Daisy in Love

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

It was hard coming out to my parents as a sissy, but it is just something that had to be done. I just did not want them to have expectations for me that would lead to disappointment. I mean if they are going to be disappointed, then let’s get it all done up front – right?

My mother could hardly have been surprised. She always said that I was delicate. I like that word. It seems to describe a petal or a piece of fine bone China. It makes me feel good to use it. Delicate.

My father should not have been surprised. He sneered at almost everything I did. If anything his big surprise was that I even came out at all. It took some spunk, and he thought I did not have that. He was wrong. Sissies can be spunky.

“What exactly is a sissy, Dear?” My mother tried to be understanding. I guess a question is always the first step.

“I am an effeminate, submissive gay man who would like to present as a girly girl,” I explained. I suppose other sissies may have other definitions, but that one works for me.

“That is disgusting!” That was all my father could say, with that sneer.

“I could be your limp-wristed son, Daddy? At least this way you can pass me off as your daughter, or your niece if you want to put me at a distance.” I think that suggestion caught his attention. My mother would never let him throw me out, and so maybe I might be more excusable in another gender.

After that I heard that he called me “transgender”. Somehow that seemed to him to be preferable to saying that I was a raving queer who preferred outrageously feminine attire.

Anyway, that is all done now. It is more or less settled. I redecorated my room and destroyed all my male clothes. I decided that I was going to dress as a girl full time. I was not about to go by the name David. I chose Daisy because it is a flower, and all the girliest names are flowers. And a daisy is petite, and I am happily that, and a little common, and that might describe me too.

My father accepted my suggestion. He told everybody that his son David had left town and gone to the city, and that he had lost contact, or would over time. It was no secret to anybody that David was a fag, so he was spared the embarrassment of my presence.

He did not mention Daisy, but if anybody were to ask him the I understand the reply might be: “Oh her. My wife needed the company so her sister sent her daughter Daisy over to stay with us. A very silly girl. Dresses like a cartoon character.”

That would be my father. He does not understand that when a boy chooses to be a sissy he wants to announce to the world that he is more feminine than any girl. Actually, a cartoon might be right … or a caricature. The features that make a woman magnified. More pink, more frills, more curls, more mascara.

What is with nude stockings? Why would anybody wear those? Hey – my legs look like I am not wearing stockings! I wear black stockings or white stockings.

I don’t like wigs. A sissy needs to grow her hair as long as possible. You don’t want hair you can take off. I don’t want to go back to being a boy at night. Yuk. Extensions for volume are good. I go with that. Too much hair. It means that you need to take time getting it right. But I love all the styles that you can do. I love my GHDs – all sissies should.

I am lucky that I have quite big eyes - for titties and eyes, the bigger the better. Make up is something that needs to be worked on. Like I mean, learn and then apply, and reapply and reapply. It seems like every part of the day has its own look. It is just sooo much fun. Who would be a boy? Being a sissy is better.

Would I like to be a real girl? Maybe sometimes. It is just that something about being a girl are disgusting. I mean bleeding every month, and childbirth … oh my! Definitely not for me. The supersize dildo is as much stretching as I need. But keep your asshole tight. Keep your man happy.

Hair ornaments and earrings. So many pretty things. Honestly, I could die dreaming about them. I don’t like bangles, but I wear them, just because a girl does, so a sissy should. But high heels, those are essential. There is something about them that makes you know what you are. There is no running away in heels. What heels say is – “Here I am looking wonderful, but basically at your mercy while I am wearing these”. And if your legs and toes get a little sore, then pain is the price of beauty. Get over it.

Long fingernails are impractical too, but who would dream of stumpy fingers without nails. They are just downright ugly. I don’t have pockets to reach into anymore and that is just as well. I like handbags, especially little ones that are only big enough for lippy, mascara and a Kleenex. A credit card too, just in case, although a proper sissy is looking to find somebody who will pay for her pleasures.

“I don’t carry money. It’s just not me. I bet you have plenty.”

Let’s be practical – it is hard for a sissy to hold down a job. We are too pretty for male jobs and too giggly for serious work. But the truth is that a proper sissy just wants to be looked after. She wants to be there for her man. He is her job – better still, her everything. All a sissy wants is to find the right guy.

So that is what I did.

His name is Lucas. It is a manly name, as I remarked when I first met him. Lucas drives a truck.

I am guessing what you might be thinking – what about a brain surgeon or an airline pilot? I am a sissy remember, not a MAW (Model … Actress … Whatever). And Lucas owns his own truck and does long haul, and he has a good bunk behind his driving seat.

Lucas does not like to think of himself as gay, but he loves to tug on my little love stick, and occasionally he has been known to put it in his mouth. But he says that his asshole is only for shitting, not sharing, so I guess that makes me the catcher and him the pitcher. I am a sissy, so I am fine with that.

“Tone it down a bit,” he says if I am meeting him at the diner. “Maybe even wear jeans.”

Jeans?! I had to buy a pair, with embroidered flowers on them. I can wear them if I have a big flouncy blouse and ribbons in my hair, and heels too. He understands me now. I am not just any girl … in fact I am not really a girl at all. But I know that he wants me to appear to be one in front of his pals. It is all part of his masculinity, and I just adore his masculinity.

He likes to fuck me hard, and that is how I like it too. It is like we were made for one another. His truck is OK, but if we get a motel room we can really go wild, and we tend to make a bit of a mess, given that we are both spraying stuff about.

I was pretty sure I was in love with him. I mean, I thought about him all the time – him and Lucas Junior. Yes, I have a name for his cock. He has a name for mine too. He calls her Daisybelle. He likes to ring my Daisybelle.

Anyway, I thought that the time had come for me to introduce Lucas to my parents. He said that it might be kind of weird, but I said to him that what we have is a relationship, at least when he is in town. I explained that my parents knew what I was, but they still call me David.

I called my folks and told them that I was coming around with my steady boyfriend. Mom was keen but Dad took some persuading. I went to the salon and had my hair done, and I decided that for Lucas’s sake I would be more girl and less gay.

I think that my father was shocked. He was shocked to see me, but then Lucas thrust out his huge hand and probably crushed my father’s in it. He said – “Pleased to meet you, Sir,” in his honey baritone voice. Who could not be charmed. They talked football and boxing, and politics. I could see that my father liked him. It was just me clinging to Lucas’s arm and nuzzling his ear all the way through dinner that made Dad uncomfortable.

So, the evening sought of drew to a close, and I guess that Dad felt he had to say something.

“You seem like a fine young man, Lucas,” he said. “You could have any woman, so why would you go with this one, who is not a woman at all?” He pointed at me as if I was a pile of shit in the corner.

“Because I love her. It’s that simple.”

That’s right. He said the L word. My heart almost burst out of my chest. I knew it at that moment - I was in love. I could not wait to get him outside and pile into his truck parked in our drive. And then have him pile into me – bigtime. I hope my father could hear my orgasmic screams. I made them as loud as possible.

The End

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