

Ashleigh & Megan Book I: Friendship

Sunday May 20th

“Ash-wee”



Day 16 of Book I

(Twenty-Five Days since Julie was harassed while walking Nikita)

Part One of Five

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*Posted on ashleighandmegan.com on:
September 26, 2026*

I hope you enjoy this pioneering format I call, “A Story Cast.”

What the term “Story Cast” means; is this story is designed to be read in small to medium intervals. This particular story is broken up into “days.” These portions are broken up into part or all of a particular fictitious “day” of the story. Each day surrounds the characters lives, relationships, adventures, struggles, mishaps and triumphs. This story is very different from a Novel or conventional story in many ways. Again, THIS IS NOT A NOVEL AND IS NOT WRITTEN IN A CONVENTIONAL NOVEL FORMAT. Instead; as the reader you are following the characters thoughts and actions during the course of this “day.” This fiction story is set up like a TV series and or a third person journal. It always starts with one or more character getting up and ends with one or more characters going to bed; while during the day you experience the Characters actions, feelings, and their thoughts. On a large overview; there is a beginning, a middle, and an end to this “Story Cast”

R. P. Voght

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May 20 “Ash-wee” Day 16 of Book I Friendship

(Twenty-Five Days after Julie was harassed while walking Nikita)

Julie was kneeling on the floor of her closet. She appeared older than her fifteen year old self. She had: long dark hair, a long rectangular shaped face, a high forehead, a wider jawline, naturally winged shaped dark eyebrows, and a roman style nose. What added to her mature look was her intense but beautiful greenish blue eyes. Julie had small dimples. When she smiled her upper lip moved upward to show the top row of her naturally straight teeth. Her height and her developed form only advanced the idea she was in her early twenties. She would have never been considered a supermodel but would have been perfect for athletic photo shoots.

She was wearing: brown shorts with lime green trim, a high impact sports bra, over this was a lime green graphic tee, and a matching lime green and brown colored hoodie; the front was lime green and the sleeves were brown. Over these shorts and covering her legs, she was wearing a matching pair of brown athletic pants with lime green racer-stripes with an elastic waist.

Being as quiet as possible she lifted up a section of the floor and set it to the side. She took out a plastic bin filled with a half dozen wigs, hair extenders, and five sets of breast binders. She made each set a different color so she could remember how they changed her breasts size and shape. She quietly set this bin on the floor. She removed another bin with: glasses, colored contacts, and a variety of makeup kits. She set this bin next to the bin with wigs. She took out a lock box and set this next to the opening of the hidden compartment. She set two plastic bins filled with expensive jewelry onto the floor. She grabbed a set of keys. She set these onto the floor. She lifted the lid off the bin with the wigs and took out a blond wavy

wig, a black wig with a Bob hair cut, and one of the breast binders. She put the lid back on. She opened another bin and selected a pair of glasses, green colored contact lenses, brown colored contact lenses, and two specific makeup kits. She selected a variety of jewelry items. She carefully set everything back the way it was.

She stood up. Her head thudded against the closet shelf. She immediately put her hands on her head and mumbled her frustration at her current growth spurt.

This was the worst growth spurt so far. She never felt so awkward in all her life. The day before she tripped running Nikita. She was tired of dropping everyday objects she never would have dropped before. She quit playing catch with her brother after throwing poorly and dropping the football. For the first time in her life she was struggling in all of her track and field events. This was the first time since starting high school she missed the top five in: the high jump, long jump, and the hurdles. The other day she tumbled when she missed a hurdle. On Thursday she came in second in the fifty yard dash. It was one thing to lose to someone from another school but to lose to someone in her own school irritated her; the girl who won the race was pushing her. She restrained her personal frustrations and congratulated her teammate.

She was now the second tallest woman in her family and had the largest breasts of any woman on the Steward side of the family. The only woman taller was her Cousin Rebecca at six foot three. Julie understood there was an athletic advantage to being taller; especially playing volleyball. If she was passionate about basketball she knew she would have been a starter.

She disliked the size and shape of her breasts. She believed they were unappealing. What she wanted were the nipples of her mother and the small sized breasts of the Steward family. Instead; she was developing large banana shaped breasts with large areolas. Even more disturbing was what happened when she was aroused. They became: really hard, curved up, and her areolas puffed up.

Her breasts so annoyed her, she researched if there was a woman on either side of the family that had breasts like hers. It was easy to convince both her Grandmothers and her Momma to review family photo's. All three of these ladies were excited someone was interested in viewing them. Julie was trying to find any woman with the same type of breasts as herself. A sister of her Great Grandmother on her Daddy's side had large torpedo shaped breasts. She noticed the majority (there were a few exceptions) of her first and second cousins on the Steward side had small conical shaped breasts. She reasoned; if these cousins developed larger breasts they would have developed into torpedo shaped breasts. The women on her Momma's side all had medium to large breasts, with her Momma having the largest breasts, but none of them had torpedo shaped breasts. Her conclusion was, she received the genes of her mother and the genes her Great Grandmother's sister; she happened to be the first one on either side to develop large banana shaped breasts.

She found comfort in hearing her Auntie Megan complain about her breasts. A cousin, after hearing Julie complain about her breasts, privately told Julie large areolas ran in the family. Rebecca confessed to Megan how her life partner Meredith liked Rebecca's puffy nipples. Hearing these things were helping Julie accept her own breasts.

An aspect of growing taller that was both rewarding and irritating was purchasing clothes and knowing what to wear.

Julie was surprised when her Momma encouraged her to go clothes shopping with both

Rebecca and Meredith. Julie suspected without the family mistakenly believing Megan was a lesbian her Momma would have never made this suggestion. With Rebecca and Meredith being tall and athletic they helped Julie pick out outfits. Julie felt a little guilty for being surprised Rebecca and Meredith taught her what type of dresses to wear. The reason for this surprise was the out lesbians in her school never wore dresses. Rebecca reminded Julie there were many homosexuals who felt it was unnecessary to flaunt their sexuality. Julie thought about the woman who lived across from her Auntie. This conversation allowed Julie to enjoy shopping the cosmetic section with Rebecca while Meredith went to a sporting goods store.

Julie was honored to be the first Steward, other than Rebecca's mother, to visit their house. This was the first time Julie was ever in a home owned by lesbians. She prepared herself to see pro lesbian plagues or outlandish feminine slogans; nothing like this was there. The only way anyone would have know her cousin was a lesbian were the framed photographs hanging on the walls and their room having a king sized bed. She was initially shocked seeing a king sized bed, after a few moments, she felt it would be silly to see two single beds or two bedrooms. They did have a series of flower prints by the same artist who gave Ashleigh the flower painting hanging in Ashleigh's suite. Julie felt all of the flowers in this artists paintings reminded her of a vulva.

Rebecca and Meredith in their car and at home showed appropriate affection to one another. They held hands and one time while cooking Rebecca embraced Meredith from behind. Julie found this open affection uncomfortable. This uncomfortable feeling stemmed from her family never showing outward affection. Julie appreciated how they made her feel better about growing taller and appreciated the dinner they cooked her.

Julie purposefully brought up the subject of sex while having dinner at their house. To Julie's surprised they weaved this conversation around to voice their concerns Julie was sexually active. Julie was honest when she said she was a virgin. She left out the fact she was now on the pill and was looking to have sex for the first time. Julie was surprised when both of them encouraged Julie to wait. They both believed there was a consequence for sloppy sexual behavior. This was the last time Julie brought up sex.

After spending the day with Meredith and Rebecca she recognized she was at most bi-curious. There was no way Julie wanted to love a woman like they did. Julie recalled the many times she turned down the sexual advances of bi-sexual girls. The previous week a lesbian from her school gave her a card and a love letter. Julie felt a lot of sympathy for this girl because of the passion this girl put into the letter. There was no way she would have a relationship with a girl. The only lesbian scenario she found interesting was if an older lesbian seduced her. Then again, her favorite pornographic scenes were those involving a person seducing another.

She grabbed the items she left on the floor and set them on her bed. She opened a drawer of her desk and pulled out an expandable file folder; a folder she prepared the night before. She carefully placed this into her backpack. She reached underneath her bed and grabbed a newly purchased small caliber pistol and holster. She buckled it underneath her hoodie and just above her pants. She stepped over to her stuffed animals hanging in a net off the ceiling. She easily reached a stuffed kangaroo, she pulled it down, reached into it's pouch, took out her birth control pills, took one out, she slipped the others back into the pouch, placed the kangaroo back, stepped over to her desk, grabbed a water bottle, took the pill, drank some water, and again stepped over to her bed. She pulled out a black duffel bag from

underneath her bed. She removed from this bag a half dozen multi-colored bungee cords and set them on her bed. She carefully placed everything from her closet into this bag. She sat on her bed and slipped on a pair of Adidas running shoes. She: stood up, slipped the backpack she always carried with her over her shoulders, she tied her long dark wavy hair into a pony tail, grabbed her bike helmet from off the wall, carefully clipped it on, and wrapped the bungee cords around the handle of the bag. She: quietly stepped out of her room, went downstairs, set these things on the kitchen table, wrote a note saying she was going on a long bike ride, and promised to be back before church. She: opened a cupboard, grabbed her water bottles, closed the cupboard, opened the refrigerator, filled the bottles from the water jug, shut the refrigerator, grabbed her things off of the table, stepped into the garage, quietly shut the door to the garage, took down her bike, attached the duffel bag to a bike rack (a rack she added a week earlier), opened the garage door, and headed out. She assumed she would get a talking to for leaving so early without telling her Momma. She needed to take care of something before Monday morning.

She disliked biking at night but this is what she needed to do. She believed her gun and her self defense training would stop anyone or any critter. She purposely took a route to avoid police. She believed if an Eastbank Police officer was to pull her over she could easily talk her way out of anything because her Grandfather knew the chief and for many years she helped her Auntie teach self defense classes at the police station; Julie wished her Auntie still taught these classes.

She biked to *Swamp Road* and went East toward the Atlantic Ocean. She crossed the bridge over the Eastbank River. She disliked biking on this road during the day. She especially disliked biking on this road at night. She was grateful her two bedroom house was the first driveway passed the river. She pulled in front of a brand new gate. A gate purchased by Lisa Montana. She quickly: removed her backpack, took out keys, and a large powerful flashlight. She panned the swamp around her. She: stepped off her bike, leaned the bike against the pole of the gate, unlocked the gate, pushed it open, stepped back onto her bike, biked up the curved driveway that turned left, and spotted her house. It was impossible to see this house from the road because of the surrounding swamp. She was grateful the past owner of the house added the large lights and removed between 10 to 20 yards of foliage around the house. If he had not done so she would have never purchased this house. She: biked up to the garage, opened a small keypad door, typed in a number on the lighted key pad, the garage door went up, a light turned on, to her left was a well built long wooden work bench (it was currently empty), and to the right of this bench was a white colored three year old Pontiac Grand Am.

Julie purchased this car and the house as Lisa Montana. Lisa Montana was a twenty-five year old blond with wavy hair who wore glasses. Lisa Montana proclaimed she moved from Jacksonville Florida to work at *Renewed Mastery*. She received the loan for the house from a credit union in a small city north of Eastbank; a city where it was unlikely anyone would have known her as Julie Steward. She purchased this used car from a small car dealer who would accept cash and never asked questions. She chose this car because: it had thirty-thousand miles on it, brand new tires, was decently priced, and it was a fairly popular car. She chose a Pontiac because of watching the movie *Smoky and the Bandit*. She promised herself one day she would purchase a Trans Am; until then she would gladly drive this car. The least thing she wanted was to draw attention to herself.

She: pushed her bike into the garage, unhooked her duffel bag, stepped out of the

garage, hit the button of the keypad, the garage door closed, stepped up to the back door of the house, unlocked it, stepped into the house, turned on the light, and was in a small kitchen. In the kitchen was a 1950's style metal kitchen table set and a hanging light (the previous owner of the house left it). She stepped over to the 1970's style lime green refrigerator and took out a bottled water and drank it. The stove matched the refrigerator. She tossed the bottle out in a brand new waste paper basket. She set her backpack on the table but took her duffel bag to the bathroom.

She passed through a living room. The room was filled with discounted furniture and a large flat screen TV. She purchased these items from a store north of Eastbank as Lisa Montana. She stepped into a hallway. On the right side was a large bedroom. On the left was a small full bath, a linen closet, and smaller bedroom. The bathroom with a much larger full bath was attached to the main bedroom. She turned the smaller bedroom into what looked like a den. There was a large computer desk, a computer, a couple computer chairs, a futon, a wooden cabinet, metal cabinets, and a small flat screen TV. All these items were purchased as Lisa Montana. If she wanted she could easily turn this room into a work area where she could make her fake ID's. Julie disliked this setup but was unsure on how she was going to change it. In the walk in closet were two neatly stacked piles of plastic bins and a safe. She had a plan on how to change this. This was currently way to disorganized for her.

In the other bedroom was a king sized bed, a dresser set, two nightstands, an armoire, a smaller sized flat screen TV, and two lamps. These lamps were sitting on two nightstands she purposed at a yard sale. The closet was quarter of the way filled with clothes. She stepped into this bedroom and set down her backpack on the bed. Most of the furniture in this room was purchased from a discount store west of Eastbank as Lisa Montana. She purchased all the bed clothes, drapes, curtains, and other household items at three different department stores near the discount furniture store. She succeeded in making this house appear as if someone was living in it. Most of the lights were plugged into timers.

She went back to her garage. She: again used the keypad, the door opened, she stepped inside, took out her car keys, used the key to unlock the door, opened the drivers side door, sat down, put the key into the ignition, shut the door, turned on the lights, backed the car up, turned it around, parked it near the side of the house, pulled the lever to open the back trunk, stepped out of the car, lifted the hood, stepped to the front door of the house, unlocked it, stepped into her house, removed two very heavy plastic bins, placed them in the trunk, shut the hood, stepped back into the house, and locked the front door of her house.

She went back to the main bedroom. She selected two outfits. The focus of one of the outfits was a yellow and black flowered wrap dress. The other was a casual outfit with a brown colored lace inset Henley, a green colored scoopneck tee, and cream colored cargo pants. She had the proper accessories for both outfits. She gently folded the casual outfit and placed it into the duffel bag. She took the dress and the matching accessories into the bathroom. This bathroom was sparkling clean and was filled with everything Julie needed. She quickly showered, resisted the temptation to masturbate, and dressed as Lisa Montana.

As Lisa Montana she: turned off the inside lights, locked up the house, went back to her car, set her purse and backpack on the passenger seat, pulled the level to open the trunk, placed the duffel bag and a pair of shoes into the trunk, stepped into her car, making sure her yellow flowered dress remained clean, shut the door, turned on the lights, drove down her driveway, made a right onto *Swamp Road*, and headed west toward *Highway One*.

Lisa Montana had a fake drivers license. Julie Steward would receive a beginners drivers license as Julie Steward in the next couple months. Julie was grateful: Captain let her drive around their property in an old truck, Sal's Dad let her drive a beat up pick-up-truck on their farm, and once her Dad let her drive his truck on the same farm. She read the Florida State Drivers Manual, memorized all the laws of the road, watched driving instruction films on the internet, and drove a computer simulator (she received the program from Burt Atterely who worked at a local computer store). She assumed as long as she never drew attention to herself she would be fine. She believed she was getting better at driving every time she did so. When she reached *Highway One* she headed north.

She estimated she had four hours to accomplish what she needed. This excluded the forty-five minutes it would take to get dressed as Julie Steward and bike back home.

Ashleigh: turned on her side, quickly opened her green eyes, glanced at her digital alarm clock radio, quickly closed her eyes; immediately Nikita was sniffing her.

Ashleigh laid there pretending to be asleep.

With Ashleigh's nephew arriving today she was having difficulty sleeping. He was staying with them while Bob was on vacation. Bob flew to Wisconsin the day before and he was returning with his Son later in the morning. Bob would return LB the day after Memorial Day; Bob's plan was to return him early in the morning and work in the afternoon.

Nikita could sense Best Friend was awake. She disliked her eyes were closed. Nikita was anxious because Walking Friend never showed up. There were times when Best Friend took her for a "walk". She sat and whimpered. Making dog noises would sometimes get Best Friend to get up or she would hear the noise "lay down." Nikita disliked this noise.

Ashleigh was somewhat frustrated because she was up an hour before Julie normally showed up to walk Nikita. She had just laid there hoping to go back to sleep. Julie never walked Nikita on Sundays. Ashleigh was certain Julie would have if Nicole (Julie's Mother) and herself had not stopped her from walking Nikita on Sunday. Three weeks prior Ashleigh gave Julie permission to show up later on Saturday. The prior Saturday was the first time she took this offer and it was the first time she brought friends with her. Ashleigh believed Julie would have arrived at her normal time if she was without her friends. Ashleigh liked Hannah and Bette; the girls informed Ashleigh two of their friends were still sleeping at Hannah's house. Ashleigh was surprised Hannah showed up because she looked half awake. On the other hand Bette was just as awake as Julie. Ashleigh appreciated Julie calling her the night before seeking permission to bring friends over.

She was thinking about her Nephew LB. She was pleased with herself for giving her nephew this nickname. She decided on this nickname while flying from Florida to Wisconsin. She refused to call her Nephew Bobby. The reason Ashleigh refused to call her Nephew Bobby was because this was what Shelly called her brother. Shelly called her Nephew Little Bobby. Ashleigh felt this was a name only his Mother should use. Both Ashleigh and Bob hated the name Junior. Ashleigh liked Robert, but this felt way to impersonal and professional for an Auntie to use. The only time she would use Robert was if she was angry or if later in life he wanted to be called Robert. She settled on LB because it was short for Little Bobby. This was simple and she felt it sounded cool. Megan expressed the possibility the boy had to many names. Ashleigh believed her nephew was smart enough to figure out his Auntie called him

LB, but if it did confuse him; she would reluctantly call him Robert.

Ashleigh recalled on how LB embraced this name. While Bob inspected a company in Wisconsin; Ashleigh met her nephew for the first time. In hindsight Ashleigh believed this was a good way to meet LB.

Ashleigh knew exactly where Shelly lived because it was the apartment she lived in before moving to Florida.

When Ashleigh rang the doorbell LB was excited because he heard someone at the door. Shelly informed Little Bobby his Daddy and his Auntie Ashleigh were coming over. He understood what Daddy meant but was unsure of what Auntie Ashleigh meant because he had never met her before. When Shelly opened the door his excitement turned to shyness. He tended to act shy whenever he met a new person. He turned and ran back to Shelly. Shelly picked him up. Little Bobby put his head on Shelly's shoulder but looked at Ashleigh. This stopped the two ladies from hugging one another. It only took a few minutes for Ashleigh to have him talking.

Once he was more comfortable, but still in Shelly's arms, Ashleigh pointed to him and said, "You LB."

He pointed to himself and said, "Boy."

He pointed at Ashleigh, "Girl."

She answered in a sweet Auntie voice, "Yes. You Boy. But also LB."

She pointed to herself. "Me girl. I'm also Ashleigh."

He looked at his Mommy.

Ashleigh pointed, "She's a girl and Mommy."

Shelly pointed at herself and said, "Girl and Mommy."

Shelly pointed at LB, "Boy. LB."

The two women smiled at one another.

With LB completely over his shyness Shelly put him down.

Ashleigh bent down and pointed at her nephew, "LB."

He smiled and said, "Me LB."

Ashleigh and Shelly clapped.

This was all it took. For the next fifteen minutes he kept saying, "Me LB."

For the next couple weeks Shelly found it cute whenever he told someone his name was LB. Shelly's Step Dad and Step Brothers immediately started calling him LB. Of course the ladies at the day care found this cute. The only one who refused to call him LB was Holly; she insisted on calling her Grandson Robert. Ashleigh enjoyed hearing all of this a week later.

Ashleigh sat up.

This excited Nikita.

Ashleigh pet her and talked to her, "You better be nice to LB."

Nikita was waiting to hear a sound she understood. She craved the attention she was receiving from Best Friend.

"LB is a good boy. We'll have to watch him so he doesn't have accidents. He has..."

She stopped herself.

She recognized the problem with the word potty. This was the word she used with Nikita. She wished Shelly would have chosen a different word; there was nothing they could do about it now. Ashleigh was surprised when Bob bought: two small potty training toilets (one for the hallway between the bedrooms and one in the hallway next to the galley), diapers,

extra underwear, and pull ups. What Ashleigh and Bob learned from watching him was: when he had to go he had to go, he needed a diaper over night, he was excited to wear underpants, he became upset when he had an accident, and if they went anywhere they would bring extra clothes.

The one thing everyone could agree upon was he liked to talk. His vocabulary was just about on par for someone his age, but it was obvious he wanted to let everyone know what words he knew.

The word Ashleigh liked was, "Ash-wee."

She smiled when she thought of this.

Speaking to Nikita, "I wish little kids pronounced my name right but it's so cute the way LB says it."

She pet Nikita aggressively and stood up. She: stretched her five foot one self, she made a noise, blinked her bright green eyes, frizzed up her long blond hair, stepped over to her chair where she laid out an athletic outfit the night before. This twenty-four year old had: a heart shaped face, a roman style nose, small gentle peaked cheekbones, a short smile, but when she smiled her cheekbones were noticeable. With her having a thinner upper lip and a pronounced lower lip this gave her lips a cupid look. Her pointed chin was a reminder she was the daughter of Ashley Vindavane. These facial features gave what most people considered a cute look or the look of a cheerleader.

Ashleigh felt she was in the best shape of her life. With the way Megan and Julie were teaching her how to work out she was toned. She liked how her buttock went from flabby to toned; without losing its appeal. Ashleigh felt her breasts were perfect for her frame. She could easily bring them attention or conceal them. She liked their round shape and the size of her nipples. She never gave areolas or nipples a thought until hearing Megan and Julie complain about theirs. The best part of being in shape was feeling stronger and having more energy.

When she reached her chair she turned on a light. She reached over and turned off the *Bugs Bunny* night light. She felt lucky to find this vintage night light still in its original packaging on a popular auction website. The best thing about having a night light was no longer needing to turn on a light to step into the head of her suite. This light saved her from stubbing her toes at night or in the early morning when she was reluctant to turn on a light.

Her plan was to: walk Nikita, take a shower, get ready for church, and meet Marcus at the second service. She wished they went to the third service but it was better than the first service. The only reason she went to the first service was to make sure she "bumped into" Marcus. Once they started dating she convinced him to go to the second service. She felt their church should have two services at better times instead of having three services. She was waiting for the moment to suggest this to the church staff.

She took off her striped pajama short set. She slipped on a pair of white belted roll up shorts. She fastened the belt and evenly rolled up the bottoms. She grabbed a bra and put this on. She slipped on a white and blue striped tee with a tie-front key hole and three quarter inch sleeves; she chose this top just in case there was a breeze off the ocean. She slipped on a white hair band. She selected a pair of white and brown hiking style sandals. She gazed upon the dress she planned on wearing to church. She convinced herself she could: walk Nikita, find a different dress, and be on time for the second church service.

Once she decided this she: stood up, quickly walked passed the dress, and entered the

head.

Nikita was disappointed and whimpered outside the head door.

She would miss eating lunch with Marcus and a few of his friends after church but her Nephew was more important than Marcus. She let Nikita out of the suite. She ran to her bowls. Ashleigh stepped out of her suite and headed straight to what was named Nikita's closet. Ashleigh opened the door and grabbed the pooper scooper and the leash. Nikita after eating and drinking ran to the main door. Ashleigh: shut the closet door, carried these items, and stopped at the China cabinet that separated the galley from the lounge. She: took out of her purse a pair of sunglasses, keys, and her cell phone.

Nikita became excited when Best Friend was holding the leash and pooper scooper. Ashleigh commanded Nikita to sit. An excited but obedient Nikita did so. Ashleigh hooked on the leash and they stepped outside.

Nikita liked it when Best Friend took her for walks.

Julie had already removed the make up she wore as Lisa Montana and was now in a bathroom stall of a Floridian State run rest stop. She opened her backpack and removed her duffel bag. She removed: her dress, her bra, the blond wig, the glasses, and her contact lenses; she placed them into their case. She carefully put each one of these items into her duffel bag. The only thing she was wearing were her panties and her wig cap with snap clips. She zippered opened a pocket of her duffel bag and took out eye drops. She put eye drops into her eyes. She put the eye solution back into the small pocket of the backpack. Out of the backpack she pulled out a pair of cream colored cargo pants and slipped them on. She slipped on a homemade binder. The most uncomfortable part about being Audry McDonald was the binding of her breasts. She adjusted the binder. This alone would have stopped her from ever wanting to cross dress as a man. It made it appear as though she had round B sized breasts. What she liked about binding her breasts was it changed their shape. She slipped on a green colored scoopneck tee and a brown colored Henley. She carefully placed on her head a black haired wig in a Bob hair cut. She took out a mirror from her purse and used it to apply the wig tape. She then removed another contact lens container from a different zippered pocket. She put in her brown colored contact lenses. She put this case back into the pocket of the backpack. She closed all of the pockets and her backpack into the duffel bag. She stepped out of the rest stop stall and casually stepped in front of a mirror. Acting like nothing happened she: applied a small amount of makeup, stepped out of the rest stop bathroom, walked back to her car, set the duffel bag into the back seat, and pulled out of the rest stop.

She drove south toward Eastbank. She pulled off of *Highway One* and onto a frontage road. After a quarter mile she reached a storage facility. She: stopped at the gate, rolled down her window, reached over to an electronic board, answered a couple electronic questions, then typed in a number, the gate opened, and she drove into the complex. She found the unit she was looking for and turned off her car. She: pulled out the keys, stepped out of her car, used one of these keys to unlock a heavy duty lock, removed the lock, placed the lock on the strike plate, lifted up the storage door, stepped back to her car, took out a camping style light that used batteries, set it on a table inside of the storage unit; it lit up the unit. Inside were three rows of plastic storage bins; all were the same size. Next to the table were three metal filing

cabinets. She casually removed the bins she placed into the trunk of her car and placed them into the storage unit.

She: went back to her car, removed the file folder, shut the car door, took the file folder into the storage unit, placed the file folder on the second cabinet, and proceeded to place ATM receipts and mail into the filing cabinets. When she was finished she glanced at her watch.

She: grabbed the light, set it in front of the door, shut the storage unit door, locked it, picked up the light, stepped back into her car, turned off the light, and drove out of the storage facility. She would head back to her house on *Swamp Road*.

Megan was wearing what she considered a provocative outfit. For the first time in her life she was wearing a tube top. On one side it was red and on the other it was yellow; being provocative she folded the top over. The outline of her round uneven sized 34b breasts were clearly visible; her right one was slightly larger. The only one who really noticed was Megan herself. It was obvious her areolas were large for the size of her breasts and her nipples were visibly perky. Megan felt it was scandalous to have her navel showing. She matched the red tube top with a pair of orange colored cuffed denim Bermuda shorts. These pair of denim shorts clung to her muscular legs, her buttock was noticeable, and the outline of her boyshort panties were visible.

She felt her long legs and her toned buttock were her best physical feature. Her dark blue eyes, that often appeared plum. Her long dark blond hair was in a pony tail. She had an inverted triangle shaped face and a long celestial nose. She hated it's bend to the left and it's natural bump just above her nostrils. This bend was created during an NCAA girls volleyball game. She felt the way her nostrils curved up and almost out were unappealing. Because of her: high cheekbones, her long jaw line, and her long chin with its rounded point her nose blended well with her face. At this moment her dimples were just lines outside her long but thin lips. Many people believed her dimples gave her a feminine beauty. Megan never considered herself to be feminine or beautiful. After finding some confidence she now believed she was an attractive athletic woman. She accepted the fact most men would have never made her their first choice but there were guys who found her attractive. She was overjoyed, an athletic trainer from the YMCA found her attractive. He was sitting at her kitchen table watching her.

She grabbed a cup of ice water from off the galley counter and finished it. She felt the pains of a full bladder. She was able to hold it in. She: stepped over to her refrigerator, opened the freezer door, placed ice into the cup, closed the door, opened the refrigerator door, took out a couple bottles of water, shut the door, stepped onto a towel she set in front of her counter, filled the cup with water, drank some more, and finished poring the rest of the second bottle into the cup.

When she stepped back onto the towel and turned toward the kitchen table the trainer was nude. She liked his large rock hard cock and all of his muscles. He waved her over. She quickly drank down the cup of water and stepped over to him. Her bladder was full and she was looking forward to sitting on his lap. She had fantasied about peeing on a man while wearing shorts. She was overjoyed a man would understand her fetish and wanted to be peed on. After she would grab his cock. It would be the first time she ever grabbed a guys cock. She was about to sit on his lap.

She woke herself up.

She quickly rushed to the bathroom. She disliked it when she had an erotic dream and it incorporated pee. She never again wanted to clean up the mess when the dream connected with reality. To wake up with everything a complete mess was not very erotic at all. She felt terribly childish when this happened. To her this was different than the naughty feeling she experience when she purposefully wet herself. More important to Megan, when she purposefully incorporated pee in her self exploration, she made sure the mess was manageable.

While she washed her hands her alarm clock went off. This was set later because she was without a charter and it was Sunday. Whenever she was without a scheduled charter she went to church. She looked forward to church.

Today was an exception.

Her dimples flashed.

She was aroused and felt the urge to reenact the dream. It would have been easy to wear the exact same outfit because she owned these articles of clothing. She would never give her virginity away to a stranger. She was tempted to go to her office and log onto the internet and view pictures of nude men or read an erotic story. She resisted this temptation for months. The last time she read an erotic story she was tempted to watch a pornographic movie. She believed, if she started to watch pornographic movies it was likely she would be tempted to give away her virginity. She was determined to wait until she was married to have sex. The reason she enjoyed herself was to maintain her virginity. If she felt for any reason masturbation would lead to cheap sex she would stop doing it.

Her dimples flashed.

She went back to her suite and turned off her alarm.

She again discounted a quick session. She knew if she began a session she would prolong it or have a second one.

She glanced at the clock.

She reminded herself of her masturbate boundaries.

Because she had slept in the nude and had many erotic dreams she removed her bed clothes and replaced them. After she: prepared a cup of coffee, took a shower, got ready for church, ate breakfast, and prayed. The whole time she was tempted to stop and get herself off. She was determined to postpone indulging herself until Tuesday. This was the day she scheduled to indulge herself. She felt if she waited until then she would avoid breaking any of her masturbation boundaries.

She left her houseboat wearing a cream colored floral print surplice dress; the floral print were in browns and greens. She accessorized with: a cross necklace, simple post earrings, a couple light green bracelets, a simple purse, cream colored short healed sandals, a small purse, and she was carrying her Bible. She spent time pinning up her hair and giving herself an elegant looking pony tail. She was happy to go to church and was pleased she avoided breaking her boundaries.

She heard behind her, "Megan."

She stopped and turned around.

Ashleigh was rushing to meet her.

Megan liked the outfit Ashleigh was wearing. Ashleigh chose a light green off the shoulder dress with neckline ruffle. She accessorized with: a matching colored belt with white detailing, a white purse, a wrist watch with a green band, a handmade white beaded necklace, and a pair of metallic platforms with green colored jewels.

When she reached Megan she said, "Just wait a second."

Ashleigh braced herself against Megan and adjusted her shoes.

Megan asked, "Why do Y'all wear high heels?"

"It's suppose to make me look better."

"Y'all take them off anyway."

Ashleigh set her foot down and looked up at Megan.

"It's about first impressions."

Megan rolled her eyes.

Ashleigh mentioned, "I hate the second service."

"Y'all were attending the early service."

"I'd prefer the third service."

"Y'all couldn't convince Marcus to attend the third service?"

"There's times when it will run into this work schedule."

"It's nice seeing Y'all understanding his schedule."

Ashleigh answered, "He's a police officer. He has an odd schedule."

Megan admired this comment.

Ashleigh continued, "Besides; with LB staying with us I want to be home when Bob brings him back here."

They started to walk toward their garages. These garages were right of the marina parking lot.

Ashleigh asked, "Y'all like my dress?"

"Y'all look attractive."

"I was worried it was to casual."

"I'm sure Y'all see ladies wearing the same type of dress."

"You think Marcus will like it?"

"I'm sure he will."

"You look nice yourself."

"Thank-you."

They stepped off the first pier, turned right, and headed toward the garages and storage area.

Ashleigh asked, "Did you ever find a vessel?"

"A friend of the family is helping."

"I'm glad to hear it. Sounds exciting."

"I'm feeling guilty for feeling this way."

Ashleigh looked up at Megan.

"About what?"

"I'm worrying Bob is wanting something for recommending me."

Ashleigh answered, "I'm not sure he did. If he did he wouldn't want anything in return."

Megan asked, "Y'all ain't pissing down my leg?"

"I'm not lying to you."

Ashleigh thought for second, "If he recommended you why would it bother you?"

"Don't take offense."

"None taken."

Megan's dimples flashed.

She repeated herself, "I'm thinking he'll want something."

Ashleigh repeated herself, "He isn't like that."

Ashleigh stopped at where she'd need to turn left and go to her garage.

Megan stopped.

Megan's dimples flashed.

"I feel guilty for feeling he'd recommend me on account he was sweet on me."

"He wouldn't recommend you just because of that."

Ashleigh made a face.

Ashleigh added, "If he believed you sucked at what you did he wouldn't have recommended you."

There was a pause.

Ashleigh broke into the silence, "I'll do some checking and find out if he did recommend you."

Megan's dimples flashed.

"Okay."

Ashleigh touched Megan on the arm.

"Haven't you always wanted to be involved in a documentary?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Why all the worry?"

"I ain't in the knowing. But it feels like it'd be important."

Ashleigh believed her.

"I'll find out."

"I'd appreciate it."

"No problem."

Megan's dimples flashed.

"Y'all open to talk about the changes to the parade?"

"I'll have more time tomorrow."

"Y'all up for a moon talk?"

"It'd have to be on the yacht."

"Alright."

There was silence for a couple minutes.

"Y'all ready for him?"

"As ready as we're ever going to be."

Megan reassured Ashleigh, "Nikita is a good dog."

"I just don't want anything bad happening."

"With Y'all there nothing will happen."

Ashleigh glanced at her watch.

"I have to get going."

Megan's dimples flashed.

"I hate being late for church."

Ashleigh said, "See you later alligator."

Megan answered, "After while crocodile."

The two of them headed toward their garages. Ashleigh turned left, Megan headed to her garage and office a few aisles away.

Nicole was waiting in the kitchen. She was wearing a terracotta colored monochrome separates outfit. This included: an applique cami, an applique surplice top, and a shantung skirt. She accessorized with a simple white beaded necklace, simple white and red bracelets, a watch with a white band, a white purse, and white colored flats. Her legs were crossed and her foot was moving up and down.

Jimmy had already left with Danielle and Ester.

Nicole glanced at her watch.

She sighed.

It was unlike her Daughter to be late. She was on time for everything. She would give her daughter ten more minutes. She would have waited for an eternity but she needed to get to church. What angered Nicole was when she tried to call her cell phone she heard it ring in her room. It was unlike Julie to forget anything. Nicole suspected she left the phone at home on purpose.

She wondered what was her daughter thinking?

She read the hand written note again.

What irritated Nicole was what was left out. This note left out where she was going, what direction she was taking, how far she was going, and when exactly she was getting back. Before church was simply not good enough. There were a few nagging questions. When did Julie leave? How many hours had she really been gone? There was the feeling this went beyond just a bike ride. The question was what?

Nicole then went through a list of horrible things: accidents, abduction, being arrested, running away, and a list of other traumatic events.

She glanced at her watch again.

She changed her mind. If Julie was not back in five minutes she would get in the mini-van and look for her. Nicole planned on calling all of Julie's friends and their parents.

She prayed.

She started to feel guilty for just sitting there.

She: stood up, grabbed her purse, grabbed her cell phone, her Bible in a flowered leather case, and keys. She would go look for her. She again imagined a list of horrible things happening to her daughter.

The nagging feeling Julie was up to something bad was upon her. This feeling irritated Nicole because she was unable to figure what it was. She ruled out drugs. She knew from both Duke and Captain she was not working for their friends. Julie was without a boyfriend. She was eating healthy and active. Her grades were excellent. Nicole was overjoyed she was no longer hanging out with Jeannie and her group of friends. She was again hanging out with girls Nicole approved of and liked. The exception was Zoe, Zoe herself was not the problem, it was Zoe's parents. Zoe parents and herself respected one another but were on the other ends of the spectrum when it came to religion and politics. Nicole hoped Julie would never attend the nudist colony Zoe's family attended.

Her plan. If Julie was not found within ten minutes she would call Jimmy and the

woman who ran Sunday school. She was scheduled to teach the second and third graders today. This was another reason Nicole was irritated with her daughter. She enjoyed teaching Sunday school.

She: stepped outside, turned, and was about to lock the front door. She was grateful Jimmy pulled the mini-van out onto the driveway.

She spotted Julie out of the corner of her eye.

She turned and spotted her sweaty daughter standing in front of the garage.

"Where have Y'all been?"

Julie somewhat told the truth, "It took me longer than I thought."

With an angry tone, "You left your cell phone here."

"I forgot it."

Nicole stared at her.

With a tone Nicole answered, "One of the reasons we're paying for a cell phone was so we could get in touch with Y'all."

"I'm sorry."

Julie quickly hit the keypad of the garage door and it went up.

Nicole said sternly, "Y'all better be ready within ten minutes."

The only correct response was, "Yes Ma'am."

A frustrated and angry Mother said, "We'll talk about this on our way."

Julie answered with the only proper answer, "Yes Ma'am."

Julie quickly pushed her bike into the garage and hung the bike. She hit the button to the garage door and it closed.

Nicole angry and frustrated stepped into the house. She set her things on the table next to the stairs and would call the woman who ran Sunday School. Julie rushed around the bend and hurried down the hallway. Nicole inspected her daughter. She was: very sweaty, she had very bad body odor, she watched her daughter drink from her water bottle, was wearing a brand new athletic outfit, and it occurred to Nicole her daughter could have passed for a college student; this added to Nicole's worry.

Julie said as she passed her Momma, "I'll hurry."

"Y'all better."

Slight pause.

When Julie was half way up the stairs she yelled, "Remember we're attending church."

"Yes Ma'am."

Nicole answered the woman on the phone, "Howdy."

Julie accomplished everything she wanted but it took a little longer because she decided to visit a few more financial institutions on her way back.

She was stressed out because she was running late.

She felt the impulse to masturbate.

She grabbed her church clothes and headed to the bathroom.

She heard, "Y'all have ten minutes and I want Y'all presentable."

Julie rushed into the bathroom.

It was a miserable shower for her because she wanted to get herself off. If she could have she would have skipped church and really rubbed herself off. With how upset her mother

was there was no way she would suggest skipping church today.

May 20th, “Ash-wee”

Part One

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