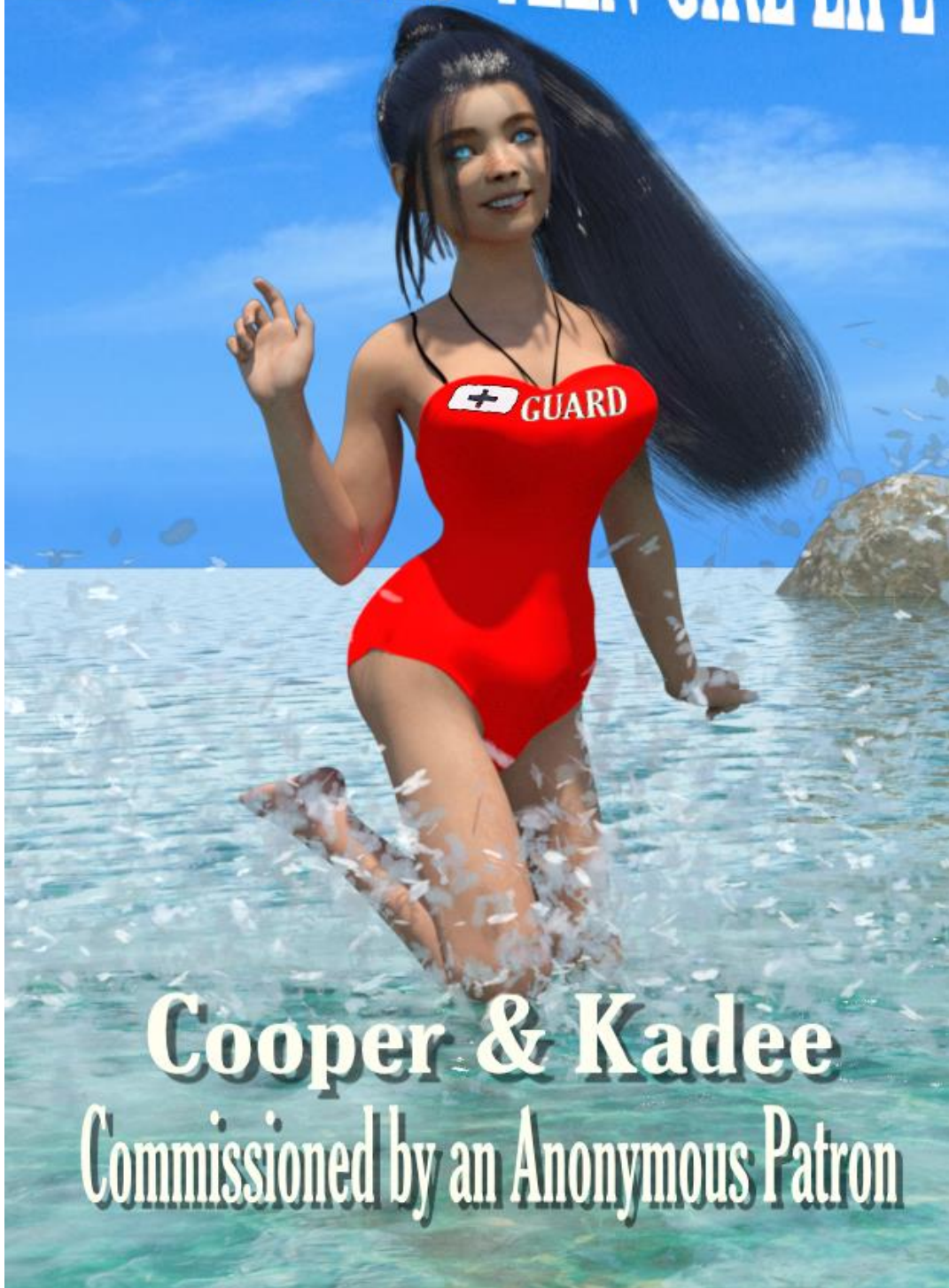


# HIS SO-CALLED TEEN GIRL LIFE



**Cooper & Kadee**  
Commissioned by an Anonymous Patron

## Part II

### Chapter 1

“Alexis! Really. You’ll be the death of me.” My sister, Valencia, says, standing at the door to my bedroom— well, it’s really my niece’s bedroom, but I’m currently trapped in her body.

I was sprawled out on my bed, smart pad in hand, researching body swaps. I was hoping to find some kind of spell medallion or ring or something that would swap up back. I know. It sounds like I was reaching, and I was, but I was getting desperate. “I’m ready,” I say, rolling off the bed. I want to say something snarky, but my sister has ordered me to be respectful, so now I am forced to be polite. In fact, I have to do whatever she tells me. It’s part of the spell that trapped me in this body.

“Alexis, you can’t go shopping dressed like a hobo. How many times do I have to tell you?”

“But, Mother, I—”

“You have much cuter outfits. Put one of them on and meet me at the car in 15 minutes!” She turns and stalks off, calling out, “Stacey!” She’s hunting for my niece— now little sister— so she can scream at her, I guess.

I, on the other hand, start assembling a “cuter” outfit. I’d put on baggy sweats, hoping to hide my embarrassing curves. Being a 20 something year old man, the thought of going to the mall in the body of a very mature looking teen-age girl made me nauseous. The mall was almost as bad as middle school, a hormonal cauldron of young people ogling each other, rating each other, fantasizing about each other.

Now, I had to wear something cute— and to Valencia that meant tight, revealing. She really didn't get the whole hip-hop thing with the oversized jerseys and baggy shorts. Maybe it might seem weird to some that a mom would want her daughter to wear sexy clothes, but Valencia was old country. She believed women should be sexy and flirty, and if it were totally up to her, I would probably have to spend my life in heels, but she'd made some concessions to American modernity. She didn't want her daughter— me— to seem like a weirdo.

Cute at the mall was not my thing at all, and I fought as hard as I could, but the compulsion of the spell was too great. I wiggled into a pair of jean shorts with butterflies stitched onto the back pockets. My hands trembled as I struggled to pull them away from the frilly halter top that caught my eye next, but I had no power and soon I pulled it over my head, shook out my hair and adjusted the little scrap of fabric covering— mostly covering— my boobs, trying to hide as much skin as I could, but when an item of clothing is designed to show skin, that's pretty much a losing battle. I accessorized: earrings, bangles, an anklet. I heard Valencia honk the car horn. Ugh! Slipping on a pair of wedge sandals, I raced down the stairs and to the car, my little arms out to the sides, waving as my whole body seemed to bounce and jiggle with every step.

When Valencia told me we were going to the mall, it never occurred to me to ask, why? I was pretty obsessed with trying to get back to being a guy, and I just figured she needed some stuff. The Grand Oaks Mall is, to put it mildly, upscale. Marble floors. Brass rails and pillars. The air, itself, seemed purer and sweeter there, and the whole place was lit with a kind of soft, diffuse light. Stacey was walking next to Valencia, holding her hand— the little suck up— while I trailed behind answering texts from Alexis'

friends— after the sleepover, I'd gotten to know them pretty well. Were they my friends now?

It didn't seem right for a guy my age to be making friends with young girls, but I couldn't ignore them, either. For one thing, I didn't want to create more trouble for Alexis when we finally swapped back. For another, as long as I was trapped in the brutal world of middle-school girlhood, I needed allies.

So, there I was texting away, not even realizing as we made our way into the dark, cool confines of Victoria's Secret. "Here we are," Valencia said.

I looked up to see panties, bras, teddies... Cool, I thought. I was a guy. Of course, I liked checking out sexy underwear. I actually smirked, until Valencia said, "Okay. Let's find some pretty things for you."

"For me?" I said, my mouth dropping open. I started to back away toward the entrance. The thought of wearing Victoria's Secret terrified me. No. I'm a dude!

"Come here," Valencia said. "You need some new bras. You're bursting out of your old ones!" "Let's find some pretty things for you to wear that actually fit."

*Come here*, she'd said. I had no choice, but as I walked toward her I shook my head side to side— no... no... no... "Um, can't I just get some Haynes or something?" I said.

"Ugh! You are going to try on some actual bras, young lady. You're a beautiful girl, and you should embrace it."

*You are going to try on some bras...* I cringed. It was an order. I had no choice. Valencia plucked a pink bra with lace cups and a little white bow at the yoke. "This one is cute."

I took the bra, even as a salesgirl came over, smiling. “Do you know her bra size?” She said to Valencia. She looked like she was 19, leggy and with a gorgeous face, just my type. Old habits die hard, and I couldn’t help but think, *I’d do her.*

“Let’s get her measured,” Valencia said.

I blushed. The girl I’d been checking out, was about to measure my breasts. Ugh. Double Ugh. I mean, how embarrassing! I think she could sense how embarrassed I was, because she smiled and was very sweet. She got a tape measure and said, “lift your arms.” She wrapped the measuring tape around my ribs, first, just under my breasts, and then she measured it around my breasts themselves. I was a little shorter than her, and looked down, blushing furiously as she talked past me to my “mother.”

“Her ribcage is 29 and around the breasts is 34, so that’s...”

“A D cup!” Valencia said, obviously proud of her daughter’s bust.

“You’re so lucky,” the salesgirl said, touching my arm. “Most girls would kill to have a bust like yours.”

*Most girls,* I thought sourly, *but most guys would kill not to.*

“That’s not so big,” Stacey said, crunching up her face, obviously jealous.

“Don’t worry,” Valencia said, throwing her arm around Stacey’s shoulder. “The women in this family all have been blessed with impressive bustlines. You’ll have yours soon enough.” She then picked out a pile of bras in my size as well as matching panties, which she dumped into my arms.

“Mom!”

“Young lady. Now.” She pointed to the dressing rooms.

I stomped off, horrified at the thought I was soon to be modeling these little female scraps for my mother and evil little sister. I turned my back to

the mirror in the changing room. I refused to look at my niece's body, stripped out of my clothes and held up a pair of the panties. They were lace, semi-transparent and so small I wondered why a girl would even bother. Like most of the bras Valencia had picked out for me to try, they had a little bow on the waist band. *Why are women so obsessed with having bows on their underwear*, I wondered. I stepped into the panties, drawing them up my legs, my skin tingling at the feel of the smooth, silky material, and then I pulled them over my hips, feeling them draw tight against the empty space between my legs, seeming to hug my body.

I shivered, the sensual feeling of the soft fabric and the way it touched me reminding me I most assuredly no longer had my junk; I was in no way a man, a reminder that was about to be magnified as I picked up the lacy bra with the little bows.

I'd been wearing bras since my change; as big as I was up top, I needed the support, but this was Victoria's Secret, the center of so many male fantasies, most of which involved me taking one of these off a Victoria's Secret model. I never expected to put one on, but here we go!

I put it on backward, hooking the clasps, then turned it around, pulling the delicate little straps over my shoulders, immediately feeling the weight of my breasts settle into the cups, pull those laces tight. The insides of the cups were soft, and this was some kind of push up bra that really lifted and squeezed my boobs together.

"Come on," Valencia said. "Let us see."

Blushing head to toe, I stepped out of the changing room. Valencia, Stacey, the girl I thought was cute, all checked me out, smiling and nodding. "Gorgeous," Valencia said. "Turn."

I had no choice. I turned, modeling for them in my bra and panties. “My little girl is so grown up!”

“Yeah, she looks great in that,” the salesgirl agreed.

“You look like one of those girls on the street corner,” Stacey said, putting on her innocent little tyke act. “What are they called?”

“Shut up!” I said. She was so annoying.

The store was filled with women, most of them young and pretty. I couldn’t help but feel they were all checking me out, comparing my body to theirs. My sense of shame grew deeper, and then I spotted one old guy in the corner, unshaven with a bad combover, staring at me. Gross! Pervert! I thought as he turned away, pretending to be looking at a dummy dressed in a red corset.

“Oh, try this next,” Valencia said, handing me a larger, diaphanous scrap of lacy and transparent black.

I held it by the shoulder straps, horrified. “A teddy?”

“Scoot,” Valencia said. “Scoot. We’re not going to go through this whole do I have to routine every time.”

Deeply ashamed, I soon found myself in a teddy, turning and modeling, the whole store looking on, or at least that’s how I felt, as I flounced around in the exact kind of sexy little teddy that would have driven me insane back when I was a guy.

It also nearly drove me insane now that I was a girl, but mostly because I was the one wearing it, which made me feel like I’d fallen into some kind of schizoid nightmare.

My lingerie nightmare, much like a dreaming one, seemed to go on and on in some sort of timeless void, with Valencia having me try what seemed like 100 different kinds of bras— why are there so many?-- yoga pants,

camisoles... if there was a cute or sexy item of clothing in that store, I'm pretty sure I tried it on before I was finally able to collapse in exhaustion while the girl packaged up our purchases and Valencia paid.

Thankfully, as much as Valencia was pushing me to practice and get used to dressing as a more mature woman, she also did let me pick out at least one thing that was, to my mind, functional: a long, over-sized sleep shirt a girl could actually relax and feel comfortable in!

"Let's go," Valencia said when she'd finished paying. She was buzzing, glowing. She loved buying things for her daughters, which I would have found sweet if not for— well, you know. Soon, I found myself walking through the mall, pretty pink and white Victoria's Secret bags dangling from each arm. I saw some boys from school, and they, seeing the bags I was carrying, smiled as their eyes went wide, and I felt like I wanted to vomit as I knew they were imagining me— ME— dressed up in sexy lingerie like some kind of candy-coated boy toy, waiting to please them.

Boys! I thought. So disgusting!

I was so done with the mall, or so I thought. We seemed like we were walking toward the entrance where we'd come in, but instead of turning and heading toward the parking lot, we just kept walking right on by. What now? I thought.

"Um, Mother dear?" I said, trying to hide my irritation.

"Yes, sweetie?"

"Where are we going now?"

"To get you a new bathing suit? For the beach? With all your friends?"

"The beach?"

"I swear you'd forget your own head if it wasn't attached!"

"But, I already have a swimsuit?"



“And everyone saw you in it, and you looked adorable, and now you need a new one so people don’t think we’re penniless, wearing the same clothes every stupid day.”

Did you know there is a store at the mall that sells nothing but bathing suits? How can they make enough money? 90% of the store consists of bathing suits for girls and women. There is just one part of one corner with a bunch of trunks for boys. I gazed longingly over at them, remembering how easy life was as a man.

Well, I’d pranced around in a Teddy for the whole Mall to see me, so how much worse could this be? We’d just have to get this over with... Oh, NO!

A young GUY came over to greet my– to greet Valencia. “Can I help you?” He said.

“My daughter needs a swimsuit.”

“Well, I am sure I can help you find something,”

Thank God, she didn’t ask him to measure me! Still, I soon found myself in the dressing room, squeezed into a new one-piece bathing suit. I felt like a sausage! It was too small and too tight. I felt like my boobs might just pop right out of the top at any moment, and the bottom hugged me tight, once again reminding me that I was very much a girl. One arm over my chest and another covering the space between my legs, I cautiously glanced in the mirror, and I was not pleased with what I saw– the suit was red, with a Swedish flag and the word Guard across my chest, the letters stretched out by my bulging boobs. I thought, I’m hot, and then I turned away from the mirror, thinking– UGH!. I just thought my own niece was hot?

“Come on! Let me see!” Valencia called.

I had no choice. Still covering myself as best as I could, I shuffled out into the store. I felt specially embarrassed by how tight the suit pulled against my— um, lady parts? As a guy, I wore baggy trunks, nothing like a speedo, ever. Now, it seemed the clothes of the world were all designed to show everyone that I had a space between my legs. The boy, to his credit, actually kept his eyes up and focused on Valencia. Thank God. I didn't want him perving on me, for sure.

"I think we struck gold," Valencia said, making the little gesture for me to turn. I turned. "Yes. What do you think, honey?"

As if my opinion ever matters! I thought, but hoping to escape this nightmare I smiled and said, "I love it, but there is one teensy thing?"

"Yes?"

"I just—I don't feel it's very modest? Isn't there something more like trunks?" I pointed to the limited rack of stuff for males.

"You'd dress like an old woman if I let you. No, you can't go to the beach dressed like a boy, but otherwise?"

"It's, er, cute?" I say, just wanting this whole thing to be over.

"I think that'll do," Valencia said, much to my relief. I thought for sure she was going to make me try on 1000 different suits. Letting my guard down, relieved, I put a hand on my hip and used the other to pull the hair out of my face, tossing it as I arched my back— which is when I noticed those gross boys from my school with their phones out, snickering as they took pictures!

Those would be all over social media! "Idiots!" I scream, wrapping my arms around my body in a flush of feminine modesty.

"Get out of here!" Valencia shouted, and they all scattered.

"They followed me here!" I said, disgusted and a little creeped out.

“Well,” Valencia said, playing with my hair. “You’re a pretty girl. Boys can’t help themselves.”

“I don’t like it,” I said, hating the feeling of being checked out by other guys.

“Well, you’re going to have to get used to it!” Valencia said, then nudged me toward the dressing room. “Get changed.”

“Yes, *Mother.*”

## Chapter Two

When we finally got home, I went up to my room, and I seriously needed some detox after all the girlyness of my day at the mall. Those guys checking me out had pissed me off. They looked at me like a piece of meat, and yes, I had heard women complain about this for years, but until some dumb guy looks at you like that, you really don’t know. Then, they had to gall to take pictures of me? Who the hell did they think they were?

I was angry, embarrassed, sick of this girl’s life, this girl’s body.

I decided I needed to dismember some people, chop off a few arms and legs, maybe a head or two. Not in real life, of course, but online. Alexis actually had a pretty good computer rig, so I logged onto Steam and started to play War for the Eternal Throne. My character, Calixtian, was a warrior with a huge sword, and I will fully embrace and admit to the Fruedian pleasure I took in playing a character swinging a big, big sword.

I took all my anger and frustration out on the game, limbs flying everywhere, blood splattering, heads rolling. I didn’t even notice how fast I was rising on the rankings. I was just thinking about those stupid boys and how much I hated them.

I had my headset on, but I hadn't been speaking at all, mostly because I have a girl's voice now, and my intent was to pretend to be a guy, but as my ranking shot up, people started chattering. "You're awesome! Great job! How'd you get so good?"

I don't know. I guess I forgot, again, that things are different for girls. I unmuted my mic and said, "Thanks."

"Oh, you're a girl. Why are you gaming?"

"You must be fat and ugly."

"What the hell?" I say, and the comments start pouring in.

"Your boyfriend plays for you, right?"

I was so pissed. "I'm a fucking great gamer, and for your information, I don't have a boyfriend."

"A lesbian. I knew it."

"Idiot! Okay. PVP. Anyone of you. Right now. I'll kick your ass!"

Silence.

"And by the way," I am so pissed, I can't believe I do this, but I want to put these dumb guys in their place. "I'm hot!" I turn on my camera.

"Wanna have sex?" Someone asks.

"You're not funny," I say. "You're a sexist pig!"

"I know," he says.

I go back to chopping people up, but it really sucks that even online in a freaking fantasy world, I can't escape the fact that I'm a girl.

Omigod. Alexis must be getting tired of being a guy, right? When is she going to change us back? Or, at least talk to me?

*Cut to Alexa in Matt's body, laughing as she cuts donuts on a four-wheeler, dirt flying in a rooster tail behind her.*

I'm sure there are so many things she must hate about being a dude. So many.

Meanwhile, I was facing a new dilemma. As I lay on my bed, I found myself staring at a poster on the wall for some anime called Ranma ½. Sometimes, Ranma seemed to be a boy, other times a girl. Both forms were cute. Curious, I decided to look up this Ranma up online, feeling like maybe I could relate a little. Sure enough, Ranma constantly found himself swapping back and forth between male and female and finding himself plunge into feminine pursuits, like becoming a cheerleader. He also, in his girl form, had big boobs and an hourglass shape.

I get it, I thought, looking over that body, knowing exactly what it would be like to be s guy with those hips and long legs, and especially dealing with those breasts... As I looked at the pictures, I didn't even realize what was happening, it felt so different as a girl...

I felt hot, my cheeks, my skin. I felt like my breasts were getting bigger, swelling, and this tension started to build down around my belly button, and this... longing... A needing to be filled I didn't understand...

I wanted to touch myself...

Oh, shit. I realized what was happening. It seemed so wrong.

And yet— omigod— I was so horny now. What had I done?

I'd been avoiding even looking at Alexis, let alone even thinking about such a thing, but something was happening. I was beginning to think that I might be spending the rest of my life as her. But, more, I was starting to get used to it?

As much as I gripped and complained, I actually had fun shopping with my mom— I mean sister. See? I liked trying on all the pretty bras, and having them in my room now, it just somehow made me feel good.

I had come to like having cute things.

When I was thinking, I heard Alexis' voice in my head— not my old voice. I was becoming a girl in mind as well as body. What if I was stuck like this? I would have to confront my— even the word sounded icky— sexuality— eventually, and my body was pretty much demanding I do something about it right now. I needed to relieve the tension that was building up in me. I couldn't think of anything else.

I pushed my sweatpants down over my hips and closed my eyes. "Oh!"

### Chapter Three

The next morning, I came floating down the stairs in my school girl uniform. I am sure I was glowing. When I reached the bottom of the stairs, I threw my arms out and did a twirl, singing, "The hills are alive with the sound of music!"

Stacey scrunched up her nose, looking at me like I was insane.

Valencia just smiled. "There's my happy girl! Where have you been?"

"Oh, I was just on a trip to a little place called Teenage Life is Hell" I said as I sat down at the breakfast table. "But today..." I thought about last night, "I just feel like a spring breeze."

Stacey, hating seeing me so happy, kicked me under the table.

"Good morning to you, too, my darling little sister," I sang, refusing to have my good mood spoiled. Valencia poured a smoothie from the pitcher

and placed it in front of me. Green, it glowed like a radioactive meteorite. I took a sip and licked my lips. “Yum. My favorite flavor– GREEN!”

Despite my well-earned healthy teen glow, I found myself stressing all week about the beach trip. I couldn’t stop thinking about those pervy guys from the mall, and I was sure the beach would be full of them, plus some weird old creeps, all of whom would be staring at my dramatic new curves. If only I had thought to ask Valencia about it, I could have saved myself a lot of stress.

The first thing is, Valencia would never put herself or her daughters in position to have to deal with vulgarians. Of course, we had a private beach house with exclusive access to a pretty little beach of golden sand. “This is ours?” I said as I took in the marble floors and pillars, the Roman statues and vines and gilded ornamentation... I had no idea Mom– I mean, my sister, had so much money!

“Yes, it is still ours,” Valencia said with her usual slightly bemused tone of “teenagers!”

My crew– ugh! I keep forgetting– Alexis’ crew arrived in a cloud of giggles. Jayne’s mom had driven all of them. She was staying with us to chaperone, and also, I suspect, so that Valencia would have another grown up to talk to.

The girls couldn’t wait to hit the beach, so we all slipped into our swimsuits– and in my case, my slipped I mean wiggled and tugged and pulled and strained to get it on– and then hit the beach. It was such a relief that I didn’t have to worry about boys! Of course, we would spend some time sunbathing and chatting. So, we all arranged our chairs to get the best sun.

“Can you rub some lotion on my back?” Jayne asked, raising a slender eyebrow. She’d worn a, let me call it daring, polka dot bikini that showed off almost every inch of her lean, athletic body. I couldn’t help but notice she had great skin. I seemed to pay a lot more attention to skin than I did as a guy.

I felt a lump in my throat. Was it wrong? Would it make me a perv?

“It’s just suntan lotion,” Jayne said with a giggle. Then, added, “You don’t want me to get burned, do you?” With a little pout.

I decided it was something a friend would do, so I smiled and said, “Sure.” I felt totally weird, and I did my best to distance myself, telling myself this is just a task. I’m just helping a friend. I rubbed the lotion across her soft skin, slipped my hand under the bikini tie across her back... her skin was so soft.

“Mmmmm...” She said. “That feels so good.”

My heart started racing, and I hurried to finish. “All done.”

“Thanks, girl,” Jayne said with a wink.

She was so into me! It was actually kind of flattering– and confusing. But, I knew nothing could happen between us. Ever. As much as I was starting to accept that I was a girl now, I still couldn’t go after a teen-ager. I wasn’t that kind of girl! Or guy. Or, whatever. As we sunbathed, we heard the annoying whirr of a drone approaching. “Omigod!” Cassidy said.

“Perverts,” Leigh said, shielding her eyes, looking around for the drone.

It had become a thing that creeps would send drones around the beach to check out all the girls. I looked around as well, my anxiety about getting ogled returning, and then I saw the drone buzzing toward the wall to our private beach, but just as it was about to cross over, it started shaking, then



sparks flew from it and it exploded into flames and spun out of sight leaving behind a trail of smoke.

“Security system,” Valencia explained.

I gave her a look. She just smiled and shrugged as if to say– what’s the good of having magic if you don’t use it?

Once we’d gotten done with sunbathing, we decided to boogie board. The waves were actually perfect– not too big, not too small, and crystal water was likewise perfect– not too warm and not too cold. I felt like the Goldilocks of boogie boarding, and I guessed if I had to be trapped in the life of a teen girl, it was probably better to be one whose Mom had serious magic.

Whale Cassidy, Leigh and I took our short little Boogie Boards and paddled out, Jayne, of course, had a longboard, like a real surfer. We were all riding out boards on our bellies- my boobs getting crushed underneath me– I swear, big breasts are such a pain– Paddling out was like riding a roller-coaster, rising up and up on the swell of a wave, then crashing down the other side...

Once we were far enough out, we turned around and waited for a wave to come. Jayne, as the most experienced surfer, took command. “Okay... here comes a good one... paddle... paddle...” I dug my arms into the water, now paddling in the same direction of the wave... pushing hard... I felt the water lifting me, a rising feeling as I rode up onto the crest, salty spray all around me, little rainbows flashing among the droplets. Looking back toward the house, riding high on the wave, I saw the beach chairs, our towels, the two moms sitting under an umbrella. They both waved their arms and shouted something, but I couldn’t make out the words.

The three of us rode along on our bellies, clinging to our boards and riding the crest as long as we could. I glanced over to see Jayne standing tall and proud on her board, the sun gleaming in her hair. She so happy, or maybe content would be a better word. Wow. She was cool. The wave broke, and I slid down the backside, then slid off my board and into the water, popping up, pinching my nose, laughing and giggling.

Jayne road her board right onto the beach, cutting a trail in the golden sand, then turning and giving me a wink. Omigod. My heart fluttered. I was going to have to be careful.

We couldn't wait to go again and so we all bellied back onto our boards and started paddling back out, riding the waves, smiling in the bright, summer sun.

I found myself in a kind of hazy zone, just paddling out, riding a wave, wiping out, laughing and splashing... paddling out... riding a wave... then, something happened. A huge big wave rose up. We all saw it coming and glanced at each other, wide eyed. "Yes!" Jayne shouted. "Paddle! Paddle hard!"

I would probably have opted out, as that wave scared me. It rose so high it cut out half the sun. But, one thing about being out on the ocean and facing a big wave— the wave doesn't care. It's coming whether you like it or not, and you better find a way to deal with it!

I paddled. We all paddled, each of us screaming, but in fun, being girly girls. Not Jayne, of course. She was laughing like a crazy pirate about to steal a chest of gold.

"Ahhhhh!" I shouted as the wave suddenly grabbed me, and I felt like it tossed me up in the air— not the gentle rise I'd experienced before... my

board wobbled side to side, and I struggled to keep my balance as I hurtled forward toward the beach and...

I was submerged. Bubbles everywhere. I held my breath, rolling, trying to figure out which way was up, but then I saw diffuse rays of sunlight angling down through the water and I thought— in this case, it is a very good idea to swim toward the light!

My head burst through the surface of the ocean, water spraying everywhere as I shook my long hair, took deep breaths and swam toward the shore, looking around for my friends. There was Leigh. Cassidy. They both looked fine. Where was Jayne? I looked and looked, but all I saw was her surface board being tossed aimlessly toward the shore by the waves. It looked so empty. “Jayne!” I called out. “Jayne!”

Hearing me calling for Jayne, the other girls started looking around, panicking. “Jayne?!”

I stopped swimming toward shore though I was tired, needed rest. I turned and turned. “Jayne!” The Moms had gotten up and were walking toward the edge of the beach, and we were all terrified when Jayne finally came exploding up through the water in a spray of silvery foam.

Thank God.

“Okay, girls. That’s enough Boogie Board,” Valencia said. “Come on in.”

We all swam to the shore, climbing wearily from the waves. “Oh, gross,” Jayne said. We all looked to see there was a clump of seaweed stuck in her bikini top. Jayne looked me right in the eyes as she pulled her top out and plucked the seaweed free, then tossed it in the ocean. I looked away, blushing.

How else could the perfect beach day end but with a campfire and S’mores? Once the sunset, the night turned cool, a salty, chilly breeze

gusting off the crashing waves. We huddled under blankets, holding our marshmallows out on sticks toward the fire, yawning, droopy eyed.

Crushing the molten marshmallow and s chocolate square between graham crackers, and that first bite... Oh, my God!

"I love you guys," Leigh says, out of nowhere, and yet we all get it and it isn't out of nowhere.

"Me, too."

"Yeah. Love, love!"

Having grown up a guy, it's kind of sweet that girls can be so open with each other about their feelings. If we were a group of guys, we'd probably be talking about boogers right now, calling each other dorks. But, well, it's another good thing about being a girl. I'm so happy, I struggle not to cry.

"And now," Stacey declares, always needing to be the center of attention, "allow me to present a song!" She takes a little bow, and the Moms clap and so we all clap.

Little town

It's a quiet village

Ev'ry day

Like the one before

Little town

Full of little people

Waking up to say:

Bonjour!

Bonjour!

Bonjour! Bonjour! Bonjour!

She has a pretty voice, and she's a good singer. I remember seeing her play Belle in the school production of Beauty and the Beast back when I was her uncle and not her sister. She was a little star. Watching her now standing there, eyes wide, red and orange sparks rising from the embers of our dying little fire all around her, I am forced to admit she's not the worst little sister ever.

Probably the second worst, though.