

by Amanda Hawkins

What Mother Wants...

Mom always wanted a girl, ever since she was one herself. So imagine how she felt when, at age 40, she found herself stuck with a son. She was disappointed and she never let me forget it.

She never really gave up either. Every Halloween she turned me into a little witch, a ballerina, a nurse or a princess. A cowgirl was the nearest I ever got to the kind of outfits my friends wore.

I think that's what triggered my own interest. It stands to reason. Your mother spends most of the year bad-mouthing you, then dresses you up as a girl and spends one glorious day telling you how pretty you are. (That's why she called me 'Gloria'.)

So I started doing it myself.

I took various items from the old clothes she put aside for charity—a skirt, a blouse, a worn-out pair of black heels. A brassiere from the dryer, panties from the rag bag. I knew where she kept an old wedding dress—not hers, I didn't dare touch that—and sometimes tried it on when I was alone in the house. Dressing up was the only way I could feel good about myself. I couldn't stop.

When I was old enough I insisted on staying home when my parents went to the cottage. I told them it was to hang out with my friends—but, needless to say, I spent my evenings working my way through Mom's closet. I wore the wig she bought me for Halloween—a cute blonde pageboy—the jewelry we'd been sharing for as long as I could remember, and I eventually graduated to building a female face from the makeup she left behind.



Of course, I finally got caught. But not the way you might expect, her coming home early or whatever. This is the Internet Age. I got the news in an email.

I found myself staring at high-res images of *me* in panty hose and heels, wriggling into a tight panty-girdle; *me* in Mom's favorite little black dress; *me* bending over to insert my head into a blonde wig; *me* making myself pretty; *me* posing in the mirror like an 18-year-old girl warming up for prom night.

My error: not seeing the nanny-cam on the dresser.

I nearly died on the spot. Fortunately, I was alone in my room and no one heard me throwing up. Then I read the rest of the email. These photos, it said, and others like them would soon be posted on Facebook for all the world to see—unless I was a good girl and did exactly what Mom wanted me to do.

I couldn't believe it; I was being blackmailed by my own mother. And she wanted a daughter.

I have no idea how she sold this to my father, but he never said a word when I turned into a girl.

In retrospect I think she must've been dosing me with hormones for some time. I was never very big or strong, like other guys, and I never did grow any facial hair.

The day that I knuckled under and agreed to become her daughter, Mom took me to her salon where I received blonde hair extensions and a full makeover. When we got home she let me pick out whatever dress I wanted from her closet. Then we went out for dinner. Mom called me Gloria, while Dad just muttered something about me being "Daddy's little girl."

Later on, we went through my room, boxed up my boy clothes and discussed what a girl's room *should* look like. That's when Mom told me that I would be living as Gloria for a solid year, working at Dad's accountancy firm as a receptionist. After that I'd be free to choose: keep working as a woman, go to college as a coed, or even go back to being a boy—if I still wanted to, and if it were still possible.

I knew exactly what my year in heels would be like: Mom doing everything in her power to make me more of a woman, including pumping me full of enough estrogen to feminize a sumo wrestler.

And that's exactly what happened. I'm a full C-cup now. This dress isn't holding *itself* up, you know.

I think I'm going to like being a coed. ■