

## **A parent's love (c) 2024 by Elaine**

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### **Chapter 1 - Disaster**

After my wedding to Christy my childhood sweetheart, the happiest day of my life should have been the birth of our wonderful daughter Rachel. Unfortunately for Christy the pregnancy had proved to be very difficult. She had almost miscarried a couple of times and I started to blame myself for putting her into this difficult position though we both wanted to start a family.

Christy was two weeks late in delivering our baby when she finally started to go into labour. I rushed her to the local hospital which was several miles away. Unfortunately, the road to the local hospital was blocked with traffic following a serious accident. After an hour of waiting, I saw a policeman at the emergency, and he arranged for an escort straight into the hospital.

Christy was rushed into an operating room while I was kept outside wondering what was going on. It seems that they had little alternative but to operate as Christy was too weak to give birth by herself. Then it seems that she suffered a series of medical complications that would ultimately take her from me.

I was distraught when the surgeon who delivered the baby told me the bad news of what had happened in the operating room.

"I'm sorry Mr Atkinson but the prognosis on your wife isn't very good right now, we're obviously doing everything we can to save her life, but I think you should prepare yourself for the worst," he advised.

"There's no hope?" I asked.

"No sadly we don't think that your wife will survive the next few hours," he told me looking solemn and serious. "On the plus side your baby daughter is doing well, and you'll be able to see her quite soon."

My life went completely upside down on what I hoped would be the best day of my life, as I surveyed the form of my baby daughter lying in her cot my darling wife lay unconscious in intensive care and wasn't expected to live. A few hours later as predicted she never regained consciousness, so I couldn't tell her how much I loved her one last time.

The happiest day thus became the most tragic event in my entire life, which was to change drastically in a way that I could never ever imagine.

I'd known my wife since we were kids growing up on the same farm out in the middle of nowhere. We'd do everything together; we would play on our bikes one day in the sunshine and in the next we'd play at being mother and father to our imaginary children using her dolls.

At school we helped each other with our studies and homework. If she got stuck on something she would always turn to me for help and vice versa. We went to the same college together and although our parents disapproved, we shared an apartment together. From childhood sweethearts we became adult lovers, and we'd regularly enjoy sexual intercourse together.

We both agreed to put our careers first for a few years before we started a family. That was perhaps our undoing as Christy finally became pregnant 4 years after our graduation. Little did we know that she would struggle to give birth in the way she did.

In the months leading up to Rachel's arrival we'd bought all we needed. From cots, to blankets, strollers, prams, baby changing area, and diapers. I had even bought a breast pump and sterile baby bottles so that I could take over the feeding of Rachel when Christy was too tired.

All that preparation and planning had gone out the window with Christy's death. I wondered how I could face up to the responsibility of being a single parent. Without Christy, I knew it wasn't going to be easy.

So, as I prepared to take Rachel home, I was also sadly involved in Christy's funeral arrangements. I wanted it to be a complete celebration of her life and her sacrifice of life in the birth of our daughter. It was very difficult time as I was constantly reminded of my ex-wife whenever I looked at Rachel as she had inherited her mother's nose and chin. Rachel was in my eyes simply gorgeous with her blonde hair and her happy little face.

After the funeral, life had to go on so with a heavy heart I took Rachel home from the hospital to look after her. I'd already asked my sister Beth for advice and guidance as she had given birth to three healthy babies herself.

Then Christy had arranged for us to attend neo natal classes and from those I knew how to change a diaper, how to feed and break her wind. Then I had learnt how to bathe her from the classes where we'd practiced on a baby sized doll. Unlike then Rachel might have been baby sized, but she certainly wasn't a doll.

Of course, I'd decided and vowed to do my best for Rachel. Her mother might be gone but she still had one conscientious parent left and that was me. I studied YouTube videos, I read endless articles on men bringing up babies on their own.

Unknown to me my parents in law had taken out life insurance for Christy and the company had paid out on the policy. Christy's parents kept half of the six-figure sum which was fair enough and I was generously given the other half to use to help bring up Rachel.

Right from the start, I was conscious that Rachel should have the very best start in life, and I'd done some research into breast feeding. After some investigation I did think of engaging a wet nurse who would provide mother's milk and even interviewed one new mother who confidently declared that she could provide enough milk for her twins and Rachel.

I had my doubts about her confidence, and it was then I spotted an article about a man who had started to lactate following the death of his wife during childbirth. After some research I'd read that men can lactate if they take prolactin which stimulates the milk glands to start producing milk. I also decided that I'd need to take oestrogen too to induce my breasts to grow.

"Perhaps I can do the same?" I asked Rachel as she looked up at me on the baby changing mat. It had been a few weeks since she'd arrived home and obviously, she had no idea what I was talking about. I'd just fed her some formula milk, and I wasn't happy that she should solely have that kind of food. "Men have nipples and perhaps I can give you milk."

It was clear too that I'd need to put my career on hold until Rachel was old enough to attend nursery school. Thankfully my company understood the trauma of what I'd been through and gave me an amazing support package so I could work part time from home. That was offered in the same way that they offered similar assistance to female staff members who'd recently given birth.

I would often take Rachel out in her pram to the park where I would feed the ducks and geese. I'd sit and listen to the other women talking and often wanted to join in. I was shy though and never had the courage to engage in mothering conversations.

My relatives would often deride me for deciding to look after Rachel myself. Some had even suggested that I should find myself another wife. I wasn't that sure that would work out as staying at home most of the time, I wasn't likely to meet other women easily apart from when I went to the park or to get food.

When I was tidying up my bedroom, I decided to put some of my clothes in the wardrobe Christy had always used for her clothes. When I opened the door, my nose was instantly bombarded with Christy's smell or rather her perfume. I'd missed that distinctive smell and so I pulled one of her items off the clothing rail and decided to wear it. It was a flowery blouse and it still smelled strongly of her. I wasn't going anywhere so I partnered that with a pair of her leggings and flat sandals.



### **Giving Rachel a feed using formula**

As well as the prolactin pills, I'd also ordered three months' supply of oestradiol as I knew the prolactin alone couldn't give me breasts.

Around two weeks after I ordered the pills, they arrived from the online pharmacy supplier I'd found, and I eagerly took my first doses. I wasn't expecting much in the way of any results but imagine my surprise when my chest started to become puffier, and my nipples then became larger after just a few weeks. When that happened, I reckoned I must be mad or mentally deranged or something because I felt that they weren't developing fast enough so I doubled the doses to two pills a day.

I did little more research and I realised that I was probably producing too much male hormones, so I quickly ordered pills to counter that. My reasoning being that I desperately wanted to breast feed Rachel.

I didn't have much chest hair, but I then assiduously started to remove all my body hair regularly.

As I waited for the male hormone suppressor pills to arrive which were out of stock, I decided to try out my new small but growing assets anyway after first feeding Rachel her usual formula milk one afternoon. Despite being full, she eagerly latched onto my left nipple as I sat at my desk working on my latest cost analysis project.

I'd look down at her sucking away instinctively as she slept. We had bonded closely, and I decided I would make whatever sacrifice was necessary to ensure her happiness.

Then around two months after I started taking the pills, I suddenly woke up one morning to find that my right nipple was oozing fluid out, and my T shirt was damp where it had rubbed on my nipple. My breasts had grown and were a modest A cup in size according to my bra label.

"Oh my god," I shouted. "I'm actually lactating."

I heard Rachel gurgling to herself in her bedroom and I decided to get up and see to her needs. She was wide awake looking up at her Disney characters mobile above her cot. She smiled when she saw me smiling down at her. I picked her up and eagerly raised my T shirt and allowed her to suckle on my right nipple. She didn't have any teeth through yet, but I could feel her hard gums biting on my small nipple while she sucked eagerly.

Then slowly at first, she started to draw some milk from my nipple. It wasn't a huge amount but the act of sucking on my chest was deeply satisfying to me, and I hoped to her too. When I felt that she had taken all she could, I switched to my left nipple, but it was stubbornly refusing to give her any.

"Looks like I need to heat up some feed for you darling," I said as we walked into the kitchen. Her lips were still sucking on my left nipple.

She cried briefly as I got her off my nipple and put the teat from the bottle into her mouth instead. She was hungry though and quickly finished the bottle. I broke her wind and then I changed her nappy only for her to mess the new one a few minutes later.



**Rachel at three months and I was feeling tired. Even back then I'd had my ears pierced and wore my late wife's earrings.**

## **Chapter 2 – Becoming Christine**

I often found that with my limited wardrobe it meant that I was regularly running out of my own underwear and shirts as I'd forget to launder my stuff in the regular laundry washing loads for Rachel.

Although we had a large amount of money in the bank, I'd decided that rather than buy new clothes for me I'd just use Christy's clothes from her wardrobe and drawers rather than throw them out. Her clothes fitted me very well despite me being just an inch taller. Every week I had to spend a lot on

Rachel to bring her up properly with new baby clothes, nappies and formula. I'd even bought her jars of solid food for when she was finally weaned off the milk.

It was around three months since Rachel's arrival, that I started to wear Christy's underwear as I found her soft and lacy panties fitted me quite well. Meanwhile I was still taking the pills and they were still working as my breasts would get larger as they filled with milk. In my mind it made perfect sense to wear my late wife's unused nursing bras to support my breasts.

With the cocktail of pills, I was taking each day, I started to notice more rapid changes but not just physically but mentally too. I became very contented with my life and my ability to nurture Rachel and provide for her.

I was busy working 4 or 5 hours a day, and looking after Rachel many hours a day that I often overlooked my own appearance to the extent that my long brown hair was now going down to my shoulders. I'd never been a regular shaver and I only had a thin fuzz that I removed once a week but even that seemed to slow down and then stop.

Day by day I was looking after Rachel both as her mother and as her father. I was determined to show the local social worker who would visit me and the medical people that she was a healthy bouncy baby, whenever I attended the ante natal clinic to get her weight and height measured.

It was at one of those appointments at the local clinic where the locum nurse called out Mrs Atkinson as I sat in the waiting room, and I duly got up and followed her through to the treatment room pushing Rachel in her stroller.

"What's your baby's first names, Mrs Atkinson," she asked.

"It's Rachel Anne," I replied. I was dressed in a pair of my late wife's tight jeans, a pair of flat sandals, a plain white blouse and lastly my long brunette hair was touching my collar

"Date of birth?" she then asked.

"6th January 2010," I replied.

"Oh yes, I see her record now," she said looking at the computer screen. "She was 25 pounds last time she was weighed."

"That's right," I said speaking softly as I carried her over to the scales.

"26 and a half pounds," the nurse said happily when she'd taken the weight reading. "She's doing very well." She gave Rachel a thorough examination and pronounced, "I'm very happy with her progress. How about her mother or should that be her father?"



**“Oh, you sussed me out,” I replied.**

“My wife died during childbirth and so I’ve been doing both jobs. I ran out of my own clothes, so I started wearing my late wife’s clothes. They fit me so much better and are much more comfortable.”

“Do you have breasts Mr Atkinson?” she asked noticing the outline of a bra through the blouse.

“Yes, like my late wife, I’m an 38A cup,” I replied.

“Are you on any hormones?” she asked.

“No, sorry I mean yes,” I replied confused.

“What are you using?” she asked.

“Sorry I started taking female hormones and prolactin a few months ago and amazingly I’ve been able to supplement Rachel’s feed myself,” I said shocking her just a little.

“That’s not very conventional,” she declared. “Or safe self-medicating.”

I was ready for her negative comment though and replied, “I’m a mammal and I have two nipples and as such I was capable of lactation if I took the right stimulus. I only wanted to give Rachel the best possible start in life in the absence of her birth mother.”

“Are you transgender?” the nurse then asked.

“Do you mean do I identify as a woman?” I asked. “The answer is mainly yes when I’m looking after Rachel but not when I’m working remotely.”

“Would you like to talk to our gender therapist?” she then asked. “I think that might be useful for you going forwards.”

“I don’t suppose that it can hurt,” I replied nonchalantly.

“How are you coping with looking after Rachel on your own?” she asked.

“I often wish I had another 6 hours a day. Looking after Rachel is like a full-time job in itself,” I replied.

“I am often feeling deflated and tired. I can’t remember the last time I had uninterrupted sleep.”

“You are truly doing an amazing job,” she replied. “Let me check your pulse, blood pressure and your blood iron levels.”

She pulled out a small syringe to take some blood and filled two small containers with the blood sample. “We’ll check your hormone levels, and your blood cell count, but it won’t hurt to give you some iron pills for a couple of weeks. That should help with the tiredness. Is there anything else you need from me medically?” she then asked.

“No, I think I’m good thanks,” I said.

“I’ll just go and see if our gender therapist is free,” she said leaving me to bundle up Rachel again into her carry chair. We waited and a few moments later a Doctor Priestley arrived for what was to become the first of many meetings, consultations and eventual treatment.

“I understand that you now identify as a woman most of the time since you started looking after your daughter,” he started.

“Yes, I even dress as a woman most of the time,” I replied.

“I heard you’ve been self-prescribing hormones too,” he continued.

“Yes, I wanted to lactate to feed Rachel human milk as she grew up,” I said. He didn’t seem surprised but suggested that would be better if I was under his care and followed his treatment going forwards.

Around three months later I was taking oestrogen pills, an anti-androgen pill in addition to my daily prolactin. In no time my breasts went from an A cup to a 38C cup, and I had to go and pick up some new bras.

Besides the increase in my bosom, the estrogen made my skin softer, and I found myself becoming much more emotional. Before long I’d even adopted my wife’s name of Christine rather than Christy. My paperwork was all changed and as a woman I found it much easier to bring up Rachel as her only parent.

I was by this time adept at dressing Rachel in her clothes and I had started to look after my own appearance now I had more time as Rachel slept through the night. I would visit the local salon to have my hair and nails done regularly. My first visit had been a nerve-wracking affair but now the ladies in the salon all seem to accept me and I let them play with Rachel as they did my hair and make-up.



### **Wearing my usual dark make-up helped to conceal my former male self.**

By the time Rachel was a year old, I'd been living as a woman for most of that time. My gender therapist then suggested that I should consider gender change surgery, but I resisted that as I had the idea that I could return to be a father at some point.

"Well, it might be worthwhile if we reduced your male hormone levels to zero by undertaking a small procedure," he then said.

"Why?" I asked.

"It would give the oestrogen less work to do if your male hormone levels were much lower," he explained. "That will be easier on your liver because you'd be able to reduce your female hormone levels too."

"Is it a big procedure," I asked. "What would it involve?"

"Oh, an orchiectomy is not a very big procedure during the transition journey, but the effects are often profound and a large number of male to female trans women successfully undergo this before their final operation," he said. "I can arrange it for later this week if you'd like?"

I wasn't very sure about going through what he had in mind, but he assured me it would be very beneficial for me in the long run. So, after some thought I finally agreed to the procedure as I knew I didn't want to get another woman pregnant after what had happened to my darling Christy. In some ways it was probably my guilty conscience playing on my mind and I somehow crazily saw the castration as my just punishment for what had happened to my wife. I had been feeling inner guilt about what had happened ever since she passed away.

The operation was scheduled for later that week. I was asked if I would like to have a sperm donation, but I decided against it. Little did I know what the effect of castration would have on me back then. I was told then that with no more male hormones in my system I would need to keep taking the oestradiol pills day and night. When I recovered later from the operation it was then I discovered that with the removal of my testicles I no longer had erections and my dick was tiny compared to before.

After I'd healed up and I went back to my therapist I told him that I was content about the operation because I could tuck much easier and that meant I could take Rachel to the pool for water babies lessons with other mothers. She loved the pool and swimming which she does regularly.

### **Chapter 3 – Rachel grows up**

Day by day it became obvious to me that Rachel was slowly going to grow up into a lovely young woman. Since she had no idea about what I'd done, she still actively treated me as her natural mother well into her early teens. She didn't know me as anything else except her mummy as I was always dressed and behaving normally as her mother. I took her to swimming lessons, I dropped her off for dancing lessons and made sure she did her homework every night.

Earlier when she was eight years old, there was a bit of problem as she one day she came out and asked, "mummy whatever happened to my daddy? Why don't I have a daddy like my friends at school?"

"He passed away shortly after you were born," I lied in reply. It so happened that was partially true because over the years I'd assumed the identity of my late wife from wearing her clothes to styling my hair just like her.

Obviously, my in-laws took a keen interest in Rachel's life, and I would often allow her to spend vacation time with them. Initially when they discovered that I was acting as Rachel's mother they were not very happy about it. However, I provided them with a letter from my therapist stating that Rachel didn't know about my transgender 'condition', and that they should respect that when she stayed with them. Fortunately, they did so.

When Rachel started junior school, I'd already found a better paying job and with the aid of money I'd saved up, I even had facial and voice feminisation surgery to sound and look more like her.

The gender therapist continued to look after me and he kept on pressing me to have the final gender change surgery, but I always resisted as I didn't think it was necessary.

Everything was going so well until one day I was coming out of the bathroom having just had a shower, when the bath towel covering my breasts suddenly unwrapped and fell onto the floor. Unfortunately, it also revealed my tiny dick that was still present after years on female hormones to Rachel who was just walking towards me at the time.

"Why do you have that thing mummy?" she asked in disbelief. "You can't be my mummy if you have that?"

"I think it's about time you learnt the truth honey," I said. "Let me get some fresh clothes on and I'll speak to you then."

"No tell me now!" she declared angrily. She followed me into my bedroom and sat down on the bed. "I want to know why."

So, I recounted the whole story to her from the beginning and about why I'd done what I'd done to be her mother.

"In reality then you're really your just my dad dressed up to look like my mum," Rachel observed correctly.

"That's true but I've never acted like your dad, and I've always tried to be your mum," I replied.

"This is really horrible," she said unhappily getting up and running through to her room crying. "You've lied to me! How could you do this?"

"There's no easy answer honey," I replied. "I just steadily and slowly decided that if I was going to be a parent it would be better if I was your mother rather than your father."

Obviously, that incident changed our relationship overnight, and she didn't or wouldn't accept me as her mum for a long time. I tried to give her the same love and support that I'd always done, but Rachel was deeply unhappy and decided that she didn't trust me anymore.

I asked my gender therapist what I could do to make things better, but he just repeated that I should consider undergoing the gender change surgery. My reply was that I didn't want to undergo yet more complicated irreversible and expensive surgery.

"I feel that I'm slowly losing my daughter," I told him feeling quite desperate. "Would you speak to her and ask her what she wants me to do?"

"Yes I'll speak to her," he agreed and after he had spoken to Rachel he declared his findings. "She doesn't want a man who dresses up to emulate her mother. She wants the real thing. Your daughter isn't a little child anymore and she's growing into a fine young woman thanks to you. However it's clear

that at this time she needs a mother that's as complete a woman as possible to help her get over the next few years."

"For the first time since my wife died, I'm struggling to look after Rachel properly," I replied unhappily. "Did you ask her what she wants me to do?"

"She wants you to become her mother completely and irreversibly. She also wants you to get married to a nice man who can be her stepfather," he said shocking me to the core. I was depressed and wondered how I could do what she wanted. Could I do all that?

On the way home in the car, I was very emotional and so I told her, "Rachel I heard what the doctor said after he spoke to you, and I'll do whatever you want me to do."

"I think it's for the best," she said.

"You might be just 12 years old, but you have an adult head on your shoulders," I told her as I parked the car. "I'm not sure where I'll find a husband though."

"Online dating," she replied happily.

She was happy but I was feeling sad and quite depressed at the thought of the gender surgery. I'd heard so many bad stories about regrets after the surgery that I wasn't convinced it was a solution. However, that night Rachel actively helped me to find a good plastic surgeon in a neighbouring town using the internet and so I emailed his office.

On the other hand, I'd been living as a woman almost entirely since Rachel was born and I was very comfortable being mother to my daughter and as a woman out in the wider world. I'd not really had the time or the inclination for any sort of sex life, but that didn't really bother me too much as my libido was incredibly low after years on female hormones. I hadn't had an erection in years and seeing a sexily clad woman did nothing for me anymore. So, I decided that having a vagina constructed might be the best thing I could do. It might also make it simpler to date men in the future.

#### **Chapter 4 – Falling in love**

A few days later I went to see Doctor Clarke and he told me he had an opening for surgery three weeks away. I agreed still somewhat reluctantly to take up this appointment, but at least I was feeling more confident that I'd found a competent and skilled surgeon. He was I observed also very handsome and had a nice manner.

He did ask me some questions though towards the end of our first appointment conversation and after the examination of my genitalia. "Why have you finally decided to have gender change surgery now? I understand that you've been living as a woman for over 10 years so what's suddenly changed?"

"My daughter wants a dad and a mum. She wants me to get married and that I've agreed it's time I had the operation," I replied.

"So, you're also looking to get married?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied and joked. "So, you'd better do a very good job."

"I've done over 30 vaginoplasties over the last few years so I've had plenty of practice," he declared.

Three weeks later and scared to death about what is going to happen to me, I was wheeled into the operating theatre. I'd also agreed with his ideas to fix my breasts. Although they were a 38C they were very pointy, and he said that he could alter them to make them look much fuller.

I'd arranged for Rachel to stay with my sister while I was recovering in hospital, so I only had to get better quickly. Fortunately, Beth had given her blessing on what I was doing and accepted me completely as Christine. "I have always wanted to have a baby sister. Now I will."

With his face covered by a surgical mask, Doctor Clarke looked down on me and said, "Christine when I'm done and after a couple of months of healing, you'll be the proud owner of a realistic looking vagina between your legs, and you'll have the breasts you've always wanted. Now I'll be as quick as I can. When you're fully recovered hopefully, you'll allow me to take you out to dinner."

"Let's do this then," I replied adamantly and determinedly. In a few seconds I was slowly counting back from 10. I never reached 6.

Several hours later I awoke to a numb feeling between my legs, and a lot of pressure on my chest and I knew that the deeds were all done.

Doctor Clarke waltzed in a few hours later and announced that my operations were the best he'd ever done.

"I bet you say that to all the girls you operate on," I said trying to make light of the situation knowing that what was left of my dick was probably in the incinerator as I spoke.

"In your case I don't really need to do that because it is my best yet," he replied. "But then I do want to take you out to dinner when you're well enough."

"How about we have a night in before I leave here?" I suggested. "Bring in a pizza and some beer and we can watch the NFL match on Monday. That flat screen TV on the wall looks amazing"

"Then it's a date!" he said happily as he walked out of my room. "See you soon."

Beth brought Rachel into see me the next day and I told her I was healing up well and I should be home in a few days' time. I didn't tell her about Doctor Clarke, but she could see I was happy.

"I can call you mummy, mum, mom or mother now?" she said.

"Mum will do fine," I replied. "It's worth the pain just to hear you call me that."

"Thanks mum, when you're feeling better you can take me swimming now you have nothing to hide anymore," she replied referring to the fact that I never went into the pool or got changed into my costume. She got up and hugged me and then she left to go and stay with my sister had her cousins for a few more days until I got discharged from the hospital. I felt happier knowing that my daughter and I would resume our relationship.

A few days later and sure enough Doctor Clarke arrived with a 6 pack of beer and a huge pizza for the big football match. We sat and ate as we watched the game together. He was utterly charming but told me that his team were no match for mine.

It was a lovely evening, and I greatly appreciated his visit. "You'll be home by Friday or my name's not Doctor Clarke. Just follow all the instructions and we'll get you home by then. When you leave we'll arrange a check-up for a few weeks later."

"Thanks," I replied simply.

After two weeks of taking antibiotics to counter any infection, regular dilations, antiseptic baths and regular exercise he called me and asked if I would like to go out with him a few days later for that dinner date. I readily agreed and it turned out to be a magical evening at the theatre and a top

restaurant for dinner later. We saw each other a lot after that, and he would regularly drop by to see me and Rachel.



**Getting ready for our dinner date took a long time. I had the girls at the local salon do my hair and make-up especially. I just had to wear a dress that showed off my full breasts.**

“Rachel, I have something to tell you,” I said one night just after her fourteenth birthday.

“I think I can guess,” she declared pointing to my new engagement ring. “When is the wedding?”

“Soon I hope,” I said. “You like him, don’t you?”

“I do very much. I can’t wait until we’re a family.”

“I’m happy that I kept my promise to you,” I replied happily. I was still coming to terms with having a pussy and a tiny button clit that used to be the tip of my dick. However, it was good to touch, and it was sensitive, so I was optimistic I’d achieve an orgasm one day soon.

I’d been dressing and acting as a woman for such a long time that it was also a shock that my breasts were much fuller after my implant surgery. Richard told me that he had given me the best implants at no extra cost. It still took a lot to get used to having wobbly breasts. Fortunately, Rachel must have inherited my family’s penchant for busy ladies because Rachel started to develop her own ample bosom.

Now Rachel and I regularly visit the salon a few miles away. I get my nails and hair done, while she gets her hair styled. We go as mother and daughter, and she was our bridesmaid as Richard and I got married.

Before we got married though Richard asked me what my biggest fantasy was, and I told him immediately.

“To be a middle-aged housewife to an amazing surgeon and to have a wonderful, gorgeous daughter,” I replied.

“You like being a housewife?” he asked.

“Yes, I’ve had plenty of practice looking after my daughter and now I love caring for you,” I explained feeling pleasure from my achy vagina after the previous night’s sexual activity.

“You treated me good last night,” he declared.

“I loved having you inside me at last,” I replied. “You made me feel totally complete when you came inside me. That was a huge defining moment for me.”

“So, do you know what that makes you now?” he said.

“No, what?” I asked.

“A MILF,” he laughed. “Mum I’d like to fuck.”

“Then I guess that’s what I am,” I replied laughing. “I honestly haven’t heard that expression before.”



**The three of us at our wedding. I couldn't bring myself to wear Christy's wedding dress, so I had this one made up.**

Over time Richard has suggested further tweaks and modifications to my body. With his assistance one of his colleagues gave me the hourglass figure I'd always wanted, and I'm now have a 40DD where it matters. Although I loved breast feeding baby Rachel, having my large breasts sucked on by my darling husband is much more enjoyable.



A picture Richard took on my fortieth birthday. As he said, "no one would ever guess."