Surrogate Daughter: There’s an upside to being trapped in a TG fiction cliché...

Oh gosh... Mrs. Winthrop? I didn’t hear you come in. Uhm... weren’t you supposed to be back next Saturday? I didn’t get the date mixed up, did I?

Goodness, no. Foxhills was simply far too crowded. We decided to come home early. But I see that you seem to have found a novel way to amuse yourself here. That is my daughter’s Jovani gown, is it not?

Uh, yes... I’m so sorry, Mrs. Winthrop. I know I shouldn’t have—I mean, I would never even think of going into your room, but Janelle... she isn’t... I mean, she must not have wanted all the clothing she left behind. But I guess that doesn’t... Please don’t tell my parents, ma’am. It won’t ever happen again, I swear!

I must say, that dress fits you rather well. I had no idea that a young man such as yourself could possess such a feminine figure. Are you intending to become an actor, or rather an actress? Perhaps a traditional Shakespearean play where boys take on female roles?

Evidently. That can’t be your own hair, can it, my dear? It was barely down to your shoulders the last time I saw you.

Cross-dressed house sitter, caught red-handed in a red dress!

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No, ma’am. It’s extensions, the clip-on kind. Real human hair, the same color and texture as mine. If you blend it together right, it’s really hard to, uh... I’m sorry, Mrs. Winthrop. I shouldn’t be bothering you with all this. I’ll take the dress off right away.

Oh, no, dear. Keep it on. We need to talk... There are certain conditions you’ll have to meet, if you want your parents to not hear about this. Horace will be home soon and I want him to see this too.

Oh wow, you’re not gonna make me be your maid, are you, or your surrogate daughter? Or a blingy escort for Mr. Winthrop’s rich business clients? Or a personal assistant to him or one of the other veeps in his office, or maybe the reception desk because I’m so pretty? That’d be just awful... You wouldn’t do all that to me, would you Mrs. Winthrop?

Certainly not! Mr. Winthrop would never stoop to anything so clichéd. I want to help you become the lovely young lady you were clearly meant to be. You’ll stay with us while you attend school, in Janelle’s room. Whether you go out as a girl or a boy is your choice, but around the house I must insist that you present yourself as female. There’s a back door for when you come and go as a male. I raised one confident young woman under this roof; I’m sure I can manage another.

So uh... I am gonna be your surrogate daughter?

Well, yes, I suppose so. But in a good way.