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Like Mother, Like Son: The ultimate in cross-dressing...

Amanda Hawkins



Like Mother...

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Hey, Mom? How come when I'm all dolled up like this I look, uhm... you know, pretty much exactly like you?

Yeah, but you had your salon style my hair the same as yours, and our makeup looks the same too. What's up with that?

Okay... so why did you want me to put on your favorite dress? And that perfume you always wear? And your best jewelry?

Your ex-boyfriend? Is that why you told me, like, everything about him? Including all that lovey-dovey stuff, like what he wants you to do in bed?

Uh-huh. And why should I do that? I got better stuff to do... and I... Mmm, perfect. Dex loves this scent. He'll take me back. I know he will.

There's always been a certain resemblance, dear. Everyone says so, even your friends.

It just so happens that style works very nicely with the facial features you inherited from me.

You want to look nice, don't you? Dexter will be here any minute. You're the yummy mummy now, so be a dear and play along, 'kay?

A woman needs to know these things, sweetheart. Just smile, speak softly, and he'll never know the difference.

God, I love hypnosis... All right, you're Monique and I'm not, you got that? Just relax and enjoy the ride. Dex is very well endowed, even if he is a ginormous a-hole.

Ta-tal I'm off to Aruba...

LIKE SON

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