She Wanted a Daughter 2

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

My mother had always dreamed of having a daughter, but she had four sons instead. I was her youngest, named Timothy after her father, my grandfather. But she always said that my name was the only male thing about me.

When I was young, she had me wear my hair long, or as long as my father would allow, and she would dress me in clothes that might be worn by a girl as much as a boy. If anyone were to say: “Oh, what a pretty little daughter you have”, my mother would be thrilled. It drove me crazy.

She would be very hard on my brothers if they teased me. She would always say: “If you want to be different, Tim, you should be different. There is nothing wrong with you being a girl if you want to be one”. She knew that is not what she wanted, but she kept on talking like that.

I loved my mother, but I did not want to be a girl. It was because I loved my mother, and because I enjoyed being her favorite, that I let her do things to me that she really shouldn’t have. If it was just occasionally painting my face or curling my hair, that would be nothing. I could put up with that. But she went far beyond that.

When I was 10 my father walked out. My brothers were devastated. I hardly noticed. I was never close to my father. It was not long after Dad left that she took up with Dr. Bob. Nowadays, I understand the power that a woman can have over a man, so I can understand why Dr. Bob was prepared to put his Medical License at risk by doing what he did.

I should hate her, but I cannot. What guy doesn’t love his mother, even when she is a wacko? Right? I mean, she gave birth to me. She suckled me on her breasts. Now I have to live with my own breasts.

To her my testicles were what stood between me being a son like the others, or being the daughter she always wanted. Dr Bob took my testicles because that is what she wanted him to do. I had been drugged and I had no idea what had been done to me. My mother said that it was: “An intimate procedure” and I should not tell anybody about it. Once Dr. Bob had done it, that she tired of him and he was no more.

My mother told me that she just loved me so much, and I always knew that it was true. Love can make you do strange things. I never told anybody. Certainly not my brothers.

She never cared for them too much. One by one, my brothers went to live with my father. By the time I was 13 I was all alone with my mother. She was then completely free to make the further modifications that she wanted.

She said that the changes would make her love me even more. I would like to think that if she had let me be a boy instead, she would still have loved me, but that would probably be untrue. In any event, that was never an option for my mother, and so not for me.

I didn’t even notice the hormones when they started. I was still living as a boy then. Sure, I had long hair which I kept tied back in a low ponytail, but I wore the same clothes as all the other guys. My only secret was that my sack was empty. But guys aren’t looking at another guy’s scrotum. As long as I had a dick to piss out of, even a little one, I was just like every other guy. I played rough and did everything that a boy should do. Mom was not happy about it. She warned me that things could not go on like this. She wanted me to be a girl, you see. And I wasn’t one. Not then.

I knew it would soon be over for me as a boy, when I started to get a swelling in my chest, just like the swelling the girls my age at school were getting. I had to hide my chest from the guys.

At the same time, those guys were changing too. Getting acne and croaky voices, and whiskers on their chins. And I was growing tits, just like my mother wanted.

That was when she told me that I could never be a man. I had no testicles. Without testicles I could never be a father – never offer a woman a family, even if I could function as a sexual partner. But (according to my mother) I could function in an intimate relationship as if I was a woman.

Mom said that it was time for me to switch over. There was a part of me that was relieved. I mean, it was getting hard to hide what was happening to me. And I knew now that I could never be a real man. One look in the mirror showed me that. Only my penis, hanging in front of my empty sack showed what I could have been. But that was looking extremely out of place.

I didn’t want to stop living as a boy. All my friends were boys. We had fun together. While Mom did not approve of me joining any of the school sports teams, I still practiced with the guys, and I was good at a lot of things. We had secret meetings and swapped stuff and went on gaming sites for hours. We even looked at porn, although I only pretended to be interested. And we played tricks on the girls at school. And now I was supposed to be one. It just did not seem right.

But Mom arranged to see the principal after school one day. It was a Thursday. I picked it because there were no practices on that the guys might see me walking in after school was out. I took the day off that day, so Mom could get me ready.

She put me in a dress and put my hair in some curls. She arranged my face, making sure that it was clean and smoothing my eyebrows. No makeup was needed. I looked like a girl. Then she took me to see the principal.

“This is Tiffany,” she said. “Timmy can no longer hide his true identity. She is now Tiffany.”

I just stood there. She told me that I should smile, to show how happy I was to now be a girl. But I wasn’t smiling. I just recited the script she had given me: “It’s true Principal Marston. I am transgendered and I want to live as the girl I am.”

I said it because I love my mother. I wanted her to be happy. I will do anything for her. But I dreaded the days to follow.

Principal Marston suggested that I take Friday off as well. He would talk to the staff and some of the students who knew me. I could appear on Monday as a girl – Tiffany. He would alter the records. I could use the staff toilet until other parents understood what was happening. I was his first trans student. I think that he was almost excited by the challenge. I felt sick.

All day Friday and the whole weekend Mom coached me on girl stuff. On Friday I got fitted for a training bra. She also got me some special panties that would allow me to tuck my penis away. From that day on I was to only pee sitting down. That is the way it has been ever since.

Maybe the boy in me, the last vestige of maleness in me, helped me face the day that Monday morning. I just decided “Fuck ‘em all – I’m a girl – get over it”. I went in with my head held high. Mom said that a 13-year-old girl should not wear makeup at school, but she had given me a run down and I thought: ‘why not?’ Other girls at school wore a bit. Just a little mascara. If you are going to turn up at school as a girl, you don’t want to be an ugly one. It helped me to go in with my chin up.

Of course, everyone knew. Once Principal Marston had spoken to “the staff and some of the students who knew me” it was all over the school and had been the topic of all conversation throughout the town over the weekend. To my surprise it was the girls who came up to me first – sort of welcoming me into my new sex. It was kind of touching.

I remember that I looked across at the guys who were standing together staring at me. My look must have been a longing one, because that is how I felt. I was looking at them and thinking: ‘Hey guys. Come and rescue me from this’. Some turned away. The best of them – three guys who I now knew would remain my friends - gave me a nod back. Those were the guys who came up to me afterwards and said stuff like: “I had no idea”; “Why didn’t you tell us”; and best of all: “Hey, you make quite a good-looking girl”.

From that point, my dick became a problem. I knew it and Mom had always known it. She told me what we had to do to get rid of it. I had to convince a shrink that I was truly transgendered.

It was a lie. I never was. Everything I had done; I had done for her. But I faced a choice: Was I going to live as I was now and please my mother, or try to undo the undoable, and go back to a life as some kind of half-man? And break my mother’s heart.

What made it easier was all of my new girlfriends, and my old guy friends as well. I found that I liked being one of the girls. At first everything that they talked about seemed like Portuguese, a totally foreign language. Then I could understand their talk and it just seemed silly – nothing of substance. But then, I realized that feelings were fascinating. I suppose I suddenly discovered that people are more interesting than their exploits. Is that a girl thing? Was it the hormones?

I mean, I still talked sports with the guys. If you talk about the old stuff, they almost forget that I am not a guy anymore. Until I adjust a hairclip or something, and then I see them looking at me weirdly.

So, anyway, I went to see the shrink, first with my mother and then alone, but following another script. And she had other visits with her on her own, telling her God-knows-what about how desperate I was to get rid of the last bits of my old life. Approval for surgery at an early age is difficult, but whatever it was that Mom said, she got her wish. On my sixteenth birthday I went under the knife. Mom was thrilled.

If I had any choice before, I knew that chance had gone. But I was learning that life as a girl was kind of cool. Maybe even better for me than the other girls, because I had no periods. My pussy was always clean and smelled like rose garden rather than a fish market. It had only one purpose – pleasing a man. I now knew that this is what I wanted to do.

I felt that having been a guy I knew more about guys than any of my girlfriends. Of course, I never said to the girls: “Hey, I can help with that, I used to be a guy remember”. That would be weird. But I thought it sometimes. It seems like the opposite sexes are doomed to never understand one another. But not me. I had truly been both. Because of my circumstances I met other trans-girls, but they had never been true boys – just girls in male bodies. I had been a real boy, once.

Now I wanted to be a real girl and Mom was crazy happy to help me. It was like I was now exactly what she wanted me to be, or I could be. Everything that she had never achieved as a girl I could now achieve, and she could bask in the glory.

She had never made the cheerleader team (I later learned) – I did.

She had never won a beauty pageant – I did.

And, it now became clear to me, she had never had a proper loving relationship with a man. Maybe that was behind everything; behind all her manic drive to turn me into a better version of herself. My Dad was just a passing dalliance. She never cared for him, and I don’t think that he ever really cared for her. Nobody except me ever did. You see, that is why I allowed her to do everything that she did to me. Because I love her and nobody else does.

She never had a man to love her – I did.

And the sad truth is that when Quentin came into my life, Mom did not seem so important to me anymore. It is a terrible thing to say, but I shut her out a little. It was not that I stopped loving her, but her hatred for Quentin was becoming too hard to handle. I didn’t like it, but I understood it. She did not want to lose me. But I love Quentin and I will not give him up. And he knows all about me and he loves me to bits. We are going to make a life together.

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| But that was too much for Mom. She is in a happier place now. I visit her when I can. She is always happy to see me, but the drugs cloud her responses.  After all that she did to me, I will never stop loving my mother. What child doesn’t love their Mom? Right?  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019 | Image result for mother and daughter |