

Mini-Story: Mother/Daughter Bonding (Dad to Mom TG)

By FoxFaceStories

When closeted trans-girl Jessica performs a magical ritual to give herself a gender-affirming body, she didn't expect her divorced dad to show up announced and get caught in the spell, transforming him with her! Jessica expected her Dad to be angry, but instead her new *Mom* is even worse - embarrassing! Having taken to her changes, she's eager to mother/daughter bonding to make up for lost time.

Mother/Daughter Bonding

"Oh, honey! Look at this one! You'd look absolutely beautiful in that dress. Shall we go in and try on some clothes together?"

Jessica groaned. "Mooooooooom, I keep telling you, I don't need anymore clothes! You've already bought way too many for me! And besides, that dress totally isn't my style! I'm not a pink girl."

Maddison was seemingly unfazed by this. "Well, I suppose we have bought a lot of dresses lately. I just want to make sure my girl is taken care of and is able to figure out her identity in the world."

"Mom! I'm the one who knew my identity *first*, remember? I knew I was a girl from the time I was *nine*. *You* were the one who didn't realise you were trans until you *literally* got changed just two months ago!"

Her mother's eyes widened. "My God! Has it been that long already?"

"Two months to the day," her daughter grumbled, walking beside her through the mall. "Believe me, I know."

Her mother brightened. "Well, then it's a special anniversary, and we deserve a treat for our mother-daughter bonding time. Shall we get manicures? No, pedicures! Wait, manicures *and* pedicures together!"

Jessica thrust her head back and groaned dramatically. "Mom, how many times do I have to keep telling you that I'm not into that girly stuff?"

"But you're a girl! You literally used a magic ritual to become a fully biological girl, possum."

"Yes, but not a super feminine one! I'm a tomboy! I like wearing jeans and loose shirts and hoodies. I like having my hair in a pixie cut. I just also like having boobs and a pussy-"

"Vagina, sweetheart."

“Fine, a vagina. I just like being a girl. It’s *you* who’s gone all feminine!”

“What do you mean by that, possum?”

Jessica made a series of wild gestures at her mother, indicating her lovely white summer dress with its red rose petal pattern, at the way her bust was pushed up for a lovely little display, not too immodest, but more than a little daring. At how she wore earrings, makeup, and had her hair styled so that it fell down her back in lush golden ringlets.

“What part of you *isn’t* feminine, Mom? God, you’re more of a woman than I am, it’s soooo embarrassing!”

“Oh, I haven’t gone that far, have I?”

At this, Jessica folded her arms. “Mom, if I was a little trans birdie girl cracking out of her egg, you were a stomping tyrannosaurus mommy erupting out of yours and then thundering the earth with each footstep. For God’s sake, you *wear bikinis to the beach now, Mom*. You learned how to *cook*. You’re already on dating sites!”

“Well, I would like to find a nice man, you know. Ever since your mother divorced me, I was hoping to find a soulmate. And there are some men out there who are so kind to me now!”

“Because you turned into a total MI - wait, I am so not gonna use that word.”

And yet it was true. Maddison really was a gorgeous woman. At forty years old, she had a thick yet voluptuous figure, lovely blonde hair and bright blue eyes, and a bust that was quite impressive. And yet she had once been a man named Malcolm, with a receding hairline, a slowly-growing beergut, and craggy wrinkles on his face. A divorced father who struggled to understand his own son Rory, Malcolm had tried to do all sorts of manly activities with him, even though they didn’t even bring *him* pleasure, not truly. Little did Malcolm know that his son was actually his *daughter*, still hiding her trans nature in the closet. Jessica had stumbled upon a magical ritual to give herself a gender-affirming body that would match her self-image of herself, and had counted on her father not being present when she activated it. Instead, he’d barged into their home, confronting the twenty year old with a “prime lesson on motor vehicle maintenance” since his car had broken down as he’d left for work, barely one block over.

The timing couldn’t have been worse for Jessica, or - unexpectedly - strangely right for Maddison. Both were enveloped in strange energies, and both were rapidly transformed. Jessica grew small breasts and a slender figure, losing some height but gaining some padding in the hips and rear. The twenty year old was finally her perfect self, right down to her short ginger hair. Malcolm, on the other hand, moaned in pleasure and shock as her forty-year old body became that of a gorgeous older woman, complete with brilliant curves and a luscious, long blonde hair.

It had been quite the surprise for her, but Jessica ended up even more shocked, because after the initial horrified reaction to what had gone down, her new mother started adjusting much, much quicker to this new permanent state than her daughter could have ever predicted. Within days, she was 'having' to try on not just bras, but *lingerie*, not to mention some rudimentary makeup. By the end of the week, she was learning new cooking recipes, and starting to wear skirts. By the end of the month, she was calling herself Maddison and happily styling herself as a woman, acting in a feminine manner, and even occasionally flirting with handsome silver-haired foxes right in front of her utterly embarrassed daughter, who had never imagined such an outcome. Her mother had even started a total master clean of their house, and ordered pretty ornaments to decorate the walls. It was all too much!

And now here she was again, organising another session of mother-daughter bonding, to make up for what was clearly lost time.

"I can't help it if I've found a new lease on life, honey," Maddison told her daughter in the presence, adjusting her dress which showed off her figure very well. "And I can't help it if I've started to enjoy showing off this body I've been cursed with."

"Cursed with, Mom? You *love* it!"

At this, her mother smiled warmly. "Yes, I do. Very much so. I still can't thank you enough, Jessica. Have I thanked you today?"

"Only, like, two thousand times."

"Then let me thank you two thousand and one," she said, squeezing her daughter's shoulder. "Thank you."

"It's . . . okay, Mom. Sorry, it's just a lot for me to get used to. You know, you being my Mom and all. And being so much more feminine than me."

Her mother sighed. "I hope I'm not going too far with it, am I?"

"No, no! I want you to be yourself. I'm . . . I'm proud of you, Mom. I'm proud of *us*. It's just . . . we don't *always* have to do girly bonding time, you know?"

At this, Maddison paused in the centre of the mall and frowned, then began fidgeting. "Oh, damn it. I thought I was being so much better, but I'm still the same ignorant parent I've always been, aren't I? Not noticing what my daughter truly wants or who she is."

"Mom, it's okay. I'm just not so . . . God help me for saying this, but I'm not as *feminine* as you. But don't ever tell yourself you're not better. You're so much better."

"I am?"

"Of course. I mean, you still embarrass me like any parent, but you cook now. You help keep the house clean. I feel comfortable talking to you about boys. I trust you with things I never would have told you when you were my Dad. And you spend so much time with me."

Maddison nodded, then met her daughter's eyes with a soft, kind expression. "But I'm trying to spend a bit too much time with you, aren't I? You've let out your wings, and I'm still clipping them by being around. It's not fair on you."

"Please, it's not as dramatic as that, Mom. Sure, I could use some more alone time to learn more about myself, but it's just that, well, our mother-bonding time is often the kind of stuff you *think* I'll like as a girl, rather than stuff I *actually* like."

Her mother considered this, then looked at the differences between her very feminine self and her rather tomboyish daughter. "You're right. You're so right, honey. I've been dragging you to hair stylists and dress shops and that one screening of Barbie--"

"Well, I did like *Barbie*."

"-when I should have been focusing on what makes my Jessica happy. Fine, let's do it. If you're still up for mother-daughter bonding time and I haven't completely ruined it, let's do something *you* find fun."

At this, Jessica looked around the mall, considering her options. She was about to suggest they go to the arcade when her mother suddenly made a noise, indicating she'd found something. Jessica sighed; once again, her mother was going to override her desires without realising it.

"Oh, I've found the perfect place!"

"Sure, Mom."

"There, look! Lasertag!"

Jessica's eyes widened. Her mother was pointing to a new lasertag place that had opened up. It looked *awesome*, and it put a grin upon the young woman's pretty face.

"Oh, hell yeah! Mom, that's a fully awesome idea!"

"It is? Oh, thank God."

"Of course it is! I *love* lasertag. But . . . are you sure you're up for it? You know, being a feminine lady yourself now and all?"

But at this, her mother simply put a hand on her curvaceous hip and thrust out her large chest, a grin on her face that Jessica had seen many times before, be it her mother or father's face.

"You forget, young lady," Maddison said. "I served. Get ready to face defeat, my darling sweet girl."

Jessica grinned. "You're on, Mom. Prepare to be destroyed."

"How about a wager? If I win a majority of our games, *you* have to come get manicures with me?"

"You're on!"

The two grabbed hands and ran across the mall to the entrance of the laser tag business, the pair of them giggling. For once, Jessica wasn't embarrassed of her mom, not one bit. In fact, she was fully proud of her.

That feeling, however, didn't last long. The pair engaged in three laser tag games across the next fifty minutes, and in each one, Jessica found herself hopelessly outmatched against her parent. When they went in for two more matches, she chose to join her mother's side rather than attempt to beat it, and the pair blasted their enemies into submission, giggling all the while. By the time it was over, Jessica could scarcely believe it . . . until she remembered who her very pretty, very demure-looking mother used to be.

"Holy shit, Mom, you were fucking awesome back there!" she said as they walked out.

Maddison was fixing up her hair and already adopting a very womanly sashay to her walk, her hips swaying from left to right and back again.

"Well, I haven't lost all my manly moves, it seems."

"Seriously, that was amazing," Jessica continued. She surprised her mother with a hug from the side, and after a moment's surprise, her mother hugged her back.

"You're the best, Mom."

"I have to be, to keep up with my daughter. Besides, it was you who made me into the woman I was always in denial over wanting to be. For that, Jessica, I owe you the world and then some."

"Well, after helping me kickass in those last two games, consider us even."

"Perhaps not quite even," Maddison said.

Her daughter cocked her head, but her mother just grinned.

"I do believe there was a deal we made, about what we would do if I won a majority of games. A certain *manicure* experience to seal the deal?"

Jessica sighed, but her expression broke out into a grin despite her trying to hold it in. "Oh, fine! I guess I can stand to have nice nails. I'm not *completely* a tomboy."

And besides, she thought as she walked with her mother to the nearby salon, perhaps it would be fun. For the first time, she didn't want mother-daughter bonding time to end.

The End