Mother Daughter Bonding

A Short Story  
By Maryanne Peters

"I don't know about this," I said. “It’s like Stan and Kevin might have the wrong idea about us. Just because we like dressing up as women now and again does not mean we are gay, or anything like that. I'm straight, just like you Dad.”

"Sure," my dad replied, but did I sense a little uncertainty? "It’s just a fantasy thing. We have to explain that to them. It’s a release mechanism. I used to do it before I was married, and well, since your mother died, I just slipped back into old habits.”

“The reason why I have started dressing is to support you, Dad,” I said. “I mean I got a shock when I first caught you dressing up, but I understand it now. It is like having Mom still with us.”

And that was the way it was. It was only a month or so after Mom died in a car accident. I came home from school and found Dad dressed up as her, in a dress and with makeup on too. He told me that he had been wearing her nightie to bed every day since she died. It was a comfort to him. After that, I tried it too, and it worked. If was as if she was there with me, like I sometimes crawled into bed beside her when I had a bad dream.

But I never dreamed that would lead me to go as far as my father did. It was just that once I knew about him, he felt able to be dressed in my presence, and I lost all inhibitions and started doing it too.

Mom had a thing for clothes. Her wardrobe would be at least three times what Dad and I had, combined. All kinds of colors and styles. And it so happened that Dad and I were the same size as Mom – sort of slightly built. It became sort of a game.

Dad used to say we could be twins. I mean, my parents had me when they were eighteen and so my dad despite being thirty-six still looked very young. And we both had soft features, so we actually looked pretty good as women. I guess that helped us to go further with our cross-dressing than we should have. That and some kind of competitive streak maybe. Who could look better?

I could get away with growing my hair long, but Dad had to be more careful to work with something that could be slicked to look masculine. But Dad wore a suit to work and could be 100% shaved down underneath. I did not feel confident doing that until I had left school and started working at the department store.

There is a staff discount available there, and I took full advantage of that for both of us, as well as having access to free samples of cosmetics and other beauty products.

I was new to this, but I began to understand what a vocation crossdressing can become. It is not just a released but a transference, like transporting into the body of another. And it is artistry as well, taking the raw form of a human body and creating something of beauty from it.

It seemed innocent and harmless. Something that we could share as father and son. Our mutual love of cross-dressing.

It made us closer. It made us closer. It made the sadness of the loss of the woman that we both loved more than anything in the world, tolerable. When we looked at one another dressed beautifully, we had a look that we would give one another. It was just a nod to her. The woman that we worshipped, by imitation.

Stan worked with Dad and he said that he admired how close we were. He told Dad that he wished that he could be close to his own son Kevin. Stand had been divorced from his wife for many years, and because she had started a new family, Kevin had moved in with him. At 19 he was now a year older than me, so a full adult, but he had recently broken up with his long-term girlfriend and Stan still felt that he needed to do something with him. Maybe we could show him how to bond with his son?

The camping trip was Stan’s idea. For Dad and me it just meant a long weekend in drab male clothes. We would not look forward to that.

Still, my Dad was never one to refuse somebody in need of help. The weekend before we went into the garage to get out the camping gear, and we laid it all out on the lawn behind the house, to pitch the tent and check it for holes.

Our backyard is a very private space. It has a high fence on one side and trees and shrubs on the other two sides so that it is not overlooked. Of course, Dad and I were wearing our bikinis as it was such a fine day. We were tucked below and had inserts in our tops. We were talking in our girly voices about how we were going to explain our shaved bodies to Stan and Kevin. It was a worry.

Then we heard something and we both turned around. There were Stan and Kevin standing there. They had just come around unannounced to compare equipment and they saw the garage open, and the back door to the yard, with the tent taking shape. They just walked right on through. And there we were.

Maybe just seconds, but it seemed like an hour, just staring. Somebody said WTF. Maybe we all did.

“It’s just something we do on the weekends,” said Dad, dropping the voice as low as I ever heard him.

“Whatever,” said Stan.

Kevin was smiling. He was looking at me, and he was leering. That is the word. I mean, I had washed my hair in the morning and had given it body, and it was in a ponytail with a few curls added with a wand. And I was wearing a little makeup. And the bikini looked good on me. He was leering.

“What is your name?” he said. “I mean, what is your name when you are dressed like this?”

“Leah,” I said, in a shy girly voice.

Stan looked at his son. Then he looked back at Dad. He said: “And you can’t be Mark dressed like that?”

“Marcia,” said Dad, clearly in shame, in a sad male voice. But then he pulled his shoulders back and thrust out his padded bikini top and said, in his woman voice: “My name is Marcia.”

“I want to go camping with Leah and Marcia.” It was Kevin. He might have been talking to his father, but he was looking at me. Leering at me. Or was his saying it to me and Dad.

“Sure, whatever,” said Stan. I think if his son had suggested a picnic on the moon, he would have said the same thing.

Which leads back to the discussion that I was having with my Dad when they had left. That is to say, that Stan and Kevin might have the wrong idea about us.

"Just because I have occasionally fantasized about what it would be like to be with a man, doesn't mean I actually want to do it,” my father said.

“You’ve fantasized about sex with a man?” I have to say that I was a little surprised. But also I was a little relieved, as I thought that it might just be me.

“It’s just a game,” Dad said.

“It has suddenly become a whole lot more real,” I said. “We have never even left the house dressed like this and now these guys are suggesting we go out into the woods with them for 3 nights?”

“You’re right,” said Dad. “We need to get out of the house fully dressed first. Just to test our ability to pass.”

“Dad, what are you talking about,” I said. I was arguing against even though deep inside I was thrilled at the prospect of going out as Leah.

“Let’s go out tonight,” said Dad. “As mother and daughter.”

I was staring at him in disbelief, or amazement, or something.

“Ok,” I said. So, we went inside and got changed and we went out.

I helped Marcia with her hair. She had grown it to the right length for a reason. With curlers and combing and a bit of spray, it became a very feminine hairstyle. There was no way either of us were going out in wigs.  
  
It was not really a mother daughter thing. I called her Marcia and she called me Leah. An older woman and a younger woman, browsing the fashion shops together, and then going out for dinner at a nice restaurant. It seemed crazy that we had not done this before. After over a year of being two women who were carefully assessing one another, this all seemed so easy.

But the most remarkable thing that we noticed was the effect that we had on men. It was not just Kevin. All men seemed to notice us. We were aware that we were being watched. And then, in the restaurant we had some drinks sent to our table by a couple of guys. We did not accept their invitation to join them, but we both thought about it.

I think that we both felt that we had turned a corner that night. Somehow dressing was never as good as it was when we were getting ready to go out.

On Monday night Dad picked me up on his way home from work.

“We are not going camping next weekend,” he said. I have to say that I was very relieved to hear it. “Stan has a house is the town that he and Kevin used to live in. The town is on the coast. It has a nice beach, and a harbor with boats and lots of things to do. And we will not be under canvas and have twigs and stuff in our hair. So of course, I said yes.”

I had agreed to camping to help out a father and son in strife, but it now appeared to me that what Marcia was doing was extending or pressing her experience as a woman. She was dragging me along for the ride. No matter what reluctance I might be expressing on the outside, inside I was excited.

“Padded bras will not be good enough for the beach,” I said. “We are going to have to get latex breast forms and work on improving our tucking.” I was plunging in headfirst just like she was. We had so much to do and only three days to do it. We would be leaving first thing Friday morning.

What we were not aware of was that both of the boy’s ex’s were living in the town that we were going to. Stan’s ex-wife (Kevin’s mother) and Kevin’s ex-girlfriend lived there, and we were to be paraded to provoke jealousy, but we did not know that. All that we knew was that we were asked to pack some outfits to go out in the evenings as well as summer dresses and swimsuits.

I have to say it, as we were packing, we were like little girls, laying out our pretty things and tittering away. I swear, if you have never tried crossdressing you could never understand just how happy we were that Thursday night. Like the night before prom, or your wedding day – all your dreams would come true on the day that followed.

If that sounds like a portent of doom then I apologize, because everything went great. When the boys picked us up, we were standing outside our house resplendent in the prettiest outfits imaginable.

Stan suggested that we throw our stuff in the back of his car, but we just frowned. We had big suitcase crammed with bales of gorgeous things, so we just stood with our hands on our shapely hips until they collected and stowed our bags. Marcia and I were agreed – we would lift a finger to smooth an eyebrow, but not much else.

And on the subject of eyebrows, the other thing that we did was to treat ourselves to a makeover that very morning. The salon opened early for us. Marcia had some extensions added to her hair, and we both had facials with eyebrow plucking and chin and lip hair removal. We just did it. Whatever impact what we did before the weekend might have when we got back to work the following week, we simply had no regard for. We were going all out.

Our ultra-feminine appearance and demeanor had the desired effect on our escorts. They were suitably attentive and respectful, one might even say, adoring.

Marcia and I sat in the back. We chattered away the whole 2 hours in the car, as we do when we are both femmed up like that. Occasionally we would point out some pretty thing we saw in countryside, or some driver behavior that appeared to us to be macho and inconsiderate. In short, we were girly.

We could see that they were happy, our men in front. That is what we wanted. Neither of us had any idea about any of this, but we knew what pretty girls did and what men liked pretty girls to do. Of course we did. We were men after all. Or we used to be.

We entered the town before we got to the house, and Stan said we should stop at the store to pick up a few things. We took over that job. We would shop. Stan and Kevin would pay.

Our dresses were a bit creased from the long drive, but otherwise we checked one another out and decided that we were sufficient fabulous to take the men by their arms. Stan knew what to do, but Kevin was a little less refined, as I guessed.

“You can just hold my hand if you like,” I said, simperingly. My head was a little dipped and my top teeth over my painted lower lip showed a fake shyness that I knew would get him excited. Quite why I wanted him to be excited is harder to explain.

He took my hand. It was hard and leathery, so I guessed that he must work with his hands. I never thought to ask what he did. My hand was as soft as silk. Not just because I worked in the bath and bedroom section but because I moisturized religiously. He could feel how soft I was. He liked it, I’m sure.

I could see Kevin looking around the store, but it was not until we arrived at the check out with the groceries we had selected that I understood. We lined up to be served by a washed out bottle blonde with a full inch of dark roots showing.

“Hello Denise,” said Kevin. “Still working check out?”

The penny dropped. It took hold of his arm and held it tightly.

“Kevin,” she said, identifying him with a tired look on her face. “Bringing your new girl down to the coast for the weekend?” She gave me a look that was supposed to be disdain, not that she would know what that was. I could do that look 100 times better than she did, which is exactly what I did.

“Is there another supermarket in this town, Honey?” I said. “I don’t like the smell of this one.”

Kevin carried the groceries, and Stan with Marcia still hanging on, suggested the longer route back to the car, the one that involved walking past the gift shop. I think Marcia understood what was going on. She stopped to look in the window and could see the redhead glaring at her from inside.

“Oh look at those adorable earrings,” she said. “Can we go inside and have a look?”

I could see Stan considering his options. Maybe wondering if this was the right play. But then he held the door open for her and we went in.

It was a shop full of junk, and souvenirs. The earrings were not adorable, but that did not matter. Marcia said: “I love them. Please buy them for me sweetheart.”

“Sure Baby,” he said. Marcia was looking down at them and I am sure that Stan just intended to kiss her on the forehead as a show of affection, but Marcia lifted her head as his arrived and kissed him full on the lips. My Dad was kissing a guy.

As he reached for his wallet, the woman behind the counter who appeared to be on the verge of spontaneous combustion, hissed: “Only whores wear heels like that in this town.”

That might be right for all I know. Marcia and I were in smart dresses and high heels that make our legs look spectacular. That is our look. We look like ladies, not whores.

“What a horrible thing to say,” said Marcia. “I don’t what them anymore. I want something nicer. Something more expensive. Not anything from this shop.” And she walked out with her nose in the air. And for the second time in less than 5 minutes I was able to give my withering look before I followed her.

“I hope you are satisfied,” said Marcia, as we got back to the car. “I think that we feel a bit used.”

“I’ll make it up to you by buying the best seafood dinner on the coast,” said Stan. Well, the way to the heart is via the stomach, right? That applies to men, we know that, and girls Marcia and me as well.

It was a great meal, and a wonderful evening. We had a chance to hear all about the ex-girlfriend and the ex-wife that we had bot encountered during that afternoon. Somehow those brief meetings were sufficient to persuade Marcia and me that our boys were well rid of them.

“You need a woman who knows what a man wants, and wants to give it to him,” Marcia said to Stan.

“Are you that kind of woman?” he challenged her.

“I might be,” she said. “Maybe you should try to find out.”

“I thought I knew you,” said Stan. “But you are someone else.”

“You only met me once last week, Silly,” said Marcia. “I am nothing like Mark. Am I?”

“No,” said Stan. “It is just as Kevin said when he first saw Leah – you are more than women, both of you.”

“Is that what you said?” I asked Kevin, who was smiling at me. “Honey, that is just the sweetest thing.” And I planted a kiss on his cheek.

“I want to get to this house before it gets much darker,” Marcia said. “And the night is still young, so we will have to find other entertainment.”

The house was on the beach less than two miles from the town, set back a little on solid ground, with a view of the sea. It was shuttered up and in need of some exterior maintenance, but the inside was surprising well aired and inviting. The evening was warm and the windows were opened while the shutters remained closed. The smell of the sea wafted in.

Marcia looked at me and I looked at her. We felt strangely at home and we both saw it in one another. Stan and Kevin opened went about running the water and checking the fuse-box while we unpacked the groceries. We had some stuff for breakfast and scented soap and body wash, and some other stuff that had me puzzled, and Kevin to when he came over.

“What did you get here?” he said. “What is with the hot water bottle in the middle of summer, and this plastic tubing? And candles?”

“If you are good boys, you might find out,” said Marcia. She winked at me. I had no idea what was going on. “What is upstairs?” she asked.

We have three bedrooms, but the two facing the sea are the best, and each has a private bathroom,” said Stan. “You can have the one with the bath.”

“We’ll leave you to shift our suitcases, then we might freshen up a little,” said Marcia. “If you are not ready for bed already, that is?” The final words sounded slightly suggestive.

“No,” said Stan, and Kevin, almost simultaneously, with the same tone of confusion, as if they were riding a fast moving train to God knows where.

They lugged our bags upstairs and when they came down, I followed Marcia up.

“What now?” I asked her. “I tell you, those guys are crazy about us. And the whole thing with the ex’s was weird. We’re like their girlfriends now. I think they want to fuck us.”

“I think you’re right,” said Marcia. “And that is what I want Stan to do to me … tonight.”

I could not believe that I was hearing those words coming out of my father’s mouth. I mean, I have been telling this story about Marcia and that painted mouth sure did not look like my father’s mouth, or any father’s mouth for that matter, but this was my dad. My dad wanting to be fucked by a man.

“Seriously?” I asked. “Tell me you are joking.”

“That is what this stuff I for. I am going to give myself an enema and stretch my butthole. And I have the stuff for you to do that too if you like. Just in case. I don’t want it to hurt.”

“Have you done this before?” I asked.

“No.” Marcia sounded upset. “That is why I bought this stuff. I’m a virgin … that way. But look at us. Why are we here. We are exploring our femaleness. We like it so far, but we are only half way there. You do like it, don’t you?”

“Dad,” I said, not calling her Marcia as I always did when she was dressed. “I don’t like it, I love it. I live for it. All day at work I think about getting home and getting into the clothes I love, and doing my hair, and putting on my mascara and lipstick. I love being a girl.”

“So let’s push it a little further. I’m up for it if you are. In fact, even if you are not, I’m up for it.”

“Kevin may not want to fuck me.”

“Are you kidding? He started all this when he saw you in that bikini last weekend. He would have had you then and there. But who knows, maybe neither of them will want to. I just want us to be prepared.”

“So what do we do? Clearly you have done your research.”

“We need warm water,” said Marcia. “We’ll do it together.”

Which is exactly what we did.

It took us the better part of an hour. When we came down the stairs, we were ready. It seems hard to explain it, but we had proved to one another that we were more female than male at that point. Our bottoms felt soft and clean and open for business. Mine seemed to slurp a little as I walked.

We had also taken down our hair and arranged it alluringly. We had on nighties and robes and heeled wedge slippers, and we had applied scent liberally. We came down the stairs slowly with our robes open so that they could see our legs and then our tucked groins and then our stuck-on breasts before our beautiful faces and hair came into view.

We could not have chosen a better place for them to sit. They were in front of us with their mouths open. The drool and a the wet stain of pre-cum on the pants were almost visible. There was no doubt about what the effect of our appearance was on these guys. Exactly what Marcia said it would be.

Kevin gulped, and then blurted out: “The TV’s not working.” I never found out whether that was true.

“Well, what are we doing downstairs then?” said Marcia. “Stan, we have the room with the bath. Kevin, please move Leah’s bag into your room.”

Boy, those guys moved fast. The door to our room slammed behind Kevin and he was tearing his clothes off as if they were cobwebs.

“I am new to this,” I whimpered. I was close to crying. I thought of it as an act, but it really wasn’t. I had a feeling that something very serious was going to happen and I was afraid. “Do you want me to bend over?”

“I want to make love to face to face. I want to see you and kiss you,” said Kevin. They were such nice words.

I smiled and the tears seemed to disappear. “Oh, Kevin,” I said. I threw myself at him and we kissed standing up and remained in an embrace as we fell onto the bed.

He kept me on the edge of the bed as he pulled my panties to one side. I guessed that he did not want to see my prick, but he did not need to. He stuck two fingers up my ass and felt the lubrication. He took his fingers out and smelt them.

“Vanilla?” he said.

“Vanilla tonight,” I replied. “But you can choose any flavor you like.”

The he was inside me. So easy. So well lubricated. The candle had broken through the pain and hour before. Now I just felt the pleasure. The pleasure of having another human being deep inside you – stroking you from the inside.

I arranged my hair across the bed, and I could see it excite him further. He leaned over to bury his face in it while he continued to thrust into me. I felt him grow within me. I watched his face experience joy. He was close. But I was first. I cried out. Just a squeak. He replied with a bellow. And then, through the wall, I heard my father cry out, barely the sound of a man, followed by the bass baritone wail of Stan. Four orgasms in four seconds.

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| We slept in the goo, Kevin and me. We rolled in it and we slept in it, and we made more mess, in the morning, and several times on that Saturday, and on Sunday, and on Monday morning too. Don’t think that it was only sex. There were walks on the beach, kisses in the dunes, frolicking in the warm sea. There were strolls around the town, laughs in coffee shops, a couple more encounters with those other women, but there was plenty of sex too.  All four of us learned something of lasting impact that weekend. Stan and Kevin learned that the best of women, the most feminine of women, the sexiest of women, were not necessarily born that way. Marcia and I learned that we should have been born that way, and now with the hormones and surgery that we have planned together, we will put that right too.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019 | Marica and Leah, fun-loving mother and daughter |