

Thanks, Mom! A son receives the gift of womanhood... *Amanda Hawkins*

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*Amanda
Hawkins*

Thanks for helping me, Mom. I sure do look like a real girl now, don't I? I can hardly believe it. Your old dress fits me perfectly, and my hair is so pretty like this. I know this is your favorite wig, so it means a lot that you trust me with it.

That's all right, dear. I wore that dress a lot when I was a secretary, not much older than you are now. I wore my hair like that too. < sigh > You look so much like I did back then, it almost makes me cry to look at you. But it's yours now. The dress, I mean. And you might as well keep the lingerie as well; it's a bit small on me. Ohhh, what the heck... keep the wig too. I wouldn't be able to wear it, knowing how perfect it looks on you. But make sure you brush it out after you take it off.

I will. This is so generous of you, Mom. I really thought you'd be mad, when you caught me using your makeup. Instead you've been so nice, making-up my face like this, letting me wear your clothes... I mean, not every mother would do that for their son.

Yes indeed, it was rather careless of you to leave facial powder sprinkled all over my vanity. How obvious can you get? Especially since you were the only one home while your father and I were away. It almost made me wonder if you did it on purpose---your way of telling me that you wanted to dress up like a woman. But I suppose there were better, and less messy, ways of doing that.

I didn't do it on purpose, that's for sure. But now I'm kind of glad it happened. I know we still have to hide this from Dad, but being able to dress up when he's off on one of his business trips---that's amazing. I love pretending that I'm a sexy housewife; even cooking and cleaning are fun.

Get used to it, honey. Those luscious breasts aren't coming off anytime soon---I used a special surgical adhesive that bonds to your skin. It'll wear off in three or four months. I've arranged for you to house-sit for your aunt in Seattle for the summer, while she and her husband are vacationing in Europe. We'll get you a fake ID so you can drive their car, and I'll give you a credit card linked to mine. Your name is Loribeth McArdle and you're twenty-three years old. If anyone asks, tell them you're my daughter from my first marriage. By the time this is over, you'll either have had your fill of womanhood, or you'll be a woman. Enjoy!