In Mother’s Place

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

My mother was a beautiful woman but seemed to us to have always been sad. I was just 17 and still in high school when she finally put an end to her life. She walked from the homestead to big sycamore tree on the hill, and tied a rope to a high bough. There was a fence line near the tree and she climbed the post, put the noose around her neck and jumped off.

Our father may not have been the cause of her depression, but he did nothing to help it. He just could not understand her pain – I don't think any of us did – and he thought she should be able to snap out of it. But she couldn't.

There was no mistaking his agony on losing her. I think that we only began to understand what true love was when we saw how it affected him. He just locked himself away, or went on long walks, down the Hollow, or along Sturrock ridge, or even to the hill with the sycamore. My older brother Haddon was so worried he would often follow, just out of sight, to make sure we didn't lose him as well.

In time like this all four of us boys needed to work together. We had no family outside of us, or none we knew of. Some of the folks from town had been there for the funeral and offered help, but our spread was far out, and so nobody called in after the first week. We had some support at school. All of us went to the same school – a combined junior and senior high school. We had some “counselling” and Haddon and I received permission to study at home so we could help on the farm. The 2 youngest, Mason and Augie, still took the bus to school and back every day.

Then came the day that my father decided how we would cope. He got us all together in the living room for a family meeting. He said that it was his hope that Haddon would work the farm, but he would support him to study further after he completed High School in a few months. He told Mason and Augie that there would need to take over my chores, because I would need to take over from our mother. My job was to be the woman of the house.

I thought that he was joking. For the first time since I mother died I smiled, and maybe even laughed a little. Haddon did not know what to think, but he wasn't laughing. Our father was a serious man. Serious and practical.

I was starting to get a little worried I said: “But Pop, I can do the chores alright, but I am no woman.”

“Then we'll have to fix that,” he said. “But it seems clear to me. You look most like her. She taught you how to cook and do the laundry. I know you have tried, but you're not up to it on the range. You've always belonged in the homestead.”

“I'll take over the barn,” volunteered Mason. It was one of my jobs, and one I liked. I liked to have my own space out there sometimes. I had it tidy and organized, the way I like things. I knew Mason was just being helpful, but it seemed like I was getting shut out of things.

“Here's what we are going to do,” started my father, in his typical clear and methodical fashion. In some ways it was good to have him back, even if his plan seemed crazed. “You are going to call me Dan,” he said to me. “Only you. Not the boys. I'm going to call you Lizzie.”

My mother's name was Elizabeth, but everybody called her Beth. My father did too, but more often he called her “Darling” or “Sweetheart”. I knew from old letters he had called her Lizzie in the distant past, but this name distinguished me from my mother. But there was no doubt he intended to address me as if I were a woman from that day forward.

“You are going to move into the main bedroom. Leave all your clothes for Mason in your room. Augie can now have the attic to himself. For now, I will sleep in the box room.”

The box room was downstairs and had a cot in it. My father was sent to sleep there occasionally when he was snoring, or he had upset my mother more than usual. But it seemed to us that he liked the room. It was small and warm and opened directly onto the veranda, which was his favorite part of the house.

“I want you to grow out your hair and pluck that chin of yours,” he said. I want you to wear your mother's clothes and try to look good. I want you to care for the boys as only a mother can. I have total faith in you. You can do this. Only you.”

I was open-mouthed as he said the words. But he looked at me in a way I had not seen before. It seemed to me that he was on the edge of tears, and I had always understood that my father had never cried once in his life. His face spoke to me of love for his family, and love for me in particular. I was my mother's favorite always, but now I was my father's favorite too. What he was insisting on seemed like madness, but I don't think that any of us felt I could say no.

“Now go upstairs and draw yourself a bath,” he said. And then he turned to the others and said: “I want all of you to respect your new mother. A sacrifice is being made by her to protect this family. In return I expect from each of you respect, obedience and love. Do you understand.”

Everybody nodded. I could see that Haddon was worried that our father had become completely unhinged. But I put a hand on his arm to reassure him. He was still our father, and he seemed so together otherwise. It seemed that he had broken out of his grief and was concerned for his family and for the farm. It was a good thing. We could go with it until he regained his senses.

I went upstairs as instructed and prepared a hot bath. I showered daily but did not use the bath which adjoined the main bedroom. I was taking off my clothes when my father entered the bathroom. He had in his hand a safety razor, and in the other hand a syringe. This worried me further.

“This is your mother's HRT shot,” he explained, preparing the syringe. “It is for you now.”

I was not sure what that all meant, but I bent over under his hand and felt the cool liquid enter the muscle of my right butt cheek.

“Use the razor to remove all the hair from your body below the neck.” For good measure he threw a perfumed bag into the bath water, and showed me the shampoo and conditioner I would need to use to wash my hair.

Now at that time my hair was longer than my brothers, but not so long. It was just that theirs was really short, and I just favored a longer style. It would take months before my father was happy with my hair length. Anyway, I washed it and it seemed almost magically develop more body and shine when it dried out later.

I did have some fuzz on my face, but in truth I was well behind most of the kids in my class. My father showed me some 'depilatory compound' that my mother used. I never knew she had a problem with facial hair. Anyway, it needed to be applied and left to dry then pulled off. It left my face red and sore, but the fuzz on chin and lip and in front of my ears, was gone, and the inflammation was gone within a day or two.

I used the razor as instructed. I did leave something of my pubic hair. It was still a fairly new feature and I was not keen to lose it, and I figured that girls have hair there too. Even though I had only just started to develop masculine body hair, shaving it off seemed to leave my skin super-sensitive. Luckily my mother had towels that seemed so much softer that the ones we used.

My father had removed the last of my clothes when I was in the bath, so when I came out there was nothing to wear except my mother's clothes. My father had a wardrobe and a chest in the main bedroom too, but these he had locked. He always had done – the rifles were in the back of his wardrobe and there was ammunition in the chest. He kept work clothes in the box room so he did not need to go upstairs unless it was get a rifle or his town clothes.

So, I had to look at what my mother had. Because I helped her with the laundry sometimes I knew what everything was, including her stuff. She had pants and shirts, but I got the feeling that with the way my father was talking that I needed to pick something more feminine. I chose a simple slip and over it a dress with a colorful pattern. Around the house my mother favored flat sandals and I found a pair that fitted me.

I felt ridiculous. But I looked at myself in the mirror and decided that I didn't look to bad. I started to make stupid poses in the mirror – smiling or pouting at my own image, sliding up the hem of my dress to show a shapely shaven thigh. I started to get an erection, and it became a massive one. I had to jerk off. It took four Kleenex to catch it and tidy up the mess.

I pulled myself together and went downstairs. I had decided that if my brothers laughed at me, I would just ignore them. They were back at the table going through a list of chores. They turned as one. The look on their faces was more amazement than amusement.

“You look so much like your mother,” my father said. Maybe I did, but a happy version. I could not help but smile and turn out a hip.

Augie giggled. My father's look turned dark. He said to his youngest: “Augie! I told you to respect your new mother. Go to her now and kiss her on the cheek. You will help her with dinner tonight, and wash up alone.”

Augie sidled over. Of all of us apart from my father, he had taken the loss of our mother most seriously. He was, after all, the baby of the family. I offered him a smooth cheek. He kissed it and whispered: “You smell nice and look really pretty.”

I expected to pull away and see a teasing face, but he was serious. Maybe the smell of the bath salts still lingered on me. And I looked pretty? I was still me, but just wearing a dress. Maybe my hair looked a little different from the special shampoo. My face was still slightly inflamed after the depilation treatment. But somehow, I felt pretty.

Before I set about making dinner I decided to use a scarf to tie around my hair. As I said, it was not so long but as it was softer now, there were some longer bits falling in my eyes. The scarf I used looked really nice. I kept in on when we ate dinner.

Since our mother died we had not had a proper dinner the way we used to. It felt good. All of us felt it the same way, I am sure. Our father had opened a flagon of his ginger beer which we shared to wash down the fresh farm meat I had roasted. I think that we all felt that we were on the way towards happier times. Our father was positive, and that rubbed onto us. Wearing a dress seemed a small price to pay.

Of course, I was concerned that my father might be a little disturbed. I raised it with Haddon, but he seemed to be unconcerned.

“You have to face it, you look like Mom,” he said. “I think Pop just figures that having a woman around the house, is good for morale. I think he is right. Somehow it does feel good having you around dressed like that. Or do you think I'm crazy too?”

I have to say it – I really admired my big brother. I thought he was great. He was good looking and athletic and very popular. But he never liked me around. Now suddenly he did. That made me feel good.

I just worked with it. I contacted the school and had Mason collect some papers for me to do some studies at home. Mason confirmed my story that with mother gone I had some duties that would take me out of school for a while. Of course, the school was understanding. In any case, our state allowed for me to drop out with a parent’s consent – my father’s consent.

A few days later my father said that he was going to run me into town to go to the beauty shop. He said not our local town, but Stowbridge beyond it – over 2 hours’ drive. We would leave at 7:00am for an appointment at 10:00am. I told him I was OK with how I looked but he said that I needed to try to look a bit better. He knew the owner of the shop from way back, and had already arranged things.

I laid out something to wear the night before. It was a dress that I knew my mother wore to go into town for something special. I wore some nice shoes with a slight wedge heel. My mother owned nothing in the way of high heels, but even this took some practice to feel comfortable in.

My father wore pressed pants and a clean shirt and carried with him a smart jacket. He told me that he was going to take me for lunch after my treatment. As it was we had to stop for breakfast on the way. It was the first time that I had been in public dressed as a woman. I was sure that I would be stared at, but maybe it was just too early people weren't looking. Even with a bad haircut, bushy eyebrows and no makeup, nobody seemed to notice.

But at the beauty shop they sure did. The owner's name was Frankie (I guessed short for Frances or Francine) and she said that she had known my father before he married my mother. She said that she understood that I was a boy trying to be a girl and that she was going to help. I figured there was no sense in filling her in on the real situation. I would go along with it.

So I got the works. She washed, colored and cut my hair. It ended up quite blonde and cut in a high blunt cut parted on the side. It was unmistakably feminine and hard to disguise as anything else. She told me that it was a great cut to grow out into a longer bob. My eyebrows were plucked into a girlish style - again impossible to hide. Although my nails were functionally short I got a manicure (and a pedicure) and clear nail polish applied. She gave me some colored polishes to try.

Then she applied the makeup. She explained everything that she was doing and why. She had me do the eyeliner in the second eye, and then she tidied it up. She suggested that practice was needed and even though makeup had no place on the farm I should practice eyeliner, mascara and lipstick every couple of days. She convinced me that even if I had no need to wear makeup it was a skill that should be developed should I be called upon to appear convincing.

I was there almost three hours and we talked the whole time. She said that I needed to work on talking and acting more like a woman. She gave me some coaching on lifting the tone of my voice, and also moving in a feminine way. I figured that If I was going to appear in public like this, I needed to blend in by having these skills. I worked on them at the salon and afterwards when lunching with my father at the Stowbridge Hotel right in the middle of town. My father said that I looked beautiful, and I think that was probably a fair description.

That night, after dinner, I spent an age sitting in front of the mirror looking at myself. I really was quite beautiful, especially if I played with the lighting a little. The makeup made my eyes look larger and bluer. The lipstick made my lips look sensual and inviting. I found some of my mother’s earrings that were clip on and I wore them. They were an old style but looked good with this hairstyle. Most of her earrings needed pierced ears, so I started to wonder about getting my ears pierced.

Anyway, I jacked off again. I imagined my pink glistening lips around my own cock, although that was not possible. But it was like having your own porno actress in your bedroom, except that it was just my reflection in the mirror. This time I noticed that I was not fully erect when I came, and that the semen seemed a little clearer and thinner than usual. I had no idea that this was the hormones working on me.

The real effect only became apparent when I notice tenderness and puffiness around my nipples a couple of weeks after that. By this time too, I was starting to feel a little different. It was not unpleasant. In fact, I felt quite happy, even when I cried for no apparent reason. I did get some abdominal cramps. My father had some tablets for me to take, but these were just more of the same. A week later he administered another injection. I just bent over and took it submissively. This time I felt that I could feel the essence of female started to flow around my body.

At this point I feel that I must explain that I had never had any feminine or gay thoughts in my life before. I just regarded myself as a normal guy. I could see now alongside some old photos of my mother, that I did indeed look like her, but I never thought of myself as being effeminate. But now it was changing. Some of the movements that I had learned from Frankie now just seemed like second nature. And some other gestures I just seemed to have picked up. Maybe from TV or perhaps recalled from my mother.

As my hair got longer I found myself playing with it, and spending way too much time brushing it. I kept it washed and had my father pick up from the supermarket a range of products that Frankie had recommended – not just for my hair but for my face and hands too.

It is a small town and I am not sure what people must have thought. Why would a man and his four sons be buying such feminine things? If I had showed up in town, even wearing jeans and a tee shirt, looking as I did now I would have set the place alight. The thought crossed my mind that maybe I should do it? But not yet. I just stayed at home. The female me was just for my family.

Instead, to appear in public I had to go all the way to Stowbridge, which I did once a month to get my makeover. For my eighteenth birthday my father drove me into Stowbridge and took both me and Frankie to lunch. He said that both she and I could go shopping and he would meet the account (up to a generous level) and then we could meet at the Cattlemen's Club for an afternoon drink. She said that I needed to get some underwear – in particular and training bra to deal with my developing titties, and some shaping underpants to give me some shape in the rear, and less shape in the front. In the end, we had to get that second item online.

It was quite late by the time we got back. The boys had made themselves a meal but Pop and I bought home a special dessert cake which we sat around and ate together.

Haddon seemed a little glum that evening and he went out on the porch when my father went off to do night rounds and the youngsters were watching TV. I went outside to see that he was OK. He was looking out at the moon and so I asked him what was wrong.

He turned to me and seemed to shudder. He came right up to me and held me by my upper arms. I could feel his firm grip on what was now just soft flesh instead of muscle. He said: “You're just so beautiful you are driving me crazy.”

I was beautiful. I had just got back from Stowbridge. I had my ears pierced there and I was wearing pearl studs. I had my roots done and a little wave blow dried into my hair. Even after some hours in town and the 2 hours drive home, my hair and makeup were perfect. I had checked my face in the mirror as was now my habit, and maybe freshened it a little. I knew how good I looked, and I liked the feeling.

“I know it’s wrong,” said Haddon. “But I want you. I want you bad.”

He pulled me to him and kissed me. I suppose in my shock my mouth opened a little. It was like an invitation to him to push his tongue in. I tried to resist but I realized that all my strength had been destroyed by the hormones. And I was beginning to feel faint from the heat that appeared to have come from nowhere, on a cool night. In fact, it was him who broke away. He had a look of horror on his face. He hurried inside. I just stood there for a moment. Then as I turned to go inside I saw my reflection in the window. I found myself checking the hair that my brother had disturbed in his passion. I should have been in a state of shock, but I was adjusting my hair.

Then later that night, just as I was getting ready for bed, there was a knock on my bedroom door. I thought it would be Haddon, but it was my father.

“I wonder if I could sleep in our bed tonight,” he said, about as politely as a man could ask such a thing. He said 'our bed', and I assumed by that he meant the bed that he had shared with our mother for 20 odd years. He was entitled to call it 'our bed' and I had little right to claim it as mine. But later it appeared that his meaning was 'our bed' being his and mine.

So, I let him lie next to me and I said goodnight, and he lay there for a while. I had my back turned and then I feel him stroking my hair. I thought: 'What is wrong with everybody in this house. A girl gets her hair done and everybody wants to sleep with her.' I felt his rough hand caress my arm and then I can feel it on my butt, though I am wearing a heavy nightie. I was a little worried for a while but then I heard him snoring, and I followed him off to sleep.

When he woke up in the morning before dawn, he kissed me on the forehead and then went out. I wondered if he would come again that night, but he didn't. It would be winter before he would be back again in 'our bed'.

Haddon avoided me, but I felt that I needed to reassure him. It was a day or two before I found the opportunity. He was fixing a gate in the yards and I took him down a cool drink and some freshly baked muffins. I wore a pair of my mother’s jeans and a shirt, but I was wearing my black bra and had my hair with a few curls put in with a wand. Just a little makeup. It was a practice day.

“I know what incest is,” he said. “It is wrong to desire your sister.”

“I'm not your sister,” I said. “You haven't been raised with a sister. If you had been and you wanted her then that would be incest. I’m new to this house. I look good. I don’t think it’s that weird to desire me.”

“But you look like Mom,” he said. “That makes it even worse.”

“I'm not her either,” I said. I did look a bit like her. But she was older – maybe old before her time – and sad. Always sad. Not like me at all.

“So, who are you exactly?” he asked.

“I'm here to make everybody happy, remember?” I snapped angrily. “To be a cardboard wife for Pop, and a cardboard mother for Mason and Augie. And for you … what am I to you?”

He came closer and took off his work gloves. He said: “You are my dream woman. You love the farm. You love my family. You look like a goddess. You cook better than Mom. And when you are in the room everybody is happy.”

“I can do all of that,” I said confidently. “What more do you want?”

“I want to make love to you.” He was standing over me, so that my feminized body seemed so pathetically small.

“Not physically possible,” I said, trying to escape under his arm. He barred my way, but gently.

“I am not going to force myself on you Lizzie,” he said, using my new name for the first time I could recall. “I only want it if you want it. But I want it so, so bad.”

Now I don't know anything about gay sex but I was guessing that he was talking about fucking me up the ass. The idea was disgusting. So why was I standing there thinking about it? Thinking about having sex with my own brother. I had an idea in my head that we were face to face, like a man and a woman, not like a bull and a heifer. And I imagined he was deep inside me, and my arms were around his neck, and I was screaming for joy.

My silence and inaction seemed to encourage him. He said: “Would you consider it?”

I said nothing as I hurried back up to the homestead.

What I had learned that afternoon, was just how much I needed my older brother's love and respect. I felt that I had never had it until that point. I had always admired him – maybe even worshipped him. He never saw me. Not until now. Now he dreamt about me. I was perfect to him. From being nothing, I was suddenly everything he thought about. It was intoxicating.

I already knew that I liked looking pretty. I know that sounds strange for a normal guy to say that, but there was something about seeing myself in the mirror with my hair looking good and my lipstick on, that brightened my day. As my father knew it would, it brightened everybody else's too. Since I had become Lizzie our home was a bright and happy place. We would never forget our mother, and her place in our hearts was assured, but that place was in our hearts, not our eyes. I was here, now.

I had a bath that night. I shaved my body. I moisturized it afterwards. Then I took some of the moisturizer on my finger and I stuck it up my asshole. I had never done that before. I just wondered what it would be like to be fucked up the ass. It was not an unpleasant feeling.

My mother had a vibrator. I had discovered it about a week after I took up residence in the main bedroom, when I was looking among her things. It was hidden so I guess my father didn't know. I thought that she might have used it when he was away for days bringing in stock from beyond the ridge. I checked the batteries.

I looked at myself in the mirror before I put on my night cream. The original hairstyle had grown out well. It was down to my shoulders and I know wore a side parting with a colorful hairclip during the day. I swept it up at the back. It was long enough to put up, and I longed to learn more about how to do that. I could be a really sophisticated lady, not just a farm girl. What did the future hold for me? One thing was becoming clear: There was no going back to boyhood.

It was a few nights after that when I brought myself to a true female orgasm for the first time with that vibrator. Only then did I start to wonder about what it would be like to have a real penis inside me. I was thinking about Haddon's penis.

I asked my father to take me to Stowbridge. I went to Frankies and I asked her about styling my longer hair. Her assistant had hair the same length as mine and as she had light custom that day, we spent time going through all sorts of styles that I could do at home.

“You need to practice,” she said. She supplied some necessary equipment, all of which would be added to the bill my father would need to pay. I was late when I turned up to meet him, but I had never looked better. My hair was up in a special do, and wore false eyelashes for the first time. I looked like a Hollywood star. I did a little twirl for him. My father was stunned, and maybe not completely approving of this look. My mother would never have appeared like this.

When we walked down the street I could feel people looking at me. I could see the men thinking 'who is that beautiful woman' and the women thinking 'if only I looked as good as that'. I loved the feeling. When we got into the car I could see my father looking at me, and I could see his thoughts too. To settle my discomfort I said, in my sweetest girly voice: “Thank you Dan,” and I kissed him on his weather-beaten cheek.

When I arrived home I still had time to make dinner so we could all sit down together, me and all my men about me. I say men because they all seemed that now. Mason would turn 14 on the weekend and had grown since our mother died. He said: “I love your new look, Lizzie.”

I could almost smell the testosterone coming off Haddon. He stared at me all evening with nothing short of lust. There was a frustration on his face, but also adoration. At the yards a week ago he had been angry. Maybe angry with himself. I felt like telling him that we could make love. I was ready now. But the time as not right.

But that evening my father came to call. He insisted on taking my hair down and brushing it. He slept with me that night, his face in my fragrant locks, his arm across my hip. It was winter and his body was warm. I knew that my father desired me as much as my brother did, but he was more reserved. Maybe the instincts against sex with kin were stronger in him. I was not so sure.

Mason was throwing a birthday party on Sunday afternoon. Because our place was so far from town, the party was thrown at the hall next to the old Church about half way between the town and our front gate. I was instrumental in the whole thing so that meant my presence had to be explained.

Augie said: “Why don't you just tell everybody that you have taken over from Mom?”

My father suggested: “You could be my new girlfriend. Every man must move on from the past.”

“They'd never believe it Pop,” said Haddon. “She's just too pretty. She could be my girlfriend.”

So, for the day I was. I made things ready and I Haddon and I put up some decorations. I had put my hair up, but in a more casual style, with some curls on top. I wore a dress suitable for a party and some shoes that I had bought myself, with heels.

When the guests arrived there were Mason's young friends, and some parents. that I needed to be introduced to. For some reason Haddon decided to introduce me as “Lily” rather than “Lizzie” – Elizabeth was my mother’s name after all. At least one person said to Haddon: “You seem to have a found a young woman who looks so much like your mother.”

The official story was to be that the missing brother had drawn the short straw and was back at the farm looking after things. But the truth is that nobody asked after me. I had always been a bit of a non-entity.

But as “Lily” I was a hit. Everybody complimented my baking and the work I had done on decorations and activities. I engaged with some of the ladies talking about clothes and fashion trends, household issues, and the problem of looking after men. I was enjoying myself. More importantly, I was so completely feminine that nobody there would ever guess that I had a penis between my legs.

Then I was approached by Rachel Beamish, the older sister of one of the partygoers and a classmate of mine. If anyone was going to recognize me it would be her. I had to outdo myself here.

“So, you're Haddon's girl?” she asked. “What a catch.” She obviously fancied him.

I looked at Haddon and he saw me and he started strolling over.

“I never wanted to be with a rancher,” I said to Rachel. “I was raised on a farm and hoped to get away from all that. But here he is. How could I resist.”

Haddon came up to me and kissed and nuzzled my neck. I giggled. Rachel walked away. Haddon didn't. He put his arm around my waist and whispered in my ear: “You are driving me crazy. I need to make to make love to you.”

“Maybe tonight,” I chided. “But only if you behave yourself.”

I could see my father looking at us, disapprovingly. Suddenly my life had become very complicated.

But at the same time, I felt hugely powerful. The two most important people in the household desired me. What I had, they both wanted. I felt that it was time to test my power.

Haddon was like a lovesick puppy. He could not do enough for the rest of the night. I felt that he had earned his reward. But I knew that he would not be happy just to lie beside me as my father did. He would want me to suck him off or to penetrate me. I had no experience of either, but I felt that I needed to prepare myself,

I had already used the vibrator far too often, but that evening I flushed myself out using a cattle drenching tool, with warm water that had been perfumed with rose petals. I bathed and shaved my legs. I brushed out my hair and scented it a little.

On my last trip to Stowbridge I had bought nightgowns with some of the money my father had given me. I had a choice of practical or sexy, but I went with sexy. My breasts were clearly visible through it. I wore panties that held my things in, but not too tightly. It was possible to pull panties to one side and penetrate me as if my things were not even there, if you preferred that.

I could have gone to Haddon but I decided I would wait for him. I did not have to wait long. He knocked and then opened the door. I stood, trying to look as sexy as possible. He was wearing boxers and I could see my impact on him immediately he stood away from the door so that we could go to his room.

We turned the corner in the hall and I could hear my father coming up the stairs. He stopped and we both froze. My faster knocked on the master bedroom door. When he got no reply he whispered: “Lizzie” and opened the door. He then closed it and walked back down to sleep in the boxroom. I am not sure what made him decide not to enter, but it was lucky for us.

Haddon was pressed up against me in the hall. He kissed me. Tenderly. I think that what I did then was swoon. I guess that was what it was. He picked me up as if I was a new born steer and carried me to his bed.

I did not have to wonder after that. I knew what it was like to take a man inside me, full length. I felt the hot semen inside me for the first time, and then a second, and much later a third time. I felt a strong young man hold my body and turn it to his will. I felt how tender calloused hands can be running over soft skin like mine, touching all the points designed to pleasure me. After that night I knew what it was like for a woman to be physically loved and worshipped.

The following night my father came up earlier and slipped into bed with me. Haddon came to call too. He did not knock. He opened the door quietly and then closed it quietly. He understood that I needed to share myself.

I had actually prepared my asshole for my father that night, but he did not take advantage. But he did appreciate that I took his cock in my hand and jacked him off into a Kleenex. He kissed me on the lips, but it was not the same as Haddon. It was gentler and perhaps more loving than passionate. No tongue, which made me happy. My relationship with my father was just different.

When I woke up I was in my father’s arms. His body was hard and weathered, but warm and strong. I felt that in all the years I was this man’s son, I could get as close to him as I was now. It is a special love. Not even a daughter could experience this.

He was awake and caressing me. I asked him: “Dan, don’t you want to make love to me?”

He pulled himself onto an elbow and he looked me in the eyes. His eyes were moist, almost as if there would be tears about to flow. He said softly: “I want you to be my wife … or live as my wife. But only if we can make love as a husband and wife do. I cannot bear the thought of maleness down there. I want you to have an operation to get rid of it. To get a vagina.”

I blurted out: “Haddon doesn’t care. He is happy with me the way I am.”

“It pains me to say it,” my father said, “But that makes him a pervert.”

I laughed humorlessly. “You’re the one who dressed me like a woman, who has been injecting me with hormones every month, taking a boy for beauty treatments and hair styling. What does that make you?”

“I am a man,” he said. Nobody could doubt that. “I’m a man who needed a woman. And you’ve always been there. I needed a wife and a mother, and you were there. You may not have seen it in yourself, but I always have. If I was wrong, then take off the dress now. I’ll get the clippers and we will shave off that hair.”

“No,” I squealed. “No, please, Daddy please don’t.” It was the first time I had called him ‘Daddy’.

“So are you a boy in a dress, or a woman?”

“I want to be a woman. A real woman. Not a boy pretending to be one. I don’t care for what is between my legs. I would be really happy to have a vagina.” I could hear myself saying the words, but I could not quite believe it. I once was a normal young man, and now I was throwing aside my cock and balls. But it was because I knew they were no longer part of me. All I ever did was hide them, and curse the fact that they were there at all, ruining the look of my panties, and preventing me from wearing tighter knits or a swimsuit.

This is who I was now. What I had between my legs did not belong there. It was all wrong. I wanted to put things right.

“Daddy,” I said. “If I did get one, a vagina, I am not promising to be your wife.”

“I only want you to be happy,” he said. I have no doubt that he meant it. It seemed like calling him ‘Daddy’ had somehow broken him out of the idea that I was some recreation of the woman that he had loved and lost. I was now his daughter, or his son who needed to become his daughter, and he was my father, with the obligation to protect me, not exploit me.

A man who wants to be surgically altered to become female is transgendered. I knew that, so I guess I knew that was what I was. Up until then I had never understood it. Maybe only my father saw the woman in me. Haddon never saw it until my tits were in his face. In fact he never saw me.

In fact I have to say that my decision to accept my father’s invitation and have the surgery did not please Haddon at all. The truth is that he had a hankering for another type of girl. In the end, he found one – an ex-farmhand with big tits and big hair, and I suspect a bigger dick than his. She was perfect for him

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| I could not stay with my father either. After the operation I never stopped looking for a man who had not known me as anybody else but me, but was willing to take me as I am, born as I was, corrected as I had been.  And the man I found years later? Luck is, that he is a farmer, just like my father and brother – just a bit richer. A widower with three children. A loving husband and a ready-made family that I could care for as I had done my own. | http://theexaminer.com/sites/default/files/blog/img_2308.jpg  *My Husband Jake and I at the Cattle Baron’s Ball* |

The End

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