbers-1377325** » totally

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » would you want to cosplay w/ me??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » there are those twins in that one show

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » w/ the pretty girls && dresses

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && they even have a name for boys who cosplay girl characters!!!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » how cool is that??

Numbers-1377325 » what show?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » um

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » pretty cure!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » there are like a bajillion of them

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » but

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » the new one

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » has twinsies

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » I think

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » I was looking at cosplay online

Numbers-1377325 » i have no idea what that even is

Numbers-1377325 » I dont watch a lot of anime I guess @\_@

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » <http://www.animepowerlevel.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/12/latest.png>

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » those are some of the characters

Numbers-1377325 » holy fuck

Numbers-1377325 » cute tho

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » the site has like all of them as cosplays

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » so we could pick ones we like

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && be pretty cures!!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » and no ditching me for some club girl this time...

Numbers-1377325 » okay.

Numbers-1377325 » um.

Numbers-1377325 » I should go

**Numbers-1377325** » sorry it's late and I'm tired. -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » see you at school tomorrow?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » noooo!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » why??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » say w/ me!

**Numbers-1377325** » today was a long day... and yesterday was a long day

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » stay\* sorry

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm kinda tired is all...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && tonight can be a long night w/ Mac!

**Numbers-1377325** » I can sty if yo wanna

**Numbers-1377325** » but Im tired so i wont be muc fun

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I can get on cam w/ you and you can say hi to Mira??

**Numbers-1377325** » ha

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm good

**Numbers-1377325** » but thanks

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » now I am worried!!

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u always want to see mira!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i am suspicioius

**Numbers-1377325** » I do not -\_-

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but u want to be

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c u want to be more like me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c I said!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » did you get your stuff back from sayler?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...oh

**Numbers-1377325** » shoot

**Numbers-1377325** » crap

**Numbers-1377325** » how did I forget that...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » did u see her??

**Oaklee** » I need my wallet

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah

**Numbers-1377325** » broke up with her

**Sayla** » Does that sound like how you should be talking to me, my little cumslut?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yay!! I am so proud of you!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i saw she can be a bit bossy...

**Numbers-1377325** » sometimes.

**Oaklee** » No.. I mean it.. it has my school ID and stuff

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well its good that you are done w/ her

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i dont like sharing you

**Sayla** » Tell me about your punishment tools, and if you are good, I'll consider it. How do you feel?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah I guess

**Oaklee** » ..fine? idk.. come on sayla, please.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I am possessive... im sorry

**Sayla** » If your punishment is still in place when you see me tomorrow afternoon, you'll get your things back.

**Sayla** » I'll know if you removed your stretcher or my gift-panties.

**Sayla** » And you can't remove the cage anyway

**Numbers-1377325** » nah you're cool.

**Oaklee** » Fine...

**Sayla** » Tell me that you'll be a good cumslut. Say it.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i guess you can go sleep

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i want to have lunch w/ u tomorrow ok??

**Numbers-1377325** » sure okay but mom wants me home after school

**Oaklee** » ...cut it out, sayla..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » pouting!!

**Sayla** » Are you going to backtalk me, slut? Now? With your little cock locked up, limp and useless, with your ass full like I've just fucked you and the scent of cum so heavy on you that people probably know what a slut you are by now?

**Numbers-1377325** » sorry.

**Oaklee** » i'm a cumslut, okay.. just... stop that...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its okay

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » goodnite!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » p.s. only date nice girls from now on, okay?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she wasn't a nice girl.

**Sayla** » You are MY cumslut.

**Sayla** » Tell me you want me to fuck you.

**Numbers-1377325** » night

**Oaklee** » Stop it Sayla please....

**Sayla** » The more you argue, the worse it will get.

**Oaklee** » Please... please... i'm being good.. please

**Sayla** » If you were being good, I wouldn't be making you say this.

**Sayla** » Tell me you want me to fuck you.

**Sayla** » If you keep stalling, I'm going to ambush you at school tomorrow and switch you out for a bigger plug.

**Oaklee** » I want you to fuck me

**Oaklee** » Please stop now

**Oaklee** » Please I'm just trying to be good please..

**Sayla** » Send me a picture of you holding your little tiny caged cock, and I'll let you go to bed.

**Sayla** » Argue, and I'll have you doing pictures of your ass instead. Would you prefer to represent yourself by what you fuck with? Or where you get fucked?

**Oaklee** » I...

**Oaklee** » Sayla... why are you doing this..

**Sayla** » Ass it is.

**Sayla** » Send. Now. Use your mirror.

**Oaklee** » Sayla why are you doing this!!

**Oaklee** » I AM SORRY

**Oaklee** » I AM SO SORRY PLEASE STOP IT

**Sayla** » This will be over tomorrow afternoon, if you're a good girl.

**Sayla** » And then we'll go back to dating like normal.

**Sayla** » But you're about to add an extra day to your punishment.

**Oaklee** » gimme a sec...

Sending MMS.

**Sayla** » Take of the panties and put your in your mouth while you sleep.

**Sayla** » If you wake up and they're not in

**Sayla** » Put them back in.

**Sayla** » Then make sure to wear them to school tomorrow.

**Sayla** » I'll see you at work.

**Oaklee** » i'm not doing that..

**Oaklee** » how would you evne know

**Sayla** » I'll know because you'll argue now

**Sayla** » But then I'll remind you that I can extend your punishment another day

**Sayla** » Or three?

**Sayla** » Or I could just send this picture of your ass full of toy to your Dad...

**Sayla** » I got his number off your phone when you left it with me.

**Sayla** » Say "Yes Sayla, this Cumslut will obey". And nothing else.

**Oaklee** » ... i dont believe you...

**Sayla** » 312 827 1120

**Oaklee** » SAYLA

**Oaklee** » FUCK THIS YOU ARE GOING TOO FAR

**Oaklee** » SERIOUSLY YOU NEED TO STOP

**Oaklee** » WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM

**Sayla** » "Yes Sayla, this Cumslut will obey"

**Oaklee** » Sayla..

**Oaklee** » Stop

**Oaklee** » Stop this isn't funny

**Oaklee** » I mean it

**Oaklee** » Please

**Sayla** » 1.

**Oaklee** » Just

**Sayla** » 2.

**Oaklee** » .. this.. cumslut will obey..

**Sayla** » Send me a picture now with the panties in your mouth.

**Oaklee** » Please.... stop.....

**Sayla** » 3.

**Oaklee** » WAIT

**Oaklee** » HOLD ON

**Sayla** » Apologize.

**Oaklee** » sorry..

**Sayla** » For?

**Oaklee** » backtalking.

**Sayla** » Good slut. Picture now.

Sending MMS.

**Sayla** » Who do you belong to?

**Oaklee** » You..

**Sayla** » Go to bed. Don't take your panties out of your mouth.

**Sayla** » Understand?

**Oaklee** » ..yeah.

**Sayla** » Pledge yourself to me

**Sayla** » Then go sleep.

**Oaklee** » I'm yours..

**Sayla** » See you tomorrow.

## 65:

I had never felt so sickened. It was worse than pissing Mac's bed. It was so much worse. I was soaked in cum and saliva, my ass full of steel, and a cock that would hurt whenever I looked at a girl for too long. I hated it. I felt so broken. I barely talked all day. Lunch came around, and Mac skipped to hang out with me. Kim apologized for flirting. Josh was teasing. I hardly said a word...

**"You're being very quiet today."** Many of the other at the table were chatting with each other, but it seemed like only I noticed how quiet Oaklee was being. **"Are you okay? Are your parents being butts again?"** It was all I could think of, because he was never this way, never this down...

**"Huh...? Yeah. I guess. I mean, 'cause Sayla and I aren't together, so I guess they think I'm dating guys or something... I don't know they're weird."** **"You aren't with Sayla anymore?"** **"That horny girl?"** I sighed. **"No. We broke up."** **"Tough breaks."** **"If you say so,"** I muttered.

**"She was really pushy anyway. Girls shouldn't be pushy..."** Mom had taught me that, taught me about how girls should work things behind the scenes, and not be pushy. Pushy was coarse, and abrupt. Girls were better than that. **"Damn good, you're like a page out of the 1950's."** **"Well..."** I kept an eye on Oaklee, smiling softly at him. **"Girls did dress so nice back then."**

I ate quietly, and when I was done, I put my head on the table. Mac looked nervous, and I was nervous, too. Today wasn't going to be good. But I just needed my wallet. I needed this cage off. And I'd never have to see her again. I wouldn't. She could try to manipulate me all she wanted, but it wouldn't happen. This was the end of it.

**"If you're having troubles..."** I wanted until the end of lunch, when we could be alone, and spoke with soft tones. I implied his parents, but also wanted to make it clear that it applied to any other troubles too. **"You can tell me, or you can come hide out in my room, and wait for the world to just give up..."**

"...I'm okay. Really. I just... I gotta get on my mom's good side, ya know? After today I bet stuff will be fine. I'm sure of it!" I didn't like lying to Mac. I didn't like lying to Missy. But... I just didn't want them to worry. No, that wasn't it. I didn't want them to think I was this pathetic... I was better than her. I was... I wasn't going to let her boss me around.

"I'll always be here, okay? If you wanna runaway from home that's cool..." I thought about it a lot, when I was younger; running away like some princess kept cooped up in the castle. But in the end, I ran into my room, and made it paradise, instead of running away. "Do you think you'll be good for the convention on the weekend?"

"Oh yeah. That's like five days away. I mean. If I tell my parents I'm going with a chick, they'll totally let me go." Some things were very easy with my mom and dad. Some things weren't. But this? This was easy. "I'll see you tomorrow. Actually, I'll text you when I get home, alright?"

"Okay..." I bit my lip and looked down the hall past the boy, with a frown, then back at him. "Oaklee?" He forced a smile, and I looked less confident. "You're shaking." Not that I'd outright accuse him of lying, but I had the vibe that there was something he wasn't telling me...

The bus ride was worse in the afternoon. I had to sit on my knees. I just couldn't do this. I was so worn out, so exhausted, that by the time I was at the Walgreens, I just felt like dying. Wallet. Weird cage. Get out. Goals. I just... needed to get this over with...

Something happened to the boys plug when he entered the Walgreens, when Sayla saw him — the toy began to vibrate inside of him. She made no motions at all to suggest she knew about it, and turned to address her next customer at the photo counter. Oaklee, meanwhile, looked like he had trouble standing.

I was leaning against the wall, against the shelf, trying to hold myself up. My breathing was heavy. Everything felt heavy. I just wanted to fall to the floor. I had never felt so immobilized... The line trudged on slowly, and when I had to step forward, I couldn't. I closed my eyes tight. This was so pathetic...

"Welcome to Walgreens, how can I... oh. Hi, Oaklee. I'm on break in twenty minutes, so why don't you go look at some stuff, and I'll let you know when I'm done." She was being sweet. Sickly, saccharine sweet, and innocent like she didn't even realize what was happening to the boy.

Twenty minutes. I don't know how I made it into the one of the aisles, but when I did, I couldn't handle it anymore. I leaned up against the wall and buried my head in my arms, breathing heavily. Twenty minutes... nineteen minutes... eighteen. My knees felt like jello...

Five minutes after she waved him away, the toy started to pulse in a different way, and every two minutes, it cycled to another, making sure the boy was kept on edge. If he'd push against a wall the right way, he'd be able to cum if he tried, without his cock even being hard. But then again, he was in public, and cumming from anal stimulation was not the height of masculinity. At the counter, Sayla would look over every now and then, between customers, and smile.

I rocked on my feet. I was so aroused. I was like... really turned on. From vibrating. In my ass. I didn't get it. I shook my head and tried to ignore it, but my body did its own thing, rocking softly, stimulating, I slipped, running into the rack, and falling onto my knees. Getting back up again was nearly impossible...

By the time the twenty minutes was over, the girl simply approached and smiled down at the boy. **"I can end your discipline now and you can go home, or you can come with me and I can make you finish. But you'll be caged for another day if you do."** He was on the floor, wriggling, squirming, writhing as subtly as he could possibly manage.

I took her hand in mine, my eyes glossy, and she helped me to my feet. I was going to be sick. I knew it. But I just... I really wanted... *needed* to... to finish. So she took me into the back room, my entire body shaking with the plug. I had never been so turned on... so willing to do something... I felt so pathetic... how easy I was to manipulate...

**"If I make you cum, you'll wear the cage for another 24 hours."** She pushed her fingers precisely to the base of the plug through the boys pants, watching him squirm. **"Are your panties wet? Like a real girl? Girls get wet when they're aroused, are you wet, sweetie?"** Especially because he couldn't get hard, so the anal pleasure would mean his cock would just ooze precum.

I nodded quietly. I probably wasn't. I mean, the cum from the other day had dried up. The saliva had evaporated. Even what bit of arousal I could feel, it wasn't enough to stimulate me the way she'd expect. So the panties were, realistically, pretty dry. But saying no meant no orgasm... **"Uh huh..."**

She dragged her fingers up the boy's pants, and slipped them down in his panties, grasping the base of the plug. She pushed it deeper, playing with the boys cheek as she did. And then gently started to extract the plug, before pushing it back deeply in. The fucking wouldn't let him cum. Psychologically, it would be arousing as hell for him, but he wouldn't cum until she angled it just the right way. But he didn't know that. **"So much easier to move it in and out of you, your pussy is getting used to being full already..."**

**"It's not-"** But her hand came down hard on my cheek, the slap ringing through the room. And then, the soft touch. A soft touch, her hand on my cheek, and the plug in place. And moving in and out. I didn't talk out of turn again, after that. I was cooperative, obedient...

**"Moan. That's how you communicate with me. Moan."** Sayla tugged the plug further out, pushed it in, in and out, the plug wasn't that long, but the thickest part moving past the boys muscles over and over simulated a fucking motion remarkably well. **"The conversion of ass to pussy is something all sissies undergo... the finishing flourish is when she's fucked by a hard cock... there's no going back then. But this is just preparation..."** He moaned as she spoke. She loved that he did.

I whimpered and moaned. The girl bent me over the table, on my elbows, and pushed the plug in and out of my ass. I was breathing so heavy. It vibrated so slightly. And I was so turned on. My jeans were still up around my waist, though the back pulled down. I was so needy...

**"Your little cock is so obsolete, just decorative. That's all. Something pretty to dress up."** Her words were humiliating, her movements even more so. She pushed the plug in and out, in and put, and before long the boys hips were pushing back against her movements. **"You can't get hard, sissy, you're being changed with every thrust, every moan."** And then it happened — she angled the plug forward, and drove it home, hard, careening into the boys g-spot.

I fell forward on the table. My entire body gave way, like the muscles broke. Like the whole system had a hard reset. Cum poured out of the cage, through my soft cock, and into my panties, followed by the warmth of wetness. It pooled in my jeans, trickling down my legs... My cheek was pressed to the table, my eyes glossy and my breathing heavy...

The girl pulled the plug clean out of the boys ass as he collapsed against the table. She pushed something inside of him — something seemingly innocent — ginger. The plug was slid back inside, easily, effortlessly, sealing it inside. The ginger would itch like crazy, forcing the boy to grinding his bottom on the plug all night to abate the feeling. **"Go home, Cumslut. Change your jeans, but don't change your panties."** Ugh. Soaked in piss again! **"Thank me."**

**"...th-thank you...."** I couldn't move. I really couldn't. She pushed the plug back into me, but I still didn't move off the table. I had no strength. My muscles were broken. I felt so pathetic.... and what was worse, she didn't wait around. She left. And when I got up off the table, finally, I noticed my jeans. No, no, no, no, no...

Sayla was back behind the counter by the time the boy stumbled out of the room, and she flashed him only the courtesy smile she gave every other customer. He reeked of pee, and the fact he'd wet himself was abundantly clear. And beyond that, the ginger would be starting to itch, even though the vibrations had stopped.

I looked at my jeans and quickly hurried out of the store. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know where to go. I went down the road as far as I could, hiding in back streets

and behind tree lines. My pants were soaked through. My cheeks were blood red. I felt pathetic. I felt small. I felt helpless...

**66:**

"...can't go to the con... I know. I know. I'm sorry... parents... they're just..." I hadn't been right all week. It was getting worse. And my behavior was just getting meek and small. Every day I'd spend with Sayla. She'd given back my wallet, and yesterday she took the cage off. But she said no. She said I couldn't go to the con, that we had plans this weekend. I didn't argue anymore. I was a good girl...

**"But I bought your cosplay, and booked tickets, and a hotel, and we're flying first class..."** I didn't mean to sound whiny, but it was hard to hide my disappointment. Oaklee had been out of sorts all week, worse and worse, and he wouldn't talk to me. He just seemed to get more and more meek, more and more quiet and reserved.

"...I can't... I'm sorry... I tried all week... getting my parents... I'm sorry... I tried so hard, and... and..." I was crying. I was actually crying. I rubbed the water away from my eyes and tried to pull myself together. I felt so sick... **"I... I gotta go... I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."**

**"Oaklee..."** He was crying... I only saw him cry in the worst of cases, only when his head was aligned a certain way. He tried to sneak away, and I took his head, and I put my arms around him, and I cuddled him. **"Something is going on with you, and I know you feel like you can't tell me, but..."** I bit my lip and took a breath. I was going to be strong for us both. **"I promise you can tell me anything right now, anything, and there'll be no consequences."**

"...r-really, I'm fine... stuff at home is just... it's a lot 'cause mom and dad are fighting, and everything. It's just a lot right now..." She hugged me tight to her chest, and I hugged her back. Mac was always the sweetest girl in the entire world to me. She deserved so much better than a crybaby like me. **"...I wanna go. I'm so sorry I can't... I wanna...."**

**"Missy says that she thinks you're still seeing Sayla."** Not accusatory. Advisory. Like maybe if I knew that much, it would make it easier. **"And she thinks if you are that you're being hurt by her... um... abused. She thinks Sayla is not a very nice person, and... and Missy is far away, and Mike is far away, and I'm close but you're afraid to tell me things because you see this perfect little sister. "**

**"I'm fine, Mac, I'm fine... Sayla's... she's... I can handle Sayla. It's just... I'm just having stuff at home. Sayla's not important anymore..."** I sounded so

unconvincing. I managed to break free of the hug, playing with my fingers. **"I... I really gotta catch my bus..."**

**"You're not taking the bus. You're coming home with me."** I knew I wasn't very assertive, but Missy had said that if he were still involved with Sayla, which it seemed like he was, that he might be much more compliant. He might even take directions from me. **"I'm gonna take care of you."**

I shook my head very fast, pulling away from her grip. **"I... I have to go home. Sorry. I... I have to. I'm already in trouble, and my mom's... she's being... and my dad's always... I just really gotta. Deagan will be there, I'll be fine... I gotta go, I'm sorry..."**

**"You're not going home, you said at lunch that Deagan was out of town with his new girl..."** I sounded more disappointed than when he'd told me that he couldn't come with me to the con, and I tried and tried and tried not to let it show, but I was only human, only an overly emotional human teenager with her birthday on the weekend that had just been blown-off.

I shook my head faster and turned away. **"I'm sorry. I'm sorry.... I... I can't..."** I hurried away from Mac, down the hill, toward the busses. I couldn't miss it. I couldn't be late. Sayla had plans. All weekend. If I was late... I shuddered at the thought. I needed to be on time....

**"You're late."** Sayla's voice was cheerful, which had come to mean very, very bad things. She had her phone out, and was sitting on the counter. **"I was just looking at some of my favorite recent pictures."** Over the past few days, she'd accumulated well over a hundred pictures of the boy in compromised positions, further cementing her control and destroying the pretense of their relationship as it had once been. **"I trust you freed your schedule?"**

**"Yes ma'am..."** I looked at my feet. I was so nervous. I didn't wanna be punished anymore. But the punishments were over, she'd said, after yesterday. No more cage. But the plug still filled my ass... I'd gotten used to wearing it. Taking it out when I needed to. Putting it back in. I was used to it.

**"But still. You were late."** She reached into her pocket, and the plug started to vibrate. **"Nipples or tummy?"** The looming promise of feminine piercings had been raised a few times, even as the plug had segued from punishment, to routine. He knew punishment was due, and he knew, probably, just what was planned this weekend — his conversion. She spoke of it all week, about that moment when he'd be fucked, how it would change him, and her words had worked a lot to making it true in his mind.

**"....n-no, I'm... Im sorry ma'am... p-please..."** I was already almost in tears. I felt so pathetic. But I always felt pathetic nowadays. This past week, I just... kept getting worse and worse. And if I'd talk back, she'd fuck me with something, and I'd piss

everywhere. I didn't understand it. Why it happened. But she seemed to understand it just fine... **"L-lemme make it up to you, please..."**

**"And how do you propose to do that? What can you offer me that is equivalent to a mark through your flesh in tribute?"** She'd begun to train him in eating her tush, and he'd become quite an adept little ass-lover, but the focus had been mostly on his ass, and how his conversion would take place. Many things had gone into his ass, but her cock was going to be special for this weekend. His bottom was re-bruised, his ass plugged perpetually, and under his top today the evil little nipple clamps bit into flesh she'd spent more and more time stimulating.

**"...I-lemme pleasure you... lemme do that, and.. and I'll make up for being late... pretty please..."** It was that or piercings. That or punishment. I just... I wanted it to be okay... I wanted it to be better between us. No more hurtful stuff... just nice happy lovey stuff...

**"I'll tell you what, sissy: if you can take me entirely in your mouth, down your throat, I'll let you off without punishment."** Deep-throating had been something the boy had started trying, but always gagged and couldn't work through it entirely, despite her assurances that it was okay and suggestions to improve. **"You have a lot of cocksucking in your future, so it's a good skill to have. Show me your commitment, and if you manage it, no piercings."**

**"...okay..."** I wasn't sure I could. But it was a challenge. And I'd gotten very good. Maybe if... I gave it my best. I followed the girl into the back room. I wasn't sure what she had planned for the whole weekend. I never saw her house or anything. When the break room door was locked, I immediately got on my knees and lifted her skirt. Without hesitation, I rubbed her cock to erection. A deep breath, and I took the whole thing into my mouth. My lips touched the base of her shaft, against her skin, and slowly, carefully, I took it out. No gagging. No anything. I was so impressed with myself, and I smiled proudly up at my mistre... er... at Sayla...

**"I see your mouth has already finished conversion."** Sayla grinned proudly down at the boy, and his features lit up in the most remarkable smile — it was praise. True praise. And he was doused in it. **"You can have my cum wherever you want is as a reward; tummy, face, hair, breasts,"** she referred to his chest as his breasts, boobs, or tits starting yesterday. **"Anywhere but your ass. Where would you like me to cum, sissy?"**

**"...I..."** I felt a blush on my cheeks. My hair was so hard to clean. And my tummy made me feel even more pathetic. I elected for my favorite... **"T-tummy, please..."** And without another prompt, I put my lips around her cock again, working her up to orgasm. With the spurt in my mouth, I swallowed like it was ice cream. My eyes were hazy and wet. My breathing was off...

It wasn't just automatic anymore, it wasn't just a part of pleasuring her — when he got to suck her, it meant he'd done well at something. Swallowing her cum had become a treat. **"Such a little Cumslut."** She laughed. It was no longer an insult — a praise. He blushed. Smiled shyly, and looked down. **"Show me your progress, sissy."** Which meant he was to stand up, turn around, bend over and pull out his plug. Twice she'd fitted him with a slightly bigger one, praising his commitment to conversion.

I lowered my jeans and shimmied them down my butt. The plug was there, waiting. I took it with my fingers and pulled it out, nearly stumbling to the floor. My cheeks were on fire...

She inspected his behind with her finger, sliding three inside without resistance and spreading them, turning them around with an approving hum from his lips. **"Oh, someone has been a good girl. Study yourself, I'm going to get you a new friend."** Where she had him stand, the mirror was behind him. Study yourself meant he was to use the mirror to look at his behind, at how it had changed, to play with it with his fingers. He had to have something positive to say by the time she got back, or he wouldn't get his new plug.

**"...it's getting so big,"** I muttered with a blush. The hole was expanding. Training. Like I was being trained. Missy had told me that before. Now that I realized it, it was too late. Much too late... I couldn't stop her anymore. She knew all my weak points. I let her get too close...

Sayla returned a few moments later with the new box, the toy inside. He knew those boxes by now, and she opened it for him to see just how much bigger this one was. **"How did your studies go, sissy?"** She lifted the plug, shiny, heavy, and quite a bit bigger than the last. Oaklee couldn't stop staring at it.

**"I'm a good girl,"** I said quietly to myself, and Sayla started to fit the plug into place. It took longer, but when it was in, it was in there good. I could hardly stay standing. She pulled up my panties and my jeans, leaving me heavier and pinker... This was often when I'd go home. Was I still allowed to do that? Or did these plans extend into the night...?

**"There's a bag in the corner. When you go home tonight, remove every hair below your neck."** Not that he had very much to begin with. **"Focus particularly between your tush. Exfoliate all your skin, and use the shampoo and conditioner provided."** It all seemed very routine, but it was important. **"I'll pick you up at noon tomorrow. Don't eat between now and then. Understand?"**

**"...don't eat...?"** Don't eat... what did that even mean... but she gave me the bag, and I left. I walked the rest of the way home and looked down into the bag. Don't eat. Gosh, now I was hungry. Why did I have to agree to that stupid rule...

**67:**

**missymeow1213** » You've been hard to get a hold of, mister.

**Numbers-1377325** » hi

**missymeow1213** » Hi =)

**missymeow1213** » Family troubles again?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh huh

**missymeow1213** » Sucks =(

**missymeow1213** » Oh, I was meaning to ask.

**missymeow1213** » Did you end up breaking it off with Sayla?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh yeah?

**Numbers-1377325** » I told you that like a week ago

**missymeow1213** » I've had a lot going on, I couldn't remember =)

**missymeow1213** » Are you still friends with her? I bet you'd be better as friends, less pressure and rules, you know

**Numbers-1377325** » uh..

**Numbers-1377325** » not reallly

**missymeow1213** » Oh, so, I wanted your advice.

**Numbers-1377325** » okay

**missymeow1213** » If you don't mind. It could be a bit TMI.

**missymeow1213** » Okay, well the boy wants to get me a tattoo. Like. For him, you know?

**missymeow1213** » And I don't know, like, do you think that's abuse?

**missymeow1213** » I can't talk to Mike about it, because he's a little kid with a hardon.

**missymeow1213** » But you're usually pretty insightful =D

**Numbers-1377325** » ... a tattoo?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk.. I don't see the big deal.?

**missymeow1213** » Like, I don't want one. I don't really like them.

**missymeow1213** » But he wants me to do it as like...

**missymeow1213** » A gesture that I'm his?

**missymeow1213** » You think that's okay, though?

**Numbers-1377325** » oh... uh...

**Numbers-1377325** » idk... like

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess if you dont want it you shouldn't get it?

**missymeow1213** » He's in charge, though. I feel like I should because he's in charge?  
=(

**missymeow1213** » I don't know, you probably don't really have any experience with this...

**missymeow1213** » I wish I had someone to talk to who did... =\

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » if he's in charge you should prbably listen.. 'cause like..

**Numbers-1377325** » he could make things worse, ya know..?

**missymeow1213** » What do you mean?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk.. if you don't cooperate he might make it worse. like get you two tattoos.

**Numbers-1377325** » or something you don't like doing

**Numbers-1377325** » you know?

**missymeow1213** » Oh, you're right...=(

**missymeow1213** » But I shouldn't fear him, should I?

**missymeow1213** » Or do you think that's important?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**missymeow1213** » Do you think I should say no to him on things at all? It might be easier not to, huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » you should just listen

**Numbers-1377325** » he knows whats best for you right

**missymeow1213** » He says he does.

**missymeow1213** » But shouldn't I question that?

**Numbers-1377325** » you've been together like forever you should just believe him

**missymeow1213** » You're so smart!

**missymeow1213** » Hey, what about you, Oaklee?

**missymeow1213** » Do you think you'd ever want a relationship like mine? =)

**missymeow1213** » Like.

**missymeow1213** » Being in charge of someone?

**missymeow1213** » Or like even.

**missymeow1213** » Someone being in charge of you?

**Numbers-1377325** » probably not

**Numbers-1377325** » I just wanna be normal for a bit

**missymeow1213** » I don't know.

**missymeow1213** » Like.

**missymeow1213** » This seems 'normal' to me?

**missymeow1213** » I guess because it's my every day life =)

**missymeow1213** » What's your view on spanking? Like, as punishment in a relationship?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » I gotta do stuff.

**missymeow1213** » Oh =(

**missymeow1213** » I just

**missymeow1213** » Don't get to talk to people about this stuff a lot =D

**missymeow1213** » And you're making me smile!

**Numbers-1377325** » sorry i'v egot stuff i gotta take care of

**Numbers-1377325** » if I wanna get on my paretns good sides.

**missymeow1213** » Oh, um

**missymeow1213** » Wait.

**missymeow1213** » One more bit of advice.

**missymeow1213** » I mean, can I ask one more? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » uh.

**Numbers-1377325** » sure

**Numbers-1377325** » make it quick

**missymeow1213** » Well, an opinion!

**missymeow1213** » What do you think about plug tails?

**missymeow1213** » I have a few, but they're not that good, and my boyfriend doesn't like them much.

**missymeow1213** » I was gonna get

**missymeow1213** » This one

**missymeow1213** » <http://kittencream.com/images/newpics813/PolyUltrPinkSM.jpg>

**missymeow1213** » But I wanted your opinion. Like. As a boy. Do you think I'd look sexy with that?

**missymeow1213** » I know you think me putting stuff in my ass is gross =(

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » it's cute?

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not the expert on this one

**missymeow1213** » Well, like...

**missymeow1213** » I just wanted your advice as a guy =)

**missymeow1213** » Oh and don't look at the plug end! You'll think I'm a slut =O

**Numbers-1377325** » gosh you're weird..

**missymeow1213** » I know =)

**missymeow1213** » I was gonna offer to show you my current ones

**missymeow1213** » But you think it's gross, I get it.

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy

**Numbers-1377325** » you're being weird

**missymeow1213** » I'm bonding with you! =)

**missymeow1213** » Or trying to.

**missymeow1213** » I didn't know you had views on submission like that =D

**missymeow1213** » Makes me feel closer to you!

**Numbers-1377325** » what are you talking about?

**missymeow1213** » Well it used to be I'd talk to you about my relationship.

**missymeow1213** » And you'd just make fun =(

**missymeow1213** » Today I felt like you actually understood.

Numbers-1377325 » oh.. idk

Numbers-1377325 » i'll make fun of you more later

Numbers-1377325 » promise

missymeow1213 » Hey can I ask a personal question? =)

Numbers-1377325 » uh

Numbers-1377325 » sure but really i can't stay

missymeow1213 » Do you think Sayla was into that? Like. How my boy is? Do you think like, she's the kind of girl who'd want to make her partner get tattooed or something? =) It was just a feeling I had while you two were dating.

Numbers-1377325 » uh

Numbers-1377325 » idk probably

Numbers-1377325 » she's weird

missymeow1213 » Good weird, though, right?

Numbers-1377325 » i guess...

missymeow1213 » So like um...

missymeow1213 » (really personal sorry!)

missymeow1213 » If she wanted to do to you what my boy wants to do to me

missymeow1213 » Like

missymeow1213 » If you two were dating

missymeow1213 » You'd be cool with it? =D

Numbers-1377325 » ..idk..

Numbers-1377325 » no?

Numbers-1377325 » idk

Numbers-1377325 » i'm not like you...

**Numbers-1377325** » I gotta go

**Numbers-1377325** » ttyl

**missymeow1213** » Okay =)

**missymeow1213** » Um

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee?

**missymeow1213** » Remember you can talk to me about anything.

**Numbers-1377325** » uh..

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah I know.

I washed my skin clean with the soap. I washed my skin clean with the foam afterward. While I washed my hair, all the body hair on my body started to fall off. I knew that would happen. She'd told me. But when it was over, when I looked at myself in the mirror, I just felt like a pathetic child. I pulled myself onto the computer, looking quietly at my fingertips, red and pruned from the two hour long shower. It was already 9pm...

**missymeow1213** » How'd things go with the parents? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » uh.. fine I guess..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm just checking my email before bed..

**missymeow1213** » Um, maybe you shouldn't =)

**missymeow1213** » You know what tomorrow is, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » shouldn't check my email?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**missymeow1213** » I think Mac was going to email you.

**missymeow1213** » It's her birthday tomorrow, and she's... well, she's Mac =(

**missymeow1213** » I told her that it wouldn't do any good to talk about it, because you can't help it that you won't be there.

**missymeow1213** » So she said she might write you an email or something. I don't know. 14 year old girls.

**Numbers-1377325** » i know

**Numbers-1377325** » I wanted to go to the con with her

**Numbers-1377325** » just can't..

**missymeow1213** » I know =)

**missymeow1213** » I only gave you the heads up because I didn't want you going to bed feeling rotten about it.

**missymeow1213** » You know how needy she can be =)

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah I know.

**Numbers-1377325** » I wish things were different.

**Numbers-1377325** » just gotta get through this weekend..

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? What's happening this weekend, exactly, anyway? =)

**missymeow1213** » I promise not to tell a soul!

**Numbers-1377325** » just my parents

**Numbers-1377325** » they're jerks

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm just doing chores and crap to get them off my back.

**missymeow1213** » Hey remember when we first started talking.

**missymeow1213** » Like.

**missymeow1213** » Before I told you much about me? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » kinda.

**Numbers-1377325** » why?

**missymeow1213** » Well like.

**missymeow1213** » You used to talk about how you "knew something was up" with me

**missymeow1213** » And I used to get really annoyed at you

**missymeow1213** » Remember? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess

**missymeow1213** » You were right though.

**missymeow1213** » Something was up. You were the first person online I told about my relationship dynamic =D

**Numbers-1377325** » that surprises me

**missymeow1213** » Yeah! Like.

**missymeow1213** » I'm a chick.

**missymeow1213** » If a chick online says she's kinky she's told she's just some attention seeker.

**missymeow1213** » Likewise if a guy tells people he's in a submission relationship, or he's a sissy

**missymeow1213** » He's seen as less of a guy

**Numbers-1377325** » I get that. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Yeah?

**Numbers-1377325** » well yeah, the sissy thing obviously.

**Numbers-1377325** » Happens like every 10 seconds. annoying as shit.

**Numbers-1377325** » also, no email from Mac.

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh I should get to bed..

**missymeow1213** » Some guys are sissies.

**missymeow1213** » Some guys are subs =)

**missymeow1213** » They're still guys.

**missymeow1213** » Hey don't go.

**missymeow1213** » Look...

**missymeow1213** » I think something is up with you, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » Like how you felt about me way back then.

**missymeow1213** » Like you feel like something bad will happen, or I'll tease you, or dismiss you, or think of you as less of a boy if you tell me.

**Numbers-1377325** » uh..

**Numbers-1377325** » there's nothing up?

**missymeow1213** » I think Sayla wouldn't let you break up with her.

**missymeow1213** » And you're gonna get mad at me for saying it =(

**missymeow1213** » But you've been so not yourself since that day, and I know even if your parents promised to ground you for a lifetime, you're too good a person to miss Mac's birthday. So I figure it's not something you can even defy...

**missymeow1213** » Which meakes me think...

**missymeow1213** » Maybe she's blackmailing you.

**missymeow1213** » And I might be way off mark, but it makes sense...

**Numbers-1377325** » sayla and I broke up

**missymeow1213** » I think you definitely wanted to, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » Like.

**missymeow1213** » I don't doubt that at all.

**missymeow1213** » And I think she has something on you.

**missymeow1213** » Because you've been distant, and avoidant, and trying to put up the bravest face.

**missymeow1213** » But love... friends at school might buy that.

**missymeow1213** » But you're my best friend =)

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm 15 I am not your best friend

**Numbers-1377325** » listen

**Numbers-1377325** » Sayla was bitchy abou tit

**Numbers-1377325** » but that's to be expected

**Numbers-1377325** » my parents are angry because i dumped her because they think i wanna like be with a guy

**Numbers-1377325** » so I'm just working against that thats all

**Numbers-1377325** » don't worry about me.

**missymeow1213** » If that were true, they'd let you go hang out with Mac in a heartbeat, though, right? Because I know you're not into her, but she's a girl.

**missymeow1213** » The pieces just don't seem to line up is all.

**missymeow1213** » And I hate to call you out on it, because if I'm right, you're gonna be terrified of what will happen if she finds out I know.

**missymeow1213** » But if I'm wrong, you'll be mad at me.

**missymeow1213** » So for me, it's lose/lose =(

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not mad

**Numbers-1377325** » just

**Numbers-1377325** » I gotta go

**missymeow1213** » You know the fact you're trying to avoid the talk about this is a big warning sign for me, right? =(

**missymeow1213** » I think you're really scared of admitting that you couldn't walk away from her.

**missymeow1213** » Or maybe just scared of her. Which doesn't make you less of a boy. Some people are scary.

**Numbers-1377325** » it's fine

**Numbers-1377325** » missy I'm fine

**Numbers-1377325** » everything is fine

**Numbers-1377325** » it's really fine

**missymeow1213** » Put your camera on for me.

**missymeow1213** » Please?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..missy.. ugh..

**missymeow1213** » For me? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » whatever..

Numbers-1377325 sent a video link.

**missymeow1213** » I know it's late, so we can just keep typing =) But I wanna see you.

**missymeow1213** » Smile for me, okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » you are so weird..

**missymeow1213** » I think Sayla is abusing you, and you don't know the way out.

**missymeow1213** » ...and you winced...

**Numbers-1377325** » I rolled my eyes

**Numbers-1377325** » you see what you wanna see

**missymeow1213** » I think Sayla has blackmail on you. Photos. Not you dressed as a girl. I think it's worse than that, and I think she's threatening to send pictures to your Mom. I also think she's a liar... because the school you said she went to is hardcore fundamentalist, and would never let a transgirl enroll. I don't know how bad she's hurt you, but I think this weekend is going to be far worse than anything she's done yet.

**missymeow1213** » And you feel broken. Because she's taken away who you are, and now she's hurting Mac. And you feel too weak to make a stand...

**Numbers-1377325** » you can make up stuff all you want..

**Numbers-1377325** » doesn't make it true

**missymeow1213** » You're crying, which does. Or at least some of it.

**missymeow1213** » Tell Mommy Missy what's happened to you?

**missymeow1213** » You must feel so alone, so...trapped...

Numbers-1377325 disconnected the video link.

**Numbers-1377325** » I said I'm fine

**missymeow1213** » The moment you started reading what I said, you started to cry.

**missymeow1213** » Automatically..

**missymeow1213** » Which means it's not the first time you've cried about this.

**missymeow1213** » You know where I work, don't you? I work with abuse victims, Oaklee... I'm an intern. I've seen this... I see that look a dozen times a week... and everybody always says... 'I'm fine, he/she's not like that...'

**missymeow1213** » Hey

**missymeow1213** » Please answer. I'm your ally here. I'll be your Shield. Or your Sword.

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy you're just

**Numbers-1377325** » tired

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm fine

**Numbers-1377325** » seriously just forget it

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not abused

**Numbers-1377325** » I still see sayla sometimes, okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » but thats not why I'm upset

**Numbers-1377325** » it's just because of my parents and shit

**Numbers-1377325** » and I hate that I'm missing Mac's birthday

**Numbers-1377325** » so just please stop acting like a know it all

**Numbers-1377325** » this isn't even about you

**missymeow1213** » I know it's not about me, stupid =)

**missymeow1213** » And if I were a know-it-all, I'd have put the pieces together days ago.

**missymeow1213** » But I'm just a girl who knows you online.

**missymeow1213** » And I wish you had someone else in person there who was better at this. Who could put their hand on your cheek, and let you cry, and hold you.

**missymeow1213** » But you don't have that...

**missymeow1213** » And I suck, okay.

**missymeow1213** » But just earlier you condoned abuse, right to my face, okay.

**Numbers-1377325** » I did not

**Numbers-1377325** » stop putting words in my mouth

**missymeow1213** » You told me that I should be afraid of what my boyfriend might do. And just do what he says.

**missymeow1213** » Because he could "do much worse to me"

**Numbers-1377325** » ..you're taking it out of context...

**Numbers-1377325** » I just meant 'cause tattoos aren't bad..

**Numbers-1377325** » just forget it...

**missymeow1213** » Shh, shh...

**Numbers-1377325** » no just forget it

**missymeow1213** » \*cuddles you tightly\*

**Numbers-1377325** » forget I said anything!

**Numbers-1377325** » Missy!

**Numbers-1377325** » I am fine

**Numbers-1377325** » just leave me alone, okay?

**missymeow1213** » You've said that so many times in the last week, that I'm starting to feel like I should...

**missymeow1213** » Abuse is like a poison. And once you become full of poison, your actions become poisonous, too.

**missymeow1213** » It's not uncommon. You're lashing out at me, you're probably thinking all these horrible things about me.

**missymeow1213** » That you never would have before.

**missymeow1213** » Because you have no control over your situation right now...

**missymeow1213** » So you're lashing out at people you love..

**Numbers-1377325** » I am not lashing out!

**Numbers-1377325** » You are just being a jerk and you aren't listening

**Numbers-1377325** » you don't ever listen to me you just tell me shit that isn't true and expect it to come true

**missymeow1213** » That's what abusers do. They isolate you... turn you against those who cares about you..

**missymeow1213** » "They'll try to act like they know what's best for you"

**missymeow1213** » "But I know what's best" "They're jealous of me" "They want you to leave me"

**missymeow1213** » "They don't care about you"

**missymeow1213** » "They don't get you. They couldn't love you, because you're broken. But I love you."

**Numbers-1377325** » ..shut up..

**Numbers-1377325** » shut up

**Numbers-1377325** » you don't know anythin

**Numbers-1377325** » you're manipulating me

**Numbers-1377325** » filling my head so I'll listen to your stupid shit

**Numbers-1377325** » just go..

**Numbers-1377325** » go kill yourself..

**Numbers-1377325** » stupid..

**missymeow1213** » -slaps your face-

**Numbers-1377325** » ..

**missymeow1213** » Don't. EVER.

**missymeow1213** » EVER

**missymeow1213** » EVER

**missymeow1213** » EVER EVER EVER FUCKING EVER

**missymeow1213** » Say that to a person.

**missymeow1213** » What the FUCK has become of you, Oaklee?

**missymeow1213** » SHUT UP

**missymeow1213** » Don't fucking talk.

**missymeow1213** » Don't.

**missymeow1213** » Just listen. And read. Whatever.

**missymeow1213** » She has filled you with poison, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » And now you are sick.

**missymeow1213** » Because that's what poison does.

**missymeow1213** » It makes you sick.

**missymeow1213** » And then you told me to KILL MYSELF?

**missymeow1213** » I hope you're ashamed, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » Ashamed of what she's made you become.

**missymeow1213** » But it's not too late to be you.

**missymeow1213** » You just need help from your friends. You need to trust us.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..you're bad for me..

**Numbers-1377325** » you don't understand anything.

**Numbers-1377325** » you don't get it

**Numbers-1377325** » you just

**missymeow1213** » Explain it to me?

**Numbers-1377325** » talk and talk and say stupid thing

**Numbers-1377325** » and i just listen 'caue its wrong

**Numbers-1377325** » and i do so many twrong thnigs'

**Numbers-1377325** » and everybdoy just makes me do bad thigns

**Numbers-1377325** » and then yella t me

**Numbers-1377325** » and dont listen

**Numbers-1377325** » and i'm

**Numbers-1377325** » i can't

**Numbers-1377325** » gotta og.

**missymeow1213** » -pulls you into my lap- Im listening ♥

**Numbers-1377325** » i nat.

**missymeow1213** » Stay, precious.

**Numbers-1377325** » i can't!

**Numbers-1377325** » i can't!

**Numbers-1377325** » she's gonna know now..

**Numbers-1377325** » know you got in my head and..

**Numbers-1377325** » and i'm not gonna get rewarded..

**Numbers-1377325** » just gonna be punished more..

**Numbers-1377325** » no just

**Numbers-1377325** » pleas no more

**Numbers-1377325** » please no moe talking

**Numbers-1377325** » shh

Numbers-1377325 » shhh

Numbers-1377325 » no more

Numbers-1377325 » no no no

Numbers-1377325 » i togga to

Numbers-1377325 » i cant

missymeow1213 » I can stop her from punishing you.

Numbers-1377325 » i gotta go

Numbers-1377325 » isrmoryyr

Numbers-1377325 » i gotta go

missymeow1213 » Have I ever hurt you?

Numbers-1377325 » i cant listen

Numbers-1377325 » i cant trust you

missymeow1213 » Have I ever hurt you?

Numbers-1377325 » she was right

Numbers-1377325 » because what she said

Numbers-1377325 » about you

Numbers-1377325 » was right

Numbers-1377325 » and you know it

Numbers-1377325 » and i just

Numbers-1377325 » can't trust you

Numbers-1377325 » im sorry

Numbers-1377325 » i cant

missymeow1213 » I can protect you from her.

Numbers-1377325 » i gotta go

Numbers-1377325 » she's

Numbers-1377325 » gonna know

Numbers-1377325 » i gaotta go

missymeow1213 » I can protect Oaklee.

missymeow1213 » Protect who you are.

missymeow1213 » You want me to. To protect you.

missymeow1213 » To make everything back to normal.

missymeow1213 » Remember?

Numbers-1377325 signed off.

**68:**

My chest hurt so bad. I curled my knees to my chest and cried into the pillow. I had to text Sayla. I had to tell her I was sorry. I had to tell her Missy was getting into my head. 'Cause if she found out tomorrow I'd be in trouble. I didn't wanna be in trouble no more...

Mac » cum out 2 the car

Mac » plz dont argue b/c im scared

Mac » Don't tell anybody ok

Oaklee » Cant

Mac » mira is here

Oaklee » Cant tex uou right now

Oaklee » Tomorrow

Mac » mira says

**Mac** » she misses you

**Mac** » she's scared

**Oaklee** » Cant text..

**Mac** » i wanna go on more dates w/ you

**Mac** » && conventions

**Mac** » &&& stuff

**Mac** » plz come 2 the car

**Mac** » dont even txt

**Mac** » leave ur phone there

**Mac** » ok

**Oaklee** » Mac is outside..

**Sayla** » I told you, Sissy, they don't want you to finish your conversion.

**Sayla** » Didn't I say this would happen?

**Oaklee** » But its mac...

**Sayla** » If you told her that tomorrow you're due to become a true Sissy, would she understand? Or would she try to stop you?

**Oaklee** » ...shed understand...

**Oaklee** » Missy said you don't go to that school...

**Oaklee** » Is that true..

**Sayla** » Why would you even doubt me, Cumslut?

**Sayla** » It's like you don't want your reward at all.

**Oaklee** » ...sssorry...

**Oaklee** » I do..

**Oaklee** » Sory...

**Sayla** » Tell me what you want.

**Oaklee** » To be fucked..

**Sayla** » Fucked how?

**Oaklee** » Like alittle girl.

**Sayla** » Tell Mac that you can't see her anymore, because you're going to get fucked like a little girl tomorrow.

**Sayla** » Now.

**Oaklee** » Im not saying it to mac..

**Oaklee** » Mac is special..

**Oaklee** » You promised..

**Oaklee** » Mac is special...

**Sayla** » More special than me?

**Oaklee** » She's special like puppies or babies..

**Sayla** » More special than feeling my cock inside your pussy tomorrow, Sissy?

**Sayla** » And you're my pet, and my baby.

**Oaklee** » Please... I'm crying please stop...

**Oaklee** » Please.. please..

**Oaklee** » Just want her to go home..

**Oaklee** » Just don't want her involved...

**Sayla** » Touch your ass.

**Sayla** » Now.

**Oaklee** » .yes ma'am..

**Sayla** » Good girl;. Tell me about your ass, what do you want to happen to it, again? What are we working towards?

**Oaklee** » Be a good girl..

**Oaklee** » Fucked like a good girl..

**Mac** » you stopped replying...

**Sayla** » And you want your ass to become a pussy for fucking proper, right?

**Oaklee** » Ytes ma'am..

**Mac** » please...? mira misses u...i miss u...

**Sayla** » And what will that make you? Will you be a boy after that?

**Oaklee** » No ma'am..

**Sayla** » We'll be the same, sissy. Mac won't understand, she can't. She's jealous that she's not the same as me. Tell her you're too excited to become a girl to see her ever again

**Mac** » ur in trouble... but u need 2 cum w/ me...plz trust me

**Oaklee** » ...no...

**Oaklee** » ...in trouble...?

**Sayla** » I guess I was wrong to let you off having your pierced nipples, Cumslut. You obviously don't know how to appreciate a reward.

**Mac** » yes. yes in trouble. big big trouble. and if u dont cum out here right now ur gonna be in more trouble! mira will be so cross!

**Oaklee** » ...she's my friend...

**Oaklee** » i'm... i'm grounded..

**Sayla** » Would a friend get in the way of the most important day of your life?

**Mac** » so??? whats the worsr they can do?? kick u out?? u can just cum stay w/ me if they do!! you should never be scared of ur parents or anyone b/c you can just run away w/ me no matter what they do!

**Oaklee** » She's my friend..

**Oaklee** » ...im... i just... cant..

**Sayla** » She doesn't understand, Sissy. She wants you to stay a boy. Tell me that you care more about your ass becoming a pussy tomorrow, or I'll have to start sharing some pictures with her...

**Mac** » climbing up to ur window then!!! && if I fall its ok b/c i dun care && u shouldn't care either u should just come w/. me!

**Oaklee** » no!

**Oaklee** » no!

**Sayla** » No? Excuse me? You didn't just say no, did you?

**Mac** » climbing now.

**Oaklee** » I am sorry I'll be good!!

**Oaklee** » GO away mac.

**Oaklee** » if you come in here I am never talking to you again

**Oaklee** » just go away

The message came too late, my little fingers pulling up the edge of the window awkwardly. It was icy on the shingles, and there was snow in the air, but after what Missy had told me, I was willing to risk it. Oaklee was sitting on his bed, knees up, pants down, and tears down his cheeks, his phone in his hand and his head shaking as he saw me. I stumbled inside, tripping, landing with just a little grace, and before he could say a word to me, I threw myself at the boy on the bed, disregarding his semi-naked state, my arms wrapped around.

**Sayla** » I don't think your words are enough, sissy. You said no to me. Tomorrow, I'm going to get you pierced. Your nipples and your tummy. Maybe the pain will remind you who you belong to.

Her arms wrapped around me. I shook and put my arms around her too, crying into her arms. I just laid there. And I just... cried...

**69:**

"**You gotta go...**" She'd stayed the night. It was early now. The sun was up. Seven or eight, maybe?

"**I want you to come with me, and don't look back, okay? And let Sayla send whatever she wants to your family, let all the fires burn and then go out... because fire can only burn for so long...**" My head was on his chest, his heart was fast, and it had been all night, he was so worried. Missy had told me that Sayla was going to send pictures to his parents, to make his dad hurt him. She said not to get involved... but I had to.

"...if I run away, they can get the cops to come after me. I'm a minor, Mac. I wish... I could just go with you. I wish I could. I can't. I'm sorry, but I can't. But I'm gonna be okay. I'm gonna do what she wants, and she'll get tired of me, and I'll be fine... please... Mac, please go..."

"**And if they send the police, we'll get a lawyer and say that you were running because you were being extorted...**" His heart was getting faster, and I buried my head deeper to his chest, like maybe I could slow it down. "**How many times have you thought that... she'd get tired of you?**" I didn't question him, not his way of doing things. I just wanted him to question himself...

"I'll be online tonight. I'll text the second I get home. I swear, Mac, I swear... and I won't leave you behind... I won't. Just... please go. Please go, and please tell Missy I'm so sorry, and... and that I'm fine. I'll be fine. If I can get her phone from her, delete those numbers, the pictures, I am home free. Okay? Please, Mac..."

"**Okay...**" It didn't feel okay. It felt... wrong. Scary. "**Just tell me you have a plan for if she didn't get bored of you, okay?**" I put the weird device down on the bed and sat up, feeling an overwhelming sense of dread. "**At least I got to see you on my birthday?**" I forced a smile and looked over at the window I'd left open. On the floor, Oaklee's phone buzzed.

**Sayla »** You're not ignoring me, I hope.

**Sayla »** Going completely silent.

**Sayla »** We're going to get you pierced tomorrow. And the rings soldered shut.

**Sayla »** You need a reminder who you belong to, Cumslut.

**Sayla »** We'll talk in the morning.

**Sayla »** Still no texts.

**Sayla »** You'd better have one hell of an explanation, Sissy.

**Sayla** » Or I'm going to make you wait weeks more, with bigger and bigger stretchers, before I finish your conversion.

**Oaklee** » Are we gonna meet at the park?

I waited for Sayla at the park. I knew what I needed to do. I just had to get her phone. Delete the pictures. Delete the numbers. That's it. And I was free. But she didn't show up. I didn't understand. She was so angry. Ready to punish me. Ready to make my life horrible. But she didn't show up? Half an hour later, after she was supposed to be there, I got a text. **"Go home. You'll get what's coming to you."** I blinked at the screen. What the hell did that mean...? I walked back to the house, sighing, quiet. I just needed this to be over. I needed to, for Mac's sake... because she only had one real friend. But when I got back, my parents were in my room. Both of them. And the bag from outside my window, in the gutter, was on the bed...

**"Close the door, Oaklee."** The bag was on the bed, opened, obvious and on display. His mother was standing behind him and his father was in front of the window. He wasn't on his crutches, and wearing his prosthetic leg caused him a great deal of pain. He only wore it when he was furious. **"Sit on the bed, and tell me everything that you see in that bag."** She smelled of wine and musty tobacco. But her voice was scarily calm.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.... my chest was hurting so badly. I was always very good at handling my parents. I was. But I wasn't so good about it when the past two weeks have literally turned me into a sniveling baby. I wiped my eyes, trying not to cry, on my way to the bed. I sat on the edge of it and looked at the bag. This wasn't good... this wasn't good... **"...I... I'm not sure what..."**

**"One at a time, Oaklee. Why don't you start with the women's underwear that you've clearly been jerking off into."** Oaklee's father stayed at the window, not wanting to look at his son, but the pathetic tone of his voice made the man scoff. His mother stared down the boy. **"Don't dare you cry, boy, you're in enough trouble as it is. Take it like a man, not some kind of sissy. One thing at a time, go on. Don't make me tell you again."**

I couldn't help the crying. I couldn't. I rubbed my eyes as I took the underwear out of the bag. Four pairs. Five counting the ones I was wearing. And they were all childish and humiliating and covered in cum. The make up. Eye shadow. Blush. Mascara. Cover up. A collar... I was openly sobbing. **"I'm sorry... I didn't... it wasn't... I swear it wasn't me... it wasn't my idea..."**

**"Don't make it worse by lying, boy."** The woman reached into her pocket for a cigarette and lit up right there in his room. Her hand was trembling with anger. She never smoked inside. **"No wonder that pretty thing dumped you, Oaklee, you're nothing but a little faggot, aren't you? How do you ever expect to get a girlfriend"**

**when you'd rather jack off in her panties or strut around in her skirts? Girls don't want some pansy faggot, they want a man. A real man, like your father."**

I couldn't stop crying. I held the collar in my hands, wringing it, trying not to cry. I was trying so hard. But the tears just happened. I didn't know what was wrong with me. I didn't know how to make it stop... **"I-it was her... sh-she did... she wanted me to... I swear... she's crazy, and... and she took pictures and... it was humiliating... please... please believe me..."**

Oaklee's father hit him hard enough to knock him to the floor, his cheek cracking and several spots of blood spraying on the carpet as he hit the ground. He advanced with his strange uneven gait, and knelt down, pressing his knee to the boy's throat. **"I gave my leg for the men and women of this country, boy, and you will not mock the price I paid. You will man up, or you'll be in places far worse than here."** If his mother's tone had been unsettling, calm, calculated, his father was terrifying. He'd never been this way with his son, never treated him like... an enemy. **"One more thing, one more piece of makeup, or any of your other faggot gear, and I will send you up north where some old buddies of mine run a facility to make men out of pantywaist cowards. Do you understand me?"** The expected answer, as always was when his father was furious, would be sir, yes sir.

**"...y-yes sir... yes, sir..."** His knee came off my throat and I gasped for air. I was still crying. I couldn't help it. **"Stop crying."** **"Y-yes sir..."** But I couldn't. I couldn't. He hit me again, across the face, and I fell back to the carpet. Blood poured from my mouth. I couldn't breathe. I curled up into a little ball on the floor, shaking.

**"Stop crying or I will give you a reason to cry."** Once again, the boy nodded, but didn't stop. He sobbed. And in a moment of dominance, the man pulled his son up by the arm, twisted it between his own, and cleanly snapped the bone. Oaklee screamed. His father dropped him, kicked him half-assedly in the ribs, and then stormed out of the room. The moment the door closed, his mother sat on the edge of the bed and took a long draw of his cigarette. **"That broken? Get up, I'll take you to the hospital. You had an accident and fell off the roof, didn't you?"** She watched in disgust as her son bawled like an infant into the carpet. She had never been so disappointed...

**70:**

**"What happened?" "...fell off the roof..."** Numbness was setting in. The whole room was spinning. Everything hurt. My ribs. My face. But mostly my arm. I was still crying. I couldn't stop crying. And what was worse, the plug was still in my ass. Girl's panties still on my body. I needed to find a bathroom. I needed to get out of here... **"I... need to use the bathroom..."**

**"Wait for the nurse to check you out."** Not a suggestion, but a direction. Oaklee shifted uncomfortably, and before he could argue the nurse in question was there with a clipboard. **"Right this way, Mr. Edwards. Mom can come, too. You look pretty beaten up, you get in a fight?"**

**"...fell off the roof,"** I said quietly, looking at my feet. I was going to throw up. Tears still poured down my cheeks, but the sobbing had stopped. I was so pathetic... **"My RC helicopter got stuck, and I just trying to get it down... but the shingles were slippery..."**

The nurse looked at the boy skeptically and then nodded her head, writing a few things down on the chair. **"Sit up here on the bed, let's have a look at that arm."** Ever-present was his mother, who said very little, but listened very closely. The boy got up on the bed and winced when he sat down, and the nurse frowned. **"We might need to examine your lower spine to make sure you didn't hurt anything, I noticed you wincing there. Let me see your arm."**

I didn't outstretch my arm. I couldn't move it. She took it anyway, and I immediately screamed, twitching in response to her touch. New tears rained down my cheeks and I started to sob all over again. She finally let the arm go. **"...m-miss, I need the bathroom... please..."**

**"Right in there, but you have to keep your arm above heart-level, like this."** She held her own arm up as demonstration. **"If you have any issues at all, I'll come help. The door doesn't lock, so don't worry about it."** The nurse smiled, and looked at the boy's mother.

I was crying trying to undress. It was so painful. Holding my arm up, using one hand. I finally got the panties off my ass and tugged the plug out of my butt. I wrapped them in toilet paper with one hand and put them in the trash can. Then, very carefully, tugged my pants back up and flushed the toilet. I was going to throw up...

The nurse helped the boy to the bed, but before she would allow him to get back up, she put her hand on his hip. **"I'm just going to examine your tailbone, and lower spine, to make sure there's no need for concern."** The moment she lifted the back of the boy's top, though, she saw the top of the bruises from his waistband. **"Ah, there's some bruising, I'm just going to edge your pants down here and have a look."**

I didn't have the panties or the plug in anymore, so the woman could do whatever she needed to do. My mom was still in the room, watching me. I was sobbing into my sleeve, my arm burning worse than anything I had ever felt.

The nurse had the boy lean forward some, examining the bruises with her fingertips, when she noticed something else. **"Oaklee, have you been sexually active? You have some swelling and tearing back here."** She didn't owe him any confidentiality —

she as a nurse, and he was a minor, and this was as much his mother's business as it was the boy's. **"Does your boyfriend use protection?"**

...I felt sick to my stomach. I couldn't look at my mother, but I was sure she was furious. I was sure she was looking livid. I was sure she was going to hit me right here in front of the nurse... **"...I-I'm not sure what you're talking about... I've never had sex...."**

**"Well, your anus is quite dilated..."** The nurse sounded detached, but certain, and she gently knelt down to examine the boy. **"We'll have you scheduled for an STI panel while you're here." "How certain are you, nurse?" "It's probably for the best. Pull up your pants, Oaklee, the doctor will be in to set your arm shortly."**

I was left alone with my mother. I felt like I was going to throw up. Tears were still present in my eyes and my arm was on fire. I pulled my pants up, but I knew it wasn't nearly enough... **"Mom, I swear... I never... I swear...."**

**"Don't lie to me, Oaklee. You've done enough of that, already, clearly. Is that why Sayla broke up with you? You were cheating on her? Who is it? One of your friends from school? You're going to break it off with him immediately, because if you don't, I'll tell your father and I'm not sure he won't kill you."** She was livid.

**"MOM. I SWEAR. I DIDN'T! FUCK."** Her hand came down hard on my cheek, harder than the other times, and I nearly fell off the bed. We were in our own private area, but the slap would resonate through the curtains. Someone would hear. But it's not a crime to slap your son...

**"You are not going to be an AIDS-ridden faggot, Oaklee, you are going to stop-" "Is everything okay in here?"** It was a different nurse, this time, a young man with a kind smile. Obviously he'd heard the slap, and he smiled that sort of professional smile that also showed concern. **"Everything is fine. My son was just apologizing for being a faggot."** The nurse frowned, and looked down at his chart. **"Yes, well. The doctor will be in soon."**

...it didn't get worse than this. Sayla really needed to do this to me? Did she not believe what would happen? Did she not believe my parents were horrible people? I didn't know what to say. What to *do*. I just sat there and cried. I just wanted today to be over...

It wasn't the doctor that came back for the boy after twenty minutes of awkward silence with his mother — it was the male nurse. **"Ms. Edwards, I'm going to take Oaklee down to theater to get his arm dressed. It'll be some time. Would you like to maybe get a bite to eat in the cafeteria?"** She looked disgusted and crossed her arms, shaking her head. **"I need a smoke. Meet me in the car when you're done."** Once she was gone, the male nurse looked at the boy. **"Nurse Krina told me about your examination, and it seems like your Mom is pretty unsupportive. Are you okay?"**

"**It's not what it looks like,**" I said quietly, wincing in pain as the man helped me off the table. I rubbed the tears away with my free hand. How could I honestly still be crying? How could this seriously be happening...? He led me down a hallway and into a little private room. He closed the door and ran his fingers over my arms.

"**There's no dirt in your break. It's clean. Like someone broke your arm.**" He smiled warmly, examining the boy's arm. He wouldn't push for too much information, because in this part of town, people talked. People were close. It was hard to build a child protection case, and Oaklee was fifteen. Barely a minor. "**If someone did this to you, you can tell me. Maybe... the same person who hurt your bottom?**"

I opened my mouth, then shook my head. I looked down at my feet and bit my lip. I could have lied. I could have said it was Sayla. She could be arrested. Tried. Put away... maybe. But it wasn't her. I could say it was my dad. Maybe I could live with Mac, then. But what good would it do. There was no salvation for me... "**...I just fell...**"

"**Alright.**" The man gently placed Oaklee's arm on the table and moved the overhead x-ray over his arm before pausing. "**Hold still, okay? Just going to do some x-rays to check for the nature of the break, and then I'll get you some nice painkillers and the doctor will get you plastered up.**"

The room was dark and the man took x-rays. I sat there trying not to cry. It was so pathetic. I felt so pathetic. I wanted to do something. I wanted to get my dad in trouble. I wanted to get Sayla in trouble. But I wasn't important enough. I was just some stupid boy... pointless... all pointless...

As promised, the nurse gave Oaklee a shot for the pain, and then led him to another room and helped him up onto a table, finally taking the time to examine the bruising on his face. "**There shouldn't be any problems, once the swelling goes down.**" There was something very clear, though, a particular blemish. "**I'm going to give you a card, okay, Oaklee? And if you decide that you didn't fall, you can call the number.**"

"**...just... fell down...**" The drugs, whatever they were, were very effective and fast-acting. I put my head down on the table and closed my eyes. I didn't sleep, but the pain in my arm was already fading away. The pain in my ribs was fading, too. I was feeling so much better already, so much so that I could stop crying. When I opened my eyes again, I couldn't find the nurse, though. The room was spinning, like I imagine it would be like to drink.

"**Have you ever had plaster before?**" The doctor had consulted with the x-ray results, the cleanliness of the break, and the boy had allowed the bliss of the painkillers to take the edge off. She was an older woman, with an eastern european accent, and she smiled warmly at the boy.

"Dunno what that means..." **"A cast, sweetie."** "...oh um... no... um... dun think so..." **"Can you sit up for me?"** "Uh huh..." The room was still spinning. I was actually feeling okay. I mean, it was weird how okay I was feeling... **"Arm feels better... you're a good doctor..."**

**"Well, that'll be the pain meds."** As evidenced by the fact she hadn't plastered it yet. **"I'm going to put your arm in a cast, and give you some stuff to take care of it, and some meds. Now, did you have a color you'd prefer? I usually only offer color to the kids, but white looks too medical for any age."**

**"Uh, purple please..."** Oh I'd hear it for that one later... but I wasn't thinking clearly. She helped me with my arm, raising it up, and with a snap, set the bone back into place. And yeah. Pain meds could NOT help that. I screamed out like a toddler denied ice cream. Fresh tears were on my cheeks. **"FUCK."**

**"Oh honey now, it's done now, don't worry."** The worst part of it was over with, and the pain would sting like that, but spiral outward until the pain-killers could handle it again. She moved a special table into place with some towels on it, folded, and let Oaklee's arm rest. **"The remote to the TV is by your other hand, how about you put something on while I work?"**

**"Musta been a nasty stumble."** **"Uh huh,"** I mumbled, watching the TV and trying to follow along with the subtitles. They were just a little too fast, though. Like one or two words ahead of me on very screen. Stupid painkillers... **"I fell down the stairs..." "I thought you fell off the roof."** ...oh. **"R-right... yeah... I guess my head's a little foggy..."**

**"If someone pushed you down the stairs, or off the roof, honey, you should tell me. I'm your doctor right now, and am not allowed tell anybody unless you want me to. But it might feel good to talk to someone."** Oaklee kept his eyes focused on the TV, or attempted to focus, and the doctor continued to work on the cast.

**"Nobody pushed me,"** I muttered. **"Just fell..."** They probably knew. They probably knew I was lying. But they didn't push. Nobody ever pushed. It didn't matter to anybody how my arm broke. Just that it did. And when I fixed it, when it was healed, and my dad broke it again, they'd just fix that one, too...

**"Well, I think that you're not telling me the truth."** Something about her accent made it very difficult to think of her as confrontational, and that made her an easy person to talk to. **"Say, your father, perhaps, doesn't agree with some of your lifestyle choices. His file says marines, it must be hard to be his son."**

I hesitated, looking down at the bed, and then up at the TV again. Now I was only catching half the words on the subtitles. Maybe less... **"...I'm not sure what you're talking about..."** I felt sick. Really sick. I was saying too much. I should have kept quiet. If mom found out. If she told my mom...

**"I need you to relax, honey, or your plaster won't be a good fit."** She gently checked the reactions of his fingertips, and looked down at him with a warm smile. **"Your father was a marine, an amputee, left leg below the knee."** Someone had read the file. **"There's a darker point in your bruise on your cheek, about the same size as the ring your father wears on his right hand. I won't tell, Oaklee, legally I'm not allowed to."** Actually, as a child she could technically. **"Not the state, not your Mom or your Dad. But you should know that you're not alone."** The purple cast was very pretty by the time she was done.

...I sunk further into the table, not watching the TV at all anymore. I rubbed my eyes. When had I started crying again...? **"...I'm scared to go home..."** Not admitting. I didn't say it was him. I was just... saying. I was scared...

**"You're going to need to stay for 48 hours for observation."** Not usually, no, but as the supervising doctor on an emergency room entry, it was her call. Well, if Oaklee agreed. She wouldn't push the issue. **"You know how these arm-breaks go, all sorts of possible complications your parents will know nothing about enough to argue. And given the time to think, you might remember more about how you fell?"**

**"...I... I can't stay! If I don't meet Sayla..."** I hesitated, shaking my head. I felt so sick. The woman pulled away, my cast having been finished. Purple. A nice purple. I looked at it nervously, and up at the doctor... **"...c-could you change the color...?"** **"You asked for purple."** **"...I did?"** Gosh it was such a nice purple, too...

**"Purple was all we had available."** The doctor smiled, offering an explanation. Honestly, the boy was probably gay, or experimenting. Old-fashioned father, obviously it had all come to a head. The purple was a self-assertion that she could provide the boy. **"Your friend can meet you here, would you like that?"**

**"Oh god no, no, no, no..."** **"I thought you wanted to meet him?"** **"Her,"** I corrected. Sayla didn't even sound close to a boy's name... **"And I don't want to see her, I have to see her...."** Gosh, this was too complicated. I sighed and rubbed my temples with my free hand. The pain killers were such a blessing. Maybe time away could be, too... **"...two days...?"**

**"Two days. Visitors or not, it's up to you. I can probably put you in a pediatrics room, with a TV and an Xbox."** Not that his hand would be all that useful, but it was a kind gesture. Something about the doctor rang with concern that Oaklee rarely knew growing up, and especially not from an adult.

**"...okay... I mean... sure...."** I looked down at my hand, at the cast, and smiled a little bit. Two days. Two days without Sayla. Two days without my parents. No school. Alone. Just... me. Here. And maybe Mac could visit! I let out a happy sigh and smiled up at the doctor. **"Thank you very much."**

**"I'll have you transported to a room, and let the nurses know. Do you know where I might find your mother? I expect from the nurses notes that it might be better she hear it from me that you need to stay for a few days." Rarely did anybody stand up for Oaklee, rarely was it someone he didn't even know. "And you can always ask to see me, my name is Doctor Yenin."**

I thought it would be like a psych ward, like the kind you see in TV shows. But it wasn't. It was just a hospital room in the pediatrics ward on the second floor. There was a playroom for some of the younger kids, but no one seemed close to my own age. The oldest was maybe twelve or thirteen. Parents came and went. That meant my mom could show up whenever she wanted. I guess that was fine. I was safe here. I leaned back in the bed and looked up at the ceiling. I wished I had my cell phone. Mom was probably going to ground me again. Ugh...

**"Two day stay for a broken arm, huh?"** There was something maternal that could never really be extinguished in any mother, and despite this, despite Oaklee's actions earlier, the pack of things on the bed, and now the purple cast... she was still his Mom. **"They couldn't put you in a room away from the kids?"**

**"It's okay, mom... they have an Xbox in here, and the kids bring me snacks and stuff."** She was still mad at me. And I was grounded. No cell phone. No computer. **"And two days away from home might be good for me... ya know...?"** She did know. She knew my dad was still furious... **"They couldn't have used a different color?"** **"The doctor said they were out... better than pink though, right?"** Despite my sissy stuff, I really didn't like the color pink...

**"Guess so."** The woman rubbed the bridge of her nose with her fingers, looking at her son in the bed. It was wrong of his father to break his arm, but the things on the bed. Ugh. **"What happened today can't happen again, Oaklee. Hidden stashes and secrets, and I don't even know what to do about you and your sordid perversions,"** which meant the nurse's discovery of the anal activity. **"I can't tell your father. I can't. And so you must never ever do anything like that again, you understand? Please just try to be normal."**

I don't know what came over me. I don't. Maybe because we were in a children's ward, and I felt safe. Maybe because the doctor showed me not everyone was terrible. But I decided... to be honest. **"I'll hide it better from now on,"** I said flatly, and my mom just glared. My purple arm was in a sling, and I crossed the other one over my chest. **"I dress how I like to dress. Not in girl or sissy or faggot clothes. Just in nice clothes. If that's a skirt or a dress, it doesn't matter to me. I'm not gay. I'm not into guys. I like girls. You don't believe me, but you know, I really don't care. I'm not changing because you and dad are bad parents. I'm going to be me, but until I'm 18, I'll hide it better."** I fidgeted with the remote on the side of the bed, pressing the nurse's button. My chest was hurting, and I felt sick. This was a speech I'd given before, and I knew what happened next. So I called for an adult to save me before it did. **"You should leave..."**

The woman was about to strike her son, to slap his cheek, despite the puffy bruising that had formed up one side where his father had punched him. She was seething. The nurse arrived, the male nurse from earlier on — and smiled warmly at the boy. **"Do you need something?"** He looked at the angered woman, and smiled apologetically. **"It might be best if you let him get some rest, Ms. Edwards. We'll take good care of him."** **"Two days."** She spoke, firmly, and turned away, leaving Oaklee.

**"...thanks,"** I said to the nurse. He smiled and nodded, leaving me alone in the room. It was already late at night. Late Saturday night. Late on Mac's birthday. I wanted to call her, to tell her I was alright, but I didn't know her phone number. If I had a computer, I could send Missy an email, but I didn't have that email. Two days alone. But... two days of quiet. It... it was a pretty nice concept.

## 71:

Things I learned that Saturday evening: 1.) Kids are fucking great. I wanna have like 90 of them. 2.) Hospitals just give away crackers like they don't even matter. 3.) I can actually be happy. I just have to, you know, take my entire life out of the equation. **"Oaklee, your gun sucks."** **"Dude, don't diss the Needler."** **"I got a rocket launcher though! It's like one hit and- hey! Hey, how'd you do that!"** **"Needler's have homing missiles. Keep a plasma pistol charged for the final shot and don't miss."** **"Whaaaaa...."** I was playing Halo with two boys, Peter and Hans, and an older girl was watching. She must have been eleven or twelve.

**"Can I try too?"** The girl's name was Brinn, and she had a bandage around one part of her head — she'd fallen out of a truck and taken a nasty blow. It did nothing to diminish her childish attractiveness, but she had the telltale pallor of a sick child, which just so happened to closely match Mac's natural skin-tone. The boys, both Peter and Hans, frowned at the girl, but she seemed to be waiting for what Oaklee had to say on the matter.

**"Of course. Here, you can use mine."** There were only three controllers, for whatever reason. Maybe it's all the ward could afford, or all that was donated, or if one was stolen. I didn't know. I handed the girl my own controller and moved over on the bed for her to sit down. Why did I need a whole bed, anyway? I just had a broken arm.

Maybe the boys had seen Brinn play before. Maybe they just dismissed her for being a girl. Either way, neither seemed happy that she was playing, for reasons which were soon revealed. With a calm demeanor, no trash talk at all, and unwavering precision, she landed a half dozen kills on both boys without a single death, much to their chagrin. **"No fair, Brinn! You're such a cheat!"** **"This is why girls can't play with us."** **"Go away!"**

**"You guys need to be more fluid. Peter always goes for a sniper, and Hans always goes for a rocket launcher. And since she can screen-cheat, she knows what your plans are. Try an assault rifle or find one of the Ghosts - throw her off a little."** They played like kids. Brinn, it seemed, played like a teenager. She was pretty good, too!

Despite the advice, neither boy seemed able to land a hit on the girl. She didn't make a peep while she played. **"She's cheating, Oaklee! Tell her to stop cheating." "I'm not cheating, I'm just having fun..." "Well we're not!" "I bet Oaklee could beat you" "Yeah! Yeah, Oaklee! Beat Brinn, okay? Show her why boys rule and girls drool!"**

**"Uh... well, I can try, I guess."** She was a very good player. Even when the boys were switching up their guns, she did the same. She liked to hide, which made melee combat my best bet. I had a lot of tricks up my sleeve, though, like the melee trick, or the pulse pistol trick. Little things you pick up on Youtube.

It was at the hands of Oaklee that the girl took her first death, though it was only after a few minutes of frantic attempts that he managed it. The boys cheered. Brinn seemed unshaken by it. She traded kills with the boy, kept pace in the way that Hans and Peter just couldn't, and by the time the round ended, she finished one kill ahead. **"That was fun."** She smiled, and put her arms around Oaklee. **"Thanks for letting me play... Mama doesn't let me play games at home. She thinks they make kids wanna shoot up schools."**

**"No, you're good!"** Granted, I couldn't hit my combos half the time because I was playing with my fingers rather than my thumbs - stupid cast! - but she was better than I was at her age. **"I think you should keep doing stuff that makes you happy, even if your parents are stupid about it." "That so?"** Deagan was standing in the doorway, rolling his eyes. **"Hey, guys, can I have a bit of privacy for a minute? That's my brother."**

The boys skittered away, and Brinn slid down off the bed and then, of all things, curtsayed to Oaklee, and then to Deagan, and went back to her own bed. **"How's the arm, man?"** Deagan had a bag of McDonalds, which would be chicken nuggets because in the Edwards household, you ate nuggets when you were sick. So many sets of childrens' eyes had followed the boy and the scent associated. **"Brought you some grub."**

**"Thanks... yeah, it hurts, but like, I guess it's okay enough to play Halo with some kids."** He sat down on the edge of my bed and passed me the box of nuggets. Deagan had to open the barbecue sauce for me. I felt a little pathetic...

**"Mom's pretty pissy. She keeps talking about how the nurse said you'd been 'plowed like a field of queer corn', but then she says not to tell Dad. I don't believe**

a word of it, though, she's just being a drama queen." He handed the pot of barbecue sauce to his brother and cracked open the box of nuggets.

"Mom likes to overreact..." Even if it was true, it was still an over-reaction. I bit into my chicken nuggets and kicked my feet off the edge of the bed. **"So like, all that stuff in your room..."** **"Sayla liked that I'd wear her underwear."** Why lie? It didn't make sense to. Not to Deagan. **"Weird girl."** **"You don't know the half of it..."**

**"You still seeing her, then? I thought you broke it off with her?"** He didn't question that his brother was open to the idea of bending to her whims — teenage guys would do anything for a bit of action and he was actually a bit proud of his kid brother for doing what it took.

**"...nah, I don't think so. She had pictures of me and stuff. Stuff she threatened to show Mom and Dad. But like, it seems pointless now, right? They know everything."** If anything, Sayla's actions worked in my favor. In the long run, anyway. I could have done without the broken arm, though...

**"Wow, bitch is crazy. Sex must have been good, then, huh?"** It was easier to phrase the question that way rather than to actually ask his brother if he'd turned in his V-badge as of yet. Assuming he had meant coming across more confident in his brother's abilities, limited that they might be.

**"Yeah. I mean, we didn't like, do *that*. But we did just about everything else."** All in all, despite everything, I was still a guy. The idea that I'd done everything I'd done with Sayla almost made up for everything she'd done to me. Not quite, though. Which was why I wouldn't be seeing her anymore. She had nothing I wanted.

The older brother nodded his head in appreciation and pat Oaklee on the back. **"Good job, man. So what's the plan now? Gonna pursue the rich-chick? Sounds like she's got a bit of class and you seem like the kind of guy who'd like that."** There were still many nuggets left, and the scent had started to attract the kids back to the area.

**"I dunno. Honestly I think... I just want a break. I'm so tired of everything being complicated. I'm 15. I should still have time for stuff to be, like, not complicated, you know?"** I didn't think he would actually understand. I took a bite of another chicken nugget and looked at the blankets. **"Are we gonna talk about my arm, or just, like, pretend it's normal...?"**

**"If I were there, I would have stopped him."** Deagan sounded guilty. In the chronicles of his brother, he'd put himself between his sibling and his father more than once, and had often brought himself more trouble as a result. But that was Deagan, that was what he did. **"I'd never have pictured him to go that far..."**

"...yeah..." We were both quiet a second, while we both each ate a chicken nugget. It was a sad moment to commemorate. "...I'm afraid to go back, Deagan." **"It was a one time thing."** "...I know. I know it was. Because I was stupid and trusted that idiot girl. But I'm... still scared. I just want to live here, instead..." As unrealistic as it was.

**"You could probably stay with a friend, if you know anyone that would have you."** Though, at fifteen, there was a lot of sway parents still had. **"I dunno, like, if you told somewhat what he did, you'd probably be taken by protective services and put into the system. But you wait it out until you're sixteen and you can just... go. I mean, I don't know where. I wish I had some better advice, man..."**

"...yeah, I know..." I looked at my arm, at the purple cast. I didn't want to go home. A day and a half, and I'd have to. Back to my family. To my dad... I felt cold all over... **"Thanks for dinner..."** I wasn't really hungry anymore, though.

**"I'm gonna work on it. I don't know, Dad's distant as hell right now, he won't even come home, just stays at Rick's and drinks. I guess.... he feels like it's his fault that you're..."** He paused for thought. **"The way you are. Like, he figures he did good with me, and then maybe he did something wrong with you, like let you breastfeed too long or something. It's how he is. I think once he realizes that you're you own person, he'll ease up some."**

"...sure, sure." I forced a smile. If Mac or Missy were here, they'd just see through it. My brother didn't. **"I'll be home Monday afternoon, I think. Until then, I'm just gonna play Halo and enjoy myself."** It was almost Thanksgiving. That meant my family bitching to extended family about me... ugh.

**"Alright. I'll send a pizza in tomorrow night, alright? I'd come in, but I got stuff to do, and Mom didn't want me visiting. I don't know, she's a bit cray at the moment. Cute cast, by the way. Very you."** There was a lot of things about the way that Deagan responded and reacted to his brothers feminine traits and aspects, and most often they took the form of platitudes. For the first time, it seemed as though he made a genuine comment.

**"...thanks."** He left me alone in the bed and a couple kids came in. **"Are you gonna eat those?"** Peter asked. I shook my head. **"Share with everybody,"** I reminded him, and he took the chicken nuggets away. I sunk into the bed and looked up at the ceiling. Things would get better, right...?

**72:**

**"How's that arm, Oaklee?"** The doctor smiled, her European accent still as memorable as it had been when she'd put his arm in the pretty purple cast. She had a clipboard, but she set it down once she entered the space, and focused instead on the boy and her conversation with him.

**"Uh, it's fine, I guess..."** She closed the door behind her, sitting on a small chair beside the bed. She was different than I remembered her, probably because I wasn't in agonizing pain or under the effects of pain relievers. I sat up properly in the bed, looking her over. She was older. Well, as old as my mom. She was taller, too. I couldn't place her accent. I was bad with accents.

**"I saw your brother on the way out — he's a handsome young man."** She smiled and crossed her legs, watching Oaklee. **"I'd like to talk to you a little about some of the things the nurses discussed with you during your admission here, would that be okay?"** Permission. She asked permission.

**"...uh, sure, I guess."** I didn't have anything to say, though. It was like Deagan said. If I told them about my dad, I could get taken away from home. I just had to make it another four months... then I'd be 16 and they couldn't put me into the system.

**"Well, the nurse talked a little about evidence of sexual activity. There is no accusation attached to my questions, Oaklee, simply... curiosity. You told your mother that you're not in a homosexual relationship, and I believe that. But that does leave to question the state of your... intimates."** It was a question framed about sexual abuse, like perhaps Oaklee's father had been molesting him. But there was something else. There'd been no tearing, no sign of forced entry.

I shrugged my shoulders, looking down at the bedsheets. Was she really here to ask about that stuff...? I bit my cheek and played with my fingers in my lap. **"I just like weird stuff, that's all... it's not a big deal..."** Nobody liked talking about sex. Especially anal sex. Right?

**"I don't think it's weird — plenty of young heterosexual men enjoy that sort of stimulation. Unfortunately, not all of them are ready to admit to it, and often act quite aggressively at the prospect to save face."** She smiled as she delivered the line, like it came from a book, and then followed it with something more personal. **"I discovered that my son likes something quite similar, by accident, cleaning his room. But that's his business, not mine, and it doesn't change a thing about him. And he's been with his girlfriend for many years, so please, by no means should you feel weird."**

**"....okay...."** Now I felt weird. Heterosexual men enjoy that sort of stimulation? Her son? Gosh, this was such a weird topic. Maybe it wouldn't have been so strange if I actually used to *enjoy* that kind of thing. But it wasn't that way. It wasn't anything like she was saying. That made it worse...

**"Would you like to tell me about Sayla? Your girlfriend, right?"** The name had come up during the admission, with the name being attributed to a boy before the boy had quickly corrected the issue. That she was his girlfriend was an easy connection to make, though it seemed to surprise Oaklee.

**"...uh... ex-girlfriend..."** I looked away even more diligently. Had I mentioned Sayla? Maybe she had heard when I was talking to Deagan. Or one of the kids told her. I tugged at my fingers and shuffled around in the bed. Stupid cast... stupid dad... I just wanted to go back to sleep...

**"What could you tell me about her?"** The clipboard stayed resting on the end table of the bed, but the doctor tapped a pen casually and lazily against her thigh as she smiled. Calm words. Easy, not provocative, and non-invasive. Phrased as a question, something Oaklee could say no to without guilt.

**"...uh. I don't know. She's... interesting. I don't know..."** My chest was hurting a little bit. **"Um... she just... wasn't really my type. She's a little too forward. I think 'cause she's older than me. It was fun at first, but... it doesn't really matter anymore."**

**"You two didn't part on good terms? That's a shame... isn't it?"** Her question was curiously poised only after she saw Oaklee's reaction to her calling it a shame. Like he was conflicted. **"Tell me more about that, tell me about why it doesn't matter anymore?"** She was older, as he'd stated, which could bring with it plenty of issues all its own.

**"I dunno... I don't really see her anymore..."** Or I wouldn't in the future. **"We're probably not going to stay friends, 'cause things didn't end well... so it just doesn't seem like it's very important to talk about. That's all..."** Talking about Sayla, remembering, thinking about what today was *supposed* to be... it made me feel a little ill.

She watched, and she tapped her pen, and she thought, curiously. **"If I can be so bold to venture, Oaklee, would it be right to suggest that Sayla might have some connections to the sexual choices we discussed earlier? You seem to take on the same uneasy expression on the topic of both things, is all."**

**"I don't know..."** I don't know? Of course I knew. Ugh. What a stupid answer... **"I mean... she... I mean, it's not like..."** Ugh... **"...it's not really important anymore, is it? I mean, I'm not really... I mean, I'm done with that part of my life. Right? So it doesn't matter..."**

**"Well, that is one way to look at it."** Tap tap tap with her pen. **"But just like how the bone in your arm will always look a little different on an x-ray, so too will you see things a little different from your relationship with her."** She used the pen to motion to the door. **"While that door is closed, I'm your doctor. And I'm not allowed to**

**share anything we talk about, so anything you tell me is just like... talking to yourself, but I might be able to help you put the ideas in order."**

"**There's nothing to talk about,**" I said with a shrug, but I didn't make eye contact with the doctor. Of course there was stuff to talk about. She already knew I didn't fall off my roof. She was getting too close to the truth. It made me nervous...

**"Sayla is older, and your relationship didn't end on positive terms. If it were guilt, I might think she wasn't accepting of your proclivities. But it's not guilt I see in you, Oaklee, it's... fear. Perhaps..."** She was careful not to tell Oaklee too much of his own feelings, because it was important he talk about himself. But she could start the ball rolling.

My bottom lip trembled a little bit and I scooted back in the bed. I didn't want to talk about this. Sayla didn't matter anymore! It wasn't relevant! She could have been talking about my dad, my arm. That was still relevant, even if I wouldn't say anything. But Sayla wasn't. She wasn't...

**"You don't need to tell me anything, however... I'm getting a feeling from you that you might not have too many people to talk to, which is why I came to see you. And even if you think it's silly or trivial or pointless, thoughts can make much more sense when we speak them. The impossible can seem, for the first time, workable."**

**"...there's really nothing to talk about... I just... got hurt. And my time with Sayla was fine, just not what I was looking for... and that's it. It's all there is to say..."** My chest ached. Why was she pushing on this? I didn't wanna talk about it... I didn't wanna tell her how I felt... I pulled the blanket over my lap...

**"Hurt by Sayla, then?"** She'd been deliberately precise with her words, she hadn't mentioned his arm, hadn't implicated that at all. Which made his confession of 'I got hurt' instantly referential to the girl in question. **"But you broke up with her, or plan to."** Deducible from his words, simply. Which meant... **"There's something I'd like to discuss with you, something that you don't need to talk about, but that I'd like to put on the table."**

I felt my eyes water. I didn't feel good. I pulled the blankets higher up my body and looked down at the cast. I played with my fingers quietly, shaking a little. This wasn't fair. That wasn't what I meant... I was talking about something else! About the roof and my arm, and...

**"It's not something that society likes to accept, Oaklee. Boys are supposed to be strong, boys are tough and rough, and can take care of themselves. I would bet you've heard similar from your father, haven't you?"** This wasn't a topic any boy took well. **"But... and especially in the case with an older girl, it's very possible for boys to be the victims of sexual assault. And your reactions are similar to those I**

would see in any other sexual assault victim. Shame... fear... perhaps some disgust with yourself... all very common feelings."

Things Missy said. I didn't like consensus. I wrapped my free arm around the cast and played with the blanket. Little tears fell down my cheeks. I tried to ignore them, hoping maybe she'd ignore them too. I felt so sick... "...I don't know what you're talking about..."

**"It's common to blame yourself, Oaklee. To feel as though you deserved it, that you could have stopped it. But even if you're bigger, or older, or a boy, power dynamics can develop where you feel... trapped. Not for consequence, but because you cannot assert yourself. Anything that happens under that coercion, that duress... is assault, and not your fault. Did Sayla assault you, Oaklee? You don't need to tell me, you might not be ready to. But the first step to recovery is admission."**

I shook my head, tears running down my cheeks, and pulled my knees and the blanket up to my chest. I put my head down against them to wipe the tears away. I felt so stupid. Why was I crying? I had no right to cry. I had no reason to.

The woman stood up, and approached the bed, her movements slow and graceful. She sat on the edge, and wrapped one hand around Oaklee's, smiling warmly. **"It's not your fault, Oaklee. I promise you, it's not your fault. You're not weak for it having happened, you're strong for facing it. And you're facing it, aren't you? You're going to end it with her, like you said?"**

I felt my head nod but I barely knew why. I was dizzy and sick and I just wanted to hit something or myself. My hands were balled into fists, even the one in the cast. But the woman held my hand in hers until it softened, warmed by her own, and pulled me against her chest. Without thinking, I clung onto her. And I cried into her coat.

There was a transition from doctor to mother as she held Oaklee, perhaps not in official title, but in power dynamic. She held him, and she ran a finger through his hair, cooing to the boy softly. **"It's not your fault, precious, you're not any less of a boy for it. You're not dirty, or broken. You're precious, and you're strong."**

I didn't feel strong. I felt stupid and pathetic. I felt broken. I couldn't stop crying for a long time, and when I could, when I did, I couldn't look the doctor in the eye. I couldn't believe myself. I couldn't believe I'd let Sayla... I felt sick to my stomach every time I thought about it.

**"You're not to the blame, Oaklee. Abusers establish a power dynamic where they make you feel lesser to them. They weave words with actions, and make you feel at fault, make you feel like you deserve the terrible things that they do." He wouldn't look up, but she knew that he was listening. "She's made you feel like her actions were just, and they were not. She had no right."**

"...she was just a stupid girl," I said quietly, tears falling silently down my cheeks. Waves of panic, waves of misery, waves of self-loathing, kept washing over me. I could hardly breathe. If I was going to stop breathing, though, the hospital was the place to do it... **"I shouldn't have..."**

**"You took a step harder than anything you've ever done, by telling me. I'm proud of you."** In abuse victims, self-worth was often completely robbed, stolen away, and simple words like that could be more powerful than decades of training in the topic. I'm proud of you. Robbed of self-esteem entirely, those four words could mean the world.

I put my head on her shoulder and rubbed more of the tears into her coat. I felt sick to my stomach, but she was... helping. I mean, not helping. But... I was feeling a little... better. Vaguely better. In a weird way... **"....yeah?"**

**"No other step can follow without that first one, Oaklee, and no other step is harder."** Much of what had happened made sense in context of the boy. His shame. His self-loathing. His apparently voluntary anal activity. And it wasn't hard to imagine that although his father was responsible for the break (obvious to all at the hospital), the girl might still have been involved. **"It takes some people years to take that first step, so you should be proud of yourself, too."**

She held me for a long time. She had to have other patients. She had to have places to be. But she didn't go or make a move or ask me to let go of her coat. Eventually, I closed my eyes, and when I opened them again, the room was empty. I felt dizzy and weak, and the lights were off. I guess it as nighttime already...

**"Hi Oaklee."** It was Brinn, standing in the doorway of the room, with an awkward smile. **"Can I sit with you? The boys are being annoying..."** The girl bore an uncanny resemblance to Mac, honestly, though her pale skin was a result of being sick and not never seeing the sun.

**"...uh, yeah... yeah, of course."** She came in and sat on the edge of my bed with me. Not alone in the chair. I sat myself up and propped the pillows under my back, readying myself to stay upright. Brinn was polite and controlled, but so pale and quiet. She was a lot like Mac was at school, but not quite like Mac was at her house.

**"Did it hurt when when you hurt your arm? I've never broken a bone before..."** Evidently excepting the fact that her skull was made of bone, but she was a child and certain things that seemed so literal weren't quite so clear to her. Her fingers played with the blankets while she talked.

**"...huh? Oh... yeah, well, it wasn't nice, let me tell you."** I looked down at the cast, running my fingers along the hard purple shell. It was weird the way casts worked... **"I would advise not breaking any bones if you can help it."** Brinn played with my bedsheets and I scooted over so she had more room to sit. **"Why aren't you asleep?"**

**"It's noisy."** Which made no sense, because everybody else was asleep. **"I woke up because it was noisy, but then the boys woke up and teased me, and called me crazy..."** She frowned and scooted up next to the boy, pointing to the side of her head that was bandaged. **"The doctor says that the noisy will go away when I'm all better, because I broke my head a little bit."**

**"Yeah, I think that's right. The noise probably isn't a big deal..."** Honestly, I didn't know what was wrong with Brinn. But then again, this wasn't a permanent ward. This was just for emergency cases, a week at maximum. She'd get to go home soon. **"You can lay in here if you wanna. I don't know if that would help..."**

**"Well you're not annoying like the other boys. You're more like a girl, but in a good way."** Brinn meant it innocently, like how boys her age liked to tease and be annoying, and girls her age liked to be more friendly. It was a very simply comparison for her. **"Plus purple is my favorite color, too."** She put her hand on the cast gently and looked at the boy. **"Does it hurt if I touch it?"**

**"Not really, just don't push too hard on it or anything."** Honestly, it amazed me how little the bone hurt. I mean, wasn't it like the whole framework of my body? I couldn't move it, though, because of the cast. Maybe that was the point...

The girl put her head on Oaklee's shoulder and closed her eyes for a moment, then frowned. **"Still noisy. Um... do you know any songs? Mama sings to me when I can't sleep..."** She was tiny in the way that Mac was, though a few years younger, more quiet, more reserved, still the same polite and calm words.

**"I know know like... lame lullabies. Is that okay?"** She shrugged and curled up against me. I wished I knew that french song that Mac would sing, but I didn't. My music wasn't very lullaby-friendly. So I sang twinkle twinkle little star as softly as I could.

The girl didn't giggle, though she wanted to, she didn't want to make Oaklee feel bad about his choice of song. He was trying, and that was enough for her. Soon, she feel asleep. Soon after that, he fell asleep too. The next morning, it was a nurse to wake them both — the male nurse who'd taken care of Oaklee. **"I see you've made a friend, Brinn. I hope you haven't been keeping Oaklee awake late at night?"** **"Nuhuh. Was just noisy."** **"We'll let the doctor know about that. And how are you feeling, young man?"**

**"Better..."** Not good enough to go home. Not good enough to face my family, face my father. But it was early Monday morning, and I'd have to be leaving by the afternoon. I was already missing school. Brinn left the room and I hesitated, watching the nurse take care of some stuff on my clipboard. **"Um... is she gonna be okay? I mean the noise stuff..."**

**"She took a nasty fall, and the surgeons had to replace a part of her skull with a synthetic plastic. She'll be okay — the noise is just ringing in that ear from the impact. It comes and goes, and will eventually fade away. She seems to like you — Brinn doesn't think too much of most people. I guess you're special."** He smiled warmly and raised the head of Oaklee's bed to help him into a sitting position. **"I'm going to check your heart and lungs, and blood pressure. Nothing scary."**

**"Yeah, okay..."** The man stuck the cold metal against my chest, and even through my shirt I could feel the chill. I took a deep breath and exhaled. Again and again. When I was done, he wrapped my arm in a black bandage to test my blood pressure. **"I gotta go home today, huh?"**

**"We've kept you as long as we can, I'm sorry to say. But if you have any more falls, please don't be afraid to come see us. We'll take care of you, and help you get away from dangerous places if you'd like."** He wove the metaphor transparently enough to make it clear that he knew what was going on, but also that he wouldn't report anything if Oaklee wasn't on board with it.

**"...alright, thanks."** So I guess it was just common knowledge now. I wondered why they didn't call social services, but I guess they needed more proof than what I had to offer. And I'd already told them I'd fallen off the roof. I wasn't going to change my story for a social worker.

**"Do you have to go?"** Brinn had come into the boy's room with her meal tray when she had received the news. **"Do you want my chicken fingers? I don't eat meat. It's kind of icky, because it's dead..."** The small girl seemed content, conversely, to nom upon her vegetable sticks that most of the other kids in the ward would have balked at and thrown away.

**"Yeah, sorry... my mom's gonna pick me up in a couple minutes. She's just taking care of the paperwork."** But truth be told. **"I wish I didn't have to go, too. I wish I could just stay here."** But my life would never be that convenient. I looked at my lap with a frown. I was dressed properly now. Getting my shirt on with the cast was a pain in the ass.

Brinn looked thoughtful, quiet, and considered the bright orange carrot in her hand for a moment, before wrapping her arms around Oaklee and putting her head in his chest. **"Thank you for playing the game with me, and for sticking up to the other boys for me. I don't have very many friends because Mama is strict..."**

I blinked and hugged the little girl. She actually wasn't that little. A little under Mac's height. She'd grown early it seemed, and I was still kind of short. But she was only ten, as far as I knew. I put my arms around her and smiled. **"You'll make tons of friends, I promise. You're too wonderful not to."**

**73:**

**"Your father is out hunting — if you're lucky, you'll be able to get home before he does. Try not to provoke him if you see him."** Her voice was stern in the way it was when she was out of cigarettes — sharp and snippy. She'd forgotten nothing, not least her son's anal escapades. **"Come on, it's only a broken arm — I'm not going to coddle you and help you walk."**

Talk about an awkward car ride home. I sat in the passenger seat and my mom didn't turn the radio on. It was just quiet and stupid. I didn't mind that much, though. I just wanted to get home, get on my computer... assuming I wasn't grounded. I really hoped the broken arm was the pinnacle of my troubles.

**"You'd better get a girlfriend soon, Oaklee, because if your father even suspects that some dude has his dick in you, he's going to do far worse than break your arm."** His pickup wasn't in the drive, so he was obviously still out. **"You should go to your room, have an early night, keep a low profile."**

"Sure..." I got out of the car and did just that. Thankfully, my computer waited for me. My mom probably knew I wouldn't be as quiet and out of the way without it. My phone was on my bed, too, but it was dead. I plugged it into the wall to charge and fished the fake-glasses off the floor where they'd landed two days ago. With the shake of my mouse, my computer bounced to life, along with two days worth of messages.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » hiiii**

**mrmr22 »** dood where the hell are you?? missy's been asking after you

**missymeow1213 »** Online? Or just AFK?

**missymeow1213 »** Ah. AFK.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** helloooooooo

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** what happened w/ sayla??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez »** are u mine again?

Mac wasn't online. Still, I should message her anyway. Honestly, I was surprised there wasn't more spam. But Missy thought I was mad at her, and Mac had probably blown up my phone. I took a deep breath. Okay, here goes.

**Numbers-1377325 »** hey yeah im home now sorry long story tell you later promise

**Numbers-1377325** » hey. im not mad at you.

**missymeow1213** » Hi =)

**missymeow1213** » That's good to know.

**Numbers-1377325** » i just mean in case you thought i was still mad or something im not

**Numbers-1377325** » you were right abotu sayla and idk sorry

**Numbers-1377325** » i feel so fucking stupid

**missymeow1213** » I was?

**Numbers-1377325** » long story not really a big deal

**Numbers-1377325** » but like i guess

**Numbers-1377325** » idk about everything you said but i think sayla was bad for me and i should have listendd youre my friend and i shouldn't have said what i said

**missymeow1213** » It's cool, apology accepted =)

**missymeow1213** » Now tell me where you ran off to!

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » got sick

**Numbers-1377325** » had to go tot he hospital

**Numbers-1377325** » they kept me for monitoring or whatever but i guess im nbetter now?

**missymeow1213** » Hospital?

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » Did something happen? Did you try to hurt yourself?

**Numbers-1377325** » —

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-8

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_-\*\*

Numbers-1377325 » no

Numbers-1377325 » idiot

missymeow1213 » What's up with your typing? =O

Numbers-1377325 » hard to hit shift with one hand

missymeow1213 » ...

Numbers-1377325 » 'cuz its the first time in 2 days ive had those pictures of you ;0

Numbers-1377325 » ;)8

Numbers-1377325 » ;)\*\*\*

missymeow1213 » Why only one hand?

Numbers-1377325 » because the other is down my pants missy

Numbers-1377325 » keep up

Numbers-1377325 » ur supposed to be the audlt

Numbers-1377325 » adult8

Numbers-1377325 » fuck

Numbers-1377325 » let's just assume 8 is \*

Numbers-1377325 » until further notice

missymeow1213 » You're doing that cute thing you do when you want me to not to realize something super important.

Numbers-1377325 » i do that/

Numbers-1377325 »?8

missymeow1213 » Yup. Deflection, but cute.

missymeow1213 » What happened to your hand?

Numbers-1377325 » tragic super glue acident

Numbers-1377325 » its a big deal

missymeow1213 » Try again =)

Numbers-1377325 » —

Numbers-1377325 » -\_-8

Numbers-1377325 » it kinda broke

Numbers-1377325 » well the arm not the hand

Numbers-1377325 » please dont tell mac

missymeow1213 » ...you broke your arm? =O

Numbers-1377325 » shes gonna get worried and scared and stuff

missymeow1213 » Wanna see.

missymeow1213 » Show me.

Numbers-1377325 » oh uh ok hold up

Transferring 1 file to missmeow1213.

Transfer complete.

missymeow1213 » Your cast is purple...!

Numbers-1377325 » yup

Numbers-1377325 » the doctor was really cool

missymeow1213 » So how'd you break it?

missymeow1213 » Who's gonna be the first to sign it?

Numbers-1377325 » some stupd accident u know me

Numbers-1377325 » oh a little girl did it

Numbers-1377325 » at the hopsital

missymeow1213 » Your dad beat the shit out of you, huh/

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- dont tell mac

**missymeow1213** » Tell me the whole truth first

**Numbers-1377325** » sayla sent my parents something about where i hid my stuff in my room and he broke my arm not a real story

**Numbers-1377325** » im not gonna see her anymore

**Numbers-1377325** » salay i mean

**missymeow1213** » Jesus, Oaklee

**missymeow1213** » You called the cops, right?

**missymeow1213** » Yes. Salay is bad

**Numbers-1377325** » totes

**Numbers-1377325** » and no my mom took me to the hospital so id idnt need to call the police

**Numbers-1377325** » like i would anyway id just get hurt worse

**Numbers-1377325** » I MISS MY CAPITA LETTERS

**missymeow1213** » YOU'RE TYPING LIKE MAC

**missymeow1213** » omg =D

**missymeow1213** » It's adorbs!

**missymeow1213** » I will call you

**missymeow1213** » Maclee.

**Numbers-1377325** » idiot

**missymeow1213** » So you broke up with Sayla for good

**missymeow1213** » She got pissy

**missymeow1213** » And blew the whistle so your Dad broke your arm

**missymeow1213** » Am I getting this down?

**Numbers-1377325** » in summary

**missymeow1213** » I'm proud of you for standing up to her =)

**missymeow1213** » -hugz-

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah well i guess.

**Numbers-1377325** » i would feel better if my arm hadnt been broken but yeah

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, but you knew that standing up to her would have consequences

**missymeow1213** » And you did it anyway =)

**missymeow1213** » That's really brave!

**Numbers-1377325** » i guess..

**Numbers-1377325** » um

**Numbers-1377325** » dont tell mac please

**missymeow1213** » I won't tell Mac that your Dad broke your arm. Because she's a kid, and she'll think she can just whisk you off to Princess-land and keep you safe.

**missymeow1213** » She doesn't get stuff like parental guardianship lol

**Numbers-1377325** » i disagree

**Numbers-1377325** » she's weirdly protective

**missymeow1213** » That's such a weird thing to think about her lol

**missymeow1213** » like for real I imagine her still hosting tea parties with dolls...

**Numbers-1377325** » she does

**Numbers-1377325** » sometimes

**missymeow1213** » lol I was kidding

**missymeow1213** » I don't get her sometimes

**missymeow1213** » Like

**missymeow1213** » On the one hand she's this overly motherly protector who wants to swoop in and keep you safe and sound.

**missymeow1213** » And then she's like this abandoned disney princess

**missymeow1213** » And then you tell me stuff like that. Like she's six or something.

**Numbers-1377325** » its easier not to try to figure her out

**Numbers-1377325** » shes just mac

**Numbers-1377325** » mac

**Numbers-1377325** » MMac

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh

**Numbers-1377325** » shift...

**missymeow1213** » Mac like the computer?

**missymeow1213** » MAC like the makeup?

**missymeow1213** » MaC like Mac & Cheese?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah no helping her silly name tho

**missymeow1213** » You're named after sunglasses lol

**Numbers-1377325** » i hate you sometimes

**Numbers-1377325** » oh phones on

**Numbers-1377325** » gotta check the texts

**Numbers-1377325** » brb

**Mac** » okay how did it go

**Mac** » w/ sayla

**Mac** » ????

**Mac** » the suspense is killing me!!!!

**Mac** » omd oaklee

**Mac** » almost typed your name oakli

**Mac** » makes u sound liek a pokemon!!

**Mac** » eeeheeheehee

**Mac** » okay so ur not back yet

**Mac** » && I am worried ok

**Mac** » where are you???

**Mac** » oaklee!!!!!!!!!!!!

**Mac** » oh my days

**Mac** » your worring me

**Mac** » && thats not fair at all

**Mac** » &&& now I am worried that u ran off with trumpet mctartyface!

**Mac** » okay so its been like days

**Mac** » && ur still ot back...

**Mac** » where are you....

**Mac** » mira misses yu!!!

**Mac** » && i miss u...

**Oaklee** » Hey

**Mac** » omd

**Mac** » iusnkdnaknasdiu

**Oaklee** » Haha hi to you too

**Mac** » where have u been misster??

**Oaklee** » Hospital. -\_-

**Oaklee** » Dont worry im fine

**Oaklee** » My arm got broke because i was stupid and wasn't looking where i was going

**Oaklee** » But it doesnt hurt

**Mac** » ????????

**Mac** » sayla broke your arm didnt she

**Mac** » omd

**Mac** » im going to look on crigslist for a hitman

**Oaklee** » She did not break my arm -\_-

**Oaklee** » I ended stuff with her. and she was violent and blah blah balh but i actually tripped on my way home afterward cause i was in my head

**Oaklee** » Like an idiot

**Mac** » oh hunny

**Mac** » u tripped && broke ur arm

**Mac** » i dont believe u!

**Oaklee** » Why wouldn't you believe me?

**Oaklee** » Have you met me?

**Oaklee** » I am literally like the clumsiest person ever.

**Mac** » have u ever tried 2 break ur arm before??

**Mac** » those things are tough

**Mac** » && I fell off the roof once

**Mac** » &&& didn't break it even though i landd on it

**Oaklee** » You dont say o\_o

**Oaklee** » I dont drink a lot of milk

**Oaklee** » Probs explains it

**Mac » oaklee**

**Mac » i am going 2 invoke a sacred covenant**

**Mac » of the pinky promise**

**Mac » && you will swear by this most ancient and sacred oath**

**Mac » that u are not bending the truth ok**

**Oaklee » I absolutely 100% pinky prmise sayla didn't hurt me**

**Mac » u absolutely pinky promise that u broke ur arm by falling over && nobody was rying 2 hurt u**

**Mac » ?**

**Oaklee » I pinky promsie it was an accident**

**Oaklee » I pinky prmoise it was my fault**

**Mac » spell promise properly**

**Mac » say**

**Mac » i pinky promise nobody hurt me**

**Oaklee » You're being dumb**

**Mac » AH HAH!!!**

**Mac » who was it??**

**Mac » I'll beat them up ok**

**Mac » was it ur mom??**

**Oaklee » \*sigh\***

**Oaklee » Mac come on**

**Oaklee » Its over with**

**Mac » we're bffs**

**Mac » && that means u trust me with the truth ok**

**Oaklee** » Can we not make a big deal out of it?

**Oaklee** » If i tell you?

**Mac** » we can talk about it like bffs

**Mac** » ok??

**Mac** » && im new a this

**Mac** » but

**Mac** » i think my making a big deal out of it wouldn't make you feel good right?

**Oaklee** » Right.. uh

**Oaklee** » It was my dad

**Oaklee** » Found some stuff in my room, ya know..

**Mac** » ...\*hug\*

**Mac** » u know

**Mac** » i bought you a safe for christmas??

**Mac** » its been here for like a week

**Mac** » b/c i wanted u to be able to have a space place @ home

**Mac** » but thought maybe u found find it a weird gift...

**Mac** » are you okay?

**Mac** » is it bad?

**Oaklee** » I cant bring it home. My parents would think it's just really suspicious.

**Oaklee** » Even if it were empty it would probably go really badly

**Mac** » ok

**Mac** » um do u think that maybe u would like to stay here for a few days??

**Mac** » until ur dad isn't angry anymore?

**Mac** » it wouldnt be a trouble

**Oaklee** » I'll ask my mom but i dont think she wants me out of her sight atm

**Mac** » if u tell her it is to hng out w/ a cutie

**Mac** » she might let you?

**Mac** » heeheehee

**Mac** » && I can draw piccys on ur cast!!

**Oaklee** » Nothing too girly its already purple

**Mac** » heeheehee

**Mac** » really??

**Mac** » thats so cool!!

**Mac** » liek a pretty purple??

**Oaklee** » Uh not really like a normal purple

**Mac** » show!

Sending MMS.

**Mac** » oh it is a pretty purple!!

**Mac** » ok

**Mac** » so

**Mac** » idea

**Mac** » ill come stay w/ u for a night

**Mac** » so ur parents will see u w/ a pretty girl

**Mac** » && I can pamper u &&& keep us safe

**Oaklee** » I dont like the idea of you in the house, mac.

**Mac** » im a big girl

**Mac** » && ive been there once already!!

**Mac** » ur room is nice!

**Mac** » && they wint do nething to you if im there

**Mac** » &&& t[ll make them happier with you too I bet!

**Oaklee** » Maybe..

**Oaklee** » I just

**Oaklee** » Really dont want you here mac

**Oaklee** » I dont want you in this house with my dad please

**Mac** » i bet he wouldn't do anything bad w/ be there

**Mac** » which is why i wanna be there

**Mac** » plz?

**Mac** » im not very good @ anything

**Mac** » but i could come over there && make u safer just by being there

**Oaklee** » I'll ask if i can come over. i just dont want you here.. im sorry..

**Mac** » it will make u safer Oaklee

**Mac** » && as ur bff thats what I wanna do

**Oaklee** » I know

**Oaklee** » But I need you to be safe too

## **74:**

I didn't want to look. I'd been ignoring it for a couple hours. Three unread messages on my phone. I knew who they were from. I put my head against the desk. Missy just went offline. It was late into the evening now. My chest was hurting... but ignoring them wouldn't do me any good.

**Sayla** » It was nothing personal, but you were very out of line. I hope you remember who you belong to.

**Sayla** » Still gone quiet, hmm.

**Sayla** » Is this how you want to handle this? Running away like a little girl?

I closed the phone and put my head against the table. I wished Missy was online. I wished I could tell her how I felt right now. There weren't words for it, anyway. I took a deep breath and shuffled up in my seat. I wasn't a little girl. I was 15. I could put up with her. It was just in texts...

**Oaklee** » I was in the hospital

**Sayla** » And you didn't think to tell your girlfriend?

**Sayla** » I care about you, idiot.

**Oaklee** » You aren't my girlfriend

**Sayla** » Excuse me?

**Oaklee** » It's your fault I was in the hospital

**Sayla** » Oh, is it now?

**Sayla** » And how do you figure that?

**Oaklee** » Because when my parents found that stuff my dad broke my arm

**Sayla** » Wow

**Sayla** » No offence, but your Dad's a psycho.

**Oaklee** » You don't even feel bad.

**Oaklee** » Don't you like sympathize?

**Oaklee** » Didn't you have a shitty childhood too?

**Sayla** » Of course I feel bad for you.

**Sayla** » ...

**Sayla** » This isn't about me.

**Oaklee** » You were horrible and you got me hurt just like all the people who hurt you

**Oaklee** » You're just like that just like those people

**Oaklee** » Hurting me and not caring

**Sayla** » I care.

**Sayla** » But it's not like you fucking called me and told me.

**Sayla** » I would have visited.

**Oaklee** » I didn't want you there

**Oaklee** » I don't want you anywhere

**Oaklee** » You just make me upset all the time and I don't like it

**Sayla** » Have you been talking to Missy again?

**Sayla** » We've talked about her before, how she wants to get between us.

**Oaklee** » Can't you take me seriously for once?

**Oaklee** » They're my thoughts my feelings don't act like they're made up

**Sayla** » Let's meet

**Sayla** » Coffee, alright?

**Sayla** » I'll be serious with you.

**Oaklee** » I don't want to meet I want to text

**Oaklee** » You scare me in person

**Sayla** » Don't you enjoy the time you spend with me?

**Sayla** » You seem to enjoy it.

**Sayla** » You could try TALKING to me once in a while rather than jumping to stupid conclusions like this.

**Oaklee** » I am trying! right now!

**Sayla** » After already saying you want to break up with me? You don't see how that's a problem?

**Oaklee** » Its not about you

**Oaklee** » Breakups dont hve to be agreed on

**Sayla** » You haven't stopped to consider that you're pissed at your Dad and you're taking it out on me?

**Oaklee** » Stop please stop please

**Sayla** » Jesus,

**Sayla** » Oaklee.

**Sayla** » I could just make you talk to me. You do what I say.

**Sayla** » But I'm talking to you as an equal here.

**Oaklee** » I just

**Oaklee** » Please leave me alone.. please

**Sayla** » -hug- Oaklee.

**Sayla** » I'm here for you.

**Sayla** » Okay? This isn't a game.

**Oaklee** » I dont want to see you

**Sayla** » Then just talk to me on here.

**Oaklee** » ..okay sure.

**Sayla** » Tell me

**Sayla** » What's on your mind.

**Sayla** » Why you would rather break up, then work things out.

**Oaklee** » I just. think our relationship isn't something i want right now..

**Oaklee** » Its just not what I want. I miss not dating anybody..

**Sayla** » Well, you're the one who wanted to date me.

**Sayla** » We can not date, and still do all the things we do.

**Oaklee** » ..oh

**Oaklee** » Uh

**Oaklee** » Can we not do the things we do?

**Oaklee** » Just like play video games or go to the movies and like not kiss?

**Sayla** » Whatever you want.

**Sayla** » But really? You don't want to kiss me and do the things we do?

**Sayla** » What, I'm not pretty enough for you anymore?

**Oaklee** » i think it makes things complicated

**Sayla** » Just answer, yes or no.

**Sayla** » Does it feel good?

**Oaklee** » Yeah

**Sayla** » Again, yes or no.

**Sayla** » Does it hurt anybody?

**Oaklee** » No but really i don't awnna

**Sayla** » You don't wanna do something that feels good, and doesn't hurt anybody?

**Sayla** » You know what that sounds like to me?

**Sayla** » Like you're letting other peoples opinions of you change who you are.

**Oaklee** » No listen

**Oaklee** » I just

**Oaklee** » Its not something i want

**Oaklee** » Like i just dont want to

**Sayla** » Tell me what happened with your Dad.

**Oaklee** » I came home and he just

**Oaklee** » Took my arm and yeah

**Oaklee** » He didn't say anything

**Sayla** » Are you safe there?

**Oaklee** » As safe as i ever was

**Sayla** » You can't let people do that to you, girlfriend.

**Oaklee** » I don't like that word

**Oaklee** » Plus we arent dating

**Sayla** » What are we going to do about your Dad?

**Oaklee** » Nothing

**Oaklee** » Be smarter about my clothes

**Sayla** » Want me to beat him up?

**Oaklee** » No its your fault he found out

**Sayla** » Look, I was upset at you.

**Sayla** » How was I to know your Dad was such a psycho?

**Sayla** » Not like you ever talk about your family to me.

**Oaklee** » For obvious reasons

**Sayla** » Yeah? Well if you'd told me, I wouldn't have done it.

**Oaklee** » You still haven't apologized

**Oaklee** » I am going to bed. ttyl

**Sayla** » Ugh

**Sayla** » I'm sorry, alright?

**Sayla** » I feel bad enough about this without you treating me like some sociopath you know.

**Sayla** » I fucked up, obviously, and you got hurt and it sucks but I can't take it back, can I?

**Sayla** » And I like what we have.

**Oaklee** » Had

**Oaklee** » I mean it

**Oaklee** » I'm not interested

**Sayla** » Girlfriend.

**Oaklee** » Goodnight sayla

**Sayla** » I'm coming over.

**Oaklee** » Do whatever you want

**Sayla** » Ugh.

**Sayla** » Whatever

Sayla didn't come over. Which was probably best. I felt a little proud of myself for standing up to her. I was sure I couldn't do that in person, but at least I could do it in text. Maybe she'd take the hint. That she can't treat me that way. But then again, with her last couple comments... I sighed, leaning back on the bed. Maybe it was best not to be friends with her at all...

## 75:

**"Woah, what happened to your arm." "Fell off the roof of my house." "You're so fucking stupid." "Yup." At least my classmates didn't question my backstories.**

**"You shouldn't be up on roofs and shit, my man." Bindie shook his head, dipping a weird rice-cracker thing into a pot of yoghurt. He thought for a moment, savoring the flavor of his snack. "Are you going to be dating Mac soon? Because others are very interested."**

**"Let them."** Honestly, I hated the idea. I bet Mac would hate the idea, too. She was way too good for them. I knew Josh was asking about her way too much. But for Bindie to bring it up... **"You think Josh is gonna ask her out? Not just his weird make believe stuff?"**

**"Oh yes, but he doesn't have the way with the women that I do. She will turn him down, because she is too sophisticated for him. What that fine young woman needs is some exotic charm. Women love the dark meat, if you know what I am saying."** He grinned, nudging the boy, but Oaklee shoved him away lightly.

**"Please don't ask Mac out."** I couldn't tell if Bindie was joking. It was sometimes like that. **"I mean, she's kind of like, my best friend." "Hey man!" "I mean other best friend. Don't go getting all insecure on me."** In reality, though I'd known Mac only a couple months, and I'd known Bindie most of my life... Mac was a better friend. She was always there. And she helped me dress up. Though Bindie was supportive, that wasn't something I could ask of him...

**"If you don't make your move, somebody else is going to. Boys and girls can't just be friends, sooner or later one falls for the other, or for someone else, and that's it."** Bindie left it at that, mostly because someone else at the table claimed to have pictures of a particular girl's boobs.

You know who didn't talk about me and Mac being together? Mac. Maybe that's why everyone else just pissed me off. Between Missy and Bindie and my entire lunch table, my parents talking about my needing a girlfriend, my brother talking about "that rich girl", I was so fucking sick of it. Like, really sick of it. Don't people have tact anymore? Can't people just fucking listen for ten goddamn minutes. **"Oh gosh..."** Mac ran her fingers along my arm. It was after school. Again, until my mom knew what to make of my assfuckery, I wasn't allowed out of the house. At least I had my phone. **"It's not as bad as it looks."**

**"Are you sure you can't just run away and stay with me?"** I sounded every bit the concerned 10 year old that I so often looked, and frowned with worry beneath the hem of my brightly colored woolen messenger cap. **"They don't know where I live, and you'd be safe there with me?"**

**"Sorry, Mac.."** They'd call the police. I knew better. They knew better. When I was 16, I'd have more luck getting away from them. Until then, I just needed to wait. It was only 4 months away... **"What are you doing for Thanksgiving? That's in like three days..."**

**"Um."** I frowned now for a different reason. **"Probably the same as every year... have a turkey sub from Jimmy John's and spend way too much money online so I can feel thankful for something. Mommy is very busy on Thanksgiving, organizing dinner for her boss, and Papa is usually overseas where it isn't a thing."** Stupid negative Mac... **"Um... what about you?"**

"My family will probably come over... I was hoping maybe I could get out of the whole thing and spend the day with you? I mean, my family doesn't want me there anyway. Easier to insult me behind my back. Maybe they want me gone more than they want me home." I didn't know if I could get away with it, but if there was any day my family wouldn't want me there...

My eyes lit up like sparkling Christmas lights, many of which were already up and far too early for the occasion. **"I would... I mean. I would.... that would be nice!"** I didn't honestly even care what we did, just that for the first time since I was six I might have someone to spend a holiday with.

**"I'll ask when I get home. I'm pretty sure they'll say yes. Think you can hold off until then for hanging out?"** It wasn't asking a lot. I was grounded for two weeks earlier. A couple days wasn't a big deal. She gave me a sideways hug before I had to catch my bus. I didn't want her to date my friends... she was too good for them. But when I got home, when I reached my front door, there was someone waiting on the porch. I steeled myself and tried to keep my chest from hurting.

The girl stepped to Oaklee, a single flower in her hand, and tucked it behind his ear, despite his flinching. When she was done, she kissed him with as much hunger as she'd always used, in a way that left his back to the front door and her tongue dictating his every move.

She stopped kissing me and my cheeks were a little pink. But my resolve was strong. I didn't know how she got in my head before, but I was sure as hell not letting it happen again. **"We can text if you want,"** I said firmly. **"I have homework to do."**

**"Yes, you do. You've been neglecting me for far too long."** There, in front of the house, in plain view of the street, she took the boys hand and pushed it against the front of her skirt. At the same time, she pushed her other down the waist of his jeans, grabbing what she found inside.

I shoved her off, I shoved her hard. This is what pissed me off about her, and with all the ways today pissed me off, I wasn't about to be swayed by her stupid words again. And I think she knew it, too. **"Stay the fuck away from me. Or I won't see you again at all. You got it?"**

**"Jesus, what is your problem?"** She was wearing the cutest top and skirt, too, and looked actually pissed at the boy in a way she never had before. **"I'm out here looking like a fucking bombshell for you, trying to make you feel better, and you want to act like this? Like a spoiled brat, girlfriend?"**

**"Stop calling me that! I don't like it!"** Disregarding the fact we weren't even fucking dating. And now we were arguing in front of my house. At least my mom wasn't home,

but my dad never seemed to leave. His truck wasn't in the driveway, though. Maybe for once my house was empty...

**"Yeah? You don't? Well I called my last lover Fuckpig, so you're lucky, aren't you? Stop being this way, Oaklee. I've forgiven you for the way you acted online, and I'm trying to let you know that we're okay, alright?"** She was flustered, frowning, annoyed, and even a little... lost.

**"Don't text me. Don't call me. Don't talk to me. Stay away from me. And do not come around here again. Got it?"** I was angry. I was really angry. I wasn't going to be diffused by her words. I wasn't going to let her control me like she'd been. There wasn't room for argument. I was done.

She slapped him, slapped him hard enough to have him stumble back. **"You're acting like a dumb little girl, girlfriend, and I didn't date an idiot. You're my princess, and you need to start acting like it or you are going to get treated less like one."** The choices of words seemed to make him blink, though, and that got Sayla thinking very quickly. **"Maybe you just need a good spanking."**

I looked at her hard and pushed her all over again, but it didn't seem to make her stumble quite as much. I turned away from her and fumbled with the doorknob of my house, opening it up, and slamming the door in her face. But it didn't slam. Her foot caught the door.

The girl's foot was followed by her whole body, and she squeezed through against his protests, against his attempts. He was rattled. Scared. She felt a rush of blood to her head and she grabbed his good arm to spin him around, holding it behind his back and pinning him in place against the wall. It took very little time for her other hand to tug down the back of his jeans and deliver three light swats to his boxer-clad ass. **"And wearing gross undies again, already? You need a punishment more than I thought..."**

I winced, my cheeks going pink, and I managed to push her off me, but I stumbled, nearly tripping back into the living room. My back hit the edge of the couch and I fumbled for my jeans, tugging them up over my butt. I felt sick. Dizzy... **"Stop... Sayla, I'm serious..."**

She pushed him down onto the sofa, grinning, sitting down beside the boy with her hand running through his hair. Simply, effortlessly, she tugged at the follicles to entice the boy over her lap. And when he struggled, she tugged just a little harder. Then a lot.

I was bending over the girl's lap, her fingers running against my backside. I struggled in place, shaking my head. **"Sayla, please, stop, please, please lemme go, please, lem-"** One smack, and I whimpered into the sofa. I felt so dizzy... it didn't even hurt. Not through the jeans. But it didn't stop me from feeling weird...

How delightful it was to see the resistance in the boy flow away like a basin drained of water. She smacked his behind again, and again, then as she talked. **"Somebody was a very bad girlfriend, a very naughty girl indeed and such a brat, too."** Her voice was singsong, airy, playful in the way that she often wasn't. But also so condescending.

I was crying, kicking my feet, tears running down my cheeks. The transformation was pathetic. I hated myself for it. It didn't even hurt, the way she spanked. It just made me feel so off balance. My cheeks were pink, blushing, and the glasses on my nose were fogged over. I cried into the couch.

**"I'll stop when you tell me how naughty you've been acting, little girl."** To emphasize the threat, she started to tug the boy's jeans down over the tops of his thighs to provide somewhat less resistance in the way of her humiliating blows. **"What's that, baby girl? I can't hear you over your crying."**

**"I was n-naughty.. I was naughty! Please no more! Please..."** I couldn't stop crying. I felt pathetic. I felt small. She spanked me like a child. Talked to me like a child. It was so surreal. Familiar, but surreal. Foreign. There weren't words...

**"And what did you do wrong, baby girl? Hmm? Tell Mama what you did wrong?"** The first blows on the boys boxers were significantly more painful than those through his jeans, and the boy wailed and struggled, but that only enticed more swats on his behind with a stern warning. **"Don't you try to wriggle away, little miss!"**

**"...I..."** I didn't know. I... I... **"I didn't listen... didn't listen to what... y-you said... I was naughty and didn't listen.. p-please stop! Please!!"** I was sobbing into the sofa, soaking it with tears. My ass was beginning to hurt, to really hurt, and her words brought a dizziness to the whole room.

**"That's right."** Her words were charming and sweet, the way that an open bag of candy was, and she played with his hair with her free hand, cooing softly. **"You belong to me, baby, you're my little bedwetting tart, aren't you?"** The moments that he'd wet himself hadn't been lost on her, though until now she'd never openly teased him for them.

My cheeks went so red, my face panting into the sofa, crying like a child. I couldn't help myself. I nodded quietly, muttering to the fabric. **"...y-yeah..."** I felt so small in her arms... this wasn't fair... I wasn't... couldn't...

**"We'll get you some more dips from work, and I think we'll keep you in them until you can learn how an adult should act, how does that sound? I'm being kind and fair, aren't I?"** The moment he paused in his answering, she smacked his behind again, hard enough to make him howl out.

**"Y-yes! Yes! Okay!"** I didn't know what she was talking about, honestly... no idea in the slightest. But I didn't want to argue. I didn't wanna be a naughty girl. I wanted to be

a good girl... and she was demanding I do this. So I would... because that's what good girls do...

**"Stand up."** Direction. Instruction. He didn't argue, he stood up, sobbing, shaking, with his jeans down to his thighs. **"Tell me who you are and who's you are, right now. And if you are very honest, I'll reward you, little girl."** She didn't know with what, she hadn't thought about that. Oh! Okay, yes, maybe that would do — one of her pretty hair ribbons tied about his cock. But not his cock, little girls didn't have cocks. It would be his... lollipop.

"...I..." I felt so foolish. I had to look at the ground. I rubbed my cheeks with the back of my hand. **"Um... I'm... I'm a little girl... and I'm yours...."** I hated this. But I didn't. It was so fucked up. I rubbed my eyes again, trying to make the room stop spinning...

**"Good girl!"** Her words dripped with praise, and she continued to speak those words, pulling his jeans down to his knees, and his boxers too. **"I'm so happy that you chose to be a good little princess, and to realize that you're mine, and you'll always be mine. You just need a reminder."** She reached up to her hair and pulled out one of the ribbons binding a pigtail. And neatly, she wrapped it around the base of his cock, tying it in place with an ornate pink bow.

My cheeks were scarlet. I looked away from her, trying not to tremble while she wrapped the bow around my cock. When it was tied, she pulled my boxers back up. I was shaking. I felt so small next to her, and we were the same size. It didn't make sense. I was so sure of myself a minute ago...

**"Now that your pretty little lollipop has been properly decorated, maybe you'll remember who you belong to, sweetie."** She put her hand up on the boy's cheek with smiled at him, a sweet gesture, but her grin said so much more — it said how confident she was, how sure of herself she was, and how well she knew she owned the boy.

She didn't stay. She walked out. She just left me, standing in my own living room, trembling, until finally I fell onto the couch and started to cry. Started to *really* cry. I didn't know what was happening to me. I didn't know why she could do stuff like this, humiliate me, and I just let her. I didn't know how to make it stop...

**76:**

**Numbers-1377325** » ..i think something is wrong with me..

**missymeow1213** » Well, your arm is broken... =\

**Numbers-1377325** » i say no but it doesnt matter..

**Numbers-1377325** » i know im making the wrong decisions and i cant stop

**missymeow1213** » Hmm?

**Numbers-1377325** » and im so scared..

**Numbers-1377325** » im so scared of her and myself..

**missymeow1213** » Slow down, okay?

**missymeow1213** » Tell me what's happened.

**Numbers-1377325** » i cant breathe..

**missymeow1213** » Ah. Her?

**missymeow1213** » Start at the start for me, okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont know whats wrong with me

**Numbers-1377325** » why im broken

**Numbers-1377325** » and theres no magic vinegar to make all the spots go away

**Numbers-1377325** » and i just wont be free of it

**Numbers-1377325** » and im so scared of everythng now

**Numbers-1377325** » i thought i was better and im not

**missymeow1213** » Hey now, shush up. Listen.

**missymeow1213** » You're not in any trouble.

**missymeow1213** » I promise.

**Numbers-1377325** » i ant breathe..

**Numbers-1377325** » i cant stop crying..

**Numbers-1377325** » if my dad sees me like this..

missymeow1213 sent a video link.

**missymeow1213** » Look at my eyes, okay?

**missymeow1213** » Look at my eyes. See how I did my eyeliner today? Tell me what you notice about it.

**missymeow1213** » About my eyes.

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk its fine

**missymeow1213** » What color are my eyes?

**Numbers-1377325** » im not sure

**Numbers-1377325** » greenish

**missymeow1213** » What color is my eyeliner?

**Numbers-1377325** » from here

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » black..?

**missymeow1213** » I'll lean in.

**missymeow1213** » You got this! =)

**Numbers-1377325** » i didnt know there were other colors..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » i cant think

**missymeow1213** » Close! Hold up, let me angle the light.

**missymeow1213** » See?

**missymeow1213** » Brownish, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » my head keeps spinning and everythin hurts.

**Numbers-1377325** » i guess.

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**missymeow1213** » Don't think, just answer. No thinking right now =)

**Numbers-1377325** » idk.. im tryin..

**missymeow1213** » Just say what you see, okay? =)

**missymeow1213** » Good boy

**Numbers-1377325** » ...trying..

**missymeow1213** » Okay, see how I do my eyeliner tails?

**missymeow1213** » It's really hard to get them symmetrical! Have you ever done tails?

**missymeow1213** » Like with liquid liner?

**Numbers-1377325** » no..?

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont think so.

**missymeow1213** » Well, it makes your eyes look more almond-shaped. See how mine look?

**Numbers-1377325** » i guess.. idk..

**missymeow1213** » And I don't know if you can see it, but my lipgloss is sparkly. See? I'll bring my lips close in...

**missymeow1213** » muuuuuah!

**Numbers-1377325** » ..i guess..

**missymeow1213** » What's your favorite type of makeup?

**Numbers-1377325** » mm..

**Numbers-1377325** » lip gloss maybe

**missymeow1213** » Mine is eyeliner =)

**missymeow1213** » I was such a scene kid.

**missymeow1213** » It's a problem because MAC is a brand of makeup, too =D

**Numbers-1377325** » not like colored stuff

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? Why lipgloss?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk it mkaes your lips shiny like its nice to kiss

**missymeow1213** » Yeah! And two sets of lipglossed lips kissing is so sexy, right?! =D

**missymeow1213** » All slidin' around!

**missymeow1213** » Okay, so, I was thinking

**missymeow1213** » For Christmas

**missymeow1213** » I wanna get you a fat gift card for a manicure place

**missymeow1213** » So you can go get your nails done whenever you want

**Numbers-1377325** » dad owuld kill me..

**missymeow1213** » Without worrying about the fact you'll have to clean them at the end of the day.

**missymeow1213** » You can go in the morning for school

**missymeow1213** » And use some remover at the end of the day before you go home

**missymeow1213** » I mean

**missymeow1213** » Not every day!

**missymeow1213** » But on days you feel like you need a pick-me-up?

**missymeow1213** » Or have them done clean, or clear with a little sparkle, so he won't notice =D

**missymeow1213** » Nails are awesome.

**missymeow1213** » Oh! Wanna see mine? I'll hold them up. They're marbly.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..thats cool..

**Numbers-1377325** » i like that

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? =D I could teach you?

**missymeow1213** » It sounds tricky, but it's not really.

**missymeow1213** » Like, I used to make model planes with my brother, and warhammer and stuff =D

**missymeow1213** » (nerd girl, right?)

**missymeow1213** » And skills from that actually helps a lot =D

**missymeow1213** » Boys are in such a good position to paint your nails!

**missymeow1213** » Stupid that it's like some big social taboo, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » i guess..

**missymeow1213** » Okay, so, tell me how you'd want your nails done the first time you go. One paragraph at least, be descriptive!

**Numbers-1377325** » ..um... idk... like...

**Numbers-1377325** » i like yours... maybe like that?

**Numbers-1377325** » is it hard?

**Numbers-1377325** » i mean it looks like it takes time.. ive never seen anybody at my school with nails like that

**missymeow1213** » It's not really hard, just takes some practice. It's called water marbling.

**missymeow1213** » It just takes patience, I think. Like it's messy, but you tidy it up and it looks so good.

**missymeow1213** » Look it up on youtube? =D

**missymeow1213** » You can stare at mah face while you do.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...kay lemme look it up..

**Numbers-1377325** » this seems silly

**Numbers-1377325** » theres no way that works

**Numbers-1377325** » wtf

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

Numbers-1377325 » ...

missymeow1213 » =D

Numbers-1377325 » science is weird.

missymeow1213 » Science is awesome

missymeow1213 » So what colors would you marble?

Numbers-1377325 » purple and blue?

Numbers-1377325 » idk

Numbers-1377325 » I'd have to look at them

missymeow1213 » You gotta make up weird color names.

missymeow1213 » Like

missymeow1213 » Majestic Magical Mauve

missymeow1213 » And

missymeow1213 » Wet Divine Serpintinian Mascot Periwinkle

missymeow1213 » Bonus points if you make up WORDS.

Numbers-1377325 » you're so weird.

missymeow1213 » Have you SEEN nail polish color names?

Numbers-1377325 » yeah good point

missymeow1213 » <http://www.totalbeauty.com/content/gallery/nail-polish-names/p128612/page2>

missymeow1213 » See? =D

missymeow1213 » Are you feeling a bit calmer yet? =)

Numbers-1377325 » ..yeah

Numbers-1377325 » I think I was overreacting.. sorry

**missymeow1213** » Not overreacting — reacting probably appropriately =)

**missymeow1213** » But you were working yourself up trying to explain it

**missymeow1213** » Tell me what happened?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk.. sayla showed up..

**Numbers-1377325** » she just stopped by on my way home from school

**Numbers-1377325** » and i said i didn't wanna see her that i awnted nothing to do with her and she just..

**Numbers-1377325** » idnd't care..

**missymeow1213** » Look at me face when you get flustered, pause, breathe with me, then continue.

**missymeow1213** » Okay? =D

**missymeow1213** » So she came around, and she did her thing.

**missymeow1213** » You think that victims of abuse just become immune to their abusers overnight, love?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..i don't like words like that..

**Numbers-1377325** » i don't like to think i'm being abused..

**missymeow1213** » I know, honey, I know =(

**missymeow1213** » But we give her power if we try to avoid looking the issue in the eye. And we want to take AWAY her power, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » i don't see how it's gonna help...

**missymeow1213** » Well, right now you're scared even of the IDEA that she's hurt you.

**missymeow1213** » We want to move past it, right? To take away her power over you?

**missymeow1213** » You want that too, right, baby? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ..yeah...

**Numbers-1377325** » idk i just..

**Numbers-1377325** » ..

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm really scared, missy..

**missymeow1213** » Of course you are =(

**missymeow1213** » It's like knowing that there's someone in your house somewhere with a gun

**missymeow1213** » You jump at every corner, right? You're scared because you feel like you can never let your guard down =(

**Numbers-1377325** » i just feel so pathetic.

**Numbers-1377325** » i cant stop her missy..

**Numbers-1377325** » ive tried it just doesnt work.

**missymeow1213** » Guess what, though? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » huh

**missymeow1213** » You're closer to stopping her now than you were twenty minutes ago.

**missymeow1213** » Because you're finally taking these first steps to talking about it, letting your friends help.

**missymeow1213** » I know it sounds cheesy, but baby I've been where you are, and you gotta trust me here.

**missymeow1213** » This is such a big deal, that you're talking to me.

**Numbers-1377325** » theres nothing i can do..

**Numbers-1377325** » she wont stop..

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe if i just let her do what she wants she will leave me alone

**missymeow1213** » Oh no no no, shh, baby boy.

**missymeow1213** » Remember that's how you felt before?

**missymeow1213** » That's her winning, we won't let that happen =)

**Numbers-1377325** » how do i stop her..

**missymeow1213** » One step at a time and never all at once.

**missymeow1213** » And nothing is a failure, just a step closer to winning. She doesn't want you to think it's possible to beat her.

**missymeow1213** » Showing her she can't get what she wants is how you win.

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont know if i can win.. dunno how

**missymeow1213** » You avoid her. Make her chase you. Be places you know she won't think you are. Tell your brother to answer the door when he's home, and don't answer it when only you are. Right there is 50% of the time she might show up, she won't get in.

**missymeow1213** » And if she waits for you, go to a neighbors and wait it out. Baby steps.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...okay... yeah... avoid her... i can do that

**missymeow1213** » That's our first baby step, okay?

**missymeow1213** » Block her in your phone.

**Numbers-1377325** » dunno how

**missymeow1213** » Look it up online. Or turn it off when you're at home, you have IM's anyway

**missymeow1213** » And during the day, do your best to ignore her, I know it's not easy =(

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah okay.. i'll tell mac to IM me instead of text

**missymeow1213** » See? Little steps get you places =)

**missymeow1213** » When are you ungrounded?

**Numbers-1377325** » not technically grounded

**Numbers-1377325** » mom just doesn't want me places after school

**Numbers-1377325** » so like. never?

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm gonna try to get thanksgiving to visit mac

**missymeow1213** » That's a great idea =)

**missymeow1213** » I think you should introduce Mac to your parents

**missymeow1213** » I know you'll say no at first

**missymeow1213** » But if you break that ice, then you can probably spend more time with Mac, at her place.

**missymeow1213** » Which is more time for Sayla to get frustrated and bored and move on.

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont want mac involved with my family at all

**Numbers-1377325** » they're terrible people and shes an amazing person

**missymeow1213** » And amazing people shine brightly on those who aren't.

**missymeow1213** » Your family won't tarnish Mac, baby boy =D

**missymeow1213** » If anything, she'll shine on them.

**Numbers-1377325** » its a risk i am not willing to take..

**missymeow1213** » Well, that's your call =)

**missymeow1213** » Let's start with this first baby step, okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah okay

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » dont tell mac about sayla..

**Numbers-1377325** » she's already so worried because of my dad

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont want her to know how scared i am..

**missymeow1213** » I won't, but you should =) She's your best friend, and if she were being abused, wouldn't you want to know? Even if she didn't want you to know that she was scared, would you ever make her feel bad for it? Or would you prop her up and make her feel safe? That's what BFF's do =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ..i know you're right..

**Numbers-1377325** » just maybe

Numbers-1377325 » next week. after thanksgiving

missymeow1213 » How about we make it a goal for thanksgiving? I bet she would love to know just how much you trust her — remember, friendship is new to her.

Numbers-1377325 » day after. promise. just wanna have a nice holiday with no fear..

Numbers-1377325 » what are you doing for thanksgiving anyway?

missymeow1213 » Oh, we're going to a munch. We both have family like a thousand miles or more away.

Numbers-1377325 » idk what that means

missymeow1213 » So we're going to this local munch.

missymeow1213 » Ah, it's like.

missymeow1213 » A meeting for people of similar erotic lifestyle interests =)

Numbers-1377325 » -\_-

Numbers-1377325 » weirdo

Numbers-1377325 » gonna go watch TV

Numbers-1377325 » thanks for today

missymeow1213 » Blowing you a kiss so you can catch it.

Numbers-1377325 » rolling my eyes so you can see them!

Numbers-1377325 disconnected the video link.

Numbers-1377325 » ttyl

missymeow1213 » buhbai

**77:**

Miraculously, Missy's plan worked. Deagan knew enough about crazy exes to answer to the door if it was Sayla. **"He's not home,"** he'd say. And since the issue with the gutter outside my window, my parents had locked it. I always kept the blinds down.

When I went to school, I'd leave ten minutes early for the bus. When I came home, I'd take a different bus to the south side, and I'd go through the back gate of my neighbor's house to get into my yard. I never even saw my front porch. My phone was always off when I was at home, and when I wasn't, I never even read her texts. Things were going so smoothly, it almost worried me. Then there was Thursday. The odd day. I still had to talk to my mom. I'd brought it up once, but she was in a bad mood. It was ten in the morning. Two hours until family started to arrive. I was helping my mom with the potatoes in the kitchen. "...uh... **Mac's parents invited me to dinner tonight... I mean, I know you probably want me here with the family, though...**"

**"Is Mac in on your perversions?"** She was wrapping twine around the legs of a turkey — a small bird, but enough for the family and the guests they'd have. Thanksgiving was traditional in terms of food at the Edwards household, though nobody held the event in much reverence at all. Sometimes Deagan wasn't there, sometimes their father would go to the bar instead. His mother hadn't yet said no, though.

See. I'd gotten very good at lying to my parents. Or rather, I'd gotten very good at knowing when they wanted me to lie to them. The moment at the hospital, when I had spoken out of turn at my mother, was my rebelling against those knowings. I could live my life that way, honest and simple, but I'd probably get more bones broken. It was easier to follow the rules. For now, anyway... **"She knows how I like to dress. She pretends not to know."** Kind of like my parents, though recently they'd been taking more active antagonistic roles.

The woman tied off the twine with the precision of someone who had done it many times before, and tapped the sides of the bird with her hands to check the sturdiness of her work. **"You can go. Your brother will drive you, and pick you up. No funny business. And I've got no money after making this dinner, so you'd better not need any."**

**"You sure it's okay that I miss dinner?"** If anything, hearing that I wouldn't have to be at the family dinner probably *thrilled* my mom. I would miss some people. My Aunt Debra. My grandma. But most of the others were assholes anyway. Spending the night with Mac would be much better. **"Do you want me home tonight or tomorrow morning?"** No school, after all.

**"Tomorrow is fine. They say the storms might break to snow, so keep your phone charged — can't have me not knowing where you are."** Was that... was that concern? She turned to regard her son with a sigh and shook her head. **"You shouldn't scare that girl off with this stuff, Oaklee. You already lost one girl because of it, and you don't want kids at school thinking you're a little faggot, do you?"**

I sighed and did my absolute best not to roll my eyes. Most of the kids at school already knew I would dress in a skirt or a dress or whatever. No one even cares. I mean, things might be different if I actually *wore* that stuff in reality, rather than in theory. But this idea of being made fun of was... a little outdated, really.

**"You make sure to dress nice, we don't want her family thinking poorly of the Edwards. Does she even celebrate Thanksgiving? I didn't think those spics did."** Oaklee's mother was, of course, still under the impression that Mac's mother was hispanic, and casual racism was always a typical thing in the vernacular of both of his parents.

**"...uh..."** I wanted to correct her. I mean, she'd find out sooner or later. But then again, rocking the boat before I even go over there? Maybe not. **"I promise to put on a nice shirt or something. Do you still need help here, or can I go get ready?"**

**"You go get ready. Make sure your brother can take you — if he can't, you're not going."** As for where she thought he would go if given the chance to make his own way there, well... there were a lot of things a mother can imagine and seldom are they things she wants to think about her son doing. **"Go on now, before I change my mind."**

I wore nice pants and a button up shirt. It looked a little sloppy, but that was kind of a style anyway. I rolled the sleeves of my shirt up and put on my Converse. I was still wearing the same glasses Mac had gotten me, and my mom hadn't brought them up again. Deagan, on the other hand, mentioned them almost every day. **"I don't know why you like glasses."** **"Not all the time. Just with certain clothes. Like now, I look very assistant professor. Ya know?"**

**"You don't even need glasses, though. It's like, using a wheelchair when you don't need one."** Not that Deagan had anything philosophical against either concept, he just thought the glasses made his brother look quite like a girl. **"Meet me out by my car, I gotta give the girlfriend a call quickly."** By the time Oaklee got to the car, out front the house, maybe oblivious to the possibility anymore, he walked right into the girl standing beyond it. Sayla. **"Hello, girlfriend."**

I looked at the girl, frowned a little, and shoved my hands into my pockets. I wasn't sure what to say to her. What to do. I'd tried everything I could think of to get her to stop on her own. She didn't listen. Freezing her out was all I had left. Of course she'd show up now. On a holiday... **"I don't like that word,"** I reminded her.

**"I don't like being snobbed."** Her hands pushed the boy back up against the hood of his brothers car and she ran a finger down his cheek with a grin. **"My little girl has forgotten how to behave, and obviously spanking isn't punishment enough anymore, now, is it?"**

I moved away from her, toward the other side of the car, the side facing away from the door. I just had to wait a minute until Deagan came outside. Then we could go. 60 seconds. I could handle her for 60 seconds... **"I'm not talking to you anymore. I'm not meeting you anymore. If you want to be crazy and not listen, fine, but I'm not letting it happen."**

There was something pushed between his lips, something small and soft, cute and pastel colored — a pacifier. She pushed a pacifier between his lips. **"My baby girl is done talking, and now she's going to start listening. We're getting out of here, and I'm going to take you, and put you in a diaper, and spank you, and make you cry. And when you're ready to be a good little girl, we can have dinner."**

No need for spanking. No need for aggression. That tone. Those words. My glasses fogged up in the cold late-November air. My cheeks were burning, and when she moved her hand away from my mouth, I sucked quietly on the pacifier. Her smile grew, content with how quickly she could have me succumb to her now.

**"You're never going to be rid of me, cupcake, you're mine, and you should just accept it."** She stepped closer, put her hand on his cheek, and was about to do more, when Deagan approached the car. **"He's got the clap, lady. You might wanna go get tested."** **"No he doesn't."** **"Suit yourself. We gotta get going, gonna get his treatment."** **"Ugh... I know you're lying. Why do guys do that? Text me, Oaklee. Understand?"** The boy still had the pacifier in his mouth.

**"...kay..."** I sat down in the car, dazed. I felt sick. Dizzy. Warm. Weird... **"...dude."** **"...huh?"** **"Dude."** My brother reached over and took the pacifier out of my mouth for me. He just looked so bewildered. **"What the hell is up with you?"** **"...I... um... just.... don't feel well...."** **"I mean this?"** He held up the pacifier. **"...uh... I don't... she..."** I turned back toward the car door, but Sayla was already gone.

**"You on drugs?"** The obvious question from the incensed brother — he didn't associate pacifiers with babies, but with the club scene. With drugs. This one didn't light up, though — it wasn't even brightly colored. Soft and pastel and cute. Not the sort of pacifier usually associated with party treats.

**"...uh... I don't think so..."** To be fair, she could have drugged the pacifier. I wasn't thinking clearly. I sucked on it. Maybe she did drug me. It would explain how I was feeling. But then again, it probably wasn't like that at all. I was just... feeling off...

**"Well don't let Mom see you with that kind of stuff, let alone Dad — you don't want two broken arms."** Deagan smiled sympathetically and ruffled his brother's hair. **"How do you find getting dressed with that thing on? Hard?"** He nodded to the cast, obviously trying to change the conversation.

**"Uh... it's not that bad... I mean, kinda."** I had gotten used to it. It had been almost a week, and getting clothes on and off was getting easier. Cast arm first. Then over my head. Then other arm. Button ups were even easier! Still, I was a little out of sorts. My phone vibrated. I opened it up and looked over Sayla's text. My cheeks went pink again.

**Sayla »** When you get home, you're going to call me. And I'm going to pick you up, and remind you that you're mine. Not a boy anymore. Barely a girl. Property. My possession. I own you, baby bitch.

Don't reply. Missy said don't reply. Just. Ignore. Don't reply... don't reply...

**Sayla »** I bet you're in that car with your brother, wishing you had the pacifier back. Wanting to suck it. Thinking about how that's who you are now, a little pacifier-sucking diaper-wearing baby. Your brother is a real man. You're not. You're a doll. Gorgeous.

**"Oaklee. Hey dude. I asked what the address is? For Mac's place?"**

"...I... um..." I felt so dizzy. My cheeks were on fire. My head was spinning... **"Just... um... go down Kippler, past the school..."** I played with my phone. My eyes scanned her message. Twice. Three times. I snapped it closed, and it vibrated again. I thought I was going to cry. Just don't look... don't read it... don't open it...

**Sayla »** I know you're reading these. I know you can't get me out of your head, baby girl. That's how I know with such certainty that you're mine. My little bedwetting baby girl. Nobody else gets you like I do, do they? They all want to change who you are. I want to embrace who you have inside of you.

**Oaklee »** Stop it..

**Sayla »** This is going to be a Thanksgiving you'll always remember.

Fuck. I shook my head, shaking a little. My brother kept driving up toward Mac's. I was going to be sick. I felt so sick...

**Oaklee »** I'm not coming home tonight

**Sayla »** I'll come get you. You belong with me, Oaklee. You're replying to me, and that proves that you want this.

**Sayla »** Need this. Need to be controlled.

**Oaklee »** ..stop it..

**Oaklee »** I dont want this

**Oaklee »** Please no more..

**Sayla »** You do. You need it. You're pathetic as a man, Oaklee, but as a sparkling little sissy girl, you're remarkable. Don't you want to be remarkable? Like me?

**Oaklee »** ..stop..

**Sayla** » We're going to be the same, Oaklee. You'll be special, like me. A little diapered princess, cute enough to make the whole world smile.

**Oaklee** » .. i.m..

**Sayla** » Mine. Say it.

**Oaklee** » ..yuros..

**Sayla** » Yes you are. And you're going to tell me where you are as soon as your brother drops you off, and I'm coming to pick you up. You'll put your paci back in and wait for me.

**Oaklee** » ..macs house..

**Sayla** » Send me the address.

**78:**

**"Dude. Dude, hey."** Deagan took the phone from his brother's hands. **"You look like you're gonna cry. You alright? We're here."** He'd tossed the phone into the backseat out of instinct, because it's where he put his own. In the time it took for his brother to get out of the car, though, and for him to drive away... neither of them remembered that it was there.

**"...I'm... um... y-yeah..." "You sure? You can talk to me..."** I was sure I'd cry. I was sure I'd break down in my brother's arms like a toddler. But I didn't wanna. I didn't want to be that person. I shook my head and stumbled out of the car. **"Thank you for the ride,"** I said as happily as I could, and when he finally drove away, I felt tears rush down my cheeks. I couldn't help myself...

Maybe I wouldn't have thought to check. Usually I wouldn't. I knew Oaklee was coming, but rarely did I leave my room — it was only that the car that had pulled up had been particularly loud, and then, nobody had knocked on my door. So I went down there, opened the door, and saw Oaklee sitting on the other side of the gate, clumsily running his fingernails up and down his good arm. Without a second thought, without shoes, I ran across the lawn and pulled the heavy gate open, wrapping my arms around the boy.

I was crying. Not sobbing. I wasn't blubbering. The tears just wouldn't stop. She helped me up the walkway and inside her house. My fingertips were cold and raw, the arm with the cast, under the sleeve of my shirt, was red the same way. I wasn't paying attention. I wasn't thinking clearly...

I locked the door, bolted it with the deadbolts top and bottom. We made it to the sofa in the living room before I set him down, unable to help him further, and cuddled up beside him. **"It's okay, it'll be okay, you're safe now... safe from everything. Just me and you, and I'll take care of you, uh huh, I promise."** He didn't respond too well to the words, just sobbing more, and soon I resorted to what I knew did work... my French lullaby.

She sung very softly, almost so I couldn't hear, but after a while I started to focus on her words. She toppled me over, onto her lap, and played with my hair. My fingertips hurt, my arms hurt, and my eyes hurt. I cried, until her words made more sense, even in another language, and my crying subsided. Tears kept coming, but not for long. Just little specs of water. And for the first time in a long time, I was feeling... relaxed...

Oaklee was calm after a little while of my singing, like all the energy he'd worked up had dissipated in some local display of entropy. His arm looked in a very bad state, and I didn't know how to handle things like that. As such, inexperienced as I was, I rubbed his lower back, and ran fingers up to his shoulders lazily, until finally managing the question: **"Feeling a little better?"**

**"...I'm so scared, Mac..."** I wasn't crying anymore, but you could hear the wavering in my voice. The fear... **"I'm so scared of her... she doesn't leave me alone... and she makes me feel... feel like I can't fight back... and she always wins, and I'm so scared..."**

Sayla. Of course Sayla. I was young, inexperienced with the world, and maybe not prone to understanding the subtleties that some others might get an easy handle on. In Oaklee's eyes, I was sheltered, in need of protection. Maybe he was right — but he needed protecting right now. He needed a big sister. **"She's not gonna hurt you anymore."**

I was still shaking in her arms. Even if my tears had given up, I was still so afraid. My glasses were foggy and my cheeks were pink, maybe from the cold, but we'd been inside a while now. And I couldn't stop shaking. I just couldn't... **"She is... she does... always finds me... always says things... always makes me do everything..."**

There were ways people dealt with things, ways that differed based on age and sex and economic status. For example, I could never deal with this with violence, it just wouldn't pan out for me. But I did have recourses. Things Oaklee wouldn't think of, let alone have the means for. **"She's going to learn a lesson, and she's not going to bother you anymore."**

I shook my head, shaking in her lap. Mac didn't understand. She didn't know how relentless she was. She didn't know. Nobody knew. Everyone thought she was so sweet. And she wasn't. I was afraid I'd start to cry again. **"She's never gonna stop... never..."**

Nobody took me all that seriously. Not at school, even though I got straight A's. Not in the street, even though I dressed nicely. And not Oaklee. Maybe because I hadn't proven to him that I could help him yet. But I would. **"Let's go upstairs, I'm going to draw you a bath, and pick you out something to wear."** And make a phonecall.

She took me by the hand and helped me up the stairs. I felt so pathetic. I felt so terrible. Sayla would be here any minute. She'd knock on the door, walk past Mac, and take me. She always took me. By the time we were up the stairs, I was crying again. I was falling apart... **"She's gonna come here... she knows where I am... she's gonna come and take me away..."**

**"And my parents are never home, so do you think that they would take any chances? There are two deadlocks on the door, and when we get upstairs, I'm going to turn on the security system and if anything moves on the first floor, the police will be here in a number of minutes."** Rarely did I use the bigger locks. Even more rarely did I turn on the security. **"I'm the princess of this castle, and if I say that you're safe, then you're safe."**

I tucked myself into the bathroom, playing with the raw skin on my arm. I was so nervous. I knew Mac was right, in theory, but Sayla... she had ways... she knew things. She'd get in. She'd find me. I couldn't stop crying. Mac started to run the water, looking quiet and nervous. She'd look up at me sometimes. I could never look back at her.

I was going to see him naked. I was going to see Oaklee without clothes on. I didn't really want to. The male body was as much a mystery to me as foie gras, and sometimes equally as unappetizing. Then again, I was only fourteen. The large tub was a square and not a pill-shape like most peoples, so it was roomy and elegant, and I sprinkled some salts into the water that turned it mint green with a layer of foam atop for privacy and a lovely scent. **"Turn away, um, that way,"** I motioned for him to stand and face the tub. **"I'm going to get you out of those clothes, and then you can step straight into the tub. Don't get your cast wet, lean it on the edge there."** Here goes nothing.

She helped undress me. I didn't protest. I didn't stop her. I didn't even hesitate. She watched me curiously, watching how compliant I was, and when she finally had me to my boxers, she closed her eyes. I stepped into the water and sunk into it, leaving only the top of my chest and arms unconcealed by the water. Even seeing me now, in the tub, it was evident how nervous I was.

He was so skittish, so afraid, so anxious... I turned the lights down, and when they got sufficiently dim, a row of flickering electric candles on shelves around the bathroom lit up. It was my thing. My favorite thing. **"I promise I'm going to make you safe."** I was confident, but my voice quivered just a little bit. **"You're going to be a princess with me tonight, safe and sound as possible."**

I didn't let the cast get wet, leaning on the edge of the tub, but I sunk further into the water. The steam from the bubbles fogged up my glasses so I couldn't see. It was almost relaxing, not seeing anything. I closed my eyes. I just wanted to not feel sick... wanted to feel better... **"Thank you..."**

I'd made the decision as he stepped into the tub, made a choice for the both of us, If I could trust him, then he could trust me. I leaned down and kissed his forehead, then left the room. I was only gone for a few minutes before I returned and when I did, I was dressed in an overtly juvenile one-piece swimsuit. Oaklee looked up at me, vaguely, and I blushed softly, stepped over the edge of the tub and into the water, settling in adjacent to him in the large body of mint-green and foamy water.

My cheeks went a little pinker, looking away from Mac. I'd never been in a tub with a girl before. I mean. Even if she was wearing a swimsuit, I was naked. I bit my lip a little bit and sunk further into the water, up to my neck, making it difficult to hold my cast out of the side. **"...you look cute,"** I muttered quietly, still looking away.

**"As will you when we pick one out for you online tonight."** I settled in so I was settled in so I was sitting next to him, instead of opposite him, and took his non-broken arm in my hands to see how bad it was. It wasn't good... **"I bet you don't own a cute swimsuit, and you need one if you're going to come to my beach house in the summer. We're going to get pretty tan lines together, and make castles in the sand..."**

**"...yeah?"** Honestly, it didn't sound too bad. I wasn't sure how I felt about a girl's swimsuit, though. It was never something I'd given any serious thought to... but maybe some were cute. Gotta be cuter than boy's swim trunks, right? I put my head on her shoulder, keeping my body beneath the water from touching hers. **"You're so soft,"** she told me. None of the hair had grown back yet since Sayla had given me that soap a week ago. I wondered when it would...

**"I like that you are."** It felt pertinent to clarify, to make sure he knew I wasn't teasing him. This was okay... he was calmer, and it was something I might do with any other friend, had I any other friends. Wasn't indicative of a crush, nuh uh, not at all. **"I'm going to put some cream on this arm, okay?"** His non-broken one, red and angry. **"To help it feel better."**

**"...yeah, okay, sure..."** I shuffled a little awkwardly so she could rub some lotion into my arm. My bare legs touched her bare legs. I blushed a little deeper. This was so weird. Not unpleasant, but weird... She put her hand on the scratches and rubbed the lotion in, and I started to whimper. Ow...

**"It's like a moisturizer and an ointment, to help with sore skin. Are you sore like this anywhere else?"** I sounded a little more maternal now, as I rubbed the cream into Oaklee's angry red skin, and his leg rubbed up against mine. It was... I don't know if intimate was a word I wanted to use, not to describe us... but it was...

"...no, I don't think so..." My ass hurt a little from the spanking a couple days ago, but most of that was gone now. She fixed up the scratches on my arm and I looked down into the weird green water. It was foamy and you couldn't see through it at all. I guess that was a blessing...

**"Good. I'm going to do your hair, you just be careful to keep your cast dry, okay?"** Like most upper-scale bathrooms, the faucet for the bathtub could be pulled out of the wall on a hose and turned into a hand-held shower head, for washing hair in the bath. Well. I presumed most high-end bathrooms. Maybe Oaklee's could do that too... **"What would you like for dinner? We can order anything you like."**

"...I dunno..." I felt sick, still, but a little bit better. Better since she'd fixed my arm. Better since she'd started taking care of me. The weird fogginess I felt wasn't going away, but the way she washed my hair? I don't know. It wasn't really that bad... **"I'll get some catering. Some nice hot wings or burgers." "...yeah, okay..."**

**"Good."** He needed to know that he was safe here, as safe as could possibly be, safe from his parents, and safe from Sayla, and safe from anybody who might think it's okay to hurt him. It wasn't okay. It wasn't okay to hurt anybody, but especially not my Oaklee. My cheeks burned a little. Stupid teenage hormones.

I had to pay for the food myself, which was way more than food should ever cost. But how else was I going to get inside? I held the boxes over my face, up to the little peep hole, and rang the doorbell. When the door opened, though, regrettably, it wasn't Oaklee. Mac. And dressed like that? No wonder Oaklee liked her so much. Before she could speak, I stepped inside, putting the food down on the entry-way table.

**"You have to leave right now, or you're going to be very very sorry..."** She didn't intimidate me the way that she seemed to get under Oaklee's skin, though that first night had been an exception. Okay, so maybe she did intimidate me a little. But I had to be strong for Oaklee, and the nerve of her to show up like this! **"Did I stutter?"**

**"I'll leave, don't get your panties in a twist. I just want to see my girlfriend first."** I crossed my arms, looking the little thing up and down. Her outfit was very nice, very "appropriate" to both her age and the occasion. Who dressed like that, anyway? A skirt and blouse, around the house, no less? And her hair in pigtails. What a child...

**"You'll leave now. Oaklee is resting because you made him upset, and he doesn't need to see you right now, Sayla. Or ever!"** I impressed by my own assertion, but the way that Sayla looked at me... like she was hungry, and not at all for the food on the side table, it just made me feel much smaller than I already was. **"He broke up with you, he's done with you, so just... go away."**

**"That's what he said?"** I looked almost hurt. Feigned it, really. I sighed, shaking my head. **"Poor boy, still lying to his best friends..."** I walked past the girl, into the foyer,

to the stairs. He was resting, hm? **"Did he tell you about last week, too? When he asked to move in with me? I'm only here because he invited me, Mac. He wanted me to take him away from here, away from you."**

No... no he doesn't. No... I blinked at the girl, though, enough to give her an in into my head, and felt myself wince. She smiled ever so slightly. **"No, he didn't...."** I sounded more like a kitten than a lioness. **"He said you make him do things he hates, make him do things he doesn't want to, and he's afraid that he'll never be free of you. But he will... I'm..."** I slammed the panic button on the wall of the entry way, the silent alarm signal going straight to the company, unable to be disarmed now without a code. **"He's in a room with a lock, asleep. Wanna... wanna risk that you can get to him, get the door open, before the police get here?"** I was shaking... what the heck was with this girl?

I stepped up to Mac, pushing her softly to the wall. Softly was all it took. And I kissed her lips with the fiery passion she would never see from Oaklee. While I did, my fingers ran up her skirt, against her thigh, against the leg bands of her underwear. When she went to swat my hand away, to push me away, I bit down on her neck, hard, bruising her. **"He hates you. Trap him here, and he'll hate you even more. Let him leave with me, and you have a chance to be friends..."**

My breath caught in my throat. Kissed by her, kissed by a girl, less a girl and more a force of nature, I felt powerless to keep her hands away from my body, and powerless to stop her marking my body. Six minutes was the guaranteed response time on the alarm, and for the first time in my life I felt like it was far too long. **"He... he doesn't hate me. He likes me, and..."** I felt pinned, like a bug to the needles of her fingertips. **"And you got his arm broken, and you're horrible, and he says that you're horrible..."**

**"His dad broke his arm. He broke it because he wanted to dress like you. Dress like a little girl... and it got him hurt. Trying to emulate you."** My fingers stopped playing, running between her legs, against her underwear. Her breath caught. Girls like her were so easy. Almost as easy as Oaklee. **"You want him hurt, don't you? Broken and bandaged so you can take care of him. You want him to be nothing but a helpless shell of a person. Right? That's why you're doing this to him?"**

**"I'm not..."** My head was swimming. I remembered the day with his teddy, Mira, and the day with the coat and the training bra. All my encouragement and smiles, and my attempts to make him smile. Was I just doing it for me? No. What. No! No! She... he liked to do it before, and... **"I'm fifteen. And when the... the police get here... you're going to be... be charged as a pedophile... for touching me like that..."** It was all I could think of. It was flimsy, weak, the way I felt right now. But she was a fan knocking down my house of cards, and I felt ill.

**"I'm only fifteen, Mac... and you asked. I mean, didn't you?"** I pushed harder, my fingers against her panties, into her, just a little, rubbing where I knew to rub. She was pathetic. What a child... **"That look in your eyes. You kept watching my lips. You**

wiggled foot to foot. Heard the things I did with Oaklee, were jealous, wanted some... I was just giving you what you wanted, Mac..." Another kiss, more sensual, the kind that feels like love to an idiot. "Maybe... you and me and Oaklee... we could spend time together. Help him feel better, and when he's asleep I could help... you feel better..."

Six minutes. How long was six minutes? How long could six minutes last? Six minutes of her fingers touching me in ways I'd never been touched, not even by myself. Six minutes of those kisses, though stupid ideas. But... but were they stupid? I was so jealous of them when they were together, so jealous of her for having Oaklee. And Oaklee never noticed me, never made me feel like he cared... maybe this way he would. And then we could get rid of Sayla. She kissed me again, and when she did, I melted. Then, I exploded. I shoved her away from me with all the might that my little body could muster, and she stumbled against the sideboard. "You... you... you could have had Oaklee okay, you could have! But you don't want him, you just want the ideas you put in his head, like you're trying to do to me... you don't want a person, you want a puppet...!"

I frowned a little, crossing my arms. So I didn't expect something like that from such a pathetic girl. That level of aggression, that kind of backlash. I stepped toward her again, but she didn't cower. Ugh, I didn't have time for this, not with that alarm... so with one more step, one forward, I slapped the girl across the cheek. Harder than I'd hit Oaklee before, and she was even smaller. She fell straight to the ground. "No wonder nobody loves you, a mouth like that. Your parents. Oaklee. And now the only person willing to show you affection, and you lost her too." I stepped over to the still-open door, past the food. "You'll always be alone, until you learn to meet half way. Call me if you ever feel capable." And like that, I left.

The food sat on the sideboard, wrapped lovingly in foil parcels, happy to stay warm while I got rapidly less so. I was on the floor by the open door, crying, thinking about the six minutes, thinking about the police team, what it would do to Oaklee to know that Sayla had gotten in. In tears, trembling, I clawed my way up the wall, her words still ringing in my ears, and punched the code in to disable the alarm. They'd call. I'd tell them I heard something outside, but it was nothing. They'd probably circle the house the rest of the night, but Oaklee wouldn't have to know. My cheek was burning, my eyes were red, and I had a large bruise where she'd bitten me. I could cover it up, makeup, make it better, hide it... but as I turned to pick up the food, I saw Oaklee there in the nightgown I'd dressed him in, and knew it was too late.

"...you're crying..." Like she didn't know. I was holding Mira in my arms, a child at the top of the stairs. I felt a little sick, looking down at her, at her tears. She was never crying, not except a couple times. When she'd wet the bed. Maybe she'd had an accident. But it didn't look like that kind of crying... "Mac... um... are you okay...?"

"I'm... I'm okay." My voice caught in my throat, and the world spun a little, and my cheek burned and my neck throbbed and I felt horribly violated and I wanted to be taken

care of. I felt selfish... but I wouldn't lie to him, not to his face. **"Sayla tried to get in, but..."** I was felt the tears start to amplify, and winced, and tried not to blubber like an inept little child. **"I... I made her... made her go away..."**

Even the name brought a reaction. The name made me shiver. And the look in my eyes... some of the things Sayla said could instantly be put to rest in Mac's mind. The look I had, of complete fear, complete terror, the way I looked at the door, to the room, nervous, and behind me, like she was here, watching. Mac would know, instantly, that what Sayla said about me not wanting to be here was a complete lie.

I wanted to be held, to be taken care of — but Oaklee needed to be looked after, and need trumps want and maternal instinct trumps all and I put my arms around him, squeezing him tightly. **"She's gone, princess, she's gone... made her go away, and locked the door. And..."** Stop crying Mac, stop crying if you want to make him feel better. **"She bit me, but unless she's a vampire I'm okay."** I forced a smile, looking stupid with my tears, and laughed a little. I felt so weak.

**"...she... bit you...?"** That's when I noticed the forming bruise on her neck. My eyes filled with tears, and I hugged her so hard she nearly fell down the stairs. And like a child, I sobbed along with her. Because she knew, now. She knew what I did. That Sayla was unstoppable. She knew her powers... **"I don't want her to hurt you anymore,"** I cried. **"I'll do whatever she wants, I just don't want her to hurt you..."**

**"Nuhuh... nuhuh, no sacrifices. No martyrdom. We handle this like Edith-Lillen's."** There was no debate now. No struggle in my head. I was going to do what people with money did to people they didn't like — I was going to destroy her. **"We're going to eat some food, and then cuddle our teddies, and be cute together, and not think about her, okay?"** Every word felt exhausting. Was this what he went through with her, all the time? I felt horrible, I should have noticed... **"I won't let her hurt you anymore."**

**"She's unstoppable..."** I wasn't wearing my glasses. We had finished eating Thanksgiving dinner, and without family, it was probably the best Thanksgiving dinner I'd ever had, despite circumstances. My head was against hers on the living room sofa, the TV humming some light night cartoon. We were cuddled in a weird way, but a comfortable way. She'd changed into her nightgown, and since the mention of Sayla, I hadn't put Mira down even to eat. Mac knew how nervous I was. She understood everything, now... **"She can't be beaten..."**

**"Not by us, no... but everybody has secrets, Oaklee. Everybody has things that can destroy themselves if they ever come out."** I had my head on his shoulder as I spoke, and I giggled at a silly and obscene joke on the television. **"Pinky promise me that you'll avoid her, just for two more days...? And then she'll go away..."**

I looked at Mac. I looked at her harshly. I didn't believe her. Who would? Who could possibly stop someone like Sayla? Someone so horrible? Nobody had that power. But two more days of avoiding her? I could do that. I could keep that promise... **"Okay,"** I

said, and curled up into the girl's lap. "Okay," I said again, to myself. Two days. Two days...

**79:**

**missymeow1213** » How was your date with your boyfriend? =D

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it was very good!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && then his girlfriend showed up

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& then it was not very good

**missymeow1213** » Oh. =(

**missymeow1213** » Sayla showed up?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she did showed up && she kept trying to tell me that oaklee hates me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && then she kissed me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& put her hand up my skirt

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&&& bit me

**missymeow1213** » =O

**missymeow1213** » Whaaaaaaaat?

**missymeow1213** » No way.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i wanted to bury myself in the ground after b/c i felt so small

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » missy i get what hes been going though

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » shes cray...

**missymeow1213** » What happened exactly. Please fill me in.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well when oaklee got here i guess she was messing with him on the phone

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c he was crying && looking lost

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& i took him inside and took care of him

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&&& got him happy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but then we ordered food

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » thats when sayla turned up

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oaklee was upstairs

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i answered the door && there she was

**missymeow1213** » At your door?

**missymeow1213** » Why did you answer?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well she like robbed the food delivery guy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && disguised herself!!

**missymeow1213** » I've been telling him to stay away from her for a couple days, in complete honesty. He's been having trouble with her.

**missymeow1213** » Oh.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh missy she is horrible

**missymeow1213** » That's... excessive.

**missymeow1213** » Sorry. Go on. Continue.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes i will be writing a stern letter to my caterers!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um so she came in && wanted to see him

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i stood up to her!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » rawr

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ...at first

**missymeow1213** » Go Mac!

**missymeow1213** » Whoo!

**missymeow1213** » Standing up to people! So proud of you.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then she kissed me and did things to me that adults do

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and that princesses have no business having done to them

**missymeow1213** » Oh jeeze...

**missymeow1213** » Are you alright? =(

**missymeow1213** » I never thought she would try to use you to get to him...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i dont know...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i was strong after for oaklees sake

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but i keep crying...

**missymeow1213** » That was my fault. I shouldn't have told him to ignore her. I thought she would lose interest.

**missymeow1213** » Oh Mac I am so sorry...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i am going to handle her once && for ever

**missymeow1213** » Please do not confront her, Mac.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » want to hear my plan??

**missymeow1213** » No. You are not confronting her.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but the plan has already started!!!

**missymeow1213** » You are young and you know now how she can be.

**missymeow1213** » Mac, sweetie

**missymeow1213** » She's dangerous

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » dont worry i will be safe! i am not confronting her

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » promise!

**missymeow1213** » Call the police if it happens again.

**missymeow1213** » =/

**missymeow1213** » Just don't meet her alone.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i have hired an investigator to find out every last thing about her that she does not want being known

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && then i will have copies of the reports given to her w/ a message that says she is done with me and done with oaklee

**missymeow1213** » I think you should stay out of this.

**missymeow1213** » Antagonizing her will make it worse for you.

**missymeow1213** » I know how they think, Mac. And you remember what happened just yesterday.

**missymeow1213** » Please think about yourself. And Oaklee!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oaklee said he'll become hers and do eveyrthing she says

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c he is afraid ill be hurt by her

**missymeow1213** » I will talk to Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » Do NOT do anything rash

**missymeow1213** » You are a young girl and you could get hurt. Please.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » missy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » im not a kid ok

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » im going to handle this

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its my turn to protect oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » Please don't get hurt Mac...

**missymeow1213** » If you do, Oaklee will never forgive himself.

**missymeow1213** » I'll never forgive myself...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you have to start trusting me.

**missymeow1213** » I trust you..

**missymeow1213** » Just don't get hurt...

**missymeow1213** » -sigh-

**missymeow1213** » So tell me more. About what happened.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well she

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » touched my knickers

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && told me that oaklee hated me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& i had no friends b/c i was controlling

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and horrid.

**missymeow1213** » Sounds manipulative.

**missymeow1213** » I hope you didn't believe her.

**missymeow1213** » You don't have many friends because you're a shut in!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » for a little bit...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but then i pushed her and yelled at her!!!

**missymeow1213** » And you're like the least controlling person ever, might I add. =O

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then she slapped me hard

**missymeow1213** » You should have called the police.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i am not a shutin!!! i am a hibernating princess...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i pushed the panic button on the alarm

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so they were on there way

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » is the only reason she left!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » OH AND SHE WANTED TO HAVE A THREESOME WITH ME AND OAKLEE

**missymeow1213** » I'm not sure how true that is.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » SHE SAID IT MISSY

**missymeow1213** » Honestly, from a psychological perspective, it probably means she knows you wouldn't be interested in her unless Oaklee was a part of it.

**missymeow1213** » Meaning.

**missymeow1213** » YOU LOVEEEE HIMMMM

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i dont know what love is

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but he is v. cute && makes my chest feel funny

**missymeow1213** » Close enough.

**missymeow1213** » I wish Oaklee was as objective as you.

**missymeow1213** » Sorry, getting sidetracked. So what then? She just left?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he is a boy && boys are emotional!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » anyway what does that mean anyway??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » has he talked about me???

**missymeow1213** » I always tease him about liking you. He gets really mad.

**missymeow1213** » It sounds like reaction formation. Feel one way, act another. To like, throw people off.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it makes him mad to be thought of as liking me??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » bratty boy...

**missymeow1213** » He really is.

**missymeow1213** » Uh can I ask something?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yush

**missymeow1213** » Has he changed a lot? Since Sayla?

**missymeow1213** » I just worry that whatever she's done to him might be... too much for him.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » a bit

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he gets gooey w/ me sometimes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like when we got mira && when we got the coat &&& remember the training bra??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he even lets me call him a girl then

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i think that sayla makes him that way too

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but instead of doing cute things

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she takes advantage of him...

**missymeow1213** » I've been thinking a lot about that.

**missymeow1213** » His alter attitude.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » alter??

**missymeow1213** » I don't know. He's such a confident boy.

**missymeow1213** » He wears skirts and is still confident!

**missymeow1213** » It doesn't make sense that he would just... change.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && so cute...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its weird i know!!

**missymeow1213** » Well, no I mean it's not really in the scope of human reaction.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but like its like he gets very different like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » meek and passive and demure

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like me?

**missymeow1213** » Yeah.

**missymeow1213** » Which makes me think there's more.

**missymeow1213** » Another persona, perhaps.

**missymeow1213** » Not like multiple personalities! =O

**missymeow1213** » Just like... a switch.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » a switch??

**missymeow1213** » People do it all the time. Work versus friends, for instance.

**missymeow1213** » I do it for sure. I'm so different at my job than I am with my boyfriend.

**missymeow1213** » Basically two completely different people!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oaklee w/ his parents

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oaklee w/ his friends

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oaklee acting like mac?

**missymeow1213** » I don't know...

**missymeow1213** » I wouldn't call it that. Acting like you.

**missymeow1213** » You might not like the outcome.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i dont understand

**missymeow1213** » It's not important. =)

**missymeow1213** » I just worry.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » tell me!!

**missymeow1213** » If this other self he is sometimes is such a weak point...

**missymeow1213** » Sayla is very dangerous.

**missymeow1213** » Because it means Oaklee can't actually fight her off.

**missymeow1213** » No wonder he is so scared...

**missymeow1213** » He might not even realize why he listens to her...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she calls him her girlfriend too

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it makes me wonder liek if she wants him to be a girl

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but he's not b/c he's a boy

**missymeow1213** » It's crossed my mind, sure.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he said that he can't stop her && he's scared...

**missymeow1213** » I'm very worried.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh I GOT A EMAIL FROM my INVESTIGATOR

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » JUST NOW

**missymeow1213** » Mac. =(

**missymeow1213** » Do not cause trouble.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » sayla is a boy???

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » what???

**missymeow1213** » You didn't know that?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » NO I THOUGHT THAT OAKLEE LIEKD GIRLS

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » is that why he wont date me/????

**missymeow1213** » Sayla is a girl. Oaklee likes girls. Sayla was probably a boy before.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » wanna know other stuff?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u cant tell oaklee about this ok

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if he knows that i did this

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he might feel like he couldn't handle her on his own

**missymeow1213** » Mac. =(

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yea?

**missymeow1213** » Stop looking into this.

**missymeow1213** » The last thing you want to do is hurt her

**missymeow1213** » Make her angry, and you will regret it.

**missymeow1213** » I've dealt with cases like this.

**missymeow1213** » Please believe me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » not hurt her

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » just

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » give her reason not to bother with us anymore

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i dunno

**missymeow1213** » I am pulling rank here.

**missymeow1213** » I know what I am talking about.

**missymeow1213** » Do not piss her off, end of discussion

**missymeow1213** » Gosh you children are so hard to keep safe over the internet! =(

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » missy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i am 15 now

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && basically have had to be a adult for a long time

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if i ever want him to take me seriously as a adult

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i need to show him that i can protect him too

**missymeow1213** » -sigh-

**missymeow1213** » If you get hurt I am going to tell Oaklee about your dreams.

**missymeow1213** » So yeah. You watch yourself.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you are not!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » missy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » that is

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » a SECRET

**missymeow1213** » Then don't be reckless.

**missymeow1213** » So what about Oaklee? How was he the rest of the night?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he wouldn't put mira down

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && was like in that soft passive girly way

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& we cuddled a lot &&& shared the bed

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it was nice

**missymeow1213** » How do you treat him when he's like that?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » kind of like a little sister

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i get kind of maternal...

**missymeow1213** » Alright that's good.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it is??

**missymeow1213** » I just want you to know that that state, whatever it is, is probably how Sayla manipulates him.

**missymeow1213** » I've talked to him about Sayla at many points in his relationship. He gets angry. Argumentative. Rational.

**missymeow1213** » But around the time Sayla met you, something changed. He gets scared when he talks about her. Hides information. Pretends like nothing is wrong.

**missymeow1213** » I expect she figured out how to get into that part of him, the little sister part.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » that was the night he wet the bed...

**missymeow1213** » Uh.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she was gone when he woke up, and he seemed really confused..

**missymeow1213** » He wet the bed? =O

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yeah the nightt hat sayla came over for dinner

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and we had a fight the next morning??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i was trying to comfort him, && he yelled at me a lot

**missymeow1213** » I thought that fight was about Sayla! =O

**missymeow1213** » I didn't know he wet the bed!

**missymeow1213** » Why don't you tell me this stuff?!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yeah

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && then recently when he got ditched by sayla

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& i picked him up

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he was wearing a diaper

**missymeow1213** » =O

**missymeow1213** » I.

**missymeow1213** » I don't have a face equivalent to the reaction I want to convey.

**missymeow1213** » What did he say?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » do you think that sayla made him do it??

**missymeow1213** » Oh

**missymeow1213** » Huh

**missymeow1213** » That's a possibility.

**missymeow1213** » I didn't think of that.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c he does act rly childish when he is in one of those girly moods

**missymeow1213** » Hm. Childish?

**missymeow1213** » I thought he acted like you.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ...i spent over a thousand dollars on lolita dresses

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && talk to my dolls...

**missymeow1213** » lol I know

**missymeow1213** » I was making a point.

**missymeow1213** » But he acted that way before Sayla, didn't he? The build a bear thing?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yeah but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i know he never wet the bed b/c

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » before that time

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he was obsessed w/ my bedwetting

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && after that

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he was disgusted by it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ...and i just told you i wet the bed

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » great

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » uuuuuuggghhhh

**missymeow1213** » =O

**missymeow1213** » You wet the bed?!

**missymeow1213** » Gosh

**missymeow1213** » Golly gee willickers.

**missymeow1213** » I just

**missymeow1213** » That information is so surprising and I am befuddled.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ...he told you didnt he

**missymeow1213** » Told? Me? Oh certainly not.

**missymeow1213** » This is the first of my hearing of it!

**missymeow1213** » Right now.

**missymeow1213** » This moment.

**missymeow1213** » =O <look!

**missymeow1213** » Pure shock!

**missymeow1213** » I am so surprised Mac!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your faces dont fool me missuy!!!

**missymeow1213** » That you do that thing!

**missymeow1213** » With your bed!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » im actually a lot more okay w/ it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » since he did it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » isn;t that weird?

**missymeow1213** » The surprises are immense!

**missymeow1213** » I feel like this is a ploy so I'll tell you if he told me so you can be mad at him. =O

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » obv. he told you!

**missymeow1213** » I can neither confirm nor deny.

**missymeow1213** » But yes.

**missymeow1213** » I admit he was quite entranced with a friend's particular bed-liquid issues around the time you two met.

**missymeow1213** » For me to now learn it was you the whole time: =O

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ANYWAY

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » meaniepoopohead

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we are talking about oaklees bed-liquid issues!

**missymeow1213** » So if Oaklee had those feelings before Sayla.

**missymeow1213** » And then he wet your bed and you found him in a diaper.

**missymeow1213** » What does that say?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » that he just wants to be mac!

**missymeow1213** » And his not wanting to talk about your bedwetting anymore?

**missymeow1213** » You said that curiosity was gone?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » uhhuh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » liek

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it was his first time i know b/c

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its like how i didnt know what sayla was like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && i used to talk about her being bad for him

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » now i know

**missymeow1213** » So what do you think happened? Why isn't he curious? How did Sayla make him scared and quiet?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i think she found out about his little sister self somehow

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » liek

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » iono what triggers it to happen

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but it happened when we got mira

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && when he wore his loli dress

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so maybe she found that out

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maybe

**missymeow1213** » You see what I mean then about a weak point?

**missymeow1213** » And you promise to be careful when that weak point is exposed?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i spoil him rotten when he's that way && buy him cute coats and training bras!!

**missymeow1213** » Just be careful.

**missymeow1213** » And maybe... next time...

**missymeow1213** » Nevermind. =)

**missymeow1213** » Selfish thoughts.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » tell me!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » missy tell me!!

**missymeow1213** » It might be unethical.

**missymeow1213** » It might be best to wait until Oaklee is ready to talk about things.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » tell me anyway!

**missymeow1213** » I don't think I will. Because you're such a good friend. And I don't want you to be tempted.

**missymeow1213** » Oh gosh. =O

**missymeow1213** » Boyfriend's home!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » MISSY

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » you tell me riught now!!!

**missymeow1213** » Sweet wet dreams!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » or

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » ill

missymeow1213 » Ha see you don't know which dreams I'm talking about now.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » ...your so mean

missymeow1213 » Night. =)

Numbers-1377325 » you talking to mac/

Numbers-1377325 » ?8

Numbers-1377325 » your typing slow

missymeow1213 » Me?

missymeow1213 » Yes.

Numbers-1377325 » is she okay

Numbers-1377325 » im worried cause of what happened

Numbers-1377325 » she told you right

Numbers-1377325 » about sayla coming there

missymeow1213 » She did =)

Numbers-1377325 » is she okay

Numbers-1377325 » im so worried about her..

missymeow1213 » Well...

missymeow1213 » She's crying a lot still

missymeow1213 » Sayla molested her =\

missymeow1213 » But she seems to be getting better

missymeow1213 » How about YOU?

Numbers-1377325 » im fine im more worried about mac..

**Numbers-1377325** » she wont talk to me about it

**Numbers-1377325** » she just keeps saying it wont happen again that shell take care of it i dont even know what that means.

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, she told me the same thing =|

**missymeow1213** » Sayla sounds dangerous, Oaklee.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..i know..

**Numbers-1377325** » im trying so hard to stay away..

**Numbers-1377325** » and she hurt mac..

**Numbers-1377325** » i just.. how am i supposed to stay away now

**Numbers-1377325** » how am i supposed to let mac get hurt instead of me..

**missymeow1213** » Because you going back to her gives her power to hurt Mac.

**missymeow1213** » You staying away doesn't.

**missymeow1213** » Though...I am worried.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..worried?

**missymeow1213** » I did think Sayla would be bored by now. You need to tell me what happened in detail, leading up to when you got to Mac's.

**missymeow1213** » Leave nothing out =|

**missymeow1213** » This is for her.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...um...

**Numbers-1377325** » she showed up outside my house..

**Numbers-1377325** » ..um.. said some stuff.. i dont remember...

**Numbers-1377325** » reached into her little purse thing she had

**Numbers-1377325** » and.. uh..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk.. it was a blur..

**missymeow1213** » Then unblur it.

**Numbers-1377325** » my brother came out

**Numbers-1377325** » i got in the car with him and she texted me

**Numbers-1377325** » she sent me things i just.

**Numbers-1377325** » i didnt wanna reply but i did and idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » i told her i was going to macs to pick me up later

**Numbers-1377325** » i guess she came to pick me up and mac got in the way.....

**missymeow1213** » She made you feel small, I bet? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » im a fucking idiot..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » shes just weird.. shes so good at making me listen.

**missymeow1213** » But you don't find it weird that you're so independent otherwise? You don't listen to your parents, and you barely listen to Mac or me.

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » shes just got a way with words...

**Numbers-1377325** » can we focus on like

**Numbers-1377325** » not having mac hurt again

**Numbers-1377325** » please

**missymeow1213** » We keep doing what you've been doing, avoid her, don't let her get her fingers into you.

**Numbers-1377325** » it didnt work!

**Numbers-1377325** » i cant just wait until she hurts mac again

**Numbers-1377325** » mac is my friend and shes just a kid

**Numbers-1377325** » i cant let her do things to mac like that

**Numbers-1377325** » did you see her neck

**Numbers-1377325** » she was hurt because of me

**missymeow1213** » And you think surrendering to her is the answer?

**missymeow1213** » She already told Mac she was next.

**missymeow1213** » That she wanted a threesome with you and Mac.

**missymeow1213** » You think she'll stop with you?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..shes a kid..

**Numbers-1377325** » someone has to protect her..

**missymeow1213** » She barely leaves the house, Oaklee. She'll be safe, as long as we handle Sayla.

**missymeow1213** » And if you surrender to Sayla, she's just going to use you to get to Mac.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...yeah okay sure...

**Numbers-1377325** » right okay yeah..

**Numbers-1377325** » okay.. okay..

**Numbers-1377325** » sigh

**Numbers-1377325** » this sucks..

**Numbers-1377325** » I hate how scared i am..

**missymeow1213** » You don't find that weird, though?

**missymeow1213** » Like

**missymeow1213** » What else are you ever scared of?

**missymeow1213** » Probably the last time was... the day you got Mira?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..?

**Numbers-1377325** » i wasnt scared

**Numbers-1377325** » i was crying because her stupid glasses sucked

**Numbers-1377325** » and they got me weird feeling

**Numbers-1377325** » no way you are pschobabbling me

**missymeow1213** » you think glasses are responsible for you crying all afternoon until Mac cleaned your teddy?

**Numbers-1377325** » well..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk...

**Numbers-1377325** » i mean maybe thoes guys teasing me had somthin to do with it

**Numbers-1377325** » but i wasnt scared

**missymeow1213** » not scared at the idea of Mira having spots on her head forever?

**Numbers-1377325** » shes just a bear

**missymeow1213** » Interesting =)

**missymeow1213** » So

**missymeow1213** » You wouldn't mind of Mac threw her out?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..idk

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean shes stll mine..

**missymeow1213** » Why the name Mira?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk mac picked it

**missymeow1213** » Sounds like she really looks out for you.

**missymeow1213** » Kind of like a big sister.

**Numbers-1377325** » shes like ahlf my size. xd

**missymeow1213** » So? You've never seen FMA?

**Numbers-1377325** » nuh uh

**Numbers-1377325** » idk what that is

**missymeow1213** » It's a show =D

**missymeow1213** » Where the older sibling is much tinier than the younger one.

**missymeow1213** » Mac is totally your bed sister

**Numbers-1377325** » bed sister? are you being a pervert again

**missymeow1213** » Big =)

**missymeow1213** » I guess I was thinking about bedwetting and got my wires crossed =O

**Numbers-1377325** » idiot..

**missymeow1213** » Speaking of.

**missymeow1213** » How come you stopped being interested in Macs, anyway?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh

**Numbers-1377325** » bedwetting?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk it doesnt really change who she is so idc

**missymeow1213** » You had this big crusade to help her see that it wasn't weird

**missymeow1213** » And that it was cute, remember?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk i guess

**missymeow1213** » Well, I bet she could do with some feeling cute lately =D

**Numbers-1377325** » i tell her shes cute all the itme

**missymeow1213** » There's a difference between telling someone they're cute, and making them FEEL cute, Oaklee.

**Numbers-1377325** » i guess

**Numbers-1377325** » i mean after sayla

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe theres something i can do for her

**Numbers-1377325** » buy her some hair bows or something

**missymeow1213** » I think she'd like that =D

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you could go shopping with her? I'd love to see pictures of you in one of the lolita dresses she got you that one weekend.

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah maybe we could go to a movie or something

**Numbers-1377325** » i could do that

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe to help her feel better about sayla

**missymeow1213** » Oh hey, you know how she wets the bed?

**missymeow1213** » Is that a problem in movies, too?

**missymeow1213** » Developmentally speaking, kids who bedwet are also likely to wet in movie theaters because of the darkness and distraction.

**Numbers-1377325** » idk sometimes

**missymeow1213** » Well, if she does, just make sure to be supportive, okay? =)

**missymeow1213** » Make her feel adorable.

**Numbers-1377325** » sure

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe shopping is easier

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**missymeow1213** » Well, either way, spend time with her =D

**missymeow1213** » And send me pictures of you two together, okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » she does the picture taking but ill tell her you want some

**Numbers-1377325** » her phone takes nice pictures mine takes terrible ones

**missymeow1213** » you know she has like a dozen spare phones

**missymeow1213** » She would GIVE you one if you aksed

**missymeow1213** » You can just put your sim in it!

**Numbers-1377325** » mom doesnt like handouts

**Numbers-1377325** » it wouldnt go over well

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe for my birthday

**missymeow1213** » Just stay distracted, alright? A few days of taking care of yourself, and hanging out with Mac, and just try not to stress. For me? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » ..yeah okay i can do that

**Numbers-1377325** » thanks missy

**missymeow1213** » good girl

**missymeow1213** » er boy

**missymeow1213** » Sorry, had been talking to Mac =D

**Numbers-1377325** » idiot.. 8rollseyes8

**missymeow1213** » Gotta go. Boyfriend is home!

**80:**

**Mac** » I wanna meet.

**Sayla** » I knew you'd come around princess.

**Mac** » yes your soooooo smart

**Sayla** » That arrogance will not earn you my company.

**Mac** » your right, maybe it was a bad idea

**Mac** » silly me and my curiosity!

**Sayla** » Say please. And I'll come over.

**Sayla** » A rich girl like you should certainly know manners.

**Mac** » please

**Mac »** and don't dress like a tart okay??

**Mac »** have some self-respect!

**Sayla »** I'll bring some of my tartiest clothes for you. I know how much you liked them last time. ;)

**Mac »** c u soon

I knocked on the door with a bag in my hand. True to my word, I was in my schoolgirl outfit. I was happy as a clam. Sure, it had been three days. Oaklee wouldn't speak to me. Catching him out of the house was basically impossible for the 3 day weekend. But tomorrow was Monday. I could use Mac to get to him.

Okay, so I was scared. Scared out of my wits, honestly — Sayla was a storm in human form, and I had to make sure to keep my wits about me. Tucked into my pocket was the panic button remote, and on my vanity upstairs was a copy of all the documents I had on her so far. The investigator had a little more to send me, but that was a great deal of it. She'd leave us alone. I answered the door with as much confidence as I could muster.

I stepped in with a smile on my face, taking my shoes off by the door. Mac didn't say anything. She was nervous. She had a right to be. I'd be nice, though. Always start nice. **"I'm sorry for last time, Mac. I didn't mean to hit you like that. I didn't want to. You were just being so disrespectful. But I promise, as long as you're nice, I'll be nice too! Okay?"** I smiled as happily as I could. I was such a good faker. **"Would you like to talk about how you feel?"**

Deep breath. Focus. I stepped away from the girl and decided to handle this in my safest place — though I didn't want her up there, I was strongest in my room. **"Maybe you'd like to come upstairs first? I don't really hang out in other places in the house, anyway, and I can show you my room?"** Sweet I could be, sweet had been drilled into me from birth.

I couldn't help but smile. Inviting me upstairs so quickly. I was elated. There weren't words. I followed Mac up the stairs, up into her bedroom. And wow, was it... unique. Such a child's room. And with the way Mac dressed... was she in on it? On what Oaklee liked? Did they share this? My head was swimming with possibilities. **"Your room is so cute! Gosh you are just the cutest thing..."**

I sat on the edge of my bed, knees together, and focused on the thrumming of my heartbeat in my chest. Mac, you got this... you have everything you need, you just need to set out the way things are going to be. **"I don't want you to see Oaklee anymore."** I meant to sound assertive, but my voice quivered, cracked a little, as I spoke.

...hm. Okay, so I hadn't expected that. I mean, I always thought Mac was into Oaklee. Or maybe this was *because* she was into Oaklee. Was it her jealousy? That she wanted what Oaklee had? Or was it to protect him? Either way... **"If I had you, sweet girl, I wouldn't need a boy like him."**

My head swam with notions. I could free Oaklee from her... **"Oaklee told me that you're not really a girl."** Okay, he didn't, but I knew it now and that was what mattered. I wanted her not to be interested to me, because my self esteem was pretty wrecked at the moment and her words were heavy and potent.

**"I'm sure he didn't use words like that,"** I said simply, which was true. Oaklee would never word it like that. It would make him gay, if he did. And he wasn't. I ran my fingers up my skirt, pulling it up just a little bit. **"But it's true I have a male body. If you're interested in it, you only need to ask..."**

**"No. I'm... I'm not. You're going to leave Oaklee alone, okay? He only likes girls, anyway, and... and wearing cute clothes doesn't make you a girl, Sayla. Otherwise Oaklee would be a girl, and he's not, so..."** I looked away from her as she toyed with her skirt, my cheeks pink. I wasn't going to indulge her in this!

**"No, clothes do not make me a girl. My saying I'm a girl makes me a girl."** I stood up again, off the edge of the bed, and towered over the girl. In reality, I was maybe only a couple inches taller. But still. I crossed my arms over my chest. **"I wouldn't so openly insult me, little one."**

**"I... I don't wanna talk about this, okay? I'm telling you that you have to leave Oaklee alone."** She stood in front of me, looking down at me, my neck craned to meet her gaze, and my head spun. She felt so much bigger than me, and it was because I was sitting, but I couldn't stand with her so close to me.

My fingers drew lines in the girl's hair, against her scalp, and down her cheeks. She trembled at my touch. She was easier than Oaklee was. I leaned down, softly, gently, and pushed my lips to hers. She didn't pull away until I was finished, and by then she was shaking. **"Shh... it's okay... lay back..."**

My head swam, my eyes hurt, and my chest thrummed. Something was wrong with me. Something was wrong with this. I felt dizzy, dizzy from her stupid kiss... lovely kiss. Ugh. Uuuugh. I shook my head softly, but it was all I could manage, my body laying down as she'd directed. She was so dangerous... maybe the danger was exciting... maybe I was just lonely.

I kissed her again. Again. Again. She let me. She whimpered. She laid together with me on her bed. And my fingers played with her hips. She wore jeans today - smart girl. **"You're so cute, Mac... gosh, you're the cutest girl in the whole wide world. I just wanna eat you up..."**

Oaklee called me cute, but never like that, never so... passionately. My head was like syrup, and I opened my mouth a few times before managing even a single sound. Why had I asked her here? To make her leave Oaklee alone? That was what it was, right? Right? **"Stop... stop changing the topic...S-s-sayla, you... I..I told you that you need to-"** She kissed me again, and that was the end of that thought.

Sayla ran her fingers through the girl's hair, kissing her lips again and again, and decided to take a chance. A little chance at something she'd been wondering. The room. The clothes. The style. It seemed obvious... **"Shh... you're a good girl... my good little girl... my little baby girl... gosh you're just so cute... so innocent... so sweet..."**

Oh my gosh. There were so many thoughts, so many ideas. So many emotions. Coy. Blushing. Anger. Stop. No. You wouldn't let anybody else talk to you like that... **"I'm not... not a kid... I'm... I'm an adult, same as Oaklee... don't treat me like a kid..."** I couldn't look her in the eye. I kept focusing on my dresser, at something atop it, but couldn't remember why. I felt fuzzy.

**"...same as Oaklee, right?"** I put my finger to the girl's lips, and like magic, she started to suck on it. The same as Oaklee. She was so right. My eyes were bright and happy. Her and Oaklee would make such amazing toys... **"You are. Just the same. Both my little girls... my little baby girls... the two cutest little twins. You are both just such pretty babies..."**

**"Imph... I'm... I'm not a baby..."** Why was I sucking on her finger? Why? Because it was there. Because she wanted me to. Because if I made her happy, she'd make my happy. She was... I didn't even know the words. My thoughts detailed like the train tracks were made of cotton. **"You're not supposed to...and... Oaklee is a boy... not a girl..."** Desk. Vanity. Envelope. Envelope. Mail. Mail... Oaklee was male...?

**"My little Oaklee's definitely on her way to being a girl. And you're gonna show her how, right? Isn't that what sisters do?"** Oh gosh. I was so fucking turned on by this. She sucked on my finger like a child and my head was swimming. Before I could think clearly I'd pulled my finger out of her mouth and unbuttoned the school blouse. I lifted the bra out of the way, showing my barely-existent breasts. With so little effort with the small girl, I pulled her onto my lap, pushing my nipple to her lips.

What... no. No. Envelope. Oaklee. Oaklee is a boy. Oaklee is not a girl. Oaklee is in danger... she pressed her nipple to my lips, and I sucked. I felt giddy and sick and thrilled and confused and... calm. Envelope... was...and Oaklee was my little sister sometimes, right? Maybe he could be my twin sister sometimes. I guess I liked girls too... boys and girls. I guess I never really thought about it, but it was okay. This was okay. But... Sayla was... I pulled my lips away, softly, breathing shallowly, blinking to focus. **"...I'm not... not a tart... can't just... just do this..."**

**"Shhh... that's a good baby girl... a fantastic baby girl... such a cooperative baby girl..."** The words hushed her. She fell deeper and deeper into me. Her lips touched my nipple again and started to suck. My fingers gently undid the button on her jeans, and she didn't move to stop me. With gentle motions, I ran my fingers into her pants, between her legs, and against her underwear.

Oh my gosh...it was bad. This was bad. This was the opposite of good. This was... I was a good girl. I was demure and cute and sweet, and and... and I moaned around her nipple, quivering as she touched me, like she pushed a button to electrocute me. She needed to stop. She needed to stop. I wriggled, trying to squirm away, trying to get away from those fingers, from her words. No. No no no. Envelope. What is in the envelope, Mac?!

She squirmed in my lap, whimpering as she sucked on my chest. I was so hard it wasn't even funny. I kept playing with her panties, pushing against them, harder, faster, until she was moaning. Until she couldn't keep sucking because she was too busy trying to gasp for air. **"That's a good girl. Shh... good baby girl. Make your panties all wet for Mommy so she can change you... get you nice and protected..."**

I pulled away, I pulled away and I sat up, and I scurried back to the head of my head, lost, dazed. Wet. Was I wet? Did I wet? Did I? I squeezed my legs together and focused on her, on the sources of light that had halos around them, and shook my head. **"I don't wet... babies wet, I don't. I'm a big girl."** Big girl? Really?

I climbed further up the bed, to where the girl was panicking, and I took her hand in mine. Without a second thought, I pushed it between her legs. Her fingers touched the front of her panties. Against the wetness. And her cheeks went crimson. **"You're wet little baby. My wet baby. Now you have two choices. Cry and get spanked. Or show Mommy how much you like being wet. Touch yourself."**

I shook my head. I didn't understand the options, I didn't know why I was wet. I hadn't wet myself. It never happened in the day, unless I was at the movies. I shook my head, but my hand stayed where she'd put it. **"Sayla... you... you're just... just doing to me what you do to Oaklee... and and he's so scared now, scared and lost..."**

**"The next words you say will be "Yes Mommy", and your fingers will move against your shameful underwear. Or you're going over my knee, and I'll spank you until you cry and can't sit for a week. You have until the count of three. One."** I wasn't joking. She knew I wasn't joking. And she was so hazy. She was so easy. **"Two."**

**"Yes... M...M...Michael."** That word came to my lips, a word from the envelope. Her name. Her real name. The envelope. So many things. So many ways to stop her from ever coming near us again. I was so foggy, though, I couldn't remember anything else, only that name, only her real name. Everything else was in the packet...

I stopped. I sat there. I stared at her. Her hazy eyes. Her red cheeks. She was a malleable puppet. She was a doll. A toy. But that word. It had me freeze. She didn't mean it. Or, if she did, she meant someone else. My heart was racing... "...**what did you say?**" I should have just spanked her. I was hesitating...

**"M-m-michael. Michael. It's... it's your n-n-name."** Fragments, little words and sentences. Little things, not big things. Simple things. **"Before you were sold."** Sold. She'd been sold. Like property. It was scandalous, but I couldn't focus on it. My knickers were damp. I squeezed my legs together and tried to keep my focus on point. Envelope...

I slapped her. I slapped her so hard. Harder than I knew I had the strength for. I slapped her so hard she fell over, onto her side, and her glasses hit the floor. I was shaking. **"Who the fuck do you think you are, talking to me like that?! You want to be punished?! If you think you're afraid of a spanking, just you wait to see what I have in store for a mouthy little fuck like you!"**

I screamed. Squealed like a child, my glasses bent and warped on the floor, and my inner cheek bleeding. Missy warned me. Missy told me not to, but... but it was for Oaklee... **"E-e-envelope..."** It was all or nothing. She was going to kill me, she was going to do horrible things to me. I needed her to look in the envelope, to see the files on herself, needed her to see what I had on her.

I grabbed the girl's hair and tugged her to her feet, only to throw her into the wall. A lamp fell off onto the floor, casting strange shadows. My chest was racing. Finally, I picked her up again, by the hair, and dragged her to the closet. I let her go, rummaging through, until I found a scarf. I tied her hands behind her back with it and pushed down on her back with my foot. **"Apologize! Apologize and maybe I won't fuck you in the ass! Apologize and maybe I won't cut your pretty little face up!"**

I was going to die. She was going to kill me, she was going to rape me, and hurt me, and torture me, and kill me. I was crying, sobbing, and I shook my head, apologizing over and over to the girl. She'd see inside the envelope, but I needed now to play along, to calm her down, to stop her from hurting me any further. Is this what she did to Oaklee...? **"Sorry, sorry, sorry... sorry..."**

My chest was racing. But her words, her apologies, were genuine. I took a deep breath, trying to calm down. I was shaking so badly. I couldn't make sense of it... I closed my eyes and took another deep breath... **"You need to be punished,"** I said slowly, my head spinning. I needed to punish her... **"You need to learn your place... don't you agree? Hm?"**

Placate her. Calm her. She's crazy... she's absolutely crazy. Do what she says, don't argue, let her calm down, then show her the envelope. That's a plan... that's a plan, but I was still so scared. I was shaking when I nodded my head. **"Uh huh."** I hadn't ever seen her angry, had Oaklee? Is that why he was so afraid of her?

**"If you move, when I get back, I'm going to take every virginity you could possibly have..."** I stormed out of her room. I was so furious. I raced down the stairs, my heart racing. I went into the bathroom, running my fingers through my hair. I couldn't stop shaking. I couldn't stop. I splashed water on my face and looked into the mirror. That girl. Me. I punched the mirror as hard as I could, splintering it. Blood dripped down from my hand...

I heard the glass shatter from upstairs, and winced, laying still. I had the panic button in the pocket of my jeans, but if I pressed it... she'd never leave Oaklee alone. I couldn't do that, I couldn't. So carefully, I stood up, well, got to my knees, and crawled softly to the vanity, taking the envelope. And then, with as much precision as my shaking limbs would allow, I laid back down where I'd been, as best I could, the envelope by my side, so she'd see it when she got back. I was so in over my head...

When I came back upstairs, I was carrying a tray of ice cubes beside me. She was where I'd left her, though the manila envelope from the dresser had fallen to the floor. Disregarding it, I grabbed the girl by her hair, and flipped her onto her stomach. Without waiting for the protests, I tugged down the back of her jeans and broke one of the ice cubes out of the tray. **"What is my name?"** I said flatly, loudly, assertively.

No! No, you're supposed to look at the envelope! Be curious! I winced and squirmed, and shook my head. **"Sayla! Sayla is your name!"** I didn't know what she was planning, why the ice, why any of this. My heart was racing. I could reach my pocket, quickly, manage it. Make it beep, get help... maybe she'd get arrested?!

I didn't give her time to stretch. I let it be painful. I let her cry and I let her screams fill the entire house. I pushed the ice cube, fresh from the freezer, straight into her ass. She thrashed, kicking her feet, screaming, but I stayed sitting on her back, holding her in place. **"Yes. That *is* my name. But it seems you think otherwise, right? Calling me something else? So let's do this until it sinks in properly. What's my name?"**

Oh my god, oh my god, I'd never... I'd never been in so much pain. I started to sob, shaking, squirming, I was done, I was done! I reached for my pocket, got my fingers inside, felt the remote, and she grabbed my wrist — the little button remote tumbling out onto the floor in full sight. **"Stop! Stop! Sayla stop! Stop! You... the envelope... envelope... stop!"**

**"....you were trying to trick me?"** My heartbeat went even faster. I looked at the little button on the floor, the button next to the envelope, and then down at the girl's ass. A serene calm came over me. Everything went still. I looked at the girl's butt in front of me. And without a word. I pushed the ice cube in. Another. Another. She screamed. She begged. But until nine of the twelve ice cubes were inside her, I didn't stop.

My throat was hoarse by the time she was done, and I'd stopped screaming, and now simply sobbed with each insertion; the cold numbing me to the pain after a few and

leaving only the violated feeling over and over... the shameful violation. **"...stop... please stop... please, I'm sorry, please stop... stop now... please... look... look... look inside... inside the envelope... please... no more."**

**"Envelope this. Envelope that."** My voice was hardly mine. Inflectionless. Purely neutral. No emotion. No anything. I took the little envelope in my shaking hands. I opened it up. Papers. My papers. Documents. Me. Everything about me. But I felt nothing. I felt... nothing at all...

**"...your name was... M-m-michael... born to... a drug addicted mom... she... she s-s-sold you... and... and he did this...did this to you... m-m-made you i-into this... why... w-why would you do this... t-to someone else?"** My body was burning in anxious self-loathing, and my behind felt strange, and I couldn't breath proper...

**"...you're pathetic,"** I muttered, the same voiceless voice. If this were a tall room, there would be no echoes. I looked at the girl with blank eyes. I looked at her and shook my head. **"You and him are both so pathetic... so much more pathetic than I ever was. It should have happened to you..."**

**"I was going...g-g-going to blackmail you...s-s-sayla... but... but I want to hug you... o-o-okay? Properly... n-n-no agenda. I think you need it..."** Not the blackmailing wasn't an option still, and I would do that if I needed to, but there was a side of her now that I didn't imagine existed, that maybe was buried inside. A human side, even if she was broken...

She tried to sit up, but with one sharp move I pushed her back to the floor, one sharp move that knocked her head so hard she couldn't be thinking straight, at least for a couple seconds. Slowly, I climbed on her, and I kissed her. Gentle, until the end, when I bit her lip. It bled. And then I pushed my thumb into her mouth. She sucked quietly while I talked, the blood from my cut hand dribbling down to her mouth, into her lip through the cut. **"You won't forget me, Mac... you and Oaklee won't forget me. The STDs I'm giving you, you'll give to him... HIV, syphilis... you'll always have them... a reminder..."** I pulled my thumb out of the girl's mouth, climbing up on shaky feet. Tears were running down my cheeks. **"...you're both such babies, anyway... I don't have time for children..."** My footsteps echoed through the house. Slow. Patient. Until the gentle closing of a door. And the end of a story.

It was a long time before I moved after that. The words she'd said sent chills through my body, chills worse than the ice, chills worse than the worst storms. She was gone. I wanted to believe for real, for good, forever... I didn't think it would happen this way. I felt violated. Dirty. Scared. Scared of what she'd said, scared of what she'd done... I pushed the button twenty minutes after she left. Twenty one minutes later, water erupted from my bottom, soaking my panties. I didn't care... I met the officers at the door, and I smiled meekly, looking down. **"I was assaulted by an intruder... um... I would like to go to the hospital now please..."** I felt numb... but the numbness was better than the burning panic soaking my inside, and the metallic taste of her blood.

## PART 5

### 81:

True to Mac's word, Sayla stopped bothering me. No texts. No appearing on my front steps. And when I went into the Walgreen's a month later, they said she quit. Most of me was relieved, but a part of me... well, she was one of the only people in my life who actually seemed to like me. Her and Mac. Of course, Mac wasn't terrible to me, either. At least I still had her. The snow was melting away from the February afternoons. Snow days were over with. I had A lunch, still, and Mac still had B, but my mom was starting to let things go. I never kept things in the house anymore: makeup, clothes, et cetera. But she would let me visit friends' houses. She would let me go to Mac's after school as long as I was back by nine. I kept my obligations minimal; I didn't want another scheduled life. I wanted to just hang out and not give a fuck. Which I seemed to be managing just fine.

**"Do you think your parents would let you go to California in May?"** One of my pleasures was paper magazines, and I had subscriptions to well over two dozen of them — the one in front of me on my bed at the moment was a gaming one. I didn't play very many games, but I liked to read about them, and conventions and stuff. I was on my tummy, kicking my legs while I read, and Oaklee was over in front of my closet trying things on. Sometimes he just liked to do that, so he could learn more about fashion and outfits. Things had been... well... a little different since that night with Sayla — I spent the night in the hospital, but never mustered up the courage to ask for the tests I should have. Right now, Sayla's gift was quantum, both true and false, and if I got tested there was chance for it to be true. It made my chest hurt. As a result, I'd decided I was happy not to be romantically involved with anybody — it made my interactions with Oaklee a lot simpler.

**"California? Ugh, I doubt it... they'd want me to pay myself, and I don't have a job or anything..."** I was going to be 16 in a week and a half. I needed to actually get a job! Then I could buy whatever clothes I wanted and keep them at Mac's. Though, recently, I hadn't minded some of the stuff she bought me. Since she'd gotten Sayla to leave me alone, I just... saw her differently. As needing less protecting.

I nodded my head thoughtfully, flipping pages before suggesting, off-hand, **"What if we tell them that you'd be going as my chaperone, because my parents don't want me going on my own?"** Honestly, my parents probably didn't want me going on my own, but they were never here when I did things like this, and by the time they were they'd forget to scold me for it.

**"I'm pretty sure that's the exact opposite thing they'd want to hear."** I mean, sure, my parents want me chilling with girls. And like, fucking girls. Eventually. But they didn't want me to get someone pregnant, especially not a rich girl from the west. **"It's a good idea, though... and summer here doesn't sound so bad. I can stay out later, ya know?"**

**"Uhhuh."** Staying out, in this case, meant staying at Mac's place, because I rarely liked to leave. And since the Sayla incident, I was, if anything, a little more reluctant. Speaking of. **"One of your friends asked me out last night. Um. I don't remember which one, but their SN is cherrybanana and then some numbers."**

**"Oh yeah...?"** I didn't look up. Josh. I didn't think he'd actually go through with it. Not that I cared. I went back to rummaging through the clothes in the closet. I'd seen this closet top to bottom ten times over. I didn't know why I was still looking... **"Um... what'd you say?"** Ugh... why did it matter...

**"I told him it was really sweet, but I'm not really into dating right now."** Which as the truth. **"But he didn't believe me. He thinks I have a boyfriend already and I'm lying to him."** Honestly, I was lying a little — the idea of dating was a little appealing, even! But I was damaged goods, since that night, and I couldn't have anybody getting interested in me.

**"Josh is an idiot... don't listen to what he says."** I was smiling, just a bit. I wasn't trying to protect her anymore. I knew better, now. She was impressive, more than I could ever be. She wasn't a child, she was just... magical. I didn't want that magic wasted on stupid people. **"Um, do you know where Mira is...?"** I always asked about her nowadays.

**"She's with Cheez, they're in the playroom, with Nanako and Naomi."** My two bigger dolls, and my favorites. They occupied perpetual real-estate in that room, except if I was taking them down to play with them or dress them or talk to them — which I did embarrassingly often. **"Make sure you ask Nanako if it's okay, they might be in the middle of something."**

**"Okay."** I walked up from the closet and went into the other room. The teddy bears were sitting with two dolls nearly twice their size. I bent down and asked quietly: **"Can I borrow Mira for a little bit?"** and scooped her up. I held her to my chest and went right back to what I was doing, looking through the closet.

The magazine had expended its interest to me, and by the time Oaklee got back, I was sitting up on the edge of my large bed, kicking my feet idly. **"What are we doing for your birthday?"** I had ideas. Plans, even, but his family probably had plans and they came first. He still never let me meet them, and a little while ago I'd stopped asking.

**"Uh, I don't know... I never really do anything for my birthday. Since last year, my parents don't really buy me stuff anymore. They say it's because of money, but I**

doubt it. **Actually, I'll probably get a shirt or jeans or something. I just hope they're tasteful.**" I sighed and rolled my eyes, hugging Mira tighter to my chest. **"Mm... nothing to wear today. Maybe it's not a dress up day after all."** I looked pretty on point either way. I had a vest from family pictures a couple weeks ago. It looked really cool with my blue button up.

**"Let's go shopping, then?"** Honestly, I wasn't sure if he noticed, but I took any excuse not to leave the house nowadays, and that I suggested it at all was borderline miracle material. He probably wouldn't. I did decide, however, to throw him a party — I'd invite his friends, and rent out a place, I wasn't sure where yet. But as long as he was home by 9pm, he was afforded free-reign, and as long as they didn't have to pay, his friends would all come. Maybe Laser Tag? Lolita Laser Tag? Laser Tag but you have to wear Loli Clothes? Nah... his friends would never go for that...

**"Yeah? Alright. That sounds cool."** I got up from the ground and dusted off my pants. We were halfway down the stairs before Mac asked: **"Are you bringing her?"** I looked down at Mira in my arms and shrugged my shoulders. **"I dunno... I guess... what's it matter, right?"** I never liked letting Mira go when I was at Mac's anymore, but this was the first time I was taking her out of the house. And I wasn't even in that little sister headspace people talked about behind my back.

There was a smile on my lips, and I thought about the talks with Missy — she'd predicted this — and how excited she'd be to know she was right. Little Sister Oaklee was leaking through. **"Well, would you like to change her into something a little more spring-ish? She's wearing an evening party dress right now, because she was having tea with Cheez and Nanako and Naomi."** Even before it had been explained to me by Missy, I had liked to encourage him to indulge with Cheez.

**"Oh... um... I guess that's true."** I bit my cheek and nodded my head. **"Be right back, okay?"** I went up the stairs and found the drawer of Build A Bear clothes. Mira was dressed in one of the old dresses I got her, months ago. A colorful flower dress. It didn't scream February, and it would attract more attention than the evening dress, but she looked so cute in it. I held her to my chest and hurried back downstairs to find Mac. My cheeks weren't pink. I wasn't blushing. My glasses weren't foggy. **"Alright, let's go."**

A part of me wanted to bring Cheez along, but at the same time, this was a breakthrough for Oaklee and I didn't want to make it about me. We stepped outside into air no longer chilled by winter, though there was still the final vestiges of snow clinging for life on the ground here and there. We'd go to the mall, the same upscale one where we'd bought Mira, because it had a range of very classy clothing stores that I could take Oaklee to. **"I love the weather like this... if it could stay like this all year, I would totally let it."**

I had my coat that Mac had bought me. The blue one with keys on the zippers. With the vest, with the blue top, I looked spiffy as fuck. Seriously, I could go to a wedding or

gala event. Even with the bear in my arms, I was so confident. I was so me. **"I like coats and stuff, I just don't like the snow. It gets my feet wet."**

**"We need to get you wellies for next winter."** One of the perils of buying clothes online was often the foreign vernacular that accompanied, and he looked at my funny. **"Cute English rain boots? You know? And you can get them in shin-high, or knee-high, and they make you feel like you can splash around in puddles like a kid."**

**"That sounds so cool."** We got into one of the cars. The charm of Mac's U car things had worn off on me, but it didn't mean they weren't still very awesome. I mean, a 15 year old friend that could drive! Essentially, anyway. It drove down the road toward the mall.

**"I wish you could take Mira home — she misses you a lot, still, even though you see each other a lot more lately."** A few weeks ago, something had happened, and it had stopped being my thing to say how the teddies were thinking. A few weeks ago, Oaklee had said that Mira was hungry when he wanted to order food, and he'd sat with her in his lap while he'd eat. I felt a lot more on the same level with him lately.

**"...yeah, I know. I wish I could, too. But if I don't make waves at home, I can visit you and Mira every day after school, right?"** That had been a thing for upwards of two weeks. Every day, I'd go to Mac's. It was... nice. No drama. No anything. Just time with Mac and Mira. And in the evenings, when I'd come home, I had Missy until bedtime.

**"That's true."** I nodded in agreement, and then added, **"maybe when I come over, I could bring her with me and say that she's mine, so she can at least cuddle with you in your bed occasionally."** He looked away when I mentioning coming over — rarely did he argue nowadays, mostly he'd just smile like I'd said something silly, and we'd go back to doing what we were doing. I guess he had his reasons. **"You know after your birthday, if you wanna run away from home, you can? I read that online..."**

**"I don't have a job, Mac... or money, or..."** I took a deep breath and shook my head, faking a smile. I gave her that usual smile, the one that said she was being silly, and rolled my eyes. **"I'll be okay. Don't you worry about me!"**

**"You could stay with me. I wrote an email to my parents about you months ago, and they think you're adorable."** I'd shown pictures of him in some of his prettier outfits, of course — my parents weren't homophobic, not that I knew of, but I was still their daughter. I figured if they thought he was gay they might like him more. I was right.

**"No offense, Mac. But you shouldn't even be staying without your parents."** Seriously, if child services came to Mac's house, she'd get taken away from her family. If I got child services involved in Mac's family? It would wind up with two kids without

parents, not zero. I sighed and leaned against the back of the seat, hugging Mira to my chest. **"I'll wait until I get a job..."**

The sad truth was, he wasn't kidding — to say they were rarely there was overly generous to the people who had essentially abandoned me in the face of their collective careers. I often felt like a by-product of their relationship and not really a daughter. I smiled, nodded, and put my head on Oaklee's shoulder. **"You could be my new maid? You'd look hot in the uniform..."** Hot was a descriptor I'd only recently started using.

I couldn't help but laugh at that one. **"If worse comes to worse, maybe I'll take you up on that, alright?"** I wouldn't, because I liked Mac. She was my best friend. I wouldn't risk changing that dynamic, even if it meant getting my arm broken again. I put my arm around her - the one that was still in a cast up to three weeks ago - and pulled her head onto my shoulder. And as if on cue, we pulled into the mall parking lot.

**"Now I know that you like the stores I go to, you have to trust me, okay? Some of them can be intimidating."** The mall was fairly empty this time of the afternoon, after the post-school inundation, and before the dinner-time-shoppers. It was a lovely little lull in between chaos.

**"Uh... sure. Just no like, Victoria Secret stuff, okay?"** To be honest, though this wasn't something I'd tell Mac, I'd had just about my limit of women's underwear for a long, long while. I was still holding Mira in my arms while we walked.

**"Well, it depends — if I think you need a corset, they have some really cute ones!"** Admittedly, this mall had its own proper boutique for corsets, but VS wasn't beyond usefulness. **"How do you think they decide what temperature to have malls at? It's always perfect in winter and perfect in summer, who comes up with those temperatures?"**

**"There's probably a psychological study or something. Like I bet millions of dollars have gone into funding exactly what temperature people like in malls... ya know, while kids starve in Africa and stuff."** This was quintessential Oaklee talk, despite the teddy bear in my arms.

As I nodded in concurrence, we passed through the entry into one of the boutiques — this one sold limited run and one-off pieces by independent developers, and had some of the cutest clothes I'd ever seen. It was pricey, but Oaklee had learned not to argue money with me. **"Um. So. Everything here is one of a kind, or one of a handful, they say on the racks, and all are independent labels and designers."**

**"Okay..."** Some of the stuff was cute. A lot of it wasn't really my style. Most of the lolita stuff she got me wasn't really my style either, but it was okay for little dress up fake tea party stuff that we did sometimes. But since I'd come to visit Mac's, I'd amassed a good deal of skirts and cardigans, things to go with what I actually *liked* to wear.

**"When I leave the house, I can spend hours in here."** I held up a hoodie that was pastel blue with different colored pockets, made out of the softest fleece in the whole darn world, and then pulled it on over my top right there in the middle of the store.

**"Cute? It's a bit big on me... you should try it on, it would bring out your eyes."**

**"It's a little... flashy..."** It reminded me of something I'd see at the club. Probably not something Sayla would wear, but maybe one of her friends. Maybe I was a bit too forward in letting Mac take me into a store like this. I hugged Mira against my chest and went to look around at some of the racks.

**"Well we can look somewhere else if you like? It takes some time to find cute things here, but you can buy here knowing that what you buy is completely unique to you. I kinda love that."** And to be fair, not only had Oaklee commended my dress sense endlessly, if Missy was correct, then at least some of his motivation was in emulating me.

**"What about this one?"** Just a shirt. It was feminine, and it was dimmer than some of the rave-kid clothes, but it was definitely pretty. To think it was one of a kind... it was simple and fashionable. And best of all - no need for boobs, by the look of it.

**"Oh! Oh that is cute. Okay. You go try it on, come on, we'll go together, I wanna see it on you."** I was not an excitable girl, not typically, but by the same token, I did want to encourage his choices and excitement like that was typical of how I'd feel when I found something cute. Just rarely did I ever display that kind of thing.

It was darling. I mean, I'd had cuter clothes, but for what it was, for the type of outfit, for everything it had going for it, I couldn't hate on it. It fluttered down past my jeans, the neckline dipping just a little longer than a boy's, colored in pastel. Little lines fell down from the top, dim enough to give an illusion of pattern. I came out of the changing room in the top, clung to my chest. **"Yeah? How is it?"**

**"Cute enough to eat right up."** I never flirted with Oaklee anymore — it didn't make any sense to me. Sayla wanted me to give to him what she gave to me, and I wouldn't do that to him. If that meant that I could never have him... then fine. So be it. I still crushed very badly on Oaklee, don't get me wrong! I still looked in ways that lingered too long, and blushed at inappropriate times. But flirting I never did.

**"How much is..."** Oh. Wow. Okay... **"It's not really that cute..."** **"Oh quit being a brat and give me that tag."** Mac took the tag off the top and I put the vest on over top the new shirt. Nah. Didn't look right. So I carried my vest, my blue shirt, and my jacket. The way the new top bounced off my shoulders, it was very cute without a cardigan or hoodie.

**"It makes your shoulders look really slim, too, so you look more like me."** It had been long enough for me to know that it was a compliment to him, but I was curious as to whether or not he'd blush like he did when he was in Little Sister Mode. **"We should**

**find you a cute skirt to go with it, because it's spring now and spring is definitely skirt weather."**

"**I have no idea how you think February is spring...**" I rolled my eyes and followed behind the girl. I kept Mira tucked against my chest, still holding the doll. We found a skirt that went amazing with the top at a different store, and with my glasses I looked perfect. Of course, the way it looked now would be a summer outfit. The top didn't lend itself to cardigans either. Still, maybe when summer came around we could go to a movie in it! And despite it all. A perfect outfit. Something I would normally be over the moon about... but I was just casually smiling. Nodding sometimes. Quieter.

"**Is something the matter?**" We were sitting in the food court, and I was sipping my soda. We didn't share sodas anymore, not since that night. If he even noticed, beyond my usual early excuses of I'm just thirsty, he didn't say anything. I just couldn't risk him getting sick. Not that I felt sick, but I looked up so much stuff on every bloodborn virus I could find, and so many of them had few or no early symptoms. My tummy churned at the thought. "**You're looking super cute, but you're quiet and almost pouty?**"

"**Huh? Me? No, I'm feeling great.**" I smiled at Mac and held Mira in my lap. I sipped at my own soda and flattened my vest out on the table so I could fold it properly again. I put it back in the bag with the new skirt and my blue top. My coat was on the adjacent chair.

"**You just seem very quiet, and not your usual bubbly self you are when we go shopping.**" Ie, not in Little Sister Mode. Not that I minded all that much — I liked all versions of Oaklee equally well, but it just felt like it had been a long time since I'd seen his cuter, more feminine self. "**You've barely talked to Mira at all, for example! And she is usually such a chatty teddy.**"

"**Oh... I think she's sleepy.**" I looked down at the bear in my arms and held her against my chest. It was true I talked to Mira a lot, but that was at home. This was the first time we'd been out and about in... gosh, months? And the fuzziness and the foggy glasses stuff hadn't happened in so long, too. "**How's your food?**"

"**Apart from getting glared at for ordering Taco Bell without cheese, it's pretty good.**" I smiled and looked across the table at Oaklee, curiously. The top was undoubtedly feminine, so why wasn't he getting all bubbly? "**Are you worried? Last time we came here and you had Mira with you, those boys were super rude, remember?**"

I shrugged my shoulders. "**I'm feeling better today. I'm not wearing your weird blind-person glasses. So I'm okay.**" I ate the fries in front of me without much care. Still, I was quiet. For normal Oaklee, I was quiet. It was just a new thing the past couple months. Quieter. Less excitable. Nothing new, really, unless you got analytic.

**"Oh, that's true. Maybe I should make you wear my glasses!"** I took my pair off with a grin and handed them across the table. Of course, now I couldn't see, but that was only a minor setback, all things considered. He looked at me strangely, or at least I think he did, I couldn't tell, and I turned my head. **"What?"**

**"I have glasses though..."** We sat there a second. Finally, Mac took her glasses back and put them on her eyes. She regarded me strangely, and I regarded her strangely right back. I think she was waiting for something. I decided to go back to eat my fries.

Well. Maybe this was all normalized for him now... maybe there would be no more little sister mode? I decided to test the waters once we finished eating, and looked down at Mira, talking to her with cute tones. **"Mira, honey, we're going to go and get you some cute new clothes! Aren't we Oaklee? Mira hasn't had new clothes in weeks, honestly."**

**"Absolutely,"** I said with a smile, patting Mira on the head. When we were done, as Mac and I had promised, we took Mira over to the build-a-bear. The whole place looked smaller than I remember, but I followed Mac in either way. I started to follow Mac around at first, and as she picked out clothes for Cheez, I stared at the bins. I held Mira tight to my chest and felt a little sick...maybe I wasn't so good at picking out clothes...

**"What about this top, with this denim skirt, and these glasses? Maybe with this cardi?"** I was a pro when it came to tiny teddy clothes, and I was pleased to see Oaklee starting to look a little dizzy. Dizziness precipitated the emergence of his other self, as Missy liked to describe it. **"What do you think, Mira? Do you think she'd like this, Oaklee? How about you have her try it all on?"**

**"I don't feel very well,"** I said quietly, very quietly, so much that Mac barely heard. I hugged Mira tighter to my chest and closed my eyes. **"...I... I'm just gonna go sit down a second..."** I went out of the store, holding Mira in my arms. Mac hurried after me.

**"Hey, hey!"** I still had a handful of clothes in my hand, but I was a tiny little white girl in nice clothes — they never assumed I was stealing them as I followed Oaklee out of the store. **"What's the matter, sweetie?"** Sweetie. Diminutives. Right. He was sitting down on a bench, and I stood in front of him, one of the only times I was ever taller.

**"...I'm fine... I'm okay, just... a little... um... sick..."** I held Mira tighter to my chest. My eyes felt watery, and my cheeks were warm. Not enough to fog my glasses, not yet anyway. But sick wasn't the thing I looked. I just felt it...

**"Oh darling, was it lunch? It was that icky icky cheese, wasn't it? I've warned you about that! How about... we go and get you an ice-cream, to make your tummy feel better, then we can come back here?"** He was blushing. Blushing was something he only ever did when he felt small, and I was so pleased with myself for noticing.

"Don't want ice cream," I muttered. I was sure I was going to throw up... "I... I just... I don't feel well... I don't..." I pulled my knees up onto the bench with me, holding Mira tighter. "...just... I just need a minute... probably the cheese - you're probably right..." Just cheese...

I sat down on the bench next to Oaklee and wrapped my arms around him, softly rubbing his tummy with one, and playing with his hair with the hair. I'd never seen him outright feeling ill like this. Was it too much? Did I push too far? I'd have to talk to Missy about it, about this, about him. About this new turn of events. **"It's okay, shh, shh, big sis will take care of you."**

We had to go home. I just couldn't do it. I felt too sick, and I couldn't stomach any food, and I was too sure I was going to throw up. Mac got us a car and I cuddled myself in my coat, Mira in my arms. When we were back in her house, I was starting to feel better, but I still wasn't sure... **"Sorry about ruining our shopping trip..."** Most of the color was gone from my cheeks.

**"You didn't ruin anything."** Except maybe my perceptions, I thought, glumly. What had happened? Had I acted differently? Done something wrong? I had to know if it was me, or the environment, and I decided to find out. **"Wanna play dress-up with me? It's a game we play when you pick out stuff for me to wear, and I pick out stuff for you to wear."** Childish. Feminine. And we were home, so...

**"I can't stay much longer,"** I said with a frown. It was seven in the evening. I had to start heading home in an hour and a half... **"It sounds like something that will take a long time..."** Not that I minded. We'd done dress up games before. Usually, though, she just picked stuff for me to wear. I never thought I could dress Mac better than she dressed herself.

**"Come on, it'll only take a little while! And you don't need to leave until 8:30. Come on, we'll pick a theme. Um..."** I pretended to think, though I had something in mind from the beginning. **"Princesses. Okay? Princesses."** To be honest, he looked exhausted, but I hoped if I could get through to his other self, his... what had Missy called it? Alternative? If I could get through to that, I knew he'd be fine...

**"...okay, yeah... alright."** So I followed Mac up the stairs. She was patient with me and my inability to climb stairs. I just felt so exhausted. Maybe I needed to eat after all. When we were in her room again, she started looking for something for me to wear. I figured maybe I should do the same.

I had a dress that was very similar to one that I'd worn when I was very young. I didn't know why I had to wear it — probably some religious thing, I was too young to remember. All I remembered was that it was cute, from the photo I'd found, and that there was a site online with almost the exact same dress in a size more fitting to my body. With oodles of white lace and pink ribbon, and ample amounts of petticoats, if this didn't work, nothing would.

"...that? Really?" I'd picked out a flouncy dress for Mac, but not something like that. I'd gotten something Lolita. She'd gotten something... childish or something. I didn't even know they made clothes that looked like that. **"...you sure you don't wanna get something else?"**

**"Nuhuh, I'm going to put you in this, and coordinate with accessories. Pretty tights, and a tiara, and earrings."** He wouldn't let me get his ears pierced yet, but I'd bought him clip-ons a few weeks ago and hadn't a chance to have him wear the pretty little diamond-esque jewels. **"You're going to be the most princessy princess that ever there was!"**

**"If you say so..."** My cheeks were getting a little pink already, and I looked down at my feet. Mac thought I should change first, and helped me get my top off over my head. I let her help me, biting my lip, and closed my eyes while she decorated me in the childish outfit. My breathing was heavy...

Pink cheeks, catching breath — this was more like what I expected to see. He kept his eyes closed, but that was fine, because it would be better if he saw it all at once. **"I'm going to pull these bloomers up over your boxers, they might bunch up a little but it's okay, the bloomers will hide them."** Bloomers were about the cutest thing in the world. **"You're gonna be the cutest little princess ever..."**

I was crying a little. I didn't mean to, but it just... happened. I felt tears slip down my cheeks, down my chin, and onto Mac's head. She looked up at me, but I kept my eyes closed. My fingertips were shaking a little bit. I didn't get why I was being so dramatic... I needed to shut up...

**"Hey, hey..."** He was crying? Why was he crying? I bit my lip and decided to try and fix it, rather than dwelling, rather than panicking. **"Here, open your eyes, look in the mirror, okay? Look at how pretty you are, I won't even be half as pretty, I bet!"** I bit my lip and wiped the tears from his cheeks, kissing his nose softly, and avoiding his lips. **"Come on now, open up, just a little peek? You're beautiful."**

I opened my eyes and looked at myself in the mirror. I felt so pathetic. So small. I couldn't stop shaking. I was going to throw up. And I started to blubber, like a toddler. Like I did when Mira got hurt. I couldn't stop crying. It just kept happening....

This wasn't supposed to happen! Not like this, not... why? I didn't get it... I didn't... Missy didn't say this could happen, she... I felt my chest tighten, and I wrapped my arms strongly around the boy, cuddling him into my tiny chest and running fingers through his pretty hair. **"Shhh, shhh, big sis is here, big sis is going to take care of you, it's okay, it's okay, please... please don't cry..."**

I hugged Mac as tight as I could, trembling in her arms. I couldn't stop. I couldn't for so long. It just got worse and worse, escalating, until I couldn't breathe. Not that I was talking, but now I was sure I couldn't. And it didn't make sense....

I didn't understand, I didn't... this had never happened before, but I put Mira in Oaklee's arms and I laid him in my bed, and I played with his hair, and I sung to him — everything I could think to do, everything that had ever worked. I felt so lost, so in over my head, and softly, out of his sight, I started to cry as well. What had I done wrong...

I fell into sleep. I couldn't do anything but. I fell asleep, and when I did, I finally calmed down. The exhaustion had built up so badly. I couldn't handle it anymore. And I just needed the crying to stop. And when I woke up, when Mac was nudging me awake, I was... feeling... better? Not great. But better...

**"I'm not sure what happened..."** My voice was small. Lost, somewhat, the way it often got when I felt out of my depth. The way that nobody was allowed to hear, ever. The way that I don't think Oaklee had ever heard from my lips. **"I tried to fix it, tried to make you all better, but I couldn't do anything to help...I'm sorry..."**

**"...hey, it's fine... I... I'm just so stressed with school and stuff. Gosh it probably just all... came out at once. Ugh. Wow, I'm so sorry..."** I climbed up on top of Mac, smiling at her, and then, frowning, Biting my cheek. Turning away. I didn't like lying to her, but... I couldn't figure it out, either... **"Shoot, is that the time. Damnit..."**

He was hiding something... I didn't know how I knew, but I just knew. What was it? Why was it...? He looked over his shoulder, and moved to crawl away. I held his wrist. I liked him close. It was stupid... I knew I was broken, knew nothing could ever come of it. But... but it was nice to have him close, too. **"Was... did you want to say something...? It's okay..."**

I shook my head, a fake smile on my lips, and sighed. **"Just something Missy said a while ago... but it's nothing."** I let go of her hand and dressed myself in my normal clothes. **"Take care of Mira for me, alright? I'll be over tomorrow afternoon!"** Like always. It was ritualistic, now.

**82:**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » umm...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » things didn't go very well w/ oaklee today...

**missymeow1213** » Why not? =(

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um well

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i tried to get him into little sister mode

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && we went out w/ mira

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but he was just normal...

**missymeow1213** » Hm

**missymeow1213** » How has he been recently?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » not really himself

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » or really

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » too much himself??

**missymeow1213** » Explain? =)

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well um

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i did stuff that would make him be kinda little girly

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like going out w/ mira

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && buying cute clothes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& taking him to babw for mira clothes!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but at first

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he was just him

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then he got quiet

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then he started to feel sick, so we came home

**missymeow1213** » Sick?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » uhhuh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like he was gonna make sick

**missymeow1213** » Make sick..

**missymeow1213** » You are such a little girl it is so cute!!

**missymeow1213** » Sorry

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i am not!!

**missymeow1213** » He got this way when you went into Build-A-Bear?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yahhuh

**missymeow1213** » That is weird.

**missymeow1213** » Go on with your story.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um so we got home

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && i told him we should play dressups

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& i put him in that jumper dress, remember i showed you ages ago??? the white one??

**missymeow1213** » Oh yeah! =D

**missymeow1213** » He would probably hate that one as our usual Oaklee.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but he got blushes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and his breathing got weird

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like it usually does when he is getting littled oit!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but then

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he started crying...

**missymeow1213** » Oh...

**missymeow1213** » Gosh that's not what I expected...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » nuhuh me neihter

**missymeow1213** » Have you gotten him to be LS Oaklee since what happened with Sayla?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » nuhuh...

**missymeow1213** » In three months?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » was scared to b/c she did that 2 me...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but today

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i tried...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » rly hard...

**missymeow1213** » Hm. Maybe it has to do with her.

**missymeow1213** » How is he otherwise?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um a little bit quieter than i remember

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he comes over every day now && i love it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but i feel like he is... deflated??

**missymeow1213** » I notice that, too.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she did dreadful things 2 me missy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && she must have been doing that 2 him for so much longer....

**missymeow1213** » He doesn't talk to me about it.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » me neither

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && i think he is bottling it all up!!

**missymeow1213** » It could be why he feels deflated.

**missymeow1213** » It could...

**missymeow1213** » be why he doesn't like being LS Oaklee?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it reminds him of her??

**missymeow1213** » Well you said Sayla treated you like a kid to get into your head. If she did the same to Oaklee, all those feelings and memories of her are amplified when he's like that.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so how do I stop the association...??

**missymeow1213** » I don't think you do..

**missymeow1213** » Maybe its best not to push him into LS mode right now...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » its been three months missy..

**missymeow1213** » Gosh. =( I don't know Mac

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i mean... um...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » when you called me a baby?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » just before?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it made me feel pretty ick, too...

**missymeow1213** » But we're working on that, you and me.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so someone has 2 work on it w/ oaklee to

**missymeow1213** » I actually am learning a lot about what Oaklee might feel and go through because of you! =D

**missymeow1213** » I mean, I think Sayla might have been right that you two feel the same way about things...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » whats that mean??

**missymeow1213** » Your bedwetting. Your dolls. You liking that stuff. Even if you don't like people knowing and you don't like being embarrassed by it, when you're alone and you have time to yourself you really enjoy those qualities about yourself.

**missymeow1213** » We've been over this a couple times.

**missymeow1213** » I think maybe he's the same way. His LS self is just like yours.

**missymeow1213** » Except you don't have a big sister! =O

**missymeow1213** » Well you got me. =)

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » your like a big kitty sister!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » heehee

**missymeow1213** » I sure am! =D

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » mreow!

**missymeow1213** » Are you still over wetting the bed? Or has that started up again?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i still do it if thats what u mean...

**missymeow1213** » I know you had almost a month where you didn't, after Sayla.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » uhhuh....

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i also barely slept 2

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i would sit by the window && watch...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c i was afraid she would come back...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && then i was scared my pee could hurt someone...

**missymeow1213** » Have you gone to the doctor yet?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » nuh...

**missymeow1213** » You should.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » nuh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » wanna talk about something else

**missymeow1213** » As you wish. =)

**missymeow1213** » Let's talk about your pacifiers!

**missymeow1213** » Did you give Oaklee that one yet?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he doesnt know!!!

**missymeow1213** » You got that one set to give one to him, though. =(

**missymeow1213** » Don't tell me you're chickening out!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maybe it is not a good idea!!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he might think i am a little baby girl!!!

**missymeow1213** » But you aaaarreeee. =)

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but HE doesn't know that!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i dont rly even know if thats true or jus b/c what sayla did to me...

**missymeow1213** » That it worked on you means it was something you felt before.

**missymeow1213** » Stupid girl, going and doing the exact opposite of what I said to do...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it worked...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » she went away for good now...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i cant believe shes a boy missy...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » shes way pretty...

**missymeow1213** » She wasn't a boy.

**missymeow1213** » But we don't need to get into that.

**missymeow1213** » Again. =X

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » im sorry its just weird 2 me...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » like

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i never thought about oaklee becoming a girl

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but she talked about it like he was going to be like her

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if he did

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » do i still call him oaklee?

**missymeow1213** » That would be up to him.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he would be a pretty girl tho

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » not as pretty as sayla

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but still pretty...

**missymeow1213** » I agree.

**missymeow1213** » I should probably go. =( Try not to push too much with the LS stuff until we get a better understanding of what's happening, okay?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » missy??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » im scared...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u know...

**missymeow1213** » Hm?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » the sickness from sayla...

**missymeow1213** » I think you should go to a doctor. =(

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u know why i cant...

**missymeow1213** » \*sigh\*

**missymeow1213** » Unless you exchange bodily fluids with him, it shouldn't be an issue. Wear your pullups to bed. Don't have sex. You'll be fine.

**missymeow1213** » Even if Sayla had what she said, the likelihood of you getting it from what happened is pretty small.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u can go now

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » um

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if u talk 2 oaklee...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » plz see if u can get him 2 open up??

**missymeow1213** » I've been trying all night.

**missymeow1213** » He's such a stubborn boy sometimes. =(

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » uh huh

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he wont even answer me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i think he thinks i dont realize he is there...

**missymeow1213** » Actually he feels stupid for crying.

**missymeow1213** » I think he's going to try to apologize tomorrow.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he didnt do anything 2 apologize for tho!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » crying isnt a bad thing

**missymeow1213** » I agree. He doesn't.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » mrggrgr...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » hes so frustrating sometimes

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » missy

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he was so hot in that dress....

**missymeow1213** » =X You are so smitten.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i am really not!!!

**missymeow1213** » Go to sleep, Mac. =)

**missymeow1213** » Have dreamy dreams about your not-yet-boyfriend.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we cant date...

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » not ever...

**missymeow1213** » If you'd talk to him I bet he'd understand..

**missymeow1213** » \*pout\*

**missymeow1213** » You are delaying my leaving!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes i am!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u are my big sis // kitty pet

**missymeow1213** » Oh gosh Mac don't go making me blush now!

**missymeow1213** » Big sis says bedtime! Go scadaddle!

**missymeow1213** » Put on your baby pants and find your paci!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » oh u know

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maybe i could be oaklees kitty pet??

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then i couldnt make him sick!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ...shush....

**missymeow1213** » If you did what I do as a kitty you could totally make him sick. =X

**missymeow1213** » Night night Mac!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » omd gross!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » nite

///

**Numbers-1377345** » Are you talking about me with her? -\_-

**missymeow1213** » I am talking about private lady stuff! =D

**Numbers-1377325** » Do not talk about me with her!

**missymeow1213** » It was simply innocent conversation =)

**missymeow1213** » She's just having some girl problems, nothing you need to worry about.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...if you say so.

**missymeow1213** » Speaking of problems...

**missymeow1213** » I heard you got a bit overwhelmed today...

**Numbers-1377325** » You are talking about me!!!!

**missymeow1213** » No, now we are talking about you =)

**missymeow1213** » You okay? She said you had some tears...

**Numbers-1377325** » >///  
< it was nothing

**Numbers-1377325** » don't read into it

**missymeow1213** » I won't, because you'll tell me everything =)

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » I got upset about something I guess

**Numbers-1377325** » school and stuff is stressing me and my parents are being weird lately

**Numbers-1377325** » and then I got so sick at the mall...

**Numbers-1377325** » it just happened

**Numbers-1377325** » I feel really stupid about tit...

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? =(

**missymeow1213** » What happened at the mall?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh.

**Numbers-1377325** » I think it was the cheese at taco bell -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » got really bad stomach pains and my heart hurt and stuff

**missymeow1213** » Hmm

**missymeow1213** » Does cheese usually make you feel sick?

**Numbers-1377325** » Not often. I bet Mac is rubbing off on me!

**missymeow1213** » Eeeheehee =D

**Numbers-1377325** » ??

**missymeow1213** » 'rubbing off on you'

**missymeow1213** » rubbing you off?

Numbers-1377325 » oh gosh

Numbers-1377325 » you're a pervert

Numbers-1377325 » grow up!

missymeow1213 » =D

missymeow1213 » Okay so

missymeow1213 » You got sick today, at the mall, at the Build a Bear?

Numbers-1377325 » just a stomach ache.

Numbers-1377325 » we went home.

Numbers-1377325 » we played dress up

Numbers-1377325 » I was feeling crappy and I started crying

Numbers-1377325 » it was nothing

Numbers-1377325 » i fell asleep

missymeow1213 » What'd you dress up as? =D

Numbers-1377325 » the end

Numbers-1377325 » a princess?

Numbers-1377325 » Mac picked it

missymeow1213 » Tell me about it =)

Numbers-1377325 » uh... it was white, but like

Numbers-1377325 » ruffly and stuff

Numbers-1377325 » not my style

missymeow1213 » And you cried?

missymeow1213 » You wouldn't usually cry, would you?

Numbers-1377325 » I was tired..

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't feel well

**missymeow1213** » You think it was just because you were tired? =)

**missymeow1213** » Well... you think it could be related to Sayla?

**Numbers-1377325** » no

**Numbers-1377325** » she wasn't there

**missymeow1213** » Obviously =\

**missymeow1213** » I mean. She controlled you by making you feel like a little kid, right?

**missymeow1213** » Maybe Mac did that by accident, so you got upset?

**Numbers-1377325** » you're being stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » she didn't control me

**Numbers-1377325** » she..

**Numbers-1377325** » just did stuff to me

**Numbers-1377325** » can we just

**Numbers-1377325** » not talk about this?

**Numbers-1377325** » why are yo bringing thi sup

**Numbers-1377325** » it wasn't my fault

**Numbers-1377325** » i just crie

**Numbers-1377325** » the end

**Numbers-1377325** » no more

**missymeow1213** » Okay =)

**missymeow1213** » It's just

**missymeow1213** » Mac feels like she's done something wrong =(

**missymeow1213** » Have you talked to her?

**Numbers-1377325** » no...

**Numbers-1377325** » I feel stupid

**Numbers-1377325** » I shouldn't have cried like that..

**missymeow1213** » Psh, babe

**missymeow1213** » Everybody cries =)

**Numbers-1377325** » of course hse feels like she did soemthing wrong

**Numbers-1377325** » because i'm pathetic

**missymeow1213** » You are not >=(

**Numbers-1377325** » am so...

**Numbers-1377325** » sayla knew it

**Numbers-1377325** » shes the only one that would tell me..

**Numbers-1377325** » everybody else just hides it..

**Numbers-1377325** » like I don't know..

**missymeow1213** » Sayla was a sociopath, remember?

**missymeow1213** » You're going to take her word over that of all your friends combined?

**Numbers-1377325** » 'course i know..

**Numbers-1377325** » nevermind..

**Numbers-1377325** » forget it..

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee =\

**missymeow1213** » You know a lot had to happen for Mac to get rid of her.

**missymeow1213** » You could at least show you care by not letting her nonsense get back in your head, doll.

**Numbers-1377325** » I KNOW

Numbers-1377325 » FUCK

Numbers-1377325 » I have to go

Numbers-1377325 » i'm still so tired..

missymeow1213 » -hugs-

missymeow1213 » Stay. Not asking you.

missymeow1213 » You're going to stay, and be good, and talk to me.

missymeow1213 » Got it?

Numbers-1377325 » I'm exhausted, Missy..

missymeow1213 » I know, babe, I know

missymeow1213 » You're doing so well, I know it's been hard since all that happened

missymeow1213 » Crying isn't pathetic, though. And if you say that, you say that Mac is pathetic.

missymeow1213 » You don't think that, right? =D

Numbers-1377325 » I'm a guy..

Numbers-1377325 » she's a girl

Numbers-1377325 » it's different

missymeow1213 » You're not being sexist, right?

missymeow1213 » That's not you at all.

Numbers-1377325 » \*pout\*

Numbers-1377325 » I just..

Numbers-1377325 » ..

Numbers-1377325 » I don't know why missy...

Numbers-1377325 » I just started to cry...

Numbers-1377325 » I don't even know why....

**missymeow1213** » You are no different, no better, no worse, than any girl. Any differences are just social nonsense, and you're better than that =)

**missymeow1213** » Well...

**missymeow1213** » Did you feel... vulnerable? Like. Scared?

**Numbers-1377325** » i.. don't know...

**Numbers-1377325** » it happened so quickly...

**missymeow1213** » Maybe a better word is...

**missymeow1213** » Dread?

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm not sure

**Numbers-1377325** » I was fine

**Numbers-1377325** » but I started to shake and my stomach hurt

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know why..

**Numbers-1377325** » it just did

**Numbers-1377325** » and then tears...

**missymeow1213** » Well

**missymeow1213** » It sounds like a subconscious reaction to me...

**missymeow1213** » Like how you get shivers and goosebumps when you're alone at night?

**missymeow1213** » Like, you're not consciously afraid

**missymeow1213** » But your body does its own thing...

**Numbers-1377325** » ...maybe... idk...

**Numbers-1377325** » idk missy

**Numbers-1377325** » I just... don't really wanna think about it anymore...

**missymeow1213** » Well, that's okay.

**missymeow1213** » But you can't blame yourself for it, either, please? =(

**Numbers-1377325** » ...yeah I won't

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll apologize to her tomorrow for making her feel like it was her fault

**Numbers-1377325** » it wasn't

**missymeow1213** » But not your fault, either, okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..I just need to learn to control those thigs better...

**Numbers-1377325** » those thoughts..

**missymeow1213** » Well, the thing is...

**missymeow1213** » They control you for a while

**missymeow1213** » And then they don't anymore

**missymeow1213** » But if you focus on them too much, you can prolong it...

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm trying here

**missymeow1213** » I know =)

**missymeow1213** » Okay

**missymeow1213** » You keep thinking about like

**missymeow1213** » How its bad to cry

**missymeow1213** » But it's not. It's not bad to cry. If you can hold onto THAT thought, obsess over it, make it your truth, you'll beat this so much quicker.

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not even that..

**Numbers-1377325** » nvm..

**Numbers-1377325** » I gotta go..

**Numbers-1377325** » ttyl Missy.

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee =(

Numbers-1377325 » sorry

Numbers-1377325 » night

missymeow1213 » Bye...

Numbers-1377325 signed off.

## 83:

I closed the box on the instant messenger program and ran my fingers over the mouse. My chest was hurting so badly. I just felt like crying. I double licked the internet browser and went to a familiar site. Something from forever ago. When I was curious about Mac's bedwetting...

crinkabell » Hullo! :)

Quietplaces » hi

crinkabell » LTNS! I never forget a username :)

Quietplaces » ...huh?

crinkabell » Oh we talked here AGES ago :) You don't remember?

Quietplaces » um

Quietplaces » no sorry

Quietplaces » i've only been here like once

crinkabell » Yes :) And we talked then. I asked if you were a Daddy or a Baby or a Diaper Lover, and then you left.

crinkabell » Don't worry, I didn't think that would you remember me. I have one of those memories that works really well.

Quietplaces » ...uh

Quietplaces » okay?

crinkabell » Anyway :)

**crinkabell** » What brings you back here tonight, Quietplaces?

**Quietplaces** » looking for someplace quiet, i think..

**crinkabell** » Tough day? :(

**Quietplaces** » oh um

**Quietplaces** » I think so idk

**Quietplaces** » chest just hurts a little bit

**Quietplaces** » sorry hi. i dont mean to be rude i'm oaklee

**crinkabell** » Hi, Oaklee. I am Nala :) I am 18 and a girl and from New York.

**Quietplaces** » oh uh

**Quietplaces** » I'm almost 16

**Quietplaces** » is that allowed being 16 here?

**crinkabell** » I won't tell if you won't ;)

**crinkabell** » And you are a boy, Oaklee, I remember you said :)

**crinkabell** » Well. Boy. Or Sissy?

**Quietplaces** » boy

**Quietplaces** » oh uh

**Quietplaces** » both?

**Quietplaces** » um idk

**Quietplaces** » like I wear girls clothes sometimes but not becaus etheyre girl clothes

**Quietplaces** » people call me a sissy sometimes

**Quietplaces** » it's complicated

**Quietplaces** » can we just say its complicated?

**Quietplaces** » do you have a word for that?

**crinkabell** » It doesn't matter what people call you, Oaklee. It matters what you call you and that is that.

**crinkabell** » Complicated? Complicated is okay ;)

**crinkabell** » Are you a sub as well?

**Quietplaces** » I don't know what that means either

**crinkabell** » Well, do you like to be the one who wears diapers.

**crinkabell** » Or

**crinkabell** » The one who likes to put other cuties in diapers?

**crinkabell** » Or both?

**Quietplaces** » ..uh

**Quietplaces** » I don't...

**Quietplaces** » neither..?

**crinkabell** » Well. Do you want to do either?

**crinkabell** » Remember, Oaklee.

**crinkabell** » You are anonymous to me! So you can tell me anything :)

**Quietplaces** » ..idk

**Quietplaces** » no?

**Quietplaces** » idk

**Quietplaces** » I'm just reading some stuff..

**Quietplaces** » thats all

**crinkabell** » That's cool :) Stories?

**Quietplaces** » huh?

**Quietplaces** » no just forum stuff

**crinkabell** » That's cool :)

**crinkabell** » Well, I wear diapers, and I am a switch. I don't know if you know what that means, but you seem to be a little bit new so I am trying to make it easy.

**Quietplaces** » ..I don't.. um..

**Quietplaces** » I don't really wanna talk about it..

**crinkabell** » Okay :D

**crinkabell** » Well. What do you want to talk about?

**Quietplaces** » idk... um...

**Quietplaces** » i' not sure

**Quietplaces** » I don't know why I'm here

**Quietplaces** » sorry

**Quietplaces** » I should go to bed

**crinkabell** » Hey, don't be sorry! And don't go :)

**crinkabell** » You're safe here, Oaklee. Do you have a sissy name? Maybe I could call you that?

**Quietplaces** » huh?

**Quietplaces** » no i dn't think so

**Quietplaces** » i like my name

**crinkabell** » I like your name too.

**crinkabell** » It's really cute.

**Quietplaces** » thank you.

**crinkabell** » Can I ask you something?

**Quietplaces** » ...sure

**crinkabell** » Why are you here? :)

**Quietplaces** » ..i was just looking something up..

**crinkabell** » Would you like help?

**Quietplaces** » ...uh...

**Quietplaces** » idk..

**Quietplaces** » idk what I'm looking for..

**crinkabell** » Well, it does sound like you need help...

**Quietplaces** » i was looking up something about my friend..

**Quietplaces** » uh she wets the bed soemtimes

**crinkabell** » Oh :)

**crinkabell** » I do too. It's not too uncommon here, unfortunately :(

**Quietplaces** » ..oh

**Quietplaces** » i didn't think..

**Quietplaces** » like

**Quietplaces** » do you do it on purpose?

**crinkabell** » No :)

**Quietplaces** » ..oh.

**Quietplaces** » okay

**Quietplaces** » she doesn't either

**crinkabell** » But I am not really very shy about it online which might be good for you :)

**crinkabell** » Did she have like a car accident? Or was it from birth? Or stress or abuse? Those are usual reasons.

**Quietplaces** » idk

**Quietplaces** » I didnt ask

**crinkabell** » That's very kind of you! :)

**crinkabell** » Do you have any questions, Oaklee?

**Quietplaces** » oh umm

**Quietplaces** » I was just..

**Quietplaces** » idk.

**Quietplaces** » i was just looking up stuff about it..

**crinkabell** » Take your time, darling

**crinkabell** » No need to rush :)

**Quietplaces** » I'm really not sure..

**crinkabell** » Well, you're curious about her bedwetting? Like, are you curious how she handles it?

**Quietplaces** » not really

**Quietplaces** » she's pretty good about it I think

**crinkabell** » Did she tell you? Or did you find out on accident, and she doesn't know you know yet?

**Quietplaces** » she knows I knwo

**Quietplaces** » I found out on my own

**crinkabell** » Does she wear protection at night?

**Quietplaces** » huh?

] **Quietplaces** » oh

] **Quietplaces** » yes?

**crinkabell** » Tell me about her? :)

**Quietplaces** » nothing to tell

**crinkabell** » Is she your girlfriend? :)

**Quietplaces** » no

**Quietplaces** » gosh no

**crinkabell** » Oh, you like boys? I'm sorry, I shouldn't be so presumptuous!

**Quietplaces** » I do not like boys -\_-

**Quietplaces** » I just don't like her that way

**crinkabell** » Oh, is she your sister?

**Quietplaces** » can't a boy be friends with a girl and not be gay?

**Quietplaces** » seriously -\_-

**crinkabell** » I don't know! Can they?

**Quietplaces** » yes

**Quietplaces** » like me and her

**Quietplaces** » you're awfully bratty for an adult

**crinkabell** » This is an ageplay website, darling

**crinkabell** » I don't come here to act like an adult ;)

**Quietplaces** » ..okay you got me there

**Quietplaces** » I should go

**crinkabell** » Why don't you try being bratty, too? :)

**Quietplaces** » hm?

**crinkabell** » You didn't really learn anything!

**crinkabell** » -pours glue on your hand, then dumps glitter on top- :)

**Quietplaces** » -\_-

**crinkabell** » Is that how a brat would react?

**Quietplaces** » I'm not a brat

**Quietplaces** » you're a brat

**crinkabell** » Nuhuh! You are! Bratty brat bratface!

**Quietplaces** » saying that automatically makes you a brat

**crinkabell** » saying THAT automatially makes you MORE of a brat!

**Quietplaces** » no

**Quietplaces** » it makes me normal

**crinkabell** » it makes you a little thumbsucking brattykins!!

**Quietplaces** » ..

**Quietplaces** » you're

**Quietplaces** » infuriating

**crinkabell** » adorable?

**Quietplaces** » IN

**Quietplaces** » FUR

**crinkabell** » yush I am!

**Quietplaces** » IATING

**crinkabell** » INFUR-ADORABLE!

**Quietplaces** » ..what

**Quietplaces** » ugh

**Quietplaces** » how does anyone tolerate this stupid site

**Quietplaces** » bratty girls and unorganized forums

**Quietplaces** » seriously it's like a goosebumps book

**crinkabell** » You love it, though, deep down inside, I know you do!

**crinkabell** » -pushes you to the bed-

**Quietplaces** » go a

**Quietplaces** » ..

**crinkabell** » Someone has been a naughty naughty sissy!

**Quietplaces** » ..what are you talking about

**crinkabell** » and needs to be put in his place, uhhuh, uhhuh

**Quietplaces** » you're stupid. -\_-

**crinkabell** » Oh, I know why you're cranky!

**crinkabell** » -pats yer butt-

**crinkabell** » someone needs chaaa~aaanging...

**Quietplaces** » what are you talking about? >\_<

**Quietplaces** » I have to go

**Quietplaces** » hey

**Quietplaces** » crazy lady

**Quietplaces** » I have to go

**crinkabell** » Obviously your diaper is wet, don't you go anywhere mister!

**crinkabell** » -gets a diaper out and swats your bottom-

**crinkabell** » Lay down, pretty sissy!

**Quietplaces** » ..i'm not the one that wets the bed thats my friend

**crinkabell** » Sure! Your 'friend'.

**crinkabell** » It's okay little sissy

**crinkabell** » you will be a bedwetter just like you want when i am Through with you ;)

**crinkabell** » Now lay down, cutie

**Quietplaces** » ....\*lays down\*

**crinkabell** » Good sissy ;)

**crinkabell** » -unbuttons your pants and starts to pull them down-

**crinkabell** » oh my golly

**crinkabell** » Your diaper is soaked, sweetums...

**crinkabell** » Why didn't you tell me you needed to be changed??

**Quietplaces** » ... >///  
<

**Quietplaces** » this is so stupid..

**crinkabell** » You are going to get a rash if you make a fuss!

**crinkabell** » Now be a good sissy!

**Quietplaces** » sure..

**crinkabell** » -untapes your diaper and folds it down, taking some wipes to clean your skin-

**crinkabell** » you need to use more powder sweetums

**crinkabell** » Otherwise you will get a rash! Dont worry, Auntie Nala will fix :)

**Quietplaces** » ..kay..

**crinkabell** » -pulls the very wet diaper out from under you, lifting your legs, and then slips the new, dry, soft and fluffy one under your bum-

**crinkabell** » Hold still while Auntie gets you powder otay?

**Quietplaces** » ..okay... >///  
//<

**crinkabell** » -puts a paci in your lips and goes to get powder-

**Quietplaces** » ..

**Quietplaces** » i..

**crinkabell** » -sprinkles powder over your diaper region and starts to rub it in with her hands-

**crinkabell** » oohh sissy, your little baby clitty is so cute!

**crinkabell** » rub rub rub!

**crinkabell** » don't squirm around now, be a good baby okay? suck on your paci

**Quietplaces** » ....i have to go.....

**crinkabell** » Sissy, you will be good and stay, understand?

**Quietplaces** » just...

**crinkabell** » Shush now -slaps your thigh-

**Quietplaces** » .....

**crinkabell** » "yes auntie"

**Quietplaces** » ..yes auntie..

**crinkabell** » Good sissygirl!

**crinkabell** » -opens the tapes on the new diaper, noisy and lovely, and pulls the thick soft baby padding up between your legs, tapping it in place, then rubs the front of your diaper-

**Quietplaces** » ....um...

**crinkabell** » where are your manners??

**Quietplaces** » ssorry..

**Quietplaces** » uh.. thank you..

**Quietplaces** » uh.

**Quietplaces** » auntie..

**Quietplaces** » >/////<

**crinkabell** » That's better

**crinkabell** » -puts your hand on front of your diaper-

**crinkabell** » feel how thick this is?

**crinkabell** » tell auntie how thick it is.

Quietplaces » ...i.. i'm not sure..

Quietplaces » I mean im..

Quietplaces » i don't...

crinkabell » It's thick enough that you can't even close your legs :)

crinkabell » Imagine that

crinkabell » Go and get a pillow and squeeze it between your legs.

crinkabell » Then come right back.

crinkabell » Understand? Bring the pillow.

Quietplaces » .....this is silly....

crinkabell » Right now, sissy

Quietplaces » ....kay...

Quietplaces » gosh this is weird.. >///  
<

crinkabell » Try to close your legs :)

Quietplaces » ...

Quietplaces » nala..?

Quietplaces » i should really go... um..

Quietplaces » to bed....

crinkabell » You're going to stay here

crinkabell » Tell me about the diaper i put you in

crinkabell » tell me how thick it is

crinkabell » describe it

Quietplaces » it's... um..

Quietplaces » thick...

**Quietplaces** » >/////<

**Quietplaces** » nala really...

**crinkabell** » Shhh. I'll tell you when you can go.

**crinkabell** » You're my little diaper wearing fairy right now

**crinkabell** » Understand?

**crinkabell** » -pulls you into my lap and bounces you on my knee-

**Quietplaces** » ....

**Quietplaces** » I don't know if this is good or bad...

**Quietplaces** » bad like her or just my chest feeling funny..

**Quietplaces** » I don't know..

**Quietplaces** » sorry.....

**crinkabell** » (It's called Little-space. You get fluttery because it's foreign, like when you are about to do something so exciting. It's why Littles are Littles.)

**Quietplaces** » i dont know what that means...

**Quietplaces** » i just..

**Quietplaces** » when she used to do it it was bad and I cried a lot..

**Quietplaces** » chest hurts...

**crinkabell** » Who did? Your dom?

**Quietplaces** » i gotta go....

**Quietplaces** » can't breathe right..

**crinkabell** » -hugs you up and puts ribbons in your hair-

**crinkabell** » Talk to me ;)

**crinkabell** » these are special ribbons

**crinkabell** » Fairy ribbons

**crinkabell** » They help pretty sissies breath right.

**Quietplaces** » ...

**crinkabell** » Squeeze the diaper between your legs for comfort and talk to me, pretty sissy

**Quietplaces** » ...nothing to say....

**crinkabell** » are you squeezing? tring hard to close your legs?

**Quietplaces** » \*nod..

**crinkabell** » Good sissy :)

**crinkabell** » I dont know who 'she' is, but if 'she' ever hurt you proper or made you feel bad, she is a bad dom and scummy icky trash.

**crinkabell** » Your with Auntie now, and Auntie will keep you safe, so long as you keep squeezing your diaper.

**crinkabell** » Are you?

**Quietplaces** » ...\*nod\*

**Quietplaces** » i dont want to be like this anymore..

**crinkabell** » say it in a sentence for me

**Quietplaces** » ..

**Quietplaces** » ...i gotta go..

**Quietplaces** » um..

**crinkabell** » say I am squeezing my diaper.

**Quietplaces** » it's not..

**Quietplaces** » I don't .

**Quietplaces** » ugh..

**crinkabell** » -puts pretty lipgloss on your lips-

**crinkabell** » don't fight okauy?

**Quietplaces** » STOP

**Quietplaces** » JUST. STOP.

**crinkabell** » okay :)

**crinkabell** » your always in control, oaklee

**crinkabell** » always.

**crinkabell** » If you say stop, of course I'll stop :)

**Quietplaces** » ...always?

**crinkabell** » Always.

**Quietplaces** » ...

**crinkabell** » You are always in charge, Oaklee.

**crinkabell** » If you choose to give someone else the PRIVILEGE of being in charge of you

**crinkabell** » It's ALWAYS only until you take back that gift.

**crinkabell** » That special special gift.

**crinkabell** » And anybody who even says a word against you for that, has a special place in hell for them :)

**Quietplaces** » you sure...?

**crinkabell** » absolutely :)

**crinkabell** » now would you like to stay and talk to me? You can keep the pillow between your legs, all puffy and soft, or not. That's up to you!

**Quietplaces** » ...I guess... yeah...

**Quietplaces** » idk..

**Quietplaces** » I'm not finding anything on this stupid website..

**Quietplaces** » and it's already 11:30..

**crinkabell** » Who needs the website when you have me right here?

**crinkabell** » I'm pretty knowledgeable, haven't I proven that?

**Quietplaces** » ..idk..

**Quietplaces** » um..

**Quietplaces** » I just..

**Quietplaces** » idk..

**crinkabell** » I just changed your wet diaper, sissy, is there anything left to be shy about? :)

**Quietplaces** » i just.. wondered if..

**Quietplaces** » I mean there's not

**Quietplaces** » i mean.

**Quietplaces** » nvm

**crinkabell** » Go on, you're doing really well! I'm proud of you for trying so hard :)

**Quietplaces** » it's nothing

**Quietplaces** » forget it

**crinkabell** » It's something because you're curious about it :)

**crinkabell** » I won't force you, hunny

**crinkabell** » Never ever

**crinkabell** » But think about how close you are to being able to say it

**crinkabell** » Think it'll be easy to get this close again?

**Quietplaces** » ...it's nothing...

**crinkabell** » -puts little pretty diamond earrings in your ears- you know what these are?

**crinkabell** » special fairy charms that mean anything you say will be kept secret and you won't be made fun of.

**Quietplaces** » i dont have..

**crinkabell** » You do when you're with me :)

**crinkabell** » You were going to tell me somerthing, maybe about your friend?

**crinkabell** » -pulls you into my lap and cuddles you close, pulling a blanket up over us both-

**crinkabell** » If you try to rememeber really really hard, Auntie will give you a baba of warm milk and put you down for bed, okay?

**Quietplaces** » >/////////<

**Quietplaces** » it's just

**Quietplaces** » can we just not talk about this..

**crinkabell** » did you ever think putting a pillow between your legs and squeezing would feel so nice? Sometimes trusting cuties from NYC is fun, too :)

**Quietplaces** » not saying anything...

**crinkabell** » okay :)

**crinkabell** » would you like 2trade pics btw??

**Quietplaces** » uh

**Quietplaces** » no

**Quietplaces** » absolutely not.

**crinkabell** » oh :) I took one for you, though! how about I send you me, and you can describe you to me?

**Quietplaces** » ... idk

**Quietplaces** » sure...

crinkabell wants to send 1 file.

Downloading 1 file from crinkabell.

Download complete.

**Quietplaces** » oh.....

**crinkabell** » oh is an odd thing to say :)

**Quietplaces** » you're so cute...

**crinkabell** » -blush- am not!

**Quietplaces** » no you.

**Quietplaces** » um

**Quietplaces** » remind me of somebody..

**Quietplaces** » idk you'r ejust cute

**crinkabell** » Who do I remind you of? :)

**Quietplaces** » just a girl its nothing

**Quietplaces** » um

**crinkabell** » Whats her name? :)

**Quietplaces** » ..uh

**Quietplaces** » Mac

**crinkabell** » That's a cute name! MacKenzie?

**Quietplaces** » uh

**Quietplaces** » I don't think so

**Quietplaces** » yeah idk you kinda remind me of her

**Quietplaces** » without the piercing.

**crinkabell** » Is she the girl you were asking about? :) The one who has oopsies?

**Quietplaces** » no..

**crinkabell** » It's okay if it is! I'm too shy to ever talk to anyone about this out of this chet.

**Quietplaces** » ...

**crinkabell** » Okay, so Mac looks like me, and she has oopsies at night.

**crinkabell** » How about for every question you answer

**crinkabell** » I'll send you another cute pic of me? :)

**Quietplaces** » uh...

**Quietplaces** » ...and if I dont answer one?

**crinkabell** » you can have three strikes, and after that, no more pics for tonight? :)

**crinkabell** » but

**crinkabell** » you can request anything for the pictures

**crinkabell** » except nudity

**crinkabell** » but if you want to see my diaper more closely, or me to stand or sit a certain way, I will :)

**Quietplaces** » uh...

**crinkabell** » yes auntie

**Quietplaces** » ..yes auntie..

**crinkabell** » Good sissy :)

**crinkabell** » First question.

**crinkabell** » How did you find out Mac had oopsies?

**Quietplaces** » uh... we were laying together.. she leaked....

**Quietplaces** » and that's such a weird word for it..

**crinkabell** » Oh the poor thing!

**crinkabell** » Make picture request now.

**Quietplaces** » uh... I don't... have any...

**Quietplaces** » just whatever... I guess..

crinkabell wants to send 1 file.

Downloading 1 file from crinkabell.

Download complete.

**Quietplaces** » gosh you really are cute

**crinkabell** » Have you had the chance to wear a diaper yet, and if yes, what did you think? :)

**Quietplaces** » no

**Quietplaces** » oh

**Quietplaces** » uh

**Quietplaces** » no

**crinkabell** » You gotta be honest!

**Quietplaces** » i am

**crinkabell** » so why the oh, uh?

**Quietplaces** » its a long story..

**Quietplaces** » and I dont remember a lot of that night..

**Quietplaces** » so I'm sticking with no.

**crinkabell** » you tell it, and I'll make the next picture extrsa cute?

**Quietplaces** » no..

**Quietplaces** » sorry..

**crinkabell** » okay! :)

crinkabell wants to send 1 file.

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Download complete.

**Quietplaces** » ...are you hurt?

**crinkabell** » I get to ask the questions!

**Quietplaces** » \*pout\*

**crinkabell** » You get a question when you show me your cutieself, it's okay fair!

**crinkabell** » Tell me about your old dom — the one you're afraid of? :(

**Quietplaces** » ..pass..

**crinkabell** » Okay :)

**crinkabell** » Next question.

**crinkabell** » Do you have any feelings, romantic or nurturing, for Mac? :)

**Quietplaces** » no

**Quietplaces** » she's my best friend

**Quietplaces** » romance is shitty

crinkabell wants to send 1 file.

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Download complete.

**crinkabell** » Romance can be fun, but you should always be best friends with anybody you romance, imo!

**Quietplaces** » i disagree

**Quietplaces** » romance just fucks stuf fup

**Quietplaces** » be romantic with people you can just barely tolerate

**Quietplaces** » that way when you are miserable with them you don't gotta lose a good friend too

**crinkabell** » Your parents must hate each other :(

**Quietplaces** » basically

**Quietplaces** » macs parents never see each other either

**Quietplaces** » most of my friends parents are divorced

**Quietplaces** » i have more citations than you

**Quietplaces** » on the romance is good thing.

**crinkabell** » Well, I do not date people :)

**crinkabell** » I am aromantic

**crinkabell** » But

**crinkabell** » I have it on good authority

**crinkabell** » That romance is prtty good!

**Quietplaces** » but you dont date so i think i have more experience than you

**Quietplaces** » meaning i'm the authority

**Quietplaces** » are you otu of questions?

**crinkabell** » I am not!

**crinkabell** » describe your perfect girlfriend :)

**Quietplaces** » ...um

**Quietplaces** » ..idk..

**Quietplaces** » i thought i knew once before

**Quietplaces** » now i dont want a girlfriend

**crinkabell** wants to send 1 file.

Downloading 1 file from crinkabell.

Download complete.

**Quietplaces** » i just want mac and my friends

**Quietplaces** » and porn

**crinkabell** » porn is great! I think I wanna do porn

**crinkabell** » like

**crinkabell** » be in it

**crinkabell** » So what if Mac gets a boyfriend or girlfriend? Wouldn't you be jealous?

**Quietplaces** » if they were good enough for mac i wouldn't mind

**Quietplaces** » but i dont know anybody who is

**crinkabell** » tell me what would constitute good enough for her? :)

crinkabell wants to send 1 file.

Downloading 1 file from crinkabell.

Download complete.

**Quietplaces** » ...i dunno...

**Quietplaces** » someone who is sweet and kind and gentle with her

**Quietplaces** » she's such a badass but like

**Quietplaces** » she needs someone gentle i think

**Quietplaces** » and who understands her accidents and wont tease her

**Quietplaces** » idk

**Quietplaces** » it's complicated

**crinkabell** » like a Mommy figure?

**Quietplaces** » uh..

**Quietplaces** » no

**Quietplaces** » like

**Quietplaces** » a boyfriend figure

**Quietplaces** » doesn't matter

**crinkabell** » you seem to know what she needs :)

**Quietplaces** » they'll just hate each other and she'll still have me

**Quietplaces** » thats the plan anyway

**crinkabell** » what if they dont hate each other?

**Quietplaces** » they will

**Quietplaces** » it just might take time

**crinkabell** » you are quite cynical!

**Quietplaces** » nope

**Quietplaces** » I just know what im talking about

**Quietplaces** » next question?

**crinkabell** » how many people have you dated?

**Quietplaces** » 1

**crinkabell** » I have dated 5 :) before I knew I was aro.

**crinkabell** » I think I am more experienced!!

**Quietplaces** » picture

**crinkabell** » still no requests?

crinkabell wants to send 1 file.

Downloading 1 file from crinkabell.

Download complete.

**Quietplaces** » ....what the hell is that

**crinkabell** » that's my play-pen.

**Quietplaces** » you have to be kidding me.....

**crinkabell** » it has my toys in it!

**Quietplaces** » -\_-

**Quietplaces** » you're insane

**crinkabell** » which I will show you unless you request otherwise

**Quietplaces** » i'm talking to a crazy lady..

**crinkabell** » my many

**crinkabell** » many

**crinkabell** » many toys

**Quietplaces** » I should go anyway.

**crinkabell** » I will show you Muffin first. She is mah teddy!

**Quietplaces** » thanks for talking to me.

**Quietplaces** » it was...

**Quietplaces** » uh

**Quietplaces** » an experience

**crinkabell** » want my number? :) we could text if you want?

**Quietplaces** » no thanks i dont wanna like give out my number and stuff

**crinkabell** » well my IM is crinkabell if you wanna add me :)

**Quietplaces** » uhh..

**Quietplaces** » okay..

**Quietplaces** » thanks.

**crinkabell** » It was nice talking to you!

**Quietplaces** » you too

**Quietplaces** » uh..

**Quietplaces** » thanks.. i guess.

**Quietplaces** » for keeping me company..

crinkabell » thanks for trusting me :)

Quietplaces » uh huh

Quietplaces » night.

## 84:

**"Hey man, wanna get breakfast pizza at Arnold's with me?"** Arnold's was their local diner, and it was quite well renowned for its surprisingly epic breakfast pizza. For Deagan to be up at this hour — barely 5am — it meant he'd had to settle a deal before school hours. For him to wake Oaklee up, meant he needed the company to chill down with.

**"Yeah, okay..."** Things were getting bad. It was maybe two days from my birthday now. Two days until I turned 16. And I just couldn't shake the sleepiness. But then, when I put my head down, I couldn't sleep at all. Getting woken up at 5am for pizza was probably best. I'd wake up in ten minutes anyway...

**"You up late again last night?"** Although Deagan didn't have the kind of relationship with his brother where he might find himself privy to the issues pressing on Oaklee's mind, he did know enough to know when something was up. **"Come on, throw a jacket on over your pajamas and we'll head down there and talk about it."**

It was Monday. I had school, technically. I thought about skipping. Mac would worry, though. Missy would worry, too. Mike wouldn't care. I couldn't see Mira. I thought I was going to cry. Instead I put a jacket on over my pajamas and followed my brother out of the house.

The drive to the diner was less than a few minutes, and Deagan found a booth by the back for him and his brother, waiting for the bleary-eyed boy to sit and the waitress to come over. **"Alright, this is how we're gonna work this. You tell me what's got you stressed out and unable to sleep, and I give you..."** He reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of bills, tossing a \$50 on the table. **"\$50."**

**"...hm..."** 50 bucks. 50 bucks for the truth. Was my soul really worth pouring for 50 bucks. Deagan was such a sucker. I would have done it for twenty. **"I think I'm depressed." "Like lonely?" "...uh... like, want a two year coma for my birthday. I bet dad would oblige..."**

Deagan maybe should have been more prepared for that answer, but he played it off pretty neatly all the same. **"You got insurance, man, if you're depressed I bet there's**

**a cute psych major you can talk to for like \$5,"** the standard copay for state healthcare, **"and I'll cover it if you want."**

**"I don't want a therapist, Deagan... I just..."** I sighed, shaking my head, and sticking it down on the table. This was the hard part. Talking to family. Especially being honest. But I could tell Deagan because he wouldn't get worried like Mac. And he wouldn't try to fix it like Missy. **"I just want to disappear for a while..."**

**"Well, you're sixteen in two days. Take off. Hide out, I dunno. I got a few hundred I could give you to get by for a while, find a seedy hotel, or shack up with a friend?"** Clearly, he'd made a nice deal this morning. **"You and me both know Dad would stop Mom from trying to find you, he'd talk about how you're a man now and this is good for you. Shit, he might actually respect you some. And you know Mom would let you come back when you're ready."**

**"...I'd go to Mac's,"** I said quietly. **"I'd quit school, and I'd live there... she offered me a job, ya know? As a maid. Maybe I could just take the job. Maybe I could live there..."** I sounded sleepy. Hazy. Lost. Long my words weren't making sense, even if they kind of were. **"...but then she'd notice I'm unhappy. And she'd get worried. Best to be unhappy in a house where nobody cares..."**

**"So set some ground rules. Tell her you need some space, and you wanna crash there but she's gotta give you a bit of room, too."** The waitress brought the 14" breakfast pizza over and set it down with a smile, along with two plates, and shortly thereafter, a pitcher of chocolate milk with glasses. **"I wouldn't drop out of school — that's a lifetime price to pay for a temporary problem, though."**

**"I just don't want to see anybody. I just don't want people to see me. I want to close my eyes and have everyone and everything go away..."** I thought about the girl. Nala. We hadn't talked since that time a week ago. I thought about the marks on her legs. I should have been asking her the questions... I thought about her a lot...

**"Then find a cheap motel and stay there for a few weeks. Place down on Fifth is like \$100 a week. I could give you enough for like two weeks there, and some food. Drop off the planet for a while."** That was Deagan. Not a problem solver — but an enabler for his brother to solve his own problems.

**"...I want to,"** I said honestly. Looking at the pizza. Deagan was already eating. I hadn't touched my plate. I hadn't touched the milk. I thought I was going to throw up. **"But if I do, I'm afraid..."** It was so pathetic... **"I'm afraid if I'm alone, I'll just get worse..."** And then it brought me to the point of it all. **"I just wanna go to sleep, Deagan. All the time. But I can't sleep at all..."**

**"It could be an imbalance, man. Like. Guys don't talk about it, but depression is a thing. Can just be like one chemical in your brain not in the right dose, and then you take a pill and you feel better. Lotta guys I know do it."** Many said guys actually

used other drugs for that reason, but he didn't mention that. **"Eat your pizza. I don't think you really need pills, though. I think you're lonely."**

**"I'm not lonely. I'm too not-lonely. I've got so many people around me, but I just want them all to disappear..." "Me?" "No, not you... not you, not Mac. But everybody else... and I want everyone to shut up about falling in love and dating and shit. I'm so tired of everyone thinking dating is some catch all to happiness. Like some fucking Disney storybook runs their fucking lives."** I slammed my hands into the table and the pitcher of chocolate milk toddled in place. I put my head in my hands. I was so tired...

**"If you can deal with Mac, go hang out with her. Seriously. Like. You know when you're hungover, and all you want is bacon? You eat fucking bacon, man, you eat it until you can even think about other foods again. So go eat your bacon, and shack up with her, and do pointless shit teenagers do."**

**"It won't fix anything, though,"** I said with a sigh. I slid back down onto the table. My anger was gone. All the energy I'd built up from my day of not sleeping. Everything I'd saved. Now what...? **"I know you're trying to help... thank you... I just... don't get it. I don't get why I feel so terrible."** And it's been a long time coming. Months. Getting worse...

**"Chicks'll tell you that feelings are like... something that needs answering. Like a phone call. But they don't get it, man, they don't — feelings are just like... the weather. They come, they stay, they move on get replaced. Even the worst storm passes, you know?"** Impatient, he tore off a piece of pizza and set it on his brother plate, then started to pour them both milk.

I tried to eat. For his sake. I tried to hope he was right. In two days, I'd see where I stood. After I turned 16. But all I could think about was how I didn't want to see Mac, in case she noticed. It was getting worse than the crying. But if I snubbed her now, she'd know for sure. I just needed to push through. Two days. Maybe everything would just magically get better. I did last time. The last time I had to wait two days, things were magically better. Maybe it would be the same thing here...

**85:**

**"Would you wanna go shopping?"** I shook my head. She'd already bought me such nice stuff this week. I think she was trying to make up for my shitty parents, who I expected would give me little more than a "happy birthday" tomorrow before school. I sunk into one of Mac's beanbag chairs and watched the credits of Gravity Falls. She was eating chicken nuggets. I wasn't hungry.

I had known Oaklee now for a long time, many months, and we'd been through a lot together, we had. But I'd never seen him this way, never seen him acting quite like this, like he felt... broken. I felt broken, too, but not like this, not deflated, not flat and listless. He barely showed any excitement of thrill at all. Worst of all, nothing I could offer seemed to help one little bit. **"Do you wanna go somewhere spontaneous. Just go down to the train station and get on the first thing that shows up, and deal with the fallout when we decide to come home?"**

**"School tomorrow,"** I muttered. Not that school ever really mattered that much to me. Not that I wanted to endure another birthday in the same house as my parents. But alternatively, I didn't really want to be anywhere else either. I faked a smile. I was being too mopey. I had to pretend better. **"Thank you, though. You're too nice to me."**

**"There's no such thing as too nice, that's like saying water can be too wet, and we both know that's silly."** I laid down beside him, put my head in his lap in the beanbag chair, and looked up at Oaklee. I missed kissing him. I missed lots of things, and felt like we were drifting. The pacifier set that Missy had encouraged me to buy, for me and for him, was in one of my drawers, but sharing that meant sharing something I wasn't sure if I was ready to. **"Um... oh, never mind..."**

**"...hm?"** Gravity Falls didn't have two episodes back to back. I was less interested in the TV now. I put my hand on Mac's forehead and smiled down at her, a fake smile, but a smile nonetheless. She was so cute. **"Something on your mind?"** Please don't tell me I'm not myself. Please don't tell me I need to cheer up. I know these things...

**"I got us something."** Here we go... **"But you gotta promise not to read into it, or get any silly ideas... I just thought... thought it was cute, and something we could have matching ones of, and something you can take home and hide if you want..."** My chest was starting to ache... Missy you'd better be right about this...

**"...uh..."** She sat up and looked at me. She was so nervous. I bit my cheek. **"...yeah, um. Okay."** Matching? Bracelets? Friendship necklaces? Sweaters? I didn't really know what to think. I just looked at her, and I felt her nervousness leaking into me.

I crawled over to a set of drawers in the playroom, one that I stored knick-knacks in, and not clothes — he had free reign of my clothing, most days, anyway, and when I got there I lifted myself to my knees and opened the third drawer, taking the little plastic case out. A pink and a yellow pacifier, matching styles...the pink one had a yellow star, and the yellow one a pink heart. So girly, so childish... my chest hurt. This was a bad idea. This is a bad idea. This is going to end poorly. Sheepishly, I returned to Oaklee.

Mac held the little package in her hands, but I couldn't really see what it was. At least not a sweater, I thought to myself. Matching sweaters with Mac... that would be a fantastic day of school. She handed out the case to me, and I recognized instantly what it was. Pacifiers. I blinked. I didn't know what to think. Was it a joke? Did she know

about Sayla giving me one? Was this to replace her, or just to mess with me? Or nothing at all? It didn't make sense... "...um... why..."

Lie. Lie. Lie. Lie. Lie. Lie. Make up something. **"Because they're cute... and..."** Mac! Don't. You. Dare. What does Missy even know? What does she even know, huh? She's just a cute little kitty! **"I've wanted a pacifier for a while, and you're the one I trust enough to tell that to..."** My words started confident, like an explosion of pent-up energy, but by the end of the sentence, I was talking small and tiny and soft and my voice cracked a little bit.

**"...oh... um..."** It wasn't about Sayla. It wasn't even about me. Just about Mac. I wanted to say I was taken aback by what she said, but... honestly, it fell in line pretty perfectly with what I thought of the girl. She wasn't a child, I knew that. She was strong and independent and brilliant. But that didn't mean she was grown up, either. And this kind of hobby? Well, it was very Mac. **"Okay. Thanks. Which one's mine?"**

He held the case, and I reached out with my tiny hands and unclipped the transparent lid, opening it up. **"Pink is mine, yellow is yours..."** I took each out in turn, and explained. **"The pink one has a yellow star because you keep me safe at night, and the yellow one has a pink heart because I care about you."** Honestly, it sounded a lot less corny when I picked the package out...

**"...thanks."** It was weird. Very weird. But at the same time, it was... I don't know. Sweet. Sweet that she thought of me this way. That I protected her. That she cares about me. And it was such a child's logic. I didn't think about Mac as a child, but I sure as hell could with an explanation like that. I held the pacifier in my hands and put on the best smile I could.

**"I'm shy so you gotta put yours in when I do so I don't feel dumb, okay?"** We were holding the pacifiers like they were exotic food that didn't seem at all like something that should be placed between a person's lips. My chest was thundering. **"On three, okay?"** On three. On three, undo everything about how he'd come to see me as an adult... but Missy said it would be okay, Missy said it might cheer him up...

**"..uh..."** She wanted me to use it? I mean. Okay, she was sharing something special with me. Something personal. I didn't want to stifle that. I liked that she was being open and honest with me. But my cheeks went a little pink and I looked down at my hands. **"Mac... um..." "One." "Huh?" "Two." "Hey, wait-" "Three."** And just because I didn't want her to feel alone, I put the pacifier between my lips. Things felt very different very quickly.

I was afraid. Afraid because of what had happened at the mall, afraid because he might cry, afraid that this might be too much little sister mode for him, and that he'd freak out. But it wasn't coerced, or tricked, or manipulated. It was pure. He looked adorable with the pacifier between his lips, and mine was between mine, and neither of us said much

of anything at all. So I put my arms around him, and I cuddled him tightly... he looked so cute...

I felt sick. In a bad way. My cheeks went scarlet so quickly, and the change hurt my head. I thought I was going to throw up. But I sucked at the pacifier, sucked at it like I did in my brother's car, and everything started to melt. It was just me and quiet and Mac and nice. My breathing wasn't heavy like it usually was. It was slow. Exaggerated, but calm. My eyes looked like glass, like I would cry, but I didn't.

As I held him, I could feel the panic... feel it shaking his body, like resonance shakes a bridge, and I worried that he'd break, that he'd fall down like a nursery rhyme. He sucked. I sucked. It was the only noise to us both, and I held him in my arms, held him as he started to calm. This was for us. I found the remote with my foot, and I put an episode of Rugrats on, not because I chose it, but because it was on when I hit the power. And we cuddled, and he calmed, and we said nothing at all.

I was curled up to Mac by the end of the episode. Everything was warm and quiet. Neither of us took the pacifiers out of our mouths. She'd look at me sometimes. She looked so cute. But I didn't do anything back. No fake smiles. No dizzy panics. Just quietness and contentedness and cuddles. It was so... unfamiliar...

It was as though, in that moment, that the calm had washed away his malaise, that just like that the tide had come out and everything was clean now, with unknown treasures left behind in the sand. I found my phone in my pocket, and held it up above us, leaning my head in close. "**Thmile...**" My speech didn't work so well behind the pacifier, but I wanted a picture, just one, to remember this moment. Maybe to help him remember it. I turned the phone around and showed him what we looked like.

I looked kind of silly. Honestly we both did. The pacifiers were meant for toddlers. We were not. We were teenagers, and they didn't quite fit. If it wasn't for the blush on both our cheeks, it would almost look like a parody picture. But still. It was hard to focus on anything with the way everything turned blurry in my head. I blushed deeper.

I didn't let him sleep in my bed anymore. Not since what happened with Sayla. To be fair, he never asked — maybe he thought my parents said no, maybe he just didn't notice that the spare room was always made up for him. I'd felt disconnected for such a long time, for months and months, afraid of the curses that I'd been given. Everything else seemed detached now, though, everything else disconnected. I felt crisp, and clear in my head, and I took the boy by the hand. "**Lay with me.**"

She took me by the hand to her bed and helped me under her sheets. The last time we were like this, she'd almost kissed me. And I fell out of the bed. And she kissed me on the floor anyway. But this wasn't that. There were no kisses. Which would have been hard with the pacifiers anyway. I sucked calmly and curled up against her. Now I get why babies love pacifiers...

I should have cared that if I fell asleep, I might wet. I should have cared that my body was riddled with sickness. I should have cared that there was a boy in my bed, and boys prey on girls. Nothing really mattered, though, just the moment, and I didn't want the moment tainted by worries, so it wasn't. We slipped under the covers, and I cuddled as close to him as I could, my legs intertwined with his, and his with mine — no big spoon or little spoon; we faced one another and achieved perfection.

I woke up slowly. The pacifier fell out of my mouth somewhere in the night, but my head was still foggy. Maybe that was just the sleep. I rubbed my eyes and sat up in bed. It wasn't cold or wet or anything. Just normal. I didn't even register Mac was there until she stirred. I fumbled around for my cell phone.

"Hi..." I couldn't remember sleeping so soundly, so peacefully.. ever. I woke up slowly, not in a panic, not in concern for my sheets, not worried about being wet. I knew I wasn't. Oaklee was fumbling around for his phone, and I laid my head on the pillow and watched it, finally pulling the pacifier from my lips. Gosh...

I was worried because it was dark out and if I was home late again I might get another broken arm, but when the clock said 7:30, I sighed and fell back into the bed with Mac. I looked up at the dark ceiling, colored only by the faint night light in the corner. Even the day was slow. I felt weird. Tingly. Maybe that's how feelings feel when you don't feel them for so long...

A moment of his panic had made the bed shake, but when he fell back next to me, it as clear as the night was still that he wasn't worried anymore. I guess I hadn't expected it, hadn't expected him to become so sedate, hadn't expected him to feel that way, hadn't expected... that I would feel the way I did. Pacifiers are magic... **"I missed cuddling with you."**

**"...yeah, I missed cuddling with you, too."** I hadn't even realized it. The last time I was in Mac's bed was... months ago. I never thought about things like that. I couldn't. I mean, no sensation ever gave way to those emotions, to those thoughts, and back again. She was just a friend most of the time. Not something I should be paying attention to.

**"We should do it more often."** I nodded softly, though without the pacifier, thoughts could wriggle their way into my calm. Thoughts about her. About what she'd done. And before I knew the connect had been made between brain and mouth, I'd said something I didn't want to. **"Sayla made me sick."** Why did I... I felt my chest rise, and I shoved the pacifier between my lips. Stupid. Stupid stupid stupid Mac!

**"...huh?"** I didn't like hearing her name. Especially out of Mac's mouth. We hadn't talked about her for months. We hadn't said her name. We hadn't let her affect us. And now, my chest was hurting. I didn't want to talk about Sayla... **"...I... um..."** I shied away from Mac, shaking my head. **"...what do you mean sick?"** Idiot, Oaklee...

**"...she put her blood on my blood and told me she had lots of sicknesses, from all the sex she had..."** I felt sick to say it, to talk about it, but the pacifier helped. The pacifier helped so much. I told him what I'd told Missy, putting it from text to words, my chest fluttering. **"To punish me for trying to make her go away... she punished me lots..."**

I opened my mouth to talk, but words didn't come out. I didn't get it. Sayla... hurt Mac? She hurt her? For... for what? To leave me alone? I didn't get it. I didn't... and I shook my head. I stumbled out of the bed and tried to calm down. But my breathing was rapid. I wanted to find her. I wanted to *KILL* her. But she was gone. I never saw her anymore, even at the Walgreens. And without an outlet, it all came crashing back. It was my fault. I couldn't breathe...

It shouldn't have come so easy to me, I should have been falling apart. I should have been shaking my head and crying, but I was past the tears, past the denial — I'd accepted what she'd done to me. I got to my feet, and I put my arms around the boy, and when he pushed me away, I just cuddled tighter. **"It's not your fault she was a bad person... but she's gone now... and... and I know how you must have felt... she makes people feel alone..."**

Alone... I shook my head and put my arms around Mac. Everything was welling up. I was so okay just minutes ago. And now this. Now this... **"I never wanted you to know how that felt, Mac... I never did..."** And now she did. And it was my fault. If she said so or not, it was my fault. I let Mac get involved. Because I was scared. And now... now...

He was shaking, and it didn't stop, not even when I reached for his pacifier on the bed, stretched out my tiny arm, and placed it between his lips. The trembling just changed its form of energy, and he started to cry. And I held him. **"I wanted to keep you safe....wanted to keep my little sister safe, like my big brother keeps me safe when its storming..."**

The pacifier helped. It took half as long to stop crying. I didn't fall asleep this time. But when I had to go, I had to leave the pacifier behind. I was falling apart, even on the drive home. I needed to talk to Missy. I needed to ask her what was going on. If Mac was sick... if she had something from Sayla... I'd never forgive myself... I just wouldn't...

**86:**

**Numbers-1377325** » did you know?

**missymeow1213** » Hmm?

**Numbers-1377325** » did you know..

**missymeow1213** » About?

**Numbers-1377325** » about sayla

**Numbers-1377325** » about mac

**missymeow1213** » That she made Sayla go away?

**Numbers-1377325** » fucking fuck missy

**Numbers-1377325** » stop it

**Numbers-1377325** » did you know or not

**missymeow1213** » She made me promise not to tell anybody.

**missymeow1213** » I keep your secrets, too.

**missymeow1213** » It's not your fault...

**Numbers-1377325** » i deserved to know..

**Numbers-1377325** » what did she do

**Numbers-1377325** » tell me everything

**missymeow1213** » Mac got a PI to get a bunch of dirt on Sayla. She intended to give the packet to Sayla, and tell her if she left you alone, none of it would come to light.

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont care

**Numbers-1377325** » whatd id sayla do

**missymeow1213** » You can never unknow what I tell you, Oaklee.

**Numbers-1377325** » tell me

**missymeow1213** » She molested Mac. She showed up, kissed her, got in her head the way she does with you. Told Mac she was going to make you two into twins, twin baby girls. Then she put her hand down Macs pants.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..and

**missymeow1213** » Mac tried to make her stop, by talking about stuff in the packet

**missymeow1213** » That made Sayla really really mad at her...

**Numbers-1377325** » and..

**missymeow1213** » she threatened to rape Mac if she moved, and then went and got a tray of ice cubes, and...

**missymeow1213** » really? =\

**missymeow1213** » She pushed a dozen ice-cubes up her bottom.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..

**Numbers-1377325** » ..and..

**missymeow1213** » When Mac finally convinced her to leave, she bit her own lip open and kissed Mac where she made her bleed, when she hit her.

**missymeow1213** » And told her she had syphilis and HIV and numerous other STI's, and now Mac had them, and she'd give them to you.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..okay..

**missymeow1213** » Sayla was going to fuck you, and give you those diseases too... that was her plan, and Mac saved you from it..

**Numbers-1377325** » ..yeah..

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..mm..

**missymeow1213** » Mac hasn't gone to the doctors to get tested.

**missymeow1213** » It's possible that Sayla was lying.

**Numbers-1377325** » kay..

**missymeow1213** » She's afraid to go, though.

**missymeow1213** » She's also afraid to get close to you now, fearing she'll make you sick

**missymeow1213** » And then Sayla wins...

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah..

**Numbers-1377325** » kay..

**missymeow1213** » I've tried to convince her to go get tested, but..

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee...

**missymeow1213** » Are you okay?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah.

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm fine.

**missymeow1213** » What are you thinking?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..tired..

**missymeow1213** » You get told all this, and you have nothing to say?

**Numbers-1377325** » what should i say..

**missymeow1213** » That you wanna encourage Mac to get tested?

**Numbers-1377325** » her choice..

**missymeow1213** » If she IS infected, some of these things can be treated if detected early.

**Numbers-1377325** » not my choice..

**missymeow1213** » Okay...

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee

**missymeow1213** » I'm worried bout you.

**Numbers-1377325** » im fine.

**missymeow1213** » Well, tell me about your day

**Numbers-1377325** » idk.

**missymeow1213** » She at least talks to me, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » Why won't you? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » hm?

**missymeow1213** » I've been able to talk her through what happened, and she's coping.

**missymeow1213** » But you won't talk to me about how you feel..

**Numbers-1377325** » nothing to say..

**missymeow1213** » It's not your fault. Start with that.

**Numbers-1377325** » im really tired missy..

**missymeow1213** » How did you find out?

**Numbers-1377325** » im gonna go to sleep..

**missymeow1213** » Don't leave me hanging =(

**Numbers-1377325** » ask mac

**Numbers-1377325** » ttyl

**missymeow1213** » night...

**Numbers-1377325** » night

///

**Quietplaces** » hey

**Quietplaces** » i have a question

**crinkabell** » Hi!

**crinkabell** » Yes. Ask :)

**Quietplaces** » what happened to your legs

**Quietplaces** » the marks

**crinkabell** » i dont usually talk about that

**crinkabell** » I can tell you

**crinkabell** » It just isn't something comfortable.

**Quietplaces** » i wanna know

**crinkabell** » Car accident.

**Quietplaces** » elaborate

**crinkabell** » I was in a car accident, and it killed my parents, and I couldn't walk for over a year :(

**crinkabell** » why do you want to know?

**Quietplaces** » the marks are from the accident?

**crinkabell** » Yes

**Quietplaces** » okay

**crinkabell** » why??

**crinkabell** » Are you ok?

**Quietplaces** » yup

**crinkabell** » Why did you want to know?

**crinkabell** » It seems like an odd thing to ask first thing after coming back online

**crinkabell** » Did you think they were something else?

**Quietplaces** » i was curious

**Quietplaces** » because you dodged lat time

**crinkabell** » It was a dark time in my life :(

**crinkabell** » And I ended up putting on a lot of weight

**crinkabell** » so I wound up with an eating disorder

**crinkabell** » Eating is still hard for me

**Quietplaces** » okay

**crinkabell** » Penny for your thoughts?

Quietplaces » dont have any

Quietplaces » im tired though i should go

crinkabell » Try again

crinkabell » cute pictures for your thoughts?

Quietplaces » night nala

crinkabell » night oaklee

**87:**

Happy birthday, Oaklee. What presents would I get today? A gunshot wound from my dad's rifle? Or just another lecture like papercuts? Painful scratching at reality and identity like every fucking teenage boy, or the painful scratching at reality and identity akin to twelve ice cubes up my ass? What I wanted was STDs and closure. What I'd get was a mess of blankets and a lot of vomit. I didn't go to school. Mom didn't make me because it was my birthday. Mom didn't make me because I wouldn't talk. Deagan left me breakfast on my nightstand before school. McDonalds. It was there when he got home.

It wasn't like me. I didn't do spontaneous, and I didn't try to push my way into lives that didn't want me there at that moment. But it was Oaklee's birthday, and I'd texted, and IM'd and even tried to call, which I never did, ever. By 2pm that afternoon, having skipped school since the end of lunch to go home and get changed, I found myself with the task of climbing up the tree next to his house again, the pretty dress sure to have seen better days by the time I was done. I was worried, though! Worried because I'd told him what Sayla did to me, worried because he barely spoke a word to me since then. I rapped on the locked windowpane, making the boy on his bed jump, and waved shyly.

I looked at Mac outside in my tree. She'd done this once before. Did she like climbing trees? Nobody liked climbing trees in February. She was sick. She shouldn't be outside. I got a marker and wrote into a notebook, pushing it to the glass. **"It's locked. Nothing I can do."** I watched her read it. I studied her. And when she looked at me, I looked down. I couldn't do this... I closed my blinds.

Mac » im gonna stay out here until you talk to me

Mac » b/c ur sad on ur birthday

**Mac »** && u should be happy!

**Mac »** u deserve 2 be happy.

Why did I have to be her friend? Why did I have to leave my phone on? Why did today have to be my birthday, an excuse for her to annoy me? Why did the pieces fall into place like this? Couldn't I catch a break? A single break? Couldn't she?

**Oaklee »** Go home

**Mac »** your sad b/c i told u what happened

**Mac »** but

**Mac »** u know what

**Mac »** its my thing 2 be sad over

**Mac »** && today i am putting my sad thing on hold b/c

**Mac »** i wanna celebrate w/ u...

**Oaklee »** Go home

**Oaklee »** Please

**Mac »** i baked u a cake

**Mac »** ive never baked b4

**Mac »** so its probably not very good...

**Oaklee »** Ill be in school tomorrow

**Mac »** but today is your bday

**Mac »** not tomorrow

**Oaklee »** I dont like birthdays

**Mac »** i dont either

**Mac »** or didnt

**Mac »** b/c just a day i would be alone

**Mac** » but now i have an amazing bff

**Mac** » && i wanna enjoy bdays now ok

**Oaklee** » Cant you annoy me literally any other day

**Mac** » literally any other day isnt ur birthday!!!

**Oaklee** » Im turning off my phone

**Mac** » ok

**Mac** » i dont know what 2 do oaklee

**Mac** » i just want things to be happy again w/ us

**Mac** » iono why this is happening....

11:59. No birthday wishes. No acknowledgements. I had two cakes waiting for me. I had messages from Mike and Missy, for sure, but I didn't get online. A breakfast burger still sat on my nightstand. My bed was imprinted with the shape of my body. I looked up at the ceiling. No birthday wishes. No acknowledgements. A day without celebration. Nothing special about this year. No reason to be happy that I made it. And if I hadn't. If I hadn't made it... Mac wouldn't have gotten hurt. No point in killing myself now. I wanted to kill myself a year ago. Before Mac. Before everyone. I didn't cry. I think I forgot how.

///

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » missy I do not know what to do

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » I went over there and even climbed up to his window

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » bur he wouldn't even open it for me....

**missymeow1213** » I'm very worried =(

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i shouldnt of told him

**missymeow1213** » You did what you thought was right. He would find out sooner or later. Sooner is probably better.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i think he doesnt wanna be my friend anymore

**missymeow1213** » Oaklee isn't stupid. He knows you're upset.

**missymeow1213** » He wants to comfort you and be there for you.

**missymeow1213** » If I were him, I'd be weighing up my worth against my risk..

**missymeow1213** » But Sayla is gone. The whole situation will turn over in your favor.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » unless he thinks im gross now && doesnt want to know me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && i dont want to tell him that im scared by all this

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c he will blame himself..

**missymeow1213** » He needs to talk to somebody.

**missymeow1213** » This martyrdom thing he's doing isn't going to help anyone.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but im here!!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he can talk to me

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but he wont...

**missymeow1213** » I'm here too.

**missymeow1213** » I don't know what to do, Mac..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i keep trying to be brave

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » maybe i shouldn't anymore...

**missymeow1213** » You're amazing.

**missymeow1213** » You keep being strong and I'll be here to help.

///

**Mac** » i am scared b/c of the sickness

**Mac** » && i would love 2 have u hold me and tell me it will be ok...

**Oaklee** » I know

**Mac** » && i feel like its not ok to be scared

**Mac** » b/c i gotta be strong

**Mac »** but

**Mac »** oaklee im not strong...

**Mac »** i need u plz...

**Oaklee »** I know..

**Oaklee »** Mac..

**Oaklee »** ..im..

**Mac »** sneak out

**Mac »** ill send u a car?

**Mac »** stop worrying about the past && just help me w/ my future now?

**Oaklee »** Im sorry i cant..

What was it? 3am? Sleep was so stuttering. Like an old car. I rubbed my eyes.

**Oaklee »** I cant...

**Mac »** does anything else matter more than cuddling me right now?

**Mac »** showing me that it will be okay and i am loved...?

**Mac »** i still have nightmares about her...

**Oaklee »** Stop..

**Mac »** shes gone far far away

**Mac »** && she cant hurt us anymore

**Mac »** but its still scary... b/c she made me want wht she was doing

**Mac »** she made me want her to treat me that way

**Mac »** i dont even know how

**Mac »** sorry... im scared..

**Mac »** && i just want 2 be held

**Mac** » but dont trust anyone else but u...

**Oaklee** » Just stop..

**Oaklee** » Stop it

**Mac** » ok

**Mac** » i didnt mean 2 be weak

**Mac** » trying rly hard 2 be strong 4 u

**Oaklee** » Well

**Oaklee** » If you get it

**Oaklee** » If you get how it felt

**Oaklee** » Then why do i feel alone

**Oaklee** » It's been months

**Oaklee** » Months

**Oaklee** » And im left alone

**Oaklee** » And now you tell me you feel like i feel?

**Mac** » b/c u dont like 2 think that i know how it feels

**Mac** » b/c that scares u...i think

**Mac** » i know b/c i dont want anybody else to ever know how this feels

**Mac** » and it makes me cry to know that u do

**Oaklee** » I didnt know mac

**Mac** » ive been trying 2 be strong

**Mac** » 2 show u that it is ok

**Mac** » and that u will feel better

**Mac** » but i think all i did was make u feel like ur weaker than me or something

**Oaklee** » I didnt know about you

**Oaklee** » You knew how i felt

**Oaklee** » For months

**Mac** » i know

**Mac** » i know im sorry

**Mac** » i didnt want u to blame urself!!

**Oaklee** » I do

**Oaklee** » Of course i do

**Oaklee** » But what do i do now?

**Oaklee** » Im not worse for you now

**Oaklee** » Not being friends wiht you doesn't help anybody

**Oaklee** » I cant make it right

**Mac** » u want 2 no what 2 do...?

**Mac** » i can tell u what 2 do..

**Mac** » i can tell u how to make it right

**Oaklee** » Nothing is ever going to make it right

**Oaklee** » I just hate myself

**Oaklee** » And I hate you for not telling me

**Oaklee** » And I hat emissy for keeping it from me

**Oaklee** » And I hate being so alone

**Oaklee** » And even now when im not alone I feel alone

**Oaklee** » Because if you knew how i felt youd be here to help

**Oaklee** » But you werent

**Oaklee** » And I dont know what to think anymore

**Oaklee** » I just want to stop thinking

**Oaklee** » I just want it all to stop

**Mac** » b/c i am afraid i will make u sick!!!

**Mac** » && then she will win

**Oaklee** » I want ot yell it and make everything and everyone disappear

**Mac** » i am so scared that i will make you sick...

**Mac** » i am so scared that she's still in my head oaklee!!!

**Mac** » pulling my strings!

**Mac** » i'm not a fucking puppet!!!

**Mac** » ...but she made me feel like i am

**Oaklee** » Theres no way out here

**Oaklee** » Im gonna go to school tomorrow and were gonna be friends

**Oaklee** » And youll tell me when ur upset and i'll hug you and say its gonna be fine when it wont

**Oaklee** » And im gonna wear shitty dresses and go shopping

**Oaklee** » And were gona go to the movies and ill stay the night in the summer

**Oaklee** » Nothing is gonna change

**Oaklee** » I just need a day to have things different

**Oaklee** » So I can put up with the rest of it

**Oaklee** » So maybe for like. the next 3 hours. if i could just have the rest of the day where you suck

**Oaklee** » And i suck

**Oaklee** » And everyone sucks

**Oaklee** » Then i can put up with it tomorrow

**Mac** » i do suck

**Mac** » i gavent even been 2 to the doctors 4 my checkup, and i go every six weeks. they're gonna call my parents b/c i keep not showing up

**Mac** » && my parents will like email me or somethign

**Mac** » because there not parents

**Mac** » and then they will be mad at me

**Mac** » && i will hate myself more for what happened, what at the time i was made 2 want 2 happen

**Mac** » &&& then i will get depressed no doubt

**Mac** » &&&& stoip going to school b/c every day is hard..

**Mac** » im cussing now... when i talk 2 myself...

**Mac** » && just before 2 us

**Mac** » i feel like im losing myself

**Mac** » and all iw ant is u to fix me

**Mac** » but thats selfish

**Mac** » b/c u have ur own problems

**Mac** » i'm just an awkward broken princess

**Mac** » who cant fend for herself

**Mac** » i suck

**Oaklee** » Remember we had that fight

**Oaklee** » About whose parents were worse

**Oaklee** » And then we just came to terms that both our parents are terrible people and we shouldn't compare them?

**Mac »** yea

**Oaklee »** You are broken and fucked up and i'm broken and fucked up i'm not going to fix you and you aren't going to fix me. and we should just stop comparing and stop expecting and jsut live with it

**Oaklee »** I like spendign time wiht you. but i'm not your responsibility. i dont want to be. and frankly i dont want you to be mine

**Oaklee »** Dont save me again

**Mac »** i like being urs..

**Mac »** u make me feel safe...

**Oaklee »** You aren't mine. you never were mine

**Oaklee »** We are friends. and we arent even good at that

**Mac »** we're not?

**Oaklee »** I dont think so

**Oaklee »** If i were good at it id help you with feeling sickness stuff.

**Oaklee »** If you were good at it you would hav ehelped me for months and made me feel less alone

**Oaklee »** So just

**Oaklee »** Lets admit we both suck at being useful and just be present instead

**Mac »** i want 2 help u now

**Mac »** doesnt that mean anything...

**Oaklee »** Better being there and useless than not being there and useless

**Mac »** i dont want 2 accept being useless!!!

**Mac »** my parents are useless...

**Oaklee »** You are

**Mac »** yours are useless

**Oaklee** » You are I am

**Mac** » we're not

**Oaklee** » Yes

**Oaklee** » We are

**Mac** » no, where not!!

**Mac** » u know what we are??

**Mac** » oaklee

**Mac** » u know what we are????

**Mac** » scared little kids ok

**Mac** » we're 15!!!

**Mac** » this isnt sposed to happen 2 us

**Mac** » we dont no how to handle it bc nobody ever told us how

**Mac** » and where falling apart

**Mac** » we have been doing it apart

**Mac** » bc thats all we think we can do

**Mac** » but we can fall apart together and collapse into each other

**Mac** » and then pick through the pieces 2goether and help put each other back

**Mac** » we're just kids

**Mac** » and shes a monster

**Mac** » and kids are scared of monsters

**Oaklee** » ..i cant save you..

**Mac** » no u cant

**Mac** » its 2 late 2 be saved for both of us

**Mac** » but u can help me pick up my pieces

**Mac** » make me go to the doctor

**Mac** » make me face my fears

**Mac** » && i can help pick up ur pieces

**Mac** » help you feel clean again... and not dirty

**Mac** » take away all the guilt u feel right now

**Oaklee** » Mac..

**Oaklee** » I'm just so scared...

**Mac** » i just wanna hold you an hug u an keep u safe until you can face the world again

**Mac** » thats what i want...

**Mac** » the way i kept u safe that day at the mall with those bully boys && mira

**Mac** » like im ur big sister

**Oaklee** » You're younger than me.

**Mac** » so??

**Mac** » im sure w/ siblings

**Mac** » sometimes the younger one takes care of the older one for a while

**Mac** » age doesnt mean anything if u care about some1 enough

**Oaklee** » .. mac i just..

**Mac** » let me take care of u

**Mac** » the way i failed 2 do...

**Oaklee** » Tomorrow after school.. i'll come over... we can talk about it..

**Mac** » promise?

**Oaklee** » ..yeah..

Mac » good

Mac » im gonna order u a proper cake 2

Mac » bc the one i made is lopsided!

Oaklee » I dont want cake

Oaklee » I dont want a birthday anything

Oaklee » No gifts no cake

Oaklee » Just..

Oaklee » Just talking..

Mac » well i made cake so ur getting cake!!!

Mac » it an be

Mac » a shared misery cake

Mac » it looks like one...

Oaklee » ..yeah okay..

Mac » good

Mac » try 2 sleep okay?

Mac » think of me && how it feels when we cuddle

Mac » maybe that will help...

**88:**

If I slept, it wasn't well at all. School was a fucking joke. I didn't do my homework. I didn't make up my test at lunch like I was supposed to. I didn't eat. I didn't even remember the last time I ate... I just couldn't. I didn't know how things would go with Mac after school, but I knew I couldn't look at her. I couldn't even think about looking at her...

I think we were both depressed that day — but like two birds of a feather, we still dressed as nicely as we always did. I even wore pastels, which were now in season, but felt as far away from the light and cheerful tones as could be. Maybe they'd cheer Oaklee up, though, and I found him in his overwatch place above my exit, sitting down next to him where he sat, and catching him by surprised. **"I knew you'd be up here..."**

**"Mm..."** I looked down at the door Mac usually came out of. Not today, I guess. Maybe I was still waiting for her, though she was right next to me. It was sunny. The first day of March. I put my head on the rail. **"I can't move my feet,"** I muttered. They'd gone numb on the way here. My head was fuzzy...

**"That's probably because your skin is the color of mine, and I have the complexion of a china doll."** I didn't eat when I was upset, either, and I don't know why I felt it comforting that he didn't... it was awfully macabre. **"At least you don't have a period to worry about, that's horrid when you can't eat."** I put my head on his shoulder and closed my eyes, even though he probably didn't want me there.

We'd look together if anybody looked up. Nobody ever looks up... just down. I looked down, watching. The students faded. Less and less. Dwindled. I was going to throw up all over them if I had anything in me to throw up. **"I'm sorry she did that to you... I'm sorry I let it happen..."** Apologies. They fucking fix nothing. But I'm not a fixer. I'm a breaker. I'd done my breaking. Now I apologize for it...

**"Saying words don't undo it, Oaklee."** It was something I learned a long time ago, back when my parents still apologized for the important dates they missed in my life. They didn't do that anymore, like even that was too much. **"You make it better by reminding me how lucky I am, by being you. How bad stuff can happen but I have something good in my life that makes it worth getting through the bad stuff. Someone who doesn't laugh at me for talking to my dolls..."**

**"...I guess..."** I'd be apologizing forever, in my own way. I could never stop being friends with Mac. I could never do something she didn't want. I couldn't say no to her anymore. Because she deserved the best of me. I couldn't lie. I couldn't keep secrets. I owed her everything, now... **"...I miss Mira..."**

I had a sly smile on my face as I unzipped my bag and produced the teddy, dressed in similarly pastel tones to me, and set the little stuffed toy into his lap. **"She wouldn't let me go this morning without bringing her along. I tried to tell her no, but have you ever tried arguing with a teddy? They are very good arguers..."**

I blinked at Mac, and then down at Mira, and took her into my arms with a little smile. I sighed and put my forehead against the metal bar. Mira made me feel better. Mac made me feel better for bringing her. It had been so long now. Days. It felt like weeks. For the first time in forever, I thought I *wasn't* going to throw up...

**"Secretly, I let her win, because you always seem a little happier when you have her."** I wanted to bring Cheez, but she wouldn't fit in my bag with Mira, and it wasn't about me anyway. **"I bet if Mira told you that you should eat, you might even be willing to stop at a diner with me on the way home...?"**

I looked down at the teddy bear, into her little black button eyes, and sighed, nodding my head. I followed Mac up off the ground and down the hill. My feet tingled with each step. I stumbled, but I walked behind Mac so she didn't notice. I kept looking at Mira. Hoping maybe she could do more than make me feel better. Hoping maybe she could fix me the way Mac couldn't. The way no one could. But she was just a teddy bear after all...

There was a diner across the street, where we'd first exchanged words. It would be busy, though, this time in the afternoon, so we walked a little further to a buffet down the road. Despite the relative proximity to a high school, it wasn't all that busy, which was nice. We sat on opposite sides of a booth, and Mira stayed in Oaklee's arms as he looked across the table at me. **"You stay here with Mira, and I'll get us both food, okay? I know what you like."**

I wished it was easier. I wished things were getting better. But they weren't. I was going to try to eat for my teddy bear, apparently, but it wouldn't fix things. I wasn't fixable. I knew that. Mac knew that. We were just playing make believe games until the sun burned out. I put my head on the wall and waited for Mac to bring food back for us both. I played with it with my fork, taking very small bites when I felt like I could.

I had a plan. Not the best plan in the world, but a plan anyway, an idea moving forward, despite how ill I felt whenever I saw the color of Oaklee's face. White. Gaunt. Ghostly. Not the boy I knew, not the boy I liked. Missy had given me advice, too. Missy had said to open dialog, share experiences... I didn't think I could do that. So I ate. He tried to eat, too. **"Do you ever just want to run away? Somewhere far away, like Alaska, or France?"**

**"Not really..."** I knew she was just talking. I was supposed to talk back. But I had to be honest, too, because I owed it to her now. I owed her more than I'd ever be able to pay back. It was overwhelming... I took a deep breath. **"I just imagine everyone else running away so everything is quiet and nobody puts footprints in my snow..."**

**"You know you talk really beautifully when you're sad."** I meant it as a compliment. I'd have taken the same as a compliment, but he just looked at me strangely, like maybe I'd offended him. Had I? **"Well it's always snowing somewhere in the world. Maybe we could get some cute snowpants and run away to the snow and sit in the middle of nowhere, together, and know what peace is?"**

**"Alaska has snow,"** I said quietly. She mentioned Alaska. France sounded boring. Buildings and baked goods. Blah. I'll take Alaska. Like magic, I took another bite of

chicken. Three bites, now. I think I'm done. I pushed the tray forward, but Mac pushed it back. I wondered if I should try feeding Mira. Ah, she'd just get dirty...

**"We could go to Alaska. Tell your parents you're staying at my house this weekend, and we'll run away to Alaska. You'll still have cell coverage, so they can text you, and you don't need a passport..."** I wasn't kidding, my tone as serious as I could ever be, even if I were just taking a literal stance on his metaphor. **"They don't have to know, and we can find a calm place in the snow..."**

I laughed. Not a real laugh, but a small laugh. Not a fake laugh, either. I sighed and rubbed my eyes. I was sleepy. **"That's okay, Mac... maybe in the summer."** There was still snow in Alaska in the summer, right? March was snow-less. Which was kind of impressive in and of itself. March usually liked snow out here. **"Thanks for lunch..."** Even if I didn't eat much.

**"This weekend."** I felt a little sheepish, but the more I thought about it, the better an idea it seemed. **"You want a day to be different... and this will be. It'll be good for us both, we can reset, and become fresh again...we can take Mira and Cheez, and we can leave this all behind just for a day or two..?"**

**"I'm not comfortable,"** I said quietly. Mac was still eating. She often ate less than me. Today was an exception. **"Why not comfortable?"** she asked. **"Just being that far away from home."** **"You don't like your home."** Right. And that wasn't the reason. The real reason: **"I don't want to be stuck with you, in case I need to escape."** She was quiet. We both were. I liked Mac. She was my best friend. But this talking about it thing? It was new. I was scared...

**"I'll get you your own boarding pass. And give you some emergency money. And if you want to go when we get there, not be stuck with me, need time to escape... you can."** Maybe he expected me to get upset by what he said, but I got it. I wasn't upset. **"And I'll be okay, I go across country on my own all the time, so if you need time alone..."**

**"I just want to stay here..."** She nodded quietly and pushed her own tray into the middle of the table. If Mac wasn't so rich, I'd be worried about paying full price for two buffets when we both ate so little. She paid. I followed her out into the parking lot, Mira in my arms. We started walking back to Mac's house.

We walked. We didn't talk. Not that much. But that didn't matter too much — we did a lot of thinking. Or, I did. I decided what I was going to do, even if it was silly, even if it was taking things too literally. We got home, we went upstairs, and I went to my closet. Not the one in my bedroom, but one I had recessed into a wall in the playroom, one I hadn't shown him. It had my more dressy clothes, things I'd wear to events my parents needed a daughter at. And I decided that I was going to dress him up... I had an aqua and white dress, something that could pass as something from Frozen. If he wanted to be alone in the snow, I could dress him up as someone who knew that feeling!

"...um..." She didn't ask. She came over to me and unzipped my jacket, pulling it down off my arms. It was all I could do to keep Mira in my arms while the whole thing was happening. She took my shirt off next. The recessed closet was something I hadn't seen. Actually, since November, I'd been through her closets and her drawers countless times and never came across her pullups. That was probably where she kept them. I never even thought to look... **"What are you doing?"**

**"Dressing you up as a Snow Queen until you're ready to be a princess again."** It wouldn't be perfect, but the dress was almost the right color, and I had shoes that he might fit into, and I even had a tiara because of course I did. **"Have you ever worn a gown before?"** Gowns were, to the obliviousness of most boys, different enough to dresses that I felt the need to explain. **"Stand still, don't make a fuss, I'm going to dress you up."**

She pulled the gown over my head and threaded my arms through. It seemed so convoluted. The dress came down past my knees, near to my ankles, and she started to zip and tie. I guess she knew what she was doing. You could hardly see my jeans beneath the dress, though when she was content at the fit, she asked me to take them off all the same. I did. The gown was... elegant. Not Mac's usual style. Actually, it was very pretty. Not in a "my style" kind of pretty. But pretty nonetheless. I think I'd have to sit down and have a talk with her about the kinds of stuff I liked to wear. But it really did make me feel like a Disney character more than anything else...

**"Today, you're going to be Elsa. When you're ready to be a happier princess, you can be."** Where did I put my tiara? I had three of them, but there was only one of them that I wanted to put atop the boy. Not a dress-up tiara, a real one. A really real once, that I got given for my 12th birthday. **"Wait here, okay...? I'm going to find you something."**

The whole thing was silly. But I guess it was better than actually talking about our problems. About the damage done to my friend. About it being my fault. About the damage done to me... about it being my fault, too. How did she hold herself together so well? She saw what Sayla did. She experienced it. And she was just... the same Mac. She was a miracle... I held Mira tighter to my chest.

**"This is not a toy tiara, this is a real tiara, and you have to be very careful with it, okay?"** He looked at me with concern and I slid the tiara into place in his hair, fussing over his styling before I'd let him even look in the mirror. It was silver and platinum, studded with diamonds. I didn't even want to guess how much it was worth...

Okay, so I really *did* look like a Disney princess. I turned around in the mirror and played with the edges of the dress. Would I ever wear this outside? God no. But inside? It was like... a dress up party. Like for tea or something, what kids do. **"It's very pretty, Mac."**

"Tut tut," I shook my head and pulled my hair out of the very basis updo I'd had it in today, and began to part it behind me head, looking into the mirror as I started working on the first of the two braids. **"I'm Anna, you're Elsa."** I hadn't done my hair in twin braids in a long time, but my fingers seemed to know what they were doing.

"Uh... alright... um... Anna..." She didn't look like Anna. Actually, she was pretty far from. Too short. Hair too red. But with her hair tied the way it was, I guess I could play make believe. I never thought the first roleplay I would do would be of Frozen, let me say...

I nodded my head, not entirely sure how I'd go from here, but it was something I'd work with, even if it was silly. I felt a little silly. **"Elsa, I know you want to run away, but there are better things in life than making pretty ice castles and living in the snow on your own."** Very silly... **"Like cuddling with your sister, who loves you very much."**

...okay, yeah. I get it. She's being metaphorical. It's all one big analogy. And I had to say, it was... kind of a good one. I took a deep breath and looked down at Mac. She was trying so hard... **"You're right... we can stay here in the castle, together, right?"** Gosh this was silly... **"And we can close all the gates again and just be you and me."**

**"Uhhuh, until you feel better, we can stay in the castle, and watch private shows just for us, and look at the people beyond the walls."** I put my arms around Oaklee in the pretty pretty dress and then pointed to the recessed closet. **"But first, as my big sister, and as the Queen, do you really think your baby sister should be dressed in such commoners clothes?"**

**"Right... right. Of course not."** I went to the closet. I wasn't surprised to see the pullups at the base. A familiar package from the supermarket months ago. So long ago I barely recognized them. They were open. I took a deep breath and looked past them, into the mess of dresses. Nothing looked very "Anna"... what was that story, anyway? Nordic? How the hell did Nordic people dress...

**"There's a European-styled dress on the right from one of my old cosplays, that will work."** I whispered the words into Oaklee's ear as I stood beside him, breaking the character for a moment. It wasn't what she wore in the movie, but it was regional enough to look like something she might wear.

She was behind me. Her hand on the hip of my dress. Her lips were by my ear. I pulled the dress she was talking about out of the closet and closed the door, sealing it shut again. There were no handles. It was a click cupboard. No wonder I never saw it before. Did her room have other secrets? **"Here ya go."**

**"Is that how a Queen treats her baby sister?"** I crossed my arms and looked at the dress, and the boy, and managed an awkward smile. **"You should hang it on the bed"**

**and find some cute accessories for me, Elsa, and then help me to get dressed so I can be just as pretty as you are!"**

...she was so cheeky about it all. I wonder if she fantasized about this a lot. With a dress like the one I was wearing? It was possible... I sighed and put on a smile, then walked to the bed and put the dress down. Accessories. I didn't even know what the hell Anna wore in the movie. I only saw it once, and that was like a year ago...

Cutely, shyly, I sat on the edge of the bed next to the dress and watched Oaklee going through my things, looking for accessories that would match the dress. I'd let him pick out anything he wanted, and praise him all the same, even if it didn't quite match what should be worn with the dress. Everyone had to start somewhere, and he'd figure it out on his own, I was sure. **"I'll need something for my hair, and jewelry for my neck, and my wrists, and maybe a cute scarf..."**

I picked out a green necklace. She had such expensive looking jewelry. I picked out a couple bracelets, but they didn't go well with the outfit. Accessorizing was always hard for me. And a headband. None of it was very Anna... I felt pathetic. I brought it all back over to her and set it down beside the dress, looking a little downtrodden.

He looked down, but I made sure that I looked bright and ecstatic, grinning like an excited toddler. **"Oh Elsa! You picked out just the cutest things, and I was even thinking about this headband, hoping you'd pick it out! You know me so well, and I'm the luckiest baby sister in all the land to have such a caring big sister."** Okay, it was hammy. But so what?

...she was so cute. I still had Mira in my arms, and I had to sit her down on the bed. I bent down on one knee, so the girl was taller, and unbuttoned the top of her blouse. I bit my lip, a little nervous, and unbuttoned a second. This was... strange. Very strange... **"You sure you don't wanna just do it yourself...?"**

**"A princess should never have to dress herself, Elsa."** Honestly.... honestly it was okay. On one hand, I didn't want him to see me naked, no - that much was true. But at the same time... this wasn't sexual. This wasn't adult in any way at all. This was innocent, and sweet, and I liked that it was. **"Besides, we're sisters, we're not shy around each other."**

I unbuttoned the rest of her blouse. She had small boobs, clad in a lilac bra. I slipped the shirt off her shoulders and stood up again. She was so small. Not small in a height sense, just like, as a whole. She was just so small. I was short, she was short, but only she was small. I pulled the dress down over her head, covering her bra. I felt more relaxed after I did.

It did make me a little bit lightheaded that I'd let him see me topless, though I had before, and I had to remind myself that I wasn't going to be able to hurt him, not in any horrible way. He was safe. I was safe. I stood up in the dress, and between it, and the

braids, I knew I was making the look work. Admittedly, not as well as he was, but it was okay. **"You picked out such a pretty dress for me, sis!"**

I helped her out of the skirt only after getting her headband and stuff in place. She looked great. Not quite Anna, but I didn't look quite Elsa. It was a weird moment in our lives, I think. But it was interesting. And it was... well, it wasn't what I had in mind for today. And that was good.

**"Now, sister, I think we shall retire the cinema and watch princess movies until the world decides to be a nicer place."** We had a home theater, in the basement, and I seldom went down there — why would I, when I had my room? But it was dark and quiet and had a popcorn machine and a screen the size of a wall, with very comfy seats and a 1.5 seater perfect for cuddling close in dresses on. He went to the beanbag chairs and I shook my head. **"No, silly Elsa! The cinema downstairs!"**

I didn't know Mac had a cinema. I also didn't know home theaters could be so impressive. Mac put - take a guess - FROZEN! on the screen. I sat with her in the large armchair, squished into her side. I still couldn't eat, but she was eating popcorn. I didn't get how she could be so happy, still. Sure, Sayla was months ago. But I was still so depressed...

**"I don't think that girl dressed up as you looks nearly as cute as you do, sis."** I motioned to the Elsa on the screen with a smile. I felt a sort of wonderful vertigo, like I was staring at the world through the shaft of a well, but it was comforting. Calming. I wanted so badly for Oaklee to feel the same way. So... I tipped popcorn down the front of his dress, where his boobs would be, and started to giggle.

I pouted a little bit and tried picking the bits of popcorn out of the dress. Stupid Mac... I ate a couple pieces. I mean, not a lot, but it was something, right? Progress, maybe... the movie got to the part where Anna met Elsa at the ice palace, but the comfort of the sofa only persisted when I was curled up on Mac's lap. With her heartbeat in my ear, my eyes were heavy...

Oaklee shifted a little bit, eating a few pieces of popcorn, before finally snuggling in and getting close to me in a way he hadn't in a long time. I liked that, I liked him here, I liked his head on my lap, the tiara firmly in his hair. I liked how he finally felt... calm. I played with my fingers in his hair, avoiding the ornate headpiece, and we watched the film together, as close as any other sisters could ever dare to be.

The credits rolled. Maybe I fell asleep a little bit at the end. I wasn't quite sure. I thought I made it through the film, but I probably didn't. I sat up in the chair and rubbed my eyes, looking down at Mac. She smiled up at me. Our dresses were wrinkled and covered in salt. Mac would have a high dry cleaning bill...

**"You're so pretty when you're sleepy, sis."** He'd slept. He'd stirred a few times, but ended up back asleep. And now, he was awake, looking a little lost, and in response to

that, I kissed his nose with a smile. **"Wanna go upstairs and play dolls?"** I fixed his tiara, adjusting it in his hair as I spoke to him — he might have been Elsa, but I was in charge now.

**"...yeah... okay..."** I woke up weird. My head was a little foggy and my fake glasses were upstairs with my clothes. I wasn't blushing or anything, but the way Mac took my hand and the other hand played unhappily with the dress... I was anxious without Mira. I put my thumb to my mouth and bit at the tip of it. Nail biting wasn't something I often did. It wasn't something I *ever* did until maybe this week...

**"Suck, don't bite, Elsa, you won't ruin your nail that way."** I'd noticed him biting the tip of the nail when we got to the top of the basement stairs, and I pushed his thumb further between his lips, then did the same with my own, as a show of encouragement. I wanted to get him Mira, and his pacifier...

I sucked quietly on my thumb, my cheeks taking on just a touch of color. Just a little bit. I felt a little foolish, but the whole thing was... calming. Mac kept her thumb in her mouth for a second, long enough to ensure I did, and then took it out. With her hand in mine, she walked me up two flights of stairs.

This hadn't been Missy. Or Mike. Or anybody else... this was mine. This was me. I figured this out, figured out how to save him. I was protecting Oaklee, right now, he was my little sister. When we got to the top of the stairs, I handed Oaklee his teddy, and pushed his pacifier between his lips to replace his thumb. **"Okay, Nanako is the Mommy and Naomi is the other Mommy and I'll be them, and you can be Nina and Nana, the daughters okay?"** I started to take dolls down off the shelf.

I sucked on the pacifier gently. Honestly, it was still too small for my mouth and I'm sure I looked silly. But the sucking motion was calming in a weird way. My cheeks were pink, very very pink, and my eyes foggy. I always had Mira in one hand, but I'd play with the dolls in the other. I wasn't very talkative, still reserved, but I seemed... a little happy. Not very. But a little.

So, I had a lot of accessories for my dolls. Not as many as I wanted, but a lot. In the hour that passed, Nana wanted to learn to ride horses, and we played that out. Nanako wanted to have a tea party, so we played that out complete with a fine china tea-set that I used for literally nothing else. And by the time we were done, Nina and Nana were both dressed in pajamas and put down where I deemed their bed to be. I didn't have a bed for them. Oaklee looked cloudy, a little hazy, but not like he was lost... not like he had for the past few weeks. He looked... content.

Things changed. Time passed. I was feeling different. Clear as crystal, though my eyes still fogged everything up. I played with the dolls and I started to talk behind the pacifier about them. Mac couldn't understand half of what I said with the way I mumbled, but I'd ask if we could change their clothes, if I could brush her hair, if Mira could say hi. It was strange. Stranger for her.

**"If you want we could order some food for us?"** Oddly enough, the one thing Sayla's espionage hadn't done to me was make me skeptical of delivery food. Honestly, the risks were worth the reward in this case. **"And cuddle up and watch something on TV after while I brush your hair?"** We'd watched a movie already, but he was different now. Calmer. So much more content. This was what I wanted all along...

The girl took my tiara off. She'd made a call someplace, I didn't know. I wasn't listening. I sucked on my pacifier and mumbled past it, playing with Mira in my hands. **"...and she needs new undies, I tink. 'Cuzz yer sposed to change them once a day, and she's only got like three... and a nightgown but didn't see any last time I was there... and..."** Mac tied my hair into high pigtails. Which did... very little. My hair wasn't long enough to do anything with.

**"We will look online tonight, after dinner, and you can get her anything you like, how does that sound?"** He was babbling to himself about Mira, the way that actual toddlers did, with no regard for actually being listened to, and I found that to be the most charming thing in the whole world. **"I'm going to change you out of your princess dress into a pretty nightgown, okay? Arms up now."**

I put my arms up. I didn't protest, even though I was wearing boxers and no pants. It was three months later, and still the hair that had grown back from Sayla's soap was miniscule. It would come back, probably, but it was taking such a long time. Still, the idea of her seeing me in my underwear didn't seem to bother me at all. I just sucked on the pacifier while she pulled the dress off over my head.

The dress would need to be cleaned; the salt made the fabric wrinkle a little more than it normally would have, but to be honest it wasn't that big of a deal to me. Things that cost money never were, and I knew that it was a little messed up to be able to feel that way. Right now, though, it was convenient. I picked out a baby blue nightgown with a ruffled hem and matching bloomers, along with a scrunchie headband in the same style, and started to dress the boy — whom was still talking about clothes for Mira.

**"Step in here, sweetie."** I wobbled to my feet and stepped into the bloomers. She pulled them up over my boxers and then worked a headband into my hair, despite the high pigtails. I kept sucking the pacifier without a care, talking to Mira for a while, and then hugged her to my chest. I felt small. I felt cute. Hazy, but not dizzy.

**"You can have anything you like for dinner, anything at all. Even a bowl of candy if you wanna! You're my baby sister, and it's my job to pamper you."** I'd been thinking a lot about that, about the way I'd felt that night. How small. How she made him feel that way, and how he liked it. How I could do that, too... I could make him feel small. And I realized that it was the same as LS-Oaklee, two destinations to the same path. While Sayla had exploited this, I nurtured it, and cherished it, and adored Oaklee. I pulled the mirror out of the wall to show him how cute he was, with Mira.

The boy in the mirror was a girl. It was a girl with a pacifier. A girl with a teddy bear. And some of Sayla's words rang in my head. Little memories of what she promised to turn me into. My chest hurt and I hugged Mira to my chest. I sucked harder on the pacifier, so hard it hurt my lips, until it began to calm me down again. My eyes were glossy with tears. Why did her name pop into my head... why was that fair?

The mirror upset him, something about it, something about his reflection. I slide it back away, and took control of the situation, wrapping my arms around him, gently so as not to squish Mira, and kissed his nose. **"Hey cutiest sister ever of mine, what do you want for dinner? Anything you like at all, it'll be just the two of us."** Had his reflection made him think of Sayla? Stupid girl was not going to get his attention! **"What would you like, Mira?"**

I shook my head, a little worried. She. Sister. Girl. Pathetic. Baby. Little. The pacifier. The headband. The bloomers. Mira. I was going to cry. But I sucked on the pacifier while Mac talked. Trying to calm me down. Her words kept ringing in my ears. I wasn't even thinking about her until I saw. Until I saw what this was. A joke. I felt sick...

What had Sayla said? She said... she said she wanted us to be twins. That Oaklee was well on his way to being a girl. Oh. Oh! I should have... I should have thought about that. I didn't. I don't know why I didn't. His panic was rising in back of his chest, and the pacifier could only do so much. I took his hand, and I crawled onto my bed, pulling him with me, and held up my hands. **"We're going to play patty cake."** I read once, that children's games could help with anxiety. I guess I was about to find out. **"Hands up like this, right now."**

My chest hurt so bad. Tears were starting down my cheeks. I felt pathetic. Her words kept echoing. But Mac put my hands up and clapped them with hers. It was hard to focus on her words. But I did. I patty caked. I tried, anyway. I kept messing up. But her words were drowning out Sayla's...

**"Faster now, just a little bit."** We repeated the game. Again. And again. And I'd prompt him to get a little faster here and there, but only when he'd gotten the pace of the current speed. I'd known girls growing up who could wind up a blur of color and sound, but we didn't need to be that. We just needed to focus. Mira was on his lap, we were on our knees, on my bed, and our hands were clapping together.

The clapping was nice. It helped. Everything helped. The pacifier helped more than anything. And then, when she was content to stop playing, when she said I'd done such a good job, I held Mira to my chest. With the pacifier, I couldn't even remember why I was crying in the first place...

I made the decision on what was ordered, in the end. We got fried chicken and gourmet potatoes and a half dozen veggies, all in sealed foil containers as was the style of the catering company. One final container had a chocolate mud cake, and I was going to

put a candle in it when all this was done, and sing for him. Nobody deserved to have their birthday ignored.

Food came, and I started to eat. Not well. I mean. I tried. But when I took the pacifier out, I got antsy. My lips felt numb. I felt sick and unhappy. I kept getting weird flashes in my head. So I'd put it back in. Before the second course, I wouldn't take it out. I'd just play with my food and hold Mira. I was quiet again. Not like before when I was talking.

The pacifier was keeping him calm. I'd ordered a lot of food, but all of it would keep as leftovers, and after a few minutes of realizing he couldn't eat, I excused myself to go to the bathroom. Where I went, was upstairs, to my third drawer, where I get the baby bottle I'd bought along with the pacifier. He couldn't have the food, but I knew we had chocolate milk in the fridge, and this was something he could enjoy and not get antsy. I hurried downstairs with a smile on my lips.

I waited with Mira. Though I was content and simple, I wasn't talking. I wasn't active. I wasn't really anything. I felt empty. I'd worked myself into such a frenzy, and I couldn't remember why. And when I didn't have the pacifier to keep me calm the clothes made me itch. Mira looked at me with distain. I didn't get it... and now Mac wasn't even here. So I just played with my food. We'd go watch TV soon, wouldn't we?

I skittered into the kitchen and filled the bottle with the milk, then casually came to the table in the dining room, took the pacifier from his lips, and replaced it with the bottle, holding it in place. **"Shh, drink up, little sis, you're a good girl for your big sister, aren't you? The best girl, uhhuh."**

I pouted up at Mac and moved to take the bottle out of my mouth. But my instincts were to suck, and the sucking brought chocolate milk, and Mac kept the bottle in my lips, and then helped lay be backward on the floor, into her lap. I looked up at the dizzy ceiling, Mac sitting quietly above me, and the bottle leaking milk into my mouth. There wasn't a more pure definition of content.

Success. Success... I knew I could do it. I knew I could take care of him... I knew I could redefine what Sayla had done to him, overwrite it maybe. His head was in my lap, and he sucked gently at the bottle, while the scent of the rest of the food filled the room. And while he fed, I praised him. **"There's my good little hungry girl, your tumtum must have been growling, huh? Such a good girl..."**

My cheeks were on fire. My breathing through my nose was heavy. My eyes weren't tired, but they were glossy. I sucked at the bottle. I was just so... relaxed. And her words brought about such a strange sensation in my stomach. Praise. I only ever got praise for sucking one kind of thing...

The bottle did take some time to empty — even with a teenager sucking on it, the hole was only so big, and by the time he finished the last drop, my shoulder was a little sore

from holding the end of the bottle up. It was worth it, though, for him. He was so calm, so content. **"I'm so proud of my pretty little sister, yes I am! She finished all her dinner, yes she did, every last little itsy-bitsy drop!"** My hand found his pacifier and I replaced it in his lips, not leaving too much time between when I took out the bottle.

I stayed on the floor. I looked up at the ceiling while Mac put away food. I played with Mira's fur, holding her above me, and to my chest, and rolling on my side. I was on my tummy when she was done, kicking my feet. My nightgown had come up. The bloomers underneath were visible. I had my head on Mira's tummy, my eyes half closed. I kept sucking my paci.

When I saw the bloomers, it got my mind thinking. It made me wonder about that first night, the night that Sayla had stayed, the night that he'd wet the bed. Had she gotten him into this state? Was that why it had happened? It didn't look like he'd be going home tonight, and though my chest was a little tight at the idea, I decided immediately what I was going to do. **"Let's go get you into proper bedtime undies, baby sister, and then we'll come back down here for a surprise."** Maybe one of my diapers could replace the pacifier, too... allow him to eat the cake... but it was a risk. Such a risk...

**"...mm...?"** She helped me up off the ground and I followed her with half-closed eyes up the stairs again and into her bedroom. I rubbed my eyes with the back of my hand and tried to wake up a little bit. It was strange how sleepy I was getting. And it was only maybe 8 at night. Didn't I have to be home at... 9 or something? Time was completely lost on me...

Deep breath. Deep breath. Focus. This is better than him wetting the bed, better for him... better for you. I clicked open the recessed closet and took one of my diapers out of the pack, walking past the boy quickly and tossing it on the bed behind him. Okay. Okay, you can do this. I reached up his nightie, and pulled down his bloomers and his boxers in one pull, dropping them to his ankles, while the night gown preserved his modesty. **"Step out, cutie baby girl, big sis has something better for you to wear."**

I wasn't paying much attention. Of course I wasn't. Why would I? I mean, I was so lost in my head. Trying to understand clocks again. And the pacifier and Mira. It was just hard to think. So I stepped out and then into the new underwear. But the sensation was... familiar. I looked down as she pulled the pullup into place, up under the nightgown, around my waist. She didn't hesitate. She didn't care that I was naked. It didn't fit right - a size too small - but it didn't break either, and I opened my mouth so wide in protest the pacifier fell out of it. **"I..! I don't... um... I don't need..."**

One hand caught the pacifier, and I pushed it back between Oaklee's lips, then picked up the bloomers, separating them from the boxers, and holding them up. **"Step in, hunnybunches, it's not proper for a lady to be flashing her undies like that, you gotta get your bloomers back on, pretty pretty bloomers for a pretty pretty girl."** My heart was racing...

Even with the pacifier, which I took so willingly, I shook my head no. But I didn't motion to take the pullup off. I wasn't acting out. I wasn't acting aggressive or rude. I wasn't angry. I looked... embarrassed. Though it was hard to tell with the way my cheeks were permanently red. "...**dun need it,**" I muttered childishly behind the pacifier.

**"If big sis needs one, and she's older than her little baby sister, doesn't it make sense that little sis wears one, too?"** It was the first time I'd ever considered using the fact I wet the bed as a point of validation and argument. I used to be so cripplingly disgusted about it... at least something positive came from Sayla.

I tried to think of a comeback. I tried to think of a reason. But Mac wore pullups. She wet the bed. She was my big sister. All those were facts. She was right. I pouted and stepped into the bloomers, and she pulled them up my legs. Then she took the pacifier out of my mouth. I hadn't expected that. I blinked at her...

No fuss. No panic. No shaking. He was... calm. I went to my drawer, and took out the clip I'd bought on impulse, attached it to the paci, and then clipped it to Oaklee's nightgown with a smile. **"Now it's there if you need it. Are you ready for your surprise now?"** I really hoped he'd be able to eat the cake... did he even like chocolate? And I only had three candles in all of the kitchen! Then again... that could work.

**"This is silly,"** I muttered quietly. Without the pacifier, I was still pink in my cheeks. The frilly headband stayed on my head. The nightgown stayed on my torso. The bloomers covered the pullup. I took a step toward the girl, and you could see the color on my cheeks physically darken. Oh gosh...

Okay. So I felt a little gleeful. So what? We were the same now, that was all... I picked the paci up, dangling from his chest, and put it back between his lips for now, then took his hand and lead him toward the stairs. By the time we got to the top, his was the color of a beet. By the time we got to the bottom, he looked like his face might actually burst from the blushing! **"Come on, silly girl, you want your surprise, don't you?"**

My breathing was off balance. My cheeks were on fire. But my eyes were glossy and I was just so... calm. I didn't complain. I didn't protest. She took me downstairs by the hand and I cooperated like a child. The pacifier just... centered me.

I pulled the chair out, and sat Oaklee down. **"You're so cute... wait here, okay?"** I went into the kitchen, and I eased the cake out of the foil tray, and I put the three candles into the frosting, and I lit them with the gas lighter. Deep breath. Deep breath. Slowly, cautiously, I went back into the dining room and starting to sing. **"Happy birthday to you... happy birthday to you.... happy birthday, pretty little princess... happy birthday, to you..."** I set the cake down in front of him and grinned. **"Blow out the candles, three year old, and make a wish!"**

I tried to blow out the candles with the pacifier first. Which was... not smart. I felt a little silly and blew the candles out all over again, without the pacifier in my mouth. They all went out. I looked at them, at Mac, and then down at my feet. A little smile played on my lips. Just a small one. And I obviously tried to hide it from the girl.

He smiled. He actually smiled. After all the pessimism regarding his birthday, all the self loathing, all the doubt... I made him smile. I had to turn him into a literal three year old to do it, yes, but I made him smile. And he looked so impressed by the cake... even though I didn't make it. He looked... hungry. **"Big sis will get some plates and a knife, okay? Then I'll cut a biiig piece for my favorite three year old."**

Oh my gosh the cake was so good! I ate the whole damn piece. I didn't spare anything at all. I wanted seconds, too, but I guess the cake was small and there wasn't exactly enough. I pouted and kicked my feet under the table. Mac did the dishes and I played with Mira, talking to her again, but much more energized. I wasn't calm and content. I was active. Of course, the clock was just short of 9 and I still hadn't called a cab. No matter what, I'd be late home. But I didn't even notice.

Oaklee babbled cutely in the dining room, while I put the dishes away, and my phone made the beeping sound of the alarm I'd set. 8:55pm. I reached over to the counter where I'd put his phone, and I dialed his Mom's phone number. Tonight wasn't going to be ruined. I'd tell her that he'd fallen asleep on the sofa because he'd been so tired from following me around the mall. Teenage girl stuff. Believable stuff. And she'd let him stay the night, and he wouldn't be in any trouble. I hoped...

**"You better not be calling to make excuses, Oaklee."** she said sharply into the phone. Mac recoiled a little from the receiver.

**"Um. Miss Edwards? This is Mackan Edith-Lillen. Um. Mac? I'm Oaklee's friend?"** The woman was a little more abrasive than I'd planned upon, but things would be okay. I'd put him in a diaper, his Mom would be easy... **"I had to get school supplies today, and I dragged Oaklee around all afternoon with me. He's fallen asleep in our guest room, and I was wondering if you would mind if he stayed the night? He doesn't know I'm calling... but I'll make sure he gets to school in the morning, and it's no trouble at all."**

**"...Mac."** She sounded a little surprised. Probably because Mac wasn't Latino. **"He's asleep then?"** The way my mom saw it, I was asleep at a girl's house. I guess that was progress. **"Are your parents home? Could I please speak to them?"** The typical parent-move. Talk to the parents, not the teenagers.

**"My parents both work early in the morning, and I know Papa is asleep. I can check if Momma is still awake, though, if you like?"** Diplomatic. Diplomatic I could do. Of course they weren't here, and neither was my maid, but I had quite a streak of confidence today, and I was convinced I could pull this off.

**"That would be fantastic, thank you."** Mac understood. My mom knew Mac understood. You can't trust a 15 year old girl to tell a 15 year old boy's mom he "fell asleep while watching TV" because that was code for "your boy is going to get me pregnant and owe me child support for the rest of his life".

Okay. So I didn't have a Mom here to follow through on the bluff with, but she didn't know that. I kept the phone receiver at my side so she could hear me talking, faintly, and knocked on a door. The door to the den, where my Dad used to study before he left my life. I spoke softly, sweetly, and brilliantly... in Spanish. **"Mamá estás despierto?"** And then, a little louder. **"Mamá de Oaklee está en el teléfono"** Then, dejectedly. **"Está bien, mamá, lo siento.."** I walked away from the door, then sounded weary, and got back on the phone. **"Momma says that she has work in the morning early, and needs her sleep. Um. I'm sorry, Miss Edwards... she had a big night last night."**

There was a very long, very deep sigh from the other end of the receiver. **"Tell Oaklee he's grounded when he gets home... tomorrow afternoon."** No point arguing tonight. She was too tired. **"And if he is late to a single class tomorrow, he'll be grounded the whole summer, too."** Grounded was vague. She'd probably have me do yardwork or something over the weekend. Something to teach me a lesson.

**"Thank you for understanding, Miss Edwards, and I'll pass on the message and make sure that he's in class in the morning."** I hung up the phone, and sighed, leaning against the refrigerator. That was a little harder than I'd thought. But now, tonight, Oaklee as all mine. Even if we just cuddled together, even if we did nothing else but that... it was enough to see him happy.

**"Where's Cheez? Mira wanted to know."** I was hanging off her arm like a kid. I didn't even think about it that way. It was weird how different I was. Different to me at school. Different to me with the pacifier. I wasn't tired. I held Mira in my free hand, my arm around Mac's. **"Can I have chalky milk, too? Do you have puzzles?"**

This was definitely... something. A breakthrough, maybe. Something new. Complete and utter childish bliss. No stress, even though the paci hung from his nightie now. **"Cheez is in the playroom, so how about we go up there, and you can Mira can cuddle with Cheez, and I'll get you another baba of nummy milk. And I think I do have a puzzle or two. Would you like to work on one with me?"** This was... this was so perfect.

I pouted a bit and clung to her arm, even as we went up the stairs. **"I don't need a bottle. I wanna cup."** A sippy cup probably would have been a good middle ground, but Mac hadn't thought that far ahead. She'd have to settle for one of the two extremes. When we got to the top of the stairs, I ran ahead of Mac to get Cheez off the windowsill, then hurried it back to the girl. My cheeks were still pink. The same pink as they were with the pacifier. My eyes the same glossy. No difference there.

It reminded me of... the day we'd gone coat shopping. That energy before he realized he couldn't have the coat he wanted, the energy of the boy who'd willingly agreed to owning a training bra. But there was more to it now. **"How about you pick some clothes out for Mira and Cheez to wear to bed, and I'll get you your milk, and bring up a puzzle, and the four of us,"** Cheez and Mira included, **"can work on it together?"**

**"Uh huh! Yeah, okay!"** I hurried away from her, into the bedroom, where she kept Mira's clothes. I undressed them both, and when I finally got their clothes back on, new proper outfits, nightgowns and pajama pants, Mac was gone. I blinked and looked down at my outfit, at the pacifier. I twirled it in my fingers. I shifted my weight in the pullup. I felt like such a kid. I knew I wasn't. I wasn't stupid. But the way it made me feel was just so... euphoric. And Mac doting over me like this? I smiled a little bit and closed my eyes. It was so nice...

I put the milk in a drink bottle, the sort with a pop-up top, used for running or biking with. He didn't want the bottle, and I guess at age three he wouldn't be using a bottle, either, he'd be using like... a cup with a lid. And this wasn't too bad a facsimile. I carried it in one hand, and the puzzle — a 300 piece one of a dozen different colored flowers, the kind I could handle in a few hours on my own. **"Oh, you dressed them so pretty!"**

Well, it wasn't a bottle. I took the little cup and sipped at the straw with two hands. Mira sat in my lap and Cheez was next to me on the carpet. Mac sat down and opened up the puzzle, spreading the pieces out on the floor. **"This is the picture."** She passed me the box but I shook my head. I took my mouth off the straw to talk. **"Want it to be a surprise."** And I started working on the puzzle.

Gosh he was cute. He was so cute. If all boys were like this, I would date people, I honestly would! I took the box and hid it under my bed covers with a little smile at the boy, and then sat down in the circle with him and the two teddies. **"I love doing puzzles, but I've never done one with someone else before. So you'll be my first time."**

**"Nuh uh! Over here!"** I sucked at shapes, but I was great with colors. That color and that color, 100%. Yup, turn it sideways. Mac was good when things got boring, like skies and trees. All the same color stuff. We made a great team, honestly. Within the hour, I'd gotten most of the puzzle done. A landscape of lollipop grass. I was so elated. There weren't words for how excited I was.

**"Now lay down next to it, and I'll lay on the other side and take a selfie of us with the puzzle, so we can remember that we did it, okay?"** I expected resistance to a photo, but Oaklee was already in position before I even got my phone off the dresser and turned back around. Gosh he was so cute. So cute...

I was on my tummy close to the photo so when Mac took the picture we were both in it. Us, the puzzle, and Mira. Cheez wasn't. That was okay, he was camera shy I think. I

sighed and looked down at the picture with a little smile and scooted over to Mac. She was going through her phone when I tugged on her sleeve. I didn't make eye contact. **"Um... I need to use the potty..."**

**"I'll take you."** I said with certainty, like it was the only logical response. I mean. I could just tell him to use the pullup, but honestly in this headspace he was going to need it when we went to bed tonight. Then again... I could just change him into another one. **"Unless you wanna use your deedee, and then we can do another puzzle once you do?"** Okay, maybe too far. Not that I would mind! But... I knew he'd never agree to it.

I puffed out my cheeks and climbed up onto my feet so fast I stumbled a little. I balled my hands into fists and looked harshly at the girl. But harshly now wasn't the same as harshly before. The harshness that Mac had seen in the past. **"Nevermind! I can do it myself!"** And like that, I stormed off down the stairs.

I giggled softly and followed Oaklee, catching up with his stumbling gait by the time we got to the bottom of the stairs. **"I was just teasing, cutie, I know you're a big girl — you're three now! So you can use the potty yourself, but leave the door open and I'll wait just outside the door in-case you need help, okay? I'm so proud of you."**

I was still pouty, though. Not as much, just a little. I closed the door to the bathroom and used the toilet sitting down. I ran my fingers along the pullup, curious at first. And then a little sickly. I pulled it back up over my body, then the bloomers, and flushed the toilet. I went to wash my hands and saw myself in the mirror. The little pigtails, the headband. The nightgown. I tried to ignore it. I rinsed my hands in the water, but I kept looking up. I didn't feel well. Little flashes of Sayla. My breathing was too heavy. I put my head down on the countertop. Don't throw up, Oaklee...

I'd heard the toilet flush, and the basin run, and then... no Oaklee. I counted to ten in my head, and then opened the door, and found him leaning over the countertop. The mirror. Oh. The mirror... ugh! I was so careless! I'd made sure not to pull out any of the ones from my room, and then this... I put my arms around him, and he shivered me away. So I spoke clear as I could, firm as I could, but still kind. So kind. Unlike Sayla. **"Patty cake. Now please."**

I nodded my head. I smiled. Or tried. But before we got to the edge of the bathroom, I doubled back to the toilet to throw up. My head was ringing. Everything was spinning in a bad way. Voices filled my ears. One voice, many times. Different words. I couldn't breathe. I threw up again. So much for the cake...

I couldn't stop him throwing up, I couldn't... so I did what I'd want done for me... I held his hair, short as it was, out of the way, and rubbed his back, and told him it would be okay. Until he stopped, until he leaned back on the floor, leaning against the vanity, and then I poured him a cup of water from the basin and flushed the toilet to get the ickiness of the chocolate milk and chocolate cake away. Then, brilliantly... I decided to make this

work to my favor. **"Oh sweetie, your poor little tummy just had a lil' too much chocolate, huh? Don't you worry, its your birthday, and if you wanna eat until you get sick, that's your right, uh huh."**

I was sweating. I was still having trouble breathing. She helped me with the cup of water and popped the pacifier in my mouth. The calming effect was so obvious, so instant. I sucked on it and rested my head back against the cupboards. My breathing started to slow...

So no mirrors... why no mirrors? He liked being this way, but he didn't like seeing himself this way? Was that what it was? He sucked on the pacifier, the water cleansing his throat, and I sat next to him and pulled his head onto my shoulder in the way we were well-practiced at now, despite my shorter stature. And I played with his hands with mind, letting the pacifier do its work.

I calmed down. When she helped me out of the bathroom, she stood between me and the mirror. I was sleepy. I guess throwing up makes somebody sleepy. I didn't know. I followed her upstairs and into her room and she sat me down on the bed. I kicked my feet, my eyes lazy and half-shut. I had picked Mira up off the ground. She sat in my lap.

**"Lets cuddle in bed, okay? Big sis needs to get her special undies on, too. So you wait here and cuddle Mira, okay?"** I just told someone, for the first time, that I needed to change into a diaper. And I didn't feel ashamed... it couldn't be anybody else, it was only because it was Oaklee. He made me feel so comfortable with myself... stupid oblivious boy.

I waited quietly. I sucked on my paci. It was a weird moment. But it was slow. It let me repair. I was feeling better, but sleepier by the second. The pacifier was a blessing in a lot of ways. It put me in a state of relaxation. An escape from anxiety. But at the same time, it made me so content I couldn't help but want to just sleep the day away.

It took me more courage that I wanted to admit to, especially after thinking how easy it was to tell him, but... but when I got back to the bed, I lifted the hem of the nightgown I'd changed into, and showed Oaklee the diaper I wore. For a moment I felt like I might be sick. **"See? Big sis and Lil' Sis are the same, so nothing to be ashamed of. Come crawl under the covers with me, okay?"**

It was like I had a health bar, except the health bar was a sleep bar. And the pacifier was using drain on me. I kept fading into quiet. When I finally got into bed, curled up to the girl, I put my head on her chest instinctively. A touching embrace. A childish cuddle. More than we'd ever done in bed together. Sleepier and sleepier....

He fell asleep before I did. Maybe he was just sleepier... I knew that I was tired, too... being the big sister was exhausting, especially now that I'd come to recognize that I was almost inherently jealous of him at the moment. That I longed to be taken care of the

way I was taking care of him. But I was fine... and he needed me. And he was asleep now, and happy, and content... and less than half an hour later, I fell asleep too.

**89:**

**"I should change..."** Fuck was I embarrassed. I mean, last night was fresh in my head. Most of it anyway. I knew I was wearing one of her pullups. Why had I agreed? Something about how she wore them. To make her feel better? But gosh, my cheeks were already turning pink. I couldn't believe this... **"You don't have to get up, I'll be right back..."** Of course, I had no idea where my *clothes* were!

**"You don't have to leave in such a hurry... we don't have to get ready for school for another half hour."** And that was assuming my getting ready schedule, which took over an hour after I got out of the shower, and I showered daily. I never felt clean after waking up without doing so, even on mornings I was dry. I was not dry this morning.

**"I know. I know. I'll be right back. Promise."** I went downstairs and into the bathroom. I sighed and leaned against the wall. What the hell happened to me last night? Was it all make believe? Was I that into it? It was such a nice night... I sighed and looked at myself in the mirror. Except for the dressed like a toddler thing, I actually looked really cute. I took a deep breath and took the bloomers off. I lifted the nightgown to see the training pants. They... definitely had a certain appeal... I changed back into the bloomers without underwear and made my way upstairs. All the while, I turned the worn pullup over in my hand. It had stretched some, it seemed. Weird...

I was still in bed when Oaklee came back up the stairs, because I'd wait until he went to shower before I'd get up. I'd shown him my diaper before bed, and there was no way he was going to see it now that it was wet. So I waited, and I fiddled with my phone. Traditionally, if I ordered food the night before, I had leftovers for breakfast; and we certainly had the leftovers available in the fridge this time. I didn't know how Oaklee felt about cold fried chicken for breakfast, though. Who would he be, anyway? My Oaklee? LS Oaklee? Depressed and broken Oaklee?

**"Um... thank you..."** It felt weird. Like a morning after. Like we'd had sex, but we didn't. Like I should lean in and kiss her before grabbing my suit coat and heading off to work. Of course, though, that wasn't the reality. I sat down on the edge of the bed and played with my fingers in my lap. Mira had fallen on the floor in the night. The pacifier was still clipped to my top. **"I don't know how you do it, Mac... I don't know you are so okay... and I'm so jealous that you are..."** The first time we really talked about it.

**"I wasn't... but I talked about it... I talked about it every day, Missy is a saint..."** I wished I could have taken credit, but honestly, so much of it was Missy that it felt wrong to do so. **"I'm still not okay, I still get... moments. But Missy told me that I should**

**diminish the bad flashes, and obsess over the moments I do well. So I do... she's really smart."**

"...I don't know if I can talk to her..." This was the reality of the situation. 24 hours ago I was thinking about killing myself. Or hurting myself. Or something. Now, I... I wanted help. I just wanted to be like Mac. I wanted to be better... **"She warned me the whole time. I didn't listen... it's my fault what Sayla did. It's my fault for not listening. I don't deserve her help now..."**

**"She warned me, too, Oaklee. She told me not to poke the beehive with a stick. So by that logic... that's my fault, and I didn't deserve her help either."** I smiled at Oaklee; I was so proud of him... he was finally talking about this... **"But she never ever mentioned it. Not an I told you so, or any blame at all. She just... helped me. It didn't matter that I didn't listen to her, she still made me better. She wants to make you better, too..."**

"...she's my friend, though... she's not..." I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. This was getting hard... **"She's not my therapist... she's my friend..."** And what was worse... **"If I run, she can't chase me... if I panic, she can't calm me down... she's not here..."** Not that I wanted her to be. I was using it as an excuse...

**"Then you can talk to me."** Not that I was nearly as qualified as Missy, but... **"I've overcome a lot of what you're feeling, I know how... I know what you're feeling. And I can chase you, and I can pacify you, and I'm here..."** Honestly, when I talked about it like that, it made the most amount of sense.

"...I don't think that'll work..." **"Why not?"** "...because we're kids, right? You aren't responsible for me. And you aren't useful. You're just my best friend, and you're amazing. But you're not the person to fix this... just like I wasn't the person to fix you..." We both knew it was true. And if I wanted a real therapist, it meant asking my parents. And it left me... stuck...

**"What about a therapist?"** I knew where this would lead. He wouldn't be able to go. He couldn't tell his parents. They thought it made him weak. Something like that. So I followed up with. **"I'll pay."** Throwing money at things was my solution to everything, but I wasn't really very good at anything else.

**"I um... I should get ready for school..."** I'd wear the same clothes two days in a row. Not that anyone paid attention to me yesterday with how little I talked. I got up from the bed and went into the playroom, rummaging around for my clothes. She could see me through the door frame, but she didn't get out of bed. I knew this was a bad idea...

**"I'll go with you. Together. Joint therapy... the therapist will help us both... and teach us to help each other..."** Was that even a thing? It was probably a thing. We'd both been abused by the same person, after all. He didn't look up, or turn around, so in my wet diaper I stumbled out of bed and confronted him in the playroom. **"I'm so proud**

that you're talking to me, Oaklee... please don't flake back out... please? We're doing so well."

"...I don't wanna tell anyone," I said quietly. I shuffled the bloomers down my legs and pulled my boxers and jeans on. I couldn't look at her... "I'm... I feel pathetic, and... and that you and Missy know is bad enough, and... and I don't wanna tell anyone else... okay? I just..." My heart was racing. I took a deep breath. "...I'll be fine..."

I nodded my head softly, and I wrapped my arms around him from behind, despite my gross-feelings about myself right now. "I'm gonna make it all better... just give me a chance, okay?"

"Two days?" I asked, like a joke. She laughed, a false laugh. "Two days. This Saturday, come over, and... we'll make it better..." "...don't do anything stupid, Mac." "I won't, Oaklee. I promise." I put my forehead against hers and gave her a hug. Then I changed out of my frilly nightgown and Mac and I walked to school together.

**90:**

Okay, so apparently I was grounded? I had to do all the gutters on Saturday, and mow the lawn, and rake the gardens. But Mac had plans for me on Saturday. I asked if we could postpone. "NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!" was her answer. So I spent my entire Thursday evening in the yard, freezing my ass off in the March winds. I wished it would snow - then I wouldn't have to do any of this...

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » I did a good thing

missymeow1213 » Of course you did!

missymeow1213 » What was it? =X

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez wants to send 1 file.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » oaklee stayed over

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » we did puzzles

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && ate cake

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » oh &&& i put him in a diaper w/ a pacifier and we did puzzles and cuddled teddies

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » DO NOT TELL HIM I AM TELLING U OK

**missymeow1213** » =O

**missymeow1213** » Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat

Downloading 1 file from Mac-N-Cheeeeeez.

Download complete.

**missymeow1213** » Oh. My. Gosh.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » eeheehee

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he is so cute right????

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » im so in love and it sucks

**missymeow1213** » =O

**missymeow1213** » What happened?

**missymeow1213** » How did

**missymeow1213** » what

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » one thing just led to another and i finally connected w/ ls oaklee

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but it was more than it has ever been

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so content and smiley and excited he was!

**missymeow1213** » I don't understand.

**missymeow1213** » I thought he was upset when he was LS Oaklee.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » the pacifier was magic

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » pacified him

**missymeow1213** » Well... that is what it does... I guess.

**missymeow1213** » But it..

**missymeow1213** » Hm

**missymeow1213** » I didnt expect that =O

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i didnt either

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but he was sad

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » && we were gonna run off 2 alaska

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but then i decided he should be elsa instead

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so he was

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then we cuddled

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&& then i changed him into a nightie && bloomers && a diaper

**missymeow1213** » ... you lost me

**missymeow1213** » He was Elsa?

**missymeow1213** » Like from Frozen?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » uhhuh

**missymeow1213** » Wait he let you change him into a diaper?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no i just did it

**missymeow1213** » Doesn't sound like Oaklee at all. Even LS Oaklee from what you say about it.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » uhhuh but i bottlefed him chocolate milk

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i dont remember if b4 or after

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but he wouldnt eat so i did that

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c he couldn't take the paci out w/o crying

**missymeow1213** » Hm...

**missymeow1213** » Gosh this is so unexpected.

**missymeow1213** » Is he okay btw?

**missymeow1213** » I haven't talked to him in days..

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he cant look @ mirrors... when hes little

**missymeow1213** » The last time we spoke I was really afraid he was going to do something stupid...

**missymeow1213** » Mirrors?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we gotta play pattycake if he does

**missymeow1213** » I am so not following.

**missymeow1213** » What about mirrors?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » if he sees himself in the mirror

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » as a little girl

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » as little sis

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he freaks out

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » we played patty cake and i gave him his paci

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and he calmed down

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then we slept together in my bed

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » then HE TALKED ABOUT HIS FEELINGS

**missymeow1213** » =O

**missymeow1213** » What did he say?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he said he doesn't know how i do it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » how i am ok w/ what happened

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c he isn't

**missymeow1213** » Because you talk about it with me.

**missymeow1213** » Because we work it out together

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he feels like he cant w/ u

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » b/c he will just run

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » so we are going 2 trick him

**missymeow1213** » Huh?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » well ur visiting on the weekend

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » &&

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » i also am having him over

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he doesnt know u will be there.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and he will not

**missymeow1213** » You want me to talk to him in person?

**missymeow1213** » You know he doesn't want to meet me, right?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes && yes

**missymeow1213** » Not that I mind =D

**missymeow1213** » But yes he will be unhappy.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but he cant tell anybody else, hes too exhausted by it

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and online he will run from u

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » and i cannot help him

**missymeow1213** » =/

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he will cope

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he will be in my room when u arrived

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » no escap!

**missymeow1213** » You seem to have this worked out.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » yes b/c i am a genius

**missymeow1213** » You are! =)

**missymeow1213** » Okay sure. I'm in.

**missymeow1213** » How is he? I still haven't talked to him.

**missymeow1213** » Last time he was in such a bad place.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he is not so in a bad place i think

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he is mowing lawns at night && doing gutters 2 free up saturday 2 be here

**missymeow1213** » He wants to get better then? He wants help?

**missymeow1213** » I cant do anything if he doesn't want help =(

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he wants to be better

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » he feels like he owes it to me to be better i think

**missymeow1213** » He does

**missymeow1213** » Same as you do

**missymeow1213** » You are best friends you owe it to each other to be the best people you can be for each other =D

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » this doent get u out of arriving as a cat!!

**missymeow1213** » =O

**missymeow1213** » With Oaklee?

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » u promised!!

**missymeow1213** » I will scare the poor boy to death!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » kittymeow!

**missymeow1213** » I'm not sure if I can be a therapist and a kitty at the same time.. =(

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » kitties are very therapeutic!

**missymeow1213** » I worry I wont be able to give him my full attention

**missymeow1213** » I can try? But I fear it wont be my best

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » ok

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » but

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » when he is cured u will be a kitty!

**missymeow1213** » Oh look he came online!

**missymeow1213** » I should go check up on him. Assess him for Saturday.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » dont tell him though!!

**missymeow1213** » I wont!

**missymeow1213** » I'm not that dumb!

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » kitties have small brains, missy!

**Numbers-1377325** » hey

**missymeow1213** » Long time no see! =D

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah sorry..

**Numbers-1377325** » Um i just wanted to avoid the whole birthday thing..

**missymeow1213** » Its cool, I understand

**missymeow1213** » Birthday spansks have a WHOLE new meaning in my household...  
D=

**Numbers-1377325** » ... o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » you're joking...

**missymeow1213** » =D

**Numbers-1377325** » still can't tell if you're kidding...

**missymeow1213** » Have you been hiding from Mac, too?

**missymeow1213** » she said she was gonna bake you cake.

**Numbers-1377325** » no.. I went to her place yesterday..

**Numbers-1377325** » Yeah we had cake, but like

**Numbers-1377325** » not birthday cake.

**Numbers-1377325** » just cake cake..

**Numbers-1377325** » Ya know?

**missymeow1213** » Oh, the one she baked was that bad? D=

**missymeow1213** » Poor inept rich girl...

**Numbers-1377325** » I never tried it honestly

**Numbers-1377325** » Um

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac told me you talk to her..

**Numbers-1377325** » about sayla

**missymeow1213** » mmhmm

**missymeow1213** » Every day at first, but now only twice a week. We have scheduled times.

**missymeow1213** » I don't see her in person, but I think it's helping a little?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah she's..

**Numbers-1377325** » it's really impressive that..

**Numbers-1377325** » I just mean she went through what I went through but we.. like.. her and I..

**missymeow1213** » If you're asking if I'll help you, Oaklee, you know I will =)

**missymeow1213** » You're my favorite boy, I want you to be happy.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..idk

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't think..

**Numbers-1377325** » I just dont really wanna talk about it or say anything...

**Numbers-1377325** » do you think you could help..?

**missymeow1213** » I can help, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » But you talking to me about it is kind of important.

**Numbers-1377325** » I dont ahve anything to say

**Numbers-1377325** » I just have these... terrible moments..

**Numbers-1377325** » where everything flashes fast and heavy and I just feel sick and then they can happen slowly and heavier..

**Numbers-1377325** » And I.. don't ever wanna wake up...

**Numbers-1377325** » And I don't wanna feel that way becaue that means leaving mac alone...

**Numbers-1377325** » but I just really wish I never met her so dying wouldn't be so bad an idea...

**Numbers-1377325** » but I'm..

**Numbers-1377325** » not a time traveler...

**missymeow1213** » The trick is to talk about it when you're NOT in one of those moments.

**missymeow1213** » Like you are right now, you're doing great =)

**missymeow1213** » You worry about Mac a lot, still, huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » of course I do.

**missymeow1213** » Well, she worries about you, too =)

**missymeow1213** » And you don't know it yet, but you're going to look back on this in a year and see the decision to ask for my help as the hardest part of getting better.

**Numbers-1377325** » i dont wanna talk about her

**Numbers-1377325** » sayla

**Numbers-1377325** » just

**Numbers-1377325** » can we do this without talking about her?

**Numbers-1377325** » like... future-orientated or something.?

**missymeow1213** » We can, but...

**missymeow1213** » I think a lot of the healing process is going to be disassembling the way she made you feel

**missymeow1213** » And giving you the power to decide it won't hurt you anymore.

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm over it

**Numbers-1377325** » over the past

**Numbers-1377325** » just wanna go forward

**Numbers-1377325** » not think about her.

**missymeow1213** » Well, we can start with that =)

**missymeow1213** » Talking about the future can be very beneficial to you, and it can make dealing with the past more manageable. But sooner or later, we are gonna have to crack open that mess.

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not important

**Numbers-1377325** » it's over

**Numbers-1377325** » she was some stupid girl

**Numbers-1377325** » shit happened the end

**missymeow1213** » Then why do you wish you never met your best friend so you can just die in peace?

**Numbers-1377325** » .. i wish she wasn't hurt..

**Numbers-1377325** » but..

**Numbers-1377325** » i realize wishing isn't doing her any good...

**Numbers-1377325** » so I'm trying to just... move forward... and be a good friend...

**missymeow1213** » Well. That's very noble, Oaklee!

**missymeow1213** » Maybe she wants to see her putting herself in harms way as having bought you happiness, though? And not just the obligation to exist for her sake?

**Numbers-1377325** » you saying she doesn't want me to exist -\_-

**missymeow1213** » What

**missymeow1213** » No

**missymeow1213** » I'm saying she wants you to be happy, dummy =D

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm trying...

**Numbers-1377325** » thats what this talking to you thing is about...

**missymeow1213** » And I'm really proud of you.

**missymeow1213** » And she would be, too, if she knew, I promise

**missymeow1213** » The thing about trauma is... it's like a snakebite. It will heal, but you gotta treat the poison first. That's the past is here, it's poison. We treat that, and your wound will heal.

**Numbers-1377325** » as long as we dont talk about sayla idc..

**missymeow1213** » Then let's start slow =)

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah alright...

**missymeow1213** » Tell me about your visit with Mac, with the cake?

**Numbers-1377325** » I just visited. That's all..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk she wnted me to come over.. so I did.

**Numbers-1377325** » we had cake..

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? =)

**missymeow1213** » Did you stay the night? Or are you not allowed to do that?

**Numbers-1377325** » Uh yeah I stayed.

**Numbers-1377325** » I fell asleep early I guess

**missymeow1213** » How did she seem?

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac? she was great

**Numbers-1377325** » she's always great

**Numbers-1377325** » it amazes me how great she always is..

**missymeow1213** » She was raised to believe that she should always put on a smile even if she feels horrid, because that's how her parents are =/ But I agree, she's had a lot of improvement recently

**missymeow1213** » How about we start with Mac, then.

**missymeow1213** » Do you still feel anger toward her for getting involved?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..nah..

**Numbers-1377325** » I was being so stupid..

**Numbers-1377325** » I yelled at her and she yelled at me

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess that's all the anger I had.

**missymeow1213** » How do you feel about her hiding it from you for so long?

**Numbers-1377325** » angry

**Numbers-1377325** » because I felt alone

**Numbers-1377325** » now though..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk.

**Numbers-1377325** » i wish I knew earlier but like I said.. nothing I can do about the past

**missymeow1213** » It's true nothing can be done about the past.

**missymeow1213** » But a lot can be done by changing how we view it.

**missymeow1213** » You felt angry first, right? Because you felt alone? But now you've changed how you view that.

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah..

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess because she's better now.

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe I'm jealous that she's better... idk..

**missymeow1213** » Well if you could change how you see that.

**missymeow1213** » Maybe there are other things in the past you can change your perception of, as well?

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess...

**missymeow1213** » I'm glad we agree =)

**missymeow1213** » So from now on, when we talk about the past, I want you to remember that.

**missymeow1213** » Remember, Missy isn't trying to change the past. She's trying to help with you perception of it.

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah.. okay...

**missymeow1213** » We're going to start simple, and think about something... easy.

**missymeow1213** » Mac's birthday? Tell me what you remember about that day.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » it was too long ago..

**Numbers-1377325** » birthdays are stupid anyway..

**missymeow1213** » Have you always felt that way?

**Numbers-1377325** » yup

**Numbers-1377325** » either clothes I dont like or shitty dinners at resturants I hate.

**Numbers-1377325** » usually i gotta see family

**Numbers-1377325** » always have school

**Numbers-1377325** » and idk

**Numbers-1377325** » getting older is.. overrated..

**missymeow1213** » Sounds like a perception you can change, doesn't it?

**missymeow1213** » This was your first birthday with Mac.

**missymeow1213** » In your life, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » yes..

**missymeow1213** » So that's a variable. Something new. Something different from your past, right?

**missymeow1213** » Someone who'll buy you gifts you want and take you to places you wanna go to eat.

**missymeow1213** » That isn't family

**missymeow1213** » And would totally skip school with you.

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't see her on my birthday

**Numbers-1377325** » or i did but I didnt get to actually see her

**missymeow1213** » Ah, and why was that?

**Numbers-1377325** » i didnt want to leave the house..

**Numbers-1377325** » I didnt want to explain

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't want her to explain

**Numbers-1377325** » she's sick

**Numbers-1377325** » thats my fault

**Numbers-1377325** » I didnt want to face that..

**missymeow1213** » So your perception of the past was the reason?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe... idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » this is stupid...

**missymeow1213** » You're doing great =)

**missymeow1213** » How do you think your birthday could have been different?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..idk maybe if I had yesterday's conversation with Mac... like two days early...?

**missymeow1213** » So you think that would have changed how you spent your birthday? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » idk...

**Numbers-1377325** » why does it matter?

**Numbers-1377325** » I can't change it

**missymeow1213** » Humor me =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh idk!

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't!

**missymeow1213** » Well, let's say you did. Lets say your birthday is tomorrow, tell me the best possible way you could imagine spending it.

**missymeow1213** » Go wild =)

**Numbers-1377325** » idk just..

**Numbers-1377325** » spending it with Mac...

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? Would she take you shopping?

**Numbers-1377325** » no we'd just stay home.

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? What would you do together? Watch a movie?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah maybe

**Numbers-1377325** » that sounds nice

**missymeow1213** » What would you have for birthday dinner? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » cake.

**Numbers-1377325** » just lots of cake

**Numbers-1377325** » and chocolate milk

**missymeow1213** » That sounds like a blast! =)

**missymeow1213** » What changed then, between your birthday, and the last night, that made you feel more able to have that talk with Mac?

**Numbers-1377325** » she yelled at me

**Numbers-1377325** » she told me i'm not her responsibility and she's not mine

**Numbers-1377325** » and that we aren't useless people

**Numbers-1377325** » we're just kids..

**Numbers-1377325** » and sayla was a monster

**Numbers-1377325** » and kids.. are supposed to be afraid of monsters...

**missymeow1213** » do you think that changed your perception of what happened?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe..

**missymeow1213** » Well, its fair to say that talking about the past can be a pretty helpful thing, huh? =)

**missymeow1213** » i mean, you can't change it.

**missymeow1213** » But you can make a pretty big difference just talking about it.

**Numbers-1377325** » ...

**Numbers-1377325** » I still dont wanna talk about Sayla..

**missymeow1213** » Well, maybe we'll put it on the top shelf, come back for it later?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah... maybe...

**missymeow1213** » I think you are right about me needing to be there.

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez** » did he run away??

**missymeow1213** » Not yet.

missymeow1213 » But he wont talk about her.

missymeow1213 » He needs to.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » I think he is prolly still scared of her

missymeow1213 » I think so too..

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » so you will ambush him?

missymeow1213 » I will conspire with you. =D

missymeow1213 » I hope I can help him...

missymeow1213 » Boys can be troublesome.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » then we will make him not a boy!!

missymeow1213 » We will see. =)

missymeow1213 » I will see you Saturday, okay?

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » Uhuh!! Um. I told him 2 come over @ 10

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && u will be here about noon right??

missymeow1213 » I should be.

missymeow1213 » Are you sure this is what you'd like to do, Mac?

missymeow1213 » I know you wanted to sit down and talk, me and you..

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » its more important

missymeow1213 » If I fail, I'm sorry. =(

missymeow1213 » I hate admitting it but I am very nervous.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » 2gether he will not stand a chance

missymeow1213 » He can be such a volatile person..

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » well

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » i know how

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » to make him more managable

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && maybe i can be of use that way

missymeow1213 » =D

missymeow1213 » I think you're right.

missymeow1213 » Between the two of us, we should be fine.

missymeow1213 » Sweet dreams Mac!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » goodnite, missy!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » thank u

## 91:

Oh my god. So much yard work. Mom thought I'd get all this done on Saturday, too, which makes no sense. I was working until ten in the evening on Friday night. I hadn't seen Mac in two days, except for the couple minutes after school. But it was Saturday and my work was done, even if I was sore all over. I had to get Deagan to drop me at Mac's house in the morning because my parents sure as hell wouldn't do it. I thanked him with a hug, which was something from long ago. He could see I was getting better, albeit only slightly...

**"You made it!"** My tone rang with relief, like I was sure that he wouldn't. I mean. I had no reason to believe he wouldn't flake out on me, and backpedal, or be too put off by the night he'd spent here last, and just not show up. It was early in the morning, but I was dressed as nicely as I ever was, in a pretty spring dress with a cardigan in cream and my hair tressed with ribbons. **"Did your parents give you any trouble?"**

**"I told 'em I was staying at Bindie's, so it doesn't really matter."** That meant I could stay the night if it came down to it. A whole day with Mac. We hadn't had this kind of time together in a while. I mean, there was earlier this week, but that hardly counted. I closed the door behind me. She looked great. I looked pretty good, too, still wearing the winter coat she'd gotten me at the store. I hung it on the hook beside her door and kicked off my shoes.

It would be an hour or so before Missy arrived, and I had plans to make that all go well — I'd call my catering company to have food arrive a few minutes after she did. That way, when she rang the doorbell, I could let her in without rousing suspicion from Oaklee. And the double benefit was that a few minutes later, we could all have lunch!

**"Mira made me promise to send you right on up as soon as you got here, and you know it's best not to keep her waiting!"**

I smiled a little at Mac and nodded my head, heading up the stairs ahead of her. Mira was waiting on the bed for me and I picked her up in my arms. We had been inseparable for months. I hated going home and leaving her here. When I was at Mac's, I had Mira. That was normal now.

Mira was something childish, something even a little feminine, that had become permanent in Oaklee. No longer did he refer to her as 'a stuffed animal'. She was Mira, or 'his teddy', and it made Mac wonder a lot about the future potential of the boy. He was so charming. **"Oh, there's the new season of teddy clothes on the website! They came out last night, but I wanted to wait for you to get here before I look at them so we can do it together."**

**"Yeah, okay!"** I found it weird to let Mac buy clothes for me, but for Mira it seemed okay. Maybe because Mira lived here. Gosh, I was such a bad parent. Except I wasn't a parent. I was her friend. Mira and Mac and I sat and looked up spring dresses on the website. There were a couple new things I was really interested in. I would add them to the cart.

**"Oh! Look! Look! Footie jammies!"** Honestly, I had a few sets of them for Cheez already, but I wanted to show excitement over them to see how Oaklee reacted. This seasons were yellow, with ducky prints and even a hood — honestly, I wanted a set of them. **"Mira definitely needs footies, they're the cutest thing."** Another childish thing I could maybe normalize into his life...

**"Yeah, okay. I think she'd like these ones here.. what do you think? Yeah?"** Mira didn't talk, obviously. But she had her own preferences. Of course she did! She was a bear, not boring. So I added the footed pajamas to the cart, too. Then I went to look at accessories. I had mentioned she needed some new underwear.

**"These ones are knickers, and these ones are togs for swimming, but Mira said she doesn't like swimming, and these ones are diapers, aren't they cute?"** My head swam the way that teddies didn't, and I felt sick for a moment as I got my focus and finally said it, as casual as I could. **"I wish mine were that cute. Teddies are lucky."**

**"Uh..."** I felt just a touch of color on my cheeks and I nodded my head. They were cute... I clicked the underwear tab and sifted through the panties. There were really only ten kinds, and Mira had one of them. So I added three others. That should be enough, right?

I leaned in and whispered to Oaklee, like I was trying to keep a secret from his teddy. **"Mira has been having some.... night time troubles, because she misses you a lot at night. Maybe you should add a few of those special knickers, too?"** Anybody

else might have felt silly talking about a bear like she was actually there, but I was a natural.

My cheeks went a touch pinker and I looked down at Mira in my arms. My throat felt dry, so I nodded my head quietly and went into the other tab. Baby stuff. I shifted a little in the seat and selected a set of three diapers. She already had a white one from the store. These had prints like butterflies. One, in particular, looked very close to what Mac wore. A little more color in my cheeks...

**"You're being a very good Mommy to her, making sure you help with her troubles without making her feel bad."** I nodded at Oaklee with the pinkened cheeks and looked casually at the time on the computer clock. **"I'm gonna call for some catering for lunch, did you want anything in particular?"** Normalize it.

**"Um... no, anything's fine..."** She walked away from the computer and I played with the mouse a little bit. My cheeks were a just a splash of pink and I took a deep breath to try to get them back to normal. I hit checkout and went to check Facebook. I'd used Mac's computer before.

Missy would be here in about an hour. Catering took about an hour and fifteen. So I'd order now, and then when Missy got here, there'd be so suspicion at all. I was kind of brilliant! I ordered the AmericanSelection, which had pulled pork, burgers, sausages, gourmet potatoes, a veggie pasta salad and a few types of bread. It said it served 6, but I always liked leftovers anyway. By the time I got upstairs, Oaklee was on his Facebook on my computer. **"How have your parents been, anyway?"**

**"I don't know. Dad just doesn't talk to me anymore, which sounds bad, but it's kind of a relief... Mom tells me where I can go and for how long. She's softened a little since the hospital, I think. Nothing eventful, just the way I like it. Hopefully it stays that way a while..."**

**"Well, only two more years and then we can run away to Europe together and see the world!"** I nodded enthusiastically, though it was the first time I'd mentioned this plan to him. He probably thought I was kidding. He had two years to get used to the idea that I wasn't. I should have asked the kind of food that Missy liked... **"Huh? Oh. I was just thinking. Daydreaming!"**

Mira and I watched TV. Mac was busying herself with the computer, but she'd come over and sit by me sometimes. It wasn't like her to be so far away from me. She said today she'd help make me better. That we'd talk about it. That we'd fix things. The daunting task of it all made me nervous. I sunk into the beanbag chair. How long until she wanted to talk about it? Was it going to ruin our day?

The doorbell rang, and I almost fell out of my seat. Stay calm, Mac, stay calm and clear and content. You got this. **"Oh, that'll be catering. I'll be right back, wait here, okay?"** I skittered down one flight of stairs, then two, and made it the front door, taking

a deep breath. I opened it, biting my lip, and smiled at the girl who was standing there. **"Well, you're even more adorable in person." "Cats don't have good vision..." "Cats have better vision. Where is he? Does he know?"** I let Missy in, actually grinning and pretty smitten that she was here, but trying to hide it. **"Upstairs in my room. Food will be here in a few minutes, so maybe you could go up there and I'll wait down here for food?" "Afraid he'll yell at you, huh?" "A little..."**

I heard her footsteps on the stairs. The house was newer and quiet but you can still hear footsteps. I guess that's just how things are when no one is ever home. But when she came up and I turned to look at her. She looked different. Not Mac. I recognized Missy instantly. My mouth hung open, Mira still in my lap, and I tried to figure out what was going on... **"Hey,"** she said. **"...uh... hi. Hi! What are you doing here?"** She was taller in person... taller than I thought she was online. Gosh she was an actual *adult*. How did she always act younger than me? This was weird. I stumbled to my feet, my teddy in my hands, and tried to find the words. I didn't... expect...

**"And that must be Mira? She's as adorable as Mac said she was."** Missy had a quiet confidence to her, a way with the way she carried herself, composed her actions, chose her words, that was a little bit...inspiring. **"It's okay don't be weirded out, come give me a hug, alright? It's been long enough."**

**"Right... right, yeah."** I hurried over to Missy and gave her a hug. Gosh, my head only came up to her nose. My cheek nestled into her neck. To think of Missy as an adult... I just... I never had. It really threw me... **"...why are you here? I mean, this is Mac's house..."** She laughed. **"I know it's Mac's house!"** I pouted a little bit, holding Mira to my chest out of instinct. **"But why are you at Mac's house!"**

**"Well, I'd heard rumors that you might be in the area, and figured I'd be able to meet both of you this way."** She was maternal in the soft and warm way, the way blankets were, the way that cuddles were. And when she laughed, it was bright, and not contrived. **"So Mac's adorable, huh?"**

**"Oh yeah, right? You see - I wasn't kidding! She's like, literally the best."** Missy laughed and I looked her over. She dressed normal. Not like a cat or anything. I expected her to always dress like a cat. Though every picture I had of her she wasn't. I wonder why I thought stuff like that. **"Um... where's Mac, anyway?" "Getting food ready." "Oh, right... that makes sense..."**

**"Maybe while she's tending to that, we could talk some?"** Missy was here in person now, and she looked through the arch into the bedroom. **"I'm sure Mac won't mind if we sit on her bed, right? Come on, come sit with me. Bring Mira, she can come too."**

**"Okay..."** Missy led the way to Mac's bed. I sat down on the edge of it and Missy sat down on the other side. It was strange. I'd never seen anyone else in Mac's room

before. Just Mac. Just me. Not even Sayla came up here, as far as I knew. It was weird...

Missy got comfortable, propping pillows up against the bed of the bed, and shuffled into place. **"Come sit next to me, I don't bite. Dogs bite."** She grinned and patted the place on the bed next to her. **"Mac's bedroom is kind of gorgeous, isn't it? You weren't kidding when you said she was literally a princess."**

I sat by Missy, but a little off to the side, so I could see her properly. She spread out comfortably, but I kept my legs crossed. It felt just a little on edge. Maybe because she showed up out of the blue. Maybe because it was Missy and she lived like 3 hours away. It was hard to explain... **"Yeah. I know, right? Her room is great."**

**"What's she like in person, anyway? I'm sure I'll get to find out, but give me the inside goss on her, on Mac. Is she as sweet and moe in person as she is online?"** Missy didn't come up here to talk about Mac, but it could form a good segue to talk about contrast, and Sayla, so it was a worthwhile topic.

**"Uh..."** I shrugged my shoulders. **"She's the same as she is online, after you get past her shyness, I think. I mean, I don't know how she talks to you, but when we talk online she's basically the same. I think that's why I like her. I mean, we met online, so..."** I met Missy online, too. So far, she wasn't that different. More grown up.

**"She doesn't act like any other teenage girl I've ever met, though, she's an anomaly. Do you still see her as like a little kid you have to protect, or has she earned her stripes now?"** He was still so on edge, but Missy was so casual it made being on edge just seem like such a weird idea.

I shrugged my shoulders, but I still held Mira to my chest. **"I guess I don't see her that way. I always thought she was kind of a kid, but like... she's not, I guess. She can take care of herself, and I trust her to take care of herself. I don't need to protect her."**

**"I guess she's proven she can take care of you, too, which must have put all your perceptions on their head, huh?"** Missy dressed nice, but not the way Mac did. Mac dressed like a rich girl without the bothers of practicality to weigh her down. Missy was much more grounded in reality.

**"I guess, sorta. I don't know..."** I sighed a little and did my best to smile at Missy. But I had a feeling in my stomach. Something was up. Maybe Mac was in trouble downstairs. Or maybe I was in trouble up here. Something felt off...

**"You're so guarded and on edge,"** She laughed and rubbed the boy's back idly, comfortingly. **"I'm not Sayla, I'm not here trying to harm you. I'm here because we're friends, and I wanted to see you, and maybe help you out some in person. You can relax."**

Help me in person? I gave her a sour look and held Mira tighter to my chest. Help me in person... "...I don't need help today," I said quietly. "I don't feel bad." I felt fine, actually. Other than the nervousness, and that was only since Missy got here. I was in a really good mood. I still was!

**"That's why today is the best time to help you. Wouldn't trying to talk to you about hard things go a lot worse if you were already upset about those things on that day?"** She shrugged her shoulders, like it was obvious and logical, and smiled at Oaklee when he glanced at her, not meeting her gaze.

"I said I'm fine," I muttered. But maybe she was right. Ugh. I just wanted my day off with Mac. Mac was helping me. I didn't need Missy's help today... Missy sat quietly and waited, and I waited, and the sound of the front door closing downstairs was just audible in the quiet house. I closed my eyes. "...what do you wanna talk about?"

**"Well, I could ask you the same question, but I don't think you're ready for freeform yet, so I'm going to lead. But when you feel like you want to change the topic, we will, okay?"** He clung to the teddy tightly, and Missy watched him carefully. **"I'd like to talk about Sayla, if that would be okay? Food will be ready soon, so even if you open up, we won't talk about it right now for too long, so you have a safety net."**

"There's nothing to say," I said flatly. Certain of myself. I shuffled on the bed. I was ready to get up if I needed to. She was bothering me, just a little. I told her I didn't want to talk about Sayla online. Why would she bring it up now?

**"Mac told me that you were having some trouble with mirrors. That isn't too uncommon in abuse victims, you see yourself and you're reminded of something your abuser said... sometimes more than one thing at a time, so it can be overwhelming."** Missy left out that she knew what Oaklee was wearing when it had happened.

My chest hurt. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Abuser. Sayla. The mirrors from earlier this week. I felt so sick. I tried to talk steady, but it sounded rushed. It sounded... a little panicked. **"I'm not having trouble with anything. I said I'm fine."** I held Mira tighter to my chest.

She knew better than to push directly on the sore spot, and came about it from another angle instead. **"Did you have fun the night you spent here? I wish there'd been pictures, I imagine Mac dressed you up in something adorable, right? She's got such good taste."**

I opened my mouth to argue, but the change of topic was unexpected. I shuffled back into my spot on the bed, shrugging my shoulders. It seemed to Missy I was about as helpful in person as I was on the internet. **"I guess. I don't know... she's always**

**picking nice stuff... even if it's silly stuff..."** Silly stuff. Like a nightgown and bloomers. Ugh...

**"What did she have you wear when you were over that night?"** She'd get back to the mirror through this vector, but the downtime allowed the boy a chance to recover himself and feel like he was still in control. Part of what Missy did was allowing the illusion of control to remain with her 'patient'.

**"...I don't know... we dressed up as like..."** Gosh this was silly... **"Elsa and Anna from Frozen? Yeah, don't laugh. She's got like a million kinds of dresses..."** I shuffled in the bed, biting my cheek. At least this wasn't as bad as talking about the mirrors...

**"Oh, I would have loved to see that! Were you Anna?"** Mac definitely had the hair for Anna, and Missy knew the right answer, but she wanted to have him talk about it, work up to it, explain it, because this would make him more comfortable with talking about that night, and the mirror, and hopefully Sayla.

**"Uh, no I was Elsa, I think."** It was a bit of a foggy memory, but I knew I was Elsa. I was the older sister. ...wasn't I? Some stuff in my head conflicted with that, but I couldn't pinpoint what... **"Then when we went to bed, I was in one of her PJ sets and I just... fell asleep, ya know? I told you all this..."**

**"Mac said you two did a puzzle? I didn't know you liked puzzles! Was that still while you were dressed up as Elsa?"** Obviously, Missy had seen the picture, she knew all of this in advance, but it was crucial that Oaklee felt like it was all his decision to tell her things.

**"Uh, I think I was in my pajamas..."** My pajamas. I meant Mac's pajamas. They weren't mine. Stupid slip of the tongue. **"Um... yeah, I like puzzles. I haven't really done any since I was a kid. But I'm getting into them again."**

**"Yeah? What was the puzzle of?"** He was starting to get calm in a way that Oaklee never was, calm in a way with a lowered guard, and a lowered guard would make this much easier to proceed with. **"I'd love to know, I'm just trying to picture you doing a puzzle in pajamas, while Mac watches..."**

**"Mac helped... it was... lollipops or something. A weird puzzle. But it was nice..."** I held Mira to my chest and played with her paw in my fingers. I wasn't blushing and my glasses weren't foggy. But the memory stuck fondly in my head. A really nice moment...

**"That sounds so sweet. You mentioned cake, right? She got you a cake? What type of cake was it? Was this before or after the puzzle?"** Oaklee rated nights like that, filing them under good nights and bad nights. Coercing him to recollect these things would help him to remember, and hopefully talk about it.

"Uh... before..." Right? I pulled Mira up to my chin. She looked at Missy. Missy looked back at her. I was watching my feet... **"I think the cake was chocolate... but I think I threw it up. Because I ate too much..."**

**"Oh, you did? That's a pity! Was that all you ate that night? Mac didn't cook?"** Missy, of course, knew about the bottle and about why he'd really thrown up. She knew everything, in advance, which of course gave her somewhat of an advantage in this little dance of discourse.

I shrugged. **"Mac ordered food. I didn't eat." "Drink?" "Nuh uh."** I lied. I had chocolate milk. Didn't I? Yeah, I had that cup with the straw... I didn't know why I lied about that. I looked up at the door. It had been quite a while. I wondered if Mac was okay...

**"Well, maybe you were dehydrated?" "Um. Food is ready."** I was standing at the top of the stairs, looking at the two of them with a small smile. Had I interrupted something? Missy didn't look cross, so I figured it was okay. **"Come on, lets go eat, I'm starving."**

The table was set. There was a lot of food. I was getting better, but not *that much* better. So I ate, but I ate very little. Mac ate a Mac-amount of food, and Missy ate a surprising amount. I felt a little left out, but my stomach was doing flips. I couldn't hold it down if I ate any more.

**"You eat like this all the time?" "Nuhuh... only when Oaklee is over mostly. Usually I just order JJ's." "But they cut part of the bread out!" "It's better that way, better ratio!" "But then your cheese makes the bread soggy."** Oaklee piped up before I could answer, and told Missy off about insinuating I ate cheese. I felt blushy...

All in all, lunch was... normal. I mean, not normal, but maybe normal for us. Three people who met on the internet having a rich dinner in a rich house. Mac was rich, but in spirit, she really wasn't. She was too humble. Maybe that was those classes she took, or a product of being an outlier. It wasn't clear. At any rate, when everyone was done - me before everyone else - the table was quiet with contentment.

**"Was the drive very far?" "It wasn't too bad, and my boyfriend drove most of the way, but he had a work thing to go to about 50 miles out, which is why we chose today, so I did the last bit on my own." "I love long drives, but I don't think we ever did any growing up." "Like... road trips? Did you, Oaklee?"**

**"Uh, not really. I think we went up to Kings Island once? The drive was really long, but the rides were fun."** My family didn't do family trips. My dad had one leg and my mom worked two jobs. It had always been that way.

**"Maybe the three of us could go up there when it warms up a bit? A road trip? I'd invite Mike, but he'd just hit on the three of us the whole time so I won't." "I swear**

**he was born without a brain but two weewees." "He'd probably agree with that assessment!" "Um, how was your talk upstairs?" "It was good, Oaklee was telling me about your slumber party with him earlier in the week, weren't you, Oaklee?"**

"Uh... yeah..." I still had Mira in my lap. I hadn't let go of her. I was sure Missy noticed. It was just habit now. I didn't even think about it. I smiled at Mac across the table, nervously. Of course I didn't tell Missy anything embarrassing. Mac knew that, right? She wouldn't say anything...

**"We did have a fun time, we watched Frozen, and had dinner, but he didn't feel well so I poured him chocolate milk, and then we got changed into pajamas and did a puzzle. Oh! I have a photo of us when we did it, can I show her Oaklee? Our selfie?"** She'd already seen it, of course...

"Uh...." I didn't remember it that well. The puzzle was done. I had Mira in my arms. Not new. The outfit was pathetically childish. But the pacifier...? No, it wasn't in my mouth. So I nodded. I nodded and Mac leaned across the table to show Missy her phone. I sunk into my chair.

**"...you two look adorable." "Like sisters, right?" "Yeah! Just like sisters! Oaklee, you are by far the cutest boy I have ever met." "You can't have him, Missy! He's just gotten out of one predatory relationship!" "I am not predatory." "Uhhuh! He's sixteen, and he's my sister, and you can't induct him into your strange kitty cult!"**

I laughed a little at that. Honestly, they were cute in their own ways. Was this how they talked online? I never thought Mac would be as funny as she was with me with anyone else. I liked to see her opening up some. **"I'm gonna clean up. You two can go back upstairs if you want." "I can help,"** I told her, but she shook her head. **"You have to entertain Missy. Go. Upstairs."** I pouted and followed Missy up the stairs and into Mac's room.

## 92:

The food break was a setback, but if anything it just seemed to relax the boy a little more so it wasn't without merit. **"You didn't eat too much, you trying to keep an eye on that girlish figure of yours?"** Oaklee was definitely a slender boy, but not skinny in the way boys could be — he was almost proportionately petite.

"Uh... no I just... haven't been that hungry lately." She would read into that. I should have lied and said yes. I should have told her how I care so much about my weight and my figure. I sighed and leaned against the wall, looking down at my feet. Still, Mira was in my arms.

**"You look really cute with Mira, you know. I want to dress you both in matching outfits. Hey do they do that? Make adult clothes that match with Build a Bear clothes? I think there'd be a big market for that."**

**"...uh, I don't know. I mean, maybe. Probably. Right?"** Of course there'd be kids who wanted to dress like their bears or vice versa. **"Probably not in adult sizes, though."** I mean, what other teenager would want to dress like their teddy bear? I rolled my eyes. Silly Missy...

**"You looked really pretty in the picture Mac showed me from the other night; you looked really happy, too." Pretty. Not cute. Feminine. "Was it when you were dressed like that, that you had problems with the mirror? Or was it when you were dressed like Elsa?"**

I pouted a little. **"I didn't have problems with any mirrors... I got sick and I was just feeling crappy, that's all..."** Her and her mirrors. She was so paranoid. I crossed my arms tighter over Mira and walked away from Missy, into the bedroom. Of course, she followed. The slow and steady approach wasn't going very well.

**"What about the first time? It was the second time when you were sick, wasn't it? Wasn't there a time upstairs here, when Mac showed you the mirror and you got upset?"** It was a slip of information she wasn't supposed to have, but by now he was trying to rationalize things, and she suspected he wouldn't notice.

**"I... I didn't get upset."** I was pouting, getting worked up. She stood between me and the playroom, leaving me with only the space around Mac's bed to walk. **"It's not like that. I just didn't... like how I looked... my hair was messed up, and..."** I didn't feel well.

**"You didn't like that you looked like a little girl?"** His hair looked fine in that photo I'd seen, and his cheeks had been pink, his eyes hazy. **"Did it remind you... of being exploited, because you were too calm and sedate to say no? But Mac would never take advantage of you, would she?"**

My bottom lip quivered. Memories of Sayla. Comparing it to Mac. They didn't match. A 404 error. I felt sick... **"...there's nothing going on with mirrors,"** I said flatly, and walked over to Mac's dresser. **"Look."** I looked in the mirror, at the boy staring back, and then over at Missy. **"So just shut up about it. Jeeze..."**

Missy held up Mac's phone to the mirror, the picture still on the screen, so Oaklee could see it in the reflection. **"You're strong, and resolute, and able to keep all your feelings inside. But when you get like this, when you slip into this headspace... you're finally calm... and open. Like a flower coming into bloom. And Mac cultivates that flower, but some people want to just.. pluck it up away and claim it as as their own..."** Sayla.

"I don't want to talk about her!" I was mad. I was yelling. It was stupid and I felt sick and I felt trapped in this stupid little room. I wanted to hit her. Or to push past her and run downstairs. I wanted to call for Mac to shut her up. I felt like such a child... **"Just... be quiet... you don't know anything..."** But my breathing was heavier.

**"It's not your fault for being vulnerable, some of the most beautiful things in the world are vulnerable. Don't ever blame yourself for the actions of someone horrible."** Missy was not a toucher, not typically. Actually she was a little bit of a clean freak, all things considered. But when Oaklee tried to shove past her, she put her hand on his cheek, softly, and guided his gaze to hers. **"Sit down."**

Her words were thick like syrup and I stumbled backward. Her hand stayed on my cheek, my eyes on hers, until my legs hit Mac's bed and I fell backward onto my ass. I sat on the edge of the bed, and when her hand pulled away from my cheek, I looked down at the floor. Fuck I was pathetic... **"...Sayla isn't... she's not important..."**

**"She's not important. She's pathetic. She's weak. She's a bully. She's not worthy to even lay eyes on someone as remarkable as you."** It was the same tone that she used when she told him to sit down. Clear. Confident. **"But she still has power over you, when you're at your cutest, most vulnerable."**

**"...she doesn't,"** I said it flatly, evenly, a perfect lie. Except I wouldn't look at her. I wasn't as sure as I wanted to be. I just wanted Missy to shut up. I bit hard on my bottom lip and held Mira tighter against me. Pathetic... pathetic...

**"Right now she has you feeling terrible. Feeling like you should be over her... and mad at yourself that when you see yourself in the mirror... in a pretty nightgown, looking like the perfect little girl... you hear her voice telling you that she was right all along."** Missy stayed standing above Oaklee and sighed, looking down at him. **"Your little self being a girl in no way undermines you being a boy."**

**"What the hell are you talking about?"** I pouted, looking up at Missy, but then dodging out of eye contact. She intimidated me a little, and she was so much taller with me sitting on the edge of the bed. I fussed nervously with Mira. I was getting angrier at her. Being a girl... **"I'm not a girl."**

**"Not all of you has to be a boy, or all of you has to be a girl, Oaklee. There's no rules. You can be a girl on every third Tuesday night, and it doesn't make you less of a boy. I would have thought you of all people would know that."** She brushed his hair back, and looked down at the teddy. **"Cuddling Mira doesn't make you less of a boy, does it?"**

**"It's not the same thing! It's not about that!"** I stood up against Missy, frustrated at her words, at the things she was saying. She was making my chest hurt. **"I can wear whatever I wanna, and I can like whatever I wanna, and I'm not a girl. I'm not!"**

**And I've told you this a thousand times! You don't listen! Online or now, or ever!"** I was yelling. Yelling loud enough I'm sure Mac could hear me.

**"So if you can dress how you want, when you want, why can't you be a girl when you want? Huh?"** Mac knew this could get heated, Missy had warned her, but it didn't mean she wouldn't come up. **"Oaklee, you're a little, like Mac is, why are you so oblivious to that? You love being childish with her, don't you? Just be honest."**

"I..." My chest was aching. It was hard to breathe... **"I'm not anything! I like to play dress up with Mac, sure, whatever. But it's not... ugh! Why are you acting this way?! Did you seriously come here just to tell me I'm a girl? I'm not a girl!! I know about trans stuff and all that from online, and I'm NOT A GIRL!"** **"Not now."** Sayla's words rung in my head. Not yet. I will be. I pushed Missy as hard as I could, so hard she tripped backwards, and I stormed past her and into the playroom.

**"Please... don't be mad."** I was standing in the stairwell when Oaklee stormed through my playroom, and three stairs down I looked so much smaller than he did. **"We're kids, and we're afraid of monsters, and we can't help each other... but Missy can help you... I promise. She... she helped me. Please... for me? Let her help you?"**

Mac climbed the stairs, but she didn't move past them. She knew I wouldn't push her. She knew I wouldn't shove her out of the way. My chest was hurting and my fingers were shaking around Mira. I shook my head. **"She's just being horrible! She's just saying things that aren't true just like Sayla did! And I'm not a girl! I want to leave! MOVE!"** But she didn't. **"MOVE!"**

I moved, but I moved forward, and I wrapped my arms around Oaklee and I cuddled him tight, still one step lower. **"I'm a Little. That's why I like dolls, and childish things, and pacifiers..."** I left the bedwetting out, but I was sure he could infer. I cuddled him tight, knowing he wouldn't push me away.

"I..." ...why did any of this matter? Why did it matter if I liked playing dolls with Mac? I didn't care. I didn't care if I used a pacifier around her or if she fed me bottles. I mean, it was a little embarrassing, but so were skirts at first. I didn't care about that... **"I don't care, Mac... be whatever you wanna be... and I'm gonna play with you anyway. I just..."** I was deflating. **"I wanna go home..."**

**"You are home... okay?"** I rested my head on Oaklee's chest, careful not to hurt Mira, and cuddled him a little tighter. **"You're a Little, too... I think that's true. Not because Missy thinks so, but because I've got to know you... and it's such a beautiful thing... please give her another chance...?"**

**"...maybe."** Not maybe to giving Missy another chance. Maybe to the other thing. **"...I don't know what that is. A little or whatever. But I like dressing up with you and I liked doing puzzles. I like acting like a kid sometimes, if that's what it's all about."**

**I don't know. But that doesn't... have to do with anything...**" It was like she was telling me I like romance movies. Sure, but so what?

**"Missy thinks that your Little-self is a girl. Missy says that people who are Little's often have different gendered selves when they're little. Remember... when we got Mira? You referred to yourself a girl that day, and the day I got you the training bra, in the lolita dress? Usually you would always yell at me if I called you a girl, but those times.. and the other night? You wanted me to..." "It doesn't make you less of a boy, Oaklee. You're a boy, but you're also, sometimes, a Little Girl."**

**"...you're both idiots..."** I shrugged out of Mac's hug. I looked at the floor. I wasn't a girl. I knew I wasn't. Sayla said I was, but she was lying. Why were they saying I was? Sayla said I was a baby, too. She was lying... she was... I shook my head again and again. Why were they taking her side... I pushed past both of them and hurried down the stairs. I would walk home if I had to...

**"Sayla wanted to change you are!"** I followed him, even though Missy shook her head, and I felt my chest getting tight, because he wouldn't stop walking. **"She wanted to take away who you are and make you someone else, and she wanted to use your Little side to do it. She tried to do the same to me..."**

**"...leave me alone,"** I muttered, pushing past the furniture in the living room. I opened the front door but Mac slammed it shut in front of me. She looked... almost angry. Not angry. Just frustrated. And when I went to reach for the handle again she smacked my hand out of the way. **"Move,"** I told her again.

**"You are so happy when you're Little, Oaklee! And I had to deal with all this too, so I know what you're thinking right now. You're thinking this is dumb. You're thinking Missy is siding with Sayla, you're thinking she's just making fun of you. But she's not! She's helping you, okay, and I wish I trusted her earlier because I would be better earlier, but I didn't have someone to tell me I was being an idiot and you do so you get back upstairs and you listen to her!"**

I'd never seen Mac so direct before. So aggressive. I was frozen for a moment, shocked. I tried to say something, but in the end I couldn't think of anything. She stared at me in my eyes, and I stared at hers. A contest. And eventually, I lost. I looked at my feet and shook my head. Everything was dizzy. **"I'm not listening to her,"** I mumbled. Less like an obstinate teen and more like a bratty child.

**"You will, or I'll put you in a diaper and pacify you and we'll see how bratty you are, then."** Missy and I had agreed that it was probably not a good idea, that it would make him too hazy, but at the same time, he didn't know we'd decided that. He didn't know it was an empty threat.

I opened my mouth to argue, and before I could call her out on it, she took the pacifier out of her pocket. My cheeks turned a little pink and I bit on my lip. **"Do you want Missy to see you like that? Like the baby girl you're acting like?"** I was at a loss for words. She wasn't serious. I knew she wasn't... then why was I nervous?

**"Upstairs now, and you can have one more chance to act like a grown up about this."** I held the pacifier out, waiting for the reaction I expected, which was for him to back down and go back upstairs. He stared at the pacifier for a little longer until I pushed it toward him and he took a few steps back.

I wasn't afraid of it. I didn't care. She couldn't... make me do anything. If I didn't want to. But the way she looked at me. The pacifier in her hand. I felt tingling in my fingertips. I knew, to a degree, she was right. If she put that pacifier in my mouth, I'd feel like I did Wednesday night. I'd feel like I did when Sayla did it. I'd melt... **"...fine... but... it doesn't mean anything..."** I turned and walked back up the stairs, pouting with Mira in my arms.

## 93:

The whole room was quiet. Mac stood by the door. She was actually a threat. I never thought I could see Mac as threatening. Missy sat by the window where Mac would sit on her laptop. I was leaning against the wall with my arms around Mira, completing the triangle. The silence kept up. I knew what this was. Some sick intervention. I just wanted to leave...

**"Mac, define Little."** I wasn't thrilled about being put on the spot, but I knew it was important enough to warrant me saying something and I recited what Missy had told me. **"Little means you have a part of you that relishes being able to be a child in some degree. It can manifest in lots of different ways, and isn't dependent on your primary gender."** **"Good girl. Based on what you've experienced with Oaklee, would you say that he has a Little self?"** **"Uh huh."** **"And do you?"** **"Uh huh..."** **"And based on what you experience when you're feeling Little, would you say that Sayla exploited that aspect of you?"** **"She did... just like someone telling a kid scary stories to manipulate them."** Since getting back up to the room, Missy had said nothing to Oaklee, but this display was not lost on him.

**"I'm not a baby, alright?"** I was pretty open with Mac earlier. Agreeing about the puzzle, about the dresses, even about the baby bottle. And with the way she talked to me about the pacifier downstairs, about the pullup... I knew agreeing was a mistake. Ugh, I was trying to make her feel better! **"I'm not!"** But they weren't even talking to me... this was so frustrating!

**"Does being Little mean that you are literally a baby, Mac?" "Nuhuh. It means that there are some things that bring me comfort that might usually be associated to babies. But they aren't baby diapers, they're my diapers. My pacifier. My dolls." Much of this had been rehearsed, so much of it we were winging as we went, too. "Those things bring you comfort?" "Uhhuh." "How's that?" "They make me feel safe. That's what being a Little is to me."**

**"Stop it! I'm not... ugh!"** My frustration was building. They were getting under my skin. I should sit there and roll my eyes. I should make fun of them, mock them for how they were acting. But I couldn't help it. I couldn't help panicking. I didn't get it... **"I'm not little! I'm not a baby! I'm sixteen!"**

**"How old are you, Mac?" "Fifteen." "Do you think that turning sixteen will make you less of a Little?" "Nuh uh." "Would your Little self get older?" "Just because I did? Nuh uh. Those things stay the same." "Interesting, so you're saying that as well as gender, a Little persona can be a different age to you as well?" "Of course." Oaklee stood up, and we both glared at him and spoke together. "Sit!"**

I shuffled back down into the chair, playing with Mira in my lap. This wasn't fair. First word they say to me and it's that? I didn't have to stay. I didn't have to listen to either of them talk about me like this... but I didn't get back up. I pouted and kicked my feet... **"This is so stupid... you're both being so stupid..."**

I didn't like this methodology, but Missy knew what she was doing, she promised she did, and I trusted her because she'd looked after me. She'd helped me. She'd help Oaklee, too. **"What happens if a boy is a Little, but his Little self is a girl?" "Well, it would be easy to tell — he'd become much more feminine as a Little, preferring girl pronouns." "And would he be more trusting of people?" "Absolutely. The right person could exploit that optimism and trust, and manipulate him horribly. And make him feel like he should be ashamed of being little." "That sounds horrible..."**

They were talking about Sayla now, and it made my stomach turn. I shuffled in the seat, working to get comfortable. I couldn't get comfortable, though. I thought I was going to be sick... **"You don't know anything... you're just making stuff up like she did. I'm not a baby. I'm not a girl! You're both wrong!"**

Mac looked to Missy, and the older girl nodded, and began to speak as Mac approached him. **"You're not a baby, or a girl. You're a sixteen year old boy. But..."** She nodded to Mac, and the smaller girl pushed the pacifier between the boy's lips quickly. **"She is a baby, and she is a girl. A gorgeous, innocent, sweet little baby girl, aren't you honey?"**

I took the pacifier out of my mouth with a pout, with frustration, but my head was already swimming. I swallowed hard, holding the pacifier in my hands. It felt nice. The half a second it was in my mouth. Calming. Relaxing. My chest hurt. I really wanted to

relax... **"...you're... both so stupid..."** I got up, off the chair, and it took me a second to catch my balance.

I took the initiative and pushed the pacifier back into Oaklee's mouth with his own hand, pushing him back into a sitting position. Okay, so it was kinda nice to finally have someone he would listen to, even if he wasn't right now. He would. Missy got heard. **"You feel it. Comfort. Like a blanket wrapped up around you the moment you feel the paci between your lips. Soothing. Calming. You can feel it tugging at you, you don't wanna take it out."**

My hand moved away and my fingertips trembled. Conflict. Take it out. Don't. But my cheeks were starting to turn pink, just a little pink, and I held Mira closer to me. I sucked. It was so calming... so gentle. The bottoms of my glasses fogged up... **"...stupid,"** I muttered behind the pacifier...

**"Stupid that you're so blind to this? Yes, a little bit."** I nodded quietly, and crawled in behind Oaklee, getting hair brush off the dresser and starting to gently brush his hair like a big sister would. **"This feels wonderful, because it's a gift. And you keep trying to run away from it, it's no wonder you're so unhappy... you keep making a pretty little girl cry."**

It was getting worse. Redder cheeks. Glossier eyes. I didn't like getting this way with Missy here. I didn't want her to see me like this. I reached up, my fingertips shaking, and took the pacifier out of my mouth. But my breathing was uneven. The little protests in me were already gone. I felt quieter and nervous and shy...

He'd managed to stop himself, and that left Oaklee in a calmer, more sedate state, neither adult nor little — the perfect gateway to his truer feelings. **"It's nice, isn't it? You must be honest with me, Oaklee, you must always tell me the truth." "Missy is special, so you gotta tell the truth." "It feels nice to feel the tide of your swelling little self rising up, doesn't it? Describe it in one word."**

**"...it's... it's not..."** I tried to shake my head, but my chin fell and I looked down at Mira. I felt dizzy. Mac brushed my hair and I bit the inside of my cheek. I needed to snap out of this. It wasn't fair. It wasn't right! I wasn't even like this! They were just... playing games with my head, and... and...

**"One word, Oaklee. Be a good girl for Missy, okay? I'm gonna make your hair so pretty." "Be a good boy now, tell me the truth, one word."** It was important to not let him go too deep into little, or slip too far out of it. This balance was crucial, it was talking to both facets of the boy at once, and to neither.

**"...soft..."** I wasn't sure why that word. Maybe because I was playing with Mira in my arms. There were amazing words in the English language. Soft wasn't one of them. Soft was a kid's word. I tried swatting Mac's hands out of my hair, but she kept brushing anyway.

"Soft. It's okay to be soft. The world says that boys aren't allowed to be, but girls are. Precious little girls are allowed to be soft, it's encouraged, praised. You want to be praised, don't you?" "You're so soft, Oaklee, the softest, most precious little sister I could ever ask for." "You don't want to be Mac's little sister, though, do you? You don't want to be soft?"

"...not a girl..." I mumbled it, under my breath, to Mira. But the tone was different. I wasn't angry or upset or frustrated. I sounded... sad. My chest hurt and I closed my eyes. I rubbed them before the tears started down my cheeks, but it wasn't helping. Shoot...

"You can be if you wanna be. Just for now. If you wanna be, then you are." In the game of good cop, bad cop, Missy's next statement broke all the rules. "She's right, you know. If you say you're a girl, you are. If you say you're little, you are." "Do you want to be? Just for a little while, pretty one?"

I felt my head nod, and just as quickly as it did, I stood up from the chair. Tears were on my cheeks and I did my best to wipe them away before anybody noticed. I pushed past Missy, getting away from the both of them, and stumbling backwards toward Mac's bedroom. I just needed space between us. "I'M NOT A GIRL! I AM NOT A BABY!" But I sure was crying like one...

Missy approached Oaklee, and leaned down, and lifted him up... like she was a weightlifter, and everybody was surprised. Mac because Missy did not look like she could do that, and Missy because she didn't think she could do it and Oaklee because he suddenly went very quiet as Missy managed, a little awkwardly, to take him to the bed and to lay him down on his back. "Would you like your paci?" "I got it right here." I held it up for Oaklee, having picked it up when it was dropped, and the two of us looked down at him laying on the bed.

My head nodded, again, automatically. This time I didn't freak out. The pacifier was pushed between my lips and I sucked on it contentedly. Both girls hovered over me on my back, sucking on the pacifier, and holding Mira. I hadn't let her go. It had been hours. I wouldn't put her down.

"You are a girl right now. You are a baby right now." "But..." I looked at Missy for approval and then continued. "When you don't wanna be anymore, you can be a boy again, and an adult again, just like that. Like magic." Missy sat on one side of the bed, and gently started to play with the boy's hair, and Mac crawled up next to him and cuddled up to his side, putting her head on his chest, her hair smelling of lilac and vanilla.

**94:**

Mac made coffee. They both sat at the kitchen table. How long Oaklee would sleep, they didn't know. Missy played with the handle of her coffee mug and looked up at the clock. **"I think we are helping. A little bit, anyway. I didn't think he'd be so stubborn..."**

**"He's protecting her. Not Sayla the way I thought... he's protecting Olena."** I didn't have a name to give his little self, didn't have a better choice than that. By all means, if he offered me something else to call him, I would! But all I had to differentiate between him and her was that silly name that he didn't even like. Oaklee and Olena.

Missy giggled a little. The name was so stupid. Mike and his stupid naming conventions. **"Yeah. I mean, I didn't think..."** Missy had seen a lot. Mac's responses were typical. Something she'd handled in some cases at the clinic she helped at. But Oaklee was something else... **"Olena's afraid to be herself. Oaklee's just letting her do some stuff without being scared. Like always holding Mira. That's why she's leaking through. That's why only Olena cries or gets upset. Why only Olena is afraid of mirrors. He's such a sweet boy, even takes care of himself..."**

**"How do we fix her? How do we make it so that she won't be scared anymore? I've tried... and the other night, she was so happy, and content, but anytime she saw a mirror, or lost her paci, she got very weirded out and upset and cried. Once I put her in a diaper, she was a little more stable..."** I didn't understand psychology at all, it was the biggest mystery to me... all I could offer was what I observed.

**"Obviously the pacifier helps her. Like a baby, I guess."** Missy was playing with her coffee mug still. She was thinking. **"It calms her down and she can't think about it. About what happened with Sayla. Like her thoughts stop at point B, when Sayla is down at point C. Not enough electricity to power the lightbulb."** A crappy metaphor.

**"So how do we cut off C entirely? Sayla is gone, it's been months..."** Despite the confidence of my performance, I felt exhausted to have to had gone through that, and I felt like I'd done all that I could personally do. I wasn't good at this. This was Missy's field of operations, I just helped, and I'd done everything I felt comfortable to do.

**"Oaklee hasn't been able to act on Olena for months, either. Maybe to her it was only a couple days ago. Not literally, but through perspective."** Not that it helped any... **"She's afraid of being a girl, of being a baby. Obviously those things are true. And Sayla must have made her think they were bad things to be... and now she's too afraid to be them... hence the mirrors, hence the denial. Oaklee doesn't deny anything. He's too confident. It's her leaking through."**

**"So we need to show her that being a girl is okay, that being a baby is okay. But I can't really get proper.. um... little place, with him here, because I feel like I need to take care of him when he's little. Does that make sense?"** I wasn't sure that it did. My jealousy the other night had definitely been a problem.

Missy bit her lip. She looked at Mac a little nervously and then up at the ceiling, maybe through the walls, up at Oaklee in bed. Who knew? She kept playing with her coffee mug, and finally, finally took a sip. **"I know a little bit about ageplay. I've looked it up a lot since I figured out about Oaklee's little side - maybe a year ago? - and Mike is actually an okay source of information..."** Missy knew about Olena for a long time. Almost as long as she knew Oaklee. But she'd never bring it up on her own. She was too nice. **"So I'm deferring to you on this one, Mac. How do you think we can show her being a baby is okay?"**

**"...let her find her own boundaries? She knows she can use a pacifier, cuddle Mira, talk to dolls and stuff. But I think she feels those are isolated, independent things, not part of a bigger whole?"** Children needed boundaries to understand right and wrong, and without them, right now, everything must have felt like a perpetual deluge of ambiguity.

**"What do you suggest?"** Missy didn't like not knowing, especially less than a 15 year old girl. But at the same time, Missy understood that her expertise was in other areas. She'd get Mac's advice, and then she'd work with it.

**"Full little mode. Diaper. Paci. Hair ribbons, most babyish dress I have. Toys all set up for her, and coloring books and dolls. Overwhelm her, and let her see where her boundaries are. Encourage her that everything she does is her 'normal'. I think.. that will help."** I hoped it would...

**"The pacifier really changes her, though. Puts her into relaxation. Should we be pushing the relaxed state or the normal state? Again, I don't know. I only know what you've told me."** To stress a relaxed state could be interesting. Find the boundaries of what Olena's psyche could take. But less practical, maybe, than finding the boundaries of Olena as a person.

**"She seemed okay without it when she had the diaper on, but still stressed at the mirror. But able to at least cope without the paci. I wish I had thicker diapers, for the first time ever, because mine are made to be discrete."** I never thought i'd speak that sentence.

**"That's cool - I brought stuff." "...you brought diapers?" "I knew what I was getting into when I got here, Mac. I've learned not to rely on others to have the things I need. And honestly, I didn't think Oaklee would fit into your underwear."** Underwear was a courtesy word. Missy played with the edge of her coffee mug. **"I'm not comfortable seeing a kid naked, though..."**

I shrugged my shoulders lightly and looked over them at the stairs, then back at the older girl. **"I've changed him before, it's okay, I can do it. Are they like mine? Or do they have tapes like baby ones? And can... I keep one... for me?"** My cheeks were a little pink, but overall I was comfortable enough with Missy to ask her.

Missy smiled across the table. Mac was just so damn cute. **"I've got eight - some sample on some website. You can keep them all. I don't need them."** Missy brought other stuff too. She was a very well-prepared girl. **"I do think, though, that it would do Olena some good to see another girl her age acting like a baby. To know it's okay."** Missy smiled cutely.

**"...someone has to take care of her, or I can't..."** Not that I didn't want to... to be able to be proper little with Oaklee was enticing as heck to me, but we never had someone who might to take care of us, either, so that became my role and one I was contented with. But Missy... Missy taking care of us both was... so appealing.

**"Yes. I agree."** Mac wasn't stupid. She looked at Missy and Missy smiled. Of course Missy would care for them both. She wasn't sure she *could* but what the hell, right? And if worse came to worse, Mac didn't seem to fall into submission the way Olena did. **"What if he's uncooperative? Do I spank him or something?"**

**"Nuh uh. Only Sayla has been physically violent with Olena. If she's like me, she'll be jumpy and on edge if you speak very sternly to her, and that'll be better than any other option."**

**"Hm. Okay..."** Mac had a point. Missy knew Sayla had been violent. She didn't know to what degree, though. The smartest thing to do was to be courteous, for now. Missy saw what Olena was like. She was sure she could keep her in line. **"Let's pick out some clothes and stuff, then. Get things ready for when he wakes up."**

## 95:

I woke up slowly. The room was dark, though it wasn't night. It was maybe two in the afternoon. All the blinds were closed. I shuffled off the edge of the bed, rubbing my eyes. The pacifier was left behind on the bed. I couldn't believe I'd done that. I couldn't believe I acted that way... did Missy go home? Where was Mac?

The plan wasn't one set in stone, with victory conditions, contingencies, performance milestones or anything of the like. Missy liked it when plans had those things, and this one didn't, but it had the only thing that could be believed in when it came to other people — potential. She and Mac waited in the second floor living room, having brought everything up from the car, and when Oaklee emerged at the bottom of the stairs, they looked at him. It was show time. **"Hey sleepyhead."**

"Hi," I said sourly, still sleepy. The whole thing was stupid. Having Missy here. I was supposed to spend the day with Mac, get me out of my head, make me feel better. And now I had to deal with Missy being a brat. Then I noticed Mac. She was facing away from me, just barely, with a bow in her hair. The outfit, though... she was in yellow shortalls. Stylish as all hell, and so damn cute, but with the pacifier in her lips... she looked like a plus-sized toddler. I gave Missy a harsh look. Did she do this?

**"Mac, sweetie, remember what we talked about?"** My head nodded, but I didn't turn around. I felt so small, and lovely, and tiny and little, but Missy kept tugging me into adulthood, reminding me that she needed me to diaper Oaklee. That I had to do that, and then I'd be small. I wanted to be small so badly. I focused on the script in my head, on the directions we'd worked out, and approached the boy with a smile behind my pacifier. When I got close, I took it from my lips and pushed it between his, difficult to focus with how thick the lovely diaper was, and kissed his nose. **"Is time to get yew dwessed, Owena,"** I'd never talked like that, and never would I have thought about doing it front of anybody. I should have felt foolish, but I felt tiny instead. Lovely.

I took the pacifier out of my lips with red cheeks. My glasses weren't on. I guess they fell off in bed, or Mac had taken them off me when I fell asleep. I didn't know. She was so cute, so close to me. One stair down, she was shorter. I took a deep breath, trying to remember I was taller than her. Taller than Missy, too, from where I stood. You're okay, Oaklee... you're fine... **"You look cute,"** I said with a small smile. My cheeks were still pink. **"Could you let me talk to Missy?"**

**"Inna minute."** Focus. Focus. Focus. I took Oaklee by the hand and pulled him softly down the final step, into the living room, and toward where Missy was. We had an outfit for him picked out, hanging on the curtain rod, we had everything, we just needed to get him pacified and diapered and the rest would fall into place... that's what... what Missy said, right?

My cheeks were pink. I was just coming out of the dizziness, but Mac had pulled me down onto the landing. I was her height, now, or rather, an inch or two taller. Missy, though, was another three. Ugh. Why couldn't she have left me up there? I bit my lip, holding Mac's pacifier tight in my hand. No more pacifiers. There were only two: the one upstairs in bed, the one in my hand. I was safe, at least from them. Missy, though... **"Why is she dressed like that?"** I asked her, as sharply as I could. **"If you're doing something perverted!"**

**"She's going to be your playdate for today, Olena."** I nodded in excitement and put myself between him and the sofa, so he wouldn't see the diaper there waiting for him, my eyes focused on the paci in his hand while he was focused on Missy. **"You've been so wound up, little princess, so you deserve some rest and relaxation. Don't you agree? See? Mac is having hers, you don't want yours?"**

**"Missy."** Okay. Pretty clear. Not hazy. Fine. I was fine. **"Cut it out. I mean it. If you don't stop, you'll regret it."** I didn't know why I was so aggressive about it. Why I was so protective. It wasn't just over Mac. It was over myself... I was protecting me, too.

Missy took a step towards him, pulling her lipgloss from her pocket, and touched the soft little wand to his lips. As she did, I took the pacifier from his hand and pushed it back into place, his lipgloss flavoring the little teat. **"Come now, Little Olena, lets lay you down and get you dressed to match your little friend, wouldn't that be nice? Wouldn't it be nice as can be to be so pretty?"**

I spit the pacifier out again, getting frustrated at the two girls. My chest was aching and I stumbled backward toward the stairs. My heart raced, my cheeks pink. This was... they were teaming up against me? For what? I was protecting Mac... **"...shut. Up..."** Two harsh words. And heavy breathing. I kept my mouth closed. The pacifier was bad for me. It played with my head...

Without the pacifier, this stage was harder, but he was halfway to compliance and halfway to defiance, and Missy took one of his hands, Mac the other, and they led him to the sofa. There, on the cushions, was a diaper. Not like what Mac wore to bed, but like she wore now. Thick. With tapes. Like a baby's diaper, but so much thicker. **"Way down, 'Wena."** I motioned to the sofa with as stern a look as I could manage. **"We gots get you dswessed."**

The diaper was very conspicuous. I had never seen diapers. I'd seen Mac's pullups. But I'd never had a younger sibling. I never babysat. But the diaper, even folded, was so obvious. And it was NOT a pullup. It was an actual diaper. And that's when it clicked: this was very, very serious. Just like with Sayla in the bathroom. I pulled both my hands out of the girls', stumbling back. My chest ached. Everything ached. I closed my eyes tight, trying to regain my balance. I was going to throw up... **"Leave me alone! I'm not a baby!"**

**"Olena, sweetie, Auntie Missy is going to babysit you and your best friend Mac, and you two are gonna have so much fun. But you have to get dressed properly first, wouldn't that be nice?"** Her tone was warm and soft, and she slowly approached the boy, with all the maternal nuance of a parent, and the grace of a cat.

The pacifier was on the floor. In eyesight. Not a threat. Not immediately. I was aware. I was *very* aware. Hyper aware, even. I knew what was good, what was bad. Defenses were kicking in. A voice in my head. **"I'm not a baby!"** It yelled it, so I yelled it. I pushed back to the staircase, taking two steps up. Two steps up on Missy. Taller than her. It helped immensely.

The moment he entered the stairwell, he left himself vulnerable. Tunnel visioned. Missy continued to speak, but Mac had picked up the pacifier the moment he lost sight of it. Discretely, in a moment, she would pass it to Missy. **"Olena, honey, you're not a baby**

— just a frightened little girl. Isn't that so? You're scared, but I'm a grown up, honey, and I'll take care of you. Don't you want that? To be taken care of?"

"No! I want you to leave me alone!" I took another step up the stair. Another step higher than her. I felt superior. I felt safer. She took a step up after me. One step. Equalizing. I was still bigger, though. Another step backwards, and another step forwards. Until I was on the landing. I was up against the top of her room. I could have run, but it would make me shorter. I'd lose my advantage. She took another step. One step between us. We could have kissed. I was only an inch taller than her. We were so close. I kept my mouth closed tight... I wasn't going to move...

Behind Missy, Mac had the pacifier, and the diaper, and if they had to relocate, she would be ready. Missy had one hand behind her, and the pacifier was pressed into her palm, while with her other she reached up and ran the tips of her fingers along Oaklee's cheek. **"You're the prettiest little thing, no wonder people are sometimes mean... they're jealous of how pretty you are..."** Distraction...

I slapped her hand away. I didn't talk. I saw Mac following up behind her. I felt dizzy. She was so cute, and I was jealous. I was actually jealous! But it wasn't good. I wouldn't move. I'd stay still. I'd stay taller. I didn't care what she said...

His eyes glanced to Mac, and for a moment, only the smallest moment, his resolved softened. Maybe it was adoration, or admiration, or jealousy, it was hard to tell. But it was enough, enough for Missy to push the pacifier between his lips, and to then grab his hands and coo softly. **"Suck your paci, baby girl, shuuush now, shh, shh, suck your paci, be a good girl for Auntie. You want to be a good girl, a good girl like Mac?"**

I tried to push her hands away. I tried to spit out the pacifier. Neither worked very effectively. I stumbled, and she took the final step into Mac's playroom. My back hit the wall, and she held her hand against my mouth, against the pacifier. Involuntarily, I started to suck...

The pacifier might as well have been a drug, because the moment the boy was denied the option, he was doomed to a very special fate, one he both needed and deserved. Missy had little trouble directing him to the bed, and she sat on the bedspread next to his head as he was laid down, talking about how pretty he was. And while that happened, Mac began to unbutton Oaklee's jeans.

I whimpered, shaking my head. I tried to push her away. I tried to argue. But the pacifier was too calming. The way Missy played with my hair. The way she spoke to me. Everything felt heavy. My fingers fell flat on the bedspread.

I'd pulled Oaklee into one of my pull-on diapers before, but with a skirt covering his modesty. I'd bathed with him, but he was hidden below the bubbles. Now, for the first time, as I pulled his jeans down, and then, his boxers, I was seeing Oaklee naked.

Penises were weird. So weird. I didn't know if his was big or small or normal or what, just that it was. Missy left the room and I started to unfold the diaper, thick and lovely, matching the one I wore, and slid it underneath his bottom. All it took was a light pinch on his backside for him to lift up.

Everything smelled like baby powder for a minute. I felt the padding between my legs and the sound of tape. I didn't get it. And then everything felt different and warm and fuzzy. And my cheeks turned the color of apples. I sucked harder on the pacifier...

It was like a light-switch, the boy had become something else, something he had tried to hold back the trickle of, and was overwhelmed by the flood. Mac was done with her share of the plan, and she looked so relieved, so Missy took over. **"Such a pretty baby girl, Olena, aren't you the prettiest baby girl in the whole world?" "Wha' bout me..."** Missy laughed a little. **"Equal cutest. Well, you will be when you're dressed. Come on, let's go get you changed into prettier clothes, Olena."**

I sat up, calm as could be, while Mac and Missy helped change me out of my clothes and into one of the pajama frocks - the same as the one I'd worn on Wednesday. Except one thing. No bloomers. The thickness of the diaper sent me in spirals. The crinkling. The sounds. I could hardly walk right. My eyes were so watery it was a miracle I wasn't crying. My cheeks were solid fire.

**"There we go, that's much better, two pretty little girls."** Missy took each of the little children with one hand each and led them to playroom, then skittered downstairs to retrieve her bag of tricks. I looked at Oaklee and giggled happily, getting to my feet to get a pair of dolls off the shelf, completely lost in my own haze. **"Wan' play wif dollies?"**

I nodded quietly. So quiet. Everything was just one giant cloud. I wasn't even present. I was so calm. So relaxed. Mac watched me for a minute and bit her lip. With a slow movement, she took the pacifier from my mouth. I blinked up at her a little. **"...huh...?" "Dollies." "...oh. Okay.."**

**"Good."** By the time Missy got backstairs with the large shoulder bag, and two more bags in her other hand, both girls were playing with dolls and babbling to one another. She smiled, quietly, and unzipped the large bag, revealing a portable playpen fence, which she erected between one wall and the other, around the girls, sealing them into a part of the playroom with the dolls, and the far alcove with the window, but not the TV or beanbag chairs. She upended the other two bags, and all manner of toys spilled out, stuff she used in sessions with kids — blocks, plushies, dolls, and some figurines with a playset of a hospital. She had some paints and crayons and paper on Mac's dresser, but this would do for now.

My cheeks were still a dull pink and I looked up at Missy as she created a playpen for us. I bit my lip and looked around at the toys. I was overwhelmed with excitement and

passive aggression. She was being condescending... **"I don't need a playpen,"** I said to the floor. Though I was a little pouty, I was still very clearly LS Oaklee.

**"Is so Auntie Missy can go an' make us foods and stuffs an then we can will be safe."** I nodded my head, motioning to the stairwell from here. **"Dun' wan' fall down the stairs and make boobos..."** It was, to me, remarkably surreal how easily I had slipped into this headspace. Pure. Easy. Lovely. I shivered a little and stacked a block on top of the thing that Oaklee was building.

**"Hey!"** I pouted and started to rearrange things. The topic of the playpen disappeared. I didn't have the greatest attention span, I guess. I was still shy, and whenever I'd notice my dress coming up too high I'd tug it down. Where were my bloomers, anyway...?

I was afforded the luxury of shortalls, though the nature of the short element meant that when I sat with my legs spread, the matching diaper was visible in flashes. I still giggled whenever Oaklee tugged his dress down, though, and then caught eyes on the hospital playset with the little plastic doctors and nurses. **"Oh! Oh! Wan play wif' hopsital!!"**

She hurried over to the other end of the playpen and I shuffled awkwardly on the floor. I got up on my feet and went to the gate. It only came up to my waist. It wouldn't keep me in here. Missy was watching us, looking at something on her phone. I tried to act grown up, like myself, but I just felt like such a little kid... **"...w-where's my bloomers?"**

**"Proper baby talk, sweetie."** She didn't even look up from the phone, either being she was being dismissive or because she was preoccupied with something. Maybe both. **"Owena!! Come play, otay? Wan' pway hoptial!"** I frowned and crossed my arms, throwing a cushion at Oaklee and missing by a fair margin.

I pouted and looked down at my feet. This was so stupid... **"I'm not a baby... I'm not gonna talk like a baby... I just want my bloomers..."** But Missy ignored me. I was getting frustrated again, but in a different way. Not an angry way. A whiny way. Fine. If she wouldn't get them, I'd get them myself. I pulled myself up over the fence one leg at a time.

**"Aun' Missy!"** Missy stood up and approached Oaklee, tucked her phone into her bra, picked him up under the arms and deposited him back on his side of the fence with a little sigh. **"Be a good girl, sweetie, or no more playdate. Go play with Mac, look, she wants you over there. Don't wanna play Hospitals?"**

**"I want bloomers!"** I said it as a whine, pouty, and then tried tugging my nightgown back down again. Then I said something I hadn't even considered. Something that had only *just* come to mind. **"Actually, I wan' my underwear!"**

**"You're wearing your undies, silly. Now go play with your friend, or there won't be anymore playdates in future."** He seemed completely content to fuss, though, so it

was time to progress to the next level of immersion — some helpful ingredients in a bottle of chocolate milk. He was going to experience everything there was to know about being little, and then form his own boundaries from there. **"Oh, are you hungry?"**

I opened my mouth to protest, then closed it again. I puffed out my cheeks in frustration and went back over to the gate. **"No. I'm not hungry. I just want my underwear back! I'm not a baby, and this is dumb, and... and you're not even in charge!"**

**"Well, you go sit with Mac, and I'll get you what you need."** She nodded with a point of her finger, and then went downstairs, leaving the boy standing by the edge of the playpen. I waited until it was just the two of us, and then crawled up to Oaklee, hands and knees and all, and grinned, tugging on his nightgown. **"Wha' you wan' play? Les' play dollies again otay?"**

**"...okay..."** I think Mac was a littler little than me. Was that a thing? Did littles have ages? Gosh, my head was so cloudy by it all. I didn't feel... uh... um... shoot, how old was I? 14? No, Mac was 14. Right? I took a deep breath and followed Mac over to the dolls. I just wanted normal undies...

**"You can' be the baby sissy an' I will be the big sissy an we will ride horses otay? Have you ever rided horses, Owena? We should go an' ride them togetha one day, uh huh, uh huh."** I pushed the doll I intended for him to play into his hand, but when I did, Missy came back up the stairs with a bottle of chocolate milk.

**"I think you're the little sis, Mac."** I always did see her as a baby. Maybe this was why! Even in Little mode, she was younger than me. Gosh, she really couldn't grow up, could she? Missy fussed with something on the other side of the room and I watched curiously. She was getting me underwear, wasn't she? That's what she said...? Nice panties, like the ones Say... I winced.

Oaklee seemed frozen for a moment, but Missy didn't quite notice — she'd stepped into the playpen and knelt down beside him, pushing the bottle between his lips like had no say in the matter. **"Wan' some!!" "Afterwards, sweetie, this one is special and for Olena. Once she's finished, you can have one, okay?"**

The bottle slipped between my lips, and like magic, I calmed right down. I felt Missy lay me back in the carpet and held the bottle above my mouth. She took both my hands and put them on the bottle. I held it after that, sucking away without a care, even though my diaper was entirely visible with the dress lifted up.

This was new territory for Missy, entirely, and though she felt bad for drugging the boy, it was important that he be taken as young as possible, to experience as much as possible, to push past his envelope of comfort and then find a happy medium where he wanted his little self to exist. And anyway, it was just a diuretic and something to help

him sleep. Nothing you couldn't find in Mac's medicine cabinet. Already, he fed on the bottle like the most natural thing in the world.

The bottle was empty. I was dizzy and hazy and I sat up. Mac was playing with something in the corner and Missy was still on her phone. I rubbed my eyes. Maybe I fell asleep. It was so hard to tell... the dress was flipped up, and I looked at it and started to flatten it. My movements were weak and simple like a child's. I went to stand up, but my legs gave out. Must be sleepy, I told myself.

**"I think it's time for you two to have your afternoon nap,"** Mac pouted, but Missy explained to her, looking at the way Oaklee tried to stand, and failed. **"Little girls your age need proper naps, or you get too worn out. Come now."** She opened the playpen door, despite not needing to. **"Don't try to walk, sweetie, just crawl, come along now."**

**"Notta baby,"** I muttered. My speech was different. Not amazingly, but the enunciation was off. I worked to stand up again, but I fell right back to my hands and knees. Like this, the dress showed off my diapered butt. I felt so foolish, and my cheeks were on fire...

Mac walked. She had no issues, and she approached Oaklee and patted his crinkly bottom with a giggle. **"Come on lil' sis! We gots go nap now, ota? Come on, this way."** Mac... pushed on the boy's crinkly behind, in an example of something only a baby could ever get away with, or a young young child anyway. No sexual connotation at all.

I crawled. I hated that I crawled. I felt so foolish and small and... and Mac's words were getting more logical. Just a touch. I worried she might actually be my big sister. But she wasn't! Of course not... right...? I crawled to the bed, already exhausted by it. Everything just felt so heavy for some reason...

**"Upsiedaisies."** Missy helped Oaklee up onto the bed, and Mac crawled up after him and squirmed down under the covers, pulling it down even further until there was room for Oaklee as well. Missy had gone back into the playroom, and when she came back, she had the portable playpen fence. Which she now... hung, on command-hooks, she'd attached to each of the pillars of the bed, forming very effectively an ersatz-crib pinning the ersatz-children in.

I felt so much smaller. I was like... slipping. First the crawling. And now this... **"I... I can just take that off...."** But my words were so unsure. I didn't understand how I was this childish. I wasn't. Maybe I was a little. Maybe I liked dolls and pretty clothes. But I wasn't a baby... I wasn't...

Leaning over the edge of the playpen wall, Missy tugged the covers up over the two of them and leaned in, kissing each of them on the forehead with a smile. **"You two precious babies get a good little nap, Aunt Missy is going to make some plans for**

**dinner while you sleep. I'll be right in the next room, okay?"** The blinds were still drawn, so when she turned off the light, it got dim. And when it got dim, she turned on Mac's star projector from her childhood, and the iPod on the dock with soft ambient lullaby music.

I thought I'd need the pacifier to sleep. I thought so. But I was so exhausted. And everything was warm with Mac beside me. Mac took the reigns, pulling me in close to her, putting my head on her chest. Her fingers pulled up the hem of my dress, touching my bare back. I couldn't help but feel comfortable and soft and warm. And I couldn't help falling asleep...

I was hazy and fuzzy and warm and lovely, more so than I had ever been. I knew that he'd had a bottle, and I hadn't. Maybe Missy had put something in it, but adult thoughts like espionage were difficult to focus on. I was a child. Everything was face value. It was just milk. He was just a baby now. Anything that happened now happened legitimately. I rubbed his lower back, and sighed, and closed my eyes. So content.

I walked around the darkness in my little dress. The diaper poked out of the bottom. My hair was in little pigtails and an alic band sat on my head. I sucked on the pacifier, content in my wandering. Until I saw her. A girl wearing green. She crossed her arms. I bit the pacifier. My chest hurt...

**"Just what I thought, nothing but a little baby. I was right all along, wasn't I?"** The girl in the green dress looked different, looked like Sayla might have been, were she twelve and sweet. She actually looked very sweet, and her words seemed to have less potency in her tween-voice, rather than the firm and confident times she had in person.

I took the pacifier out of my mouth and went to yell at her. But she snapped her fingers, and the pacifier appeared in my mouth again. Automatically, I sucked on it. I felt sick. This wasn't fair. I wasn't a baby! **"I not a baby!"** My voice was lisped by the pacifier. Feminine. Girly.

**"You're wearing a diaper, Olena."** It was a name that Sayla had never known, a name she shouldn't know, but it was a dream and it didn't have to make sense and Sayla wasn't twelve, either, and wasn't magical. **"You're just becoming what I wanted you to become, what I told you I would make you into."**

**"I am not!"** I yelled behind the pacifier, but my legs gave out. I sat on my hands and knees, sucking on the pacifier for comfort. She walked around me, the girl in the dress. Her name hurt my head. I wouldn't say it. I wouldn't think it.

**"You're so weak, so pathetic, letting me turn you into this. Letting me turn you into something you're not. You were a man, and now you're just a crying little baby girl, Olena! A baby girl, who wears diapers, and sucks pacifiers, and can't even stand up to me."** She circled around him, her dress swooshing in non-existent wind as she spoke.

Tears started down my cheeks. I felt so ill. I tried shaking my head, tried to say no. Her words were so heavy, though, like weights on my back. I was so worried I would collapse. Just give into her. Be who she wants me to be. Give up... it sounds so easy...

**"You couldn't beat me!"** There was another voice, though, one in the darkness, one that only the boy could hear. Familiar and now, sweet and airy and crisp. It's what you want, it's who you are. **She didn't have any power at all.** **"You couldn't stand up to me even once, not once, Olena! It's almost like you wanted this, like you let me win."** **It has nothing to do with her. She's a passing memory.** You're just discovering who you are. **"Aren't you going to say something? Huh?"**

I didn't recognize the voice. An unfamiliar voice. I stumbled back to my feet. My cheeks were wet. I was so dizzy... **"I'm... I'm not a baby,"** I muttered. But the girl only giggled. A mirror appeared beside her. Me, in the mirror. The outfit. The diaper. I couldn't breathe...

**You are sometimes. By your own choice.** **"You are! Look. A girl. A baby girl in a diaper. You'll never be a boy again."** **You'll be a boy whenever you like, and a girl whenever you like.** **"You don't have a choice, Olena!"** **You're in control, the Princess of your own life.** **"I'll always control you, Olena. You'll never get to choose who you are, you'll be what I made you."** **She's gone and powerless.** **"You're lost! You've lost!"** **You can be whoever you want.**

I took a deep breath and walked up to the mirror, to the girl in the mirror, to the girl next to it, and I slapped her as hard as I could. I was still sobbing, and I felt humiliated, but when I hit her, she just looked... bewildered. Like it wasn't possible. The mirror disappeared, leaving us alone. Except she was gone. She was somewhere else. Behind me. I turned to look at her. Her arms were crossed again. No mark where I'd hit her. She looked unhappy.

**"You think that you can break free of me?"** **You already have. It's her who's trapped.** **"You won't do that again, or I'll bruise your ass so hard that you wet the bed again."** **Wetting the bed means nothing. You know wonderful people who deal with it just fine.** **"You're pathetic."**

**"Y-you're pathetic!"** I yelled at the girl. She frowned and snapped her fingers. I lost my breath. The warmth spread around me, over my bottom, soaking me through. The wetness leaked out of the legholes of my diaper, trickling down my thighs, into my socks. Waves of humiliation washed over me. Fear. Embarrassment. New tears on my cheeks. And she was gone. The girl. And again, behind me. I turned to face her, trembling.

**"Pathetic? Olena, you just pissed yourself!"** **Littles do that sometimes.** It helps us to feel safe, to know someone will comfort us. **"Aren't you ASHAMED?"** **Aren't you proud**

enough to know that you're comfortable with yourself? "Can't even make it to the bathroom." It's your choice. You're in control. "You need to be controlled."

"SHUT UP!" Both voices stopped. The girl looked at me, stepped closer. One step at a time. My voice felt stiff after yelling, and when she stood in front of me, she hit me hard across the face. I didn't fall. I stood there, soaking wet, ashamed... I was falling apart...

"Why are you even fighting, Olena? Why? It's not like you want to be this way. If you wanna stand up to me, be a man and do it, and tell me that you're not a little baby bitch! Prove it, prove that you're not a submissive bedwetter who needs to be controlled."

"...I... I'm not..." Another slap, to the other cheek, and I started to shake. I was trembling in my wet socks. I couldn't help myself. Tears started down my cheeks. I was so pathetic. I couldn't do anything. She took my chin in her fingers and leaned in, kissing my lips. It felt calm. Gentle. Serene... it wasn't so bad. Listening...

You're amazing, Olena. You're beautiful and stylish, strong and vulnerable, witty and adorable. You're two halves and much more than the sum of those parts. You're better than to let anybody control you. There was a figure next to him now, a young girl who might have been five or six, might have been Oaklee's little sister if he'd had one, and she wrapped one tiny hand into his bigger one, smiling.

She touched me, and I was smaller. I was a child. I looked up at Sayla and pouted. My clothes were still wet. My diaper had leaked. I felt dizzy. But I was pouting. I stepped on her foot and yelled up at her. "Leave me alone!"

"This is what you've become?" This is who we are! "You can't just be a girl whenever you want to. It's pathetic! You're just a little sissy faggot!" The small girl who'd taken his hand tingled like spilled soda, and she squeezed a little tighter, shimmering ethereally as she did so.

"Go away," I said with a pout, and turned to walk away. Sayla stopped me, though. She grabbed my hair and pulled me back. I kicked my feet and started to cry. I tried pulling out of her grip. "LEMME GO YOU STUPID! LEMME GO!" I sat up too fast. I woke up Mac. My breathing was heavy, but the rest of me wasn't. The weakness I felt earlier was gone. I rubbed my eyes quietly and looked around the dim room... was I just dreaming...?

The nap had been lovely, had been refreshing, and I woke up much less Little than I had been when I went to sleep. How long had I been asleep? Oaklee was breathing heavily, and then... softer, and he looked around the room. Missy didn't seem to be upstairs with us. **"Are you okay?"** I wasn't wet, but I felt like I should be. I couldn't figure out why. The sheets were dry...

**"...yeah..."** I looked down at the dress. At the gate on the canopy. At Mac. She was so cute like this. I was so cute like this. But the reality was... I gulped, closing my eyes. I'd wet the bed. I knew I had. The dream. The wetness around me. My diaper was completely soaked. Mac, it seemed, was at least mostly out of her little headspace. **"...w-we need to get this down... so I can get out..."** I needed to change before anyone noticed... before Missy found out...

**"Missy will be up soon, she set up a camera to watch us, in-case she had to go downstairs."** I pointed to the webcam above my laptop on the dresser, and then waved to it. **"Did you have a bad dream? You woke up in a start."** His cheeks were red, and there was a cloying quality to the air... but I was dry. I knew I was dry! I knew the sheets were dry, which meant... I put my arms around him, and pulled him back down to the bed, resting my head on his chest. Missy would be here soon. **"I dreamed of you."**

**"...you did...?"** My tone was off. Still weird. Littler than usual. The diaper ensured I wasn't going to grow up. It made me tingle. It made my cheeks warm. And the dampness inside it... as time went on, I felt smaller and smaller and smaller. Mac, on the other hand, wasn't changing at all. I wasn't her little sister damnit...!

**"Uh huh."** I didn't, but he needed to be distracted. So I made it a story. **"There were dragons in it, and you were the princess and I was your knight, uh huh, and the dragons kidnapped you but I came and I did save you, yes I did."** He was so wet. Soaked through. I don't know why I hadn't considered it...

I shuffled in the bed. I tried to wiggle out from under her, but she propped herself on top of me. Her leg sat between mine and her arms around me. She looked into my eyes and I looked into hers. My cheeks were on fire. Her breathing was warm. **"Where are you going?"** she asked. She only had to whisper. **"...uh..."**

**"Lay with me, dun' worry... Missy'll change you when she gets here, you never have to worry, you're loved and adored."** We didn't use the L word very much in our friendship group, but love in terms of loving and nurturing meant something very different, very pure, and very easy to talk about in ways that teenagers often forgot about. **"You're so cute..."**

I melted into the bed. She stayed on top of me. She knew I was wet. I didn't know how. But she knew. And it made me feel so much smaller. Of course she was wet too! Right? I mean, Mac was a bedwetter... I wasn't..... **"I... I wanna change before she..."** But Mac put a finger to my lips. **"I'm not letting you up,"** she said. I wanted to fight. I wanted to protest. But my words felt flat against hers.

**"I feel really close to you right now..."** I didn't want to make this too serious, too adult, too heavy. I just wanted for him to know that even on an adult level, he'd done a very good thing. **"Missy is goin' to come up and change us an' is going to make us dinner and we're going to watch movies and get lots of cuddles..."**

I was blushing furiously. It didn't help that her leg was between mine. It didn't help that her lips were so close to me. I didn't want to kiss her. Because she was Mac, and she was dressed like a toddler... but gosh did it have my mind in a haze. **"...don't want Missy to know... wanna change..." "Shhh..."**

**"Missy already knows... you're loved, Olena, you're loved and you're safe and we're safe and happy, and... maybe when you stay over... we could wake up like this again... maybe when just you an' me?"** It was silly, so silly, I shouldn't have said that, shouldn't have let the crush raise up. I was sick. I couldn't even kiss him.

I didn't know what to say. I wanted to agree. I wanted to say okay. I wanted to have her kiss me. Her kiss me? No, me kiss her. Obviously... I shook my head and tried to speak again, but Missy came up the stairs. I shuffled out from under Mac and pulled the blankets up to my neck.

**"How are my baby girls?"** Missy had a little bowl of chocolate candies in her hand, and she unlatched the door on the make-shift crib, and sat up on the covers, pulling the candy bowl down. **"I thought you two might like a little sweet treat, for my two sweet girls." "These are the best ones, uh huh, they have cream in them."**

I looked quietly at the girl with the candy bowl. I looked down at my blanket. I leaned forward and took a candy, putting it in my mouth. I bit into it, and the cream covered my tongue. Tasted pretty good, too... and I didn't argue when Missy called me a girl. I didn't even think about it.

**"I'm going to get you both changed, and I've got some really yummy food cooking at the moment. I swear, little Macsie, your kitchen is like it's never ever been used." "Uh huh! I dun' think it ever has! But..."** I looked at Oaklee. **"Maybe after the first time, it'll be easier to use it next time..."** My train of thought trailed off..

She was looking at me when she said it. My cheeks went scarlet, and I spoke up, a little too fast, a little too loud. **"I can do it myself!"** Jeeze... **"I... I can take care of... um... getting myself changed..."** Though I wasn't smart enough to know exactly why my definition didn't fall in line with Missy's.

**"Oh sweetie, girls your age don't change themselves, but if you want I'll let you pick out a nice ribbon for your hair once we're done, okay? You gonna be a good girl?"** Missy worked with children a lot, often troubled children, and she had a manner that was remarkably wonderful when it came to this stuff.

I opened my mouth and shook my head, shuffling further off the bed, wrapping the blanket around me as I went. I needed to make a stand here. I needed to show them both that I wasn't the little sister! That I didn't wear diapers. And that I was a big girl! Big... girl? My head was foggy. **"I can do it. I'm doing it. I don't need babysitting..."**

**"Well, if that were true, you wouldn't be wet, would you? That makes sense, right?"** Missy ruffled Oaklee's hair and pushed him back on the bed. **"If you're a good girl, I'll let you have bloomers on after I change you. Now lay down. Mac, go wait in the playroom, please, and don't touch your diaper."** **"Yes Missy."** I wasn't all that little anymore, and was dry, and I scampered away to the playroom as instructed.

How did she know I was wet? I didn't tell her... Mac didn't. Even the webcam... she couldn't have heard. Did we even mention it? I sat on the edge of the bed, the wetness of the diaper under my butt, and exhaled. It was difficult to breathe... **"...I'm not wearing one... it was one stupid accident, and it doesn't count..."** Still so little. The protests were unlike me. But the voice? The tone? It wasn't Oaklee.

**"Sounds like someone doesn't want to have her pretty bloomers~"** Her voice was singsong, like she had nothing in the manner of care for what the boy had said, and she pushed him down to his back with her hands on his chest. **"Shuffle back, cutiepie."** She treated him like any other child, any other obstinate child.

The world was so big now. I felt so small on the bed. But if I didn't stop this here, I wouldn't be able to do anything. I needed Missy to know I wasn't a baby! And after wetting the bed... I... I was having trouble believing it myself. I sat up again when Missy walked away, and I stumbled off the mattress. I tugged the dress down as far as it could go, but it didn't hide the yellow of the diaper. Deep breath. Center yourself, Oaklee. Act as grown up as you can... just for a couple minutes... **"You should change Mac,"** I said. **"I can take care of myself, but you know how she is. I'm not a baby. And this make believe is fun, but she should be watched over."**

**"She's dry, sweetie. She didn't have any fluids before sleep."** There was another diaper in her hand, and she'd opened one of the drawers to find a pair of bloomers. Her tone was still singsong, still condescending in the way that they would be for any other toddler; like she heard Oaklee, she just figured what he had to say wasn't all that interesting.

**"...of... of course she isn't..."** She wasn't. She wasn't because she's a bedwetter. She's a baby! I'm not! I looked into the other room, but I couldn't see Mac from where I was standing. I didn't get it... **"...I... I'm not. I'm not wearing it."** I crossed my arms. Solid. Sturdy. Resilient. **"I'm a big girl, and I'm not wearing any diapers!"** The big girl thing wouldn't go over Missy's head the way it went over mine.

**"You're going to be in a lot of trouble if you don't sit your soggy tush back on that bed, little missy. I was going to let you wear a pull-up, but I don't think I should be**

**rewarding a bratty little girl, should I?"** Missy had the crinkling fresh diaper in one hand, and had found the bloomers, and she faced the boy. She wore heels. She was taller than before. Logically explained, but not quick enough for it not to have an impact.

She stepped toward me. A foot away from me, and nearly six inches taller. I was collapsing under her. She had a diaper in one hand. Bloomers in the other. My cheeks were scarlet. I opened my mouth to speak. Say *something*... **"...I'm a... a big girl... not... wearing something that..."**

**"You're a tiny little bedwetting princess and you need your diaper changed. Now, why would you think that I wouldn't put you in a new diaper? Lay your crinkly butt on the bed right now."** She spun Oaklee around by the wrist, and smacked his bottom playfully to nudge him along. **"Oh my, you're very wet, huh? Come on now, you're gonna get a rash."**

My cheeks were scarlet. Her words were weighing down in me in a whole different way. It made me tingle, from my fingertips to my toes. She pushed me onto the bed and I tried to sit back up again, but her hand came down sharply on my thigh. Very hard. I instantly froze... **"...n-not... w-wearing..." "Mac, sweetie..."** I wasn't cloudy this time. I wasn't lost in the bliss of my pacifier. Missy wasn't going to give me the freedom. She wanted to show me the truth: that I really was a baby.

**"Uhhuh?" "I want you to get a set of your footed pajamas out of the closet, the cutest ones you have — maybe the blue ones, with the snaps down to the knee?" "For easy diaper checking?"** Mac caught on so quickly, and Missy was so damn proud of the girl. **"I was going to let her wear big girl bloomers over her diaper, but Little Miss Brattypants here wants to be fussy, so we'll put her in something suitable for a fussy baby girl."**

My cheeks were scarlet and I tried to sit up again. The smack on my thigh rang out throughout the room. Mac looked nervous, but I whimpered into the mattress. This wasn't fair! I wasn't a baby! **"...I... I don't need d-diaper checks... Mac does! She's the one that has accidents!"** I knew Missy knew that. I knew everyone here knew that. But it didn't make it a nice thing to say. Especially when Mac's diaper was dry and mine wasn't. Though I still didn't believe it...

**"She's the one who has accidents?"** Gently, slowly, almost scarily, Missy put the diaper and bloomers down on the bed, and turned to Mac, unbuttoning the top of her shortalls from the bottom, and tugging them down enough to check her diaper. **"Well, young lady, Mac's diaper is white and yours is yellow. Are you sure you want to keep arguing? Go on now, Mac, get the clothes I asked for. Then we have to change this little brat's soggy diaper before she gets a rash so bad it'll last a week."**

...she was dry? She couldn't be dry. She changed! She went into the other room and changed... right? I didn't get it. Why... why did I wet the bed and Mac didn't? I wasn't

a baby... she was a baby... I... I wasn't... I was quiet while Missy untaped the diaper. She lifted my legs and I let out a whimper. She balled up the diaper and threw it out. I pushed the dress down over my naked body. I felt dizzy. "I... I..."

**"You can apologize for your behavior later, now is not the time."** Stern in the way that parents were and not stern and bossy the way Sayla was. There was concern in her voice the way there was with any good parent, and then unfolded the fresh diaper, just as thick and noisy as the first.

"I..." She didn't pacify me. She didn't try to shut me up. Her words were doing so much better than that, anyway. Mac returned with the pajamas in her hands and I closed my eyes in embarrassment. **"Do you mind?" "Nuh uh."** Mac put the diaper under my butt and poured fresh powder on me. She pulled the diaper up in place and taped it on. My cheeks were blood red. Missy walked away from the bed for a moment and I tried sitting up. This wasn't happening...

There was a garment in Missy's hands when she turned back to Oaklee, the powder blue footed pajamas with the snaps, the kind of thing you did not just buy at Target. This set was made to emulate a child, and she set it down and began to take the dress up over his head, the way any parent would with a child, with no thought for their child's modesty. It left the boy in the thick diaper and nothing else.

I covered my chest like a girl and looked up at Mac with burning cheeks. But she smiled. She actually *smiled!* She was enjoying this. I stuck my tongue out at her and Missy took my chin in her hand. **"Watch it."** She put my feet into the pajamas. She sipped up the back of it. It zipped up in the back? I'd never seen pajamas that zipped up in the back before.... that didn't even make sense...

It didn't take too long at all to seal Oaklee into the footed pajamas, to click the little lock into place at the top so discretely he didn't even notice Mac's eyes were wide, and Missy smiled at her, shrugging her shoulders. **"Would you like to do your baby sisters hair, Mac?" "Uh huh, uh huh!" "You do her hair, then, and I'll go set the table. She's such a pretty little girl!"**

Missy left us alone and I looked up at Mac. Up at? No. Down at. She was shorter than me. Gosh, what was wrong with me. My head was so fuzzy... **"Don't you start bein' silly, too! I'm not a little girl. Imma big girl and Missy's a dummy..."** Mac was catching onto my girl-words too. **"You're my little sister,"** I said as directly as I could.

Not arguing that he was a boy. Not arguing that this was silly, and that he was done being a girl. Just like he'd been when we got him the training bra. I picked up Mira off the shelf and handed the bear to him with a grin. **"Sit down over here, baby sister, and let big sis do your hair. Do you want me to do little braids with ribbons? I bet you're getting old enough to have enough hair now!"**

The condescension was too much. Okay, so Missy was magical. She had a way of putting weight on me. Sure. But Missy wasn't here. And Mac was a year younger than me. Mac was a bedwetter! And I wasn't about to be her baby sister! So I pushed her to the wall, leaning against her, and held her shoulders. **"Don't act like you're in charge with me, Mac. Missy's gonna go home sometime!"**

My breath caught in my chest and I bit my lip. My head swam in that way that it had with Sayla, only it was... lovely this time. Not scary. It made my heart beat, and I blushed, and I bit my lip, and I looked up at him. **"Until then... you want to be a good girl... or... or I'll tell Missy, okay?"** Gosh. Gosh. Oh wow...

**"No you won't."** Her threat had a bit of weight, but the way she was breathing...? I didn't believe her. I knew she wouldn't tell Missy anything. **"I'm not a baby. I'm your big sister. Okay?"** Mac nodded. A small nod. Enough to validate me. Enough to make me feel better about my wet diaper and her dry one. Enough that I felt more in control. Missy's plan was failing.

I just wanted to have those few minute repeat on loop, wanted to be with him, wanted to have him talk like that to me over and over and over and... oh my gosh, was I getting melty over a boy? Oh gosh. Ooooh gosh. I bit my lip, and waited for him to gently let me go. My heart was racing and my cheeks were pink as bubblegum. **"Wan'... me still do your hair...?"**

She asked. Not demanded. So I nodded. She brushed my hair and helped me with a headband. I honestly felt very superior! I didn't care if I was Mac's big sister or little sister. I just knew I was her sister. That was enough for me. But Missy seemed to need to prove something. That I was a baby. I wouldn't let her. And when Missy came back up and saw the way Mac couldn't look at her, I smiled happily. **"Dinner,"** she said sourly.

He'd gotten into Mac's head, which did complicate things a little, but honestly speaking this was all so flexible anyway that Missy was sure she could still salvage something out of this. She wanted him to feel a little more tiny, and being spoon-fed at dinner with a bib, in a make-shift highchair was going to fit that bill. **"Come on, my baby girls."**

I was happy. Missy was sour. I knew whatever it was she was trying to do, to humiliate me or to make me think I was a baby, she had failed. She knew she'd failed, too. It was so delightful to win. And then, when we got downstairs to the kitchen table, the smile fell from my face. **"...what..."**

Take one bar-stool. Raise to maximum height. Take attachable lap table, and secure to stool. Presto. High-chair. His face fell so quick, and just like that the power dynamic was restored. **"Mac, sweetie, you sit over here, and Olena, you'll sit up here."** The food was dished up on plates, and though Oaklee had the same food, all of his was cut into small pieces already, making it easy for Missy to feed him.

**"I'm not sitting on that thing,"** I pouted, crossing my arms over my chest. I went over to where she'd told Mac to sit and took a seat in Mac's chair. Food was already set out. In front of the weird high chair it was cut up into pieces. My chest hurt. How had Missy gotten this far ahead of me? No matter... **"Mac, since you're my little sister, you don't mind sitting there, do you?"** I so had this.

Missy snipped this one in the bud, and took Oaklee by the hand, calmly, softly. **"Olena, you need to hop in your chair, or I'll be taking you upstairs without supper and tanning your tush, young lady. Now, I've had just about enough of your bratty behavior, if you ever want to be a big girl, you might want to act like one. Now up here, right now."**

Missy pulled me onto the barstool despite my protests, pulling the lap table down over my arms. With a little latch she locked it in place. I struggled to get my arms above the table, wiggling my way into a place where I had more freedom of movement. This whole thing was stupid... **"I'm not eating like this,"** I pouted.

**"I think we've had just about enough of silly grown-up statements, now you sit still and be a good girl and eat your dinner, and maybe I'll let you have dessert."**

Under the plate, mostly hidden, was something far worse in so many ways than anything else today. Missy lifted the plate, retrieved the bib, in a large enough size for an adult, with a pacifier print, and fastened it around the boy's neck. **"Open wide, pretty girl."** That wasn't all, either... each piece of the food had sauce, or gravy, or marinate, anything to make sure it would cause a mess anytime she bumped a piece into his cheek 'because he squirmed' or just when it fell down from his lips and landed on the bib. Missy was a planner like no other.

**"Making such a mess, my little girl." "You keep bumping into me!" "If you're going to raise your voice, maybe you need another nap."** My cheeks were burning red. This wasn't fair. Mac had watched quietly at first, but now she was smiling again. The power dynamic had changed. How was Missy a step ahead of me... it wasn't fair...

Bit by bit, piece by piece, Oaklee managed to eat more and more of the food, but his face was getting smeared with food, and his pretty white bib was streaked equally so. By the time Missy was finished feeding him, and sat down for her own food, he was in quite a state. And was now forced to sit there in that state, watching people who can feed themselves eating.

I wiggled, trying to pull my arms up from the tray table. It was built plainly out of wood and screws. And I swear, if I felt like me, I could just break it off. But my strength seemed... sapped. I sat there, blushing, sauce covering my face and bib, and watched Mac eat with a child's spoon and her fingers. Missy used a fork. I was slipping...

**"If you was a big girl, Olena,"** Proper speech, not too babied the way I had been earlier. **"You can feed yourself, uh huh." "Now now, Mac your baby sister will have**

**a while yet before she can feed herself, but that's what Aunties are for, and clever big sisters can be pretty helpful, too!" "...yeah?" "Mmhmm."**

It was humiliating... she was certainly making her point. I could get Mac back in my corner. That would be easy. I just needed out of this high chair first. I shuffled in place, trying to get out on my own, but in the end I had to wait until it was over. Until the both of them finished dinner and Missy washed my face like a toddler.

**"Ooooh, who's a messy baby girl?"** She washed Oaklee's face with a wash-cloth, and the worst part was, some of the food had dried because she'd let it, which meant she had to clean him with a little force, the way a Mom might. **"Get you aaaaalll cleaned up, and then you and your big sister can watch some cartoons while Auntie cleans things up."**

When we were let into the living room, the TV and couch waiting for us with a kid's TV show, I was bright red and feeling very small. I just needed Mac on my side again. Missy had to go home sometime tonight, right? I could outlast whatever weird game she was playing with me. When I was sure we were alone, the two of us on the floor in front of the sofa, I climbed on top of her, pushing her to the carpet. Come on, Oaklee... you got this... **"...that wasn't nice. You shoulda been in that chair."**

**"Maybe next time, when it's jus' me an' you? Might be nice..."** I didn't know why I said it. My head was like cotton and I just... well, I couldn't say I wasn't jealous! Ugh. I bit my lip and looked away shyly, toward the door. Missy would be in any second, she'd have anticipated this, and I just wanted for him to know, in that short amount of time we had, that I was envious.

**"...yeah well-" "OLENA!"** I blinked, looking up at the girl. She grabbed my wrist and pulled me to my feet, looking stern and tall and overwhelming. I didn't get my burst of energy from Mac, yet! I didn't get her to admit she was younger than me! **"Did you push your big sister down?!" "...l... n-no... I didn't..."**

**"No dessert for you, young lady!"** When that didn't elicit a response, the older girl smacked the back of his diaper through the pajamas. The padding meant it couldn't possibly hurt, but the humiliation of the action, and the sound of crinkling plastic. She continued to hold his arm with one hand, and spanked him a dozen times with the other. **"Now you apologize to your big sister this instant!"**

I was overwhelmed with embarrassment. The whole thing was terrible. Missy was going to win at this rate. But I couldn't take it anymore. **"S-sorry Mac..." "Big sis." ...** ugh! **"S-sorry... big sis..."** Missy looked at me harshly. My eyes were glossy like I was going to cry, my cheeks so dark. My breathing was heavy. I was so far under. I needed to talk to Mac in private... one little moment alone with her... that's all I needed... turn things around....

**"I'm so sorry, Mac, she's being a silly little baby tonight. I'm going to put your baby sister to bed in her crib, and then me and you stay up some and have dessert and watch cartoons, okay?" "Uh huh, Auntie... I would like that lots and lots."** I wanted to be little, I wanted to be spoiled and doted over and praised and loved...

**"N-no! W-wait! I'll be good, I will, I promise!"** Missy looked contemplative. But she smiled. She knew she couldn't put me to bed for whatever plan she had. She knew that was giving up. But it was also me having to go to bed at like, five in the evening! I wasn't gonna. I just wasn't. Plus, I wasn't even tired... **"I'll be good...."**

**"This is your last warning young lady."** Her voice was stern, and she reached into her pocket and pushed the pacifier between his lips, then nodded to Mac. **"If she takes her pacifier out at all, yell for me, okay? Get comfortable, and I'll bring dessert in."** His rebellious was unexpected, but also... interesting. He was rebelling in the way a child would.

I felt so small. So tiny. Even with Mac's words... which I didn't understand. Her attitude was beyond me. Why was she so eager? My cheeks were so warm. The pacifier tasted so good. I just wanted to fall into the sleepy babyhood I was used to. But Mac took the pacifier out of my mouth. I whined a little, hugging Mira against my nightgown. **"...b-brat...."**

**"Now you gonna be a good little girl, you got it?"** He'd caught me off-guard, so what? So what if I was jealous, so what if I just wanted to be spoiled and doted over once in a while. I tucked the pacifier into my pocket and pointed to the sofa. **"No more funny stuff, or you're in big trouble, Olena! Okay? Go sit down."** Firm. Big sistery!

I sat down on the edge of the couch. I'd pushed her to the floor a minute ago. She'd confessed she wanted to be in that high chair. And now she was bossing me around. And with my bedwetting, and her staying dry? At least the diaper wasn't visible in my footy pajamas...

**"There's a good girl. Now, you're gonna sit and cuddle Mira and be good until Missy gets back, and then we're gonna watch stuff together and have a very happy night, okay? Okay. Okay. Good."** This was about him, after all. I couldn't be jealous, or petty or silly because he needed our help and I was being selfish.

**"Where's your pacifier?"** Missy crossed her arms and looked down at me. Right. She said I'd get in trouble if I took it out. But it wasn't my fault. I pointed at Mac and held Mira tighter. **"She took it! She just wants everything herself! She wants to be a baby."** I could turn everything on Mac. Divert Missy's attention. Perfect.

**"I told her if she promised to be a good girl, then I'd hold onto it and tell you that she doesn't need it right now."** Compared to the wild allegations, my calm and sweet

tones were incredibly easy to believe and buy into, and Missy nodded her head. **"Good little girls don't fib, Olena, you don't want a spanking, do you?"**

**"I'm not fibbing!"** I was pouting. Why was she believing Mac?! I had already proven her incompetence as a babysitter! Missy should be believing me! **"She took it and said it was hers"** - which technically, it was - **"and said I wasn't allowed to be a little girl!"**

**"Oh sweetie, are you just fishing to get your paci back? If you do, you won't be able to have popcorn and soda, though."** **"Little paci-babies don't get popcorn or soda, nuhuh!"**

I opened my mouth to protest, but closed it again and looked at my feet. I felt dizzy. Why were they doing this? Missy left the room again to get popcorn and I bit my lip. I needed to figure out what to do... I had to show Mac I wasn't little. I stood up on the sofa and looked toward the kitchen. No sign of Missy. So I leaned in and pushed Mac down on the cushions. I worked to climb on top of her, just like I did before. **"You crinkle when you move,"** I started.

**"You squish when you do!"** I poked out my tongue and grinned, being every bit the bratty child that I longed to be, just doing it far less of a helpless and needy way. I was a spoiled little girl right now, and not an infant or a toddler, and I could be that because I was in charge of who I was and how I wanted to be.

That shut me right up. Of course I wasn't wet, but... but the memory of the bedwetting. I swallowed hard and closed my eyes, trying to center myself. I tried again. Quieter. I was still pulling myself onto Mac's body. **"Y-you're just a little girl..."**

**"There's nothing just about it, I am a little girl an' tha's who I am, so I'm not gonna be sad about it!"** He was trying so hard, but despite him being on top of me, despite him having authority, he had no power at all. He was on top of me because I let him, and he was starting to realize that. Starting to see that he was powerless.

Her hand came around my body, pulling me against her. She let me sit there. She let me curl up on her chest. She let me tease her, but she didn't even blush. She smiled. Her words were heavy. I was trying to think of something else to say... something else... ugh... **"Y-you're... um..."**

**"Proud."** I gave him the word, but I didn't know if he'd understood what that meant at the moment, just that he would, in time. **"I'm an adorable, sweet, cute, lovely, precious, pretty little girl. And I'm proud, because I like it!"** It was hard to try and shame someone who loved what you shamed with. Conversely. **"You're a squishy little bedwetting baby, though!"**

Missy came back in and I was speechless. I was still on top of Mac, but Mac's fingers were playing with my hair. I pushed her aside, pushed myself back upright, and looked

at my feet. I grabbed Mira off the sofa and held her to my chest. She had cemented her role as my big sister. I was a baby. I needed to stay calm... not fall into this... deep breaths....

The roles were simple. Baby in footies. Big sister in shortalls. And then Missy, as best a caretaker as could ever be imagined. She sat down on the sofa, a large bowl of popcorn staying in her lap, and then a big covered cup of soda with a straw on the table. Sippies didn't work so well for soda, she'd discovered, but her holding the cup whenever Oaklee wanted a sip would do just as well. Besides, he needed the fluids. **"What we gonna watch?!"**

I pouted and curled up with Mira. The diaper. The pajamas. The way they were treating me? I was such a baby. I was so small, and I knew it. I knew it... I took a deep breath and shook my head. Just stay calm. Stay centered. Don't lose it... don't let them treat you like this. A couple hours. Missy would leave.... and it would be over.... Missy put Finding Nemo on the TV and I settled into my spot.

The three of them sat on the sofa, Missy in the middle, but the two others couldn't be more different. Missy kept an arm around Oaklee, played with his hair constantly, and would push the straw of the soda to his lips, offer him pieces of popcorn one at a time, and whisper things to him every time. Little sip sweetie, careful. Make sure to chew proper, okay? Conversely, Mac was on the other side, grinning, bouncing sometimes, helping herself to soda and popcorn.

My head was on Missy's shoulder for the second half of the movie. I was obeying without question. "Little slip." "Make sure you chew." I felt a little bloated. But the popcorn made me thirsty and the soda made me want popcorn. So I ate and drank and listened and was genuinely compliant. Maybe more than Missy expected.

Truthfully, she had expected a little more resistance, but this was also not an exact science. He responded to stimuli the way that any young toddler being just allowed solid foods did, with earnest care and gentle movements. Compliant. Soft. But not hazy the way the pacifier or bottle would make him earlier today.

I shuffled in my seat. I wiggled a little bit. The movie went on. It was such a long movie. Ugh. I closed my eyes and wondered if I could fall asleep. But I couldn't. Finally, when the credits rolled, I wasn't able to sit still. I really needed to use the bathroom... the lights turned on and I got up from the sofa ahead of the other two, waddling out of the room.

**"I go get her?" "Nuh uh. She'll be back soon enough."** Missy had made sure that the door from the hallway to the dining room was locked, should he try to look for anything to cut the sleeper off with. Should he even have the focus to think such an adult concept. He'd had most of the soda, and Missy gently ate popcorn, waiting for the fireworks to begin.

When I got in the bathroom I closed the door behind me. I wiggled around in the footed pajamas, biting my lip. I reached for the zipper behind my neck, trying to use the mirror to my benefit. But when I tried to slide it down, it just wouldn't. There was a little ring around the zipper. It wouldn't budge. Ugh. I hurried back out to the theater room, Missy and Mac still on the sofa. "...um... c-could... someone help me with this...?"

**"With what, sweetie? Are you wet?" "Squishy squish!" "If you're not wet yet, come sit back down, your sister thought maybe we'd do another movie?"** They wouldn't. Missy had to go in half an hour, much to her regret. She didn't want to, but it was the way things had to be. Either way, this was the climax to her plans.

I literally could not stand still. I was rocking from one foot to the other. I mean, sure, I had a lot of soda. And the caffeine. I could hardly focus. My head was spinning... **"...n-no, I... I just wanna use the bathroom..."** Want to? No. No. Going to. **"S-somebody help with this zipper..."**

**"Sweetie, you're far too young for the bathroom. You just use your diaper, and then I'll change you when I have a minute."** Missy was being casual, and she wouldn't be as soon as the situation demanded she be serious. Be firm. Dominate him in her sly way, make him feel like he was resigned to diaper use now.

The panic was rising in my chest. Mac just watched. I shifted from foot to foot, breathing heavily. This was so stupid! **"I'm not using...! Ugh! I'm not..."** My cheeks were so pink... they'd been pink consistently since I'd woken up. **"Get me out of this stupid... footy... thing!!"**

**"You are a baby girl, Olena, and you will use your diapers, not just now, but whenever you are wearing one. You will wet yourself, helplessly, and then you will cry and then I will change you."** She looked up with a small raise of her eyebrows and assessed his reaction. **"Understand?" "Wetsy Owena!"**

I couldn't believe her. I couldn't believe she would talk to me like that! I couldn't believe she thought I would actually *do* that! I was frustrated, and I was angry, and when I opened my mouth to yell at her... no words came out. I tried again, but... my head was just... I shrunk into myself, looking at my feet, rocking side to side. This... wasn't right...

Missy didn't even stand up, she watched Oaklee as he swayed, and looked sheepish, and realized what was happening... he was doing a potty dance. He was moving the way a training toddler would when they knew they should use the potty, but there was no adult around to give them access to one. So, with a mix of shame, and inevitability, they used their diaper. Like he was about to. **"Go on, honey, you're not in any trouble."**

**"Shut up..."** I couldn't believe this. Missy would have to leave. I'd just hold it. I'd hold it until she left. Or if I had a second with Mac alone, I'd make Mac unzip me. I stormed out again, back to the bathroom. I fought with the zipper, whimpering. I tugged at the

legs, trying to pull them in one way or another. But nothing was coming off. Nothing was working...

When Missy finally got to the bathroom, Oaklee was on the floor, his legs tucked up tight to his chest, his head atop them, and his whole body rocking slightly, back and forth, whispering to himself. Missy knelt down beside him, and kissed his forehead, and played with his hair. **"You're going to see what it's like to be a truly helpless baby girl, Olena. To truly surrender control of something all adults have. This is important."**

**"You're a jerk! You're a bully, and you're stupid, and you just leave me alone, okay?!"** I swatted at her, pushing her away. Missy rolled her eyes and left me alone in the bathroom. This wasn't happening. Of course it wasn't. I could hold it. I wasn't a baby... I wasn't helpless... I wasn't... gonna make it. I got up from the floor, shaking as I did, and went back to the theater. No Missy. Just Mac. I blinked. Yes. Okay! Yes! I went over to her, and with all the aggression I could muster: **"You are my little sister! Unzip these stupid pajamas right now."**

**"Nuhuh."** I wasn't intimidated at all, and I put my hand up and touched his cheek. **"I'm your big sister, and I'm gonna take good care of you, babybean, uh huh."** He looked at me, incredulous undulation, and I smiled sweet and pretty. **"Baby sister, little baby Olena, you know you gotta go, right? Just do it...show that you're a helpless baby girl."**

**"I'M NOT!"** I was so worked up. They had me wrapped around their finger. I would do anything to be able to use the bathroom. I'd do anything to be able to get out of these pajamas. My breathing was so heavy. Concentrate. Fix this. **"Mac! Listen to me or I swear... I swear..."** ...ugh... what did she want?! **"...I swear I won't ever let you be little ever again!"**

**"After you wet yourself, you'll see why I enjoy it so much, and you'll want me to be little much more often, just to make me happy."** I winced a little, though I barely showed it. I knew he wouldn't carry through with that, I knew he wouldn't want to, but it was still a very smart threat to have made to me!

I whined, whimpered, and shook my head. I was so desperate.... **"I am not doing it! Either way, I'm not doing it! So you.. you should get on my good side now or... or..."** This wasn't working... **"...if you can't prove you're a little girl, you can't be one...! Listen to your big sister!"**

**"I'm the big sister, silly. You're about to become the baby sister, about to become so tiny that you don't even remember being big. Don't fight it, you silly goose. You need to wet your diaper, so wet your diaper. You're a baby, and babies do this stuff."** A lot of ideas went through my head before I said that, though, chief among them an idea to wet first, to show him it would be okay. But Missy had said that this needed to happen in a diminishing way, to make him as tiny as possible, before pulling him out.

...her words were too much for me. Everything was too much. This whole day! The diaper, the bedwetting! Everything was just so cumbersome, and I couldn't do it! I couldn't! And I had to lash out, and Mac was here, and I just needed to use the fucking bathroom! **"You're such a bitch, you now that?!"**

It hurt. Even though he didn't say it out of honest feelings even though he would no doubt apologize...repeatedly. And I got to my knees, and I put my arms around him, and I kissed his forehead. I kept him small, and I held him, and I ran fingers up his shoulders and neck, through his head, and I began to sing the French lullaby he was so familiar with by now.

I pushed her away, but she pulled me in close again. Her stupid song was calming me, which was the opposite of what I wanted. I wanted to be angry and yell and kick her. I wanted to throw a fit! I wanted to be a little girl in a temper tantrum. But she was singing, and it was soothing. But my body still swayed, ached... I couldn't do this... this wasn't fair...

I kept singing, and I kept stroking, and I kept cuddling him close. He was so upset, so frustrated, and he could go through this gate in his life kicking and pushing and swearing; he could go out with a bang. Or with a soft, calm, whimper. Missy wanted him angry. I didn't see why he had to be. I didn't want to be sworn at again anyway...

Missy was there, I guess. I didn't know. My eyes were half closed. her singing was calming and her fingers ran up my back. I held Mira in one hand. My other wrapped around her arm. I was dizzy, shifting, so uncomfortable... **"...juss wanna use the bathroom,"** I muttered. **"Everyone is being so mean..."**

**"Not mean, sweetie. Loving. Tender."** And I guess I had no problem sharing that facet of information, even though it didn't mean we could ever have a future. He was soft now, limper in my arms. All but resigned. Missy watched, not concerned, just curious. Maybe she hadn't expected me to take the initiative. **"This is a step you need to take."**

**"Dun want... imma big girl..."** I whimpered, a little wave of cramps rushing over my stomach. Holding it in wasn't working, not with whatever I drank. I was going to throw up or wet myself. I wasn't sure which just yet... **"Just change me..."** I couldn't see Missy the way I was hugging Mac. I thought we were alone. **"Take the pajamas off, and I promise we can do anything you want... I can babysit you... you can be the little sister if you wanna..."**

I wanted it. I wanted it, I did. I wanted to say yes, to nod, and smile, and forge the path of the little sister, to make him want to baby me endlessly. I ached for it the way he ached right now, and it was a small pause before I shook my head softly. **"You're my baby sister, and you're the most beautiful, soft, lovely baby sister, and soon you'll be the squishiest one, too."**

"**Not doing it,**" I said with a pout. Her fingers were still in my hair. Waves were crashing over me. I knew they were. I was going to pass out. But I was concentrating. Missy would go home soon. It had been hours since the end of the movie. Maybe a whole day. Right? Definitely not twenty minutes... just concentrate, Oaklee...

**"You're going to cross the threshold, and experience what it truly means to be a little girl... the littlest girl ever, the smallest you've ever felt. Small and tiny and soft, vulnerable and helpless... and safe. So safe. Safe in your big sis's arms... safe because I'm going to keep you as safe as can be, and nuh let anyone even think bad things. Safe like I kept you from those boys the day we got Mira..."**

I nearly tripped when she moved. A step toward me, which meant I took a step backward. We were hugging. It was only realistic. My head was spinning completely. Ignore her, Oaklee. Ignore her. Focus on *not* being a little girl... but gosh she made it sound nice...

**"This is the hardest step, but I'm proud of you already, tiny girl, I know you can do this...for me? For big sis, okay?"** It was imminent. He was about to cross the line, and once he had, Missy was going to do her thing. Bring him up and out. Show him how easy it was, how he had the control to change at any point. It was so important. I was ready. Missy was ready. Oaklee was about to begin.

My back touched the wall. It surprised me, and I felt a little concentration leak into the diaper. I had to focus again to keep it from happening. My head was so foggy. Everything hurt just a little bit. I could see Missy in the corner with my fading vision, blurring in and out of focus. I was breathing so heavy... **"n-not.... doing...."**

**"I'm proud of you. I admire you. I'm so impressed..."** I stayed close, sensual in a childish way, my words soft, and calm, and melodic. I rubbed Oaklee's tummy through his pajamas and smiled. **"So achy... you want all the pain and doubt and anxiety to go away, right? Flush away all your ickies, princess...for me? Stop fighting it now."**

Her words were heavy in my head. I was going to throw up. I was sure of it. Her fingers massaged my stomach through the pajamas. My legs were shaking. I was going to pass out. Her lips were close to my ear while she talked. The warmth melted me. It was so hard to concentrate... just concentrate...

**"You're a baby girl, you're just like every other baby now, and babies use their diapers, babies don't even think about it, babies get the urge and go... you're going to feel so nice when you do... so lovely... so pretty. So babyish... this is who you are, this has always been a part of you. Pretty. Little. Wet. Girl. Pretty baby... perfect pouting princess, be proud of who you are..."**

Her words were whispered directly into my ear. Her breath against my skin. Mira fell from my fingertips in the heat of the words, and I blinked, distracted, and felt the flow

into the diaper. I shook my head and worked to stop it, but my breath caught. I couldn't slow it down. I couldn't hold back the wetting as it filled the diaper between my legs...

The moment I realized it was happening, I wrapped my arms around him and I held him in as tender embrace as ever I'd given. I wanted to have him feel loved. Wanted to have him know that he wasn't disgusting. Wasn't shameful. **"Just a baby, just like all babies, perfect and pretty and helpless, and that's so wonderful..."** I knew it would only be a moment more before Missy stepped in now.

I felt tears in my eyes. I started to cry. Not cry, but really cry. I whimpered and shook my head, hugging Mac tight. I was just a baby. Perfect and pretty and helpless. Such a baby. A diaper wetting baby girl. It was so obvious...

Missy had prepared for this, prepared and practiced with Mac, planned it in words and actions, reduced it to its simplest form. She stepped up to the boy, smiled, and cupped his chin. **"The square root of 35344 is 188. True or false."** Oaklee did very very well at math, and prided himself on party tricks like this. Figuring out complex laymen math on the spot, impressing people Numbers came easy to him, and he could never resist a challenge. **"Oaklee Edwards. You are an adult now. The square root of 35344. Is it 188?"**

"...I..." I shook my head, trying to focus. Mac had stepped away and Missy was now in front of me. Tears were on my cheeks. I just wanted my diaper changed. Just wanted to be a good little girl. Wanted to watch another movie... why was she asking me... **"...um... um... y-yes...?"** I didn't know. My head swam...

She snapped her fingers in a specific pattern. Left. Up. Down. Left. To force a resurgence of his adult self, in a very short time, it was natural to go guns blazing. **"True or false, Oaklee. 35244. True or false. I bet Mac knows, and she's not even in your grade. I bet Mac is better at Math than you. Mac? Do you know the answer?"**

**"I... w-wait... I..."** 188 squared? 8 times 8 is 64. 80 times 8 is 640. 100 times 8 is 800. 1504. Plus 15040. 16544. Plus 18800. 34... no 35344. It took me about ten seconds to do the math. **"The square root of 35 thousand, 344 is one-eighty-eight..."** I blinked, looking up at the girl. I looked at Mac. Huh...?

**"Welcome back, Oaklee." "How are you feeling?"** A little now was unpredictable. Formerly, Missy had no doubt that Oaklee would have freaked out. But he was a smart kid, and if today had gone the way she wanted, the net result would be him understanding. **"Just like a switch. On and off. Little one moment, Big the next. All in your control."**

**".....what....."** I shook my head, putting my hand to my forehead. Everything was... I bit my lip. I looked down at my clothes. At the warm diaper around my waist. The one I'd just wet. My cheeks went a little pink again. Jesus... **"....I'm such a baby,"** I sighed, and almost even laughed. I was just so... incredulous. There wasn't words.

Missy went behind Oaklee and unlocked the padlock — it didn't even take a key; it just had a button inside the arch that was difficult to see from his angle, and it unclicked easily. **"You can get changed, or Mac can change you. It's up to you how big or little you wanna be."** She had her arms crossed, and she kissed his forehead. **"I gotta go, boyfriend needs me to pick him up then we got a long drive home. Nice seeing you, Oaklee."**

**"...yeah... nice, uh... seeing you..."** Missy left. She just left. Like that. I put my hand to my forehead again. This was so surreal. Little. Girl. That was me. I mean. I didn't really... care. I just... gosh. I mean, knowing it wasn't so defining. I took a deep breath and sighed. I heard the door close upstairs. **"I guess I should change,"** I said shyly to Mac, trying not to think about it. It was still really gross...

**"You can shower if you wanna? Wipes are okay, too, but something about the way wetting makes your skin tingle, and then showering... it's pretty nice."** I didn't feel shy talking about it with him anymore, for the first time, for the first time I felt like I wasn't alone in all of this. I had Missy, but having Oaklee was just... **"Can I hug you first?"**

**"Yeah, alright..."** She hugged me. It was weird. I mean. Not horrible. Disgusting, sure, but not horrible. I put my head on Mac's shoulder and she kissed my cheek. She gave me space to walk on my own, up the stairs to her shower. But I stopped at the door, biting my lip. **"Hey... uh... Mac?" "Hm?" "...do you think I could borrow one of your... uh... pullups for the night...?"**

**"Whenever you want to, uh huh. You can just help yourself, or I can dress you in one, or..."** I bit my lip and shrugged, coyly, the first time I would ever be so boldly intimate with him. **"You could put me in one. Or both... whatever you feel like."** I felt so... unencumbered. Free. And lovely. And warm in the best possible way.

**"...we can work our way there, I guess."** Honestly, I just wanted to not be covered in my own pee right now. I waved goodbye to Mac and went upstairs to shower. It was weird. I felt... better. Despite everything, I actually, genuinely felt better. Sayla didn't make me into a baby girl. That was just me sometimes. That was... normal. I let out a loud sigh and turned the water on. Maybe this wasn't so bad... maybe this was... actually kind of nice.

**97:**

**Numbers-1377325 » hey... um**

**Numbers-1377325 » it was cool seeing you**

**Numbers-1377325** » even if it was weird..

**missymeow1213** » I had fun =)

**Numbers-1377325** » -\_- yeah i bet you did

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh you are so stupidddd

**missymeow1213** » Why would you think that? =) I was just making a housecall. You're cute in person =)

**Numbers-1377325** » not too bad yourself

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm 16 now so im legal for you ;)

**missymeow1213** » I'll keep that in mind if I ever want a baby girl =)

**Numbers-1377325** » >/////////<

**Numbers-1377325** » OH GOD DO NOT TEL MIKE OH MY GOD

**Numbers-1377325** » I DIDNT EVEN THINK ABOUT IT

**missymeow1213** » lol

**missymeow1213** » I think that'll be fun!

**Numbers-1377325** » o\_o

**Numbers-1377325** » you aren't serious...

**missymeow1213** » Of course I'm not lol

**missymeow1213** » Babe

**missymeow1213** » That's precious, for you to share with who you want

**missymeow1213** » None of my business =)

**missymeow1213** » How'd the rest of the night go? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » it was nice...

**Numbers-1377325** » i never htought i'd meet somebody who felt like that.. the same as i do..

**missymeow1213** » I think most Littles figure they're existent in a vacuum

**missymeow1213** » Guess you and Mac have a lot more in common than you thought, huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » i guess.

**Numbers-1377325** » actually I uhh... with Mac and me...

**missymeow1213** » Think we could talk about the other she in your life for a bit, now?

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**missymeow1213** » Sayla.

**Numbers-1377325** » seriously?

**Numbers-1377325** » 'cause I was about to tell you how I'm kind of like..

**Numbers-1377325** » into Mac..

**Numbers-1377325** » and you wanna talk about her? -\_-

**missymeow1213** » I think us resolving Sayla is important before you get

**missymeow1213** » into Mac

**missymeow1213** » Because if you let something Mac does remind you of Sayla, you don't get chance to do over..

**Numbers-1377325** » \*sigh\*

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah yeah... idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » what do you wanna talk about...?

**missymeow1213** » Well, I'd like you to explain to me, as you understand it now, the dynamic Sayla and you had.

**missymeow1213** » You can leave out the explicit's if you like, but I'd like you to be verbose for me =)

**Numbers-1377325** » she..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk.. she was bad to me..

**Numbers-1377325** » she tricked and manipulated and abused me and I know that now..

**missymeow1213** » And why do you think it was hard for you to admit that at the time?

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't want to admit she had that kind of power over me i guess...

**missymeow1213** » Why do you think that was?

**Numbers-1377325** » 'cause I'm an idiot. -\_-

**missymeow1213** » What do you think has changed now, to allow you to see things rationally?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...iono.

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess like... it's not really that big a deal..

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm me. She didn't change me or break me..

**missymeow1213** » She made you think she did, though, didn't she?

**missymeow1213** » Why do you think that could be?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...iono...

**Numbers-1377325** » 'cause I didn't know I liked that stuff before her..

**missymeow1213** » Do you think she shone a very negative light on it?

**Numbers-1377325** » not really.. maybe just bad timing..

**missymeow1213** » Well, what if she were to come back tomorrow? What do you think would be different?

**Numbers-1377325** » I think I wouldn't listen to that stupid stuff.

**Numbers-1377325** » about me being a baby or a girl or whatever

**Numbers-1377325** » I know what i am

**Numbers-1377325** » it was stupid to be so bratty in the first place..

**missymeow1213** » I'm really proud of you =)

**missymeow1213** » So if she said she was going to 'turn you into a girl' or whatever, that silly stuff, what would you tell her?

**Numbers-1377325** » that I'm a girl when I want to be. No turning into

**Numbers-1377325** » btw totes not an excuse for you to call me a girl -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm a boy

**missymeow1213** » You're a boy sometimes, and a girl sometimes. So some days if you tell me you're a girl that day, I'll call you a girl and respect that

**missymeow1213** » Right?

**Numbers-1377325** » well

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't think I'm ever a girl -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I think I'm just a girl when i'm little..

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, but if you're having a stressful day with school or your parents or whatever

**missymeow1213** » You can get online and tell me you wanna be little for a while

**missymeow1213** » And that's how I'll treat you =)

**Numbers-1377325** » >/////////<

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe idk..

**missymeow1213** » I'm really proud of you =)

**missymeow1213** » So you think you're cool with the Sayla stuff?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...no probably not..

**Numbers-1377325** » I..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » still feel really shitty at night before bed...

**Numbers-1377325** » but idk.. I guess it takes time... idk..

**missymeow1213** » Well, you know, you have a tool to have with that now =)

**missymeow1213** » I bet Olena wouldn't feel bad before bed, no?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..mm.. maybe... idk..

**Numbers-1377325** » it's hard to feel that way without Mac around..

**missymeow1213** » Well, I bet even online she could help you into that headspace? It's a part of you, after all. It's perfectly attainable.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..good point.

**missymeow1213** » You have this great tool at your disposal now. And nobody can ever take it from you, so why not use it, right?

**missymeow1213** » She's a lot more innocent than you are, and less prone to strife and stress.

**Numbers-1377325** » lucky brat -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you can try it and see how it goes?

**Numbers-1377325** » Yeah.. worth a shot, right?

**missymeow1213** » I'm gonna revisit this later but now I wanna know about your crush on Mac!

**Numbers-1377325** » it's not a crush -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » she just makes me feel different right now...

**Numbers-1377325** » it's probably just the little stuff honestly. i'm reading too much into it

**missymeow1213** » Maybe you're not reading enough into it? You didn't read enough into your Little self, and look how that turned out?

**Numbers-1377325** » it's different

**Numbers-1377325** » like

**Numbers-1377325** » when she gets too close to me I.. get..

**Numbers-1377325** » fuzzy... and...

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**Numbers-1377325** » okay like

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm supposed to be a kid right? like i pretend i'm a kid

**Numbers-1377325** » but she's so cute sometimes >//<

**Numbers-1377325** » idk

**missymeow1213** » Well, you know, sometimes she'll want you to be big when she's super cutesie like that.

**missymeow1213** » Soimetimes she'll want you to be little with her

**missymeow1213** » sometimes she'll wanna be big when you're little

**missymeow1213** » sometimes she'll wanna be big together

**Numbers-1377325** » not really what I mean..

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean

**Numbers-1377325** » when I was laying on her on the couch..

**Numbers-1377325** » I just wanted to kiss her.

**Numbers-1377325** » but like she's.. we're kids..

**missymeow1213** » Well yeah, but you're both only kidds sometimes

**missymeow1213** » other times you're pretty grown up for a pair of 15 year olds =)

**missymeow1213** » And kissing is what teenagers do.

**Numbers-1377325** » no -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean when..

**Numbers-1377325** » nvm

**Numbers-1377325** » i'm confusing my feelings

**missymeow1213** » Tell me!

**missymeow1213** » Let me help figure them out

**Numbers-1377325** » idk!

**Numbers-1377325** » I'm just a little lost 'cause of all this new stuff

**missymeow1213** » Well, work through it all, babe

**missymeow1213** » With her, with me.

**missymeow1213** » And when the pieces fall into place

**missymeow1213** » If you like her?

**missymeow1213** » That's great =)

**Numbers-1377325** » \*nod\*

**missymeow1213** » I can tell you a spoiler though =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ?

**missymeow1213** » before everything that happened, before she was sick...

**missymeow1213** » she talked to me about her feelings for you

**missymeow1213** » and how she felt like you'd never see her as an equal anyway.

**missymeow1213** » But she does like you. That way.

**missymeow1213** » And I need a favor from you, Oaklee.

**Numbers-1377325** » okay?

**missymeow1213** » Please. Please. Please. Take her to the doctor to get tested and treated?

**missymeow1213** » Please?

**Numbers-1377325** » I asked her about it last night...

**Numbers-1377325** » idk.. I'm trying she's just..

**Numbers-1377325** » idk why she doesn't want to

**missymeow1213** » I do, but from here I can't do anything

**missymeow1213** » When I came to visit, it was going to be to make her come to the doctor. But we got sidetracked on a pretty young boy =)

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll get her to go.

**Numbers-1377325** » I just need to build up to it.

**Numbers-1377325** » promise

**missymeow1213** » I don't think she's really sick, Oaklee.

**missymeow1213** » I think it was one final game from Sayla.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..why do you think that?

**missymeow1213** » Because nothing in the report that Mac sent me copies of, the one she blackmailed Sayla with, suggests that Sayla was ever sick with those things. Obviously a lot of stuff is sealed, so its not proof, but stuff like HIV has registries.

**missymeow1213** » More than that, though

**missymeow1213** » Sayla was abused by family members. Parents, then an uncle. The uncle isn't sick, either.

**missymeow1213** » It doesn't make sense to me

**Numbers-1377325** » you think it's a game?

**missymeow1213** » Absolutely.

**Numbers-1377325** » it does sound like her..

**missymeow1213** » I think one part of Mac thinks so, too

**missymeow1213** » But she's afraid to get tested, because if its not

**missymeow1213** » All her hope goes away

**Numbers-1377325** » ..maybe I could test her without her knowing?

**missymeow1213** » Mmm, she'd need a full work up.

**missymeow1213** » Multiple vials of blood + saliva + a biopsy

**missymeow1213** » But she won't let anybody barely touch her right now, she's so afraid she'll make them sick.

**Numbers-1377325** » not even how it works, is it? -\_-

**missymeow1213** » Not at all.

**missymeow1213** » Not even kissing for just about everything

**missymeow1213** » But she's afraid. You'd act the same way.

**Numbers-1377325** » ..yeah good point..

**missymeow1213** » So you'll try? =)

**missymeow1213** » I worry about her =(

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll try. I promise I'll try

**missymeow1213** » Good =)

**missymeow1213** » God you two are cute btw

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah yeah quiet you. >///<

**missymeow1213** » OH DOES THIS MEAN I CAN GET YOU MATCHING ONESIES FOR CHRISTMAS??

**Numbers-1377325** » o/////////o

**Numbers-1377325** » missy..

**Numbers-1377325** » stop..

**missymeow1213** » I'm gonna. Pink for you and blue for her.

**missymeow1213** » With snaps in the crotch for easier diaper changes =D

**Numbers-1377325** » >/////< i like purple not pink..

**Numbers-1377325** » ..cant we talk about something else....

**missymeow1213** » If we don't talk about it, you'll end up with pink!

**Numbers-1377325** » ....

**Numbers-1377325** » you're evil.....

**missymeow1213** » And you're adorable.

**missymeow1213** » Speaking of adorable, the boyfriend wants to feed me

**missymeow1213** » I'm gonna bounce like a rubber cat toy =^\_^=

**Numbers-1377325** » see ya

**missymeow1213** » Tuesday? We can talk a little more about what happened with Sayla.

**Numbers-1377325** » sure tuesday

**missymeow1213** » 5pm?

**Numbers-1377325** » okay

**missymeow1213** » Oakleeee

**Numbers-1377325** » Misssyyyyy

**missymeow1213** » I'm so proud of you =D

## **PART 6**

### **98:**

It had been seven months since the day that Missy came to town. Seven months since we'd finally become okay with what was happening, okay with the idea that maybe there was something about us outside the plane of strict normality. I was Little. Oaklee was Little. And Sayla was a distant memory, distant but the fact that she'd left me with a curse. Things were normal, things had been normal. Oaklee came over when he could, and some days he was Little and a girl and other days he was just Oaklee. Our friendship was... stable. Stable that we could wear pullups to bed together and cuddle, stable that we could go on road-trips at a moments notice and share small hotel bathrooms at conventions to do our makeup. Stable enough that we could do all this, and be friends, and not let any of the stupid feelings I'd let myself feel all that time ago get in the way of things.

In seven months, I'd changed some, too. I went more places, and did more things — though most of it was with Oaklee and his friends. But I'd taken a bus up state to visit Missy twice, and that was on my own! I still dressed well, too, I still cuddled with Cheez, and still watched the same shows and still lamented my life as a princess stuck up a

tower. But I'd grown, too. I'd started to notice things, *notice* boys... and notice girls. Notice with a very important italic slant. And though I knew that I couldn't ever be with anybody, I was immensely grateful for the fact that I hadn't shown any serious symptoms of my sickness.

Things were so lovely! Simple. Easy.

I had two weekly sessions with Missy. By July, it was one. Missy was... extremely helpful. Mike and I hardly talked anymore, but we didn't really connect the way we used to. I didn't need to go to him for validation and he didn't come to me with his stories. Maybe we were just moving apart. I'd made a couple new friends. I never did talk to that couple from the club again, the one Sayla took me to. But Nala from that ageplay site and I got along great. She even knew some things I didn't like telling Mac about. Oh right. And then there was Mac. She had boobs now. I mean, not like, real boobs. But she needed to wear bras to school. I guess that's what being a Sophomore does. I was a Junior now. Two years away from graduation. How great would that be? Two years from being away from home for good! More often than not, when I'd be little around Mac, we'd just play dress up and eat snacks. I didn't take care of her and she didn't take care of me. I guess that's the issue with having a best friend that's also a little - we both ran the house. Her bedwetting hadn't stopped. Alternatively, I could only ever use diapers if I was alone and in the bathroom. It was weird. I guess I was still getting my head around the "little" stuff... School started in September. Our weekends of free loving fun had ended. Bright side: we had lunch together this year!

**"Do you want to go to New York and see the ball drop?"** Oaklee had come to adore the idea of going places with me, when his parents would let him — which meant when he could spin a convincing lie. He'd become comfortable with the idea, but alternatively, his friends hated when I'd mention it. Oaklee explained that they were jealous, but I didn't really understand that at all. I was sitting by him at the lunch table, eating a small pot of vibrant pink pudding when the question came up, and a few of the others at the table groaned. There once was a time I would have ran away, arms crossed, red-rimmed eyes, at the insinuation that I was annoying someone, but things were different now. I poked out my tongue in response. It was hard to stay mad at a tiny girl in a lolita dress at school with a cup of pudding and her tongue poked out.

**"That'd be cool. Or we could go to France, right? Or maybe watch the clock tick over to midnight in England. Or because of time zones, we could do all three?"** I was just playing up rolling eyes at the table. This kind of thing was a lot of fun. **"Hey, hey, I wanna bite."** **"Get your own!"** **"Pleeeaaassssee."** She sighed and handed me a fresh spoon. **"You two should just make out."** **"Not in public."** We both said it at the same time. The "you two are made for each other" thing had gotten so old so fast. We played with it now.

Oaklee slipped his spoon into my pudding cup and even that had made me a little weary, but I'd gotten a little more relaxed about separation of saliva after talking to Missy about it and doing a lot of research. Very little could be spread that way, and honestly...

I probably didn't need to give him a new spoon. **"We don't want people knowing that Oaklee likes girls, gosh. It would ruin his image in the desirable-yet-unobtainable-boys circuit."** I'd grown up some, it was true. I even had contacts now! ...but Oaklee hated when I wore them, so I wore my glasses more often than not.

**"Don't say that so loud, jeeze."** It would have made me more upset if I had any inclination to date anyone ever. The problem was, after Sayla... I just wasn't interested. Interested in girls? Yeah. Interested in Mac? Fuck yes. But I talked about it a lot with Missy, but ultimately... I wasn't ready to date yet. I would get there. And when I did, maybe Mac would be there too.

**"You know, joking aside, I don't get why you two aren't dating." "It's your typical tale of rich princess and street rat." "Oaklee is the princess, right?" "Right. It just wouldn't work out."** Well, it might, if I wasn't sick. And look, I wasn't going to pretend that there weren't feelings there in my heart for him... but there were feelings in my heart for being the first princess of Mars, too, and that didn't mean I was sadder for it not happening. I chewed on my spoon a little bit and my eyes caught the appearance of Levie Confla, a particularly attractive girl of Polynesian descent that just... well, I didn't know the words for the feeling. And usually, I wouldn't have to, but this time... this time Oaklee caught me checking her out, biting my lip a little bit. I looked at him, blushed, and took my pudding back. He didn't say anything, not right there at the table... but I knew he would.

**"Do you like her?" "Huh?" "Levie."** We were on the walk home from school. I had gotten used to it now, even if it was an hour away. Walking all the way to the west side. As long as it wasn't raining. **"I mean, I know your looks! Like, not that you're into her, but like, you definitely had something on your mind."** Maybe it wasn't infatuation, but it was something.

Okay, so I wasn't so shallow as to be shy about the fact that Levie was a girl. To be honest, I didn't really understand labels like that. Like, you're a girl, you shouldn't even consider that you might like girls, too? Or maybe you like girls your whole life, and then one day you meet this boy that's perfect; do you say no just because of a word? No. I was shy, of course, and my cheeks pink... but it was only because I was caught looking. **"She has a very nice bottom and dresses very nicely, too."** Calm. Collected. Small voice, yes, but so what?!

**"You have a crush!"** Oh gosh. Mac had a crush. And it wasn't on Josh. And it wasn't on Bindie. I didn't really *know* Levie at all, but if anyone was going to treat Mac nicely, maybe a girl could do it. I wondered if she was gay. I wondered if she liked anyone else. Wow. **"I can't believe you're a Sophomore... soon you'll be having sex!"**

**"I don't think so, and it's not a crush, she's just very attractive! You're very attractive, but you don't go fantasizing about if I'm going to have sex with you, do you?"** Well. Maybe he did. I hoped not. It would be awkward if he did. And I liked him. And blah. The past seven months had been good for me in terms of self awareness and

growth, yes, and okay so I understood my body a little more, fine. But sex with people was alien, and risky, and selfish.

**"...hey, you haven't gone to the doctors, have you?"** It had become a sore topic near the end of the summer. I was asking too much. I'd promised Missy I'd help her, but she was so refusing. What was I supposed to do? Things went quiet and I looked at my feet. Maybe the sex comment was too much... **"Sorry."**

We were both quiet for a time, but not time enough to make Oaklee turn around and go home. We came to understand early in our relationship as friends that we were very resilient, and maybe that was the perk of boy-girl friendships — we could talk about anything, unlike boys, and we didn't dwell on drama or hurt feelings, like girls. **"She has a very nice bottom, that's all. You can't tell me you haven't noticed."**

**"I have never been very involved in a girl's butt, to be fair. I'm a boobs kinda guy."** Which was weird because Mac had very small boobs. She was taller now, maybe an inch. And still two inches shorter than me.

**"One day, you're not going to be able to put your arm around me like this. I'm gonna have a growth spurt, and turn from an awkward and bookish little mouse of a girl, into a leggy Amazonian."** I wouldn't. I'd grown all I was going to, to be fair, and that was fine — I actually liked being short. But other girls my age all talked about stuff like that, and I'd started learning to fit in.

**"Nah you wouldn't fit into your baby pants, if you did!"** That turned her cheeks red. I never talked about it in front of people, but I'd sometimes say stuff in public. I loved seeing that blush. I liked getting a reaction like that. I didn't react. Not unless I was starting to feel small. And that almost never happened outside of the house.

**"Anyway..."** Okay, so there was a part of me that was still that awkward girl from the diner that day, peddling fries with cheese on the side and hot dogs with ketchup, but no mustard. A part of me would always be that girl, just like a part of me would always be the girl that Sayla had thrown to the bed and touched. And... fine. A part of me would always have a crush on Oaklee Edwards. **"I think I know a little girl who needs some pretty time when we get home."** Deflection. Diversion. That was what I worked with a lot, nowadays. Pretty time was my terminology for Oaklee getting Little.

**"...maybe."** I smiled a little, looking up at the sky. It was a brilliant September afternoon. A shame to waste it indoors...

**"Do you want a pullup?" "Um... no, I'm okay."** I hated her pullups. Because she looked like a fucking China doll in them and I looked like the Hulk. Ugh. We fit our clothes so well, but her pullups? They were for children. I'd been very against that stuff since we ran out of Missy's diapers. And even those were special occasion things...

So he didn't wear one of my pull-ups. I did. We dressed cutely, in matching sundresses, and did one-another's hair the way that I'd been teaching him to do — he'd gotten very good at it! And we watched TV, and I fell asleep with my head in his lap because I stayed up last night worrying about stupid diseases that I couldn't do anything about. But my laptop was nearby the beanbag, and I was vaguely aware in my sleep of him using it — not that it was too uncommon, I had no secrets.

**crinkabell** » Hey! :)

**crinkabell** » Shouldn't you be at the Princess's house? It's very early for you to be online

**Quietplaces** » yeah I'm here now.

**Quietplaces** » she's asleep

**crinkabell** » Oh :)

**crinkabell** » Well in that case, hello there, Oaklee! How are you today? :)

**Quietplaces** » I'm okay

**Quietplaces** » she's cute when she sleeps. XD

**crinkabell** » I bet you are, too! :)

**crinkabell** » Are you little today?

**Quietplaces** » In a cute dress!

**Quietplaces** » headspace-y? Not so much now.

**crinkabell** » How about her? :) You usually Little-out together, right?

**Quietplaces** » Ha Little-out XD

**Quietplaces** » yeah she's really cute

**Quietplaces** » I'm so jealous of her sometimes

**crinkabell** » Jealous? Why's that?

**Quietplaces** » You know why. -\_-

**crinkabell** » Well, maybe we should do something about it? :)

**crinkabell** » Jealousy is a useless feeling because it takes up all your mind space and then doesn't really give you anything for it :(

**Quietplaces** » yeah idk

**Quietplaces** » I thought about maybe getting something similar? that I could fit into?

**Quietplaces** » But we already talked about that - I'd just feel inadequate 'cause hers are cuter.

**Quietplaces** » You know I never thought I'd be talking about buying diapers with a girl online?

**Quietplaces** » Weird the way the world works

**crinkabell** » Well, I bet there was a time you never thought you'd have a rich friend who takes you places at the drop of a hat, either, right? :)

**crinkabell** » Have you looked into Bambinos? They're very cute :) And modeled after childrens diapers.

**Quietplaces** » idk

**Quietplaces** » Diapers are a little..

**Quietplaces** » Fancy?

**Quietplaces** » Gosh I just said diapers were fancy. @\_@

**Quietplaces** » You think I'd be used to this by now. XD

**crinkabell** » Want to see me in one of them? I could put one on and get on cam :)

**Quietplaces** » Maybe not at Mac's.

**Quietplaces** » But like

**Quietplaces** » We only ever wore diapers together when it was like really really really special moments..

**Quietplaces** » And I just think if I wear one and she's in her pullup.. I'm trying too hard?

**Quietplaces** » Or I'm showing her up?

**crinkabell** » Yeah, but you used to only wear dresses together on rare moments, too, right? :)

**crinkabell** » And maybe you're looking at it wrong!

**crinkabell** » Maybe it might make her want some, too!

**Quietplaces** » It would just be nice if I fit into her stupid ones...

**Quietplaces** » It's a total waste..

**Quietplaces** » She wets the bed.

**Quietplaces** » I usually just throw them out...

**Quietplaces** » I don't use them or anything

**crinkabell** » She wears them to fulfill a need

**crinkabell** » You wear them to fulfill a need.

**crinkabell** » What's the difference? :) You spend more on food, and that literally end up wasted.

**Quietplaces** » I dunno..

**Quietplaces** » It's not important tonight.

**Quietplaces** » I mean, I still haven't talked to her about it

**crinkabell** » It took you a long time to get to the point of even understanding you HAVE a little-self, Oaklee.

**crinkabell** » After sixteen years alive, don't you think you owe it to that little girl inside you to take initiative for her? :)

**Quietplaces** » uhhhggggghh

**Quietplaces** » why do you have to make so much sense?

**Quietplaces** » but I already talked to you about this - I can't just BE a bedwetter.

**crinkabell** » Why not?

**crinkabell** » You can train yourself to be anything you want. I know people who trained entirely out of potty-training.

**crinkabell** » Training to bedwet is easy :)

**Quietplaces** » @\_@

**Quietplaces** » right

**Quietplaces** » but even if that wasn't completely INSANE

**Quietplaces** » I live with my parents I relaly cant

**crinkabell** » Like they'd have to know.

**crinkabell** » Get a small trash-can for your room, and take your own trash down. Like they'd look through your trash? :)

**Quietplaces** » actually they probably would

**Quietplaces** » and I dont have pullups that fit

**Quietplaces** » and like I said

**Quietplaces** » it is

**Quietplaces** » INSANE

**crinkabell** » So get some diapers. Like, a pack would last you two weeks if you were just wearing at night. It's not like they're expensive :)

**Quietplaces** » I can't keep them at my place. You know that

**Quietplaces** » Listen

**Quietplaces** » It's just like. a daydream I have..

**Quietplaces** » I know it's totally impractical. and I dont even want it every night just sometimes like when im at Macs

**crinkabell** » Like You're sixteen, you're at the time of your life when you do stuff that's insane.

**crinkabell** » You want to train yourself to bedwet? Do it.

**crinkabell** » If you don't wanna bedwet anymore after a while, don't. It's not insane so long as it makes you happy and makes nobody else sad :)

**crinkabell** » And remember, you're talking to the girl with a bedroom full of adult-sized baby furniture :)

**Quietplaces** » yeah that is weird. @\_@

**crinkabell** » Maybe, but do you see me being sad about not being able to be cute in pull-ups or wet the bed? :) I'm pretty wise.

**Quietplaces** » AHHH fine

**Quietplaces** » I mean I'm not doing it

**Quietplaces** » But...

**Quietplaces** » I'll look into it more...

**Quietplaces** » because.. I think it would be cool to share that with Mac.

**crinkabell** » I think so, too!

**crinkabell** » And she liked the diapers when they were available to wear, right?

**crinkabell** » I have some pictures of me in different types if you want to see? I can upload them and you can view them on Incognito mode so no trace left behind :)

**Quietplaces** » Yeah okay

**Quietplaces** » I mean I don't know how to start the topic with her, but..

**Quietplaces** » It would be nice..

**Quietplaces** » The thing is I don't get that feeling the same way she does, I dont think?

**Quietplaces** » like I did when it was before..

**Quietplaces** » I think it's because Mac used to kind of take care of me a little and now it's just kinda playful?

**crinkabell** » Maybe you could talk to her about that, too? Two Littles is great! It's a really fun dynamic. But sometimes One Little and One Big is really fun, too, and in a different way, and you can take turns, just, go with what feels right? Like, you'd love to take care of her, too, sometimes right?

**Quietplaces** » yeah she's so cute

**Quietplaces** » but like

**Quietplaces** » What would I even do?

**crinkabell** » Well, what were some of the things she did for you when she would play-Big?

**Quietplaces** » ...uh.

**Quietplaces** » She took me shopping and got me Mira and a coat.

**Quietplaces** » she cleaned Mira up.

**Quietplaces** » she bought me lunch and stuff..

**crinkabell** » So she made you feel... safe? And cared for?

**Quietplaces** » I guess.

**crinkabell** » And what about when you were Little with her?

**Quietplaces** » It felt different?

**Quietplaces** » what you're saying is I should talk to her about it.

**Quietplaces** » about the little little stuff versus the big little stuff

**Quietplaces** » ugh I wish you could just do it. I suck at talking about it..

**crinkabell** » I wish I could, too! But you like your separation of Nala and Mac!

**Quietplaces** » yeah well the last time Mac got a hold of one of my online friends they conspired against me to turn me into a baby girl for an afternoon @\_@

**Quietplaces** » so yes.

**Quietplaces** » I keep my separation now.

**crinkabell** » You know, that was with a friend who wasn't even Little-Smart! And it sounds like they had a great time with you :)

**crinkabell** » Maybe you SHOULD let me talk to Mac~

**Quietplaces** » oh

**Quietplaces** » hell

**Quietplaces** » No

Quietplaces » XD

crinkabell » Hehe :)

crinkabell » Just talk to her okay? You're both growing up so damn fast

crinkabell » You gotta use that growning-up knowledge to learn how best to be little, imo

Quietplaces » thanks Nala. XD

crinkabell » Want to see some pictures for reference before you go? :)

crinkabell » Totally not fishing for compliments...!

Quietplaces » o\_o gosh yes

Quietplaces » but probably not on Mac's computer

Quietplaces » Tomorrow night for sure

crinkabell » Okay! Go wake her up and have fun with her now :)

Quietplaces » I'll probably go to sleep!

crinkabell » Use your paci, okay? :)

Quietplaces » \*sticks out my tongue\*

Quietplaces » Night nala!

crinkabell » Goodnite, baby girl!

**99:**

"Hey Mac..?" "Hmmm...." "It's like one in the morning. You wanna get up into bed?" She was asleep in the bean bag chair on the floor. We'd been watching Gravity Falls again. Just re-runs. We had caught up by now. "Come on, I'll lay with you."

"Mmm... need change." Once was a time in the world of Oaklee and Mac that I'd never have dreamed of saying that to Oaklee, not as my friend, only friend, best friend, potential boyfriend, not ever ever ever. And here we were, my eyes half closed and my

words mumbled, admitting to him that I'd wet myself in my sleep. Not that it was the first time I'd mentioned it, but it was always with consideration. This time was impulse.

I bit my lip and looked down at the sleepy girl on the beanbag. And then at the dress. And I took a deep breath. Like Nala had said... didn't I ever want to be big with her? Could it hurt? "**Here, lemme help...**" I helped her to the bed, her arm over my shoulder, and laid her down on the comforter. I got a pull up out of the cupboard and went back over to the sleepy girl. Gosh, she was so cute...

Okay, so at fifteen, a virgin, alone and vulnerable, I knew there should have been alarm-bells in my head. Knew that I should have freaked out. Knew, in-fact, that I could still freak out if I so chose to, yes. I looked up at him, the dim light from the other room giving him a halo around his pretty dress, and I felt my cheeks pink. Pinker than I could remember them being able to get. And I turned my head and looked at the shelves of dolls and toys, but didn't stop him. I didn't know if my not stopping him would make him stop, or not, but... but I hoped in some part of my mind it wouldn't.

I flattened the dress down over her thighs before I pulled the pull up off. It wasn't like when I wore them, when I ripped the sides. It just pulled off her, like a child. Like they were supposed to. Lucky girl. I swallowed a little and put it in the trash can. It was heavier, but I wasn't sure how wet. It was dim in the room. I unfolded the new one and slid it up her thighs...

By the time the pullup had settled up my thighs, and I'd lifted my behind a little, and he'd respected my body and hadn't hurt me and hadn't said the things that Sayla had said and hadn't made me unsafe and had made me feel very very safe indeed... I was tingling. Tingling like every one of my extremities was asleep, and that included my brain, wrapped in fog, with only the bright red lights of my cheeks to guide and warn any wayward ships. He'd never done that before...

She was awake. I mean. At first she was asleep. But now she was awake. Her cheeks were red, and she wouldn't look right at me. But she was awake. I went to her closet and got out a nightgown. Something nice. I'd change myself in a bit - maybe something more grown up to be symbolic. I came back over to her and helped her sit up. "**Arms up for me, alright?**"

I felt small in the way I felt small when Missy was here, and not the way I felt small when I couldn't reach the top shelf at the store. Not distraught, but diminished, diminished in the best possible way. My cheeks were pink, and I couldn't look him in the eye, but I lifted my arms and felt the dress come up over top of me, leaving me topless because I didn't wear a bra with my baby dresses. Okay. So he was now seeing me topless. But I didn't feel anything... shameful about it. Not shameful, not sexual. He was taking care of me, and he didn't see me that way. So I didn't feel like I had to even bother to cover up at all. My head felt like treacle.

I pulled the nightgown down over her and stood her up to flatten it out. She was blushing. Her glasses were off. Mine were off too, but mine were fake. She looked up at me and I smiled down at her. She was just so cute. I shuffled my feet a little and looked away. **"Uh... we should lay down. Get some rest..."**

**"Need to brush teeth."** Rarely did I ever speak little around him. Only when Missy had been here, and in the one or two occasions after that when we'd worn diapers together. It was barely childlike, and it made me blush because I only ever did it when he was feeling little too, proper little, diapered baby little. This was the first time I'd done it in front of him when he was in an adult state.

**"R-right. Sorry. Yeah. Okay..."** She led the way to the bathroom and I stood next to her in front of the mirror. We both brushed our teeth, stealing glances at each other in the reflection. I finished before her because I took the two minute rule a little less seriously. I put on one of her normal nightgowns, which was something like what a ten year old might wear. Nightgowns were just more comfortable to sleep in - it's not even a matter of gender.

I was never so... incapable. Never so reliant on anybody. I'd sat up on the bed while he'd gotten changed and ended up atop the covers, waiting for him to tuck me in. Why did I expect that? I shouldn't expect anything of anybody. But he changed my pull-up, and got me dressed for bed, and my head was spinning and I wasn't thinking straight or at all, and for the first time in the past 20 minutes I looked him in the eye... long enough to blush, and then bit my lip and smiled a little, looking away.

I pulled the blanket up over her, over us, as I curled in next to her. We always went to bed touching and woke up not touching. I think because she kicked in her sleep, or maybe I did. The night was quiet and the windows were dark. Everything was dark except for the wall with the nightlight. She was still watching me, though. Rather than sleeping. **"You're supposed to go to bed now..."**

**"I know..."** And I did know, and knowing was so often something very useful but at the moment felt completely pointless, like I couldn't tell up from down anyway so what good was even knowing they were different? **"But if I go to sleep, things might be weird in the morning, and I don't want them to be weird and they're not right now, so I don't want to... I just want you to hold me."**

**"...okay. Um. I can do that..."** I wasn't sure why things would be weird in the morning. She'd done this to me, hadn't she? Treated me like a baby? She'd been the big to my little. So this was normal. Odd, but normal. I wrapped my arms around her and put my cheek against hers, my head against her neck. She was so warm...

We always laid together, face to face, always close and always lovely and always equal. Which was why I was worried when I shuffled down Oaklee's chest, when I put my head on his chest instead of on his cheek, when I took his hand after seeking it out and put

his thumb between my lips. Worried, but foggy, foggy, but content. Content, but stupid... maybe it was okay to be stupid now. Just this once.

## 100:

It wasn't weird the next morning. We were ourselves. She changed herself. I changed myself. We found our school clothes. I wore her shirt, because fuck it. I had learned to fuck it a lot this summer, and this school year was really shaping up to be no different. Sometimes I'd wear makeup to school. People had stopped caring and making shitty comments.

So we didn't talk about it that morning, we didn't talk about last night, about him changing me and being respectful, about me letting him see me topless, or cuddling to his chest, or sucking his thumb, or anything like that. We didn't talk about that stuff, and that was fine. We walked to school, him in my top, wearing makeup that I'd done for him, and we stopped at a diner for breakfast.

"So..." she started. "You're making it weird!" I said. "Huh?" "You said not to make it weird, and I'm not, but you are!" "I am not..!" "Yup. You are. So stop it." "No, I... I was just wondering where you... why you did it?" "Oh... uh. I was talking to Nala online last night and we talked about the difference of having two littles versus one of us being older, and kind of taking care of each other? I was just wondering what it was like..."

"Oh." Not oh like sad-oh. Oh like well I should have figured that out. I nodded my head in appreciation and looked at the menu, even though I never ordered anything different. Maybe he was right. Maybe I was making it weird. "Well. What was it like? For you. I mean. Did you enjoy it? Or was it more like a chore?"

"It was... less boring than I thought it was going to be. Maybe because I was tired, though? I'm not really sure." I wished I had more to tell her. I could have lied, but I think we were passed that in our relationship. "It was nice knowing I was making you happy."

"You thought it would be boring, taking care of me?" I should have been offended. I wasn't. I shrugged. "I had fun taking care of you, when I used to, but I can see how it might be boring taking care of me. I'm not a very interesting girl, all things considered!" I was. I mean. I knew he thought I was, so maybe I was just fishing for a compliment. I was becoming such a teenage girl...

"No! I mean, I *expected* it to be boring. Like who wants to take care of a kid, you know? But it was... it was nice seeing you all happy and knowing that was because of me? I mean, it's not as fun as being little, but... I could do it every

once in a while. Put you to bed and stuff. And you seemed to like it..." Gosh this was awkward. Officially made awkward.

**"It was nice."** Nice. That was an understatement to end all understatements. Well maybe not all, but close to all. Yes, of course it was nice! **"I just think I'd feel too selfish about it if I let you do it again, knowing that you don't enjoy it as much as being Little is all."** I pushed my glasses up and frowned at the menu. **"Maybe I'll try blueberry pancakes today?"**

**"...Nala said we like, trade... like take turns? Not all the time, but sometimes. To... like... be different. She said it's actually really common when two littles hang out..."** Ugh, I was babbling. **"Um... not that we have to. Not that I want you to! I just... yeah. I don't know. Nevermind."**

**"I liked when you used to let me take care of you, dummy."** My rosy cheeks were puffed out a little bit as I looked across the table at the boy. **"There's a text file on my computer with all the places I wanted to take you when you were 'LS Oaklee', before you understood what being Little was."** I guess, before I understood what it was, too.

**"...oh."** Oh indeed. I felt a little foolish. I played with my napkin ring in my hand and looked down at the menu. Which was silly because I knew what I was getting. **"Um. Well we could try it, then? I don't know if it would work, but... I mean it worked yesterday? And it was kinda cool..."**

**"It won't work if you compare it to being little, though, and get envious."** It was a surprisingly insightful thing for me to have said, which was why it wasn't — Missy had told me that a long time ago. **"You can do things with me, when I'm little, that you'd think I'd enjoy or that you would enjoy, but you can't think of it jealously or you might resent me. That's what Missy told me."**

**"I'm not gonna resent you, don't be stupid."** I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms over my chest, elbows on the table. **"I said I liked it, alright? It was different, but it was... nice. In its own way. I think we might fight over it... who gets to be what on what days? But maybe if we take turns or just make a schedule..? I don't know. It's new to me too."**

**"How about we just do what feels natural? Like I'm sure there are days you have where you look at me and just... want to dress me up, or think I'm really cute or maybe it's stormy and you want to be there for me. I get that way with you, I mean."** We ordered our breakfasts, the same thing we always did when we ate here. I didn't get the blueberry pancakes.

**"...okay. So no planning. Normal little-little days unless something comes up... that sounds fine."** No planning might have been the best way to handle it, too. No

expectations. Just nice surprises. She was so smart sometimes. I really should give Mac more credit.

**"Who knows, too, maybe I can get you into padding more often this way?"** Maybe he thought I hadn't noticed his reluctance to wearing my pull-ups, like he was keeping this big, grand secret. I wasn't stupid, or ignorant, or oblivious. He was my best friend, of course I was going to notice something like that.

Well. That was unexpected. But food came a minute later and I didn't get a word in edgewise. We went to school, to separate classes, and I had time to think to myself. She'd noticed I wasn't wearing her pullups? Well I mean, I turned them down every time, didn't I? At least 80% of the time. Of course she'd notice. Did this mean she wished I wore them more often?

**"Hello, my man."** Bindie had a way of smiling when he greeted any of his friends that made it difficult not to give him the time of day. In this case, he shared second period with Oaklee, so the conversation wasn't just incidental. **"How are you doing today? Did you stay with Mac last night? I think that is her shirt?"**

**"Huh? Yeah. It is. I crashed on her beanbag chair." "Parents still being assholes?" "Dad doesn't like me home if I don't have to be. So they let me do whatever."** Honestly, turning 16 was the best thing to happen to me. And they thought Mac and I were fucking anyway. I got new condoms every month. Idiot parents...

**"Sounds like a sweet deal, my man! Most parents would want you to not hang out with a girl for because they might be worried you'll get her preggo. I guess your parents really trust you, or think you're gay. Both good things, right?!"** He laughed. Only in Bindie's world could the positives be seen in that.

**"Yeah, well. As long as I can do whatever I want, it doesn't matter to me."** It had been almost a year since I'd gotten my arm broken. And since then, I'd learned my lesson. NOTHING came home with me. Nothing, ever. And Mac kept make up wipes in her purse for when I needed to go home.

**"Just maybe make sure to not get her pregnant for real, though, she's just a baby herself and babies shouldn't have babies, am I right?"** It didn't matter if he was or not, it was just one of the things that Bindie would say. **"Speaking of Mac, is she seeing anyone do you know? A friend just wanted to know."**

**"Seriously, you too? She turned Josh down last year, and now this!" "No, man, really! A friend! Not me!" "Yeah, likely story." "I swear!"** I gave Bindie a weird look and leaned toward him over the table. **"Who is it then? Who's askin'?"**

**"Rilo. You know. Short Japanese girl, in my third period class? She shares lunch with us, and asked me to find out."** Rilo could have cosplayed any character from any show and pulled it off. Actually, she probably had done just that, the amount of

conventions she'd been to. She was the kind of girl who showed up to school in costumes in the name of 'tying out her outfits'. That Mac had taken to wearing lolita fashions to school may just have piqued her interest.

"Oh." Hm. Well. I... really didn't expect that. A Junior *girl* interested in Mac? Not that she didn't have every single reason to be. I didn't even know Rilo was gay. Or bi? Huh... "Uh... no, Mac's single..." "You think she'd be into her?" I shrugged my shoulders. She was checking out Levie's ass... "Worth a shot, I guess."

"Awesome, my man. Rilo promised to let me watch them doin' it if I helped her get the inside line on Mac." The tan-skinned boy was grinning happily, excitedly, across the table. Whether or not the promise he'd been made was true or not, that was a different story altogether.

"If you even *think* about Mac naked, I'll probably kick your ass." "You're like literally half my height, Oaklee." "Yeah, and how embarrassing is that going to be?" Bindie could kill me if he wanted to. True story. But he also knew I was serious. I smiled and leaned back in the chair.

"She's becoming a woman, my man, you can't deny it. And she's gonna have needs, all girls do. And if she likes chicks, then Rilo wants in. And if she doesn't, Rilo still thinks she's got a chance. Kinda hot if you want my opinion." Bindie found a bag of curried peas and rice snacks in his pocket and looked it with pleasant surprise before opening it and starting to eat.

"I'll kick your ass, dude. I mean it."

///

"I think some Japanese girl is gonna ask you out." "....uh...." That shut the whole lunch table up. "Bindie said something about it." ".....why.... I don't...." "I think because you dress like a walking anime convention." "You like how I dress!" "Neither statement excludes the other."

"Well... I'm not interested in dating some Japanese girl." Not that I was discounting the idea of dating a girl, or dating someone Japanese, or even someone who appreciated the way I dressed. I just didn't know who it was, and I wasn't going to date someone I didn't even know the name of...

"Hm. She'll be disappointed, I'm sure..." "You like girls?" Kim. Ha. The irony of Kim asking... "Mac here is always open to new opportunities, right?" "Shut up!" "Is that Mac's shirt?" I looked down at the shirt. Mac looked down at her own. At the same time. "Yes. Yes it is." We were so in sync it was magical.

"Last year, everybody wanted to be my friend and I didn't know how to be anyone's friend. This year, I finally get good at the having friends thing and now

**everybody wants to date me, argh!"** I grinned and took the apple off the table from in front of Oaklee. He didn't like apples anyway.

**"Well, actually everyone wanted to date you last year, too,"** Josh spoke up. **"Yeah, I mean, I'm single now too, if you wanna learn other dirty ways of spelling words."** That was Kim. I almost forgot about the come/cum incident! Oh man, I'd have to start typing to Mac with "cum" instead of "come" for a couple weeks just to mess with her!

**"It's not my fault that teenagers ruin childish spelling shortcuts!"** Actually, teenagers ruined a lot of things. For reference, Sayla was a teenager. **"I don't date people, anyway, no matter how inappropriately they can spell words or make fun of me."** My little shoulders shrugged beneath the chiffon.

**"So you really aren't gonna go out with that girl?"** We were walking home again. I wouldn't be able to stay the night at Mac's this time, but at least I could spend some time after school at her place. It had been months and I still hadn't met her parents. They'd said they were coming home three times now, but every time they bailed out. The maid, though? She'd walked in on me in one of Mac's little girl dresses. So that happened...

**"I'm sick, Oaklee. I can't risk making anybody else sick, if that anybody else is you, or some girl or Bindie or anybody else really. I'm not gonna let my curse hurt anybody else, it would be so selfish of me if I did."** We were walking, and somehow, the act of walking made the act of talking just that little bit easier.

**"Ugh, just go see a doctor! If... if Sayla really gave you all that stuff, you need treatment. It's manageable, you know! I looked into it! And with proper birth control stuff, like condoms, you can literally have sex and everything. Not that you should because you're like 15, but still! You just need some treatment!"** I was getting angry. Not angry. Frustrated. Because she was still letting this control her... and it wasn't fair!

**"You know why I can't."** I wasn't flustered or frustrated or upset by it. I mean, I had been in the past, yes, but this was part of who I was now. I'd grown... used to the idea of it, was. I was at peace with my being sick, as peaceful as anybody could ever be with such news. **"And you shouldn't be thinking about me having sex!"**

**"Ugh... you're so frustrating sometimes, you know that? This is literally something you can manage, and like, get better from. And you won't even go get tested. Even Missy thinks you don't have anything wrong with you! That you're beating yourself up over nothing! That you're letting that bitch control you still. Like she controlled me. Some role model you are..."**

Okay, so not much got to me. I'd heard it all. We'd had this conversation every which way, from how dangerous it was for my future, to how he'd just drag me there by my pigtails. He threatened to call the police once, even. And he tried to call my parents

before realizing they wouldn't care anyway. A week didn't go by without these fights. But like I kept telling myself, I was okay with the fact that I was sick. I could handle that, and Oaklee being mad at me, and Missy and her sass and everything. So why did I feel so hollowed out all of a sudden? I stopped walking, and looked at the boy, biting my lip. **"...role model?"**

**"...never mind..."** I turned away from Mac and led the way up to her house. Up to the porch. To the door. I knew the keypad entry by heart, now. I typed it in and let myself past the foyer. Ugh, why did I say that. I didn't know why I talked about Mac like that...

Oaklee went inside, went past the entry-foyer and up the stairs. I don't know, maybe he figured I'd follow him blindly up there and everything would be okay. Usually, things panned out that way. But instead of going upstairs this time, I found my way into the kitchen and leaned against the counter. He had never said anything like that before... and I didn't know to be angry, or to be hurt, or anything. Things were just... spiraling. Role model...?

Ugh, why did I have to go and say something stupid like that? I sat on the edge of the bed and looked down at my feet. Role model. Where had that even come from? I looked up to her sometimes, sure. In a weird... sister kind of way. I'd never had a sister. I put my head in my hands and sighed. I should go apologize...

Okay, so it was stupid. I knew it was stupid. And I wasn't actually going to do it! I just liked that moment when I felt like I could do it, like it made me feel like an adult. Like I could handle things. Role model material. I had the bottle of sparkling wine from the refrigerator in one hand and was climbing on the counter to reach the top shelf where the glasses were, when Oaklee came down. And when he saw me, he snatched away the alcohol.

**"What are you even doing?"** Why was she holding wine? She's like, fifteen. She shouldn't be drinking wine. Not that I hadn't in the past or anything, but it's not really the point. **"Get off the counter, jeeze. You're gonna hurt yourself..."**

Okay, so any urge to be an adult faded pretty damn quick with that tone of voice, and I bit my lip and looked at it, frowning a little bit behind my glasses, while my cheeks kept the rest of my face warm. **"I didn't know I was such a disappointment to you."** I wanted to yell at him, scream and shout about how dare he hold me as a role model, like does he even know what pressure that puts on me?! But I didn't. I just sounded... meek.

**"...I'm not disappointed in you."** Ugh... **"Come on, come down..."** I helped her back to level ground. Stupid girl... **"...I just. I've been working hard with Missy for months to get over the stuff that happened to me. You know? You told me to. You convinced me to. Remember? And to see that you're still holding onto her... well, it makes me feel like I shouldn't be trying, okay?"**

**"I'm not holding onto her... I'm protecting you."** Which was, despite the fact that it didn't seem like we had any romantic chemistry anymore — if we ever did — still a present feeling in my heart. And that honestly didn't seem to make all that much sense, now that I thought about it. I was just afraid. **"I know we've moved past her, Oaklee... and I'm really proud of you, too!! But if I let that she hurt me, hurt you... doesn't that set us back a whole bunch?"**

**"But it is hurting me! Not knowing if you're sick, and knowing you're like, not getting medicine you need? Don't you think that hurts?!"** Oh shit, I was getting way too emotional about this... **"You're afraid to lay to close to me, and you're afraid to share food with me, even though that stuff makes no sense! You could get sick, get really sick, and you could die! Do you think I won't be hurt then?!"** I was crying... ugh. Why did I have to go and do this now...

I'd seen Oaklee cry before, but not often, not commonly and not like this. Gosh, not like this. I looked at him, and the tears on his cheeks, and his red puffy eyes, and I put the wine down and wrapped my arms around him. Sitting as I was on the edge of the counter, it was one of the few times I could ever be taller than him, and I cuddled his face to my chest. **"Shh... it'll all be okay."**

**"You don't know that... you don't know it because you're an idiot, and I hate it... and I've been trying for months to..."** Ugh I felt so pathetic. I felt so pathetic. She put her fingers through my hair and I put my forehead against her shoulder. I just needed to stop crying. I needed to stop being so dramatic...

**"I didn't know it was hurting you... you're so restrained, sometimes it's hard to tell..."** I didn't know what to say, I didn't know how to make him feel better. I mean, I had a pretty decent idea, but... but if I promised that, I didn't know if I could handle it. I cuddled him closer, held him tight, played with his hair as his eyes wet my clothes. **"...if I get checked, it'll be weeks before I know. And I'll probably fall apart..."**

**"...it's already been months..."** Months with me not knowing. With Missy not knowing. With Mac not knowing. Sayla's games were still here, almost a year later, playing with us. I hated it. She was supposed to be gone by now... **"I just want her to go away, Mac... she's scary and... I just want her to go away..."**

**"...will you take care of me? For those weeks? And... and forever, if they tell me I'm sick? I don't know if I'm strong enough to do it on my own... all I can do on my own is hide."** In the months that had passed, I'd told myself many many reasons why I couldn't get tested. For the first time, I felt like I was telling the truth.

**"...of course, Mac..."** I was still crying. Because I was pathetic. Because I needed to not be such a baby all the time, but this was... something. I mean. Not insignificant. Maybe crying worked on Mac? Maybe I just needed to act more like a baby to get my way. It sure would be convenient... I rubbed my own eyes, breaking our hug. Crying always exhausted me...

**"You're gonna have to deal with crybaby Mac for a while..."** He was rubbing his eyes in a way that would only make them redder, and I swatted his hands away and put my fingers on his cheeks, wiping under each eye with my thumbs the way my Mom used to do to me whenever she'd tell me she was "going to be away for a few weeks." I used to cry a lot back then, over not seeing my parents. Now... not so much.

**"...okay..."** She wiped my tears away and I looked up at her with a small smile through my glasses. She'd never been taller than me. It was certainly a new perspective. Was this how Mac felt all the time...? No wonder she was always so childish...

**"You'll come with me, right?"** It was an hour later, we were upstairs, and Oaklee had my laptop on his knee. He'd ask me questions about the kind of doctor I wanted, and the insurance I had, and all sorts of stuff. I just wanted it over and done with, but I was grateful that he was booking things for me. I knew if he went home and left me to my own devices that I'd talk myself out of it.

**"Yeah, of course."** I wasn't really sure what they did. Just blood tests? Did they undress her? Was I supposed to be there for that? Then again, I'd changed her out of a pullup. That was something, right? I closed the laptop and sighed. Scheduled for Friday evening. That's two days away... **"Thanks... for doing this for me..."**

**"Thank you for forgiving me for making you sad all this time?"** I didn't like the heaviness of the conversation topic, and after the appointment, I didn't know when I'd be able to feel light again. I cuddled Cheez to my chest and looked down at her soft fur. **"Sometimes I'm bad at remembering other people have feelings, too..."**

**"I think that means you're crazy."** I leaned back against her lap, looking up at Mac through the dizzy frames of my glasses. She looked down at her bear between us. **"No more sad talk, okay? We're taking care of it. And I'm proud of you."** I guess I'd be babying Mac a little more often than the other way around. I guess I was okay with that.

## **101:**

So maybe it would have been logical for Oaklee to take care of me in those few days before the tests. Maybe that was what he expected. Maybe that was what I expected. Turned out, the next day, as I pulled him into a pair of padded pants I bought online, and did his hair, and tugged him out the house in the sundress and pigtails with fairy eyes, that I was going to deal with my problems in a more unexpected manner.

**"...this is so stupid..." "You've been out in worse."** I followed behind Mac in the little sundress with a blush on my cheeks. She was right. I'd worn the lolita dress. And I wore one of Missy's diapers to a movie, once, too. But I didn't walk either of those days.

The thickness of the underwear was a constant reminder. Where did she even get something like this...

**"We are going to Build a Bear because the Halloween outfits are in stock already, and then we are going to share a salad and go across town to the gallery because there is an exhibition on Elegant Lolita Culture from Japan."** I made it sound like I'd planned all this out, but I hadn't ~ I'd had a rough night last night and this had just so happened to fall into place. The gallery was open until midnight, so we'd have plenty of time.

**"Hey, Mac..! Hey..!"** I hurried behind her. My glasses were fogging at the bottoms and the blush on my cheeks was showing. My breathing was slightly off, even despite the hurrying to keep up with her. When had she gotten so determined...? **"We could just stay home... stay inside, and..."** I didn't waddle, did I? I shifted my weight with my hips. These underwear were so weird...

**"Nuh uh, it's the last week of the exhibition, so we're going."** When he caught up with me, I took him by the hand to ensure he kept pace. For his childish dress and underwear, I was actually wearing something very grown up — it even showed a little cleavage, though admittedly it was through a mesh under-top. But for me, it was impressive!

...it was weird. I hadn't gone out like this in... in forever. Had I ever when Mac wasn't dressed up, too? I was worried people were watching me. I was worried they could tell I was waddling. We stumbled into the mall and my cheeks were on fire. I clung to Mac's arm like a child. I felt like a child...

It wasn't until we got to the mall that I unzipped my tote bag and pulled out Mira, handing the teddy to Oaklee with a knowing smile. He never would have left the house if he'd known I was going to make him bring her, so I improvised. He looked at me with wide eyes. **"Now you keep her safe, okay little sis? And make sure to listen when she makes suggestions at the store, because she has to help pick out costumes for Cheez, too."**

I fished around the little bin for clothes. I was so nervous. But I was excited, too. I had wanted to come back here for so long. I picked out a witch costume for Mira and a bumble bee costume for Cheez. I wasn't sure why. We paid. My cheeks were so pink. Mac held the clothes. I held Mira.

There was a difference now, between the first day we'd ever come here to buy Mira, and today. For one, Oaklee looked like a girl. His hair was in pigtails with spiraled ribbon descending from two large bows, and his makeup was immaculate and fancy and his lips sticky with gloss and his glasses perfectly matched for his femininity. Beneath the sundress, I'd made him wear the training bra we bought that day at the coat-store. He'd argued, even made the point that it wasn't fit for a little girl, but it certainly didn't seem to be impeding him now. Next stop would be the food court.

I ate my fries with smiles. I ate them with laughs and kicked my feet under the table. I was so lost in my headspace. In my little world. All the bad memories of this place, of what happened to Mira, didn't even register. I was just so happy being here, even if my glasses fogged up from time to time.

Oaklee didn't seem at all worried about what might happen, like I was afraid he would be. Honestly, with how feminine he was now, I didn't see the potential for issues, either, but I kept an eye out for any troublesome boys nonetheless. He insisted on fries, despite my wanting salad, and I couldn't deny his cute pouting so I relented pretty easily to the demand. He was happy. And I felt... useful. **"Now, we're going to get a car to take us to the exhibition after this, are you excited? They're going to have so many pretty dresses!"**

**"Uh huh!"** I helped Mac clean up while she called a car. I held Mira to my chest the whole time. When we went out into the bus loop, where the car would find us, I sat where we'd sat once before. When I was crying over the stains on Mira's fur. But those were gone now. And I wasn't sad at all. I sat on the bench and kicked my feet. Today was such a lovely day...

There was so little that I could do right in the world, so little I could influence and have control over. I was little, after all, little in body and little at heart. But making Oaklee happy... helping to make up for the misery I'd caused him these past months by being so selfish? I could do that. I could do that so easily, and I had control over it and I could do it well. I felt proud of myself. **"The website said there will be vendors there, too, so if you are a very good girl, big sis will buy you things."**

**"Okay."** I put my head against Mac's shoulder while we waited for the car. There was so little I could complain about. So little I had against it. Even if I was in a sundress, which was so silly... even if my hair was in pigtails, which was so pointless... I felt cute and loved and important. When the car pulled up, I climbed in the back with Mac.

**"Make sure to keep your knees together, okay?"** Uber cars came in many varieties, and this one happened to be a black Hummer, which made the two of us seem even smaller. There was a privacy screen between us and the driver, so it wasn't like he'd be able to see up Oaklee's dress to his padded panties, but he could always stand to be more ladylike. **"Okay, sit sideways, I'm going to touch up your makeup so when I take photos of us at the gallery, you're as pretty as can be."**

**"Okay..."** She brushed one of the little brushes against my eyelashes. I blinked up at her. Everything was dizzy and happy. She was here and taking care of me. And it was... surreal. The strangest memory. Like when she'd fixed Mira. When she was magical. And the more I thought about it, the more I noticed. She never stopped being magical, I just didn't always see it so clearly. I hugged Mira to my chest. I could hardly breathe right, and it showed. I looked at her smile through foggy glasses. And before I thought better of it, I leaned up and kissed her lips.

Oh no. Oh no no no. No. Don't. No. I did my best to not panic, though I knew I had to act quickly, and I took a makeup wipe from my bag and wiped his lips as best I could, keeping a small smile and saving nothing of the kiss. Just had to clean him, clean his lips, then mouthwash... mouthwash... I kept a travel size in my purse in-case I ever kissed him out of stupidity or lust. With a shaky hand, I found the bottle of pink liquid and uncapped it. **"We... we need to make your breath all pretty. Swish this all in your mouth, then spit back into the bottle, okay?"** Mouthwash. Alcohol. Clean. He needed to be clean. I tried to so hard to smile. Tried so hard, and for now, succeeded, in the pursuit of not killing his little space.

**"...okay..."** I looked up at Mac with a little frown, a blush on my cheeks from the act. I hadn't meant to! I just... it just happened. I bit my lip and looked at the little cap of mouthwash. I swirled it around my mouth and spit it into a little bucket next to the seat. Minty...

My chest hurt. I blinked back tears at the idea that so close to him knowing better, and I might have made him sick. But I wiped his lips. And mouthwash. I'd planned for this, I'd planned it. But it didn't make my chest hurt any less. Just needed to hold it together, was all, just for now. Deep breath. **"Want to see how you look with all your make-up fixed? Oh, I need to do your gloss again."**

I didn't even think about it. I should have thought about it. But I just kissed her because it felt like the right thing to do. I'd kissed her the same way when she'd fixed Mira. But last time she didn't make me drink mouthwash. The car pulled up at the art gallery and I shuffled out of the back seat.

There was a distractedness to the way that Oaklee moved, like he'd forgotten that his padded panties made him waddle, like his mind was elsewhere. He walked behind me, hand in mind, looking pretty as ever. He was safe. I'd made him safe. Lining the gallery up to the entrance booth were dozens of lolita dresses, and suits, and parasols — everything you could imagine. Better still, there were model in outfits talking about the exhibits, and we weren't even inside yet!

**"Mac! Look at this one! Hey, Mac!"** I pulled her over to one of the dresses. **"That one's so cute! Oh, and this one! Oh and that one..."** We weren't even past the foyer. I couldn't help myself. Everything was so pretty. Totally not my style. But so pretty...

**"There's a vendor hall in the Third Wing, and if you're a good girl, we'll buy some pretty things before we go home, okay?"** He was as excited as I was, only he didn't have to restrain himself from being hyperactive because he had a child to take care of. I was still excited, no mistake! But I showed it with restrained smiles and little giggly squeaks when it got too much to hold in.

"...woooooowwwwww." I was beside myself. Some of the dresses were kind of old fashioned, but the modern sets were actually really cute. I was getting a little jealous, even. I wondered if I could just buy it... but then again, this was supposed to be art. And... and I don't think I had any money. Had I left my wallet at home?

We wound up in a wing dedicated to boy-lolita fashion; elegant pantsuits and skirts made with boys in mind, top-hats and monocles and pocket watches abound. It was a curious thing to see all laid out, because if more boy dressed this way, I might have dated more boys. **"See? Boys can be lolitas too! Well. You're a proper girl lolita, Azalea."** He looked at me funny and I smiled a little. **"Oak is a type of tree, right? So your girl name should be a flower. Azalea. Or Azzy."**

**"...Azalea?"** I looked up at her. Just. Beyond myself. Like. She was the answer to the universe. And quietly, I nodded. Azalea. **"Yeah. Yeah, okay!"** Mac had always promised to pick an M name for me if she ever would, but I guess that was a long time ago, before everything changed. Before the fire nation attacked. Now... well, Azalea felt right. Even if it wasn't a real name. Oaklee wasn't either.

Like all the best things in life, it was a spontaneous choice with no forethought or planning. Just. There it was. If Oaklee had to be stoic and strong and timeless, then Azalea got to exist purely to be beautiful and make others happy to be around. It was perfect. **"How about we go look at the vendors hall, Azzy? You've been a good girl, I think. But you can only have two outfits, okay? So you pick careful."**

Okay so there was no way they were going to sell all this stuff! The whole room was flooded with clothes. I started going through the racks with Mac, but I didn't even know what I was looking for. I never shopped for stuff like this before, everything was so cute...

**"They have changing rooms, so you should try on lots of stuff!"** I wanted to, too, but I also kind of liked that I was taking care of him. It made me feel in control of things, in his life and in mine. I didn't even mind that I probably wouldn't buy anything for me. My life might end tomorrow, I might find out the worst... but if I can keep making Oaklee happy... that's something, right?

**"This one?" "Nuh uh."** It was the coat store all over again. **"This one?" "Noooooooo."** Other people were in the room with us. Some watched me. Some didn't care. I finally found something I liked. A blue dress with bows. Sweet Lolita style, but more modern. No umbrellas or hats or anything.

**"Wanna try it on, Azzy?"** Giving somebody a new name was certainly one of the most unique things I'd ever done with my life, but in this case... it fit. It fit so well, and was easy to say, and he responded to it like it was a name he'd had all his life. At least, if my life ended tomorrow, I'd have done something good? **"Come on, we'll go to a dressing room."**

You'd think I'd be more afraid of running into people I knew. But you know who went to art museums for lolita clothes? Nobody. At least nobody we knew. Or so I thought. The blue dress didn't fit quite right, and it took a while to find a similar one in my size. We were just checking out when we ran into someone familiar. A small Japanese girl.

**"Mac! Mac, right?"** Here were a few things about Rilo. 1) She was small, Mac small, but it made sense because she was Japanese. 2) She loved attention. She went to two dozen conventions in a year, and cosplayed different outfits to all of them. 3) She liked girls. 4) She couldn't keep a secret to save her life. 5) She was not known for her subtle social graces. **"And who's th... oh damn, Oaklee? Oaklee Edwards? Holy cow!"**  
**"Um. Hey. Uhm..." "Rilo." "Rilo. Look um. Oaklee and I are kind of... this is just an us thing?"**

I shied behind Mac a little bit, holding onto her coat. Rilo was shorter than me. Gosh, she was probably a baby too, actually! Except she wasn't, at least not right now. I looked down at my feet and held Mira to my chest. Mac had just paid for the dress, and we were in the way of the line, so we started out into the cold September evening.

**"Hey, don't go."** Rilo followed us out into the cold and looked at me with the kind of eyes that Sayla used to look at me. Then she looked at Oaklee with a stupid grin of curious excitement. I rolled my eyes. **"You are ADORABLE, Oaklee. I didn't know you were Boy-Lolita. Jesus. And the hair and the makeup and the teddy, damn! Holy heck." "Rilo, we um... we have to go."**

**"...yeah?"** I looked down at Mira with a little smile and then back up at Rilo. She wasn't so bad. I mean, I only had one class with her in like 9th grade, but she was always pretty nice. And she had a crush on Mac, right? Maybe they could date. That could be good for Mac...

**"Really yeah! I wish I'd known you were into this, we have gatherings every month, you've heard of the Lonsdale Tea Party, right? Of course you have! And you have, right, Mac?" "Um... no, I don't think..." "We all get together once a month, about thirty of us, mostly girls but we have two Boy Lolitas and three boys who are Girl Lolitas, and we have a picnic and tea up on Lonsdale Hill."**

I looked at Mac with bright eyes. A tea party? On Lonsdale Hill? That sounded kinda fun! **"Mira would wanna go,"** I said quietly, tugging on Mac's sleeve some more. She pouted a little. I think she wasn't happy with the situation. I think that's because she was silly and didn't dress up!

**"Mira?" "That's her teddy." Her. Dammit. I shouldn't have said Her. "Her? Oh! You're Girl Lolita? That's SO cool! Who'd wanna be a boy with clothes like these available, right?"** I was feeling a bit overwhelmed by her energy. I could take care of Oaklee, but I liked our carefully controlled little world. I knew that I was stressing. **"What about you, Mac? You can come, too, and I know you have some of the cutest loli dresses I've ever seen. It's on Saturday!"**

"Can we go?" I asked Mac without thinking about Rilo and being right there. I asked like a kid asks her parent. I was still holding onto her jacket. **"Please?"** Rilo decided to chime in, using me to her advantage. **"Yeah, please, Mac? It'll be so much fun!"**

Saturday. The day after tomorrow. The day after my tests. Mmm... I looked at Oaklee, and at Rilo, and bit my lip. **"If you want. Okay. Sure."** Sure. Why not? Because my life was ending tomorrow, so who even cared? **"It's so cool that you two have this, we don't see a lot of Little Lolita in the wild like this, especially with your situation, Oaklee. I'm super duper proud of you!"** Was I... jealous? Of the attention she was giving Oaklee?

**"...situation?"** I blinked up at Rilo, up at Mac. I looked to her for answers. I felt like I was only the height of her waist, even if I had to look down to meet her eyes. My glasses were a touch foggy in the cold evening air. I didn't understand what Rilo meant about my situation...

**"Well, as a Girl Lolita who's a boy mostly, usually others like you are pretty shy about it, but you're out in public and everything. Is Mac like, your caretaker?" "I'm her best friend."** Her again, because why not, now, right? I took Oaklee's hand and squeezed it. **"And her name is Azalea right now."** **"Azalea? Oh, that is just PRECIOUS. You are ADORABLE. You are especially together! Are you two dating? Bindie told me you were single, Mac." "I don't date."** This was getting out of hand.

**"She does! She dates!"** I wanted Mac to be happy, too! I didn't want her to coop herself up inside and be sad and pouty all the time. I wanted her to be happy and have fun. She deserved to be happy and have fun. **"An' she isn't dating with me, so she's single."** Was I hooking her up? I wish I didn't feel so small when I was doing this...

**"Oh, so my intel was good, after all? That's good to know."** She stepped up to me, and it was odd to see someone eye to eye at my height I will say, and put her fingers on my chin. Oh man. Oh gosh. Nope. Stop. Not going to. My cheeks were pink. **"You being single is a crime, princess. You need someone who can make you happy. Monday, I'm gonna take you out for dinner, alright? Mexican. Lots of cheese and spices and awesome."** **"I..."** I don't like cheese. I don't like Mexican. And I don't want to date you? Or anybody? I don't date. Say it, Mac!

**"That's settled then!"** Rilo smiled and left us alone. I stayed by Mac with a bright smile on my cheeks, but her fingers were shaking in mine. The smile started to fade away. **"...you got a date... isn't that good...?"** I didn't know why she would be upset...

I don't date! I don't date strangers! I don't... I don't like cheese, and. And. Fuck. Don't ruin it for Azzy. Azzy needs some happiness before everything gets sad tomorrow. Don't make it sad, Mac. Don't make it sad. My hand was shaking, though, and I looked away, even though I tried not to. **"I don't think I can date her, Azzy. She makes it hard for me to know what to say."**

"I think that's like what it's supposed to feel like when you like somebody, though, isn't it? Like everything is totally different..." It was definitely different with Sayla. I'd had enough different, I guess. But Mac hadn't ever had any. **"You should go. Just tell her you don't like cheese, 'cause you cant go to a Mexican place!"**

**"Maybe. We'll talk about it tomorrow, okay?"** Every fiber of who I was wanted to scream at Oaklee about how irresponsible it was, and how I would make her sick, and how I didn't even like her, and I didn't know her. We were so close to a perfect day, though... perfect little time for Azzy. It seemed selfish to care about me right now...

We got back in the car and I curled up against Mac's shoulder. She played with my hair with her free hand and I held Mira to my chest. It was a soft day. Everything felt soft and happy. From the padded underwear to the fingers in my hair. Everything was soft. Everything was happy.

It was late by the time we got home - 10pm, almost. And when the car pulled up, Oaklee was dozing. I couldn't even dream of sleep. I was so worried, so scared for tomorrow, scared about this nonsense with Rilo. Why would some girl just ask me out?! Sure... she was pretty, but... but pretty wasn't everything! **"Wake up, Azzy, we're home."**

I was going to stay at Mac's Friday night, which meant I couldn't stay Thursday night, because my parents had a thing about staying the night somewhere two days in a row. It made me seem poor. Which I was. But I guess it made me seem it. So I had to come home. Mac went to bed early, or that's what she told me. Better time than any to catch up with Missy.

## 102:

**missymeow1213** » Hey hey =)

**Numbers-1377325** » hey

**Numbers-1377325** » sorry about today

**Numbers-1377325** » I know I was supposed to get on after school but Mac had this thing she wanted to go to

**missymeow1213** » Yeah? =) How'd that go?

**Numbers-1377325** » It was cool!

**Numbers-1377325** » It was like this lolita fashion museum?

**missymeow1213** » A lolita fashion museum? lol sounds cool!

**missymeow1213** » I bet Mac loved that, hey? :)

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah and this one girl from school asked her out

**missymeow1213** » Woah back up.

**missymeow1213** » Really? =O

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah just this one girl. I'm not sure if Mac's actually gonna do it though

**missymeow1213** » Tell me about her =)

**missymeow1213** » It seems weird to me

**missymeow1213** » Because she's pretty much gone full solo. She's scared to make people sick =\

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah but with her appointment tomorrow maybe that'll get better?

**Numbers-1377325** » I thought she'd be scared today

**Numbers-1377325** » but she's not.

**missymeow1213** » Huh. I didn't expect that.

**missymeow1213** » Tell me more about today =)

**missymeow1213** » Did she buy anything?

**Numbers-1377325** » nah she got me this cute blue dress but that's it

**Numbers-1377325** » She was really nice to me all day

**missymeow1213** » Well, she's Mac lol

**missymeow1213** » Nice is kind of her MO!

**missymeow1213** » Or do you mean 'nice' like she made you feel Little?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean like

**Numbers-1377325** » She didn't dress up in her outfits for the museum? isn't that weird?

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, a little bit.

**missymeow1213** » So she got you little, but didn't get little herself?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh huh

**Numbers-1377325** » which we talked about

**Numbers-1377325** » so I guess it shouldn't surprise me

**missymeow1213** » Hmm. So you said she's getting tested tomorrow? And today, she like... took you to a museum, made you feel little, and didn't get little herself?

**missymeow1213** » And got asked on a date?

**Numbers-1377325** » Yup!

**Numbers-1377325** » she hasn't told you this stuff?

**Numbers-1377325** » that's not like her

**missymeow1213** » She hasn't spoken to me in... three days? =\

**Numbers-1377325** » huh?

**Numbers-1377325** » really?

**Numbers-1377325** » why not?

**missymeow1213** » I'm not sure. I think this whole disease thing has gotten too real for her?

**Numbers-1377325** » she still talks to me

**missymeow1213** » I think there's stuff going on in her head, and she knows I'll make her face up to it, maybe.

**Numbers-1377325** » me too!

**Numbers-1377325** » I make her face up to stuff!

**missymeow1213** » I think she knows how to handle you, though =)

**missymeow1213** » She puts you into Little mode, clearly!

**Numbers-1377325** » ...

**Numbers-1377325** » you thinks he did it to keep me from pestering her?

**Numbers-1377325** » what a brat!

**missymeow1213** » Well, it worked, didn't it? =)

**Numbers-1377325** » ..crap

**Numbers-1377325** » I hope she's okay..

**missymeow1213** » Well, tell me how she was, today? Did anything weird happen? Anything seem off at all?

**Numbers-1377325** » no everything was great..

**missymeow1213** » Okay =)

**missymeow1213** » Tell me about the girl asking her out?

**Numbers-1377325** » we ran into this girl who likes lolita stuff at the museum and she asked Mac on a date to a mexican place on monday

**missymeow1213** » Mexican?

**missymeow1213** » Mac hates Mexican.

**Numbers-1377325** » I know that

**missymeow1213** » So you don't think Mac would have said like...

**missymeow1213** » "Cheese is just bad milk, what other food do we let go rotten and THEN decide to eat it?"

**Numbers-1377325** » ...I guess

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean she was probably caught off guard

**missymeow1213** » Well, she does leave the door open the idea that she might like girls as well as boys

**missymeow1213** » But I don't know, Oaklee

**missymeow1213** » This doesn't feel right =\

**Numbers-1377325** » want me to text her?

**Numbers-1377325** » I'll text her

**Oaklee** » Maaaaaacccc! Wake up Macccc!

**Mac** » hi

**Oaklee** » You okay?

**Mac** » uhhuh

**Mac** » r u??

**Oaklee** » Nope

**Oaklee** » Not at all

**Oaklee** » Because my BEST FRIEND IS LYING TO ME

**Mac** » what??

**Mac** » no im not!

**Oaklee** » You aaaaare!

**Oaklee** » What ever will I do?

**Oaklee** » To think

**Oaklee** » You'd lie about your feelings...

**Oaklee** » \*dramatic sighhh!\*

**Mac** » i am not!!

**Mac** » i would never do that

**Mac** » if i was sad I would cum 2 u!!

**Oaklee** » I bet you would ;)

**Mac** » oh grow up azzy!

**Oaklee** » Grow down, Macken and eggs!

**Mac** » ...okay that was a good 1

**Oaklee** » Gonna tell me the truth yet?

**Mac** » ok fine

**Mac** » the truth is

**Mac** » i dont like mexican food

**Oaklee** » You dont wanna date her?

**Oaklee** » I thought you would be cute together.

**Mac** » she makes me feel like i cant say no 2 her

**Mac** » && i dont mind that

**Mac** » its kind of like being little u no

**Mac** » but

**Mac** » we dont even know each other

**Oaklee** » Thats what dating is all about

**Mac** » no its not

**Mac** » dating is about

**Mac** » connection... && knowing everything you do could be made better if u did it w/  
that person

**Oaklee** » @\_@

**Oaklee** » dating is about being able to put your hand down someone's pants, Mac

**Oaklee** » do you want her hand down your pants?

**Mac** » i let u put ur hand down my pants oaklee

**Mac** » does that mean where dating??

**Oaklee** » o\_o

**Oaklee** » when?

**Mac** » i let u change me dummy

**Mac** » && id prolly let u give me a bath

**Mac** » &&& other stuff

**Oaklee** » I meant like sex

**Oaklee** » Not like that!

**Mac** » wht i have expeirned of sex wasnt all that fun oaklee

**Mac** » i dont think bottoms are meant for that!!

**Oaklee** » Yeah well

**Oaklee** » I guess I get the feeling

**Oaklee** » Say no if you dont wanna date her

**Oaklee** » She can probs handle it

**Mac** » i dont know if i dont

**Mac** » or if its just b/c i will make her sick

**Oaklee** » We are going to take care of all that in the morning

**Oaklee** » Please hold out until then

**Mac** » what does dating give me that spoiling azzy doesn't

**Oaklee** » ldk. orgasms. probably. XD

**Mac** » I've made it almost sixteen years without 1

**Mac** » how important can they be??

**Oaklee** » You don't masturbate or anything?

**Mac** » no

**Mac** » boys do that

**Mac** » not girls

**Oaklee** » Uh

**Oaklee** » Girls do it too

**Mac** » oaklee

**Mac** » ur being dumb

**Oaklee** » No seriously

**Oaklee** » Girls do it too.

**Oaklee** » Trust me I know

**Mac** » oh u know from how long u have been a girl huh??

**Mac** » u get a girls name at last && now ur the expert?

**Oaklee** » I have friends that are girls mac

**Mac** » girls dont masturbate....

**Oaklee** » You are so wrong

**Oaklee** » Google it

**Mac** » no thank u

**Mac** » my google only gives me suggestions on cute dresses && diapers

**Mac** » &&& teddy clothes

**Mac** » i will not ruin googles perception of me!!!

**Oaklee** » <https://uk.answers.yahoo.com/question/index?qid=20130723231508AANM8IF>

**Mac** » . . .

**Mac** » thats not what nice gils do

**Oaklee** » <https://answers.yahoo.com/question/index?qid=20110108221945AAnVaic>

**Mac** » how even....

Oaklee » <https://answers.yahoo.com/question/index?qid=20110818022500AAFigEQ>

Mac » . . . I AM NOT HUMPING NANA KO

Oaklee » <https://answers.yahoo.com/question/index?qid=20080926125824AAp3vep>

Mac » . . .

Mac » this is things someone i date should have 2 figure out . . .

Oaklee » Yeah well

Oaklee » When you have an orgasm you'll realize why dating is important

Oaklee » Because honestly dating is bullshit and totally useless without orgasms

Mac » have u had one....

Oaklee » -\_-

Oaklee » Yes

Mac » whats it like

Oaklee » Dunno with girls

Oaklee » It's kinda messy with guys

Oaklee » Nice though

Mac » did sayla like

Mac » is it ok 2 ask about her??

Oaklee » Uh...

Oaklee » Yeah...

Mac » she was a girl

Mac » did u make her... u know??

Oaklee » Oh. yeah..

Oaklee » But it's not the same exactly..

**Mac »** why not

**Oaklee »** Uh

**Oaklee »** Well because I don't know how it would be for female parts to have an orgasm with sayla?

**Mac »** oh

**Mac »** well

**Mac »** would u want 2 still be w/ a girl w/ a moo-moo?

**Oaklee »** ...I've never really wanted to be with a cow...

**Mac »** what

**Mac »** no!!

**Mac »** u no

**Mac »** a moomoo...

**Mac »** girl bits...

**Oaklee »** -\_-

**Oaklee »** You are so embarrassing.

**Mac »** what

**Mac »** why??

**Oaklee »** Why not just call it a vagina?

**Mac »** just answer the question!!

**Mac »** do u only like girls with teehee's now??

**Mac »** omd

**Oaklee »** That's not better

**Mac »** your being embarrassing!

**Mac** » just do u like girls w/ moomoos or teehees more??

**Oaklee** » I have

**Oaklee** » literally

**Oaklee** » No idea what you are saying

**Mac** » well do u like ur girls 2 have

**Mac** » an innie

**Mac** » or

**Mac** » an outie...

**Oaklee** » Why would that even remotely matter?

**Mac** » well u said it was different

**Mac** » && maybe if u liek girls like sayla more

**Mac** » then i wouldn't like a girl like me

**Oaklee** » ...maybe I'm in a coma

**Oaklee** » Maybe thats why this is making no sense

**Mac** » do u like vaginas or peepees more?!??

**Mac** » ok!!!!

**Mac** » u made me say it!!

**Oaklee** » Oh

**Oaklee** » Uh

**Oaklee** » It doesn't really matter?

**Oaklee** » I like girls.

**Oaklee** » Doesn't matter what parts she has.

**Mac** » but u said organism were different!!

**Oaklee** » Well they gotta be!

**Mac** » why??

**Oaklee** » because the thigns a penis does during orgasm cannot be done by a vagina!

**Oaklee** » I cannot believe I am having this discussion with you!

**Mac** » like what

**Mac** » u started it!!!

**Oaklee** » Have you seriously never taken an anatomy class?

**Mac** » no i skipped b/c ladies dont talk about that stuff

**Oaklee** » -\_-

**Oaklee** » You astound me..

**Oaklee** » Okay

**Oaklee** » Talk to Missy about it

**Oaklee** » Because she can basically tell you all the stuff I don't know

**Mac** » no way thats weird

**Oaklee** » I am telling her you've never had an orgasm

**Mac** » shes a cat

**Mac** » u will not tell her that !!!

**Oaklee** » I am

**Oaklee** » And you know how nosy she is

**Mac** » i have in fact had milions of them!!

**Mac** » thousands in fact!!

**Oaklee** » Take it up with her.

**Mac** » at least six hundred

**Mac » oaklee**

**Mac » dont u tell her!!**

**Numbers-1377325 » please teach Mac how vaginas work**

**Numbers-1377325 » she's never had an orgasm**

**missymeow1213 » You went to check if she was okay... how did... what...**

**Oaklee » Too late**

**Oaklee » Done**

**Mac » i am going back 2 bed!!!**

**Oaklee » Get online and talk to Missy about vaginas or you're wearing a pullup to the doctors office tomorrow!!**

**Mac » thats private things 2 be talking about!!!**

**Oaklee » Go**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » anything oaklee said is a lie**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » && he has a girl name now!!!!**

**missymeow1213 » I knew neither of those things =)**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » uh huh its azalea**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » but I call him azzy!**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » b/c u know oak is a big hard dumb tree**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » so he had to have a flower name**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » he loves it!**

**missymeow1213 » He would! =D**

**missymeow1213 » So you don't know how vaginas work?**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » of course i do**

**Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » i am jus being silly w/ oaklee.....**

missymeow1213 » You know a part of me doesn't believe you!

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » i know how 2 use my moo moo, missy

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » i have been having periods for many years now u know!!

missymeow1213 » So what's the first step to having an orgasm then?

missymeow1213 » I mean, the most obvious first step.

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » u need 2 hump a doll duh

Mac-N-Cheeeeeez » or ring ur cellphone on vibrate

missymeow1213 » =X

missymeow1213 » We have so much to discuss...

## 103:

It was the day of the doctor visit. Mac was actually at school, which was wonderful. I hadn't talked to her at all after last night's conversation, so I hoped Missy had taken care of it. I hadn't talked to Missy either. I guess with that level of loneliness, I just went to bed early. But when lunch came around, Mac was here. Today was the day...

**"I want you to know two things. One. I'm scared. Two. I don't want to talk about it."** We were first at our table, the table that until I'd met Oaklee had been his table, for him and his friends. They were our friends now, more or less. **"I have a date Monday. With Rilo."** Like he didn't already know, but I also wanted to talk about anything but today. **"I don't wanna go."**

**"Oh."** I mean, I didn't think she was really up for it. Obviously she still wasn't up for it. Hm... **"If you don't wanna go you should just tell her you don't wanna go. She's a big girl - she'll understand."** Big was relative. Understand was probably also relative. **"And we don't have to talk about it."**

**"Missy says I should go. Says it will be good for my budding bisexuality."**

**"Woah."** Bindie had sat down at the table with Josh at the tail end of that. **"Who's bisexuality are you budding, Mac?" "None of your business."** It was not like me to snap, but I guess I was under a lot of stress, and I crossed my arms, cheeks pink, and looked down at the table.

"Obviously we're just talking about you behind your back," I smiled, defusing the situation. I looked like a boy today. A well dressed boy, as always. But I wasn't in Mac's clothing. It was always very obvious who's place I stayed the night at by what I wore to school the next day.

"Oh, well, my man, that's not very nice." **"Life isn't very nice."** I felt gloomy and couldn't even eat my strawberry pudding, which was most depressing. I didn't want to go today. I could get a car to come pick me up, and run away, and no tests or making people sick. My parents wouldn't notice for months — the school's emergency contact for me was literally my maid.

I reached across the table and took Mac's hand. I guess the other people were sensing something was going on. Bindie turned to talk to Josh and I didn't say anything. I just tried to reassure Mac by playing with her fingers. Lunch period ended. Neither of us had eaten anything.

**"I don't feel like me right now. Like I'm the sky and I'm filled with those kinds of heavy clouds that aren't raining yet, but gosh you know a storm is coming."** We were sitting against the outside wall of the school, we both skipped the class after lunch because Oaklee was worried about me. He was probably smart to be...

**"Let's go to the doctor, alright? I know your appointment isn't for an hour, but maybe it'll help us fit in?"** My parents were going to kill me for skipping school... ugh. Maybe the attendance office wouldn't call because I went to most of my classes.

**"Do I have to?"** He nodded, and I handed him my phone. He knew how to use the Uber app for a long time now, and I bit my lip hard enough to bring a spot of blood before I realized I was doing it. **"Our Lady of Mercy, on Seventh."** Enter the address, book the urgency, click pay and it was done. I looked down at my fingers, frowning.

The car pulled up a while later and we crawled into the back of it. I played with her hand in my lap. We were going to be at least two hours early to this appointment. Ugh... I couldn't bare to see her like this. I couldn't even imagine what it would be like with her in the waiting room...

I didn't want this. I didn't want to go. I didn't like that it was real. I didn't like that I was going to have to face this. I didn't. I wanted to run. I wanted to run and run and run and never come back and join a leper colony for disease ridden teenage girls. I didn't need anything else, just me and Oaklee. Stupid sappy girl. I bit my lip harder and winced, putting my head on his shoulder and whimpering. **"Don't wanna go.."**

I put my thumb between her lips like she had done to me before. Like I had done with her before. It would stop her from biting her lip. She sucked on it. She knew not to bite, because I could bleed. Because that would be bad. So she sucked and started to calm down. **"Shh..."**

There was so much of me that should have been humiliated, and worried, and taken his thumb out of my mouth and yelled and screamed. But those same parts of my existence were currently exploding in waves and waves of stress and fire and fight or flight and all that was left was the scared little girl I was inside. I sucked on his thumb, and whimpered, shaking and trembling, but calming. Slowly soothed.

**"Can you drive around for a little bit?" "Yeah, sure."** It was on Mac's dime anyway, right? I let her curl up on my lap and start to settle down. The waiting room wouldn't be this easy. I'd just keep her safe until the absolute last minute. Even if it meant running up her credit card bill...

I felt sick, sick in the way I hadn't since that one moment when Sayla had made me sick. But unlike then... I felt calm. Uneasy, but calm. I wound up cuddled up to him, my head on his chest and my arms around him, his thumb between my lips. If this moment could just last forever, I think I'd be okay with it.. as long as I never wound up at that hospital, getting the tests, making everything so real.

Oh man she would be paying so much money. She'd fallen asleep, thank God. **"You can park if you wanna save on gas - we'll still pay the full amount."** This car didn't have a privacy screen, but the driver seemed very nice. I played with Mac's hair for a long while. I watched the clock. We'd only go at the last minute.

**"Huh?"** I'd fallen asleep? I sat up when Oaklee nudged me, and let his thumb fall from my lips. I was so confused. This is... where were we? Was this a dream? This was a dream. No hospital. But we got out of the car, and the wind flittered with my flirt like a wayward prankster, and I looked at the elegant, low-laying building set into the side of the hill. Our Lady of Mercy. I felt chills as the car drove away. **"I'm scared."**

**"That's why I'm here, baby girl."** It calmed her. Treating her like that. It did in the car, anyway. Maybe it could help in here. I kept my hand in hers and walked into the office. I'd called ahead. Told them that Mac was nervous, that we wanted to get in and out as soon as possible. The nurse called me back when they were ready. Quick as a bunny. In. Out... okay.

**"Mackan Edith-Lillen?"** The nurse was polite, dressed in a neat blouse with a scarf and a bright smile. **"Right this way. Are you her boyfriend?" "Uh huh he has to come with me."** It was stupid to say it, but I was afraid they wouldn't let him come in with me and I'd freak out if I was detached from him, from his hand and his arm and his strength. **"I see. Right this way, then."** Smiling and polite.

Well. I wasn't her boyfriend. And I wasn't getting tested. Would she think I was getting tested? I wasn't. I couldn't afford it anyway - I didn't have health insurance. We followed the woman through into the next room. No waiting room. And then we sat on the bench together while the woman took her blood pressure.

"We're going to do blood tests, saliva tests and a smear test. We'll also have to take a biopsy for all the rests you requested. It shouldn't be too uncomfortable, and we'll be as quick as possible." The nurse stepped out and I looked at Oaklee, tears welling up in my eyes. The tears that had been seven months in the making. **"I don't wanna be sick..."**

**"We're gonna make you better either way. Either you're not sick. Or you'll get better. One of the two. I promise."** Gosh this was heartbreaking. I just wanted her to be happy. I played with her hair and put my forehead against hers. **"Shh... it's okay... just let the nurse do what she does, okay?"**

**"Uh huh... uh huh... but I do wanna run away... run fast and fast and fast and never turn around and... and run away from this fear and scaredness."** I didn't run, though. I didn't go anywhere. I kept myself attached to the boy, and I cried, and I sobbed and I shook, and I was hysterical by the time the nurse got back, but Oaklee had calmed me so much.

The blood was easy. Some of the other stuff was weirder. Open your mouth. Which she refused to do when she was crying so hard. And when the moments when she had to undress. I didn't look. I played with her hair and she laid down on the table. Ugh... I couldn't even imagine this. Sayla could have done this to me...

They put things inside of me. Inside my skin and my blood and my mouth and between my legs. By the time they were done, I felt every bit as violated as I did when Sayla did what she did to me in the first place. I was sobbing, cuddled up to Oaklee's chest, squeezing his hand, a complete disgrace and mess of a girl. I couldn't do this. I couldn't. But every time they invaded my body in some other way, when I'd wail, Oaklee would calm me with soft words and hair-playing.

If the staff didn't know Mac was sexually assaulted, they sure as fuck knew now. It was still so long ago. And it had this kind of hold over the girl? Of course Sayla's efforts on me were not lost in my head. They controlled me in ways I hated. But never this badly. Never like this. **"They're done, Mac. Come on, let's get you some clothes and we can go and get ice cream."** I didn't know how long the results would take...

One week. The nurse had said so much to me before we'd been allowed to go, before Oaklee bundled me into the back of the waiting car, and I took his thumb again. All that ran through my head, though, all that I could focus on was one week. One week. Seven days. It was an eternity. It was impossible. And I cried. I cried until we pulled up outside the parlor, and I rubbed my eyes, and Oaklee smiled down at me. **"Ice cream...?"**

**"Ice cream."** I didn't know what to do. I thought it was going to be a couple days. Not a whole week. She was going to fall apart in a week. I could barely hold her together for a couple hours. What was I going to do? She was so quiet. So unlike herself. I tried to communicate, to understand, to make it better, but it wasn't. I felt so useless...

So I ordered the Big Banana. Maybe I was feeling masochistic, more likely I was feeling like it didn't matter. Two bananas. Eight scoops of ice-cream. Fudge and nuts and cream overflowing. It was meant for two or more, but it was mine. Mine as I sat at the table as the waitress brought it over, and Oaklee just stared. I was going to eat the whole damn thing...

**"You're going to be sick..." "Already sick." "You don't know that. And that's not what I meant."** But she kept eating anyway. Because what I said didn't matter. She just needed to drown out all of her feelings with ice cream, and I guess I understood that. I got mint chocolate chip.

Sensibly, I would have taken it slowly. Paced myself. Not felt sick afterward. But at the same time, I didn't mind replacing my angst with bloated ice-cream tummy and grossness. So I finished it. And I finished it quickly. And I groaned. **"Feel so siiiiiick..."** I could never forget how truly sick I was. It was just easier to feel like throwing up now.

She almost sounded like herself. I sighed and smiled across the table, finishing my own ice cream. Two scoops, because I wasn't crazy. She looked like she was going to throw up. **"Come on, let's get home. I'll stay the night tonight, how's that?"** It was Friday. We could stay up as late as we wanted.

**"Uh huh."** Oh I was going to hurl. I was. And when I did, I'd be filled with worry again, and it would all begin. If I could just hold onto this, hold onto this feeling of grossness... I could be happy. One week wasn't even so long to do that, was it? I could just gorge on ice-cream! Unfortunately... on the walk home, I threw up in the bushes.

**"You're such an idiot, you know. I can distract you if that's what you're looking for. We're gonna get you home and dress you really nice, alright?"** It was what I wanted to do yesterday. But she'd taken initiative. I still didn't understand that. Maybe she was trying to repay me for Wednesday. **"You'll look so cute and you won't have to worry about a thing."**

The problem with being little was that there was nothing to protect me from myself, I'd be making myself vulnerable, weak... and I shook my head and bit my lip. No, I'd make him pretty, and I'd make him cute and girly and happy, and I could focus on that. **"You're gonna be little when we get home, Azzy."**

I blinked, looking at Mac as she walked ahead. What was with her? Was she just being a brat? Was she trying to take all this on herself? The walk was long, and she wouldn't talk. I didn't even try. I needed to figure out what to do. Agree with her? Let her have her way? I'd let her have her way for months, and she hadn't done the right thing. No. When we got inside, I'd treat her how she needed to be treated.

I'd turned around once we were inside to tell Oaklee how it was going to be, to tell her him that he needed to get his butt upstairs, but it didn't go quite as I planned. **"Okay,**

**Azzy, you need a bath and I'm gonna give yo-**" He pushed his thumb between my lips and his hand on my cheek and I felt myself blush. Never had he been so bold - he was usually so passive - and it took me a few moments before I'd look him in the eye, and a few more before I frowned.

**"Shh."** One word. Not even a word. Simple. She bit my thumb, though, and I pulled it out. **"Jesus... that hurt!"** I shook my hand, rubbing where the teethmarks had pressed down. What a rude thing to do! Was she really going to be such a brat about this?

**"Azzy, you..."** My cheeks were pink, but my voice was in a register I didn't usually use; it was definitely closer to my contented little voice. **"It is time for you to have a bath and... and I'm gonna draw it for you, with pretty bubbles, and I'll do your hair with pretty shampoo and you're gonna be a happy little girl, got it? Good..."**

**"No."** One word. Simple. Strong. She was very good at getting me into little space. She really was. But she didn't want to. She wasn't going to win this argument, because she didn't want to win it. She just needed to stop reacting so much. I stepped up to her and put my hand on her cheek. **"Be quiet. Be good."**

My breath caught a little bit and the steam from the heat in my cheeks made my eyes glossy, and I whimpered a little bit. It was important I be in charge, and important that he let me do this. Little Mac was vulnerable. She couldn't stand up to these feelings of dread. **"...you be quiet. You be good..."** I wanted it to sound a lot more menacing and authoritative than it did.

...she really was a trooper. I put my thumb back in her mouth, but she didn't bite it. She sucked on it. Like the Mac I knew. The little girl. I smiled happily. She was so cute. **"We are going to take you upstairs and change you. And you're going down for a much-needed nap."**

**"Nuh..."** It was a weak response, though, and I found myself being marched upstairs. Up two sets, to my bedroom, and my cheeks were pink in the same shade as the dress Cheez was wearing. I couldn't do this, though, I couldn't let myself be this vulnerable. I'd drown. I just... just couldn't make the words. **"Azzy... Azzy you need be a good girl..."**

**"Shh."** The sound was simple and harsh and concise. She was quiet again until I had her sitting on her bed. I was rummaging through her clothes. I had gotten her a pullup from the closet and I was just getting out the pink nightgown she liked to wear in her little space. She was going to be so cute.

I couldn't talk. I needed to warn him, needed to... but he told me shh, so I shhed. And when he got back to the bed, when I couldn't talk, when he put the pull-up down... I pulled him on top of me, laid back, and then rolled over so I could pin him down by the wrists. He needed to be little. He needed to distract me. I couldn't be, I couldn't let myself become so vulnerable.

I blinked, looking up at the girl, her slim body pinning me to the bed. How had she even done that? How had she been so precise in her actions? Used my weight to turn us over. Why did the way she held me feel so tight? My chest was aching... **"...Mac. Be good. I mean it."**

**"What is your name."** He needed to be good. He needed to admit that he was Azzy, he needed to put me in charge and admit that he was a little girl and then that way I could focus on this and not on him making me vulnerable and small. It was survival of the biggest, and I was the biggest one, he was little. He was a baby girl. Right now he was my baby girl. **"Answer me!"**

**"..Oaklee. Mac. Get. Off."** I tried to roll her off me, but she pushed on my wrists. It made my fingers go numb and my head felt stars. When I settled down, she'd let go. No way she just knew how to do that. Had she been taking classes or something? **"Mac!"**

**"Your name is Azalea, and you are a baby girl, you are my tiny little baby sister, and Mom left me in charge of you when she went away for business. And you are pretty, and dress pretty, and act pretty, and wear your diapers like a good baby girl."** I think we were both surprised by that, but it distracted me and I couldn't fault myself.

My chest felt dizzy and my glasses fogged up a little. I bit my lip and opened my mouth to talk. But I hesitated. What was I saying. Something about... oh right... **"I'm not... you. You are. M-Mac, you need to... settle down... this is exactly why you need a nap!"**

**"You need a nap? I agree. Uh huh. You do. But first you need a bath, and then to be dressed proper pretty, and give a baba, and then you can nap. Understand? I wasn't like Sayla. Was I? No. No I wasn't. Sayla was Sayla, and I was Mac, and I loved Oaklee and she didn't and... what? What? "Now tell me your name!"**

...her words turned the room around. I'd always been terrible at fighting off these feelings. Even things like going into build a bear changed my headspace. And when Mac got like this? It was so hard... **"..O-Oaklee..."** Why didn't she understand?! She needed to be taken care of!

**"Azalea! Your name is Azalea and you are a baby girl."** I was trying so hard to keep myself balanced and centered and focused on something. Focused on this. Make him little. **"Mira misses you, Azzy. Don't you want to be a good girl, and have a bath, and get pretty and cuddle with her while I give you a baba?"**

I was lost. I was so lost. I knew I couldn't let her win this. It was for her own good! But my head nodded all the same. My head nodded and my cheeks were pink and I was

falling into this stupid little space. I knew I couldn't help it... I knew I couldn't do this, but I couldn't help it either...

Good. Good! I reached past Oaklee, stretched over him, tugged open my dresser and fetched his pacifier. Still his, the matched one to mine, and I pushed it between his lips. **"Come with me now, Azzy, and don't make a fuss while I draw you a bath with pretty smells and lots of bubbles, okay?"**

She helped me off the bed and led me by the hand. I sucked on the pacifier, my glasses fogging at the bottom and my cheeks pink with color. I felt so lightheaded. I knew this was wrong. But it was so nice. She ran the tub and I sat on the toilet, crossing my ankles. I wasn't supposed to be acting like this...

To my promise, the water overflowed with bubbles, and there were scents of vanilla and cardamom and cherry and nutmeg and it was the most lovely thing. Unlike the last time I'd been in the position to give him a bath, this time I stood him up and I undressed him, even taking off his underwear. I didn't care that he was naked. He was my little sister. **"Into the bath now, Azzy."**

**"...dun do that..."** I tried to keep my underwear up but she slapped my hands away. And when I was completely naked, she helped me into the tub. The bubbles were so warm on me, and I sunk into them. I kept the pacifier, sucking at it quietly. I was so lost...

The distraction was heaven-sent. I could focus on making him happy, and that left no time to focus on my being sad. I kneeled next to the tub, and I reached in with my sleeves down and getting wet, and grabbed the soft loofah to begin cleaning him with. I'd do this, and I'd do his hair, and I'd make him so darn pretty...

I was playing with the little speedboat when Mac told me I needed to get out of the tub. She wrapped me in a huge towel. My glasses were wet from the splashing and the pacifier was still in my mouth. There were no words for how small I felt, even when Mac dried me off. She helped me back into her room and laid me down on the bed. Ugh. I needed to feel big again. I had to. Right? Why did I have to...?

I didn't give him the choice — I pulled one of my pull-ups up his legs. But then I did another, and on top of them, I pulled up the padded panties I'd made him wear to the exhibition. It gave him lots of bulk between his legs, and that would keep him feeling small. Keep him in a state to distract me. And okay, fine, I was curious about his... thingy. But right now he was a baby and having sex was wrong and dangerous. The same nightgown he chose for me was going to be what I dressed him in.

She pulled me to my feet, the nightgown flowing off my hips, off the padding of the training pants, of the pullups. I was so dizzy I almost fell down. Or maybe because it was how thick the padding was. I couldn't even focus. My breathing was so heavy. Everything was so foggy... I sucked the pacifier so calmly.

It made me happy to see just how much he needed me. Just how tiny he was. Tiny and girlie and mine. **"I'm gonna get you a baba, and Mira, and then we can watch some cartoons while I feed it to you, okay Azzy? You wait here."** I sat him down in the beanbag chair on his soft padded bottom and smiled warmly.

It was too perfect. I was curled up in her lap while she fed me. She'd only ever fed me the one time. I loved it. I loved every second of it. I loved how cute I felt. I loved how cute I looked. And it was hours and hours and hours before I even had the idea that I needed to be grown up again. And then, I just dismissed it.

We didn't stay up late, not like Oaklee had planned. It was only ten thirty when we laid down together in my bed, and I guided his head to my chest to remind him that he was small, and I read a book to him. A book about a princess who didn't know she was a princess until she wore the right clothes one day. And I felt... content. Calm. In control. I so seldom felt in control, and it felt nice to finally know be reminded of it.

**"Where are you going?" "...huh?" "Azzy?"** I rubbed my eyes, sitting on the edge of the bed. The sky was dark outside the windows. I didn't know what time it was. I wasn't sure where my glasses were, or my phone. **"...um... just gonna run to the bathroom... I'll just be a second..."** How long had we been asleep?

**"Come back to bed."** He looked at me like my words didn't make any sense at all, and I sat up halfway and spoke very sternly. **"You're never going to learn to be a bedwetter unless you be a good girl and do what you're told. Now come back to bed, or you'll be in the biggest trouble."** I didn't know what I was even babbling about. I was asleep. Half asleep. Dreaming about how he wet the bed like me, and how we were the same. The line between that and reality was hard to grasp.

**"...okay..."** I came back to the bed, curling up next to Mac. I didn't get it, honestly. I didn't know what she expected of me. That I'd just fall asleep again and wake up wet? But from the bottle earlier, I really had to go. And I honestly couldn't get back to sleep at all...

His head was on my chest, and my fingers played with his back, and his shoulders and his hair, and I began to sing the French lullaby. I hadn't sung it in a long time, in months and months, but for the first time tonight I felt calm. Serene. He was so stiff at first, tense, but by the time I got to the third verse, he was so much more relaxed.

I kept drifting in and out of sleep. At first it was nice. Like a dream. Then it was just uncomfortable. And finally I couldn't get back to sleep at all. I was wiggling and shaking, biting my lip. **"Mac... I really need to use the bathroom... I swear, I'll be right back, I swear..."**

**"Use your pull-up. If you worry about it all night, you won't get any sleep. Just go. Then we'll be the same, okay?"** He'd drifted from comfort to discomfort, and I'd drifted

between awake and asleep. Stuck in that dream. We were sisters. We were twins. I liked that we were. We were the same, and I didn't feel shy about anything. I wanted him not to as well.

I whimpered and shook my head. I wanted to. I wanted to like I told Nala. But it just didn't work. I'd been trained out of doing this. I couldn't focus on it. My stomach was killing me. I didn't feel little anymore. I just felt stupid. I just wanted to use the bathroom... so I got up out of bed.

He got out of bed, but before he could take any steps anywhere, I had him back in the bed, pinned beneath me. Pinned in place, even though I was half asleep. I was in a pullup, too, and I was wet I was pretty sure, but none of that factored in. My half-awake brain only knew one thing and that was that Azzy wanted this. **"Relax, Azzy, think about last time and how warm it was, warm is nice..."** What?

...my cheeks went scarlet. I swallowed and looked up at the girl. She kept my hands above my head, leaning in to whisper to me. I felt dizzy all over. But the pangs in my stomach brought me back to reality. I'd only wet myself twice. Once in front of someone, in front of Missy and Mac. How had I done it then? I really didn't remember...

**"Just relax, you're too worried, too worried Azzy. You gotta not worried, be the same as your big sis, just get warm okay? Relax. Relax. Relax and..."** I leaned in closer to him, putting my weight accidentally on his tummy. I didn't mean to. I was just a little clumsy in my half asleep state. **"Soon as you wets, you can go back to cuddling me, go back to sleep like a good girl."**

I whimpered when she leaned on me, trying to catch my breath. But I could see stars in my eyes. She was so close to me, and I couldn't breathe right, and I really had to go... **"C-can I s-stand up...?"** I think that was the issue. Last time I was standing up...

**"Will you be standing up when you sleep? You have to learn this to learn to bed wet like me."** It might be the last time I said that, though, because I was starting to wake up and my words were starting to make much less sense to me than was comfortable.. What was I saying? Hmm. Something. He was... he wanted to wet his pullup. Or was that the dream?

**"....okay...."** She waited. She laid on me and waited. And nothing was happening. And I hated that nothing was happening. I didn't understand why it didn't just *happen* because I wanted it to and she wanted it to and it seemed like such a good idea... ugh...

I laid next to him after a while, and I played with his hair, and I rubbed his tummy. I didn't say anything else, because I as starting to see the difference between the dream and reality, and I knew if I spoke, I'd tell him to go to the bathroom. He didn't want to. He wanted to do this. So I laid, and I rubbed, and it was calm. And when I talked... when I

finally did, I whispered into his ear softly. **"You want to be more like me... and think about the future, wearing diapers to bed together, waking up wet together..."**

"...uh huh..." I wanted to tell her I was trying. But her words were heavy like syrup. And I had to pee so bad. And I just really didn't have any energy left to argue. Then there was her fingers. Everything calming me. I was trying to be calm, too, but it didn't work half as well as the way she did it.

**"Relax... just relax, and breathe slowly, slowly slowly... you're in your own way..."** Why was I doing this? He wanted this. Dream Oaklee? No. No, real Azzy. Azalea wanted this.

It wasn't easy. And it wasn't relaxation that did it. It was pressure and discomfort and pushing. And I didn't lose control as much as I made control. And that worked for a bit. The pullup soaked through, between my legs, down under my butt. I thought I'd leak, but I didn't. I thought I'd get her bed wet. But it wouldn't be the first time. And I thought I'd be fine with it all, but my cheeks were the color of apples and I couldn't breathe right...

It wasn't hard to tell that he was struggling, troubled with the process, scared of the consequences, unable to relax, unable to let go. And even though he wet, his cheeks were red, and his breathing rough, and I did for him what he did for me... I put my hand on his cheek, and my thumb between his lips, and I whispered quietly into his ear. **"Such a good girl, Azzy. I'm so proud of you..."**

I sucked on Mac's thumb and started to calm down. I felt lightheaded and everything was the wrong color. But her thumb was helping. I sucked on it. Focusing on her eyes instead of the wetness in the pullup. I'd leak, I assured myself. It would get on Mac's bed. I shouldn't have.... but she was being so nice...

I knew what he was worried about. Of course I did. I remembered when I'd started wetting again, and how nervous I'd been, and how these diapers couldn't work at all. But they did. And he was wearing two, and the absorbent padded panties. He sucked my thumb, and I looked into my eyes and smiled warmly, eyes full of pride. I don't know. Maybe I liked that we were the same...

**She helped me back into bed. I was warm all over. Not just in my chest, but in my pullup. I was dizzy with the heat. I thought I'd sweat. I thought I'd ask for water or cry for the air conditioning. I thought the blanket would hurt too much, but it didn't. I was so warm. And I was on Mac's chest. And I was so calm. And my cheeks were so red and my breathing was so uneven.**

**"You can wet every night from now on, just like me, just on the nights that you're here... and we can be the same, okay? Sisters."** Only a year ago, I'd never have been so flippant. So open. But it was more than that. I felt some kind of paradoxical

pride in the fact that I wet the bed. Like it made me a better Little. Maybe it did... maybe thats why I wanted him to...

"...yeah?" "Yeah." I laid there a while. My head on her chest. So warm. I swallowed. I knew what I wanted to do. But I knew I shouldn't. I wasn't naive enough. I wasn't little-space-y enough to do it without asking. And she'd say no. I shouldn't anyway. But it didn't hurt to tell her... "I wanna kiss you, Mac..."

I knew a lot of things in that moment. I knew I was sick. I knew I shouldn't. I knew Missy had told me that it was impossible for me to make anybody sick from kissing. I didn't know how to tell him the right thing... so I told him what I wanted. What I knew I'd wanted for a long time. Before I'd gotten sick. I bit my lip, and then with that same lip, I kissed him. I knew every bit of logic not to, that I'd hate myself in the morning. But for a brief moment I didn't want to feel hate. I wanted love.

We'd kissed before. Three times? All because of the same situation. A moment where she had taken care of me, made me special, and I couldn't help it. But this time I did help it. I asked. And she let me. And it was nice and magic. And I put my head back on her chest after only a couple kisses, and I found myself falling asleep again.

I shouldn't have been okay with it. Shouldn't have let it happen. For that moment, I put my own need for closeness over keeping him safe, and I deserved to feel horrible. But I didn't. I felt... serene. And I fell asleep, too. In the morning, I'd trust in Missy's words, or I'd hate myself. It was hard to tell which. But the morning was so far away it might as well be another world. Future Mac could deal with the decisions I made.

## 104:

Numbers-1377325 » uh can I talk to you?

missymeow1213 » Hey! =)

missymeow1213 » Sure lol

missymeow1213 » whatsup?

Numbers-1377325 » well

Numbers-1377325 » since I took Mac to the hospital the other day she's been so..

Numbers-1377325 » I dunno

Numbers-1377325 » she's been babying me a lot @\_@

**missymeow1213** » That's weird.

**missymeow1213** » You'd think it would be the opposite.

**Numbers-1377325** » right?

**Numbers-1377325** » So I'm not crazy

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know what's up with her

**Numbers-1377325** » Should I just let her?

**missymeow1213** » Does it seem to be making her happy?

**Numbers-1377325** » I think so?

**missymeow1213** » Weird though. How has she been otherwise?

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno. She gets quieter at school, but like.. she always has me come over after school

**Numbers-1377325** » like it's not a sometimes thing anymore

**missymeow1213** » So you go over every day and she makes you little?

**missymeow1213** » That's a little worriesome.

**Numbers-1377325** » really?

**Numbers-1377325** » uh

**Numbers-1377325** » what do I do?

**Numbers-1377325** » I've tried making her little!

**Numbers-1377325** » She just... like...

**Numbers-1377325** » doesn't let me. Like I think she's been taking karate or something

**missymeow1213** » Yeah, she's been doing a defense class for six months.

**Numbers-1377325** » great -\_-

**missymeow1213** » So this all started after the hospital tests? When are they back, btw?

**Numbers-1377325** » ugh like 5 days from now? I guess she has an autoimmune something that makes it take a couple more days

**missymeow1213** » That's a long time =\

**missymeow1213** » I think if this has become an always thing, you need to assert a little bit, Oaklee. For her sake.

**Numbers-1377325** » I TRY

**Numbers-1377325** » TRUST ME

**missymeow1213** » She is five foot four and a hundred pounds of meek little princess!!

**Numbers-1377325** » she beats me up!

**missymeow1213** » I would like to see that.

**Numbers-1377325** » hey this is serious ya know!

**missymeow1213** » Sorry =\

**missymeow1213** » I'm just worried about her.

**Numbers-1377325** » I know

**Numbers-1377325** » I just.. am trying really hard..

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't know what to do..

**missymeow1213** » You have things that just seem to 'work' really well, at making you feel little, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah

**Numbers-1377325** » I know Mac's too

**Numbers-1377325** » and I've tried them..

**Numbers-1377325** » she's just so... pushy...

**missymeow1213** » I was wondering if maybe she's afraid of being little right now?

**missymeow1213** » Like... thinking logically, being little is pure, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » I dunno I don't think it's that

**Numbers-1377325** » I think she's just ..

**Numbers-1377325** » too weak

**missymeow1213** » You think she's afraid her little self can't handle this?

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe

**Numbers-1377325** » I just think she feels safer as an adult until her tests come back

**missymeow1213** » And how about you?

**missymeow1213** » Is being babied so often causing you any problems?

**Numbers-1377325** » ..well..

**Numbers-1377325** » no..

**Numbers-1377325** » No l'ts just..

**Numbers-1377325** » kinda embarrassing

**missymeow1213** » I literally told you I ate catfood for a week because I forgot my anniversary.

**missymeow1213** » Like you can be shy about anything? Tell me.

**Numbers-1377325** » uh.

**Numbers-1377325** » she just keeps me little like the whole time I'm there..

**Numbers-1377325** » and she's stopped letting me use the bathroom...

**missymeow1213** » Huh.

**missymeow1213** » Don't you hate her pull-ups?

**Numbers-1377325** » God yes @\_@

**missymeow1213** » So she makes you use them?

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess -\_-

**missymeow1213** » And you're cool with that?

**missymeow1213** » And it makes her happy?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk!

**Numbers-1377325** » I don't like her stupid pullups

**Numbers-1377325** » they make me feel ugly

**Numbers-1377325** » and I dont really like doing that in front of her...

**missymeow1213** » Well, unless you can think of a way to get her to be little, it might be your norm for a while.

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah..

**missymeow1213** » But it's helping her right? And it's just for a week.

**missymeow1213** » Even though I still think being little would help her more! I understand her hesitance. =(

**missymeow1213** » Maybe just go with it for now.

**Numbers-1377325** » okay

**Numbers-1377325** » and I really do enjoy myself!

**Numbers-1377325** » I just feel kind of selfish >//<

**Numbers-1377325** » and I think she needs this a bit..

**missymeow1213** » Work on it. Keep me posted!

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah okay thanks Missy

**missymeow1213** » What are friends for. =D

///

**crinkabell** » Hey! :)

**crinkabell** » Sorry I was away the past few days, I was doing am photo shoot in California! :D

**crinkabell** » How are you?

**Quietplaces** » fine.

**Quietplaces** » Missed you!

**crinkabell** » I missed you, too! :)

**crinkabell** » What have you been up to?

**Quietplaces** » spending lots of time with Mac

**Quietplaces** » what about you?

**crinkabell** » Well I did a photo shoot for a new website opening up.

**crinkabell** » Made lots of money :)

**Quietplaces** » more baby pictures?

**Quietplaces** » I don't know how you do that... I'm so shy about it

**crinkabell** » Well I like to do it anyway.

**crinkabell** » So I don't mind getting paid for it? :)

**Quietplaces** » you are so strange

**Quietplaces** » but I have a question

**crinkabell** » Sure :)

**Quietplaces** » do you ever get little feeling when you don't want to?

**crinkabell** » Yeah :) It happens, why?

**Quietplaces** » because I need to learn how

**Quietplaces** » not to let it happen to me

**Quietplaces** » because it's a bit of an issue atm

**crinkabell** » When you're around family or at school?

**Quietplaces** » No just certain moments with Mac

**crinkabell** » You might need to fill me in on the full story? :)

**Quietplaces** » so Mac is having like a little crisis right now and I thought she'd want to be taken care of

**Quietplaces** » but she keeps babying me which I love!

**Quietplaces** » but like I should be taking care of her and she isn't letting me

**Quietplaces** » and whenever I try to make a stand, she like. denies me

**crinkabell** » Maybe she just wants to not be little now?

**crinkabell** » For girls, especially, we're pretty protective over our Little-selves.

**crinkabell** » If she's going through a crisis, she might not want to risk hurting her Little-self? :)

**Quietplaces** » is that healthy though?

**Quietplaces** » like shouldn't I be helping her..?

**crinkabell** » Well, the paradox is that Little-selves can be a great sanctuary, but it's a chick and egg proposition.

**Quietplaces** » I dont get it..

**crinkabell** » Okay, so what if it were raining, alright? And you have this wicked awesome pretty coat, and you don't want to get it damaged by the water.

**crinkabell** » But actually, it's waterproof?

**crinkabell** » Or like if you get a waterproof phone, but you're still afraid to get it wet because you think you don't want to risk it.

**crinkabell** » If she's never used her Little self as escape, she might be very afraid to.

**Quietplaces** » so I should just push her into it..

**Quietplaces** » show her it's waterproof..

**crinkabell** » Treat her like you'd treat a child who's too scared to do something that you know is for the best for them :)

**Quietplaces** » I try!

**Quietplaces** » but she like..

**Quietplaces** » ..is really good at getting her way now.

**crinkabell** » What do you mean? :) Good at making you little?

**Quietplaces** » Yes..

**Quietplaces** » I thought I was good too but like

**Quietplaces** » I never stand a chance against her...

**crinkabell** » Well, give me some examples?

**Quietplaces** » idk like what?

**crinkabell** » Well, how does she make you little?

**crinkabell** » What does she usually make you do?

**crinkabell** » Paint me a picture here :)

**Quietplaces** » this is so weird to talk about!

**Quietplaces** » uh

**Quietplaces** » She's just got words like liquid and she plays with my cheeks and she dresses me up

**Quietplaces** » I try to argue but like..

**Quietplaces** » after a while I just feel like I can't anymore

**crinkabell** » She sounds like she's pretty good.

**crinkabell** » Littles always make the best Bigs, its a universal truth.

**Quietplaces** » yeah well she should cut it out \*pout\*

**crinkabell** » It works both ways, though. All she's been doing then is teaching you what works best to make HER little, when you think about it.

**crinkabell** » It's like she's a magician, and you're getting a chance to see all her tricks?

**Quietplaces** » ..right, I guess..

**Quietplaces** » I guess that makes sense

**Quietplaces** » but how do I stop myself falling into her words?

**crinkabell** » You need to want to make her little more than you want to be little. Once you want that, you'll be able to redirect the feelings she makes you feel, and focus on making HER feel that way.

**Quietplaces** » I've been trying...

**crinkabell** » Right now, if you're failing, it's because you still want to feel little. And come on, you're like sixteen! You have a cute girl wanting to little you, of COURSE you wanna be littled!

**Quietplaces** » ...of course I do but she's more important right now

**Quietplaces** » there's not like a technique or soemthing?

**crinkabell** » Well, you can indulge your little self elseways, separate from Mac.

**crinkabell** » I think you've allowed your Little self to be spoiled and indulged now? :)

**Quietplaces** » huh?

**crinkabell** » Well, you've given your little self lots of attention now, and so it's harder to fight her back. You're not only fighting Mac now, you're fighting yourself.

**Quietplaces** » Okay that makes sense.

**crinkabell** » I bet you can handle Mac, but handling yourself is a whole nother story.

**Quietplaces** » So what do I do?

**crinkabell** » You need to ween her off. Your Little self, I mean. Azzy, right? That's what you said?

**Quietplaces** » yeah..

**crinkabell** » Do you mind if I refer to her that way? :)

**Quietplaces** » That's fine.

**crinkabell** » So you need to ween Azzy down some. Like, visit Mac, but go with plans. Make her go places, places that limit how little you can get.

**Quietplaces** » ugh I tried that too!

**Quietplaces** » she doesn't care anymore >//<

**crinkabell** » She really has you under control, doesn't she?

**Quietplaces** » oh shut it.

**Quietplaces** » She's just..

**Quietplaces** » ..very maternal right now..

**crinkabell** » I'm sure she's not that way with you at school, though, right?

**Quietplaces** » yeah I guess you're right

**Quietplaces** » huh

**Quietplaces** » I never noticed that..

**crinkabell** » So you have to make plans when she can't make you little.

**Quietplaces** » when/ At school?

**Quietplaces** » I cant baby her at school..

**crinkabell** » No, but you make plans for out of school time when you're there.

**Quietplaces** » like what?

**crinkabell** » Like going to dinner at a fancy restaurant. Something upscale and classy.

**Quietplaces** » yeah?

**Quietplaces** » yeah okay

**Quietplaces** » I dunno how I'll afford it but I could pull that off

**crinkabell** » She won't let you pay for it, dummy. Let her pay for it. But make it places she can't make you little. It'll ween Azzy off all the attention.

**Quietplaces** » but I still gotta baby her

**Quietplaces** » somewhere she's at a disadvantage I hope..

**crinkabell** » Yes, but you can't baby her until Azzy stops expecting to be babied daily.

**Quietplaces** » okay

Quietplaces » thanks

Quietplaces » this helped a lot

crinkabell » You don't seem so convinced :)

Quietplaces » nervous

Quietplaces » but..

Quietplaces » it's a better plan than anything I've thought up XD

crinkabell » Let me know how it goes :)

Quietplaces » thanks Nala

Quietplaces » I'll talk to you tomorrow.

crinkabell » Night Oaklee! Or is it Azzy?~

Quietplaces » Goodnight. XD

## 105:

I had reservations at a Chinese place downtown. It wasn't fancy-fancy, but enough that you needed a reservation. I hadn't told Mac yet. I wasn't sure how I could make a dinner last an entire evening. She'd have to take me back to her place, right? Ugh, this was such a bad idea...

**"I like Chinese food. But we have plans tonight!"** To be fair, we had plans every night lately. We had a continuing narrative, of Azalea as my baby sister after our parents went away, and my taking care of her, and deciding Mom let her grow up a little too quick and she needed to cherish the simpler things before she could even think about school. It was such a good distraction.

**"...right, but I thought maybe we could go get food first, you know?"** Oh jeeze. She was already shooting me down? We weren't even out of school. Josh and Bindie were watching Kim do some magic trick with a quarter. The lunch table was strangely disjointed today. Maybe that was for the best.

**"I guess we can go out for dinner. But we might not have time for everything we have planned tonight."** Everything I have planned, more like. But he enjoyed himself, I

knew he did! And he was wetting now, even if it took him forever, and it was lovely, and fun and distracting, and I didn't want a break in our routine. It was difficult not to pout...

We met after school. We walked because I needed to waste time. She was talking about something in class. We hadn't discussed the hospital since Friday. When we got to the place, we were a whole hour early for the reservation. I just needed to waste time...

**"We're so early. We could have stopped at home, and gotten you changed into something more proper."** It almost felt weird for me to see Oaklee as a boy now, I saw him more and more and Azalea and less and less as the boy I had a crush on for the past year. **"And standing out here in the cold for an hour without you in your proper undergarments..."**

I was blushing. My glasses were warm on my nose. I felt a little lightheaded. I needed to stay out of that headspace. I didn't think she'd try this at the restaurant... **"Um... how's school? You have Mr. Therrin, right? He's a douche..."**

My head nodded and my eyes went wide. **"Oh my gosh, yes! You know, he yelled at me for paying for my science fees on time? He was like just because you're rolling in money, doesn't give you license to show off, Mackan and I'm like what?! I'm just paying my class fees, like what the gosh, right? I don't think he likes me."**

**"He doesn't like anyone."** Twenty five minutes of bitching about teachers. Ten minutes of bitching about homework. Fifteen minutes of talking about the planetary systems in space. This was perfect. Perfection. I could do this. And I even... missed it. I missed talking to Mac like a person.

**"Okay, so I've never had Chinese at a restaurant,"** I admitted, my cheeks a little bit pink as a result. **"So I don't really recognize any of the dishes on the menu. What should I order?"** I didn't like asking him, it upset our power dynamic, but it was just a silly query about dinner, so what? When we got home tonight, he was going to take his next step into being a baby. I wasn't sure about it, but the more I read online the more I wanted Azzy to do it.

**"This one here if you want something spicy. I love Chinese. Like my parents take me to dinner on my birthday. Not this year, but all the other years. And we always go to Chinese places, you know? So yeah, I know some stuff. This one if you don't want something spicy. And nothing in China has cheese, so..."** I liked this. I liked this time with her.

**"Well... how about we got a bunch and we can share? It's not like money is an issue."** And I was excited to try new things! Well. I mean. I liked Chinese. But eating at a Chinese restaurant was a new thing for me, and so I figured I should make the most of it. **"So one of that one, and this one, and then... what's this say? How do you say this one?"**

Four full course dishes. Egg rolls. Rice. We were going to have so many leftovers. I wondered if I could bring some home myself. My mom would love me if I brought some General Tso's chicken home. When the table was full of hot plates, I started picking things off onto my plate. I couldn't believe how well this plan was working.

**"I wonder if this place does delivery? We could get delivery next time, and you could try out the bib I ordered for you that says Prettiest Princess EVER on the front. I showed you, right? It has a lock, which is weird, but what matters is that it is cute."** I said this between bites of food, and Oaklee just about dropped his fork, which made me look at him curiously with my head tilted. **"Something the matter?"**

**"N-no... not at all..."** I took another bite and forced myself to swallow. I couldn't believe she'd said that. I mean, the restaurant was pretty dead at five in the afternoon, but... **"...um... do you want dessert?"** I needed to pad out more time. I hadn't planned anything after this...

**"You can get dessert at a Chinese place? Okay. Um. What about all this extra food? Do you want to take it home as leftovers? Like. Your family might want it?"** I could always take it, but it was a lot of food left for one tiny girl who lived on her own. I was doubtful I'd get through it all. **"You don't have to if you don't want, I was just thinking maybe..."**

**"Yeah totally. Like my mom would love some, and I bet even my dad would eat a little. Maybe get on better terms with my family."** Actually, since the hospital, we'd been on pretty good terms. I spent so much time at Mac's they hardly ever saw me, and when they did we were superficial.

**"Great! Okay, so what about dessert? I thought only like, Italian places had desserts and stuff? I didn't know they even had desserts at places like this. What kinds of things do they serve? It's not like... bean paste, right? I think I had that once when we went to Thailand. It wasn't very good."** For such a worldly girl, I was a little naive about other cultures.

I couldn't help but laugh. **"God, Mac, no. It's normal dessert. They have normal dessert. Like ice cream and stuff. But they have this chocolate cake that I hear is amazing. So I think we should try that."** A whole wall of lava cake. It was supposed to be amazing. It didn't help that the two of us were already so full...

**"There is no way we are finishing this."** We hadn't even started, but it made the big Banana Split I had two weeks ago seem meek in comparison. **"They call America the fattest country, but China has food like this?! I think there is definitely some misinformation going afoot here, for certainly!"** I laughed. For a moment, I felt something. Something more than teasing and babying and being maternal and hiding.

**"I am pretty sure it's an American dish, Mac."** I took a bite with my fork, even if it was going to be the only bite I had. And. Oh. My. God. **"That is so good..."** I had to have another bite, even if I exploded. Which I didn't. I was beside myself.

**"All little girls like chocolate cake, Azzy. It's a simple fact of life."** Maybe I hadn't meant to do it, or say it, rather. To call him that name, here in public, or to insinuate that he was a little girl. But the world didn't end when those words came out my lips, so maybe I'd been afraid for nothing. Maybe Oaklee could be Azzy all the time.

**"...yeah."** Did she really just call me that? I took another couple bites, until I couldn't eat anymore, and asked for the check. They packaged our food for us. So many leftovers. I checked my phone. Not even six pm. Could I get away with going home now? I had homework, I could say. I actually *did* have homework...

The check came, and I slipped the little pink credit card into the binder with a polite smile and a thank you. I was so full. But that meant he was full, too, and that could be very good all things considered! **"Come on, little princess girl, we should call a car and go home. We need to get you a nice long bath and make your hair smell pretty again, you've been showering at home and you've lost your pretty scent."**

**"...r-right..."** The car was only ten minutes away. When we finally piled in, it was just after six. I usually went home around eight thirty... **"Mac, I don't think I can come over. Ugh. I really want to, but there's so much homework from Mr. Stein... could we reschedule for tomorrow?"**

**"Noo! Come on!"** I was whining. Like a child. And I pouted. Like a child. This was perfect! This would work so well! But in the end.. I relented. I punched his address into the app and the driver got the update, but I wasn't very happy about it. Not unhappy. Just pouty like a little girl.

How I'd made it home was a miracle. I stumbled into the house and closed the door behind me, looking up at the ceiling. I felt so frustrated. I thought maybe because Mac had made it difficult on me, but that wasn't it. I... wanted to be babied... **"Mom? You home? I brought food."**

**"Food?"** Oaklee's mom was sitting on the back porch, smoking a cigarette, but the door-wall was open which kind of defeated the purpose of her being outside. **"I was going to order pizza. What did you bring?"** His father was in the living room, watching a rerun of a football game from three years ago.

**"Chinese. It's from that place downtown - I took Mac there for dinner, and we ordered way too much food." "You shouldn't let her pay for all this stuff, Oaklee!" "I didn't, Mom. I used my allowance."** Which I'd just gotten back this summer. Half of what I used to get, but... hey, it's something. And mom let me take the beer bottles back for some cash, too.

**"Well, alright."** Her temper declined as quickly as it had flared up, her anger sated and her conflict resolved. She stubbed the cigarette out on the wall and came inside, poking around the bag on the counter. **"You weren't kidding, huh? Alright. Go upstairs and get your brother, let him know dinners here."**

I wouldn't eat, but I'd sit at the table with everyone. It wasn't often we all sat around and had time together. And it wasn't often I was in such good graces, either! Deagan sat next to me, my parents across. I picked apart one of the egg rolls because I hadn't quite throw up yet, so why not risk it?

**"You still seein' that girl?" "Max."** His mother offered, and his father shrugged his shoulder. **"You make sure you don't get her pregnant."** The thing was, his tone of voice wasn't angry. He was actually... proud of his son. And Oaklee's father rarely showed any pride in his younger child.

**"Mac, yeah. We're uh... not dating dating. But like. Basically dating."** Not true. I mean, she saw me naked every day. She took my boxers down. I could say that with honesty. Of course, I wouldn't say much else.

**"You make sure to treat her right. No Edwards disrespects his woman, no Edwards hurts her. You got it?"** Actually, given the man's violence toward Oaklee, it was amazing, but true, that he'd never been violent with Oaklee's mother. **"You two have been hanging out a lot, man. I'm proud of you. I like her a lot more than that other chick,"** Deagan added, between mouthfuls of food.

**"Yeah, me too."** Sayla and Mac weren't even comparable. One was an angel. The other, the devil. I finished my egg roll and listened to my mom talk about work. I knew my family was fucked up. I knew my parents would never accept me for who I was, for what I was. I didn't need them to. Moments like this made it okay. At least for now.

When dinner was over, Deagan followed his brother up to his room. **"So what's the deal with you and Mac? You're not dating, right? But you and her are spendin' a lot of time together. There some chemistry there?"** Deagan was eating an egg-roll as he sat on his brother's bed, and watched him curiously. He'd been absent a lot more, recently, his business having picked up.

Deagan was out of school now, and he didn't go to college. He lived at home, but was almost never here. It was kind of weird. **"It's not romantic. I'm glad it's not romantic. She just... gets it. And she dresses up with me. And we look cute together, and watch TV. And it's nice. It's nice somebody gets it..."** Deagan got it. But he only got some of it. The Oaklee some.

**"Livin' the dream, then. Good for you, man. You still interested in finding someone for the romance stuff? There's a chick that I know. Sister of one of my business partners. She seems pretty your type, I dunno. Usually wouldn't want**

**you hangin' out with my kind of people, but she's an angel."** He finished the egg roll, and put his feet up on the desk.

**"Uh... no. No. Um... after Sayla, I just... I'd rather not."** I didn't tell him everything. I didn't need to, really. He knew she was bad for me because I told him she was bad for me. That she was the reason dad hurt my arm. That was all he needed to hear. **"You shouldn't be scared of it,"** he told me. **"I know I shouldn't."** But I was...

**"You have a shitty experience, it sucks, but you're young, and young people are invincible. I read it in a book, we think we're indestructible because we are. So you should try getting back on that horse, man. Not now if you don't want to, but that chick's ancient history. Gotta move on some time, right?"** His phone buzzed and he looked at the screen, frowning, then tossing it back down on the bed.

**"Gotta go?"** I asked. **"I can stay."** **"Nah, it's cool. I have to get online and talk to a friend anyway. Thanks for being here, Deagan. You're a kickass brother."** **"Yeah, yeah, I know."** He ruffled my hair and closed the door behind him. I could have my door closed again, which was cool.

**crinkabell » Hey! :)**

**Quietplaces » phase 1 compelte**

**crinkabell » Yeah? :D**

**Quietplaces » yes**

**Quietplaces » and I feel like a toddler lost at a shoe store**

**Quietplaces » but yeah**

**Quietplaces » done**

**crinkabell » You didn't let her make you little at all? :)**

**Quietplaces » well like**

**Quietplaces » not really?**

**crinkabell » Not really? :O**

**Quietplaces » well like she said some stuff**

**Quietplaces » but we were in public so it wasn't terrible**

**crinkabell » She tried to little you in public?**

**Quietplaces** » no

**Quietplaces** » she just

**Quietplaces** » said some stuff that threw me off

**Quietplaces** » she didn't try to little me. offhanded comments kinda thing

**crinkabell** » But you held together? :D

**Quietplaces** » yeah I did!

**Quietplaces** » and now I am really childish feeling and it sucks

**crinkabell** » Yeah? :(

**crinkabell** » Well, you can indulge Azzy now, you know.

**crinkabell** » It wouldn't hurt.

**crinkabell** » Look at some childish things online?

**crinkabell** » Oh! I could get on cam?

**Quietplaces** » \*blush\* probably shouldn't

**Quietplaces** » youre an adult and isnt that creepy?

**crinkabell** » I sleep in a crib, Oaklee.

**Quietplaces** » hm

**Quietplaces** » valid argument

**crinkabell** » I could give you a proper tour of my room and my outfits, now that you don't think it's weird? Azzy might like that?

**Quietplaces** » \*blush\*

**Quietplaces** » I think she might.

crinkabell sent a video link.

**Quietplaces** » I can't talk

**Quietplaces** » Gotta keep quiet

**crinkabell** » Hi! It's okay, we can type? :)

**Quietplaces** » totally

**crinkabell** » Oh, do you like my nightgown? Look look! :) It has a button squeezey thing here that you squeeze and it makes a flashlight, because the dark is SCARY

**Quietplaces** » ..

**Quietplaces** » thats the coolest thing ever..

**crinkabell** » Yush!

**crinkabell** » Okay, so this is my crib. It's actually quite roomy, see? Sorry if I'm moving my laptop too fast for you to see.

**Quietplaces** » I cannot believe you have a crib

**Quietplaces** » why would you ever get a crib

**Quietplaces** » do you hve a normal bed?

**crinkabell** » Nuhuh.

**crinkabell** » I don't always put the gate up, but maybe 60% of the time?

**Quietplaces** » thats so weird

**Quietplaces** » i think im too old for a crib

**Quietplaces** » though it seems really cool

**crinkabell** » You're younger than me!

**crinkabell** » Well anyway if you ever come to NYC you can try it out? :)

**Quietplaces** » yeah okay cool!

**crinkabell** » I will raise the side so you can see it proper!

**Quietplaces** » okay that is actually kinda cool

**Quietplaces** » terrifying

**Quietplaces** » but cool

**crinkabell** » Okay so this is my changing table. I will set the laptop down and show you what is in all the cupboards under it.

**Quietplaces** » holy crap

**Quietplaces** » what

**Quietplaces** » how

**crinkabell** » What? :)

**Quietplaces** » why do you

**Quietplaces** » you've got so many diapers

**Quietplaces** » and they're like all different and stuff

**Quietplaces** » oh the ones on the left were missys

**Quietplaces** » I had those ones

**crinkabell** » Yes :) I have... 33 different sorts, and that's not including pull-ups. Some are from Germany, and these ones are from Japan!

**crinkabell** » Oh! Bianco's?

**crinkabell** » I have so many of those! I did modeling for the company and now I get them for free.

**Quietplaces** » ...

**Quietplaces** » you jsut get free diapers? -\_-

**Quietplaces** » that's crazy..

**crinkabell** » Mostly no. Um. These Japanese ones work out to be \$6 each by the time I factor in shipping!

**Quietplaces** » that's so stupid

**Quietplaces** » that doesn't even make sense

**crinkabell** » They're not even very good, but they are SO cute.

**crinkabell** » I'm wearing one now, hang out, let me unzip my footies.

**crinkabell** » I'll show you how cute they look!

**Quietplaces** » ..damn

**Quietplaces** » do you really live like that all the time? little and stuff?

**Quietplaces** » do you have somebody like Mac to be little with?

**crinkabell** » Well, mostly. I have moments where I am full full little. But mostly it's like 15%? I consider myself lifestyle, but its in varying degrees :)

**crinkabell** » Nobody like Mac that is always available, nope :(

**crinkabell** » But I have friends from online visit me once or twice a month maybe?

**Quietplaces** » thats nice of them..

**Quietplaces** » maybe when I'm 18 and can go to NYC I'll visit too?

**crinkabell** » You and Mac could come visit if you like? You don't have to wait until you're 18, I'm not going to have sex with you, Oaklee.

**Quietplaces** » ..right but like

**Quietplaces** » I guess you're right since Mac can just take us wherever she wants..

**Quietplaces** » oh she wanted to go to NYC for new years?

**Quietplaces** » I think she was kidding but if you dont have plans..

**crinkabell** » I could baby you both if you wanted? :) Or we could be little together, the three of us. I have tons of toys, and my apartment is only a few blocks from Times Square.

**crinkabell** » You know if you want to go out in the cold :O

**Quietplaces** » i'll ask later this month and get back to you

**Quietplaces** » ugh i should go to bed

**Quietplaces** » i loved seeing your place!

**crinkabell** » Ok :)

crinkabell » Night! xoxox

Quietplaces » night

## 106:

So I always dressed well. I took pride in the fact that I did, and that didn't change. But ever since I'd started to...flourish, I'd discovered different cuts and different styles that I could never wear before. And since last Friday at the hospital, since the day our dynamic had changed the way it did, I'd become more confident in that as well. I wore a top today that actually showed off cleavage. Yes, okay, my boobs were white as my dolls, and I wore a mesh top, and then a cardigan, and toned it down as much as I could. But it was an adult top! Oaklee bit his lip when I sat down next to him at the table, nobody else here yet. **"I brought you lunch?"**

**"Thanks..."** She looked... like a model. Like a model in a European magazine. No childish dress. No hair bow. She looked like an actual grown up. Not an adult, but at least a teenager. It was... striking. Lately she'd been wearing t-shirts and jeans, but this was different... **"Um... this one's mine?"**

**"Uh huh. It's a caesar salad, and this is quinoa and then there are oatmeal cookies, and a soy shake."** Okay. Fine. So I'd picked out foods that were a little bit girlier, but at least they weren't childish. They were just foods that were tasty and good for a ladylike waistline, that's all! So what if I cared? **"Don't screw up your nose, prissy."** Thankfully, nobody else was at the table. **"You eat it all, okay?"**

**"Sure..."** Her attitude was so different. Her clothes were so different. Something had changed. Maybe she was catching on to what I had done yesterday, avoiding her house, avoiding her babying me. No. She didn't. She wasn't that paranoid. The table started to fill and I ate my salad quietly.

**"What is it you are eating, my man?"** I wasn't going to have any issues with Bindie making fun of Oaklee, though, and I answered for him. I guess that shocked the table, because I was so much more demure than to answer for a friend like that. **"It's lunch I made, and he's eating it because it makes me happy. Now don't be jealous."**

**"Aren't you a firecracker today."** **"Uh huh, and dressing the part."** But that was all they had to say about Mac. I finished all my food like she'd said. I was a little dizzy and warm. I had all my afternoon classes to get over this feeling...

I had plans for tonight. It was Wednesday, and I needed two more days of distraction. My plans were going to change things, and stop Oaklee feeling conflicted, and he'd be so happy, and he'd feel so little, and he'd embrace being Azzy. I was giddy thinking

about it. Thinking about the diapers, and the book bag with the hidden zipper that could fit a half dozen pull-ups. And the ivory white baptism dress for the silly little ceremony I had planned. My cheeks tingled, and I smiled, and I looked up at Oaklee when he nudged me. **"Oh, yeah, I'll walk you to class."**

**"I was thinking we could go to the diner for lunch?"** School had just let out and we were walking down the road toward the west, where Mac's house was and all the fancy places. We'd stop by two diners on the way. I wanted to get her in the proper headspace tonight, baby her so to speak, and make her feel comfortable and safe the way I knew she needed. But with the way she dressed today? The assertiveness that rang in her voice? Another night of avoiding it might be better... and then tomorrow, for our final day, she'd be the smallest Little in the whole world.

**"Well, I have some leftovers from dinner last night, and I want to talk to you about what you eat anyway. You're at that age where you want to start thinking about your skin, Azzy."** His cheeks went pink, and I felt as warm as they did. I loved this. I loved this influence I had, it made my head swim. I could make him a perfect happy little girl. **"So let's go to my place, alright? Mira misses you, too!"**

I bit my cheek and tried to center myself. It had been almost two days since she'd babied me. I could handle one conversation without melting into her arms. **"I don't want leftovers. Listen, I'll pay. I even have money for once, how cool would that be? Kind of like normal guys and girls do together."**

**"And you'll get fries or something and it'll make your skin oily, and do you think Azzy would want that? You should think more about her, baby girl."** I stopped, and I held each of his hands and then stood up my toes, to kiss the tip of his buttoned-nose. **"We're going to see Mira, and that's final. A car can take you home after."**

**"I..."** But before I could say anything else she took me by the hand and pulled me back toward her house. Away from the diner. It was still a twenty minute walk. I had to plan ahead. I had to figure out what to do. This wasn't supposed to happen until tomorrow... I wasn't ready. I wasn't.

**"I have gifts for Azzy, and I'm sure you want them, right? Oh, and I got some new clothes for Mira! Actually, I got you and Mira matching outfits from this one place, it's a surprise, but I think you're going to squeal so much."** I spoke like I was genuinely speaking to a little sister.

**"S-sure..."** I had to make a plan. We'd get inside and I'd make a stand. Like Nala said - do what I love done to me. I'd put my hand on her cheek or I'd play with her hair. I'd make comments - off-handed - about how she was little. About how she wet the bed, maybe! She was so wound up deep down, I knew it. All this aggression and assertion. Had she cried even once? She was bottling it all up. She needed to talk to me.

We stepped inside and there were boxes, four of them, stacked just inside the entry hall. They were diapers. Cases of them. Okay, so I'd bought too many, and there was another such box upstairs in my room, open, with one of the packs open to check on them. There were other things upstairs, too. **"Oh, don't worry about those boxes, come up, upstairs."**

**"...okay."** Okay. Deep breath. She led me up the stairs by my hand, and when we stopped on the landing I pulled her back. I held her hand in mine, biting my lip. Just do it, Oaklee. I put my hand on her cheek and pushed her against the wall. I felt the air slip out of her lungs. **"Shh... be good..."**

Like dieting, like going without something you love, I felt something inside of me, like a craving. And like then, too, like all cravings for things bad for me, I willed it away, my cheeks pink and my breath shallow. **"Azy... stop it... I wanna show you your gifts... and matching outfits... for you and Mira..."**

**"They can wait,"** I said calmly. Calm. I was holding it together surprisingly well. I played with her hair, with the back of her cheek, and held her against the wall. **"Shh... be good. Be a good little girl for me. For your babysitter. Shh... we're gonna dress you pretty. And get you in some proper clothes... those ones are too adult for you."** Way too adult, I thought with a blush.

My head felt like brackish waters, and like the way fish died in such circumstances, so too was the fate of my thoughts. When I blushed, when I shrunk back for a moment, the alternating waves of longing and logic won in my favor, and I spun the boy around, having grabbed his hand. My breath was a mess. **"A-Azalea Marie. You are being a bad girl."**

She pushed me face first into the wall, my hand twisted behind my back. I didn't like that she knew self-defense now. I mean, I did, but GOSH I didn't...! **"Mac! Let go right now... let go, or... or I can't dress you so cute and little..."** Her grip loosened and I pulled myself out of it, but I was still between her and the wall. Facing her now. Both our cheeks were pink. I could win this... she was losing.

**"Azy Marie!"** Short form name, but still with middle name for emphasis. **"If you want your gifts you will be a good little poppet and march your tush over to my bed. Understand?"** My cheeks were pink. I didn't like that they were pink, because I was in charge and I was the big sister and he had to listen to me.

**"...you're a little girl, Mac! You need to stop being an idiot and just let me take care of you!"** This was so suspenseful... but I was confident. She was fading faster than I was. I could win this. Just wear her down... **"My little girl. My bedwetting baby girl."** She was so much littler than me, I reminded myself. She wet the bed! She was so much smaller. And that made me bigger.

I loosened my grip, and felt my chest melt, and my lip bit, and it was all I could manage to turn away, to go through the arch to my bed. He followed me, but when he caught up, I had the thick-as-a-textbook pink-and-white diaper in my hands, holding it up so he'd see it. **"L-lay on the bed, Azzy. N-now. Or you'll be in troubles."**

...was that a diaper? My eyes went wide, my cheeks as pink as the diaper itself. She stood between me and the exit now and I swallowed hard. Why did she have that? For me? Fuck, I was spinning...

The tables turned. I pushed him, once, twice, three and he fell back onto the bed. The diaper crinkled as I shoved him with it, which only made his cheeks go redder and redder, deeper and deeper. **"These diapers are part of your gift, Azzy. I think when we're together, now, you're going to wear these. They're more suitable for a little girl your age, I think!"**

**"...I'm not wearing diapers, Mac! This is supposed to be about you!"** Oh this wasn't good... my cheeks were on fire. My head was spinning. I took a deep breath and tried to center myself, tried to stand back up. This was too much...

I pushed the diaper against his chest as he sat up, and forced his hands onto the plastic that crinkled audibly. **"Lay down, baby girl, it's time for your diaper. Won't it be nice? They're going to make you look so tiny, and they won't ever ever leak."**

I couldn't fail here. I couldn't fail Mac. But the diaper was soft in my hands... my head was swimming. I swallowed and looked up at Mac. I was supposed to refuse. I was supposed to say something. But she pushed me back on the bed and I stayed down.

I unbuttoned Oaklee's jeans, and tugged them down, along with his boxers. Any pretenses of concern about our nudity was long gone this week. Well, more long gone with regards to his body. I unfolded the diaper, having taken it from his hands, and it sprawled a much larger than it looked when compacted, and I slid it beneath his bottom. **"Don't move, Azzy Marie."** Baby powder. Where did I leave it?

She walked away. She walked away and I held my eyes closed tight. I needed to focus. I was naked. She was going to tape me in a diaper. I needed to focus... I managed to sit up, but the padding crinkled with me. I looked down at the fabric and my glasses fogged up. I could hardly breathe... focus focus focus...

**"Azzy! I told you to lay down."** I tossed the powder onto the bed, and a puff of sweet scented powder clouded from the impact, as I pushed the boy back down. **"Bad girl, you could make a mess of your new diaper. Now lay still, I need to fix it all proper again, and then powder you nicely so you don't get a rash."**

**"M-Mac... I'm... y-you're..."** But despite my words, she poured baby powder all over me. I'd never had baby powder before. Not that I remembered anyway. It's not the same thing with a pullup. And she pulled the front of the diaper up and taped it in a way

that showed she had only done it a couple times prior. These were our first diapers since Missy's.

It was thick. It was so thick. I'd tried them on to sleep in last night, and was smitten with them, but only in a scientific sense. I couldn't let myself become attached to them personally, not now. For Oaklee, it meant he could barely close his legs, even without the padded panties I sometimes made him wear. I ran my hand over the front of the diaper and smiled sweetly. **"Good afternoon, Azzymuffin."**

I blushed up at the girl from behind my foggy glasses and she helped me stand up, though with the thickness of the diaper I waddled like a toddler. My breathing was uneven. I was already so far gone into little girl mode...

**"These are going to be your diapers from now on, Azzy, okay? They're special just for you."** He was reluctant to move, and when he did, he waddled, and when he waddled he wound up behind me in front of the mirror I pulled out of the wall. Even with his boy top, his legs (that I insisted on keeping smooth when I gave him baths) and the bright white and pink diaper, well... they made things very apparent. And he looked very small in comparison to the padding.

She walked me back over to the bed and sat me down. I couldn't even think straight. I was so lost. I tried to mumble something at her. To tell her this wasn't going to stick. That she needed to be the baby girl. But I couldn't find any words.

Oaklee didn't move, not when I went over to the closet, and came back with the dress on a hanger that only a very young toddler could ever wear. It was ornate, and delicate, and beautiful, in ivory white, and had little gem sewn in that caught the light. It looked like something that might be worn at a wedding — in reality, it was a Christening dress I'd found online intended for teenage girls who's family were converting. As such, the style was wonderfully childish. I hung it up the rail above my bed, and began to undress Oaklee out of the rest of his boy clothes.

I shuffled nervously with very bright cheeks while she threaded the gown on over me. It was short. It didn't flash the diaper, but it wasn't too far from. And I'd never worn anything quite so babyish before. I was melting in my own skin... **"...M-Mac-" "Sissy,"** she corrected me. As she'd been correcting me for days. **"...sissy..."**

**"We're going to play a little make pretend game, and it's going to be lots of fun, okay, Azzy?"** Okay, so maybe it would send me to hell. But how offensive could emulating a Christening be? I just wanted to do a silly little ceremony where I officially welcomed Azalea Marie Edith-Lillen into the world, and today could be her birthday every year and everything! Hence the gifts.

**"Okay..."** She pulled my hair into the tiny pigtails they worked into. They looked silly, but it hardly mattered. And she brushed me with make up completely different to the

usual fairy wings. She just added white powder. Blush. Sparkles. And in the end I came out looking like a newborn girl.

So we stood beneath the arch, and I held a book and a cup of water, and I spoke like I had only important things to be saying. And Oaklee watched me, maybe in awe, maybe confused, maybe both? **"And so, officially, on this day and in the eyes of our witnesses,"** I motioned to my dolls, and to both Cheez and Mira, on their shelves, before continuing, **"I Christen this beautiful baby girl Azelea Marie Edith-Lillen. And in the eyes of all her love her, may she be beautiful evermore, and walk with all the grace of her princess heritage."** I deliberately left out any religious implication, because it seemed insensitive not to. **"May you celebrate this date, evermore, Azalea. Today, you are born."** I put the tip of thumb into the water, and slid it across Oaklee's forehead.

I rubbed the water off my forehead and sucked on my pacifier with a little blush. I was so cute right now. And I knew it. And I was so warm and she was being so nice. And everything was so happy and soft... I just wanted to stay this way forever. Thoughts of making Mac happy, keeping her safe, all felt so far away...

**"Now, you get presents. Today is your birthday, Azalea!"** The boy's eyes now went wide and a smile formed beneath his pacifier. They were in the closet. I opened the sliding door to the closet, and brought the small stack of seven wrapped packages over to the bed. The most important one was going to be the book-bag with the hidden section for pull-ups. I decided, and was now affirmed in my decision, that Oaklee needed to be in pull-ups whenever he wasn't here, and diapers when he was. The book-bag would facilitate this. The other gifts were lovely, too! A purple gingham dress, and one to match for Mira. A beautiful silver necklace with an opening heart pendant locket studded with diamonds, and our pictures inside it ~ he was little in his, of course. Three pairs of girls shoes, two of which he could get away with wearing to school, the other were single buckle mary janes. And then a box of bracelets in bright colorful plastic, the sort of thing that a twelve year old girl might wear a dozen of. I decided he needed to accessorize more. **"Go on, open them. They're all yours, birthday girl!"**

I loved the dress. I wanted to wear it right away, but sissy told me to open the rest of my presents. I wanted the same with the bracelets, but again: open the gifts. The shoes were okay, but I don't really understand shoes. And the necklace was nice, and Mac put it on me. It felt heavy and expensive. I kept sucking the pacifier. I opened up the backpack and looked at it questionably. This wasn't very cute at all...

He didn't get it. I loved that he didn't get it. It meant his parents wouldn't get it. I smiled, and prepared myself for this, taking it from Oaklee and opening it up. **"See? Normal backpack, nothing inside?"** I even tipped it upside down, and shook it, and he just looked confused. Then, I reached a hand in, and pulled out one of my pullups, seemingly from nowhere.

My eyes went wide. She smiled and leaned down to demonstrate. There was a very small pocket on the inside wall just by the lumps of padding before the next pocket. It opened with a mesh zipper. Obviously for valuables for something. An iPod maybe. But her pullups fit in there... except these ones weren't hers. They were different pullups. They were white, with little designs. Actually, I think they were the ones Sayla had gotten me...

**"Today is a special day, Azalea, and I want you to remember it. So from now on, when you're not with me, you're going to wear pull-ups, okay? And when you're here, you'll wear diapers. This is what sissy says, so it's the truth, okay? And you can keep spare pullups in your bag where nobody will ever find them."** I knew he'd pout and argue, and my next move was calculated. **"I just..."** One hand went to Oaklee's hip and I smiled sheepishly. **"I know you've been having accidents lately, and you've been wetting the bed, and I think it's better safe than sorry."**

My cheeks went scarlet and Mac leaned down to kiss my forehead. I was so warm all over. She had to be kidding. Sure I was feeling little, but I wasn't stupid. I knew I couldn't do that... and then her words ran over me like a waterfall. **"I... I don't have accidents...."**

**"You do, you wet yourself all the time when you're here, and you want to do it at night, right? Like sissy does?"** I never painted myself as an adult in our game. I was Azzy's sister, her older sister. And I wet the bed, and I wore pullups. And I knew well enough by now that Oaklee idealized the idea, and he wanted to do it, and if he did, he needed to know it was all or nothing. **"We'll be be the same, won't we, Azzy? Just as cute as each other. And I'd be so proud of you."**

**"I..."** I was nervous. I was so nervous. I couldn't wear them all the time! It wasn't all the time, was it? It was just at night. In case I wet the bed. In case I got what I wanted. My cheeks were on fire... **"...n-not at school, though... j-juss at home... and here...?"**

**"Perfect."** I did want to push for 24/7, but honestly every night was going to be a big enough step as it was, and once he saw that he could have them at home, he'd let me push further. **"The bag holds eight pull-ups, so you'll need to text me the night before you run out so I can give you more at school the next day, okay Azzy? But we're gonna be the same, two little bedwetting sisters, won't that be the best?"**

**"Okay..."** I was nervous. I was so nervous. I didn't wanna do this. But I did. And before I had any time to think about it, she asked: **"Do you gotta go potty?"** My cheeks turned pink. I looked at my feet. **"Uh huh..."** **"Okay, come on."** She used to take me to the bathroom. She would wait while I wet the pullup on the toilet seat. Now she brought me to her bed and I sat on her lap...

**"Your bottom is so puffy, Azzy. Once you've gone going potty, how about we try on your new dress, and pick out some bracelets to wear? You're going to wear**

**bracelets all the time, okay? To remind yourself of this time we spend when we're alone."** And honestly, bracelets were both feminine and childish, but hardly the kind of thing people got into fights over. Teasing, at worst, would be the consequence.

It wasn't as hard as last time. Maybe fifteen minutes of trying. It used to take hours. And now it was almost a week later and I could go within minutes. My cheeks were so red. Everything about me was on fire with embarrassment. But she never made me feel shame. She played with my hair and called me nice names. Then she'd lay me on the bed and change me. But this time she didn't. We got up and she helped me into my new dress... **"I... I gotta be changed, sissy..."**

**"That's one of the fun things about diapers, Azzy ~ they hold a bunch more than pullups, so we don't have to change you right away. Which means more fun time to dress up and cuddle and watch TV, and less time wasted on changes."** Azzy was a passionate, if demure, child. Oaklee was logical. And it was the logic that I appealed to.

**"I guess..."** But it was weird. It was very weird. I'd never been in a wet pullup for more than a couple minutes. And now I was watching TV in one? I shuffled a little bit and sipped at the bottle sissy held in my lips. I didn't like it... didn't like the wetness after an hour... **"Wan change,"** I'd told her before the bottle. She started to feed me without answering.

**"We have two new episodes of Gravity Falls to watch, and we can cuddle up the way you like to while we do."** Which meant our beanbags next to each other, his head in my lap, and the comforter draped around us both, sealing us in like flower petals. Our secret world without our secret world. I picked up Mira from beside me and tucked her into the boy's arms while holding the bottle in place.

When the bottle was gone, I shifted uncomfortably every so often. I didn't interrupt the show, though. I just wanted to be changed. But she wasn't ready to change me. I could cry. Like a little girl. She'd change me then, right? But she was right. It held more... and I did have to go. It hard harder laying down. Harder with my head on her lap. It took most of the episode, but when I did, when it started, it felt so much better. Warm and wet and nice...

He didn't see me smile when he wet, but I did. I smiled because I knew he was happy, smiled because it was the second time he'd done it laying down, and smiled because he didn't even make a fuss. He just did it. Normalizing. We'd be the same, soon! Two little bedwetters, and I wouldn't feel so alone in my affliction. **"How's your diaper, Azzy? Still need a change?"** I'd heard the happy sigh. I expected he'd say no, he'd want to enjoy the warmth. But if he did say yes, I'd change him.

**"...uh... we can finish the episode..."** She put her finger in my mouth and I sucked on it softly. When the show was over, when the clock said it was late, she brought me back to the bed and changed me out of the diaper. The pullup was tugged up my legs.

White along the top, so it almost looked like underwear if my pants rode down. They were so much more comfortable than her lame pullups... even if they were less cute.

**"These won't tear when you pull them up and down, so wear this one home, and to bed. When you get to bed, wet it, okay? You need to sleep in it wet, so that you get used to the feeling. Once you get used to the feeling, night wetting won't wake you up anymore."** I slid bracelets over his wrists, one at a time, in different colors, mostly pastel, some bright, no rhyme or reason and no symmetry; sixteen on one wrist and fourteen on the other. **"These are a part of you now, too. Okay? You can shower with them on, but you're to always wear them because they're your birthday gift from your sissy."**

**"Yeah..."** She helped me up from the bed and back into my clothes. Into my boy clothes. And she called me a car. I played with the straps on my backpack the whole way home. I thought it would go away when I left her house, but my cheeks were still pink when I turned up at home again. Bracelets on my wrists. Pullup on my ass. I went up to my room and tried not to think about it.

**crinkabell »** Oakleeeeeeee

**crinkabell »** Hi!

**Quietplaces »** hey!

**Quietplaces »** um

**Quietplaces »** how are you

**crinkabell »** Not as cheerful as you, it seems! :)

**crinkabell »** How are things? Why so cheerful?

**Quietplaces »** not cheerful

**Quietplaces »** just bein me

**Quietplaces »** um

**Quietplaces »** so

**Quietplaces »** how are u

**crinkabell »** Hehe you asked that already!

**crinkabell »** I am sitting in my crib and writing a review on these new diapers.

**crinkabell** » Wanna see?

**Quietplaces** » uh

**Quietplaces** » okay

crinkabell sent a video link.

**crinkabell** » They're okay, kinda thick, but cloth-backed so they don't crinkle :(

**crinkabell** » But look! Velcro tabs!

**Quietplaces** » oh wow

**Quietplaces** » thats cool!

**Quietplaces** » iono how i feel about that but its def pretty cool

**crinkabell** » How are things with Mac vs. Azzy?

**Quietplaces** » fine

**Quietplaces** » nothing new

**crinkabell** » Still holding out against her? :D

**Quietplaces** » uh

**Quietplaces** » yeah i guess

**crinkabell** » That's great! :)

**crinkabell** » OH

**crinkabell** » I got

**crinkabell** » Something else to show you!

**crinkabell** » (brb!)

**Quietplaces** » wow

**Quietplaces** » thats..

**Quietplaces** » so cute....

**crinkabell** » It's an Azalea?! See? :D

**crinkabell** » That's you!

**Quietplaces** » yeaahh

**Quietplaces** » where...

**Quietplaces** » ...how...

**crinkabell** » It's this place online. You can customize onsies even for adults

**crinkabell** » I wanted to buy this one for you, can I send it to your address? Or Mac's?

**Quietplaces** » uhhuh..

**Quietplaces** » i'll get her address tomorrow.

**crinkabell** » I was so excited when I saw it!

**crinkabell** » Do you like it? Would you wear it? Look, um, it has snaps? For easy diaper changes? :D

**Quietplaces** » uhhuhu..

**Quietplaces** » would wear it.

**crinkabell** » So um.

**crinkabell** » Hello Azzy :) I'm Nala. It's nice to talk to you at last

**Quietplaces** » ...huh?

**Quietplaces** » what..?

**crinkabell** » You are TOTALLY littling out right now, don't even front.

**Quietplaces** » ....i.

**Quietplaces** » um..

**crinkabell** » Yes you are, don't argue with Mama Nala.

**crinkabell** » Do you like my crib, Azzy?

**Quietplaces** » ...

**Quietplaces** » uh huh..

**crinkabell** » You can cuddle in here with me when you come visit for New Years?

**Quietplaces** » okay..

**crinkabell** » Say 'Otay'. It's cuter, Azzy :)

**Quietplaces** » otay..

**crinkabell** » Good girl! :)

**crinkabell** » I'm looking very forward to hanging out with you. Do you want to meet my teddy? I bet you have a teddy too, don't you?

**Quietplaces** » uhhuh..

**Quietplaces** » mira..

**Quietplaces** » shes from buildabaeear..

**Quietplaces** » an she got a lot of clothes

**crinkabell** » Mira? That's a pretty name! :)

**crinkabell** » Oh! So is Glitter here she is, See? She's named Glitter because she sparkles, can you see?

**crinkabell** » She has lots of clothes, too. What's Mira's favorite outfit?

**Quietplaces** » uh... nightie an socks..

**Quietplaces** » an diaper..

**crinkabell** » Glitter wears diaper, too, see?

**crinkabell** » Oh gosh, Glitter! Don't flash your diaper like that, you gotta be a proper lady!

**crinkabell** » And what about you, Azzy? Do you need diapers, too?

**Quietplaces** » i..

**Quietplaces** » sissy says i should... 'cause of...

**Quietplaces** » i mean cuz i think she knows i wana wett he bd...

**crinkabell** » Sissy? Is that Mac?

**Quietplaces** » uh

**Quietplaces** » i..

**Quietplaces** » um..

**crinkabell** » Well, Sissy sounds like a very smart girl! You do want to wet the bed, right? You want to need diapers at night? :)

**Quietplaces** » yeah but..

**Quietplaces** » we talk about that all the time...

**crinkabell** » And talking is nice :) What about doing? Do you think Sissy will help you do it soon?

**Quietplaces** » uh..

**Quietplaces** » i think so cuz i gotta wear diapers to bed now..

**crinkabell** » Oh, you do? That's so great! :)

**crinkabell** » Are you wearing one now?

**Quietplaces** » ..

**Quietplaces** » ..well.. pullup...

**Quietplaces** » but..

**Quietplaces** » iono..

**Quietplaces** » nervous..

**crinkabell** » Well, I wear diapers to bed every night, Azzy :)

**crinkabell** » And Sissy does, too.

**crinkabell** » So it must be safe, right?

**Quietplaces** » i guess...

**Quietplaces** » yeah..

**crinkabell** » And you want to be like Sissy, don't you? To wake up wet and just feel so so so cute?

**Quietplaces** » uhhuh...

**crinkabell** » It makes you special, Azzy :)

**crinkabell** » Special and super cute!

**Quietplaces** » uhhuh..

**crinkabell** » So you're going to wear diapers every night to bed from now on, right?

**crinkabell** » Until you need them just as much as Sissy does? :)

**Quietplaces** » uhhuh.. \*blush\*

**crinkabell** » I want to see you, you can see me, so it's only fair, right? And you can show me your cute cute pullup? :)

**Quietplaces** » ..kay...

Numbers-1377325 sent a video link.

**crinkabell** » Oh, I like your bracelets!

**crinkabell** » Are they new? :)

**Quietplaces** » oh.. uh

**Quietplaces** » yeah

**crinkabell** » Okay, show me your pull-up, Azzy. Gosh you are just so pretty!

**Quietplaces** » ...there..

**crinkabell** » Look how cute you are, Azzy. Do you feel cute? I hope you do.

**Quietplaces** » ...uhhuhhh..

**crinkabell** » It's pretty late, huh? :) Are you going to sleep soon?

**Quietplaces** » uhhuh probably right now..

crinkabell » Uhhuh. It was nice to get to talk to you, Azzy! Sweet dreams and squishy diaper ♥

## 107:

So the wetting myself wasn't hard. It was the next morning that was. Where the hell did she expect me to throw away a wet pullup?! I couldn't put it in the trash. Maybe if I took the kitchen garbage out in the morning, but my mom was already up. And we didn't have school today (today or tomorrow) because of some teacher-meeting-planning-committee. So I wore it. I wore it out of the house that afternoon, aching of discomfort. I was supposed to visit Mac at noon that day and she'd have a car waiting for me. I walked down to the park, where her cars would pick me up, and leaned against one of the trees. If it just wasn't so cold, it wouldn't be so bad... a little wetting couldn't hurt... right? While I waited? And when I got to Mac's, I'd change...

So, a few things. I rarely came with the car to pick up Oaklee. I mean, it was a double-back, and meant I had to be ready earlier, and usually I figured it came across like I didn't trust him. Well, this morning I didn't. Or at least, less so than usual. I just wanted to make sure he found his way to the car okay, alright? There's no crime in that! So I waited at the park until Oaklee arrived, and I guess he was focused on something intently. He leaned against a tree, straining for a moment, and in the sigh of relief that followed, he didn't even see me approach. **"Hey cutie."** I put my hand on his behind, already knowing what I'd find. I knew that look.

I nearly jumped out of my skin. I felt sick to my stomach. My cheeks were burning red and even in the early October air, my glasses were fogged over. I stumbled for some words, but she put her finger to my lips. Her hand brushed up the butt of my jeans. I thought I was going to faint...

**"You are just so cute, oh my days. Come on, let's go to the car, you can change at my place."** The dark sedan was parked in the McDonalds parking lot across the street, waiting for me to come back. And that's what I did, with Oaklee next to me, one hand playing with his bottom while we walked. It was so not me. It was so... trampy. Trashy! But he'd just wet himself without my intervention, and I was so fascinated.

She pushed me into the car by my butt, so much so that I nearly fell to the carpet of the floor. I shuffled onto the seat, catching my breath with the way the wetness felt on my bottom. My glasses were so fogged over... **"...M-Mac-" "Sissy,"** she reminded me. I shook my head. **"Mac."** I needed to end this...

There was no privacy screen in this car. The driver knew better than to talk to us, but it didn't mean he couldn't see it when I pushed the pacifier between Oaklee's lips. **"Ten minute time out from talking, help you learn to call me Sissy."** I clipped the paci-clip

onto his top, and grinned at his hands. **"You're such a good girl! Wearing your bracelets, and the locket!"**

I sucked on the pacifier as the car drove us down the street. By car, getting to Mac's was no time at all. Technically over ten minutes. I just needed time to think. But every suck of the pacifier brought more color to my cheeks. It was a hard battle. When we pulled into her driveway I took the pacifier out of my lips and unclipped it from my top. I'd walk inside. I'd push her to the wall. I'd put the pacifier in her mouth...

I led the way up the path to the door, and punched in the code, turning to a box once I got inside, which was now open, and pulling one of the diapers out. It was clear now that they were, and how many diapers were there, and how long I intended to keep him in diapers. I turned and grinned as he came through the door. **"Time to get properly protected, little Azzy."**

It was only a blink of an eye before I pushed her to the wall, but her stupid self-defense classes had me pinned to the floor within the second blink. The diaper fell beside me and the pacifier tumbled out of my hand and clattered across the tiled entryway. I was totally out of breath. She was holding me by the wrists... **"Y-you're acting crazy! I'm trying to help you!"**

Crazy? Huh? I loosened my grip a little, but still held him there. **"I'm not crazy. We're having fun... right Azzy? I'm making you Little and you like that."** Crazy? Why was this crazy? He wanted this. I was... he was just being stupid. **"Does my little girl have a rash? Is that why she's cranky?"**

My cheeks were pink and I moved to sit up. She was sitting there, on my lap, looking curiously at me. Her words kept striking chords in my chest, playing me like an instrument. **"Yes. I'm having fun! I am! And... and I wanna baby you! You're little, Mac, and you need to be babied sometimes! Now get off and put the damn pacifier in your stupid mouth!"**

**"Language, oh my gosh!"** I stuffed the pacifier off the floor between the boys lips and then grabbed him by the ear and tugged him to his feet, dragging him up one flight of stairs to the second floor bathroom. **"If you're going to use such icky language, I'm just going to have to clean your mouth out with soap!"**

...that wasn't how that was supposed to go. My cheeks were pink and I ripped the pacifier out of my mouth, tossing it across the room. Everything was foggy behind my glasses and I looked up at the girl. If I made a move against her she'd pin me back to the carpet. But with her hand in my cheeks I was feeling smaller by the second... **"Y-you need to be quiet! You're a baby! You're a baby and you need to act like one!"** Says the boy in the wet pull up...

**"I'm not a baby! You are!"** It annoyed me that he threw the pacifier across the room. I would have to go and get it, push it between his lips again. But he needed an

immediate reminder, so I reached my hand between his legs to feel the wet pull-up. **"I'm you big sister, and you're the baby."**

She was so infuriating! She was so aggravating! Just like how she used to be, always pissing me off! And her stupid glasses kept fogging up, and her cheeks were as pink as mine, and it was all her fault I'd wet myself on the side of the stupid road! So I reached up with both my hands, pushing them against her cheeks, and kissed her hard on the lips. Really hard. Like colliding cars.

We'd kissed. Or rather, I'd given him permission. And nothing bad had happened. And Missy told me nothing would. And though I was pathologically afraid of what would happen, kissing seemed okay. Right now, kissing seemed so so soooo much more than okay. Of the few examples I had to compare to, nothing quite matched up to that moment, that kiss. I felt like I would die and be reborn, over and over, until it ended. But I didn't want it to end, and I let him push me to the ground, and when he stopped kissing me, I rolled on top and I kissed him with equal force, and we continued across the living room floor, hearts beating like crazy.

I wasn't sure if I'd taken her top off or if she had. And I wasn't sure how her hand had gotten on the ass of my wet pullup. But my lips physically hurt with how hard I'd been kissing her. I hurt all over from the aggression of throwing her around the room and having her do the same. Of tumbling into furniture and trying to catch our breath only to have the other steal it away. And when she finally stopped, when we were both gasping for air, she collapsed on my chest. I rolled her off, facing her, dizzy like stars around us.... fuck.

What had even happened? What was that? Why did I feel so... hungry. I didn't get it! I'd never felt like that before, it made no sense. But we were both breathing so heavily, stealing air from the rest of the population, and I had stars in the edges of my vision, and a beautiful boy in the middle of it. **"Azalea Marie, I fear my judgement may have been compromised, and I am not acting very sisterly."** I delivered it deadpan. Held. And then burst out laughing.

I laughed too. I couldn't help it. Stupid girl. Ugh... **"Mac... can we just dress up together today? And not act like babies or whatever, and just cuddle and watch TV and order Jimmy Johns and stuff? And not wash anyone's mouth out, and not feed each other? Because like. I just... miss you."** **"You see me like every day."** **"Yeah. But I miss you..."**

I pouted. Really pouted. Not because of what he said, but because he was right and because I felt foolish. I'd spend days treating him like a little girl, and all he wanted was for me to be me. For him to be him. I thought I was making him happy... **"I feel so dumb."**

"...yeah, it's fine. I really don't get why you did it. Missy thinks it's a control thing. Like because you can't control your test results, you control me? She misses you, ya know. She says you guys never talk anymore..." Though Missy and I hadn't talked in days.

"**Missy's a know-it-all.**" I pouted a little more, because I knew I was wrong. Or rather, that I was precisely right. **"I just don't like how right she is sometimes, because this is stuff I'm sure I'm right about, but we can't both be right. And maybe I do control you..."**

"...nah. I mean... you sure make it hard to be an adult sometimes." I sat up a little, on my elbows. Ugh, I can't believe we kissed like that... **"But Nala told me I wanted it. She said I could have stopped you if I didn't. And she was right. I'd come over, and though I knew it wasn't good for you... you really... made me feel happy. Even if it went too far, it was really nice. And I'm gonna miss those feelings..."**

**"Hey, don't talk about it like I'm not gonna make you Little anymore!"** I puffed out my cheeks and frowned, resting my head up on his chest, the room spinning a little bit. **"Even if everything turns out for the best, and they can cure me, and everything... I'm gonna be making you Little just as much as you do me, and probably more because I am an AWESOME sister."**

"Yeah, I know... it was just... a very specific way you did it." Different to the other times. The times at the store, the times at build a bear. It was a lot like Sayla if Sayla wasn't a total bitch and actually cared about me. But that kind of passion. She planned to baby me. She made stories. It was... unique... **"Come on, let's go get a bath running."**

It was a somber moment. Like we'd lost something, something we couldn't get back. But I learned some lessons growing up, and one of them stuck with me — even though we lose things, even if we can never get them back, that doesn't mean we won't find new things that are even better. We lose our baby teeth, and we never get them back — but we get adult teeth. We lose our innocence and belief in Santa Claus, but we find out we can just ask for things. We lose friends, and we find lovers, and... I bit my lip, looking away from Oaklee as he leaned up from turning on the bath. **"Bath together, right?"**

**"Yeah, alright."** There were bubbles, so it wouldn't be weird. And though I had seen Mac naked, it was always in a little girl sense. I hoped the bath wouldn't change that - just another little girl moment. I closed the bathroom door and turned out the lights, lighting the overhead candles by the ceiling. Mac's bathroom was really cool for taking quiet bubble baths. They even had speakers!

If the living room floor had been fire, the warmth of the bath was an ice-bucket, and I felt the flames die down. We were in there together, beneath the bubbles, and I couldn't believe how we'd acted ~ like animals! I blushed in the dimness, and the next thing I

knew, Oaklee was pouring water over my head. I screamed, and he laughed, and then we started to splash each other. Just like kids.

**"Hey, uh... I know we're not babying each other, but could I try to put one of these things on you?"** When we had Missy's diapers, we never changed each other. That didn't start until I began babying Mac, and subsequently, she began babying me. I had a towel wrapped around my waist and she had hers around her chest. **"They're really damn cute..."**

**"Okay."** Okay. Not awkward. Not power weight. Just okay. Just okay, because I'm almost sixteen and I'm cool with wearing diapers, because whatever, right? Yeah whatever, plus I already knew they looked adorable on me. **"I got 272 of them, so any excuse, right?"** I laughed, and adjusted my towel. I remembered being afraid of him seeing me naked once upon a time. But I didn't mind now, even if he had teased me about having no hair down there. I blushed a little.

Okay. Diapers suck. I went through four before I was even somewhat happy. I was glad she'd ordered like 8 million. I patted the front, taped up around her waist, and smiled to myself. She was the best friend anyone could ever hope for... **"Alright, my turn! No way I'm risking putting that thing on myself - I'll go through another case!"** We wore nightgowns. We played Mario Party, because apparently Mac had never played before, even though she had a Nintendo Wii. And that night, together, as equals, we fell asleep in each other's arms.

**108:**

**Numbers-1377325** » Today's the day

**missymeow1213** » So Mac tells me =)

**missymeow1213** » She's nervous...

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah but not as nervous as before

**missymeow1213** » You think she's gonna come back positive? =\

**Numbers-1377325** » no.

**Numbers-1377325** » I think what you said about sayla makes sense

**Numbers-1377325** » plus like

**Numbers-1377325** » She's a baby.

**Numbers-1377325** » babies can't have STDs

**missymeow1213** » I'm pretty sure she said you've been the baby this week? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » Nahh shes crazy

**missymeow1213** » I have so many cute pictures of you now, though! =D

**Numbers-1377325** » yes well

**Numbers-1377325** » I had a question.

**Numbers-1377325** » Not Mac related.

**missymeow1213** » Go ahead =)

**Numbers-1377325** » well new years is like a month away and Nala wanted us to visit

**missymeow1213** » Crib girl?

**Numbers-1377325** » she has other qualities

**missymeow1213** » Well that was the first thing you ever told me about!

**Numbers-1377325** » well it's kinda cool isn't it!

**Numbers-1377325** » weird

**Numbers-1377325** » but cool

**missymeow1213** » Do you want a crib, Oaklee? =D

**Numbers-1377325** » I do not

**Numbers-1377325** » butttt

**Numbers-1377325** » I wouldn't hate to like

**Numbers-1377325** » try it out for a night

**missymeow1213** » Okay so you're going to visit her?

**Numbers-1377325** » anyway Mac wants to go to times square for New Years and I wanna go too

**Numbers-1377325** » and Nala lives downtown so she said if I wanted I could crash at her place

**missymeow1213** » What will Mac do?

**Numbers-1377325** » and Mac knows of knows of Nala but they don't talk

**Numbers-1377325** » no Mac would come too

**missymeow1213** » Mac would buy a crib in a heartbeat if you let her see that!

**Numbers-1377325** » Mac knows she has a crib

**missymeow1213** » Okay, so you're going to New York? That's pretty boss.

**Numbers-1377325** » Yeah I think so. my parents don't know yet but I dont think they will care

**Numbers-1377325** » they are so lax about mac nowadays.

**Numbers-1377325** » Do you think like. It's okay to bring up Nala with Mac though?

**Numbers-1377325** » 'cause like I don't want her to get upset that I'm sharing this little stuff with someone else

**Numbers-1377325** » but I kind of am

**missymeow1213** » I mean, I'd wait until after her test results. But I think she'd honestly be pretty excited to meet another Little, right?

**Numbers-1377325** » yeah?

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't know if she wanted it to just be a me and her thing or what.

**Numbers-1377325** » I figured since you talk to her you might have some insight

**missymeow1213** » I know she feels like it's something only you and her feel.

**missymeow1213** » But that's because she's isolated.

**missymeow1213** » More accurately, she feels like it's so rare she'd never meet anybody else.

**missymeow1213** » Nala could be GOOD for her.

**Numbers-1377325** » okay cool

**Numbers-1377325** » thanks for the advice

**\missymeow1213** » Anytime =)

**missymeow1213** » Is she going to play Mom to you two? Or are you going to be a trio of Little girls?

**Numbers-1377325** » uhh

**Numbers-1377325** » I haven't actually met her so

**Numbers-1377325** » I didn't think we'd really be anything..

**Numbers-1377325** » just hanging out or something..

**missymeow1213** » Girl owns a crib, cutie =)

**missymeow1213** » She takes this stuff as her lfiestyle.

**Numbers-1377325** » hm.

**Numbers-1377325** » I guess I should ask her..

**missymeow1213** » I mean don't be closed minded about it.

**missymeow1213** » Just make sure your expectations match up.

**missymeow1213** » And maybe let Mac speak to her for a bit, too.

**Numbers-1377325** » You hear about Mike btw?

**missymeow1213** » No? =O

**Numbers-1377325** » he got arrested for stalking this one chick

**Numbers-1377325** » it was all over the forum

**missymeow1213** » =O

**missymeow1213** » That is my fake surprised face

**Numbers-1377325** » Hey

**Numbers-1377325** » he just needs some perspective

**Numbers-1377325** » he's a great dude

**missymeow1213** » Well, he'll get a good perspective in prison.

**missymeow1213** » Given how pretty he is.

**Numbers-1377325** » He's awful pretty

**Numbers-1377325** » but nah I don't think he's going to prison

**Numbers-1377325** » I think he's gonna get slapped with a restraining order or something and have to pay a fine

**Numbers-1377325** » he's only 17 ya know

**missymeow1213** » He needs to just realize he's the little girl he's been looking for his whole life, imo.

**Numbers-1377325** » I feel kinda at fault actually..

**missymeow1213** » Why at fault? =(

**Numbers-1377325** » I mean I always used to listen to him talking about his stories and stuff and I haven't given him any attention in like forever

**Numbers-1377325** » maybe I'll just tell him about Azzy. what's the worst that could happen?

**missymeow1213** » He'll fall in love with you?

**Numbers-1377325** » if I liked guys I'd date Mike

**Numbers-1377325** » he's just the right combination of handsome and aggravating.

**missymeow1213** » The boy tells me 'He's one o' them alley cats, kitten. You be wary o' cats like him'

**Numbers-1377325** » ha

**Numbers-1377325** » Mike's a softy

**Numbers-1377325** » He's just a little talky is all

**Numbers-1377325** » He needs a girlfriend. Then he'll be happy

**missymeow1213** » Think he'll settle down once he ACTUALLY has sex?

**missymeow1213** » Oh maybe he could pop your cherry!

**missymeow1213** » Rumor has it you got trained at giving awesome BJ's...

**missymeow1213** » Too soon?

**Numbers-1377325** » idk -\_-

**Numbers-1377325** » kinda makes me a little sick, but I think I'm over it mostly..

**Numbers-1377325** » weird thoughts now.

**Numbers-1377325** » its almost been a year..

**missymeow1213** » You're in the final stage of recovery, Oaklee =)

**missymeow1213** » You gotta own it.

**missymeow1213** » Take away that last bit of power from her.

**missymeow1213** » When someone says 'hey Oaklee you suck dick!'

**missymeow1213** » Be like.

**missymeow1213** » "And I fucking OWN at it, too!"

**Numbers-1377325** » I

**Numbers-1377325** » would never say that

**missymeow1213** » Yeah but you gotta THINK it =D

**Numbers-1377325** » you gotta be a less passionate therapist

**Numbers-1377325** » okay Mac's waiting at the park

**Numbers-1377325** » gotta go

**missymeow1213** » Wait

**missymeow1213** » Just think about it!

**missymeow1213** » You could give Mac advice? For when she starts dating?

**Numbers-1377325** » ...mm.

Numbers-1377325 » yeah

Numbers-1377325 » bye!

Oaklee told me a lot of things about the park by his house. How he played here growing up. How he came here to cry. How this was where Sayla had turned on him. I didn't see associations, or memories: I saw a park with a kick-butt set of monkey-bars that I sat on top of, lording over the playscape, despite the fact I was in a very pretty school-girl skirt in pink and baby blue, colored in such a way that the blue was on the inner pleats to look like shaded shadows on a drawing. I saw Oaklee coming long before he arrived — from here, I could see his house.

**"You're early."** She'd texted me. I sat down on the edge of the slide and looked around for the car. No car. Huh. **"Are we walking?"** Not that I cared. It was a standing invite. Come in for test results. Didn't matter on the time of day. No appointment. But the hospital was all the way in the north of town...

**"If I'm as sick as she promised I would be, they might not let me leave. Not for a while. And I would miss our walks so much, so I wanted to get one last good one, just in case. Oh."** I reached into my messenger bag and tossed something down at the boy ~ the same skirt I was wearing, but the colors were reversed. **"You don't have to wear it, but it's a long walk, and skirts are awesome for that."**

**"Uh..."** I didn't have a shirt that went with it. It was honestly a little too pastel for most of what I wore. It might have been an okay little-outfit but not really a normal outfit. And I was still so sketchy on stuff like that outdoors... especially in early October. **"I don't think so. I mean, maybe if I could have changed at your house, but I don't feel comfortable."** **"Yeah, that's fine."** That was the difference between Mac and Sayla. Those three words.

**"Google says it'll take a little over two hours to walk. We can talk if you want, or we don't have to. I didn't sleep, so if I doze off, catch me? Okay?"** I wore enough makeup for it not to be obvious, but I was stressed. I wasn't going to hide that I was stressed, I mean, I didn't like to show it, exactly, but I'd never lie about it. I actually felt more... **"...disconnected. That's how I feel."**

I could talk to Mac for two hours. But talking and distracting were very different things. I knew Missy had said not to mention it until after the appointment, but it would be a good way to get her mind off the tests. **"Nala invited us to stay at her place in New York, if like, and you don't wanna pay for a hotel." "I have it booked. It's no trouble."** Mmm... **"I just meant, if you were interested in meeting her or whatever."**

**"Um."** Meet Nala? I didn't know anything about her, I'd never spoken to her. And I thought today I was going to die. I frowned and forced it awkwardly into a smile. **"I don't really know her, Oaklee. You don't talk much about her. I know she sleeps in a**

**baby crib, right?"** That was her? Honestly, a good part of me was a tiny bit jealous that he was sharing this with someone else, but I was too distracted to notice.

**"Well, yeah. And I talk about her sometimes. She's nineteen, like Missy. Except she's asexual or aromantic or something with an A. I guess it means she's not into relationships the way you'd think. She is just little for fun, kinda like us, and not the people online."** Nala was a person online, though. Ugh, this was coming out wrong... **"If you don't want to, that's totally okay. But she invited. And I promised I'd ask."**

**"I think everyone likes relationships, they just need to have one."** I was quiet, though, trailing off in thought. Today might be the end of the road for me, unlike this walk which had so much more to go. I was never a risk taker, never colored outside the lines, never stepped from the well-beaten path. So I nodded my head before I could let myself change my mind. **"Okay."** He looked surprised...

**"You sure? I mean, you should probably talk to her before making any decisions. But she's like, a little all the time. And I thought it would be cool... seeing some like, little stuff. I mean, you know about the crib..."** Ugh, this was awkward. It wasn't supposed to be awkward. Missy said she'd be excited... **"We'll talk about it later."** We were only halfway out of the South Slums. Ugh. We were never getting to the hospital...

**"So she has a crib."** It was ten minutes later. Ten minutes of awkward small-talk. It had been a long time since Oaklee and I had done that. **"Like, not a baby crib, but an adult sized one? That's really cool."** My voice lacked a lot of color to it, but there was the smallest tinge of pink pastel excitement in that notion, and I even bit my lip a little. **"What else does she have? And how can you be little all the time...?"**

**"I guess she does photo shoots and stuff for magazines, so that pays for her apartment. And she's a model in normal clothes too, even though she is never out of pullups. It's kind of weird to think about... I don't think I would like that. Being little all the time. Being big is fun too, in its own way."** She brought it up. Not me. Hm. Okay, I could work with that.

**"Maybe I should be little all the time. I could drop out of school and get tutors! And a babysitter... oh, I would be the cutest thing in no time. You could come hang out for playdates!"** Okay, so I cracked a smile then. I even giggled a little. But I mean, little all the time? It seemed like it would lose its appeal...

**"Oh, I'd be the babysitter, I bet!"** I said with a laugh. This was so normal now. Diapers. Pacifiers. Dresses. Little girls, the two of us. It was so natural. Only a couple months, and it was already so natural. I put my arm around her in the cold October air. She was smart enough to wear a coat - even if she thought a skirt was a good idea - and I was in my blue coat she'd gotten me last year. **"We don't have to be little with**

her. We could just visit. And hey, her apartment is just down the road from Times Square."

"That's awesome... " I was in appropriate awe, and then came back down to earth for a moment to add. "If we are going to a house with an adult sized crib, I don't know about you, but I am Littling out. I will ring in the new year in a diaper, mark my words!" One way or another. Either in a crib in New York, or a hospital bed...

"I bet it's gonna be freezing up there too. Wearing diapers out to Times Square is probably a really smart move. And I'll wear that pink coat you got me last year, right? And Mira and Cheez can come. I dunno how Nala feels about New Years, but she could take a picture of us or something." Planning for the future. That would help her.

"Cheez has always wanted to go to New York. And there're are so many people there that nobody would notice two teenagers dressed adorably with teddies. Well. Three? Does Nala dress nice? I don't think I could be friends with a slob..." Maybe I was spoiled by Oaklee, but I had high standards now!

"From what I've seen, she dresses really nice. But I've really only seen her in pajamas and stuff. She also buys expensive diapers like you did. I think she wears smalls, though, so we'd have to bring our own if you wanted to have any." Mac fit into smalls. She wore my mediums anyway.

"Oh, we will pack proper. At least two cases for the two or three days. A proper lady never packs light. One will be all diapers, and when the airport people scan it we will smile proudly." Of course, none of this was going to happen if I was sick. And deep down, in the pit of my stomach, I knew that I was.

"Uh! No! No way. No way I'm getting looks from people at the airport. We'll drive. Rent a car or something." "Do you have any idea how expensive that is?" "It's better than some TSA jackass going through my underwear, you know!" Underwear was a very polite term for what I was talking about. Ahhh. She was smiling. At least she was smiling. We'd passed out of the South Slums.

"It'll have to be a train. Driving into New York City sounds nonsense. We'll get one of those fancy sleeper cabins. There's this one train to New York that's got two levels for the sleepers, and the bottom is beds and it has its own spiral stairwell in each to your own private seats with a clear ceiling." I had to admit, I liked trains a lot.

"I've never been on a train. Are they cool? I just keep thinking of movies where like people jump into the train cars. Like they run up and Fat Johnny or whatever can't make it, so everyone puts their hands out and tries to help him on. And he's like 'I can't... I can't...' and then he does. And everyone cheers. Yeah. Is it like that?" She just looked at me incredulously.

**"Yes. We will take a train. First class, with room service!"** Because Mac Edith-Lillen was not going to take travel without room service! **"Thanks for distracting me, I know you think I shouldn't be afraid, but so much of me feels like this is the end of the road for me, and how do I fight feelings like that?"**

**"No, I think it makes sense that you're scared. I would be scared. But I'm gonna be there, and it needs to be done, so we're gonna do it together. Like killing spiders. Nobody likes killing spiders, but it's gotta be done, or they crawl all over your bed. You know?"** She probably didn't know, because even I hardly knew what I was saying. Ugh. **"It's fine. Everything will be fine."**

**"What if they tell me I'm sick? What if they say I'm not? I changed my whole self around this, and turned down crushes and sank into myself and stopped caring about the future.."** I still got straight A's. **"All because I knew I was sick. What if I'm not? What if I'm not sick at all, and I've wasted all this time being scared..."**

**"Well. Then we go to New York and make up for it. And for Christmas Break we'll go to like, Hawaii. Or Alaska. Somewhere we can go without passports, because I don't have one. Or we can go to the mountains in Colorado. Or see Niagara falls. We'll make up for all the scary time with awesome time."**

**"We will do all those things. All at once."** All at once, probably not. One after the other, maybe? Was that possible? If I got out of this alive, then maybe it could be. Maybe we'd travel more. Maybe I'd take more risks. I never took any risks at all. **"I think I want to go skydiving. Would you do that with me?"**

**"Uhhh. No. Nope. No chance in hell." "Whhaaatt? Come on. Please?" "No way! I hate heights. Especially falling heights. Like falling out of a plane heights. I worry enough about falling out of planes when I'm not planning on actually falling out of them!"** Skydiving. Mac was insane. But talk about character development.

**"Hey I took on your crazy ex! Face to face, even! I think jumping out of a plane s WAY tamer than that. At least people survive that. I have this idea that Sayla just eats her boyfriends, like a spider. Oaklee the Spider-bride!"** I laughed. Actually laughed. And we were close to the hospital, and I was laughing and I could and it felt so nice.

I decided to laugh too. Because Missy was kind of right. Sayla wasn't something in my life anymore. She didn't control me. And in an hour, she wouldn't control Mac either. Together, we were going to leave her behind. Together in that clinic room.

The hospital was different to the way I remembered it. Maybe because I was hysterical back then... was I? When I came in? Was I hysterical, or just when I left? I barely remembered. **"I cried a lot last time I was here, didn't I? I hardly even remember,**

**like it was some silly dream."** The hospital inset into the side of the grassy hill. Beautiful, but so foreboding to me now.

**"Hey, we're just here for test results. Mackan Edith-Lillan. Yeah, that one there."** A folder. Were the results in there, or was it just a file? Ugh, this sucked. Five minutes, the secretary told me. If that. And the secretary directed me to the waiting room. Mac followed me into a set of hard chairs.

**"I think we can agree that from now on, I pick the girls you date."** My head was on Oaklee's shoulder, and I was content, despite the turmoil beneath my exterior. I didn't blame him, and he knew I didn't. Poking fun of the situation helped me, though. I think he knew that, too, even if I'd never said it out loud.

**"Yeah, I don't think you have to worry about that again,"** I said quietly, playing with her hair. It was the first time we really talked about it. Mac was crushing on that girl in September. And the date she skipped out on with the Japanese girl. And we never did go to that tea party in lolita clothes. But me? My relationships? It hadn't come up.

**"I think you need a nice girl. A girl who gets you, and treasures you like a flower."** A young male nurse approached us and handed me the envelope with a warm smile. **"You can open it here if you like. I'll be happy to answer any questions."** I wasn't sure I could. I bit my lip and looked down at the yellow envelope, all the answers I needed. And I closed my eyes, and single sheet of paper out. One piece of paper? I expected something more... medical.

It was evident. There was no ambiguity. Like twenty one articles. Typed like on a typewriter, even though they weren't. One after another in brackets. Negative. Negative. Negative. I waited to see the one that didn't conform to the line breaks, one that was just a little too short or a little too long, and when none of them were, I had to read them all again, one at a time. N-E-G-A-T-I-V-E. I had to spell them out. I had to double - triple - check for the letter P. Maybe I needed real glasses after all. Or maybe...

**"I'm..."** That one and a half words took six reads before I could manage it. Six maybe seven, seven maybe I was dreaming. **"Remarkably healthy, with no sign of infection. Congratulations, Mackan."** Healthy. Clean. No infection. Negative. Negative. Negative. Never before had Negative meant Positive quite this much. I felt my cheeks warm, and my head swim, and I whispered softly. **"Goodbye, Sayla..."**

**"You're healthy! You're totally healthy!"** I was so excited for her! We were outside in the parking lot, walking to the edge of the road when I hugged her. I had to hug her because I didn't hug her inside because I didn't want to make a big deal out of it in there. But damn. I was just so happy. **"I'm so glad. I'm so happy for you..."**

I kissed him. Gosh I kissed him. Out of the blue, out of nowhere, out of impulse and lust and pent-up frustration. I kissed him and his back hit the tree and I kissed him because I

couldn't make him sick. Because there was no consequence. I kissed him because I wanted to, and it felt like so long since I'd done what I wanted.

**"...thank you...?"** Wow. Wowwww. Okay. Yeah. That was... better than I would have thought. I mean. Because Mac had only ever kissed. What. Me? Four times? And sure the last time was really good. And the second time was good, too. Actually they were all good. Maybe she was born with the power to kiss people well. **"...kinda cool 'cause I can't get sick now, right?"** Friends usually didn't kiss like that.

**"Uhhuh."** I should have felt sheepish, but I didn't. I didn't regret it at all. I wanted to kiss him, so I did. And screw everything else. I wiped my lips with the back of my hand and looked down at my phone. **"Let's go share ice-cream, okay? With one spoon."** In October. In this chill. No amount of cold could touch me.

**"What are you doing for Thanksgiving?"** I asked over the banana split ice cream. It was like one week ago. Except not at all. We were sharing. I didn't really like banana, but whatever. **"I remember last year I got out of it to hang out with you."** But Sayla fucked everything up. I didn't want to think about that. Alternatively, Mac turned sixteen in six weeks.

**"I don't know. Maybe go to Hawaii for the day. How far is it to fly there? We could go early in the morning, and come back the next morning. Spend all day on the beach in those grass skirts..."** Gosh. Ice-cream. Ice-cream and no taboo. Ice cream I could share with Oaklee, share like kisses.

**"Ahh, that'd be great and all, but I think my mom actually wants me at dinner this year."** The penalty of not getting my arm broken: dealing with my family. My parents actually seemed to like me now. Not like me, not like Deagan, who still lived at home even though he didn't live at home. It was weird. Everything was weird. I wished I saw my brother more.

**"I'll come."** He did very well to shelter me from his family for as long as he did, but honestly... I was ready to step out of the shadow. Was this what born-again meant? I felt indestructible. Wonderful. **"You wouldn't want me to be alone, would you? And I can bring dessert. I know some great places I could get a pie from."**

**"...uh..."** Mac hadn't met my parents. I'd known Mac for over a year and she hadn't met my parents. My brother knew her because they went to the same school for one year, but she hadn't rightly met him either. She was a Sophomore now. I was a Junior. What would life be when I didn't have school with Mac? Not like I ever saw her there anyway... **"I'm not sure that's the greatest idea. I mean, they probably think we're dating."** I didn't have to explain why. She knew my parents.

**"I could be your girlfriend for a night! We kiss anyway."** Girlfriend. Oaklee's Girlfriend. Gosh. Oh, Mac, don't be that way! Don't think such silly things. Just because

you're not sick doesn't change that he doesn't like you that way. But so what? Girl can still dream, can't she? I felt my cheeks pinken a little.

**"Hey, as long as you don't mind pretending."** It would get me in good with the extended family, too. I hated that I couldn't wear whatever I wanted. One of my aunts was actually really cool about the clothes stuff when I told her, but everyone else shared the same sentiments as my mom. My dad didn't have a family anymore. His parents died a while ago, when I was still young. He hated Thanksgiving as much as me - it meant seeing my mom's side of the family.

**"I can talk with a British accent if you doth prefer?"** Not so much British as Royal Family of England. I liked my impression, anyway! I worked on it a lot when I was younger and had a lot of time at home on my own. The tower was a lonely place, after all, and not one that time could be spent in without passing it somehow.

I laughed. I actually laughed. **"You just be you. They'll love you."** Honestly, knowing my mom, she'd love that Mac was a girl. I was bringing a girl home for Thanksgiving instead of a dude. And a rich girl at that. **"Come on, I'll walk you home."**

## 109:

I wore a vest. I loved vests. That was my new thing, I think. I got one last year for Christmas, but I was only just now appreciating them. They looked snazzy in a sexy way with the sleeves of a button up rolled to my elbows. Better off, they worked with dark jeans. My grandparents were here early like they always were. Uncle Don and Aunt Rachel were late, like they always were. And Aunt Debra was as on time as Mac was, so much so that they ran into each other on the porch.

Thanksgiving was something new to me, something I didn't know very much about. Like I knew it existed. I knew that people ate turkey, got together in these big gatherings, and appreciated one another's company, and I could understand that. What mystified me was what exactly people wore to thanksgiving! Was it a formal event? What if you're a guest? Dressy? Upscale? Casual? Business? In the end, after all the deliberation, I wore a dress. I didn't make it anything too fancy — cream, with large chocolate and rose colored polka-dots with a large ribbon sash with a bow on the left hip, and stockings in the same pink, with a simple shawl and an ornate oversized flower on a headband. I liked it. Very autumnal. **"Oh, Hi. Um..."** The woman had said hello to me, and I didn't know who it was ~ was it Oaklee's Mom? They looked alike... **"I'm Mackan. Ms. Edwards?"**

**"Oh hun, that's my sister. It's nice to meet you, Mackan. An interesting name you have there. And you just look so pretty. Are you here for Oaklee?"** Though she looked about thirteen and I was very obviously not thirteen anymore. Not that I had to

really shave or anything, but it was something about growing up. I was a young man now. And I hadn't seen Aunt Debra in years, not before opening the door and letting both her and Mac into my house!

Sister. Aunt. Oaklee's Aunt. **"Actually, I usually go by Mac."** I felt foolish having wasted my demure and polite best on someone not even his mother! Well. Best foot forward, right, Mac? I followed the woman inside, and mercifully found Oaklee before I found any other members of his family. His eyes were wide... did I dress too formal? I looked down at my dress with a frown and then up at Oaklee. **"Too much?"**

**"No, it's... it's very you."** My parents were going to think I was dating a middle schooler. Though next to one another, with only inches in difference for height, we were actually really cute. **"Looking sharp, Oaklee!"** my Aunt Debra said, hugging me in her arms. **"It's good to see you,"** I told her. **"I missed you last year."**

**"We'll just have to make up for lost time."** **"Didn't I kidnap you last year?"** There was a part of me that had developed in recent months that realized that as a teenage girl, I was allowed to be cute. Coy. Childish, even. I bit my lip guiltily and smiled, shrugging. **"Well I made up for it this time by coming along as your date."** **"Oh, you two are dating?"** Okay, so I didn't know how to answer that. But I did cuddle up to Oaklee's arm.

**"Uh, yeah."** We weren't. But whatever. It was better my family think we were anyway. I didn't care about letting my Aunt Debra in on the secret, but probably not in front of company. And we were standing in the foyer. **"Come on, Mac. I'll introduce you to my mom."** My house was boring. Small. Even smaller with ten people in it. Mac had never been in here before, and I hoped I wasn't making a bad impression. But things were clean. My mom always made sure things were clean on Thanksgiving. It was a good time for Mac's first visit.

**"Huh. You're pretty white for a latina girl."** Of course that would come up! Of course! It had been, what, a year? I blushed and bit my lip, taking a breath. **"Actually, Mrs. Edwards. You spoke to my Step-Mom. My Mom and Dad broke up, and Dad re-married. I don't see Mom very often... my real Mom, I mean."** Okay, so maybe it was better that it had been a year — I didn't know that I could have lied so brazenly if it were any sooner. I hoped Oaklee would be proud of me.

**"Well it's nice to meet you, Mac. Oaklee has told us so much about you."** She was smiling. Genuinely. Maybe even happy, or excited, or something! I mean, it was proof Mac existed, that Mac wasn't a guy, that I wasn't out having gay sex on the days I was in Mac's bedroom dressing like a toddler. I wondered which one Mom would prefer...

**"Oh, he has?"** I wondered how much of it was true, and decided not to say anything too contradictory so as not to undermine him. **"Well, all good things I hope? Or at least mostly? Oh! Um. Oaklee said it was kind of like a pot-luck? So I brought a salad I made."** By made, I meant, had the caterers make. But whatever ~ it was potato

salad. **"I left it in the living room when I came in, where would you like it, Mrs. Edwards?"**

**"I'll take care of it,"** she told the two of us. **"You two get comfortable and I'll ring your brother and see when he'll be home. And of course Don and Rachel are late again..."** She sighed and stepped away from the two of us, fishing her cell phone out of one of the drawers in the kitchen. She hated cooking with the phone on the counter after what happened to the last one. **"Come on,"** I told her. I can show you around.

**"Your Mom seems... nice."** I mean, other than racially profiling me after two lines of introduction exchange. **"So this is the inside of your place? It's nice to see that your house is more than just your bedroom."** His bedroom I'd slept in one very very fateful night. I didn't know if what I'd done back then meant anything, but it was nice to feel like I'd made a difference.

**"Yeah, not much though... come on, this way's the living room."** My grandma and grandpa were in there. My mom's parents. It was obvious where she got her attentiveness, that woman. They disliked my dressing like a girl even more than my mom, but they were very polite people. I couldn't quite say the same about Uncle Don. **"Grandma, grandpa, this is my girlfriend Mac."** Might as well run with it by this point...

So I curtsayed. Maybe because I'd been taught to at a young age and I never got to, or maybe because they looked like they were alive when curtsaying was still a thing. His grandma smiled, especially, though. **"It's a pleasure to meet you, Oaklee is always talking about how much his family means to him and I'm so lucky I'm getting to meet you all."** Not over enthusiastic, no fake. Just the right amount of demure dainty bubbiness. I did schmoozing very well.

**"Well it's such a pleasure to meet you Mac! That's an interesting name. Short for something?" "Mackan,"** she told them. **"It's French."** **"Well it's absolutely superb."** Such polite people. They were also Gods at passive aggression, but that's only after they start to drink. This was going to be such a fun night...

**"So your Mom is pleasant, and your grandparents are pleasant, and..."** I actually looked over my shoulder as I was led up the stairs before continuing. **"Is your Dad here? I just hope I can see him as something other than the reason you're not allowed to feel happy, and the guy who broke your arm..."**

**"He's probably getting ice..."** My dad loves to get ice. It's like the only thing he does. Other than lay around and drink. He loves getting ice, because it's just down the road, and they have a lot of different kinds of alcohol and thirty flavors of Slim Jims. It's weird... **"You won't like him. No one likes him. Just be nice."**

**"I'm always nice. It's like the only thing I'm ever good at, is being nice."** I pouted as we got to the top of the stairs and he began to show me bedrooms. To be truthful,

November had been a blur after the hospital. Or maybe the time before was a blur, it was hard to tell. But I'd spent so much time hiding what I wanted that it felt impossible now. Which was why, when we got in his room, I closed the door, and I went to the messenger bag I bought for him. I found a pull-up in the compartment — it was one of only two left. I guess he found a way to throw them out. And I turned, and I pushed him to the bed.

**"Mac. We have dinner with my family!"** Honestly, I shouldn't have the door closed. I shouldn't. But would someone bust me? I doubted it. Because I was in here with a girl, and that was enough to placate my parents. I sat up on the bed and went to stand up. Honestly, I hadn't stocked those pullups out since Mac and I got over the her-babying-me thing. I'd worn four in six weeks. Usually on nights I was having trouble sleeping.

**"Uh huh, and if you're a good girl and don't make a scene, nobody will know, Azzy."** He tried to stand up, and I pushed him back down, and tugged his pants right down to his knees, undies and all. **"Don't make me have to fight to get your pants over your feet, or maybe I won't you have them back once you put this on?"** I held up the pull-up, grinning.

My cheeks were scarlet. We'd seen each other naked enough by now, but it still was pretty weird when I wasn't in one of my little headspaces. I tried to act like it didn't matter, sitting up again, reaching for my pants, but Mac put her hand on my chin, steering my gaze up at her. My glasses were fogging up...

**"Azzy, what do you think will take longer? Dinner to be ready? Or me to slip out and come back with a proper diaper for you?"** His hand loosened on his pants and I smiled as sweet and cute as could be, in my ice-cream inspired dress and stockings. It wasn't like this was punishment ~ I knew he was stressed and he'd taken such good care of me, I just wanted to do the same.

She got my pants off before I could come up with a reply. I was in a bit of a daze. It wasn't helping how easily she could get me to slip into little space. Even the threat of the diaper... **"Mac-"** But she pushed me back onto the bed, pulling the pullup up my legs.

He didn't get up. He just stayed laying there on the bed, glasses fogged a little, and I went to his dresser, finding what I wanted on the second drawer attempt. Skinny jeans. Much more form fitting than the baggy ones he was wearing. I began to pull them up his legs, praising him as I did. **"You're such a good girl, Azzy! Such a good girl for Mommy Mackan, yup!"**

So the jeans didn't show off the pullup at all. And they looked a little silly being dark blue instead of black with the vest I was wearing. But a more casual look. Except for the redness of my cheeks. I never blushed. Someone would notice it, right? The fake glasses fogged at the bottom...

**"Come on! Is your brother home? Your Mom was going to call him, right? Is he pretty, like you?"** And yes, for a boy, Oaklee was unnaturally pretty, not that I had any complaints about this fact because I happened to like pretty things. **"And we can see if your Mom wants help in the kitchen, you can be a good daughter."**

Daughter. My head was spinning when Mac brought me out of the room. I'd felt little before in places other than Mac's bedroom. In Walgreens. In my room. In school sometimes. But never, never, never in front of my family. I talked different. I acted different... this was going to be a disaster...

**"Mrs. Edwards."** The woman looked up at me in surprise. **"Oaklee thought maybe the two of us could help you with the food, is there anything we can do for you?"** **"Oaklee suggested you two help me? Are we talking about the same boy?"** **"Of course! Tell her, Oaklee, you wanted to know how we can help."**

**"Uh... yeah. Um..."** Gosh. Just talk. Talk normal. This is your mom. Stop blushing! Ugh! **"...I mean, if we could set the table... or if you wanted help with the potatoes..."** Not that I ever offered. It was weird that I offered. It was weird I looked at my feet while I talked.

**"Oh! Potatoes? That's a great idea, Oaklee." "Yeah, alright..."** Oaklee's Mom looked at her son curiously, and then nodded to the opposite counter where potatoes were sitting in a large bowl of water. **"You can dry those off, and peel them, then cut them into one inch cubes for the potato bake." "That sounds great, come on, Oaklee, do you know how to cut potatoes? Don't worry, I can show you."** I spoke to him like he was my little sister.

The name was something she never used when I was in little space anymore. It had been months. It helped to draw me out, enough to smile and nod and follow her over to the potatoes. We peeled and I tried not to blush. I'd remember what I was wearing, the crinkling, the softness, and my cheeks would go red. But Mac talked a lot, and used my name a lot, and it kept me kind of centered...

I wasn't trying to embarrass him, I wasn't. I wanted to make a good impression on his parents, was all, on his family, and I was more confident this way. I knew he understood. **"Mrs. Edwards? You said the cheese, then the green onions, then then bacon? Or bacon first?" "Bacon first, dear."** Dear. Gosh. It was like having parents... was this was it felt like?

We fixed the potatoes into the bake just as my dad came home. I notably stiffened at the sight of him. Mac looked over at me a little curiously. I never got nervous around my dad. He'd broken my arm, sure. He'd beaten me up a few times. But I never showed I was weak. And now I felt... a little... scared. I took a deep breath and tried not to think about it. Introductions, introductions... **"Dad... this is Mac... Mac, my dad..."** At least TRY to make eye contact. Fuck...

**"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Edwards. Um. Can I take that?"** He had a large bag of ice over his shoulder, and a weary look in his eyes. I noted the fake-leg, and smiled politely. **"Mac."** He nodded, and held out the bag of ice, which I took, and grimaced a little at the weight. It was okay. **"Did you enjoy your walk? The weather is nice out, for November."** He looked at me, and looked at Oaklee, who didn't look up. Then replied, simply. **"Don't fuck this up, boy. She's one of the good ones."**

...offer to take the ice. He got ice like every two days. I never once offered. Damn it. Mac was like. A miracle or something. My aunt and uncle showed up, but the introductions were short lived. Mom was popping champagne. This is where the fun begins. **"Want some?"** I asked her? **"I'm okay. And we don't need you having accidents."** And then my littleness quotient went from the floor to the sky.

I didn't know if Oaklee saw his family enough for his mannerisms to matter. I just knew that it was helping me, and I'm sure it must have been taking the edge off for him, and it's not like I said anything where people could hear! His cheeks were pink, and I put my hand in his and walked him to the table, most certainly the one in charge. I even pulled his chair out, so he could appreciate fully his pullup's padding when he sat down.

Mac and I sat next to each other over dinner. Deagan came in late and sat across from me. I introduced him to Mac when there was a lull at the table. He said he knew her, but Mac didn't know him. Just like Deagan. I was starting to come out of the haze a little bit, enough to talk to Aunt Debra anyway. Probably not enough to talk to Mom or Dad, or even the grandparents.

This was family. This was what it was like... to have people in your life. To feel a part of something. They weren't perfect, but who ever was? Nobody, that's who. Certainly not my family. My family were money rich and love poor. Despite their shortcomings, I felt like Oaklee's family was the opposite. **"So how long have you two been dating?"** That was Oaklee's aunt, and I kept engaged in the conversation, answering the question. I didn't answer every question, but enough to make him feel a little smaller.

**"How did you meet?" "Uhh... a friend at school introduced us. Mac's cousin Kelly."** Which was true. Except she introduced us online. And we talked online. And when we met in person only after a couple weeks of talking online, after she googled my screen name and found out all my weird likes. I guess it worked out for the best. **"Are you in the same grade?" "I'm a grade down."** She looked it. **"I'm like nine months younger than Oaklee."**

**"How do your parents feel about you dating an older boy?" "They..."** Don't know. Don't know we're fake dating. Wouldn't know if we were real dating. Might know by the wedding. **"Are more hands-off as parents. They trust me, and figure I'll make the right choices. Mostly, they're right."** **"Mostly?"** She laughed. **"Well, I do spend a lot of money on clothes!" "Oh, yes! I've noticed how well dressed you are."** **"Thank you! Nobody really notices, except for Oaklee. He's got a great eye for clothes, too, we're like twins."**

It elicited a slight frown from my mother. But it wasn't anything bad. A comment about how well I dressed, about how I knew when Mac dressed nice. It was a little queer, but we were dating. Or fake dating. Gosh I wish I would just stop blushing. **"Yeah, we all know how Oaklee doesn't let anything get in the way of nice clothes."** She meant of course my propensity for skirts in my freshman summer before high school. It lasted all of two weeks. And six months of arguing with my parents until the first real fight came between my dad and me. I quieted down a lot after that, but not before the whole family knew. Still, Aunt Debra didn't mean it teasing. She thought it was really cool how openminded I was.

**"I think it's very fantastic. Guys should care about what they wear, right? Like. If girls should have to impress boys, boys should have to impress us." "And does Oaklee impress you?" "In so many ways." "Mac, cherub, your potato salad is amazing."** That was Oaklee's Mom, and I bit my lip, shrugging a little. **"I hope when I grow up, I can be as good with food as you are, Mrs. Edwards."**

Mac was even better than me at toeing the line of talking about honest things and complete and total flattery. It was... certainly a thing. I thought my dad would speak up with how much he had been drinking, but he didn't. I guess that was for the best. **"Do you go to college?"** Mac asked my brother. **"A community one,"** he said, **"but only part time."** Deagan already knew Mac and I weren't dating. He also knew to let the lie slide with Mom and Dad.

**"You know the boy's a faggot, don't you?"** That came towards the end of eating, from Oaklee's father. The whole table went quiet, and it seemed like nobody wanted to speak up to the drunken man. It also looked like he wanted a reply. My chest hurt a little, and I took a deep breath. **"Mr. Edwards, do I look like a boy to you? I am about the girliest girl that ever there was, and I couldn't imagine anybody would want to date me unless they really liked girls!"** The silence prevailed. I looked at the man, and he looked at me. Oaklee looked down. And the silence broke with the drunk man laughing. Slowly. One ha. Then another. Then another. He laughed. **"Fair enough. Get me another drink, then, because if I open my mouth again nobody's gonna wanna talk."** I slid my chair out, and smiled politely, smoothing down my dress. **"One of the beers that looks like this, hun, see? In the fridge on the back deck."** Jesus. He liked me. I thought he was going to kill me!

You know. If my dad died in the war. And my mom wanted to spite her parents a little more. Or if my Aunt Debra could rub off on anyone. My family wouldn't suck. But it did. And I hated it. Even if it was literally the best Thanksgiving I'd had since I was eight years old, I still felt sick. Everyone thought one way or another about me. I fucking hated it...

We snuck away once dinner had been finished, and by that I meant I took his hand and I pulled him away, and I chose the bathroom because the door could lock and nobody

would think we were both in there. Oaklee looked exhausted, drained, and mostly confused. I used the opportunity and the mirror to fix my lipgloss.

I leaned against the wall and rubbed my eyes. I didn't like gatherings like this. I wish it was like Christmas where dinner was so late that everybody went home after gifts. But not Thanksgiving. Dinner was over and it was only five in the evening. I still had hours with my family. Drinking... ugh...

Oaklee looked melancholic. I took his chin, and I did his lipgloss, despite meagre protest. **"Hold still, Azzy, or you'll make me have to start over. Shush! No arguing. Be a good girl."** His cheeks started to warm, but none so much as when I pressed my lips to his. Kissing wasn't forbidden anymore. Not risky. I wanted to do it, so I would.

She kissed me like I used to. When I was feeling little and she was close and she smelled like strawberry cream. I kissed her. But this time she kissed me. And yeah, it... it really helped. **"Sorry about my dad,"** I said quietly after the kiss. I was still teetering between little and big.

**"He's a brute, and he doesn't realize how lucky he is to have a princess like you for a daughter, Azzy. But that's his loss."** Rarely did I feel in control. Maybe I'd spent this past year fighting so hard not to feel like I wasn't, that when I was set free, being in control came easy to me now? I wasn't in a self-indulgent mood, though, it wouldn't do anybody any good to dwell on me. I wanted to make Oaklee smile.

**"...yeah...?" "Yeah."** She patted my head and opened up the bathroom door. **"H-hey, what about the lip gloss,"** I called after her, but what I couldn't wipe off on my arm was stuck to my lips. They shined in the lights. I stumbled out of the hall after Mac, almost running right into my Aunt Rachel. She married my mom's brother. She had also just watched Mac and I both come out of the bathroom. I smiled sheepishly. Ughhhhh.

**"Well, playing hooky, huh?"** For once, I didn't have a retort, and I just grinned sheepishly. **"Hard to get privacy with the house so full?" "Right. And you got lipgloss all over his lips, too. Better clean that off, kid, your father would tan your hide if you saw." "It's from kissing a girl! How much trouble can he be in? It'll be fine."**

I wiped my mouth on my arm again all the same. Maybe it would get more of the stickiness off. But I guess it really didn't. My Aunt Rachel left us alone and I looked with red cheeks down at my socks. **"...that was embarrassing,"** I muttered. **"Was not,"** Mac said. **"Don't be a baby, or you'll get treated like one."** And there we go, my cheeks even redder...

**"It was your idea for us to be dating, so don't be embarrassed about being caught kissing. Be a good girl."** There'd be pie, Ms. Edwards had said so, but for that the family gathered out the back to drink alcohol and sit around a large fire that was

apparently tradition with the Edwards family and their neighbors. Alcohol was new to me.

She drank. I didn't. I mean, she didn't drink lots. She drank one glass of champagne because my parents really couldn't care less about who drank and who didn't. I never did, though. Not because I didn't like it or whatever - I just didn't like having stuff in common with my dad. Tonight though, I didn't drink because of what Mac had said earlier. About an accident. I knew it was silly, but...

Okay, so some things I learned. 1) Champaign is like drinking diamonds. 2) One glass is apparently either very potent, or I was very small or just had never drank before. Either way, I felt so buzzed. Warm despite the cold weather, foggy despite the clear air. And I straddled Oaklee's lap on a swingchair by the side of the house, and whispered in his ear. **"Big sis is allowed to have alcohol, because she's an adult, but baby Azzy isn't, because she already has enough trouble keeping her diaper dry..."**

She'd been doing this for half an hour. I wasn't even able to talk anymore. Even outside, my glasses would fog up whenever I'd look up at her. My cheeks were on fire, but anyone else would just think it's because of the cold. But it's when I talked. I talked like a toddler. Not like a full toddler. But my voice was off. Higher, meeker. And a very small tinge of air to it. It was so unlike me...

**"Hey! You two, come over here!"** Ms. Edwards waved to the two of us, and I got up, and pulled Oaklee up by his hand, bringing him to his family with a smile. **"Hi. Yes. Um. No more champaign please, I think one is my limit."** **"No no, don't be silly, here, one more. Come now, my sissy son won't have any, so you gotta pick up the slack."** My hand was still in Oaklee's, and I was warm, and I took the glass with a shrug. Okay. She's the adult. **"I want to make a toast! To Mac, for dating Oaklee, because lord knows we were worried!"**

**"Can't you guys not be assholes for like five fucking minutes?"** I don't know where it came from. Probably because I was vulnerable from the shit Mac was saying and my defenses were down. And I'd had to hear my father insult me three times tonight, and now my mom was poking fun. And fuck it. Dad's not gonna break my arm with family over. So just. FUCK it. **"I'm not some fucking charity case, alright? I wear whatever the fuck I want to wear, and you know what, Mac's cool with that. I'm not gay. I'm not a fag. Not that it even matters because there's not even anything wrong with it! And you keep telling me how no girl would ever want me like that, want me for who I am, and to be more of a guy, or more of a stereotype, but fuck you, because I have Mac. And she's a better fucking family than you fuckers put together."** Excluding Deagan, who was smiling. Excluding Aunt Debra, who was mortified, but understood she wasn't a part of this. She knew. Everyone knew. And I was just so angry. So I took Mac's fucking glass - Mom's nice glasses - and threw the whole thing in the fire. It roared, shooting into the sky, and the crystal breaking into the wood. And before I could hear a damn word, I stormed off back toward the house.

I ran after him, and I was giggling when we got inside, and that made him giggle, and I took his hands. **"Let's go somewhere. Hawaii. For like, one day, okay? We'll go to the airport, and we'll just go, and we'll watch the sun rise and set over a different horizon."** Okay, I was a bit drunk, so what? But his words. Gosh. Gosh. He had me. He talked about me like we were dating, and... and augh. My head was thick like syrup, and there was talking outside, and there'd be consequences. Speeches like that never didn't have them. **"Don't think, just do."**

**"Yeah... fine... let's go. Fuck them."** I went upstairs to pack, but I had tears in my eyes. She talked about stopping off at home and getting supplies. Baby things, but girl things too. And we could wear dresses at the beach. I was only halfway done when the door opened up. I thought I should run or something. I thought it would be like last time with my dad. But it was Aunt Debra. I exhaled in relief and sat on the edge of the bed. My head was fuzzy a different way to Mac's. **"Hey Aunt Deb..."**

**"So that was... passionate. Sounds like it's been a long time coming?" "Mr. Edwards broke his arm because he found out he'd been wearing skirts with me. Like. How crazy is that? Over clothes?" "Well, maybe you'd like to stay with me for a few days? Until things calm down?" "We're going to Hawaii." "...Hawaii...?"**

**"Yeah,"** I said, trying to shut Mac up for ten seconds. Man, she couldn't be that drunk on two glasses of champagne... I'd had the stuff. **"I just... can't be here."** Sure, I had school in like four days. I had three weeks before Winter Break. But I just couldn't be in this house... **"I don't know what's gonna happen now... I never talk to my mom like that..."** My dad once. I learned that lesson when I was fourteen. But never my mom... **"I just don't feel safe right now... I just wanna run away."**

**"I didn't know things were that bad with your Dad, Oaklee. I know he can be a bit... abrasive, even when he's sober. He's livid at the moment, and the neighbors are trying to get him to calm down. Your Mom too. I don't know."** Out of all of Oaklee's family, his Aunt Debra was among the most compassionate, and the one who'd been proud when he told her about his tendencies.

I stopped packing. I stopped packing and sat down on the side of the bed, looking up at my Aunt. Mac watched us, because she didn't know what to say anymore, and I didn't either. I just needed to not be here when all this came back. I know it's not good to run from your problems, but... I just *really* wanted to run away... **"Mac was right. It was like a year ago, but... I don't think that matters to him."** It sucked that he had a fake leg and I still couldn't take the bastard...

**"He's... just got this idea in his head of what 'a man should be', and figures that because he fought in the war that he has some right to demand how other people want to act."** And that was the thing... on some level, he'd given a lot for the fact that Oaklee would grow up in freedom. But at the same time, he was the biggest oppressor to Oaklee's freedom. **"You're not really going to Hawaii, right?"**

"I don't see why not... Mac says we can..." If it wasn't abundantly clear by now, Mac was rich. Not like mansion rich, but rich enough to do whatever she wanted. **"Mac's a little tipsy, honey..."** Aunt Debra sat by me on the bed and I shuffled a little uncomfortably. Ugh, this sucked... **"I can't stay here,"** I tried again.

**"Hawaii! Sunsets and dresses and grass skirts."** **"Mac, honey, would your parents want you disappearing on a whim?"** **"I don't have parents. I have sponsors!"** **"Maybe you two could get a hotel tonight, and talk about running away in the morning?"** I pouted and crossed my arms. **"Azzy is coming to Hawaii with me."** **"Azzy...? Is that another friend?"**

**"...it's... it's a long story..."** Things were only getting more and more complicated. At the very least, I think my aunt was right about waiting until tomorrow. Mac was a little out of it. I sighed and held my head in my hands. **"I could stay at Mac's, I guess..."** **"With her 'sponsors'?"** Aunt Debra asked. She knew Mac was playing a game here. I shrugged my shoulders. **"I've stayed over there alone before."**

**"Well, I'm sure that Mac's sponsors might not want her coming home drunk, either. How about the two of you come home with me tonight? At least that way, you can sleep easy, and not have to worry, and we can talk about your options tomorrow, okay? Pack some pajamas, we'll all go down together."** I liked Aunt Deb...

Deb left us alone and I sat on the edge of my bed with a sigh. She'd have to go downstairs and tell my parents she was taking me home. Would they let her? Would they say no? Would they say yes? Would they tell her never to let me come back? I felt sick to my stomach... **"I should still pack my stuff,"** I said quietly, and went right back to it.

It took exactly half a second to climb on top of Oaklee, and another half a second to pin him to the bed, and then a fraction more to kiss him. And I didn't kiss like a flash of lightning, I kissed like fireworks, one after the other after the other, explosions choreographed to nothing at all. And not without purpose, no no, before we left, Oaklee would wet his pull-up. He needed that right now.

The kisses were weird. A little strange at first. But she'd whisper things to me like she did on the porch downstairs. And I started to kiss back. Not because we were dating for real, but because I wanted to and my head was swimming and she was stirring it for me. And I liked that. And I liked her. She kissed me and I kissed her until both our glasses were fogged with the heat of being so close together...

**"Wet for me, Azzy? You've had to be so big tonight, and I want you to be my little baby sister, you deserve it, and it'll be just for you, just for us. For me, Azalea? Just... remember how warm it feels? Warm like cuddles."** We were both pinker than

I think we'd have liked to be in that moment, me because I was tipsy and tingling in weird places, and Oaklee because he realized how right I was.

Two months ago it would have been impossible. And it wasn't easy. She had to stop kissing me and playing with my hair. She waited. She didn't say anything. And in about sixty seconds I felt myself going. I'd been practicing laying in bed. This was no different. Except there was a girl on top of me...

This time, and for the first time, I rewarded him. He was always Little when he wet, but I rewarded him in an adult way, I kissed him, and I pressed my hand against the front of his jeans, compressing the wet pull-up, and I whispered praise to his ear. **"Such a good little girl, Azzy... my favorite, my little sister, better at being a true baby girl than anybody else ever."** And then, one kiss one, and I stood up. **"So we should pack?"**

When I had my bag, I waited at the bottom of the stairs. My cheeks were scarlet, my eyes fully glazed over. I played with Mac's fingers and I curled up against her shoulder. I was in full little mode. It was literally the worst place in the world to feel little... but I couldn't help it. I couldn't move without feeling the wetness. The warmth. It was permeating me.

**"Ready to go?"** I nodded my head with a smile, squeezing Oaklee's hand and providing the kind of answer that he couldn't right now. **"Uh huh. We've got everything, and I think maybe we'll just go to bed when we get there? Tonight's been exhausting, and dramatic, and stuff."** Oaklee didn't talk. He just nodded.

I was curious what my parents said. What happened. I didn't hear yelling, but I was also a little busy wetting myself. I sat in the back of Aunt Debra's SUV and did my best not to suck on my thumb. I chewed on my lip instead. I was so dizzy and sleepy.

We didn't talk. Auntie Deb didn't, either. I wanted to go to Hawaii, to go and maybe not come back even! To take lots of photos, and make memories, and have sex on the beach in dresses and holy heck, hold up. Where did that come from? Gosh. Gosh, Mac! I typed out something on my phone screen, in notes, and handed it to the boy.

hawaii tomorrow. okay? we'll wear diapers on the plane, and take a thousand photos, and be adorable.

**"Okay,"** I said quietly, reading the colored screen in the dim light of the automobile. Everything was dark and quiet and I was curious about so much. But ultimately, I knew there wasn't anything I could do today. I just needed to sleep. What I really needed was my pacifier. What was worse? Aunt Debra lived almost an hour away.

It was dark. But there was no privacy screen. But I moved Oaklee's head to my lap, so it was partially hidden, and I put my finger to his lips, and smiled to let him know it was okay. Thanksgiving... for a while, I felt like I had a family. But I guess I didn't see what

he did. And in the end, all I had to be thankful for was that Oaklee was here with me and safe.

## 110:

I woke up when we got to Aunt Debra's. She lived in a pretty nice house in a totally different town. Not as nice as Mac's, but nice enough. I was feeling a little better, a little more myself, as we climbed out of the car and made our way inside. The pullup was getting cold, though... uncomfortable. Ugh, I hated this part... **"Did everything go okay with my parents?"** I finally asked when we were inside.

**"Your Dad was nursing a bottle of whiskey when I left, talking about how... well, it's not important. Your Mom is more worried about how to deal with your Dad, but maybe that's because she knows I'll take care of you."** It amazed me that people had like... other parents. Like. Almost parents? Aunts and uncles, that they could just go home with...

**"...I'm just gonna run away..."** I was sleepy and wet and uncomfortable. I was also sixteen and stressed and angry and sad. But today, at least right now, I was safe. I was just leaning on the kitchen counter while Aunt Debra put her purse away. I was trying not to fall asleep on my feet... **"I'm gonna run away and never come home..."** Not something you should say before actually running away. But I was too tired to care.

**"Yes, honey, of course you are."** The woman approached, and kissed his forehead, cuddling him tightly. **"I'm going to make up your bed. Is one bed okay? Or do you want separate ones?"** I didn't understand the question. It made sense just to make up one, even if we weren't dating, which we weren't but we said we were, but even if we said we weren't, which we're not, why make up two beds?

**"One's fine..."** She turned down one of the spare rooms - she had two - and I sat on the edge of the bed with Mac. I was so tired...

**"Hey, Mac, can I ask you something?"** We were in the hall, Deb and I, and Oaklee was already in bed. I'd gone to use the bathroom, and by the time I cracked the door, he was asleep. That was when Deb had asked me the question, and I pulled the door closed so as not to disturb Oaklee. **"Sure?" "You are Oaklee aren't dating, are you?" "Well... no..." "You take care of him, though. Like a sibling. How Deagan does." "Is that weird?"**

**"I suppose not."** It was strange that Mac, as the younger of the two, was taking care of her nephew. But the way she defended him at dinner, and the way she cradled his head in the back seat, and the way she deflected his anxieties... maybe things were

worse than Debra originally thought. **"I honestly didn't know things were getting so bad over there,"** she told Mac. **"Honestly, do you think he's okay at home?"**

**"I haven't thought he'd be okay at home since his Dad broke his arm."** Which was the truth, I'd just been too wound up in my own feelings and fears to notice. **"He could move in with me. Like... my parents are only home once or twice a year. And we have a spare room, and I have an unlimited spending account. But his Mom.. um.. she said not to take charity, so he never accepts when I offer. But I'm scared for him..."**

Aunt Debra looked... uncomfortable. Like she was working something out, but ultimately, she didn't have any answers. She wondered if perhaps I could live here. She wondered about an hour commute to school and home. About the connection to my friends. But living alone wasn't the answer. If Aunt Debra had any responsibility for Mac, she'd feel the same way about the poor girl. **"I don't think it's smart to go to Hawaii tomorrow."**

**"I think he needs to get away... from there. From here. Like even for a few days. Somewhere where he won't worry, where he can be happy, not worried..."** **"You called him Azzy before...?"** I bit my lip and looked at the door, thoughtfully. This wasn't my business to discuss, but Auntie Deb seemed like she might not be that bad a person to understand. **"Sometimes we dress up and play pretend, that's all."**

**"Hm..."** She watched the girl, then looked at the door. What to make of all this? **"I think... running away isn't the best thing to do. I think you both need to feel safe with an adult for a while. So until school on Monday, I'd like you to stay here. I work in the morning, but I'll be home over the weekend. And the two of you can understand that there are other places to run to than away. Alright?"**

Honestly, I didn't like to be away from home. I didn't sleep anywhere but home, and that also brought up an immediate issue. Though I could go and get things at the command of a button on my phone, that took time. And time I didn't have. **"I... have a nervous bladder at night. Is there... like... a Walgreens nearby I could walk to?"** I was proud of myself for mentioning it!

**"Oh."** Oh. Okay. She really didn't see that coming. I mean, not that Aunt Debra was crass the way my parents were, insensitive, but she honestly didn't think that would be a problem for Mac. But she understood. **"I can get you whatever you need. You just write down everything and I'll take care of it, I promise. No one needs to be any wiser."** Because she didn't know if Oaklee knew or not. She didn't want to blow Mac's cover.

**"Um. Okay. Um."** This was, officially, the first time I'd ever told an adult about this. Not ever a doctor, or my parents ~ my maid knew, but only because she cleaned up my sheets when there were leaks. So with confidence I felt like I didn't have until right that

moment, I wrote down what I needed on the notepad and handed it to her. **"Let me get my purse from the bedroom and I'll give you some cash okay?"**

**"Oh sweetie, don't worry about it. I'll run down to the store - you just get comfortable in pajamas alright? I've got some in the top drawer in my room. Maybe tomorrow, when I get home from work, we can drive down to your house and get you some more clothes for the weekend. But I'd like you to try to relax here. Oaklee will feel safer in your company, and I'd like to show my nephew he doesn't need Hawaii to feel better."**

Spoken like somebody who had never been to Hawaii. But I found myself putting my arms around the woman and cuddling her tight. Another first. An adult to hug. She wasn't Oaklee's Mom, but she loved him, and took him in... **"Thank you."**

I woke up late. The last pullup was around my waist, the one from my backpack. It was dry, though, so I decided I'd keep it just in case. I didn't remember where I was at first. My aunt's. And then Mac was next to me. I shuffled out of bed and looked at the clock on the bedside. Ten thirty in the morning. The Friday after Thanksgiving. I went through my backpack for my phone, checking for calls or texts. Mom? Nope. Of course not. But I got one from Deagan.

**Deegs »** Think you should lay low for a while man. Dad flipped his shit last night and trashed your room and broke a bunch of windows. I tried to stop him, but he was out of control.

**"...good morning."** I yawned, and stretched, and pointed my toes with a satisfied smile. I slept so well, despite being in another bed than usual. At the end of the bed, on the side table, was the fresh pack of pull-ups; the ones I got for Oaklee, and not my usual, but they fit me well enough still. I figured we could share them, this way.

**"Morning..."** I was typing on my phone. It was ten thirty - no way he'd be up now. But he'd message me back when got a chance:

**Oaklee »** I feel like an idiot saying that shit. I mean its true and they needed to hear it but I know better than trying to change their minds about anything. I'm glad Deb's so cool. Mac got to stay the night here too. Ugh I fucking hate everything.

Send.

**"Deb knows we're not dating. She asked about us... and I didn't want to lie to her face? Just so you know."** I felt a little sickly, though, and winced at the light from the window. **"Why is it so bright in here? My head is killing me..."** Why the delay? Gosh. Was this what a hangover felt like? How did anybody ever drink?!

**"No way you have a hangover off two drinks,"** I laughed. Gosh she was so cute. I guess it probably had something to do with the fact she was the size of a quarter. I got

up out of bed and stretched. I put my phone on the nightstand. I'd check in the afternoon, when Deagan might actually be awake. **"Are we still going to Hawaii today? Should I shower?"**

**"Deb asked me to convince you to stay here, at least until the end of the weekend. She was really sweet and I said I'd talk to you about it..."** That feeling when I hugged her... when she hugged me back? I actually felt loved. And it wasn't real, like, she didn't even know me! But she asked about me, and she cared about me, and... I felt guilty using her.

**"Oh... yeah, alright..."** She wasn't home. I didn't know that until I got up to use the bathroom. I guess we had the place to ourselves. Aunt Debra had a nicer place than I did. I liked that. She had spare rooms. I guess that's what you get when you don't marry a lazy ass and have two good for nothing kids...

**"Have you heard from your Mom? Or your Dad, or anybody?"** I was still in bed, checking through things on my phone idly. I didn't have many friends, but I did have five figure follower counts on Instagram and Tumblr, go figure. I put the phone down and pulled the covers away, pointing down to my legs. **"Change me!"**

**"You're joking."** But she wasn't. This was often a little-only thing. But today it just seemed like she was lazy. Which... I guess I didn't mind. So I changed her. She cared so little about me seeing her naked. Even when she was acting big. She was so weird sometimes. I got her in her old panties and helped her into the pajamas I'd never seen before. Debra's maybe.

**"You didn't answer my question, by the way. Did you hear from your parents?"** I figured today we'd take a car to my house, pick up a few things, like Mira and Cheez, and then be back before Deb was. And I was going to order food tonight for here, as a way of showing my appreciation.

**"...yeah, not really... I didn't think I would..."** I'd just pulled up her pajamas. I needed to change back into my underwear. Oh wait. I didn't *bring* underwear! Because some hussy put me in this stupid pullup before leaving. Well, not this pullup. The other pullup. Where did that one go, anyway? Where was I supposed to put Mac's? **"Deagan texted. I guess my dad thrashed my room..."**

**"What the heck! Why?! You weren't even there! Deb told them you weren't there! Oh that makes me so cross!"** I pouted, and cuddled a pillow to my chest. **"I don't get it, you're such a good person! Where does he get off acting that way?!"** I motioned to the open package of pull-ups on the dresser behind Oaklee. **"I changed you before I slept, but if you need another, those will fit you."**

**"I'm fine,"** I sighed, sitting beside Mac on the edge of the bed. She was still laying down. I looked out the window. It was so nice in Debra's town. Quieter. More trees. I exhaled. **"Nothing in that room really matters anyway. My computer, I guess, but**

all my logs are server-side. If he breaks my computer though, I'll sure miss my pictures of Missy's boobs..."

"Well... you can see my boobs if it helps? But no pictures!" I giggled and finally got up out of bed, wincing at the strain of standing. "I thought I was doing well, too! I got on with your family, and even your Dad liked me. But they were all being passive-aggressive butts to you the whole time. How do you live there...?"

"You get used to it, I guess..." She finally understood. I mean. Not completely, but at least a little bit. I tried to smile up at Mac and she tried to smile back. "It sucks. Because I know you wish you had a family. And I wish you did too. But I really wish... I didn't. I'd rather have no parents than have them..." At least I had Deagan. And Debra.

"I like Debra. She acts like the kind of Mom you deserve, but you're not her kid. I don't get it, like, why does she treat you so much better than your actual Mom? I'm all jealous... because I'm not her kid, either! And I get all gooey thinking about how she treats me all sweet, too."

"Yeah, I don't know... I guess because Aunt Debra just gets it. Like she doesn't think less of me for the stuff I like, so she's... accommodating. Ugh, I don't know. What am I going to do about school? I can't run away forever. I need to go home on Monday..." I felt sick at the thought. What would he do to me? Was three days enough to cool off?

"You're moving in with me." Debra had shown reservation about the idea, but I took care of Oaklee, I knew better this time, and I made it sound very clear and obvious. "You'll have your own room, and we'll buy you a laptop, and a bunch of clothes and stuff, and anything you need. And you'll live with me."

"...Mac, I really don't think that's a good idea..." Why wasn't it? Really? Because we were best friends? Because she was a girl and I was a boy? Because my parents would mind? They wouldn't. No one would. And it would be awesome. And Mac would like it. But... it wasn't my house. I'd feel like a guest. She'd have boyfriends come over. She'd have girlfriends come over. Would that place ever be my home? At least social services wasn't an issue anymore...

"Well, it's home until you find somewhere better, or we get married and buy our own house." I nodded my head simply and crossed my arms, trying to make an authoritative point. "Deb thinks it's a bad idea. She even hates that I live alone, and when she got back with my pullups she said I probably only had night issues because of it. But my house is safe and I'm way more independent than most girls my age, so..."

"...I don't like that you live alone either." Actually, it was kinda cool. We got away with so much. But Mac... she needed a parent. She was sixteen now. I wasn't sure what good parents would do for her. But... she needed somebody. Anybody...

"Well, I won't live alone when you're with me. I'll finally know what it's like to not be alone? And I've always wanted a sister, so..." Sister. Not brother. Such terminology came so freely and easily to me with Oaklee now, maybe because conceptually, he was both to me. Big brother. Little sister. I think I liked that. "If you want, we can talk to Deb about it? Anyway, let's get dressed proper, we're gonna take a care and pick up stuff from home and bring it back here. I'm sure Mira misses you!" Deb would say no. But I could prove to her that it was okay! That I turned out fine. She just needed to trust me...

## 111:

The new additions to the house were not lost on my Aunt Debra. A suitcase. The teddy bears. She didn't seem too happy with it. "I'm gonna order pizza," she told us, making her way to the kitchen. I was wearing boxers from the Walgreens and watching TV with Mac. The tension was high... it was only going to get higher.

So we needed some things, so what? I liked that Debra cared enough about Oaklee and me to take us into her house, and to want to protect him from his parents, but the fact was that I needed things. We needed things. I decided to try and explain, and I shuffled up off the sofa and went into the kitchen after the woman. "Are you upset...?"

"I offered to take you home today for things you might need, if you remember." I couldn't hear them from the living room. Aunt Debra was never one to yell or be angry. But she did seem a little disappointed. "Maybe I wasn't clear enough - I apologize."

"I didn't want to be a bother, you had work, and I'm..." Why did I feel bad over this? I'd done things in a way that made less work for her. I didn't understand why she was being fussy, and I didn't understand why I felt so weird about it. A tightness in my chest. "I'm just used to doing things on my own..."

"And I hope you can learn to look past that when it comes to me," Deb told her. She had finished ordering the pizza and let out a sigh. Oaklee had clothes. Mac did, too. And Debra had been thinking a lot at work. "I'd like to talk to the both of you if you don't mind."

"Okay.. um. Let me get some money to pay for dinner from my purse, then we can?" I was Mackan Edith-Lillen. People didn't pay for my food. Well. I guess, strictly speaking, my parents did, but I saw that as a sort of endless resource available just to me, and that I shouldn't accept things from others.

**"I have it covered,"** she told Mac, and led her back into the living room. When they both returned I muted the television, it was one of those moments. The "You have to go home" moments or something. But I'd decided. I'd just live with Mac. It was better than living at home...

So I sat, I sat next to Oaklee, and I played with his hand, not because I was nervous but because I felt like he might be and could use the help. I got that way a lot, caring, maternal, like I could find things that would make situations easier. Honestly, had I the chance, I'd have gotten Mira from the bedroom.

**"I'd like to talk to you both about what is going to happen now."** Yep. Saw this coming... **"I'm not going home,"** I said flatly. I probably shouldn't have. I could have lied to my Aunt Debra and just gone to Mac's. It would have been the smartest thing to do. **"I never said you were. Hear me out. I agree that your parents... aren't what's best for you right now. But I don't think running away to Hawaii is either. So I'd like you to live with me. Until we fix this."**

**"It's a long way from school for him. And a long way for me to come to visit, too, and we hang out almost every day..."** It made no sense to me! He could just live with me: it was close to school, and his friends, and me... living an hour away wasn't something that made any sense to me at all.

**"I know. And if I can trust the two of you, I think it's safe to let Oaklee stay over at your house on school nights, don't you think?"** It was a huge blessing for any parent to allow five days away from home. But Deb wasn't my mom... **"In the meantime, Oaklee, maybe you'd like to start driver's training? You're sixteen, after all."** **"...I'm just gonna live with Mac."**

I was taken aback by Debra allowing Oaklee to stay at my house during the week. It was something I didn't expect, not when she said that, and it basically gave us what we wanted, while keeping an ally. Keeping a... family. I squeezed his hand, and kissed his cheek. **"Grown-ups are talking, Azzy."** I looked at the woman, who looked bewildered, and asked. **"I could pay for his drivers training? And I own a car..."** Because I did. It was just kept in the garage because I didn't know how to drive and Uber was easier.

**"Uh..."** Aunt Debra really didn't know what to make of it. Like, she waited for Oaklee to respond, to come up with something else to say. She'd planned for it. How she'd have to put her foot down and be bossy, when that wasn't her. Because she wasn't letting Oaklee disappear and get hurt again. But... **"...I don't know what you think about me, Mac. But I'm financially stable. And I think you should stop thinking that money is yours - it's your parents."** She certainly was direct. **"Oaklee's my nephew, and I'll be supporting him - not you. You are his friend."**

I frowned. I was not often admonished, and certainly not by somebody who I'd really come to be in awe of the previous night. It made me uncomfortable, tight in my chest,

and pouty. I was on her side, I wanted Oaklee to be looked after, to be safe, to not be with his father and to be able to dress as a girl whenever he wanted to. **"I'm only trying to help."** My tone had that of a petulant child.

**"And I really do appreciate that, Mac. You've been such an amazing friend. And I'm so proud of you."** My Aunt Debra was not one to limit praise. **"But you are a young girl, too. I don't like you home alone any more than Oaklee, to be honest. I don't have any sway over you the way I do my nephew. If you're worried about visiting Oaklee on the weekends, you can come up here for that time. But Oaklee is my responsibility. He'll get an allowance, and he'll do chores to earn it. I will drive him to school and I will pick him up on Fridays. Your responsibility is to be his friend. Not his sugar momma, you hear?"** The last bit was a joke, and Deb smiled at Mac like it was.

Okay, so I smiled a little. And I blushed. I didn't get talked to like I was a kid, and my whole life I figured that was a good thing. But for the first time in my memory, I felt like I was missing out on something. **"You'll let him stay with me during the week? Truly? No catches or exceptions or things like that?"**

**"I have a friend - Kristen - who will check up on you every couple days. And Oaklee, you have to call or text me every single day so I know you're alright. And if at any point you want to come back here, you call me and I'll come pick you up. No more calling cars to drive all the way down to school and back. I mean that."** Aunt Debra had a lot of personal pride. I was still a little pouty about this whole thing. I didn't get why I couldn't live with Mac. But I didn't say anything...

**"He can just live with me, you know. It might be easier, and he could still text you and call you...?"** Maybe I didn't like the idea of being checked-up-on, or having Oaklee have more restrictions than usual. And what if she wouldn't let us go to New York? What if she got in the way of our plans?

**"It's really not a big deal,"** I said. I just needed Mac to side with me before I felt like I could talk. But Aunt Debra shook her head. **"It's not up for discussion, Oaklee. I don't feel comfortable leaving you alone. I don't feel comfortable leaving Mac alone either. You are both sixteen years old, right? You are not adults. You're staying here, either way. Whether that be every night or just days where you don't have school. That's up to your cooperation."**

**"We're going to New York to see the ball drop in Times Square."** No, not 'we are'. Ask permission. **"I mean we planned to. Its all paid for... is that still going to be okay? It means a lot to us, is all..."** Maybe this wasn't something I should be fighting against, maybe I could work with Debra, and still be in Oaklee's best interests.

She thought about it a minute. After all, we were about to run off to Hawaii today. **"If you can both prove to be responsible about this shift in dynamic over the next**

month," she started with a sigh, and then a smile. **"I don't see any reason why you couldn't go. Don't give me reason not to trust you, alright?"**

**"Oaklee?"** I felt like it wasn't something I should get the final say in. If Oaklee still wanted to live with me, I would let him. I actually loved the idea of seeing him grow, once he was allowed to wear girls' clothes all the time. But conversely, maybe Debra was a good thing for him, and for us. She seemed like she actually cared to some large degree, and that was something I think neither of us had really felt.

**"It doesn't make sense to me,"** I said with a pout, taking my knees up onto the couch with me. **"It isn't up for discussion,"** Debra said again. I played with my fingers in my lap and frowned. She wasn't the boss of me. She wasn't my mom. She couldn't keep me here if I didn't want to be here... but... I don't know. **"Whatever,"** I mumbled, still playing with my fingers. **"It doesn't matter to me, as long as I get to go to the same school..."**

**"And you won't make him feel rotten for wearing the clothes he wants to wear?"** Honestly, if he were at my house during the week, I could see no reason why we wouldn't be the two prettiest lolitas this side of Japan, when we went to school, but I didn't want him to have to be constantly worried about hiding it, or people finding out...

**"Of course not,"** my Aunt Debra said with a smile. **"You're welcome to wear whatever you want, Oaklee."** And then a little tone of nervousness. I slight smile. Something Mac had said last night... **"Do you prefer Azzy as a name?"** I blinked, my cheeks going red. **"N-no!" "I just thought... I mean, with you liking the clothes you like, maybe..." "I'm not a girl, Aunt Deb!"** Oh. My. God. Kill me...

**"Azzy is only for sometimes,"** I explained, thoughtfully, taking Oaklee's hand again to try and calm him down a little bit. **"When he's upset, or stressed or something, we play this game, and part of that is I call him Azalea, or Azzy, and it calms him down. Better than any medicine, I promise!"** And it really was the best way to describe being a Little to somebody who didn't know what it meant.

**"Uh huh..."** Aunt Deb was a little mystified by all that, but she did her best to be accepting. That's what I liked about Aunt Debra. But at the same time, I was already blushing. This was humiliating. She didn't need to know all this... **"I'll just call you Oaklee unless told otherwise,"** she said with a smile. **"Yeah,"** I muttered, burying my head in my lap.

**"He's shy about it."** Maybe I just wanted to be able to tell an adult that we were Little, and not have them be weirded out by it. Like Missy? Missy was awesome about this stuff. I put my arms around the blushing boy and cuddled him tight. **"Living here means no more being afraid, Oaklee... and you even can have Mira!"** Actually, Mira would likely now go with Oaklee between places, but the idea that he could have her all the time, now, I knew it would appeal to him.

"...yeah, I guess." Mira. Aunt Debra had heard the name once before, but it seemed like she thought it was best not to talk about it right now. She smiled and got up from the seat. And then a last idea. A final thought. She took a deep breath and turned back toward the two of us. **"Mac. I think you should be here over the summer and school breaks. I don't like you in that house alone. If you were any younger, I'd call social services."** Good thing Mac turned sixteen this week, I thought to myself.

I didn't like that. I didn't like that it sounded like a threat, and I didn't like that it meant being away from my things. But at the same time, something else got all stirred up inside of me, something that was unfamiliar, something that was new? Or maybe very, very old. I frowned a little bit, and made my case against it, but it was half-hearted. **"I have a security system, and a maid, and all my things are there..."**

**"And yet I'm still not comfortable with it."** Aunt Debra knew she had no control over Mac, though. She had no say over the situation. **"It's up to you, but remember, on non-school nights, Oaklee is staying here. Consider the hour drive when you figure out what you want to do."** It was a cheap tactic, and honestly, she wasn't going to keep me locked in this house for the summer. If I wanted to stay at Mac's, I could. But this wasn't something I should get involved in.

I pouted a little bit. **"If you agree to let Oaklee use my car to drive with, then okay."** I didn't have to agree to it, she had no power over me. But I kind of... I guess I liked it. I liked that she cared, it was new, and uncomfortable, but I liked that she did and I wanted to encourage it, and I also actually liked the idea of Oaklee driving. It felt very boy-friend-y, even if my car was pink and looked like a doll's car.

**"It might not be the safest idea having Oaklee drive one of your parents' cars,"** Debra said flatly, but she softened. **"But until we work out another solution, I don't know why not. And anyway, he won't be driving for at least six months with all the training he needs."** I still hadn't said a word. I was going to live here with my Aunt Deb. I wouldn't have to see my parents anymore. It... it was a nice feeling...

**"Okay."** Okay? But Mac! You love your room! And your dolls! And your things! And... and those things could just come over here during the summer. And she already knew I wet the bed, and she knew that Oaklee was sometimes Azzy, and that we had teddies, and so what? Sometimes I might not have to have food delivered to me. That would be nice. And I could wake up every morning next to Oaklee.

The doorbell rang and I lifted my head out of my knees. Aunt Deb went to answer it and I uncurled on the sofa. I was going to live here. I needed to think rationally... **"You really think this is a good idea, Mac? It's far away from home, and we'll never get any privacy again..."** Well, we would when I stayed at Mac's. But it wasn't the same, was it? We could be checked up on at any time...

**"We'll have more privacy. Like when we're there? We can dress how we want, and we can wear adorable things to school, and coordinate and match, and make**

everybody want us, boys and girls, and be adorable. And so what, they can check up on us. Not like they can let themselves in, whoever it is. And during the breaks, your Aunt works, right? Sounds like a lot of privacy there, too." I couldn't help but see the positives.

"...I could wear what I want to school," I said quietly. That was new. Very new. I was a little nervous with the way my parents talked about it, but I already wore make up half the time... "I guess that is pretty cool..." Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. We'd still have privacy. And I'd have a home, too...

"And Debra already knows I have bedwetting issues, so it's not even like having pull-ups or diapers here is a big deal, either. Honestly, I'd be surprised if she didn't think you did, too! Because your home life was so stressful." I liked this. I mean. He could live with me, fine, but what if we had a fight? What if we needed our own space for a few days? Where would he go? This was the kind of thing couples committed to, carefully. What Debra offered was... wonderful, really.

"I guess you're right..." I hoped Debra didn't think I wet the bed. Not that I did. But I didn't want her to think I did either. I was sixteen years old... but I guess it didn't matter. What was done was done. And Mac was right. This could be a good thing. "Who wants pizza?" Aunt Deb said, bringing plates for everyone. "I don't like cheese." "That's okay - I got breadsticks too."

...she didn't even tease me for not liking cheese. I felt warm, warm like the breadsticks and warm like Oaklee's cheeks when Debra asked him about Azzy. Warm and content and belonging somewhere, even if it was just surrogate child to a woman without any. Did she see me the same as Oaklee? Did she want to care for me, too? Was I just a nuisance, or did I make her maternal like Oaklee did, like Oaklee also made me maternal? I bite into the breadstick, smiling, and for the first time, with nothing to say.

## 112:

My parents weren't home when my Aunt Debra brought me back. No one was home. The house was empty and I went up to pack my things. The place was torn apart. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised after what Deagan had said, but I was. My computer was broken, but it wasn't anything I couldn't fix. The hard drives looked okay, but I'd need a new monitor. I packed up the parts I wanted and most of my nice clothes. I didn't bother with the stuff I didn't like wearing. I brought things from my childhood and a couple posters off the walls. I brought my comforter because I always liked it, and I brought a couple pillows in case Aunt Deb didn't have enough. When I went back out into the car, I crawled into the passenger seat. Mac was in the back on her cell phone. Damnit, my cell phone... I didn't even see it up there...

**"Did you get everything? We might not be able to come back here for a while."**

Debra sounded more concerned about that fact than about having gotten everything — the conversation to make sure that Oaklee's father wouldn't be here had been a terse one, and in the end Debra had needed make the gravity of the situation known to her sister. She would report her sister's husband for domestic abuse if they weren't given this opportunity.

**"I think so."** As much as I needed I guess. **"I couldn't find my phone, though."** Most teenagers kept their phones in their damn pockets when they ran away from home, but I was emotional. I wasn't thinking. **"We'll find you something,"** my Aunt Debra told me, and started uptown toward Mac's. She wanted to make sure where I was staying during the week was safe.

**"Nice place, Mackan."** Debra had taken to calling me by Mackan. I didn't know why ~ maybe because she liked it, or maybe because it made her feel more parental over me. I actually... didn't mind it. Given my parents were the only ones who ever called me that, her plan worked pretty well. **"You can come in if you like, and Oaklee can show you around while I figure out what he might need from here?"**

Mac's place was gorgeous. I mean, my Aunt Deb's place was nice too, but Deb didn't have a maid. And this place was bigger. I showed her the kitchen and stuff, and the basement with the theater room, and the upstairs but not up to Mac's room, because that's Mac's space. I told her that, and she seemed to understand. **"Thanks for uh... helping us and stuff. And Mac. I guess that's just really cool of you..."** Not that my Aunt Debra wasn't always cool.

**"You know I've always loved you, and if I'd known just how bad things were going over there, I'd have pulled you out sooner."** Debra sat down on one of the sofas in the living room and watched her nephew. **"Thank you for agreeing to let me take care of you for a while."** Though as family, she probably didn't need him to agree all that much. **"This is a nice place Mac has, I can see why you'd want to spend so much time here. Is her room nice? She strikes me as the kind of girl to have a nice room."**

**"Her room is very nice,"** I said with a smile. I wasn't sure why I was so happy to move so far away from home. Aunt Deb had signed me up for driving lessons yesterday, so I'd start them next week. Honestly, I thought the whole thing was too fast. But fast was good. I was safe there, even if it was far away. I was safe and I was going to be okay...

**"She acts like a Mom to you, doesn't she? Mac? I think it's really sweet of her, I'm only concerned that it will get in the way of your ability to be friends. I'm hoping she'll see, soon, that she can trust me to take care of you. Isn't that weird? Here I am, a grown woman, asking for a sixteen year old girl's permission to look after my own nephew."** Debra laughed brightly and looked around the room. **"We'll need to get you a phone, though."**

"It's not all the time she's like that... just when she thinks I'm overwhelmed." **"Do you have a lot of problems with anxiety?"** I shrugged my shoulders. I never thought about it like that. **"I guess since Dad really got harsh about the clothes stuff, and when everything happened with Sayla..."** **"Who's Sayla?"** **"...an ex-girlfriend. It's not really important. I talk to my friend Missy online. She's a counsellor so she's really helpful sometimes..."**

**"I would have thought your Dad would have calmed down some if he knew you were seeing a girl. Things didn't end well with you and Sayla?"** Mac was taking a long time, but Debra didn't mind the opportunity to talk to her nephew alone — he was different when she was around, and when she wasn't. Not better or worse. Just different.

**"Um... no, she..."** Ugh. I didn't like talking about Sayla. But Missy told me to move past it. Not to let it affect me. It was so much harder than it sounds. **"She... um..."** Come on... **"She was really... abusive... so..."** Okay, I guess that was all I was going to say about it, because my lips wouldn't open anymore. I played with my fingers in front of me.

**"Oh, darling."** Debra pulled Oaklee down next to her, and wrapped her arms around him, even though she wasn't really any bigger than he was. She squeezed him tightly and nuzzled the top of his head. What did abusive mean? Had she raped him? Honestly, Debra expected that of her sister's choice in husband, but to hear that abuse of her own flesh and blood had come from a teenage girl, it made her so cross.

**"It was a long time ago, I'm kind of over it now..."** Ugh. I shouldn't have brought it up. Now she was coddling me... **"Missy helps online. And she helps Mac too. And we've been really good for a long time. I swear."** Actually Mac had just gotten her tests back a couple weeks ago. We were over it, but not for a long time. Just recently we were over it.

**"We? Are you still seeing this girl? I'm not sure how I feel about that, Oaklee - times change, but people rarely do."** It was an easy implication to make, a simple connection. We. Oaklee and Sayla. They were fine now. Debra wasn't able to know that Sayla had hurt Mac as well, because it made little sense in the context of the matter.

**"No, no! I haven't seen her in months. Almost a year, I think. I swear."** **"Then why did you say we?"** ...I didn't realize I said we. We? Maybe I meant Mac and me. The two of us had overcome this together. But that wasn't Deb's business. That was Mac's business, so I shrugged my shoulders and looked at my feet.

**"Did she hurt somebody else, too? Maybe..."** And out on a limb here, yes, but honestly Oaklee hadn't even mentioned any other of his friends. **"Mac? Did she hurt Mac?"** Oh, darling Mac, sweet carling girl that she was — Mac was barely human, much more princess than school girl. It was a tragedy to imagine her hurt, almost as much a tragedy as seeing her nephew hurt. **"Did you press charges?"**

**"It's over, Aunt Deb... I mean it, it's over with. She skipped town or something, and we haven't seen her in so long. We both just want to put it behind us, you know? And it's fine. It's over..."** And for once, I actually believed it. I really did. **"I just get a little anxious sometimes,"** I said, trying to get back on track. **"So when I do, Mac helps me out."**

**"And who helps Mackan out?"** Mac, the girl who seemed to have an invincible smile and an infallible demeanor, it was hard to imagine her anxious. But then, it was hard to imagine anybody anxious until you'd seen it, and Debra was learning a lot about her nephew in that regard. **"I feel so angry, sometimes, at her parents. Like she was forced to grow up, like she didn't get to ever enjoy being a kid. It's so horrible of them."**

**"Aunt Deb..."** She was getting worked up? It was weird to see Aunt Deb worked up. I smiled and put my hand on her shoulder. **"I help Mac out too. We help each other, alright? Please don't worry. We're both okay, and now I'm living with you, so that's pretty cool, right? Things can only get better!"**

**"I just can't get my head around the idea of who would do that, is all. There are people in the world who would do anything for kids, and then you have drunk assholes and neglectful AWOLs, that don't appreciate it. I don't know." "Hi."** I'd only heard that part of the conversation, but I didn't probe. I bit my lip and sat the large pink and blue pastel suitcase in front of me with a smile that felt forced. **"This should be everything you need over there, from here. I also packed my old phone in there."** Not the one I'd loaned last time, I'd upgraded since then, so he got my next most recent after my current.

I got up from the stairs and smiled up at Mac. She smiled down at me. She was always my favorite person - seeing her really could bring me nothing but smiles. Aunt Deb drove us all the way back to her house. It was Saturday now - she'd drop Mac and myself off at school on Monday morning.

**"Two nightgowns, you know the mint green one, and the orange sorbet one? Those, and some bloomers."** Because he could wear a nightie at Deb's and bloomers would make it impossible to know he was wearing a diaper - off which there was a pack of in here, too, but I didn't mention it in the car. **"Hair stuff, some makeup, that one loli dress you like, the blue skirt, and the pink skirt, and that blouse that juuust shows off your belly button, and..."** I paused, thinking about what else, because he'd asked to know. **"Oh, the short-all dress that you wore last summer to the movies? With the top and the puffy sleeves?"** Debra was in the front, obviously listening, but she hadn't said anything.

**"What about the brown skirt?" "Yup." "And that yellow top?" "Yup." "And the t-shirt with the-" "Yeah, Oaklee, I got it all."** I was smiling happily. Not only the normal

stuff but the little girl stuff too. It was... kinda nice to get to wear the clothes I liked to school. Though I was actually very nervous.

**"So you just wear stuff like that sometimes, and boy stuff other times?" "He mixes and matches. He just likes to look nice, and he has an amazing sense for putting together outfits. But at home he always had to censor, so he's excited that he can wear whatever he likes." "Oh, yeah, absolutely. And I live in a town with a queer Mayor, so even in public nobody is going to give you a hard time."**

That was honestly nice to hear. I could finally start dressing how I wanted. I could finally start looking the way I wanted to. I'd wanted to dress like this for years. So many years. Since I was a kid, and even then, more appropriately when I was fourteen. And now I had the chance. Then... why was I so nervous?

**"I think I'm just going to wear this shirt today..." "You've been so excited all weekend!"** I shrugged my shoulders. The outfit I'd picked out - a skirt and cardigan - fitting for the new December weather - was always one of my favorites. It wasn't feminine or flashy - it was just really damn cute. But it was a skirt. I'd been shaving my legs for a couple months - it made me feel littler when Mac and I would play.

**"Okay, what's this about?"** There was, and had been for a long time, a part of me that wondered if Oaklee dressing like Oaklee was strictly a measure of rebellion against rules in place against him. Obviously, with what I knew now, it wasn't the case.

**"I dunno... I just don't think it really matters, and I can look just as nice dressing however I wanna dress..." "But you want to wear this stuff." "I know! I know I do. And I will. Just like, today's probably not the best..."** Was I nervous? Did I actually care what someone else thought of me? No, I wasn't like that. Then why did my chest hurt...

There were times when Oaklee was little, and times when he wasn't, and usually the two didn't mix. Usually. Sometimes, rare times, I could help him through one with the other, and I put my hand on Oaklee's cheek and smiled cutely. **"You know that one dress I have? The flouncy 1950's one with the hoop skirt?"** The one that he said once upon a time made him want to call me Mom. The one I never wore outside the house. **"How about I wear that today, to show you how inspired I am by your courage, baby girl?"**

**"...it's really not..."** She was so cute in that dress. Cute in a not-at-all-Mac-kind-of-way, but still in a Mac-specific-kind-of-way. It was surreal, like paintings walking around the room. Why was I so scared? **"What if somebody says something...?"** Why did I care?! I never cared! But all I could hear was my parents voices... my dad calling me a faggot, my mom telling me how no one would love me. Ugh.

**"Well, other than, golly I wish I liked boys because I would tap that like a beer keg, what would anybody even say?"** I laughed playfully and put my head on the boy's

shoulder, squeezing him close to me. **"If anybody gives you sass, just sass them back and tell them you're sleeping with the cutest girl in school."** And we did share a bed, so the literal wasn't even a lie!

**"...yeah. Yeah, I know you're right. Ugh, I don't know what's wrong with me. I never cared before, and now I do? I finally have the chance to dress how I want..."** This was all my stupid parents fault... they were messing with my head. Why now? Why was this happening now?

**"Well, maybe you've always been scared of what people will think, but because your parents put up all these barriers, you never realized it? But you know what? You have like, the best dress sense. I can't wait to see how you grow into it now that you're not limited. And all the clothes you'll let me buy you now!"** Honestly, my biggest worry out of all this was that 'boy in skirt' was starting to become something I really liked the idea of, romantically!

**"Aunt Deb says you can't buy me clothes - that she'll give me allowance..."** It was six times what I used to get - thirty a week instead of five. I couldn't even begin to imagine what to spend thirty dollars a week on... **"I should just do it, then. I should just... stop being scared, because my parents are assholes, and it's just... it's stupid to be scared."**

**"And I'll let you wear my headband? The one with the pink and black?"** I let him wear anything, so the offer was mostly shallow, but this was one I wore quite often and I think he got the sense that it was something closer to my heart than anything else. It would also go so well with the outfit he'd picked out.

**"Yeah, okay..."** Aunt Deb didn't say anything about the skirt, or the cardigan, or the headband. I had my makeup done, but not like a girl, like a cute boy. I wasn't wearing eye shadow, and my fake glasses sat on my face either way. My hair was combed. I looked nice... I guess...

It took a long time to get to school. Deb insisted on driving us, even though I could have ordered up a car. Arriving in her mid-2000 white SUV was a far cry from my usual method of travel, but things went well. Oaklee got increasingly nervous on the drive, biting his lip until I kissed them softly to distract him. Deb didn't see, or if she did, she didn't say anything at all. It was okay. **"Thank you for the ride."** I got out first, and let Oaklee out after. We were alone at the edge of the grounds, finally allowed to be who we were. There were a myriad teenagers, but nobody stared. Some of them even smiled.

I expected the commentary. What I didn't expect was my self-assurance. It seeped into me automatically, like a defense mechanism. I was protected. Mac went to class and I went to my own. "That's so like you," was the first one, but it was said with a laugh. Because I was the kid who wore girls' tops to school, and sometimes makeup, and I made stupid jokes in geometry. I wasn't popular, but I wasn't unpopular either, and I

was never one to play by the rules very well. The snickering and laughter was another thing, and it built throughout the day. It ran over me like storm clouds. Something was going to make it rain, I just knew it. But I was confident. I was really attractive, too. And I was me.

**"Hey Edwards, are you going to audition?"** The voice belonged to Son Kennar — he wasn't the most attractive guy in the school, but he was ripped, and he was big, and was on both of the schools banner sports teams: track and football. And because of this, he was universally adored and offered a lot of latitude for being a dick. **"You know, for the cheer team?"**

**"In this? Nah. Clashes with the school colors, wouldn't you know it?"**

Attractiveness wasn't an objective idea. What I thought was cute might not be to someone else, and I got that. And it had nothing to do with that. I wasn't trying to appeal to people by wearing girl clothes who thought boys in girls' clothes were cute. I was just dressing in nice clothes. And I thought the idea of segregation by gender is a little dated. That's all this was. My political and personal stance for unification.

The large boy — honestly, so large that calling him a boy was kind of a misnomer when words in the English language like giant and behemoth existed — didn't seem to amuse by the comment, or the fact that his insult had been handily rebuffed. **"Well here's the problem, bud: the cheer squad is about the only place guys like you - who think it's alright to flaunt and try to catch the eyes of guys like me - really fit in."**

Ugh, this is why nobody likes Son. Because he lives in the 1960s or something. **"The last thing I want to catch is your eye. About as much as herpes."** I walked past him. Honestly, that it had taken this long for someone to say something shitty was kind of impressive. But I wasn't the type of kid to get his panties in a bunch over something this stupid.

**"Well, it's caught."** Son pushed his arm against the wall to cut off Oaklee's retreat, and he looked over his shoulder in either direction before continuing. **"Walk with me. Don't try to run. Don't scream out. Don't make a scene. You wouldn't want to get hurt, would you, kid?"** And honestly, next to Son, that's what Oaklee looked like — a kid.

My chest was hurting. I didn't know why. Because maybe it was something Sayla would do. Or maybe because it was something I didn't expect. I didn't know. I felt sick. He turned me around and walked me down the hall. My whole body felt like needles. I was going to throw up...

As they walked, Son pushed on doors, classroom doors specifically, and kept doing so until one of them opened. When it did, he pulled Oaklee inside and slammed it shut. No window inset on the door, and the sickening sound of the lock clicking shut. **"Sit down. Don't move."** He pulled a chair out roughly on his way to the window, and began to shut the blinds. **"I mean it. Don't. Move."**

I was shaking. I was shaking and I was almost crying. I couldn't breathe right. I could run to the door. He was so much taller, his legs were so much longer. And I felt frozen in place. I felt tears start down my cheeks. I couldn't breathe in here... **"Please..."**

Son approached the boy, his shadow normally enough to make others shit their pants, and nodded. **"Stand up."** Oaklee hesitated, and Son repeated himself. **"Stand. Up."** When he did, the gargantuan young man assessed him, carefully, and walked a circle around him like a hungry predator. Like a big cat assessing its prey, or a shark deciding where to take the first bite. Finally, three loops in, he sat down on the desk in front of Oaklee and said something very strange. **"Anybody gives you a hard time, Oaklee, I'll fuck them up so hard they'll wish they'd never left the house."**

**"...w-what?"** Tears were on my cheeks. I couldn't help it. Flashes of Sayla rang through my head. Memories of the way she'd gotten what she'd wanted in a completely different way. Theories of what she'd done to Mac, and how that was the same as what Son could do to me. I was dizzy with anxiety, I nearly fainted....

He reached one hand across the divide between the two of them, and put it on Oaklee's cheek, tears catching on hands as rough as the trunk of a tree, but with a sort of... tenderness. **"I think it's fucked up that anybody should be scared of who they are. And especially a little guy like you, in a place like this? Kids our age can be the cruelest fuckers on the planet."** It was a side of the brutish boy rarely seen, or even expected. But in context, in his own weird way, do you want to be a cheerleader? come with me, you don't want to get hurt and other such comments might actually have been his way of trying to help. To be protective.

**"I..."** I felt so sick. I thought I was going to be sick. But Son only smiled at me until I felt like I could stand on my own, and he let go of my shoulder. I leaned against the desk, trying not to throw up. **"...thanks, I guess... thanks..."** Thanks. Thanks for scaring me to death! But his offer was... generous...

**"Yeah, well, we gotta look out for our own, right? Outliers. And maybe if you have someone on your side of the field, you won't feel pressured to have to become someone strong enough to make people step the fuck off, right?"** There was a kindness to his voice. A kindness that was as foreign as ketchup on fried rice, and also something else. A sadness? Maybe. Something personal. **"You're living with Mac now, right? The rich girl?"**

**"During the week... I go to my Aunt's on the weekends..."** Which implied I wasn't with my parents anymore. Which implied something bad happened. It's the kind of smartness kids have that they don't often go into. Much the same way I knew something was bothering Son. But we weren't really friends yet, not like Mac and me...

**"She's a good kid, got a good heart. She get along with your Aunt?"** Translation: Is your Aunt a better person than your parents? Language choices and word

interpretations that people fell out of favor with once they left all this behind. Son hadn't closed the blinds and locked the door to hide anything he intended to do, he did it so that this kind of conversation could happen without the social gaze of expectation and convention. A dialog behind the veil.

"Yeah. Yeah, I mean, they really get along well, so..." I forced a smile, then looked down at my hands. I wiped away the water from my eyes behind the fake glasses. Ugh, I was so pathetic. I was seriously crying already, and it wasn't even lunch time...

"That's cool." Son didn't know much what to do with a crying boy, but he also didn't acknowledge it, or make it a big deal, or make Oaklee feel ashamed. What he did do was stand up and sit next to him on a chair he pulled adjacent, putting his arm around the boy's shoulder the way he might with a crying girl.

"Thanks for, uh... looking out for me or whatever..." I didn't know Son that well. Honestly, no one really did. He was just one of those kids, you know? And when he got me into this room, I thought so differently of him. And now... "It's really cool of you..."

"Just don't want you feeling like you need to become someone else to stand up for who you are." He stood up, and ruffled Oaklee's hair with a hand big enough to cover his whole face, like some kind of smutty same-sex comic character, before slinging his bag over his shoulder. "Some of the guys were talking about giving you a man-up lesson after school, so I've gotta do some reeducation. They won't be an issue, not today, and if anybody makes you feel shitty, you can text me, alright?"

"Sure..." He gave me his phone number on a piece of paper. I still hadn't gotten Mac's phone turned on, which now seemed like a terrible, terrible thing. If something happened again, if Son's intentions weren't so pure, what was I going to do? I needed a cell phone. I sat down next to Bindie and Josh at the lunch table. True to her word, Mac was wearing the housewife dress. It was the only piece of clothing she wore that made me physically blush.

"Well, who would have thought you wouldn't be the most striking one with your outfit today, Oaklee, even in a skirt." "Oh come on now, Bindie, I wear unusual clothes all the time. Give Oaklee his dues." "Your legs do look pretty ravishing, dude." That was Josh, and he flashed a raised eyebrow set with a grin. "Don't you go flirting with my skirted-boy, Josh!" "Oh, you two are dating now, Mac?" "If anybody is going to date Oaklee, Bindie, it's going to be me." If I was shy or ashamed of my flouncy house-wife dress, I didn't show it.

I expected a bigger reaction, but I guess it was a long time coming. The make up, Mac's shirts - it wasn't much of a surprise, really. And then there was the fact that my friends were actually pretty awesome. Of course, none more so than Mac herself. And it was hard to look at her without thinking about things that I definitely shouldn't think about in school.

**"I tried to find you after class to walk you here, but you were all vanished and stuff."** The pulled-pork sandwiches were wrapped in foil pouches, and I'd had them delivered to the cafeteria door by the caterer, as well as some herbed potatoes. I couldn't deal with a school lunch, and staying at Deb's had meant no leftovers. I pushed the one I'd gotten for Oaklee in front of him and smiled. **"He was obviously just fixing his makeup, Mac. You should have checked the girls' room."**

**"I'm not a girl,"** I said flatly. Like they needed reminding. I wasn't sure why the teasing about wearing a skirt to school had anything to do with being a girl. Stupid gender roles and all that. Deb gave me money for lunch, so I had the luxury of buying breadsticks, M&Ms, and a pile of donut holes. Because who wants to buy *actual* lunch.

**"Obviously, but would you want to be touching up your makeup in the boys' room?"** I hated to agree with Bindie, but I turned things around to be tasteful. **"They should just call them the Stylish Bathroom and the Boring Bathroom."** **"Oooh, harsh, Mac!"** Josh took a bite of his cookie and went on. **"Anybody give you a tough time about the skirt?"** **"It's not just a skirt, you know. He put together a whole outfit and he looks hot. Why does everybody focus on the skirt? Oh, I got catered lunch for you, put that junk down, it's bad for your skin."**

**"Food is bad for your skin?"** Mac and Kim and Cindy all scoffed at the same time. Maybe some things *are* gender-specific... Mac shared with me her potatoes and pork whats-its. It's not really something I'd ever eat normally, but then again, my palette was ever growing in Mac's presence. Real food. And then a whole night with Mac. A whole week with Mac, and then I could go home to my Aunt. It was like all my dreams were coming true.

## 113:

**"I was worried about you all day, you know, Azzy?"** I thought for sure somebody at this stupid little school was going to give him hell, and then he'd get scared off being himself, and I'd be cuddling him back to safety all night. There was an airy spring in my step as we walked through the halls, and my hoop-skirted dress moved in a way that seldom else ever did. I actually could get used to wearing clothes like this!

**"Yeah, I was a little worried about me, too..."** That name, that dress. It wasn't good for me. But the students were funneling out of the school, now, eager for the busses. It was early December, and though I had my blue coat, I wasn't sure how comfortable I'd be walking in the snow. The blue coat really didn't go with my outfit, and a skirt in winter was a stupid idea, but I wasn't really thinking ahead.

**"If anybody had have caused you trouble, though, you know I'd beat them up, right?"** Coming from a girl dressed like I was, it seemed like a laughable proposition, not even factoring in my diminutive size. But I also cared a lot about this stupid boy, and I'm sure that could count for something. **"I can't wait to sleep in my own bed with you, and to wear pretty diapers, and shop for lolita dresses and stuff. Oh, I found this one site, too, um... in Germany? That does the cutest clothes, Azzy, you have no idea."**

**"Yeah?"** I wondered if maybe she could talk about this stuff when we got outside, rather than in the crowds of kids. But when we got outside, it was *freezing*. Like, properly. I didn't wear leggings because why would I? And I quickly fastened up my coat. We started to walk up the road, but my teeth were chattering. Skirts are so stupid.

**"Beauty is pain, right, Azzy?"** I pulled myself close to Oaklee, but even then, it was too cold and we wound up stepping into a diner after a few minutes so I could call up a car. It wasn't the closest one to the school, so it wasn't that crowded, either, and we got a booth in back. **"Uber will be here in about fifteen, want to order some food?"**

**"Alright."** I remembered the first time I met Mac. It wasn't in this diner, but a diner like it. We sat together and ordered french fries. That first time, she'd ordered fries for me. It was so awkward then. And now here I was, over a year later, dressed in a skirt, my cheeks red from the cold, but also red from Mac's dress. She made me so warm inside...

**"You should take me on a date."** It was a weird thing for me to have said, admittedly, especially given the circumstances. Given how we were, given all we'd been through, given the worst of it and how calm things were for us now. Given Oaklee and his perspective on dating. Today, I felt confident. Today, I felt invulnerable. Like today was the start of something, for both of us, and I wanted it.

**"Uh, sure... okay." "No. I want you to take me on a real date." "...um..."** A real date? Like a romance date? Why would I go on a romance date with Mac? We hadn't had this talk in a long, long time. Even then, I couldn't remember how much we touched upon. **"I don't really date like that, Mac."**

**"We're basically already dating, Azzy. We sleep in the same bed, and we share a wardrobe, and we kiss all the time."** I'd given all this a lot of thought, especially since being told I wasn't dying. And although maybe 20% of it had to do with not wanting Oaklee to date someone else, like Sayla, I also... I felt this stupid longing. And I wanted him to fill it.

**"We don't kiss all the time. We've kissed like five times."** Maybe five... instances? Probably more. I still remembered that first time, when she'd fixed Mira. And then the time when we were in the car. And the time we were in her living room, and she was being stupid about being a baby. Then there was this morning, on the car ride to school, and a couple times between that. Maybe we did kiss a lot... **"We can kiss less,**

then. I don't really date. But if you wanna just like, go out tomorrow, I'm okay with that."

**"Gosh, you are so silly."** Maybe he didn't expect to be rebuffed so openly, so clearly and casually. Maybe he just saw Spiderman outside or something. I don't know. Oaklee stopped eating his french fry and stared at me. **"Stop being dumb, okay? When I give you evidence of something, to prove a point, the answer isn't to try and discredit the evidence. It's to change your point of view."**

**"...but I don't date. That's not a point of view. That's like. A fact."** Why did she want to date me anyway? We were finally happy. Like, I was living with Aunt Deb, and I could dress how I wanted. Mac was free of her illnesses, one hundred percent. Things were good. I didn't want to mess that up.

**"You don't date because you're wrong about dating. You think that dating people have to hate each other, and I think we saw how that went for you, didn't we? You should at least give some thought to the idea that maybe dating someone you really like could be awesome. Right?"** There were a few things I'd gotten good at lately, and one of them was articulating myself. Maybe I'd even gotten a little bit... sassy?

I shrugged my shoulders and put the french fry back on the plate. I didn't see the point in any of this... **"Sex and stuff just makes you hate somebody - look at my parents. Look at Bindie's. Look at yours. They just leave you behind when they go places?"** But I couldn't help thinking about that girl in the club, and what she told me last year about love. I couldn't help thinking about Missy and how we talked about Sayla. I couldn't help thinking about Son, earlier today, when he said Mac was a good kid. My head was spinning... **"Sex doesn't lead to anything else. And dating is just sex. Do you wanna have sex with me? Like, is that what this is about?"**

My shoulders shrugged and I finally looked away, a little bit of color on my cheeks. Pink, like the headband in my hair, pink like the color on my nails. **"Maybe, yeah. I mean. I think I'd like to make you my first. You're my favorite person, and I don't see any issue with that. We're at that age, and... I don't know. You wouldn't want to with me? You don't think I'm cute enough, or...?"**

**"Oh..."** Oh. I mean. Okay. I mean, we didn't really talk about things like this, I guess because we were friends. Seriously did we have to have sex just because I was a guy and she was a girl? And it wasn't that I didn't think about it. Especially when she wore a dress like that one... **"I don't think that's a good idea, Mac..."**

**"And you've never been wrong before, have you, Oaklee?"** If anybody else had said so, it would have sounded bitchy. Somehow I managed to make it sound contemplative instead, and maybe that was the power I had over Oaklee. He was so black and white. Honestly, he'd always been. Back then I knew how to deal with that, and I guess now I still did, too. **"You used to doubt that you had a part of you that was a girl. You**

would never have believed it, and you argued, and you got in so much trouble, even though I knew all along." Not that I was showing off, it was just... I was right. "You didn't trust me then, and you can't undo that. But you can trust me now, if you want."

"It's not like that..." I crossed my arms over my chest. Why was she fighting this? Why did it even matter? "I just... don't want anything to be different. I'm finally happy. Can't we just... pretend we didn't talk about this? Please?" Why would she want to have sex with me, anyway? Why was that worth this?

"I want to be your girlfriend, Oaklee. Okay? I don't want to be different, I don't want to be this teenage girl who's all cynical about love and sex. I want to just want to do it, I want to confess my feelings to the boy I like, and I want you to want me, and to sweep me off my feet and make me feel light headed when you put your arms around me." Ugh. I sounded so vapid!

So we both wanted something different. This is the reason relationships don't work. Because when you're in a relationship it's all about things being different, then acting like they aren't. And then the one time you don't act like they are, you break up and everyone is hurt by it. I felt sick in my chest. "Okay..." What's acting just one more time? It makes her happy. It probably wouldn't be terrible, until it fell apart. But now it was going to fall apart anyway. It doesn't have to be a relationship that ruins everything - it just has to be the idea of it. Could I reverse it somehow? I didn't think so...

"You're being dumb." Statement of fact. Not an insult, just fact. "You have this girl that you would date who wants to date you, but your cynicism is getting in the way, and making you want it to fail just so you can be proven right." I put my head down on the table and stared up at Oaklee.

"You're the one being dumb," I said harshly, getting up from the spot at the table. She was the one ruining everything. I was trying to save it. Ugh! I paid up at the counter, but Mac didn't get up from the booth until I was done. I stepped out into the cold, freezing with the December air up my skirt. I looked forlornly down the road. What was I supposed to do? Go home? That wasn't even a possibility anymore...

I was never an aggressive girl. I was never the type to take what I wanted, even though everything was given to me. Never the sort to change the channel on someone else's TV. Never the sort to ask for seconds, or get a refill of popcorn at the cinema. Never. Not once. But all things change, and I could change, and all I could do was what felt right at the time and in that moment, that single moment, it was one thing. One selfish act. I pushed the boy against the rough concrete of the diner wall, harder than I intended, and I hoped he didn't hit his head. If he did... well... there wasn't so much I could do about that, because my lips were on his before I could use them to check on him.

My back hit the wall hard, but my head didn't until Mac's lips pushed me against it. She had to stand on her tip-toes to get that kind of force against me, to pin me against the wall like that. It was a second of momentary warmth, dizzying warmth, until she pulled away. My cheeks were red, my glasses foggy. In a different way to my little space. It felt warm in my chest like it did when I was angry at Mac and I kissed her on her carpet. Stupid idiot girl...

**"You're wrong."** Or, I wanted him to be. I needed him to be, because I felt like I was drowning in the idea that I'd made him upset with me. Oaklee meant so much to me, and my confession to him was painful only when I was faced with the potential cost associated with it. I kissed him again, because that made sense. Because he couldn't argue with his mouth with covered by mine. Did he really feel no passion for me?

We kissed. Again. A couple more times. I think she was trying to shut me up or prove something. She was doing a great job, either way. I kissed her back, because her stupid dress made her so special, because her stupid lips tasted like strawberry Chapstick. Because I'm stupid and she's stupid and honestly I don't know. Because I couldn't think of anything else.

**"I'm not going to be alone, Oaklee. And I could be with any boy in the school, and half the girls, and I don't want to give myself to them. I want to trust everything special and amazing that makes up who I am to you, you idiot."** We were beside the diner. The Uber car had come and gone, we'd missed it, and I'd paid the surcharge. Or my parents would. So what. I kissed him again, but this time he'd slid to his bottom on the ground, and so I was straddling his lap. It was easier.

It wasn't so cold that December afternoon. Not as cold as I thought, anyway...

I felt dizzy. Dizzy as we took the car home, dizzy as I brought him up the stairs to my room, dizzy as I pushed him to the bed with a drifty look in my eyes, and dizzy as I climbed on top of him, one hand on his cheek, one between his thighs, and my lips on his. I was done being told that my happiness relied on someone else.

**"Mac, stop."** One word, and she did. We'd kissed a little, but she was playing with the edges of my boxers underneath the skirt. She stopped because I said so and I guess that's enough for her, unlike other people. I crawled out from under her and sat up on the bed. My chest hurt. **"Um... would you like to play dress up?"**

**"Okay."** My voice was unsteady, shaky, but I was confident enough when I nodded, even if the nod was jittery. **"I want to dress you up special this time."** If I couldn't have him, at least I was going to make him wear the things I bought for the night that would never happen. Actually, I'd picked out things for the two of us.

**"Yeah, alright..."** I sat on the edge of the bed, playing with my fingers. I felt sick all over. I was enjoying myself. Kissing Mac was always enjoyable. But it still made me sick when I thought about the other stuff. The touching stuff. And her fingers in my hair,

or the way she would pinch my leg. I mean, she didn't. Mac didn't. But what if she did? I was going to throw up...

I'd never owned lingerie before. Never owned anything remotely sexy. Gosh, the turmoil in my head when I'd shopped for these, for the bras that made our chests look the same, a little tight on me, and padded just enough for him. And the delicate panties, and the corsets, softly laced, and the garters and stockings. Pale pink and pale blue, to match. Lace and ribbons and soft frills, so us, so Oaklee and Mac. **"I'm going to dress you, and you're going to dress me, and you can't argue or I'll lose my nerve."**

**"...I... I don't really like girl's underwear, Mac..."** I hadn't for a long, long time. They reminded me of Sayla. Before then I never saw the point, really, and she made me see the point, and the point wasn't one I wanted to see again. And I just didn't really want to think about her anymore tonight. She was strong in my head... **"Um... can't I just wear my boxers...?"**

**"I'd like it if you wore them. If you could replace your association of them from her, to of me, I think that would be nice. And I won't make you, but I think I'd like it if you did."** My voice was soft. Not pushy. Just suggestive, like I'd let him say no if he wanted to, but that I didn't think he would. Or I hoped he wouldn't. I was never assertive the way that Sayla was.

**"...yeah, okay, sure..."** I was shaking, though. She was dressing me in clothes I'd never been dressed in before, and they made me nervous in weird ways. I didn't understand it. Why was I feeling sick? Because they looked like the kind of clothes people wear in the movies? Before they have sex? This wasn't that, right? Oh, I was dizzy...

I dressed him. I dressed him better than he dressed me. Well, he didn't dress me at all. Maybe because I was naked, and maybe I was naked in a way that wasn't little. Maybe I was just naked in a way that was pure, and a way that was soft, soft like my words and soft like the way I laced the corset, soft like the way I slid the panties up his legs, and the stockings, too. Soft like my fingertips. I wanted my way, but I wouldn't hurt him to get it.

I was going to be ill. I sat on the edge of the bed, and Mac tried to talk to me. To tell me to help her get changed. But I responded very rarely, and very slowly. My head was spinning the wrong way. I thought something was off balance. She played with my hair a little while she dressed herself, her own matching clothes, until she needed me to tie the corset. My fingers were shaking on the strings.

**"A little tighter. Like that. Uh huh."** Directions, not instructions. Guidance, not control. I stood before Oaklee, dressed, the same as he was but standing, and our cheeks glowed matching rose hues, and I'm sure our heads swam in the same hopeless fog. He might fade away from my life after this one night, and I wanted to see him this way. I wanted to have him show me himself like nobody else. I pulled him to his feet, and I

pulled the mirror from the way, once, twice, and a third ratchet until it wrapped around the two of us, he and I, and our multitude of reflected twins.

We both had our glasses on still - the only things that didn't match, except our hair. I was dizzy to the point of sickness, but... she knew how to pick out an outfit. I looked... really sexy. I mean. I didn't like the underwear still, and I didn't look at all like the little girl I'd wanted to, but a boy. A really sexy boy in really sexy clothes. My lip was quivering. **"Why are we dressed like this, Mac...?"**

**"Because I was selfish, because I risked us for something magic, and tomorrow I'm going to pay for it because you'll never change your mind about relationships. And for a year I dreamed about this, and I wanted to see it... to see you like this, and be with you like this... and it's all I can do not the cry because you won't ever be mine."** I should have sounded more emotional. More heady, more on edge. Every word was calm, though. **"You're so much more beautiful than I could have imagined... beautiful and a boy, my little paradox."**

**"I do love you, Mac... I just..."** I shook my head. I shook my head and looked down. It wasn't what Sayla had done, or that I was damaged. It wasn't that I couldn't make her happy, because I probably could. It's just that she didn't know. She didn't know how hopeless it was. It had nothing to do with being friends forever, or losing her. I just didn't want her to hate me... and I started to cry. She should be the one to cry, and here, I couldn't stop... **"I'm sorry..."**

He cried. And he apologized. And I took his hand, and I put it on my hip, on the corset, and I put my hand on his, and I started to dance. I led, because I knew both and he knew neither. We danced because I wanted to dance at my wedding, and I didn't know who I'd marry, or if I ever would, but I knew I'd dance with the one I loved, and so I danced with him right now. **"Put your head on my shoulder?"**

**"Okay..."** I felt pathetic. I shouldn't be crying. I should be making this a happy moment. But I didn't. Because Missy was right. Because I was scared. Not to lose her or to not be good enough, or that she wouldn't be good enough for me, or that she'd outgrow me. I wasn't trying because I thought I'd fail. I just couldn't let her hate me... I couldn't let her hate me like Mom and Dad hated each other... like Deagan hated his exes. Like Mac's parents hated her. I just wanted her to love me, even if it meant we couldn't be "forever".

**"It's okay to cry. It's okay to be scared. I pushed you, and it was my fault. I know you're afraid."** It should have been the end of it. It should have been our fingertips pulling apart from one another, and that being that. I kissed him instead. I pulled him closer instead of letting him go. My lips touched his, and the other us's kissed the same way, beautiful boy on beautiful girl.

I kissed her back. I kissed her while I cried because I'm pathetic and apparently I don't understand how emotions work. Because my brain tells me one thing and everything

else pushes my lips to hers. And I just felt so warm like my fears didn't mean anything but they did and I know they did. I was going to be sick. I finally pulled away. A hundred kisses later. A thousand. We were still standing, but my back was against her wall because my knees were giving out. I couldn't stay upright. **"You're gonna hate me... I'm not gonna love you forever, and you'll hate me... and I don't wanna, Mac... I just wanna be friends and never hate each other like my mom and my dad... please..."**

**"We can hate each other for trying, or we can hate ourselves for not. I understand that I don't have much to offer... I have no future planning skills, and I'm frightened of sex, and I'll want you as a girl sometimes and as a boy others and sometimes pieces of both because I'm this weird indecisive brat. I know I'm not exciting, I know I'm not very talented. And I know... I know that when I lay on my back alone in my bed, when I cuddle Cheez, when I think about nonsense... you're part of my nonsense. Every time..."** I don't know where my direction went. South, probably.

**"You're perfect, Mac... you're perfect for me. I know you are, okay, shh..."** I couldn't look up at her. I felt so weak in her arms... I was waiting for my knees to give out, but my back was holding me against the wall. Dizzy, dizzy... **"It's not you... it's me... I'm gonna make you hate me, or you're gonna make me hate you, and I can't do that... I really can't handle that..."** Pathetic... I was so pathetic...

**"And they say the sun might give me skin cancer if I go outside, and for so long I never wanted to... but I take all the care in the world, and I free fall into it, and I get to experience the trees and the sun and the snow and the beach... and the scent of the air on those mornings where the grass is frozen but there's no snow at all. It's worth the risk... and... and you're worth the risk, to me. You might one day think you hate me, but then I'll just smile... and kiss you, and no feeling can beat that."**

**"I bet my Mom and Dad said the same thing..."** Because relationships go both ways. Because... **"I trust you, Mac. I just... don't trust me, that's all..."** I slipped, but Mac caught me. She held me up against the wall and let me get my balance back. I was sweating. I was feeling so sick, so warm... **"It's not any different, anyway... what we have now is enough, isn't it...?"**

**"You're bleeding."** Nothing on the pretty clothes, but drops of blood down the bow of his lips, little drops from his nose. I held a tissue to it, though one or two drops had marked the carpet. Was that normal? Did that happen? I didn't even know. I knew he'd faked, and now he bled, and maybe this was too much for him. Maybe it was. Maybe not too much for us, though. I put my arm under his, fingers across the back of his bra, and the corset, and I helped him stand up. We were going to the bed.

**"It's normal, it's fine..."** I had nosebleeds as a kid. Not many. When dad and mom would fight, I did. They made my head hurt, but my head didn't hurt yet. It just turned

around and around like a carnival ride. I sat on the bed, taking deep breaths. She put her fingers to my forehead. **"You're kind of warm, Oaklee..."** **"I'm okay,"** I muttered. **"I just feel sleepy..."**

**"You're-"**

**"Yeah, he just passed out, and-"**

**"He'll be okay, right?"**

The young woman sat by the edge of the bed, unperturbed by how Oaklee dressed — her coat as much an oddity for a girl twenty years ago as Oaklee's lingerie was for a boy now. She was my doctor. She made housecalls. She'd taken half an hour to get here, and Oaklee hadn't stirred. Only when she touched him, put her stethoscope to his chest. He'd stir for a moment, eyes would flicker, and he'd pass back out. I paced nervously.

I was running a fever. But a weird fever. The kind that went up and down. I was sweating, but I wasn't shaking like I was cold. I was over that. Everything was just hot, and Mac only kept the blankets up to my waist for privacy. Except for me, everything was dark anyway. Everything was dark and lonely...

"It's a stress response." **"Stress can make him sick...?"** "Oh yes, quite. Quite a lot. Our emotional well-being dictates more than anything our physical." **"What should I do...?"** "Lay with him. Read to him, even if he doesn't respond. Make certain that he knows you're here, that he's safe. His head will calm down over time, and he'll be okay." **"...okay. Should I... is there anything I can do... other than just wait?"** "I'm going to give him a small shot to help with the anxiety, but you understand that I don't have permission to treat. I'm doing so in my best opinions for patient care, and exposing myself to liability. I wish I could offer more."

Things were still warm, very warm, but there was a sick serenity around me, like the black got less black. I wasn't sure why. A dark dark grey. So I could see things, like light was coming in from somewhere. A way for my eyes to adjust. I looked up in the darkness around me. I just felt really warm all over...

**"...and we'll have those little umbrellas like in those drinks, but full size. And each one will be over a bed, because who wants to watch the sunrise on anything less than a bed..."** He stirred, and I waited, and I squeezed his hand. Six hours since my doctor had left. Six long hours that I babbled, and I held Oaklee's hand, and I checked his temperature and looked after. He'd stirred before, I didn't know if he would again, or if this would be it. He sat up, though, slowly, and I shushed him quietly, helping him slowly into a sitting position.

**"...um..."** Um. Words. The dizziness was weird. Actually, I think it was the light that was weird. I only remember darkness and being alone, and though somebody talked, I

couldn't see her right. I think because I closed my eyes again. It sounded like my cousin Rebecca, but not really like her at all. I couldn't remember her name. I blinked and laid back down in the bed. This time the grey was lighter. It was getting lighter recently, like the sun was coming up. I think the colors were bleeding through. I couldn't stand. I just curled up into a ball and wrapped my arms around myself. Such a big lonely space. And me. Until the yelling started. Those voices I recognized. I'd never heard anyone yell like my parents...

There was something wrong with Oaklee, with my Oaklee, sometime in the way of him being him. Something inside of his head, or inside of his heart, I didn't know which it was. I knew he screamed, I knew he shouted and yelled, and fought against something not there. I knew he hit me. I knew he didn't recognize me. I gave him what space I could, and when he calmed, I sat with him again because if he couldn't trust me, who could he ever trust? And I sung to him, that silly little French Lullaby.

They were just a jumble of sounds. The grey was a proper grey now. A brightness working its way into me. I wasn't alone, but I almost... wished I was. Sounds arched over me, unfamiliar sounds of singing, but only heard in the breaks of screaming and yelling and voices ringing over me. I was crying so hard. They wouldn't stop. And Mac kept touching my head, and I kept sweating. It had been so many hours of sleep. Restless made-up sleep...

I'd had so much time to think, so many hours gone by, six into nine into more than that, I didn't know. I thought I slept, but I couldn't be sure ~ whenever I attempted to check, I woke up. Or was I always awake? How would I even know? I sung to him when I remembered to. And I kissed his forehead, and I changed his panties for a diaper and left everything else. I remembered all of that. But the idea of him being back to normal... that was a memory I was starting to lose.

Everything was too white. And I wanted to be alone. Because the screaming was everywhere. And it made me hate it. It made me hate the whiteness and the light and the voices and people and everything. I missed it. I missed the dark I was in before, and the sadness and the loneliness and the sickness, because this hurt my head so bad. It hurt my head and my body, and I was so hot, and I couldn't stop crying, and everything hurt so bad. I just wanted to be alone. I would never hurt anyone. I would never do this to anybody, or make anyone yell like this. I'd never yell like this. I'd never hate somebody like this, and they'd never hate me like this. I wouldn't ever let it happen. I wouldn't ever let love be this. I wouldn't ever let love. I wouldn't. Wouldn't.

He sat up. He sat up and he screamed, and I pulled him to the bed to protect him, and he scratched at me, and my blood wound up under his fingernails, and his eyes teared up, and he wanted so badly to get away. I wrapped my blanket around him, and I put Mira in his arms, and I spoke the way I did so long ago, I spoke the way I did when I'd fixed her, when I'd cleaned out the spots. **"I'm going to make it all better, Oaklee. I love you, and I'm going to fix it, even the worst spots come out..."**

It was bad now. It was bad, because even with Mira in my arms. And I was smaller, for whatever reason, and the lights hurt so bad. And all the screams were so much louder and I wouldn't stop crying. I was falling apart. Bits of the universe cracked and fell away, making way for brighter and brighter lights. Everything hurt. Hurt. Hurt. Hurt. I JUST WANT TO BE ALONE. LEAVE ME ALONE EVERYBODY LEAVE ME ALONE LEAVE ME ALONE LEAVE ME ALONE STOP IT STOP IT!!!! But even my voice was nothing next to theirs. I was nothing.

Leave him be. Let him come out of it. He'll be okay. He wasn't okay, though! He wasn't getting better, and the doctor couldn't fix him, and time didn't fix him, and singing didn't fix him. I was so exhausted, so worn down, so nothing at all against this silly boy and his fever that made no sense. And I was desperate. I wanted him back. I cried, but he paid no attention. I tried to shake him, but he didn't notice that, either. So I laid next to him, and I put my arms over his lingerie, and I whispered in his ear. I whispered versions of the same thing, different ways to say it, but over and over. **"You're safe and sound, and I'll keep you mine... I love you... please come back to me? Please please please..."**

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE please please... please... I opened my eyes. Please. I shook my head. That was my voice. I was screaming back. But I didn't hear it half as clearly as the whisper. I shook my head and cried and cried. I felt small and pathetic. I was just a little boy and everyone was hurting me. But that voice... **"Please..."** It was so quiet, and still louder than the voices. She sat next to me and put glasses on over my eyes. They glared the lights away. Dimmed, just a little. But the voices were still so loud... **"They won't stop,"** I told her. **"They're so loud..."**

**"They're wrong."** Wrong by virtue of not being real. Not being real by virtue of not even being here. We were alone. The two of us. Worn down and broken, worn down and falling apart, but falling into each other and not away from one another. **"They're wrong and they don't love you but I do."** I didn't know who they were, why he was hearing voice. How he'd broken so badly... so I kept to what I did know.

The voices went quiet. They were angry, though. I felt the anger. And they started yelling at the girl instead, because I could feel the directionality of it, even if I didn't know what they were saying. This was what love was, inevitably. I couldn't ever want this. I wouldn't ever want this... but... she didn't even flinch. Could she hear them...? **"They're loud,"** I told her again. Like she didn't know...

**"So are bright pink jeans, but we don't wear them no matter how much they scream."** Did that make sense? We hated bright pink jeans. Bright orange, too. And green. We admonished Bindie the day he wore a pair in blue. We laughed the way that high school kids laughed, and we found happiness in one another, in solidarity. We were perfect together. We were falling together. **"Focus on me...?"**

I looked up at her eyes. She had glasses too. Maybe they protected her from the lights. The voices got quieter. I felt sick. I was dizzy. I couldn't stop crying, and I held Mira to my chest. I was only a kid. A little boy, and she was such a big girl. She was gonna start yelling at me too... she was gonna hate me too... all grown ups hate me... everybody hates me... **"Don't hate me... don't hate me, please..."**

**"I never ever ever could. It's not even possible."** I smiled, and I laughed, I laughed the way that we did as teenagers, and my eyes crinkled in the sides the way that they wrinkled beneath under the weight of day old makeup an exhaustion. **"I could never hate somebody I love, Oaklee. I could never hate somebody so special."** I was such a sap, so basic, so pathetic. But I could be unpathetic for Oaklee...

The voices were quieter now. She looked at me and I looked up at her. The sky was getting dark. Grey. A weird grey, like it was being eaten by the blackness. I was still crying, but I wasn't gasping for air anymore. I bit my lip. **"...they just always yell at me... and at each other... at everybody..."**

**"Voices that yell never have anything important to say. It's the ones who whisper that mean the most."** Given my current inability to do anything but babble, I surprised myself with the eloquence of that little snippet. It made me sound so adult, and so wise, despite the fact I was drowning on the inside in frustration and loss.

...yelling isn't important... whispering is important... yelling isn't... quiet things are important... quiet places... everything was dark. Everything was so dark. Black. But not alone. Just quiet. She held me for such a long time. A long, long time. And then there was me. Alone. And I guess, that wasn't really that bad. Except I wished I wasn't.

## **114:**

When I opened my eyes, the room was dark. Mac was asleep next to me, and I was drowning in my own sweat. The sheets were soaked through. I thought maybe I'd wet the bed instead, but when I shifted, the diaper was apparent between my legs. I rubbed my eyes with the back of my arm, wiping sweat off my forehead. For the first time in so long, I was... cold...

It should have roused me from my sleep, but I'd find out later that he'd been awake twenty minutes before he consciously tried to make me stir. He didn't ever tell me what he did in that time, but in retrospect, I like to think he watched me sleep like that was something even remotely interesting. I liked to think of myself as interesting. Sometimes. **"Is the world quiet now...?"**

**"I think so..."** I was so dizzy, so tired. Gosh, was I tired. How can I sleep for almost an entire day and be *tired*?! How? Ugh. My body hurt so bad. Everything hurt so bad. I fell into Mac's arms and closed my eyes. I couldn't help myself. She was so safe...

My eye was swollen, and my arms red — not my on doing, but not worth mentioning, not now, not ever. I didn't even wince when he cuddled up to me, and I wrapped my arms tightly about him, despite the telltale aroma of a days worth of wetness in his diaper, and the musky aroma of boy sweat. Though, to be fair, as far as boys went, Oaklee didn't smell all too bad. **"I'm glad you're safe... so glad."**

**"I'm glad, too..."** We both hurt all over. My arms were red from scratching, different to the way Mac's were red from scratching. My hair was greasy with sweat and Mac hadn't showered since I'd fallen ill. I didn't get it, I didn't get why... but I was better now, for whatever reason. I curled up to her and just let that be enough...

**"I'm not going to let you out of my sight for a while... you know? So... so if you want to shower, I hope you know I'll be showering with you."** What was it about fright and fear and worry that made things so... real? What were the voices in his head, who was screaming? Had I dreamed it? Imagined it? Did I make it all up, or had something happened to him, something not real, or real from another time?

**"Thanks..."** But for now, we just laid there. Because that's what's important. Just being there. And then, maybe half an hour later, there was a doorbell. I looked up at Mac curiously. **"Jimmy Johns?"** I asked. But she shook her head. **"I'll be right back..." "I'll get changed..."** We were both in our lingerie, except Mac had a large over shirt on top. You could hardly tell what she was wearing at all. I, however, needed to get out of this diaper, and maybe grab a bath robe...

We'd missed school. Missed it by a long time, and it was late in the afternoon. Random doorbell calls weren't something I was used to, so few people knew where I lived and fewer would venture to the stoop of the impressive house. I had a long top over my clothes, and only the bottoms of the stockings were visible, cute and adult-like as they were. Oaklee tried to stand, and I kissed his forehead encouragingly before disappearing downstairs. It had to be Deb... because we'd missed school, right?

**"Are you alright? Is Oaklee okay? What is going on? Why didn't you go to school? Why haven't you been answering my calls? You promised you'd answer my calls, that you'd call every day, until Oaklee got a phone. Was I wrong to trust you, Mac? Where is Oaklee?"** She was frustrated. She was angry, even. But under it all, evidently, she was so worried. She wasn't used to this - kids not checking in.

**"Oaklee is upstairs, um, he's getting changed."** Shoot. Where was it? Um. I had... **"He's sick, um, I had my doctor come out and make sure he was okay, she left a note with directions? I can get it?"** Just don't come upstairs, where your nephew is in lingerie and a wet diaper... **"If you wait here, I'll get it? I'm sorry, I... it's just been**

**rough, and I've been up all night taking care of him, and..."** And she was staring at my stockings coming from the bottom of the big shirt.

**"I want to see Oaklee,"** Deb said harshly. But she didn't dare intrude, because this wasn't her house. She crossed her arms and waited where she was. But then I came down the stairs, covered up in one of Mac's pink bath robes. I still had the corset on, but the stockings and diaper were taken off. Honestly, I wished I had time to find boxers, but I heard Aunt Deb's voice... **"Hey, sorry..."** I looked like hell, too. Ugh.

There were rules. We knew there were rules. And I should have answered my phone, but taking care of Oaklee meant so much more to me in that moment and I couldn't pry myself from him. **"I'll get the note, okay...?"** Why did I feel so helpless? I took care of him, damnit! Deb watched the girl head upstairs and kept her arms crossed. **"You're going to tell me why I shouldn't reconsider letting you stay here during the week, I assume?"**

**"...no, um... I'm sorry, Aunt Deb. I really don't know what happened..."** She was so angry. Not like my mom got angry, but a curious angry. A concerned anger. I wasn't used to that. **"I fell asleep, and Mac says I was running a fever, and I just... slept. So long. I only woke up like an hour ago, jeeze..."** I slept through a whole day of school. Ughhhh! **"I'm so sorry, Aunt Deb, I didn't mean to worry you..."**

**"This experiment with letting you stay here is supposed to show me that you can be responsible, Oaklee. I give you a lot more freedom than your Mom does, right?"** There was something to it, though. Something else... **"I'm going to ask you a very important question, okay? And I need you be honest."** He stared forlornly. **"Are you two having sex?"**

**"Ugh."** I rolled my eyes. I was way too tired for this... **"Okay, Aunt Deb, that's like... not a question you ask a teenager..."** I knew she didn't know this stuff, but still! **"Plus, Mac and I aren't dating. And I'm a virgin, not that it's your business. And I'm like, way too exhausted to have this conversation..."** I rubbed my hands against my temples. This was dizzying. Why did I have to wake up to this?

**"I don't care. It's your business. I just don't know if your Mom told how to get condoms and stuff, don't freak out on me."** His reaction did make her smile, though, just a little, and she put her arms around the boy and pulled him close, sighing. **"You're not supposed to worry me like this, you goof."**

**"I really didn't mean it, I swear... I didn't mean to get sick..."** And then Mac came out a second later with a note on prescription paper. **"That's my doctor's number,"** she told Aunt Deb. **"She said he was having a stress response or something, and he had a high fever, but that's written here, and here. And then I should try to get him to drink water or tea if I can get him to be lucid, right here. And then let him sleep and read to him, here. And to call this number if he starts bleeding again."**

**"Bleeding?" "A nosebleed,"** I explained. **"I used to get them when I was little. It wasn't anything..."**

**"I think we'd better take you to the doctor, Oaklee. Just to be safe, alright?"** So much selfish inside of me didn't want to let her do that, but maybe there was more to the bleeding nose than it seemed, and I wanted to make things good, and I wanted to show her that she could trust him with me. **"Maybe we could go shower, and then we could go? There are two showers upstairs, if you want you can watch TV while we get changed?"** a) we would shower together. b) there was no way I wasn't going.

She looked a little pained. She didn't want to let us go. But she could see that neither of us looked very up to going out, and she also knew we were both very much about appearances. So Aunt Deb sighed and looked at the ceiling. **"Fifteen minutes. Any more and I'm coming up to drag you both out of the bathrooms myself, got it?"** I nodded my head. **"It won't be that long, I promise."**

**"I'm showering with you."** It was still a request, not a direction, not an order. I knew he'd argue, or I thought I knew he did, but maybe he could tell how much I worried over him these past 24 hours because he didn't throw a fit and he didn't scream about it. He didn't say much of anything, in fact, not even as I turned on the shower.

**"Alright..."** Alright? I mean, she saw me naked all the time. We've bathed together before. But it was different. I wasn't letting her. I wanted her to. And it wasn't because I wanted her to bathe me. I just wanted her in there with me. She closed the curtains around us and I let the warm water trickle over me. It felt so nice... I'd been so cold since I woke up.

Showering was never erotic for us. But there was always a sense of power dynamic. Big sister. Little sister. Big brother, sometimes. Today was different. Today we were equal, though equal in the sense that he needed to be taken care of. I washed him the way that felt right, which was far more intimate than our usual, but nothing felt out of line, even when I washed areas he usually wouldn't let me touch. We were blushing...

I ran my fingers up her arms. They were hurt. Mine were too. And her cheek was just a little bit swollen, under the eye. I didn't know why. It had happened when I was asleep, clearly. I ran my fingers along her wet cheek, her naked self against me. Mine against her. And I kissed her. Because I wanted to.

Wash-clothes gave way to hands, soaped up still, but less now searching for that errant sign of a crevice in need of cleaning, and more in exploratory curiosity... and... desire. Warmth on the inside for me, warmth the heat of the shower couldn't be blamed for.

A knock on the door made us both jump. Our breathing was heavy, and our cheeks were scarlet. **"Mac? Mac are you in there?" "Y-yeah..." "Hurry up, please." "Yeah, okay, okay."** She hurried out of the shower and I went back to shampooing my hair. Gosh, I was turned on, and it showed...

Maybe we all plan for the first time something like this happens. And maybe those plans aren't perfect, and don't match up just the way they should. In my case, that maybe was something so far removed from what I would ever have imagined... on my knees, in the shower? It wasn't the way I wanted it. But with this heat, this moment, it felt like I could. It felt like I should. And if not for the limit of time, I would have been down there, I would have taken the moment as imperfect as it was. Why did Deb have to come...

Mac left me alone, and a couple minutes later, I came out, too. No one was around, so I hurried up to meet Mac in her bedroom. She was already blow drying her hair, and I was drying mine in the mirror. Neither of us talked about the kissing. We didn't talk about anything, really, until we were getting dressed. **"You wanna wear a skirt?"** she asked. **"No, I think I'm gonna wear pajamas... I hate those stupid gowns at hospitals..."**

**"Wanna wear some cute undies?"** His boxers were around, I didn't know where... maybe under my bed. I'd find them for him in a minute, I was sure. Though my hips were wide enough to make up for the difference in size, and he could basically wear anything in my underwear drawer, I had no illusions that he would.

**"No thank you... I would just rather my aunt not see that, you know? If they make me wear that stupid gown." "Good call."** She found my boxers and walked over to me, kissing me once on the cheek. It was... really nice. That kiss. My hair was still a little wet when I came back downstairs, wearing pajama pants and one of Mac's tops. Mac was dressed amazing, like always, though her hair was bouncy and unbrushed. At least hers was dry.

**"Do you think they'll keep him long?" "Well, he did pass out for a whole day after having an unexplained nosebleed, Mackan. What do you think?" "I think they should make sure he's okay."** I felt grumbly, though, because my doctor hadn't helped. Hadn't picked up everything. I always had every answer and this time I didn't. This time it was Deb. She was acting in the best interest for Oaklee, and I was now just a passenger... and, as we got into the car, literally!

They had to do an MRI, I guess, because that's what you do when you pass out for a whole day and sweat a lot. But I didn't have a fever anymore, which is great! A good sign, the nurse told me. I was just waiting in one of the IC wings for my test results. Honestly, though, I felt fine. Mac was sleepy because she didn't rest a lot the night before. I guess she was watching over me...

**"Well well, Mr. Edwards."** There was a funny sort of serendipity that could tie events together in the most unlikely ways. And then, of course, there was just the option that coming to the same hospital might have had something to do with it. But the eastern-european touched voice belonged to a woman, a doctor, that Oaklee had spoken to many times a year earlier — the doctor who had set his arm, and allowed him to stay for

two days, and put him in the children's wing to boot. She smiled warmly, in familiar recognition. **"Fancy seeing you back here."**

**"Hey, it's nice to see you again!"** Mac looked up with a pout and Deb looked at me curiously. **"Oh, uh, this is the doctor that took care of me last year, when I hurt my arm."** Still such conditional phrasing. I hurt it, obviously. Not my dad. Ugh. **"This is my Aunt Debra, and that's my best friend Mac."**

**"Ah, yes. Mac, the one who makes you smile, and not that horrid other girl, yes? It is very nice to meet you both, and nice to see you again, Oaklee. Seems like that arm came along well, didn't it?"** Oaklee had been in hospital because of his arm... I knew that. I knew he didn't let me know where he was. I knew he was here for two days. I knew I missed him, and that Sayla had caused him to get hurt. I didn't know it was this hospital, though...

**"Yeah, she's not really a thing anymore."** Aunt Deb had a lot of ideas about Sayla. Enough that I told her - that she was abusive in some way. She knew about the broken arm too, but that was because of my dad, something Mac had said when she was drunk on champagne. But I guess it surprised Deb nonetheless that this doctor knew about the girl. **"Mac's great. No worries. And I'm living with my Aunt Debra now, so I'm not at home with all those rooftops to fall off, ya know?"** My attitude today was so different to last year. So different to yesterday, in some ways. It wasn't going unnoticed.

Huh. Well. I wanted to say something, to speak up, interject, do something, anything, but the simple fact was that I could no longer tell if Oaklee was simply putting on a show for the doctor's sake. He seemed so genuinely invested in what he was saying! **"Well, that's very good to hear. I'm not on this ward, but I wanted to say hello when I saw you in admissions, so I'll check and see if I can find your doctor — I would love if you came by for a chat to catch up before you leave, though?"**

**"Yeah, that sounds nice."** She meant a therapist chat. She wanted to make sure I was in good health, emotionally. But I was. I really was. The woman left the room and a couple minutes later a new doctor came in. I was confident I'd be fine, though. If Mac could get away with everything that happened with Sayla without incident, then I could do the same for a silly nosebleed.

**"It seems like you're fine, physically." "People can tell him that, doctor, but what caused the problem?" "Well in some cases anxiety and stress can trigger bouts of something similar to heat-stroke, symptomatically speaking. There's enough evidence to make the connection there, in my view." "Heat stroke...?"**

**"It just means I get all fevery and sleep a ton, Mac. Don't worry."** I really did feel fine, too. It was nice to have the clean bill of health from a doctor, though. Actually, it helped that it was actually sating my aunt's concerns. **"So I'm set to go?"**

"I'd like you to fill an order for a pill — nothing you'll take daily or on any pattern. Just as needed, to help manage yourself before your feelings reach that point. A chill pill, sound good? Just a low dose." I didn't like that, I didn't like him having to be on pills and stuff, or on anything that might change who he was. But Oaklee, who I knew should have been indignant at the suggestion... looked like he was considering it.

**"Yeah, sure, why not?"** So he wrote out a script and told me about the pharmacy downstairs. I liked that he talked to me instead of talking to my Aunt Debra. It was really nice of him. **"You're gonna take those?"** **"Probably not, but what if I get sick again? I don't want you to wait up and worry about me, or forget to call Aunt Deb."**

**"Oh."** Oh. Like. Oh of course, because it was stupid to turn down an actual solution to a problem, a solution with a demonstrated method of correction. I actually felt selfish for being so stupid about it all... of course he should at least have them. Having them didn't hurt anything. And if they could save him from this happening again...? All the better. **"That's a good point. Are you going to see that lady doctor before we go, too?"**

**"Yeah, I probably should. I think she's just gonna make sure Aunt Deb's house is nicer than my house, like, more... accepting or whatever. But she's worrying about me, so I should like... make sure she's appeased. Right?"** **"Right."** **"And I can get out of this stupid gown now."**

**"Hey, I like the gown! It leaves your bottom exposed."** Well, it didn't, because he had underwear on. But the idea did, and for some reason, I liked that. Maybe I liked butts? Maybe Sayla did that to me, maybe she put the idea in my head. Like. Maybe. I don't know! I knew that I liked his bottom, though. Was there anything more that needed to be said?

Aunt Deb rolled her eyes. I knew what she was thinking, the same thing everyone thinks: how are we not together? And for the first time I was thinking it too. Why weren't we? I got up and got dressed, putting on my normal clothes - including the pajama pants - and took the elevator up to the second floor to find my Doctor Yenin. Mac and Aunt Deb were finishing my paperwork.

**"It's so good to see you, Oaklee, especially in so much better circumstances. I must say I was worried for you, when you never checked back in to apprise me of your progress. Tell me about the year that followed, between then and now? And about Mac? She certainly has a sweet spot in her chest for you, that much is very clear."**

**"Not a whole lot happened."** I wasn't about to mention the little stuff. About Missy's visit, and about everything that helped me come to terms with my little girl self. But there was more, stuff I could tell her. **"Mac was supposed to be sick, but it turns out she's not. So that's great. And I kind of yelled at my parents on Thanksgiving, so**

my Aunt Deb is letting me stay with her. I'm sorry I never came back - I was distracted with stuff. I kind of forgot... and it's not like I can drive or anything."

**"Well, a young man of your age, it's about time you start, wouldn't you say? You're going to need a way to get around if you want to start dating."** She smiled kindly, no pen and paper, no clipboard. No need to take notes. **"Do you feel like you have a better handle on who you are, now versus then, Oaklee?"**

**"Absolutely, yeah."** I was sure of it. Things were different now. I knew they were. I had my little self, a little girl. I had my grown up self, proper now, a guy who could wear whatever he wanted. And I had friends at school, and people who supported me, even if one was Son. And I had my Aunt Deb for support. And of course, Missy. And New Years Eve to look forward to. I felt love. I felt like I could give it back, too.

**"I'm very glad to hear that, Oaklee. It's not often that I see somebody make such bounding changes in their life in such a short amount of time. You're so impressive, young man. And you're going to keep being impressive, aren't you? Making changes, and becoming more who you want to be, and less who you felt resigned to being? We're not color-by-number pictures, after all, are we?"** She was so pleased. Not with herself, just in general. Pleased with how well adjusted Oaklee had become.

**"Right."** I wasn't sure if that was rude or not, dropping in on a doctor. But she'd remembered me from a year ago. She cared enough to talk to me now. It was something I didn't see in my life, not since Mac. And now Deb. Missy. It made me happy. I was tired of driving away the people that made me happy. **"Well, my Aunt Deb is waiting for me downstairs, but there's a lot of stuff I want to tell you about. Maybe I could make an appointment?"**

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Aunt Deb wanted to take me home, which I guess was fine. She wanted to make sure I got to school on time tomorrow, that there wouldn't be any more issues. And she wanted to get Mac's cell phone turned on. So it would be the first night in a while I'd spend without my best friend. But it didn't matter - I could stay at her house again tomorrow.

**"How were things, beyond the obvious, anyway?"** Deb and Oaklee ate Chinese out of little boxes set atop a low-sitting table in the woman's living room, draped on all edges with a blanket and cushions to sit on. She called it something that Oaklee never remembered, and it definitely wasn't the kind of thing most people owned. **"The night at Mac's, I mean. Do you remember anything before things got bad?"**

**"Mac was talking about how we should date."** Which didn't seem to surprise Deb much. Was it that obvious? **"I said no, 'cause like, I don't wanna wind up hating her, you know? Like my parents. And I mean, you're not with anyone either, right? Relationships just don't seem to work. And then when they don't you don't keep being friends..."** A childish view on life. But sure. It was mine. It worked. **"But I do like her... I do want to be with her. So I got really lost in my head and felt sick. I laid down and I dreamt about mom and dad fighting when I was younger. And I woke up like 20 hours later."**

**"That's some nap, huh? And all over a girl you want to date. Well. Did 20 hours of your parents fighting talk you out of the idea?"** She laughed and reached across the table for the box of rice. Deb liked Mac, obviously, but there was definitely some appeal to having some time alone with her nephew, especially given the amount of time they'd wasted in life not making the most of how relatively close they lived.

**"I just don't want to hate her, Aunt Deb..."** And I would, wouldn't I? Just like my parents. All that screaming... ugh. **"I don't want to yell at her or get upset with her, but that's inevitable. I do it all the time, get upset and scream at her. I don't want to hate her either. Maybe that's inevitable, too..."**

**"Oaklee, no force in heaven or earth can make you eat broccoli. You've been like that since you could objectively choose what to put in your own mouth. Nothing. No motivation, no incentive, no punishment, nothing. So what makes you think, if you can be that resolute over a green vegetable, that anything, or anyone, or any variable or inevitable fate, can make you hate Mac?"**

**"Things change, you know? I mean... I never liked Shocktarts when I was a kid, and now I love them. My mom's stuffing isn't the same either. Maybe I'll like broccoli in a couple years, or when I'm grown up. Nobody knows. I bet my parents didn't think they'd hate each other either..."**

**"They don't hate each other, you know? I know you don't believe me, but they really don't. You should have seen your Mom when he was on deployment. You know she wrote him a letter every day? Even though she couldn't send them, she wrote them."** It was the kind of thing that nobody ever talked about, and from the outside looking in, it was... well. It was easy to think about Oaklee's parents being horrible. But they weren't bad people.

**"They fight all the time. Even before me, before my girl stuff, they always argued. And they'd scream and my dad would throw things and..."** I let out a harsh sigh, shaking my head. **"I don't want that. I don't want to ever be that way with Mac..."**

**"Then don't be? It's not rocket surgery. You don't want to be an ass to her? So don't be an ass. Relationships don't make people into assholes, Oaklee. People choose to become that way. That you're so self aware of it only means you're probably not going to be that kind of person when you date."**

**"Why don't you date anybody, Aunt Deb?"** I wasn't sure how rude it was, asking something like that, especially to my family, but I really was curious. What was her reason? Why wasn't she dating, but she thought I should? Why was I supposed to take chances but she wasn't? Because I was younger?

**"Because I've only loved one person in my life, and she broke my heart, so now I subsist on a steady diet of fancy furniture, Chinese food, and one night stands."** She laughed, but not the way bitter people laughed. She laughed... brightly. Airy. Like she was completely fine. **"Actually, I'm being dramatic. I have a date next Friday with a young woman from my company, in-fact."**

**"...oh..."** Oh. Okay. Uh. Alright. I mean, I didn't know my Aunt was gay. Or bisexual, or something. But that wasn't even that shocking. What was surprising was that she still dated. I mean, she was like, forty-five or something... **"Um.... alright....."**

**"You don't just get to an age where you stop caring about wanting companionship, Oaklee. Melon and I dated for four years, I'm surprised you don't remember her? She came to Thanksgiving Dinner three out of those four times."** Her shoulders shrugged and she smiled a little bit, coyly. **"Though your Mom doesn't approve of my 'life choices' one bit."**

**"Melon...?" "A pet name for Melanie." "Oh..!"** I remembered Melanie. She was nice. She was short and played cards with me. Gosh I was only like... ten back then. I leaned over the table, crossing my arms in front of me. **"What happened to her? I mean, why did you break up...?"**

**"She got pregnant. Which, you know, is kind of a weird thing for a woman in a relationship with another woman."** There wasn't too much pain in the woman's voice, though, not the sort one might expect. **"Thing is, you're expecting me to tell you how bad it was, right? How she betrayed me? But it was nothing like that. Wanna know what it was?"**

**"...yeah..."** She cheated on her? That nice lady cheated on my Aunt Deb? Ugh, that made me mad. It made me so angry to think someone would do that to her, to family, to anyone. Because that's just... a terrible thing to do. And then to leave her. I hated that Aunt Deb had to go through that...

**"We were swingers. We liked to go to parties and have fun, and sometimes have fun with other couples. And she was bi, and I'm not, but there was this one couple and we had a really great night, and no regrets. And you know they say condoms are 99%? Gotta be that 1%, right? She wanted to keep it, and I wasn't ready, and that was that. But we still see each other all the time."**

**"...but you took me in, didn't you?"** I wasn't sure when she and Mel broke up. If they were together four years, they'd have to be split up at least two years now. Probably

more. That means the kid is two. Or three. Or four. I bit my lip. **"Does that mean you're ready now...?"**

**"Maybe I am. I mean. Maybe I was then? I don't know. I'm Auntie Dee to her, as well, and I love that. I don't know. Maybe."** It was something Deb didn't discuss all that much, but doing so with her nephew was okay. Comfortable. **"I think I probably am, yeah. I love spoiling her, and you have no idea - I'm all strict with you but that kid I would just give the run of the town to."** More laughter.

**"I'd love to meet her,"** I said with a smile. A happy smile, because she was happy too. Even though everything ended bad, and she lost the love of her life. She had a date. And a niece. **"I should go to bed,"** I said quietly. **"I have school in the morning. Sleep tight, okay?"**

**"Do you need me to do any laundry? I'm doing a load before bed, so bring down anything you need washed."** No need to differentiate girls clothes or boy clothes, or to have to hide anything. This was home. Laundry, routine, normality and conversation and everything normal.

**"Yeah, okay. Thank you..."** It was surreal. My life had changed so much in the past week. And it was going to change so much more in the week to follow.

**"No dress today?" "It's December. I learned my lesson."** I was, however, wearing girl jeans. And an amazing band tee, and eyeliner. Plus my glasses. I looked awesome in a very different way to Monday.

**"I guess even the great rebellion pales in the face of practicality."** Kim grinned and looked the boy head to toe with a quiet look of appreciation and smiled. **"You know Mac isn't here today? I think, anyway, I didn't see her earlier. Aren't you two living together now, pretty much?"** As much as it may have seemed to be an ill-fit in the start, Mac had become a pretty major part of the friendship group over the past half a year, and her absence was noticed.

**"Kind of. Kind of not. And yeah - I guess she's not in. I tried to text her..."** What was worse, if she didn't get back to me sometime this afternoon, I couldn't go over her house after school. I'd have to get my Aunt Deb to pick me up again... and I was actually looking forward to seeing Mac...

**"She must really be sick not to be here. Oh well, hope she's okay. How's things out in the sticks? I hear they have a Five Guys out there, is it as good as people say?" "What is Five Guys?"** That was Bindie. **"Oh, it's a burger place that does crazy things with meat and cheese, and is pretty good I hear. Anyway, what's the plan going forward? Like, you ever gonna go home?"**

**"I dunno. Deagan moved out, you know? I mean, he's been hanging around recently, but like the day after I left, he left. I guess he was really only sticking**

around to keep me safe..." The idea of my parents and their abuse was slowly becoming more apparent to the lunch table. Though Bindie had a good idea from the start, everyone else was just catching up.

"Weird how change just kinda cascades, huh? Like it's never one thing, it's always one thing leading to another to another, and before you know it everything normal just seems so detached. It was like that when my parents split, like, I knew they fought, but I guess it wasn't until my Mom left that I realized how blind we can be to the truth of things." "Kinda makes you wonder..." "Huh?" "About Mac. Like, what's really going on with her? She laughs and makes fun of how her parents are never there, but she can't honestly be that okay with it. And what kind of parent can just leave their kid like that?"

"I think she likes visiting my aunt with me. I think she finds it homey... but I don't know. It's just the way she looks at my aunt. Kind of like a parent, maybe." I should ask her. Still, I felt weird talking about her behind her back when she wasn't here. "I'm gonna go to the bathroom and call Mac, see if she's okay."

"I'm okay," I said into the phone. "My parents are here, and I guess they figure them visiting is more important than school." Today had meant to be a Lolita Parasol day at school, and I'd had to hastily remove it when I'd heard them in the foyer downstairs, and change into something more like what they expected me to be. "Come over and save me. Please? Or send help? The army, maybe?"

"Oh jeeze..." Mac's parents. Was I going to have to meet Mac's parents? I let out a deep sigh, a dramatic sigh, and looked up at the bathroom ceiling. "Yeah, alright. Okay. Uh, will Deb have to pick me up tonight? Like are they staying there tonight? Do you know?"

"I don't even know. Sometimes they stay for a few hours, sometimes for a few days. But I'll send a car. Can you come now? Wait, what time is it? Is school over?" I wasn't going to tell him that I'd told my parents he was my boyfriend, because he could learn that when he got here. And he basically was! I mean. Mostly.

"Uh... after yesterday, I have to go to all my classes. Aunt Deb would be mad... send a car for just after two, though, and I'll be there as soon as I can, alright?" I was going to have to meet Mac's parents. This was not how today was supposed to go...

"Okay. Okay, good. Good. Um. Alright, I'll have a car there for then. And I guess I'll just try to survive until then. Oaklee. They're setting up the slide projector. They're going to make me see photos. From Greece. I didn't even know they went to Greece!" While I spoke, I pouted, and I was sure it was clear enough over the phone.

**"Greece. That sounds so cool..."** I wanted to see photos of Greece. Though I could just do a Google Images search... **"Alright, I gotta go, lunch is almost up. I'll see you in a couple hours."** A couple hours. Then I had to meet Mac's parents. I wondered if Kim had any make up wipes...

**"Wait, she actually has parents? Jesus. Most kids skip school when their parents aren't home."** Kim laughed and shook her head, pulling her hair up in front of the bathroom mirror. Oaklee was in the ladies room with her, but the way he was dressed, nobody would have cared. **"I don't think you should take your makeup off. I think they should meet you as you, or you'll be in a whole new shame cycle."**

**"I wanna make a good impression, though, you know? What if they don't like me dressed like this?"** Not that it mattered much, right? I mean, in a couple days they would disappear again and I would likely never see them until graduation. They'd come back for Mac's graduation, right? Oh, and she graduated a year after me...

**"Regardless, I think you should be you. You just got out of an environment where you had to hide everything about who you are. Why make another one?"** Kim wasn't the smartest girl in the world, but she certainly had her moments of insight and they could come in pretty handy at times. **"I bet Mac feels the same way, too — she never hides who she is."**

**"...right, I guess."** Gosh, Mac came to school dressed like a lolita fashion model. And here I was thinking about taking off my make up when I visited her house? Why didn't I ask on the phone if I should change my clothes first? **"You're right, Kim. Thanks..."** Although she had alleviated my decision, she hadn't done the same to my anxiety.

**"It's cool. You need anything? Lipgloss? Eyeliner?"** Kim was well known for her prowess with liquid liner, after all, and she carried around half a vanity worth of product at any given time. **"You want to look your best you, after all, right? And you've been at school almost a whole day since leaving home."**

**"Yeah, alright..."** She was right. Ugh, she was right. I pouted like a child and made my way to the mirror. The eyeliner was still okay - I'd started using a trick Mac had taught me - but I touched up my lipgloss anyway. I would have been more worried in the girl's bathroom if we weren't on the far side of the school. No one came down this way, especially during lunch.

**"Good. Now, do you need a ride to Mac's?"** Notably, Kim had her own car and drove to school. It was something not many kids could claim to, but she was much more a young adult than a kid, contrary to most of the school population. **"She lives out West, right?"**

**"Well, I think she's sending a car for me."** I had driver's training starting next week. **"Is driving hard? I mean, it kind of looks hard, but if Josh can do it, anyone can, right?"** And I'd be seventeen in three months... man, time flies.

**"Nah. It's like how you learn to fly by throwing yourself at the ground at missing? Drivings like that. You put yourself behind the wheel of a few hundred horses and play this mini-game where you avoid the obstacles until the timer expires."** In all the explanations of driving, that one might have been close to the worst...

**"...that literally is the most terrifying thing I have ever heard."** But two hours later, at Mac's doorstep, I had to re-think that statement. It wasn't the first time I was at Mac's - far from - but I couldn't bring myself to knock. I was actually trembling in place on the porch. Why? Because there was a fancy silver car in the driveway...

**"Oh thank gosh you're here."** I closed the front door behind me as I stepped out onto the front porch and into the small space in front of Oaklee. He'd never seen me when my parents visited, and I knew he'd have a world of things to say — whether it was to do with my hair, low braids and bangs pinned up like a toddler, or the proper blouse and cardigan and skirt that made me look like I was a six year old on the way to a very prestigious private school. Or the prominent silver cross necklace, or stupid shoes. To be truthful, my parents had this idea in my head of who they had 'raised me to be', and I never dared shatter that illusion.

**"...uh..." "Not a word." "...uh..." "Oaklee, I mean it!" "...you look like a second grader..." "Oaklee." "Do your parents know you wear that stuff?"** Clearly I'd taken this a whole different way. That she wasn't trying to appease her parents in the way of a child, but rather that her parents were in on the baby stuff she was into. Was that how it was?

**"My parents have an idea in their heads of who I am, and I need to not hurt that idea or they might decide I need a caretaker."** They'd threatened it before! They had! When I'd racked up a \$700 Uber bill chasing after Oaklee the morning after he'd wet the bed. **"I play the role of perfect daughter, grown up just the way they have in their head, and then they go away, and the cycle continues. Now. Not. A. Word."**

**"...but you look so silly..."** Actually, she looked kinda cute. In a Little Schoolgirl kind of way. But around her parents? I would never wear that around my parents. Well, I mean, I wouldn't wear what I was wearing around my parents. But little clothes aren't the same as adult clothes... **"Don't you want them to know who you are...?"**

**"This is who I am to them, Oaklee, and it's proper not to rock the foundations of their silly little world. Okay? Okay. Good. Now. Um. You're my boyfriend, and we've been dating for a year. Okay?"** He looked at me like I'd absolutely lost my mind, and I frowned, puffing out my cheeks. **"Seriously."**

**"...you dress like an eight year old Christian girl and you want to call me your boyfriend?"** Granted I wasn't the most feminine I'd ever been, but at the same time, I still had on make up and girl jeans. Ugh, what was I thinking? Why did I listen to Kim... she was insane...

**"Yes. We meet at the church group I'm supposed to go to on Thursday nights, if they ask. I didn't mention it."** There was a call inside the house, a man's voice — my father — shouting out "Mackan?" quite loudly. I winced. **"Any questions? Please just do this, and I promise I'll do anything you want when it's over."**

...anything I want, huh? That sounded kind of nice. And with what I had *wanted* to do today... **"Yeah, fine, alright..."** This was going to be so awkward. She took me by the hand and led me up into the kitchen, on the far end of the lower floor. How does someone buy a house this big and never *live* in it?

## 116:

**"There you are, Mackan."** Angus Edith-Lillen. Father. Grey hair, a grandfatherly smile, paradoxically, and a warm voice to match. It made him all the more formidable as a diplomat. **"Papa, I was just getting the door, no need to worry! This is Oaklee Edwards."** **"Ah, yes. Master Edwards. May I call you Oaklee?"** He extended a hand to shake. **"How do you do? Mackan has spoke so much about you today."** If he was off-put by the fact Oaklee was wearing make-up and girls' jeans, he didn't show it. But then again... he was a diplomat.

**"...uh, no, uh, Oaklee's fine..."** Master Edwards? Master? Ha. Wow. Okay. This was some Twilight Zone shit right here. **"And it's very nice to meet you. I've heard so much."** I hoped I wasn't quizzed. All I really knew was that they liked to abandon their child and had once been to Greece...

**"Well, Mackan has always loved to share stories. Mackan says you'll be joining us for dinner tonight? Do you need a jacket?"** **"Papa, things will be fine — when are we leaving?"** **"Well, we have reservations at 6."** **"We'll make certain to be ready. Do you know where Mama is? I'd like to introduce her to Oaklee."** **"She's in the bedroom, I believe."** The moment we pulled away from my father I whispered over and over again. **"I am so sorry."**

We were walking up the stairs, and I looked back at the kitchen. That was... weird. And he seemed so much older. Definitely older than my dad. Gosh. **"So... what did he mean by a jacket? Like in the movies? Are we going somewhere fancy? Do I need to go home and change? I don't want to eat fish eggs, Mac..."**

**"We're going to a fancy place, yes, but I'll get you a blazer to wear from my closet, I have one that's too big and I never got tailored. And you can wear a pair of my black pants, and then you'll be fine."** We were in the upstairs hall heading into the back part of the house where my parents' bedroom was, but I wasn't in any hurry. **"They usually don't hang around for very long..."**

"...so I have to like. Wear nice clothes to dinner. It's going to be that fancy? Is my t-shirt gonna be okay? I should have worn my vest today. I was going to. But gosh, I didn't think your parents would be home..." I'd known Mac for like, what, over a year now? And today was the first time I was meeting her parents. Actually, I wasn't sure they'd come home at all in the past year...

**"We'll get you a blouse or something. Anyway, it doesn't matter. They know you like to dress nice, and when I told Mom you wear stuff from the girls' section, she just said 'oh heavens, how wonderfully European' so don't worry."** We passed through a set of double doors and into my parents' bedroom. My parents' bedroom that was bigger than most of the living areas of Oaklee's house combined. There was a raised island with two steps, and a king sized bed in the center of the room, and on that sat my mother. Yvette Edith-Lillen. **"Mama?" "Mackan, darling, is this he? Your handsome boy? Well come over, let me take a look now. Don't be shy, both of you, come come."**

...okay, so this was weird. I mean like, I guess because Mac's parents were the literal opposite of my own. Actually, Mac's parents were stereotypes of what rich people were, the kind you see on TV. That was literally Mac's parents. **"It's nice to meet you Mrs. Edith-Lillen..."** She was thin, but tall. How did Mac get so short? Both her parents had height. Or maybe I was just shorter than I thought.

The woman stood up and stepped down the stairs leading to the bed, as Oaklee approached, and she took his chin in one hand, turning his head left and right, humming to herself. **"Well he's certainly attractive, Mackan. High cheek-bones, and soft features."** **"Just like I said, Mama, he's not like other boys. He treats me like a proper lady."** **"Mm. Good. Oaklee, isn't it? What are your post-college ambitions?"** **"Mama..." "Hush now, child, the grown-ups are talking."**

My post-college ambitions? Was that like, what I want to be when I grow up? Why not just say "what do you want to be when you grow up"? Shouldn't she ask about my in-college ambitions too? I guess "I don't know" wasn't the right answer, though. What did I want to be when I grew up? **"Uh, I was thinking about computer sciences. Like, I built my computer at home, and I like making websites and stuff for fun..."**

**"Ah, a booming market. Very competitive, though."** **"Mama, please..."** **"Well, pretty face like that — you keep your GPA above 3.8 and maybe you'll get your wish."** She smiled, brushing platinum-dyed hair back and then laughed sharply, just one laugh, like it was for effect and nothing else. **"I'm glad my Mackan met a nice looking Christian boy, nonetheless."**

Christian boy. Right. Gosh, when was the last time I'd actually been to church? Like, Christmas? 2008? Who even knows. I celebrate Easter, that should count for something. **"Well, I'm glad to have met her too. She's amazing."** Though our state of meeting was far different to bible study. Like, literally the exact opposite.

**"Isn't she just? We couldn't be more proud. Now, shoo shoo, off you both go — leave the door to your bedroom open, Mackan." "Dinner is at six, Mama, that's what Papa said?" "Yes, that's right. I'd like you to wear your red dress, you know the one?" "Mama I got that when I was twelve..." "And you were lucky enough to maintain your girlish figure, so no arguments."**

**"Your parents are... a little overwhelming." "That's an understatement,"** Mac told me as we climbed the stairs to her room. I looked in her vanity mirror. I didn't know why anyone would like a boy who dressed like this. Mac was very special. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to tell her stuff that was on my mind. But now I was too nervous... **"Um. So what am I wearing?"**

**"Top drawer, there are some pressed black pants, and you can borrow a blouse, and a blazer — that one I said that would fit you?"** Obviously, it was a girl's style. The cut was very different, and the buttons were on the wrong side, and it did not look like boys' clothes. Likewise, my black pants would hug his butt in the way few things ever did. **"We're going to do Greek food, I think. I don't recognize the restaurant name, but it sounds Greek."**

**"Well they did just get back from Greece, right? How were the pictures? Were they cool?" "Nothing is more boring than listening to my parents talk about their vacations."** I guess that made sense. Because Mac couldn't go with them. I wondered why she was left here, anyway - she could be with them in Greece and stuff. I bet she could entertain herself and stay out of the way. Maybe it hadn't occurred to her. And I wasn't about to give her any ideas. **"Alright, I'll get changed."**

**"I can't believe she's making me wear the red dress. I hate the red dress."** Because the red dress had a bow the size of six counties on the back like I was some kind of gift to be unwrapped, and it might have looked good on the kind of child who was too oblivious to notice it basically had fairy wings, but on me it was just so upsetting. **"You're lucky!"**

**"...yeah, I really am."** And again. She looked... like a kid. But in a not-Mac-kind-of-kid way. I didn't know why. Because this was how her parents dressed her? Why did they still treat her like such a child, and then leave her here all alone? I mean, she had a maid, but still. **"I think it's cute."** Cute really was the only word for it.

**"Cute is okay. But if you call me darling, or lovely or precious, I'mma hit you in the face."** I hated this dress so much. I hated the dress, and the shawl that went with it, and the headband and the shoes and everything. Oaklee, at least, looked gorgeous in my clothes — like a girl cross-dressing as a boy, which was an oddly alluring sight to behold, to be truthful.

Okay, so we were something, standing next to each other. I looked like a lesbian, since I didn't take the eyeliner off. And Mac looked like a ten year old. A pouty ten year old, at

that. I couldn't fathom what that meant for the dinner tonight. How was I not supposed to make jokes?! I was so conflicted. So much of me wanted to tease her, and the other part wanted to toss her to the bed...

**"Oh, you just look precious, Mackan!"** Oh if there was ever a time for me to want to push my mother down the stairs. But I didn't. I smiled, and I curtsayed for my Mom and did everything cute. **"Thank you Mama, you have such a way with outfits." "And you look quite sharp, too, Master Edwards." "Doesn't he? So sophisticated!" "Oh now, Mama, Papa, don't flatter Oaklee, he's not used to praise."**

**"Uh, thank you very much..."** Again, I had absolutely no idea how anyone could find me attractive like this. I mean, I was. But that other people thought so, too...? Maybe they weren't so bad. They both led Mac and me outside, down the drive and into the silver car. I sat in the back with Mac. Damn, this car was worth more than my house....

**"So, um, Mama... how long are you and Papa home for?" "We'll talk about it over dinner, precious. No need to explain things twice."** I didn't like the sound of that. It could be days! DAYS with my parents here?! Nooo. I couldn't do that! I needed the quo to get back to being status. **"Yes Mama."** I sounded cheerful, but I looked at Oaklee with a 'please kill me' expression.

I shrugged my shoulders and slouched against Mac. She put her head on my head and I let the stuffy air-freshened air fill my lungs. At least her vanilla shampoo permeated the boring-ness of it all. But if I ever told Deagan I rode in this car... he would lose his *mind*.

We got to the restaurant and there was valet parking because my parents hadn't parked a car in years, and we stood awkwardly while they argued over the table they were assigned. We were summarily seated by the open fireplace near the back of the restaurant. **"Oh, Mackan, there was a restaurant in Athens with an open ceiling to the night, and the stars shining above. It was a special kind of magic this country can't manage." "That sounds nice, Papa." "Oh, it truly was, wasn't it?" "In fact, that's what we'd like to announce." "We're moving to Paris." "As a family." What. What. WHAT. "Um. Excuse me...?"**

I blinked. Really blinked. Because I didn't believe them. I didn't believe her words. But the smiles were so bright. They were both so happy. And I felt so sick. **"You're... all moving to Paris...?"** Mac wasn't talking. Her parents smiled at each other, and at their daughter. I just wanted her to talk. I wanted her to say they were wrong...

**"I'm being appointed ambassador to France — it's a pay raise, and it means we can finally get out of this country." "Isn't that wonderful, Mackan?" "No."** I think they were more confused by that than by anything that had ever baffled them before. **"This is my home. And my school. And my boyfriend. And my friends. For the first time I actually have friends. No." "Oh darling, you've always had friends. Like at**

**your little choir group? And besides, you can make new friends. French friends."**  
**"I don't want new friends. I like my friends!"**

No. She said no. That was something, right? Right? But she was sixteen. And her parents were her parents. And she never even had time with her parents. Food came. I didn't even know what I'd ordered. It looked like pasta, somewhat. I didn't know. I couldn't see it right. I wasn't hungry anymore. And I had been so excited to try expensive food...

**"I don't understand, Mackan. We thought you'd be thrilled." "Well you would think that, because you don't even know me..." "Mackan Edith-Lillen. You will not take that tone with your mother." "You didn't even ask me, you just went and made plans, like you always do!"**

I should step in. Right? Defend Mac? Is that what friends do? Not in my house. When Bindie was over and my mom was yelling at me, he let her. And when I was at Bindie's, when his dad was throwing a fit over the lawn, I stayed quiet. Maybe part of being a friend was staying quiet...

**"I'm afraid it's not open for discussion, Mackan. The topic is finished." "You know what?!"** I stood up. I actually stood up, and I brushed the plates in front of me, the silverware too, off the table onto the floor, noisily. I'd never been so upset about something. **"Did you know I almost died this year? Did you know I'm bisexual? Do you even know what I want to be when I finish school? Or even where I want to go to school? Do you know anything about your own daughter?"** Nobody said anything, though my Mom looked shocked. Horrified. **"Come on Oaklee, we're leaving."**

**"...sorry... um... it was nice meeting both of you..."** I scampered up and hurried out of the restaurant after Mac. But she didn't stop, not until we were out of the restaurant. A little blur of fairy red dress and angry hair. When the door slammed behind us, she leaned up against the wall and I pulled my jacket tight over my arms. It was cold out... **"Uh... you alright...?"**

**"I can't believe them! I can't believe they'd... they don't... you know your aunt knows all that stuff about me? And I've known her like a week, and they're my parents, and just... I can't... I can't fucking believe them!"** I never swore. Ever. So much so that the curse sounded wrong in my voice, and tasted bad.

...wow. Alright... so she was really mad. Like, scary mad. **"Do you want me to call Aunt Deb? She could pick us up? Do you think your parents would let you stay at Deb's house tonight, or... or should we maybe wait? I can stay and talk to them with you. If it helps. I don't know if it would help... ugh, sorry. I don't know what to do, what to say... I'm trying..."**

He was scared... scared probably because blowing up like that was like what his parents would do. **"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm not usually like this. I'm not. I don't even know how to be angry like this, I don't know what to do, I feel like I'm on fire inside, and..."** I looked lost. And I bit my lip. And I started to cry.

Crying Mac. Crying Mac I could do. I pulled her into my arms and kissed her on the forehead. I loved her so much. And I just wanted her to be happy. I kept her warm against my chest and said the usual cliché thing. **"It's okay. I swear, it's fine. Shh..."**  
Yelling Mac. I didn't like her. I... I felt sick and dizzy in my stomach when she acted like that. I didn't know why, but it hurt me inside out. But Crying Mac... I could help her.

**"Why would they.... they're such bad parents and... and I'm so patient, and I make excuses and... I try to... to paint them positively, and...."** Worst of all, though... **"... and I wanted you to like them. Wanted you to see that they're not... not terrible parents, and... and tonight was supposed to be good, and..."** I was such a mess...

**"Do you wanna talk to them? Do you want me there? Or do you want me to call Deb? She could get us within the hour, I bet. And we could go to her place until school tomorrow. Or we could stay here, and I can sit down with you, with them, and we can talk, and I can try to help? I can talk about my parents. Or them. Or something..."**

**"I just want them to go away... to go back to their stupid lives, and let me be, and for things not to change..."** I felt so pathetic. And I'd never spoken a word out against my parents. Never ever. To blow up like that, they'd be furious. They'd say I was just a child, and I needed to do what I was told, and... **"Maybe you could call Deb...? If that's okay...?"**

**"Yeah, absolutely, come on, stand over here..."** I pulled out my phone and leaned back against the wall. Ugh, this was so complicated... **"Hey. Yeah, it's me. Um. Could you get me and Mac from her house? As soon as possible. No, her parents are here. Yeah. Yeah. But they're being really bad to her. No, not like that. Just. She's crying and stuff. No, her parents don't know. Uhh... yeah. Um. You could talk to them, I guess? I don't know... yeah. Okay. Okay. See you then..."** I locked the phone. **"She'll be an hour..."**

**"You know that it's very unladylike to have outbursts like that, Mackan."** We both jumped a little, caught off-guard by my mother's voice, and I turned to look at her. Dad wasn't around, it seemed. I turned back away. **"Oaklee. Do you love my daughter? With all your heart? Just a yes or no, please, darling boy."**

...just say yes or no. If I loved Mac with all my heart. Was this the talk of the fake boyfriend, or of her best friend, or her future boyfriend? Was it the real me, or the me now, or the me I wanted to be? What was the difference? It was so hard to tell the difference anymore... **"Yeah... yeah, I do."** Because I did. Because I'd taken care of

Mac for a year, even if I sucked at it sometimes. And that was a million times more than what they did for her.

**"And you knew everything she said in there? That she almost died? What she wants to be when she finishes school?"** Of course Oaklee knew those things. He knew hundreds and thousands of things about me. But my cheeks were burning. Burning so warm I might have caught fire right there on the spot. He said he loved me. Loved me with all his heart. Oh gosh...

**"...yeah. I mean..."** What she wanted to be when she finished school? Maybe not. Because Mac's plans were as uneven as my own. But everything else, sure. Especially that she almost died. Even if it was an exaggeration. I knew she thought she was sick. I knew Mac better than anyone. **"I know everything about her. Everything."**

**"You truly would cut ties with us for the sake of a boy, Mackan?" "I don't want to cut any ties... I just want to stay here, Mama. I'm finally happy..."** I was still facing away, my cheeks were still the color of my hair, and still strained with tears, to boot. **"But if you made me pick between you and Oaklee... I'd pick him every single time. He's the first person who ever made me feel like a person." "I see."**

I liked that she was choosing me. Of course I did. Because I loved Mac. And I wanted her to stay. But this was her family. Granted, a pretty shitty family. But she had time now to get to know them. To move in with them in Paris. Was I getting in the way of that? She always talked about this, how she wished she saw them more. And now...

**"You'll be left a trust for college, and for a car, and a house, accessible only for those things. And, at least for a few years, a spendings slush account. Nothing unreasonable, and certainly not limitless. You'll need to learn to budget." What was she talking about? Just pointless, stupid things. She didn't even care what I wanted! "What?" "You wish to stay and you have a young man who is willing to take care of you. It would be remiss if we didn't provide you the financial resources to cover your major life goals..."**

**"...uh..."** The woman turned away from us, walking back to the front of the restaurant. Leaving Mac and me alone. Alone to think about what she'd said. Money. For Mac. And the rest... was that she was leaving. Leaving for Paris. **"I guess that works,"** I heard Mac say. Because it meant she could stay here, that they weren't forcing her to go with them. But my blood was boiling. Mac had seen me angry, unlike how I'd never seen Mac angry before tonight. My anger wasn't a surprise. But it surprised Mac, myself, and her parents when I stormed up to the both of them - Mac's father having only just come out of the restaurant - and stopped a foot away. **"What the fuck is wrong with you people?! She's your daughter. Your *only* daughter. And you haven't been around in years. You haven't seen her grow up. And you haven't gotten to know what a wonderful person she is. And she hates that she never sees you, she hates that she can't be herself around you, and she holds onto the way you step in and out of her life, so much that it took months for her to trust I**

wouldn't do the same thing. And now, she finally stands up and talks to you - really talks to you - and you're just going to leave again?! Aren't you supposed to be her parents?! People to love her and look after her?! Aren't you supposed to take care of her? Be there when she needs you?! Huh?!" Mac took my hand, pulling me back, half a step back, half a step away from them, and it shut me right up. I had tears on my cheeks because I knew how Mac felt. To be alone. And she didn't even have a cool brother to try to make it better. Fuck. I wiped my eyes on my jacket. Fuck.

**"We work to give Mackan the kind of life that neither of us had. I worked four jobs through college, and came from six brothers. Yvette waited tables and stole car stereos. Can you imagine? Neither of us came from security and certainty, and all we've ever wanted for, as you so astutely pointed out, our only little girl, Master Edwards, was for her to have the means to make her any life choice come to fruition."** Ever the diplomat. Unfazed by the outburst, at least externally. **"Do you really see us as so cruel?"**

**"Well you make fucking great investors, then, huh? But shitty parents." "Oaklee."** **"...sorry... whatever, just... whatever."** I took my hand out of Mac's and walked away from the three of them, back to where Mac and I had been hugging, where I held her. My eyes were wet with tears. I felt pathetic. I shouldn't have said anything. I was so angry. It was how I used to feel with my parents, early on, before I had that drive beaten out of me.

I followed. I followed and I wrapped my arms around Oaklee, and I cried, and he cried, and I kissed him on the lips because it felt like cuddling wasn't enough to comfort him. I knew my parents were watching. I didn't care. I just wanted to cry and kiss my faux-boyfriend and so I was going to do that and that was that.

**"Sorry,"** I muttered. Maybe they were still waiting for their car. Maybe they'd left. I didn't know. Were they waiting for us? Mac was facing them, facing the valet, and I was facing the dark parking lot. I put my head on Mac's shoulder and rubbed my eyes again. I was so tired of crying over stupid shit... **"I should have shut up..."**

**"The fact that you didn't made me realize that you weren't lying when you answered my Mom's question."** He loved me. He said he did, and it wasn't for show, Even though I felt like I was drowning, at least I was drowning in a warm sea and not the freezing cold of the ocean. **"Thank you so much... for standing up for me... I'm still not used to how that feels."** My parents were watching us, but neither made motion to approach.

**"Ugh, I can't believe I cried in front of them. I feel stupid. And we have to go back to your house anyway because Aunt Deb won't be here for like an hour. And it's going to be so awkward..."** I was so stupid. I couldn't believe how stupid I was. And we'd probably have to drive home in their stupid silver car. And hang out in their stupid kitchen while we waited for my aunt. And make stupid small talk. Ugh, ugh, ugh!

It was awkward, too. The two of us in the back seat, and my parents up front. The thing was... a year ago, I might have been okay with it. I had no connections, no friends, nothing to tie me in place here. But now... now things were different. Now I had Oaklee. And Bindie and Josh and Kim, and Missy even! I had ties here. I didn't want to leave...

I waited on the porch in the cold. Mac waited with me for a while, but eventually she went inside to warm up. I just didn't want to be in the house with them. I guess because they pissed me off and I didn't want to start crying again. I just wanted my Aunt Deb to come and get me, and then to go back to her house, and for Mac's parents to go to Paris and never come back. I was such a bad person...

**"They said if I want to stay, I can... I can have the house for three more months, but then they'll have it sold and cleaned out and I need a place to live by then."** I sat on the step of the porch, at Oaklee's feet. **"I have to buy a car before then to prove to them that I can manage things. If that all goes well, I'll be left money for college and a house, and they'll transfer some money every month to help get me by without them. But if I do this I'm not allowed to ever ask them for more than this..."** I'd never had to budget before...

**"...yeah, I don't want to hear about it."** I was still angry. And I thought I'd just go back in there and yell at them all over again. It's not about the money. Don't they get it? It's not. It's about being good parents... I shook my head and curled my knees to my chest. How much longer until Aunt Deb got here...?

**"I wish my parents were good people."** Auntie Deb's car pulled up on the street and I hoisted my bag of precious things over my shoulder and leaned against Oaklee. **"I've got a week to let them know if I'm going to accept, so let's just go home to your aunt's, get cute, and cuddle tonight, okay? We can little away our grossness."**

**"Aunt Deb wants to talk to your parents..."** I'd left that part of the conversation out earlier. Because, according to Aunt Deb, she had things she needed to talk to them about. I didn't know what. But when she turned the car off and Mac and I were both sitting on the porch, Deb could tell we were upset. **"Get in the car, alright? I'll be out in a bit. Mac, do you have an overnight bag?"**

**"Uhhuh."** I hoisted up the tote under my arm and managed to force a smile. **"I have everything I need. You don't need to go in there, though... they're stubborn people, and it would just be a waste of time and..."** Auntie Deb looked at me with a stern frown and I bit my lip and looked away. **"We'll wait in the car."**

I closed the door behind us. The car was so warm from the drive, so much warmer than the front porch in the December night air. I watched my Aunt Deb ring the doorbell because that's the kind of person she is. And when Mac's mom opened the door, she

went inside. I watched from the window until the door closed, and then I put my head on Mac's shoulder. Good luck, I whispered to myself. Deb would need it.

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**"You are Oaklee's Mom?"** Yvette was sitting on the sofa in the living room, nursing a cocktail that her husband had made, shaking a little. It wasn't every day that a mother learns how horrible she is as a person and as a parent, and from her own daughter's lips to boot. **"Can I get you a drink?"**

**"I'm Oaklee's Aunt, actually."** Deb took a seat on the sofa where offered, and shook her head. **"This won't be long, I promise. I just want to discuss Mac's situation a little, and see in what ways I can help."** Debra was a smart woman. She wasn't here to ruffle feathers. She just wanted Mac to be safe. Unlike Oaklee's parents, Mac's could be swayed.

**"I had no idea that she was so unhappy, you know? Never did she tell me. Heavens, Angus was thrilled to accept the Paris appointment in part because Mac has always loved France. You know she was fluent in French at age six? She used to babble all the time, bless her little soul."**

**"I don't have kids myself. Honestly, I've only recently taken Oaklee in. And thankfully, he's already grown up. Not as much of a handful as a six year old, I imagine."** Debra thought about the four year old she knew, the one that was almost hers. **"Raising children is difficult. Much the reason I never did it."**

**"They're a blessing, children. Mackan is our only - complications, you understand? She was a special miracle. And we've worked so hard these past sixteen years to provide for her, and give her every opportunity. And now she wants to throw everything that could be away for the sake of a boy."**

**"You've left Mac to build her own life here. Every opportunity, like you said. And she took those opportunities. She made friends. She found Oaklee. And she has people at school, now. She's accepted parts of herself she's had trouble with, and has learned to accept parts of others. She's a brilliant young girl. And she built a life here, like you have undoubtedly built something yourself. Something from just opportunities. And she won't give that up. You should be proud."**

**"Proud? Oh, yes, so very proud of our Mackan, we are. Angus is just a wreck now, though, to hear her use those tones with us. It's as she says, truly — we don't know her at all. But to leave her here...? At sixteen? Even with money to help her, what use is that without parents to love her and guide her? Tell me that?"**

**"...maybe you should stay."** Deb didn't want to get involved in the politics. She didn't care for it. And she wasn't out to change the world, or this family. She just wanted Mac to be happy. **"Or one of you, or visit more often, maybe? Because she wants to get to know you. And she wants you to get to know her. And she wants parents, too, even if she acts like she's fine. She's so lonely in this house."**

**"I don't imagine staying is possible, you see. Angus has already accepted the appointment, and those wheels are now in motion. However..."** Yvette looked down at her waning cocktail, thoughtfully. **"In my new role, I could do much of my work duties from mostly anywhere... but do you truly think she wants to spend a moment with us? The vile things she said over dinner... she must hate for us."**

**"All teenagers hate their parents at one point or another,"** Deb said with a little smile. **"It's up to you how long that hate lasts for, I think. And I know for a fact Mac would love you to stay. To see you when she gets home from school. To talk about her day. To pick her up from the movies, or teach her about boys. Her and Oaklee... I think they really love each other. As much as that means in high school. And I think she'll have a lot of questions best answered by her mother."**

**"Thank you for stopping by."** Yvette had an air of melancholy, but she forced a polite smile. **"I'll need to discuss a great many things with my husband. I suppose Mackan will be spending the night with you, tonight? For what it's worth, you seem like a much better parent than I am."**

**"Ah, well... it's a job you never quite master either way. Hopefully we both get a little better, right?"** Aunt Deb stood up and smiled at the woman. Debra was just an inch or so shorter. **"Thank you for having me. I'll drop Mac off at school in the morning, and she'll be home afterward - that's around two-thirty in the afternoon. Oaklee should be with her, too, if you don't mind. We had an arrangement with him staying here on weekdays, since I live so far away, but if that's inconvenient I can always pick him up in the evenings, after I get off work."**

**"That will be fine, I suppose. Perhaps, I can witness my daughter's afternoon. That's the thing about children, in't it? They grow up so quick you just find yourself wondering where your little girl went."**

Deb decided not to add the fact that an actual presence may not make it seem so fleeting. After all, it wasn't her intention to air her grievances with Mac's mom. She just wanted to make Mac happier. By extension, make Oaklee happier. And make life easier altogether. **"Thank you for having me. Have a lovely night."**

**"You know that feeling when you spend your whole life wishing things were different, but then they are, and you just want to give anything to turn them back...?"** Actually, I imagined, for Oaklee he wouldn't know that. He got his wish, and his change was so positive and lovely and wonderful and perfect. And I was getting

mine and it was the worst thing in the world. I laid back on his bed, my legs dangling off the edge, and cuddled Cheez in my arms.

**"You're really gonna stay here...? I mean, even if your parents make you get a job and stuff?"** She was sixteen. Honestly, she should have a job. But I was almost seventeen, and I didn't have a job. **"At least Christmas Break is coming up... and then New Years. We can go visit Nala."** Would that still be happening? Would we have the money?

**"Despite what they may say, my parents would never let me — or make me — get a job. Not until like, after college, because they think that's what makes a good parent. Money. That's all they think matters."** I held the teddy up in my arms and looked into her glassy eyes, sighing. **"It's like, how I think I'm a good parent to Cheez because I buy her pretty things, but there's more to it than that, isn't there? There has to be."**

**"I think there is... you sleep with Cheez. And you love him. And you hold him when you're sad. And you buy him clothes but you also take him shopping. And you talk to him and stuff..."** I wasn't the guru of good parenting, though. I just knew Mac was a great mom. If not with Cheez, then with me for sure. She always took care of me. Shit... **"Mac... I wanna talk."**

**"We are talking? Or like... talk-talk? We can talk-talk; what's the matter?"** I sat up back up onto the edge of the bed, cuddling the teddy to my chest with a smile more confident than I really felt, to be truthful. I was terrified, like my feet dangling over the duvet were actually hanging over the edge of here and oblivion.

This was stupid, because today was supposed to be better. But I wanted her to know how I felt and I wanted it to not suck anymore. I wanted her to be happy about *something*. She'd be happy about it, right? Of course she would... of course she would... **"Um... I talked a lot with Aunt Deb yesterday, and... and I've just been thinking about stuff. And I was..."** Jeeze... **"wondering if..."** Come on, Oaklee... **"you'd like to go out on a date or something...?"**

**"Oaklee Edwards, are you asking me on a date? A date-date, not just a day on the calendar?"** I wore a bemused smile, the sort of smile one can only really wear when they know a secret that somebody else doesn't. Not that I did, I only wore it because I'd been waiting so long for this day and to actually hear the words from his lips sounded so... surreal.

**"...yeah, I guess. I don't know."** Ugh. Missy had told me for over a year to do this. And I didn't. And now I did? Why? Because my Aunt Deb told me about the girl she dated? That wasn't even it, though. It was before that. Since that horrible fever, since that dream with all the yelling. Mac took such good care of me... **"I love you. I mean, like, I know I do. Because I want to spend all my time with you and I get upset when you're upset. So we should date. And... and what happened with my**

parents? **It just won't happen with us. It just won't...**" But my certainty was absolutely lost. Mac wouldn't hear an ounce of it.

**"Where will you take me?"** I was smiling. He looked baffled, befuddled, and he blinked at me accordingly. **"Oaklee Edwards, if you want to take me on my first date, and be my boyfriend, you need to have plans."** Oh my gosh. Oh heavens. He'd actually asked me out. And he was getting shy and sputtery and adorable, and I just felt so warm inside...

**"...I... uh... okay. I mean, I don't have any plans. But I'll make some. I'll find a restaurant. And I get allowance from Deb this week so I'll pay too, alright? And maybe a movie? We could see a kid's movie or something..."** Dating somebody like Mac. Someone who knew about Azzy. Who *named* Azzy... my head was swimming, and my cheeks were pink. **"Um... y-yeah... so... I'll figure it out... but you'll go...?"**

**"Well..."** It was mean, but a girl was entitled to a moment of suspense when this was the boy that kept her waiting for over a year. He looked at me, curious, then concerned, then worried, all in quick succession and I couldn't hold it in anymore — I laughed. **"Of course I will, Oaklee! I mean, provided Azzy is okay with dating a girl, too, she's very particular, you know?"**

I rolled my eyes. **"I'm sure she'll be fine with it."** Gosh. Mac and I were going to date. Us. A real date. A relationship. My second girlfriend... but nothing like Sayla. I knew her better than that. So I leaned in and I kissed her. As her boyfriend for the first time, I kissed her. A boyfriend kiss. It was so much better than all our other kisses.

There was a lot going on in our lives, in mine in particular. But really, was it ever just my life? It was ours. Not just now, but really since the day we'd met in the diner. Our life, our silly circumstances and us getting into trouble and learning things from one another that no school could teach. There was so much going on, with my family and my parents and money and the future and where I'd even live, but it didn't really matter in that moment. Oaklee kissed me like he could make everything okay, and I believed in that promise.

End.

## Character Names & Colors

Oaklee Edwards

Mackan Edith-Lillan

Missy

Mike

Deagan Edwards

Mrs. Edwards

Mr. Edwards

Bindie

Nala

Josh

Kim

Sayla

Panna

Papa

Nurse

Dr. Yenin

Brinn

Azalea

Rilo

Debra

Son Kennar

Angus Edith-Lillan

Yvette Edith-Lillan

Unnamed Characters