

Dressing Up Proper: Methinks mom is likely gonna be okay with having a daughter...

Oh... hi, Mom. Ye-yes, it's me. I know I don't look much like the old me, or anyone named Cyril for that matter, but I... I'm still your son. I think... on the inside. Or at least, you know. Downstairs. Your salon can only do so much, right? They aren't licensed to perform surgery.

Still, they did one heck of a job on me, didn't they? As per your instructions, I assume; this being your idea and all. But you didn't figure I'd turn out looking like this, did you? Like a real girl, and a really gorgeous one at that. I told you I had an aptitude for this, didn't I? Aversion therapy only works when getting too much of something makes you sick. But for a cross-dresser, there's no such thing as being too much of a woman... Didn't I tell you that?

Anyway, we have a deal and I fully intend to see it through. I absolutely have to stay this way, until I get tired of styling my hair every morning, and putting on makeup, and wearing either a dress or a skirt whenever I'm not in bed or the bathroom. Isn't that what you said? When you caught me going through your closet? "Dress up proper or get out of my house." That's what you told me. You even made us sign a legal contract, so you're just as committed to this as I am.

Anyway, you should probably start calling me Cheryl. That's what the kids at school used to call me, you know. Not Cyril... Cheryl. I was one of the smallest boys in school, obviously. That was part of it. But naming a boy Cyril in this day and age? That was just asking for it.

Oooh... what is with my head today? I feel sorta dizzy and... well, girlish. Ever since I woke up in the chair... so salons use nitrous oxide on their customers—who knew? Since then I can't seem to, uh... concentrate? I... feel like a butterfly, flitting from flower to flower, without a Care Bear in the world... I wonder if all the pretty girls feel this way.

Dressing Up Proper

Mumsy? If you have time, can you teach me feminine deportment? I'm probably going to be a girl for quite awhile, so I need to start acting like a proper lady. I've got the shy and demure part down pat, but there's so much I don't know... like how to act around boys and stuff. It's important, don't you think? A man should respect me as a person, and not just as a young woman with a killer bod.

You will? Oh, goody. Because Bradley, you know, from next-door? He saw me standing outside the salon and he gave me a ride home, and then he asked me out for Friday night. He's very sweet, and we've known each other for like forever, and yes, he knows who I am, or was, and he doesn't mind. And why should he, I'm gorgeous! He even said so... Uhm, Mom? Why are you smiling?



Amanda Hawkins

E
N
D