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| Dad Wants to Party  Inspired by a Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  Part 1  I guess that you could say that I am exploring all gender options. People my age feel that we can do this. I am not alone. My friend Tom and some others decided that we would have a party for a bunch of us to experiment a bit.  I don’t mean one of the kitschy vice-versa parties, I mean the chance for us to genuinely present as an alternative gender.  Some might say that deciding to go to the party as a girly girl is to surrender to gender stereotypes, but I figured, if you are going to see what it is really like on the other side, go all the way over. I bought a blonde wig and heels, and two evening dresses – one in gold and one red. I hung them on the wall in my room. Then Tom and I went down to the salon to have our makeovers done. | https://i.pinimg.com/originals/3f/a4/db/3fa4db513cbea44a4f69945132ace4a3.jpg |

But when I got home, I got the shock of my life. Sitting at the dressing table that I had set up in my room was my dad, in my heels, with my wig on and wearing a lime-green peignoir which was not mine and fitted him perfectly.

But the craziest thing was, that the face that was smiling at me in reflection was made up perfectly, with plucked eyebrows and mascara, and it was my Dad applying the red lipstick. I was gob smacked and could only mutter: “Dad, what the …?”

“I wondered if I might be able to go to that party of your tonight?” this person said. “Tom’s father is going to be there.” The voice was Dad but did not sound at all male.

“But Dad, this Party is only meant for our friends, not our parents.”

“Why should you kids have all the fun,” Dad said. “And besides, I have had a facial and a full body wax. And you can’t wear both of those gorgeous dresses, can you, young lady?”

I kind of liked being called “young lady”, and it had been years since Mom left, so I had somebody to help me choose my dress and my overall look.

“But that’s my wig,” I complained.

“it’s not a wig, you silly girl. Your wig is over there. They’re extensions. And I am not planning on having them taken out after the party either.”

“Is Tom’s Dad going to be dressing up too?” I asked. If I could not stop my dad from going, how bad was this going to be.

“Goodness no,” Dad said. “He’s going to be my date. So while we are at this party, you had better call me Mom.”

Part 2



Everything changed so drastically that night.

For a start Tom was supposed to be exploring his feminine side the way I was. We had both been to the salon together and he was made to look like quite an attractive girl, although maybe a bit too big. But he barely lasted an hour in costume. He said that seeing me in my dress made him realize that he could never be anything like a girl.

I thought that what he was trying to say was that I just looked so much more like a girl than he did, but he later told me that it was not that at all. He said that I made him want to be a man, so long as he could be my man. He wanted me to be his girlfriend.

He kissed me to show me how he felt. He took me outside onto the deck, and there, alone, under the moon, he kissed me. He told me that only one of us would wear dresses from that day on, and it would be me.

But even that was not the strangest thing about that night. It was my dad. I mean my mom. She was not exploring gender like we were doing; she was affirming hers. It is clear to everybody now, that my Dad has always been a woman, she just hid it away all those years. That party was her chance to come out, and boy, did she do that?

She told me that Tom’s father was her date, and I guess he thought that she was just going to be in drag like the others (except me, that is). But, well, just look at her. She wore the red dress; I wore the gold. Tom’s dad could not take his eyes off her. And when they started dancing, he could not keep his hands off her either.

They had been two solo fathers raising sons after nasty divorces, now everything had changed. There was only one solo father, and one son. We were something else.

After the party I got hair extensions too. I did not want to take my hair off. I wanted to be Tom’s girlfriend. The feelings that he brought out in me that night just seem to be growing more and more intense. I want to give myself to him. I want to be what he wants me to be.

Mom and I turned a corner at the party. I went to school the Monday following as a female, and Mom turned up to her job that day just the same. Nobody at school who had been at Tom’s party was surprised to see that I was now to be a girl, but Mom told me that at her work her appearance had caused quite a stir. Tom’s father said that if she likes Mom can go and work for him.

So, on the Tuesday Mom got us on hormones and we had a bonfire for our male clothes. We will not be needing them again.

Now with the weekend coming up Mom tells me that it will be a father/son – mother/daughter double date. That sounds kind of weird, right? But I know it will be fun. If my new mom is anything like my old dad, she will want to party.

The End.

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Author’s Note: This is a joint effort with the fabulous Annabelle Raven who suggested that I expand on the first captioned image, and when I sent her the draft story, she came up with the second. Her links are: <https://ft-tg.blogspot.com/> or <https://www.deviantart.com/annabelleravenft>

Reviews please!!