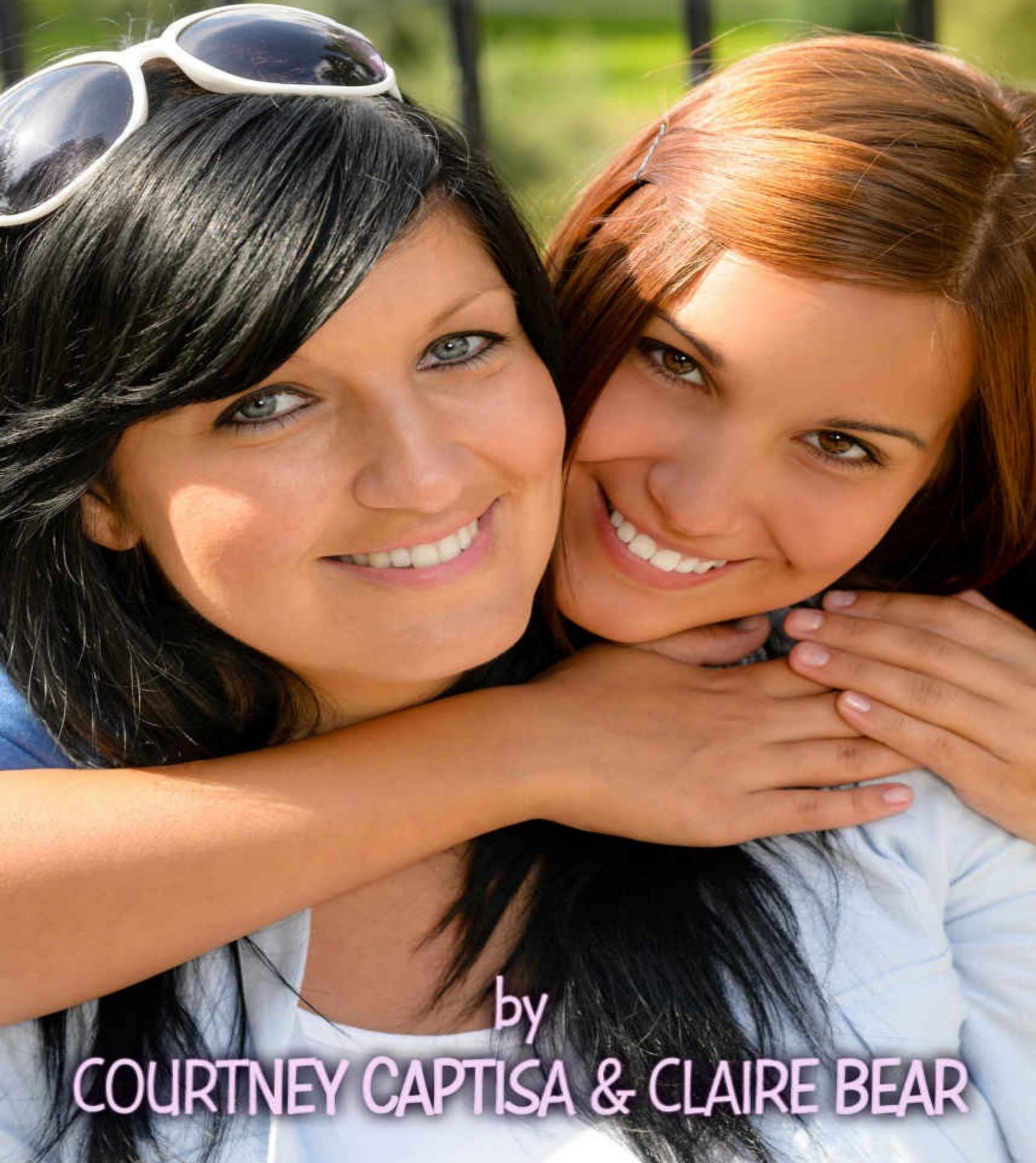


SON TO DAUGHTER

A MOTHER'S DAY SPECIAL GIFT



by
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Thank You!
Join Us

Son to Daughter: A Mother's Day Special Gift

By

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CHAPTER ONE

The Beginning

Being a single mother can be daunting at times. It seems to be much harder for mothers with younger children. For me, my husband Alan and I got divorced when our son Connor was 15-years-old. Alan moved upstate about 30 miles and Connor still saw him every other weekend when they were able to meet. My son lived with me in our suburban home. It was the same house that we raised him in and there were many memories in this household. Connor was 19-years-old when an important decision was made.

My marriage ended because of irreconcilable differences. Alan and I stayed on good terms and were cordial when we meet. I had been single since our divorce four years prior with only casual dating. I heard from Connor that Alan had a girlfriend around this same time. I wanted to start dating again, but had my standards and knew the type of man I wanted to date.

Connor was a sophomore at the local community college and planned to study Business Administration. While not at school, he was either working at his part-time job at Target, out in town hanging out with his friends, or in his room playing video games, or on the computer.

His generation seemed to need some continue guidance above the age of 18 unlike my generation where people got full-time jobs after high school and were able to move out easily. I understood that he meant well, as he's a good kid, but cleaning having his mom clean his room at that age seemed a little much!

I didn't mind it really, however one day I found something that I shouldn't have... or maybe it was something I was meant to find...

One afternoon after I had gotten back early from my job where I worked in public relations at a fairly large electronics company, I decided to clean his sheets after weeks of asking him to do it ended with them remaining the same. Though while I changed the sheet, I noticed a flash of pink down the side of the bed, my curiosity got the better of me, so I investigated.

Pulling on the pink strap, I was surprised to see a rose pink satin bra, with delicate black lace trimming around the tops of the cups. Checking the size I saw it was 32B, much too small to be mine, even in my younger days. Picking up the other mysterious object, I discovered it was a matching high waisted pair of panties, with the same color and black lace trimming.

I tried to think back to the last time Connor had a girl over and couldn't think of any recent times; he had been a bit slow in the girlfriend department, rarely having one at all let alone having it last for more than a few months.

Placing them down on the floor I continued changing the bedding until it was fresh and new, debating on whether or not to confront him about having a girl around without permission but decided he was 19 now and could make his own decisions. He would tell me when he was ready I thought, slipping the pair back down the side of the bed where they originally lay hidden.

The next few days were quiet with life going by as normal. Connor mentioned to me that he and Alan were going to a baseball game that Sunday. I planned to visit my sister and her family at some point that weekend.

That Thursday I heard a lot of commotion in his room some reason. A lot of jumping around which was unusual since I thought the days of him jumping on his bed were long over. He had been in his room for several hours, and since I didn't hear a loud TV, I assumed he wasn't playing video games. The instinct inside of me decided to put down my glass of wine and pause Netflix to go upstairs and check on him.

A funny feeling came over me as I walked up the stairs. It was part nerves but also part curiosity. The door was closed, but turning the knob, I found it to be unlocked. This was when I received the shock of my life as I saw my son quickly turn towards the door wearing a curly blonde wig and pink chiffon dress with his bra stuffed.

Spinning around on his hose-clad feet his mouth, red with rather poorly applied red lipstick was wide open in horror as I looked at the scene before me in disbelief. Here was my son wearing a soft pink dress with a little glitter design on the shoulders and a cute bow belt design.

His chest puffed out a little clearly from wearing a stuffed bra while his usually hairy legs were hidden with white tights. Lastly looking up at his face I saw the amateur makeup job, involving mainly only lipstick over applied and mascara, the blonde curls framing his face, however, giving it a rather feminine appearance.

"Mom.... I can explain!" he eventually stammered, frozen in place like a deer in the headlights.

I paused for a moment before speaking, my mind racing but trying to remain calm, thinking of the best way to handle this situation. "I'm... sorry. I should have knocked, I just didn't expect..."

"It's... just for a bet! A few of the guys at work made a bet with the forfeit being crossdressing. Unfortunately, I lost."

I looked at him strangely, because I could usually tell when he was lying. Part of me wanted to believe him. Given the circumstances, I didn't know what to believe. I just said, "It's okay honey..." and left the room.

Part of me was very confused, not so much embarrassment, but more of shock. I didn't think Connor was gay, and nothing in his life made me believe he would be a crossdresser. I went back downstairs because it was time for more wine. The commotion in the room stopped, as I assumed Connor had stopped dancing and gotten back into his normal clothes. I didn't mean to humiliate him if I did. Maybe I should have gone back right then and had a talk with him. Instead, I was confused on what to do so I quickly googled things like 'found son in dress,' 'boy wears panties,' and 'boys who want to be girls.'

A few trans help blogs came up but after reading for a little bit, I thought it was unlikely he wanted to be a girl full-time. Next, I found a few crossdresser support sites and read a little of the information.

Learning that most crossdressers are straight and that it has no bearing on sexuality, I felt a little relieved. Though I would love him no matter what. One of the most interesting pieces was an article about a wife who caught her husband crossdressing she read through it reading about how she helped him and accepted him, buying him clothes and helping with makeup and hair. Thinking back to Connor's poor makeup skills, I laughed a little at the image of helping him.

Closing the laptop, I finished the glass of wine for a little extra courage before again heading up stairs, this time knocking on the door before asking, "Connor? Can I come in and talk?"

After a brief pause, Connor said behind the door, "Sure..."

He was laying on his bed back in boy clothes as expected with gray sweatpants on and some black band T-shirt. He glared at the TV even when I walked in.

"Are you sure you are okay with what happened?"

Connor turned to me, his blue eyes a little full, perhaps from crying. "Yeah, again... Let's just not mention it again, ok?"

I walked closer towards the bed, "Was it really a bet at work? Wouldn't they have wanted you to dress at work rather than in your bedroom at home?"

Connor paused before admitted the truth, "Fine... they are my clothes. And I wanted to wear them..."

I was proud of him for admitting that to me, "That's okay Connor. How long have you been doing this?"

"Maybe a year or so..."

"What made you want to decide to dress like that?" I asked.

Connor said, "I was just curious..."

"Where did you get the clothes?" I asked, knowing they aren't mine. Something about my son wearing my panties is also a little weird so in a way, I was glad he got his own.

"I bought them online..." he answered still doing his best not to look at me.

Sitting down on the edge of the bed, gently patting his leg. "And do you think you... should have been born a girl?"

He looked towards me finally, though as if I was crazy, “What the hell?! No, I just do it occasionally jeez Mom!”

“Right, of course, I thought so. Well, I did a little reading online, and I want to help you,” I offered, hoping he wouldn’t be too shy about it.

“Help? Like what?”

“I noticed your makeup was a little... Hastily done, I can show you a few things, tips!” I mentioned, finding the idea a little fun. Like when I was younger and helped with makeovers.

Connor squirmed a little, “That’s really kind of freaky Mom.... I don’t have ANY plans to go out like that in public, so I don’t think makeup skills really matter.”

“I’m just trying to help you sweetie,” I said as I patted his knee. I rarely called him sweetie, but it felt appropriate given the circumstances.

“Thanks Mom, but I would rather just drop it okay?”

Slightly disappointed, I got up and left the room. Considering it has been a year since he started this, I have a feeling this is far from over.

CHAPTER TWO

Shop

As the weekend came around I visited my sister, Meredith. I couldn't help but seek a little more outside advice. Firstly, making her promise not to mention it to him or anyone else. Sitting on her outside deck, I sipped on a mimosa; that was probably the main reason I was telling her.

“Early in the week, I was cleaning Connor's room, and I found... a bra and panty which was a little surprising but no big deal, just a girlfriends'. But on Thursday, I walked in on him... crossdressing.”

She nodded along, sipping through a straw though her eyes went wide at the last part, almost slamming down her drink, “Oh my. What did you do Holly?!”

“I apologized for knocking then left him to get changed, though we had a little chat after and I tried to comfort him though he was clearly embarrassed about it and told me to just not mention it.”

“You know what you could do,” she said, laughing a little.

“What?” I asked a little desperate for any advice.

“You have always wanted a girl... Why don't you just help anyway?!”

I smiled and rocked back in my chair a bit, “I offered to give maybe him some makeup advice, but he refused and didn't want to talk about it.”

Meredith said, “He's probably just too embarrassed right now. I actually read an article about this in Cosmo a few weeks ago. There was a woman in a similar situation, but she just kept persisting.”

“By doing what exactly?” I asked.

Although I have a few nieces, they are younger than Connor, so shopping for girls his age is a rarity with the exception of Meredith's daughter Emily. My first stop in the mall was in a dress store called The Look Up which seems to target 14-21-year-olds. I could get a pretty good guess on Connor's size just based on his height and weight. I knew he was about 5'6" and maybe 130 lbs. Although the bra I found was 32B, I knew to probably get him an A-cup to start with if I decided to get him a bra to go along with some dresses and other outfits I was going to pick out.

I moved through the store picking up the odd article of clothing before placing it back on the rack, enjoying for once looking at cuter styles than the usual checked shirts or jeans I usually got Connor. Eventually, I picked out a cute white T-shirt with an adorable 'Gosh Being A Princess Is

Exhausting' quote and some black yoga pants with a pink lace waistband, knowing every teen girl has them.

Next, I picked out a dress from a store called floral that Meredith recommended, the skirt was floral while the top half white, separated by a tan belt. I couldn't help but shop for clothes I'd have loved my daughter to wear, though I was fairly certain judging by the clothes I've seen and found he would like these too.

Finally, I headed to an underwear store by the name of 'Intimately', as I looked through the various bras I found the training bra section having a small epiphany. Since he had a flat chest these would be the ideal bras for him, even if they aimed at girls a bit younger. Grabbing a plain pink and white one, before a rose print underwear set with his 'normal' size of 32B and the matching bikini-style panties.

As I went to the counter and handed them over to the sales girl the rack besides me caught my eyes and I figured why the hell not, grabbing a plain black sports bra. I had read that many crossdressers sometimes wear underwear under their male clothes and figured a sports bra would be the least noticeable.

Walking through the mall, I noticed many kiosks selling jewelry, but didn't think Connor has any piercings right now. Perhaps some clip-on earrings would work best for him, so I picked up a few cheap sets as well as small bracelets for under \$5. Going back to my car, I couldn't help but wonder how much Connor would like my taste in fashion for him.

I arrived back at the house before he arrived home from college. Going into his room, I took the garments out of the bag and neatly laid them out on his bed as a little surprise for him to come home to. There was also something Meredith gave me as a special gift to congratulate the arrival of a girl in the household.

Downstairs, I continued my ritual of having a light snack and catching up on some of my shows while making plans for the week with friends. Connor arrived home a little later. Over the last few days, he has seemed less distant than he was after first discovering his crossdressing habit. Maybe his nerves had returned to normal, but considering what he was about to find upstairs, that may have changed.

I nervously waited downstairs for some type of reaction from him, although I just heard silence. I'm not sure what he was doing in his room. Was he trying on his new training bra and dress? Would he surprise me by coming downstairs dressed as a girl?

Minutes later, I heard him yell, "MOM! Can you come up here?!"

I rushed upstairs. Fully expecting to see him in girl-mode, I was slightly disappointed to see him with an angry face.

“What the hell is this stuff?!”

“I was at the mall earlier and figured I’d pick out a few things. Like them?” I asked trying to remain optimistic and cheerful.

“This all girls stuff Mom...” he said, picking up the T-shirt clearly in disbelief.

“Yes well, I know you said you didn’t want help but. It’s what moms do.”

He seemed clearly a little confused and torn between wanting to throw it all away or keep it so I decided to take the opportunity to try and make a little ground.

“Need help hanging it up and putting it away? I’d also love to see what else you have.”

“I dunno Mom this is a little... Embarrassing for me,” he whispered, scratching the back of his head.

“Oh please, I’ve seen you in diapers and running around nude. No need to be embarrassed with me sweetie!”

Something inside of Connor snapped, he had been playing this defensive role about crossdressing. But then he said, “Sorry Mom... It’s just... I thought this would always be my secret and didn’t want anyone to find out... Especially you...”

I smiled, “I understand. I wouldn’t have bought you all of these things if I wasn’t supportive though.”

“I’m thankful for everything Mom really... It’s just really awkward for you to bring me girl clothes. I mean... a sports bra? Where am I supposed to use that?”

“Just some ideas honey. Maybe you can wear it under your T-shirts without anyone seeing thin bra straps.”

“I’m not dressing in public!”

“Again, just ideas...” I said. “Do you like these things?”

Connor hesitated, “The dresses are pretty...”

I smiled, “Why don’t you try them on?”

“Connor, are you okay? You’re taking a little while?” I asked from behind the door, having left him to change himself.

“Yeah, it’s just....this bra is a little... tricky!”

I rolled my eyes before smirking and opening the door, causing him to jump a little wearing only his new panties fumbling around with the training bra. “Mom?!”

“Oh shhh, I’ve seen it all before. Now let me help with that.” I moved behind him and helped pull the straps and hook it into place pulling it down a little and making small adjustments, “Feel better?”

“Yeah it’s a lot more comfy than the other ones...”

“That’s because it’s made for girls that are just developing so they have similar chests to yours, now pick a dress!” I explain to him, feeling a lot closer then we’ve been recently.

He picked the floral dress and easily stepped into it, pulling the spaghetti straps over his shoulders and the bra straps before I again helped him, this time with the zip.

“You look great, it fit okay or should I take it back?”

Connor looked in the mirror of his bedroom. It still felt strange to be wearing a dress in the presence of his mom I think. He picked up part of the skirt of the dress and turned around. His hairy legs look very out place while wearing a dress like this so I thought I should also stop at the drug store sometime and get him some razors along with the makeup I planned on buying him.

“It feels good...” he said.

“You look very pretty... I’m sure the bracelets and earrings I got for you will look great with it.

I approached him closer in the mirror, showing him how to put the clip-on earrings on, feminizing him more in the process. He was still without his wig, so placing them on his ears with his short hair was fairly simple.

“How about I go start dinner while you put away some of your things, get changed into the other dress then I’ll show you a few makeup tricks?” I offered, still stood by his side in front of the mirror.

“I guess...”

“Great, don’t forget your wig Hun!” I gave him one last pat on the shoulder before heading downstairs, hearing the familiar sound of hangars clinking on metal.

After I started preparing dinner I heard footsteps tentatively heading downstairs, moving from the kitchen and into the front room I saw Connor shyly in a black and white formal dress, the wig firmly on his head making him look a lot more feminine. “Oh you look perfect!”

“Thanks...Though I kinda feel a little stupid.” He mentioned with blushing cheeks.

I gave him a short but loving hug before moving him to the sofa, where I had laid out a few of my cosmetics ready for him, “This is going to be fun, I’ve always enjoyed makeovers.”

“Just don’t do anything that’s hard to get off or permanent!”

“Oh relax, I’m your Mother, you can trust me. How’s that dress fit by the way, okay?” I asked, taking a step back and admiring it.

“It fits okay, a little short but good. Though I kind of feel like a girl going to a school dance...” he said with a wince.

“Funny you should say that... Your cousin Emily actually wore that dress to a seventh-grade formal a few years ago.”

“WHAT?!” Connor yelled. Something about wearing a dress his cousin had worn before... and had her first kiss in made him feel weird.

“I told your Aunt Meredith about what happened and she made some great suggestions. She said that Emily’s dress was just sitting in the closet collecting dust all these years so figured it would make a great present for you.”

Still having a little trouble standing in his heels, Connor didn’t seem to like that statement, “You told her about this?! WHY?!”

“We are sisters...”

“Still! UGH! I can’t believe that! Does Emily know?”

“We promised we would keep it between us for now,” I said smiling.

Connor put his hand on his head over his blonde wig, “This is so embarrassing!”

“Now now, your aunt was just as accepting of this as I was. She mentioned that it would be a great bonding experience for us...” Luckily my statement had a positive effect on him as he calmed down a little.

“Please don’t tell anyone else... ESPECIALLY Dad.”

“Don’t worry. This will be our little secret. I’m sure your father would be accepting, but also know most men don’t want to find out their son likes to wear panties and enjoys dressing like a young girl.”

CHAPTER THREE

Good Morning

Over the next few weeks things returned to normal, Connor was again very shy towards me for a few days but seemed to ease up going back to usual boisterous self-playing video games and going out with his friends. I did a few times while cleaning his room notice the new clothes had moved position in his wardrobe indicating he'd been wearing them, I even once caught a glimpse of the sports bra under a thin T-shirt he wore.

Soon enough Mother's Day came around and usually I would get a card with a box of chocolates, nothing special but a nice gesture. That year, however, I got quite the surprise. Waking up to a soft voice, I opened my eyes to see a full breakfast waiting for me on the bed with a girl shyly standing nearby, holding onto her wrist with the other hand demurely.

"Connor...Is that you? What's going on?" I groggily asked, wiping the sleepiness from my eyes.

"Ummm yeah Mom well you see, you were so great before with helping and buying me... stuff. I figured I'd go all out on Mother's Day, as a thank you," he replied, blushing heavily and swaying nervously from side to side.

As I woke up, I could see that Connor making breakfast wasn't the only surprise. This wasn't the only surprise, however, as Connor now sported curly, auburn hair. He was wearing pink pajamas, and I could see his nails were painted a rose shade.

"Connor? You did this all yourself?"

He replied, "The breakfast yes, but I was in the mall the other day doing some shopping for some stuff and got a brilliant idea after picking up your card. I figured that since you were happy to you know, have a 'daughter' you could dress up, that maybe I could spend this year on Mother's Day as your daughter... I booked a hair appointment and told the stylist what I was planning on doing. She thought it was very sweet and recommended dying my hair this shade and putting these extensions in. Then I had my nails done at that Vietnamese place and makeup application as well. It was embarrassing of course but the girls there were very sweet and said they thought more boys should do this for their Mom's."

"Come here sweetie," I said extending my arms. Hugging my son and feeling his feminine hair which came down almost halfway down his back reminded me of his desire to look like a girl and our new journey together. "It is so nice of you to do this and I'm sure we'll have a great day!"

"Of course!" Connor said with excitement. "I have a lot planned."

I smiled as I noticed Connor also now had studs in his ears, proving he had just had them pierced, "How was the shopping trip? What else did you get?"

He smiled before sitting down on the edge of the bed while I started on the breakfast, excitedly explaining all he purchased.

“As you might have guessed I got this nightie” He happily beamed before standing up and showing it off a little, a soft pink short nightie finishing above his knees. It had frills and lace along the straps and edges with a cute white polka dot design, finished by a large satin pink bow between his breasts.

“Connor!? Your chest!?”

“Oh right yeah, I ordered some breast forms a while back that came recent. Tey’re super realistic!” he nonchalantly started adjusting them before sitting back down on the bed and continuing, “I also got a complete outfit, dress, heels, purse, and a few accessories!”

“You really went all out for this didn’t you?” Wondering about how much money he spent on it but shrugging it off and taking a sip of the orange juice he had brought me.

“Yeah I wanted to make it... You know, special!”

I smiled, “What do you have planned for today?”

He tossed his hair to the side, causing his now long hair to go all on his left shoulder and smiled, “I figured we can go see that one movie you’ve been wanting to see and somewhere nice for dinner.”

“That sounds great. Will be nice to go out in public with my little girl.” The comment made Connor blush a little, but I continued. “I’m surprised you haven’t told me your name yet...”

“You mean my girl name?” he asked.

“Yes, I know Connor can be unisex at times but didn’t know if you picked anything more feminine,” I replied.

Connor continued playing with his hair, twirling a bit of it in his fingers. I had a feeling he was still getting used to the sensation of having long feminine hair, “It kinda varies depending on my mood. I’ve posted online under the name Candy but also like the names Tiffani with an i, Roxy, Bambi, and Diamond.”

I kept my smile, even though I wasn’t sure where he came up with these names. “Which do you prefer?”

He smiled and said, “Actually... if we are going out today and you are going to be calling me by a girl’s name maybe we should pick something natural. If I were born a girl, what would you have named me?”

The classic line I had thought about for weeks... What if Connor were really born a girl? The

thought crossed my mind in the past, but never as often as since I discovered his crossdressing habits. I enjoyed raising Connor, especially during my married years to Alan when we were a happy family, but I always missed the experience of having my own daughter while I watched my sister raise hers. Had Connor been born a girl, I could have taken **HER** to ballet lessons, girl scouts, had bonding time teaching her to do makeup, shopping for a training bra, the possibilities are endless.

Answering his question, I said, “Your father and I were going to name you **CAITLYN**.”

“I like that name,” **SHE** said.

CHAPTER FOUR

Good Night

I could tell Caitlyn was very nervous at first walking around outside dressed as she was. I kept reassuring her that no one would notice and that she was very pretty, but it didn't seem to help to much. Thankfully after walking through a few crowds without any incidents, she relaxed and loosened up a bit enjoying herself.

She must have been practicing walking in heels because the three-inch, strappy heels she wore posed no issue for her as she strode beside me, hanging on tightly to the little black clutch purse she had bought and I helped fill with a few feminine objects. The dress she picked I was a little weary of, not because it wasn't cute with its floral design and cute side splits showing a little upper hip. But because it was extremely short finishing mid-thigh, but she seemed to love it so I said nothing.

Watching a romantic comedy chick flick at the theater was fun for a change, since before if I tried to watch one on TV, she would just complain the whole time. Now however, she was giggling along and even asking small questions about the outfits. About mid-way through however Caitlyn announced she needed to go to the restroom, which meant her first time in the women's bathroom.

Again thankfully no one noticed anything out of the ordinary, though, and after a little embarrassing trip she was laughing about how much nicer they were than the men's.

After the movie was over, we headed to the car to go to the restaurant. Caitlyn's walk in heels had improved tremendously over the last few weeks. She had probably been practicing walking in heels as I could tell by her sway and arm movements. She often held her purse in a certain way as well which mean either she had been putting a lot of time into her feminization or the movements were coming naturally.

There were a few times over the last few weeks that I heard him listening to videos on his laptop while walking passed his room and it was also the voice of a young girl doing some type of tutorial it seemed. Even though he had been relatively quiet about crossdressing until today, I knew he wanted to get more serious about it.

The entire time during our conversation between the trip from the movies to the theater, Caitlyn spoke in her female voice with speech as if she really were a girl. She made no references to things she did as a male showing how serious she was taking it. This truly felt like she was my natural-born daughter.

After waiting a few minutes at the hostess stand, we were seated in the busy American bistro restaurant. I could tell some of the younger men in the restaurant turned their eyes to Caitlyn as she walked through the restaurant with feminine grace.

As we sat down I noticed she smoothed her dress underneath her, sitting with her knees touching,

the epitome of feminine causing me to forget for a moment she was ever even a man, Giggling a little as I leaned over and whispered, “The guys here all seem to like your outfit.”

Without any subtly she whipped her head to the side seeing a few guys all turn away the moment she did, looking back to me a blushing more than I’ve ever seen.

To lighten the mood I added on, “Guys right?” with a little wink.

Which caused a slight smile before the reply, “Yeah haha, they’re the worst!”

The dinner went very smoothly with me ordering her food for her, which was the first time since she was little. Both having the same meal with me joking that she would have to watch her weight now if she wanted to keep fitting into her cousin’s old dresses.

Suddenly, there was a surprise visit. A couple walked by with their teenage son and stopped. The woman said, “Holly?!”

I looked up and saw it was one of my co-workers, Julia. “Hey! How are you?!”

“Great! Just had dinner with the family. This is my husband George, who I’ve mentioned and my kid Ryan” They said their hellos and then Julia turned her attention to my ‘daughter.’ “You never told me you had a daughter as well. Where is Connor?”

I hesitated, but then admitted, “Actually... this is Connor...”

The family seemed a little shocked at first, not sure of what to say. Finally, Julia said, “OH!... Are you enjoying yourself?”

I smiled, “Yes, it’s been a very nice day. Connor decided to do something very special for me this year. Since I don’t have any other kids, he wanted me to experience what it would be like to have a girl of my own.” Connor turned red in embarrassment, but at least I didn’t tell them the story about discovering his crossdressing habit which led to this whole ordeal.

“Oh wow! That’s very sweet of you Connor. Very nice thing for you to do for your mother today,” Julia said as she smiled. Her husband and son seemed a little taken aback at the situation.

“He’s going by Caitlyn for today.”

“Well you make a very pretty girl Caitlyn. I had no idea!” said Julia.

Caitlyn blushed, “Thank you Julia.”

Julia turned to her son, “Ryan, you should do this for me next year!”

The teen boy with shaggy hair and baggy closed seemed very humiliated by the statement and quickly shook his head. We all had a laugh before we said our goodbyes.

After they walked away, I turned to Caitlyn, "See, it seems everyone thinks you are a girl!"

"You aren't going to tell her about everything else... right?" asked Caitlyn.

"It's our little secret," I smiled.

After we both finished our desserts we headed home. Caitlyn slipping off her heels before slumping on the sofa the dress flaring up showing her panties a little before she pulled it down a little embarrassed, "You walk well in them but that's the first time you've worn them for a few hours hmmm?"

"Yeah haha, It seemed like a good idea at the time, but my feet are killing me!" she complained, rubbing her feet, the rose pink nails shining a little.

Sitting down next to her I laughed, "I'm sure you'll get used to it."

"You think? I mean today was super fun, but I doubt we could do it often?"

"I don't see why not, especially since you enjoyed it. You're only young once!" I cheerfully said, patting her leg.

"True, after a while I did kinda forget I was a boy it just all came naturally," she slowly said, a little unsure of herself.

Nodding along I decided to reveal my own thoughts too, "I did really enjoy today. I had always been a little jealous of my sister getting to raise a girl. It's such a shame that we missed out on all the younger years things," I said with a little sadness.

"You did buy me my first bra, that was pretty similar?" she said, trying to comfort me.

"Yes, but it's a little different though that does give me an idea... No, no it's a little much haha," I said stopping my brain midway through the thought.

"What is that?" she asked while playing with her hair.

I took another sip of my wine, "Since you did very well today being a girl full-time, how would you feel about doing this more often?"

"You mean like more mom dates with me dressed like a girl? Sure!"

"I mean more than that... For instance, having you pretend to be a younger girl?"

"You want to age-regress me and take me out in public?!" she blurted out.

I smiled after another drink, "It doesn't have to all be in public. I just missed some elements of

having a little girl to raise and now may be the perfect time.”

“How little are we talking?”

CHAPTER FIVE

Basics

"Thanks for coming! I think she's still sleeping," I said to Meredith as she came to visit. For the past week, I had told my sister everything about my amazing day with my new daughter and our exciting plans for the future... Even it meant taking a trip in the past in a way.

"I can't wait to see her! This should be very interesting. You looked adorable together in those photos from Mother's Day," said Meredith.

We walked up the stairs to Caitlyn's room which had been slightly redecorated. 'Connor' was able to get a discount before quitting 'his' job. The old bed and TV were still in there, but a trip to the store took care of a few other needed items. I could tell Meredith was excited but also a little nervous to see her new niece. Opening the door slowly, I walked in to see Caitlyn sleeping gently. Her sleep habits have changed a lot over the last few days. After college classes, she comes home and immediately gets into her new clothes that I help her get into.

Meredith places her hand over her mouth as she sees Caitlyn laying in the crib wearing her diaper and her white shirt with 'Baby Caitlyn' written on it in a gold font. Even though Caitlyn is well-above the size of a normal baby girl, I found a site online with customized baby clothing. While searching for 'grown son or daughter wearing diapers' I mostly just found sites about mothers with adult children with their incontinence problems or mental issues, but it inspired me to also start a blog on the subject of voluntarily having adult children play the role of babies.

"She is so adorable!" said Meredith, keeping her voice low.

"It's been a long time since I've had to deal with a baby, but it has been very rewarding!"

Meredith smiled, "I'm sure!"

Caitlyn started waking up a bit and got her first sight of her Aunt Meredith smiling down at her. In adult mode, I didn't tell Caitlyn that Meredith was coming over and wanted it to be a surprise. She kept role-playing and just started making little small cries. I picked her up a bit to give my baby girl a hug.

"What have you been feeding her?"

"Normal stuff," I said patting Baby Caitlyn's back. "Of course, I'm not lactating. I'm feeding her formula out of the fridge and baby food."

"They do grow up fast," said Meredith.

"Ha, you are telling me!"

I took Caitlyn out of the crib with a little help and laid her on the blanket on the floor next to a

bunch of stuffed animals. Meredith had brought her a present of a new teddy bear named Fluffy that was white with pink bows in its hair.

Caitlyn cuddled her new teddy bear with a pacifier in her mouth as I placed a mobile over her to play with as well.

Meredith asked, "Does Alan know about all of this?"

I knew the topic would come up at some point. "We are keeping it between us. I'm sure the last thing a father needs to know is that his son was crossdressing and is now a baby girl."

"Knowing Alan, yes that's probably best," said Meredith.

I pulled down Caitlyn's diaper a little bit. "Ut oh, someone needs a new diaper." I turned to Meredith, "This is the least glamorous part of having a baby again, but at least it's realistic."

"Do you need me to help change her?"

CHAPTER SIX

Play Time

A few weeks later I walked into her room, knowing knocking wasn't necessary anymore since her regression. Looking down at Caitlyn playing with her dolls giggling a little at the sight of it, her longish hair was parted down the middle and in cute little pigtails fastened by pink ribbons. The white frilly polka dot dress looked especially adorable since it barely covered her butt, especially when she sat on the floor. The thinner pull-ups she now wore on full display, the fairy design on them clear as day. Finally, a pair of pink frilly ankle socks finishes the look of the little sissy girl.

"Having fun Caitlyn?" I asked, looking over her shoulder at the dolls.

Looking up she smiled and nodded her head dramatically while saying in her little girl voice, "Yes Mommy!"

"Good, well I have to head out with a friend, and now don't throw a tantrum, but I was very worried about you being home alone," I explained, keeping my voice as soft as possible.

"Aunt Meredith is here?..." she asked a little worried in a childish, girlish tone.

"Not exactly..."

Just as I muttered those words a young woman in her late-teens walked in smiling, until she saw Caitlyn and gasps giggling a little. I knew this was a big surprise for her, seeing her ex-boyfriend dressed like a little girl but after talking with her for the past few weeks online I was sure she would be a good influence.

Caitlyn's eyes shot wide open, looking from me to her, clearly distressed and fighting the urge to run. Trying to say something but her mouth just wide open as she drops the toys she was playing with.

"Hey, Caitlyn is it? We're going to have a blast while I babysit you!" she said cheerfully, leaning down closer to her.

My daughter later told me that this was the second most embarrassing moment of the whole ordeal, the first being when Meredith and I changed her diaper. I'm sure no teenage boy ever wanted to wear a frilly sissy dress in diapers and have his ex-girlfriend see him, but I knew Haley had experience, and I couldn't turn down when an attractive gentleman asked me on a date. Figured that it would help with the experience of growing up as a girl for her as well.

"Please don't go Mommy!" Caitlyn yelled.

I gave her a hug and told her everything would be okay as I would only be gone for a few hours and would call to check in.

Haley, being an experienced babysitter, turned to her feminized ex-boyfriend, “Don’t worry little baby! I have all types of fun things planned for us tonight. We are going to play a princess game with dressing up and then get to watch the movie *Missy and the Giant Caterpillar*. How does that sound?!”

A few moments after the door shut and I left, Caitlyn stood up, stepping over her toys and towards her wardrobe. Opening it up wide before searching through it, she pushed all the girly clothes to the side and took some guys stuff, shorts and a tee. Carrying them both not saying a word or even looking towards Haley she moved for the door. Though Caitlyn’s path was blocked.

“Move please, I want to get changed right now,” her male voice returned, though not quite fully, still fairly high.

“Afraid not Caitlyn, I’ve been told by your Mommy the exact rules you have to follow and that breaks about three of them!” she gloated a little, smirking.

“She never told me you were coming here, so I don’t care. I’m getting changed back into guy stuff. This is getting out of hand!” she said again, trying to sum up all her courage and male bravado as she tried to push her way out of the room, failing.

“Now now, neither one of us wants Miss Holly to find out that you misbehaved. I’d not get paid and you’d be in BIG trouble Missy!” she confidently stated, closing the door and stepping in front of it.

Caitlyn lost it, “Haley, you are insane! Are you really expecting to treat me like a little girl?”

“This is actually a good look for you now,” Haley smirked.

“You are such a fucking bitch...” said Caitlyn.

“Where did you learn those words little girl!”

“I’m not a little girl! This charade is over!” said Caitlyn trying to take off her dress.

Suddenly, Haley grabbed Caitlyn and sat down with her, bending over her knee. She slapped Caitlyn’s diapered butt three times while Caitlyn screamed.

“NOOOO! What are you doing?!”

“Your mom said to punish you if needed.”

“Why would she say that?! Please stop!”

Haley stopped spanking her ex-boyfriend's butt. Even though there was some padding there thanks to the diaper, it still hurt. "Are you going to be a good little girl?"

Caitlyn started getting teary-eyed, "This is just so embarrassing."

Haley turned her anger into comfort as she hugged Caitlyn, "It's okay princess. We just want you to do well and treat you like a little girl so you experience it all! Not everything can be rainbows and ponies. Trust me."

"What do you want me to do?! Just accept this?"

Haley smiled, "Your mom didn't tell me everything but did mention that you've been crossdressing for a while."

"What else did she tell you?!"

"Just that you were experimenting with age play as well. How does it feel to be a little girl."

"It's fun when some girl isn't acting like a biiiii," Caitlyn stopped herself before uttering the dirty word meant for adults.

Haley said, "I really had no idea you were a crossdresser... although I did notice some panties and yoga pants missing from my room one day. Did you take them?"

Caitlyn hesitated before answering, "Let's change the subject... I'll go back to acting like a little girl. Just PLEASE DO NOT tell ANYONE else about this, deal?"

"Fine, but we are at least taking some selfies together when we play the dress up game together."

CHAPTER SEVEN

A Visit

A few months later, I opened the front door and smiled seeing Caitlyn in the front room playing video games. Now that she was playing an older age of about 12-years-old and she was allowed to play video games again which she was ecstatic about. Though, that was before I went through all her games and decided what was appropriate and what wasn't, a small list remained after getting rid of violent games that included someone stealing cars.

Turning around and pausing the sing-along game she put the mic down before stepping over, "So how was your trip to Aunt Meredith's?" she asked cheerfully. She was still wearing the outfit I picked out in the morning of a white crop top that had a unicorn on the front and a simple short denim skirt; her hair was out up in a high ponytail with a large purple scrunchie and hair clip to keep the bangs out of her eyes. Her hair had grown out naturally, which meant no need for wigs or extensions.

"Great thank you Caitlyn; I actually brought some stuff back with me including some more hand me downs from your OLDER cousin!" I answered as I put a few large bags down.

"Really!? Are they cute?" she asked excited, almost skipping over before stopping as her cousin Emily walked in behind me.

"Of course, I only get cute stuff!" shouted Emily.

This was Emily's first time seeing Caitlyn dressed up. By now, Caitlyn had become used to other people seeing her as a girl but still blushed heavily. Her dad Alan did find out but seemed to be too busy in his own life to care about what his 'adult son' choose to do with his life.

"Hi Emily..." Caitlyn nervously said as she got up.

"I really hope these fit you! We look about the same weight now, but you are still a little taller than me you know?"

"Yay! I've been on a diet!" said Caitlyn.

"And your hair is growing out! It looks so cute!"

"Thanks," said Caitlyn.

"Caitlyn, why don't you take Emily upstairs with these bags and put them away in your closet?"

"Sure Mommy," she said.

Emily laughed a little, "Oh, there's this one thing I really need you to try on while I'm here that I know a princess like you will really like."

“I don’t think it’s going to fit Emily!”

“Don’t be so shy to try it on! We are already passed the fact that you are a sissy!”

“It’s still really weird for my 16-year-old cousin to be treating me like I’m younger.”

“Your mom told me that you agreed to this, so I imagine in a few weeks you’ll be ‘my age.’”

“Now that I’m on summer break from college, I can dress like this more often.”

“You mean you weren’t going to class dressed like a little girl a few weeks ago...?” asked Emily.

“No,” said Caitlyn as she nervously continued, “But I did wear thin diapers under my clothes there...”

“Yeah.. total sissy. Now come on, just pull these tights over your panties!”

“Fine, fine!” Caitlyn answered a little flustered, taking the opaque white tights before turning her back on her cousin, zipping the skirt then letting it fall down before rolling up the tights on each leg before shimmying herself into them fully.

“Perfect now be prepared to lose your mind!” Emily warned jokingly before taking a pink glitter tutu out of the bag holding it up smiling, “Best cousin ever or what?”

Caitlyn blushed deeply, looking down at her own feet before nodding a little after it was clear she wanted a response. A little confused, though, “You bought me a tutu...?”

“Of course not! This is my old one from when I was about your age; it should fit if a little snug, try it on!”

Taking the ultra-feminine garment, Caitlyn couldn’t quite believe what was happening as she looked down at it, unsure whether she should or not. Watching as Emily packed the clothes she bought into her closet, giggling and holding up any clothing she thought was super cute or very sissy.

She held the leotard down and daintily stepped into each leg hole before pulling it up her hose covered legs, having a little trouble with the fit but eventually getting it there, slipping her arms through the gaps and looking down at the tutu, blushing intensely as Emily finally glances over, clapping her hands.

“Haha, you were just made for that! The perfect outfit for my sissy cousin.”

“Just call me Caitlyn please...”

“Fine CAITLYN! Now for your hair...” Emily said looking around Caitlyn’s room. Over the last few weeks, the room had been redecorated again as Caitlyn now had a vanity to work on her makeup and hair as well as a few decorations on the walls to remind her of her new age. Even her bed sheets had been changed to a pink bedspread with zebra print pillows and Fluffy the teddy bear her aunt got for her when she was a baby that she still holds at night.

Caitlyn sat in the chair, careful not to mess up the tutu, as Emily found some hair products. She pulled up her cousin’s hair and put it in a tight bun.

“What is this for?”

“A proper ballerina needs this. You don’t want all this hair in your face. I’m going to show you some dance stuff!” Emily said with excitement.

“Where is your tutu?”

“Ha, I don’t need to wear one. I’m fine to do it in these yoga shorts and tank top. Oh, what have your friends said about your new look and room?”

“I’ve been kind of avoiding people and questions like that you know? Like, my dad knows now but he said he doesn’t want to see me like this.”

“I understand your dad doesn’t want to see his grown son acting like a tween ballerina! He would freak out!” Emily laughed.

“Exactly... plus... Mom has been dating this guy named Glen for a few weeks and said she wants to introduce me to him but that I’ll need to be in girl-mode when it happens so we are going somewhere nice for dinner next weekend and I have to wear a dress.”

“That’s exciting!” said Emily as she sprayed something on Caitlyn’s hair keeping it in place.

“Yeah, it’s just like I’ve been so into this lately... I didn’t want to at first, especially considering I had to wear diapers and use them and everything.”

“EWWW! Who even thinks of something like that?” asked Emily.

“You wore them at one point! It’s just about the growing up process.”

“What has been your favorite age so far?”

“Right now actually, but I’m actually looking forward to being your age soon. Just have more freedom as time goes on like I had before and was crossdressing by myself in here.”

“At least you are open about it. I’m sure there are plenty of straight guys out there who crossdress and would love for their mom’s to help them become more feminine.”

Caitlyn stood up, “I guess my mom has done a great job considering I look like THIS NOW!”

“Totes,” said Emily as she took a few selfies with her feminized cousin.

“Are you still using your old Instagram name?”

“Actually, Mom says I can’t use it until I turn 15!”

“Oh wow, well luckily that’s only a few weeks from now.”

“Yeah, unless I decided to stay at this age for a little longer, you know?”

“Ha, well as a 12-year-old girl, you have a lot to learn!”

“Like what?”

“For starters, ballet! I think it will do wonders for your femininity and movements. Plus you’ll have a new hobby!”

As I moved up the stairs quietly, I heard the two girls voices both giggling causing me to smile, opening the door a little I saw the Emily adjusting Caitlyn’s limbs. Moving her arms above her head and together before adjusting on leg bent at the knee. “Very nice pose Caitlyn, you’ll be a professional at ballet in no time!”

Spinning around, still on her toes rather gracefully, she blushed before curtsying a little, “Thanks Mom, it’s actually super fun!”

“She’s a natural! You’ll have to join my dance class soon.” Emily said, still adjusting her a little into the perfect position as if she was a doll.

“Oooo that does sound fun, doesn’t it Caitlyn?” I asked, curious about whether she would be okay with something like that.

“Umm I’m not sure, maybe?” she answered shyly, clearly unsure about joining a teen’s dance class.

“For now, why don’t you show me what your Big cousin taught you!”

“Okay Mommy!” Caitlyn answered a little happier, eager to show off what she had learned.

Moving up onto her tip toes she took a few dainty little steps around the room, swinging her arm slowly and gracefully before bending her leg and spinning, straightening her leg out mid spin. Emily clapped a little and I joined in throwing praise on her as she blushed, coming to a stop and

gripping the tutu curtseying.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Party Time

By mid-August, me and Glen's relationship had blossomed into love. He proposed to me in early-August which I gladly accepted. I never thought I would meet someone and fall in love so quickly. He had been completely accepting of Caitlyn's lifestyle and even offered to help with the transition. It was obvious that no matter what age the role-play stopped at, Caitlyn was going to remain a girl. Living as a boy seemed like a lie which is why she started living as a teenage girl 24/7.

Glen worked in the medical field and had a few friends who were able to subscribe testosterone blockers, estrogen, and a few other helpful medications. They were intrigued by the age element of her transition as well and said they would do more research into things that may be helpful for age and gender transformation, although now that she was biologically 19-years-old, living as a 16-year-old girl would not be too difficult.

Hormones that affected Caitlyn's hips, skin, and other areas weren't the only changes. Glen knew a plastic surgeon who was happy to perform breast implants on her bringing her to a full C-cup. Since she had a feminine face, only a few adjustments were made including a tracheal shave. Recovery from orchiectomy was luckily very speedy as Caitlyn wanted to make sure she was completely healed by her Sweet Sixteen party on August 20th. Over the last few months, she has made plenty of new friends, especially from the ballet studio and is living a completely different life than the one she had.

We had a very long talk one night about the future, and I told her that the best thing at this point based on her goals was to stop the age play at 16 and have her live a normal life as a 16-year-old girl for a year, that way she could age normally and we could make further decisions from there. She agreed especially since it meant having her cousin Emily with her at ballet practice and school.

Due to the recent news issues about bathroom laws and gender, the school system was more than willing to accept Caitlyn's new identity as she was registered to enter high school as a junior. She was issued a new ID and everything. Not only did we need to update the gender to an F-mark, but also her new weight of 120lbs and height which had been reduced thanks to certain prescriptions bringing her down to 5'7".

The day of Caitlyn's Sweet Sixteen was nothing short of magical. Glen was nice enough to buy her the dream dress she had her eyes on, making her feel like a daddy's girl. Her real dad was invited to the party as well. He has been coping with the transition but is making it work.

Caitlyn adjusted her tiara as she took a few deep breaths, she hadn't been this nervous since Emily took her to dance practice the first time. She stood in front of her floor length mirror making any last minute adjustments; the pink ball gown fit her perfectly after she shopped with me in almost ten different stores till she found the perfect one. The bodice was covered in glitter and fake diamonds while the skirt billowed out in a controlled mess of taffeta and lace, little

gemstones scattering it.

She insisted on wearing heels underneath even though no one would see them, while her hair had light curls in an over the shoulder look topped off with a silver tiara that made her feel like a princess.

“Ready for the big reveal Caitlyn?” I asked, adjusting a few stray hairs.

“I’m not so sure, I mean there are some people down there from when I was a guy mixed with those that think I was born a girl!”

“Well I’m sure if you just be yourself they’ll all be happy to see you, now don’t keep them waiting!” I said finally, stepping out of the room and out into the garden where several pink banners had been set up all saying Birthday Girl, Princess, and Sweet Sixteen.

Shortly afterward, my daughter made her grand entrance to the sounds of cheering, applause, and snaps from cell phones and cameras. Although this was Alan’s first time seeing Caitlyn dressed as feminine as this, he did have a dance with her and kiss her on the forehead, showing his acceptance of her transition. Glen danced with her as well and even kissed her hand which was french manicured earlier in the day.

The attendees consisted mostly of family and new friends, but there were a few long time friends at the party. Of course, no older teen boys were there as I do not want them dating Caitlyn at her age, but Caitlyn’s ex-girlfriend and former babysitter Haley came there dressed in a pretty short blue party dress with her hair in an up-do.

“You look so pretty!” Haley said as she hugged Caitlyn, careful not to step on her huge ball gown.

“Thanks, you do too Haley!” Caitlyn smiled with her pearly white teeth. Even though Caitlyn was in three-inch heels, Haley stood taller than her now. “Please, remember the story...”

“What?”

Caitlyn whispered, “Remember... some of the girls here don’t know about my ‘past’ so remember I’ve always been a princess!”

After a short while I brought out her birthday cake, a large pink cake with ballet shoes decorated on them to show her new favorite hobby. The sixteen candles scattered around it as everyone sang her happy birthday before she blew out the candles, holding onto her tiara in case it fell.

Her dancing continued this time with girls her age, Emily, and a few other friends she had made at dance class. Wanting to twerk and let loose but unable too in the giant dress instead just moving side to side and singing along to her favorite boy band songs and stuff from Macklemore.

“So when are we changing for the pool party?” Emily asked as they danced, eager to cool down in the water.

“Pool party?” Caitlyn asked surprised, looking over at the pool that they barely used anymore.

“Yeah, your mom had us all bring swim suits since you apparently got the cutest one!”

She blushed heavily, unsure about being in front of everyone in barely anything, “Yeah I did get one but I’m su...”

“Nonsense! Let’s go get changed!” she yelled out, grabbing her hand and almost dragging her into the house.

The guests scattered themselves around the house in order to change while Emily and Haley went upstairs with Caitlyn to her bedroom to help her get out of her ball gown and into her bikini.

“I just don’t want to get my hair wet!” complained Caitlyn.

“Wow, you really have turned into a princess,” laughed Haley.

“You know her well!” said Emily.

All three of the girls were used to seeing each other change. Haley was more impressed by the fact that her former boyfriend now had the same breast size as her. I’m sure they saw each other naked as well, so maybe it wasn’t the first time Haley saw Caitlyn’s penis. It looks really out of place on her body, but hopefully, surgery in the near future will solve that issue. Caitlyn and I had a talk the other night about how it feels out of place on her body and doesn’t belong there anymore.

Emily and Haley stripped as well and had light conversation in the process. The three girls planned on taking a trip to the beach again before the end of the summer, giving Caitlyn another opportunity to wear her new bikini.

Taking off her strapless bra, Caitlyn allowed her breasts to hang free for a moment before picking up the vintage one-piece swimsuit. It was bright red with white polka dots, one of her favorite patterns. Even though she had mastered the art of tucking, there may be a hint of bulge showing, but that is what the skirt is for at the bottom of the outfit that barely covers down there. She preferred to keep it on the safe side which is why she didn’t get a two piece like I see some teenage girls wear.

Haley came with a blue two piece with black imprints around the sides and Emily wore a white bikini with pink peace signs on it. The girls giggled as they came down the steps, this time in flip flops instead of heels.

I watched as the three girls all ran out and towards the pool, Emily and Haley jumping in while

Caitlyn, not wanting to ruin her hair or makeup sat down on the edge with her feet in the pool. I had changed into my own swimsuit a simple purple one piece a lot less extravagant than the younger girls; I sat down next to her hugging her close, “So better sixteenth birthday than last time?”

“So much! Thanks Mom, you’re the best!” She came in a little closer and whispered, “Also Mom, can we not mention my other life again? Seems a bit weird.”

CHAPTER NINE

Epilogue

In September, Caitlyn started school again entering 11th grade. Glen and I bought her a new car for her Sweet Sixteenth at the end of the night as the big surprise. It was bright pink and fits her personality.

She took it in her stride though embracing the princess mentality and soon became fairly popular with Emily's help. As well as keeping up with her dance classes and practicing ballet she joined playing on the volleyball team along with her cousin, enjoying the competitiveness of it that her other hobbies lacked.

Thanks to her already having technically completed high school, her grades were in the top percent of her class. Most exciting however was the amount of boys that asked her to the Homecoming dance, though she only had one in mind and thankfully he asked. It's amazing how Caitlyn's sexual orientation has changed along with her lifestyle.

Shopping for Homecoming dresses proved to be another bonding moment for us since prior to her transformation, I didn't have to help when it came to her getting a suit or tux. This time, we spent hours in the dress shop to find the perfect dress. She chose a short teal one that exposed much of her feminine legs. I thought it was a little too short, but tried not to treat her like a little girl anymore since she is growing up to become a woman.

With my wedding come up quickly in December, we had a blast shopping for dresses again, me for my bridal gown and her for the maid of honor. Of course, she wore a pink one with a bow; taking several selfies of herself while in the changing room, posting them all to her several social media accounts she now had.

The dress had a plunging neckline that showed her new assets which she loved. Choosing to do her hair in a princess updo with a beautiful necklace framing her slender neck. While we fetched a bite to eat at a restaurant after the final dress fitting. I also asked her if she was okay with Glen being her step dad. Thankfully she and him had a fairly good relationship since he spoiled her at times, buying her plenty of gifts, mainly clothes.

Caitlyn said, "YES! I'm looking forward to having him as my step daddy. Glen is so nice and treats you and I very well!"

Our relationships had greatly improved since we are all living together. Glen treated her like any other 16-year-old girl and planned to cover the expenses for the final surgery in January.

The wedding in December was one of the best days I could wish for. Everyone made our special day a memorable moment, especially Caitlyn. I'm not sure I even would have met Glen if it wasn't for her as she inspired me to look at life in a new way and try new adventures. Feminizing my son was definitely the best decision I ever made. I logged the story on my blog, which soon had several thousand hits a week and received tons of comments from other mothers in similar

positions.

Caitlyn's sexual reassignment surgery was a success the next month. I held her hand as she awake from the process and told her she did very well and that recovery would take a few more days. It was well worth having her penis removed as she felt much more confident about no one at school ever finding out what she was born with. As far as anyone knew, she was always a girl.

There was more exciting news to come as the week after Caitlyn's surgery; I found out I was pregnant! Never did I think I would get pregnant again at 41-years-old, but it just happened! So many miracles had happened since last year. When I told Caitlyn that Glen and I were expecting she was very excited to have a sibling finally. She cried in happiness with me after I revealed my pregnancy.

Come Mother's Day the following year, Caitlyn and I spent the day together again this time with a baby pump showing that I had another child along the way. At dinner, I really felt like I was eating for two and filled Caitlyn in previously about all details about being pregnant since she was very curious about the female anatomy, especially now that she had a vagina.

I believe Caitlyn does want to have children eventually, and hopefully, a medical breakthrough will happen shortly allowing girls like her to get uterus implants and carry children. Meanwhile, Caitlyn was focused on school, ballet recitals, beauty pageants, sports with friends, her boyfriend, and most importantly; her plans for college.

That Mother's Day, we discussed a lot at the table, including how this all started last year although we did keep the promise of not mentioning her previous life as a boy. The conversation showed what we do best and why this happened in the first place. For us to bond as mother and daughter.

Before the end of dinner on Mother's Day, there was one more important announcement I had to make.

"Caitlyn, I wanted to save this announcement for tonight. I have exciting news!"

Her eyes lit up with excitement as her curls bounced, "Really? What is it?"

I smiled with happiness, "We found out the gender of the baby. You are going to be a big sister to a baby girl!"

The End!

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! Please be sure to leave us a positive review!

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(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)

Claire's Tumblr: mermadprincesss.tumblr.com/

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