

ABBY

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Chapter 54 - Mom

Tara and Dr. Christina launched a campaign. They pestered me, all of us, to write to our families. Their crew of aspiring psychologists wrote a one page explanation we could all attach. In a slightly modified form it went up on the website.

My stomach felt sick as I felt the pressure to do something. We had assembled a big collection of colorful cards for this and other purposes. I practiced my terrible handwriting before using cursive as I had heard that a hand written note could be received as more personal.

“Dear Mom and Dad

“It is time to tell you that I am well and have a very respected position with a foundation.

“I wear women’s dresses at all times now with the hair, lipstick, and earrings to match.

What started as inexpensive denim shirtdresses are now pleated skirts and white blouses, or expensive skirt suits. There is a serious practical reason for this development to tell you when we talk.

“I’m the Chair of a Foundation which cares for about eighty people. I sing on a church choir. No, before you ask, I’m not particularly religious. Think of church as a community which is how we describe ourselves.

“I work long hours during the week, but could take a little time off. I can’t come to you, but maybe you could visit here.

“With love.

“My new name matching my new image is
Cindi”

I had a glossy photo printed of me made from an electronic image from the Exquisite Fit Tailors. I chickened out with fear at the last moment and didn’t mail it with the card. Within seconds of dropping that card into our mail slot I wished I had included that photo. Anxieties washed over my back like acid every time I thought about what I should have done with mailing that image with the card.

Mom became livid on the phone when she called. “You straighten up and fly right before I’ll have lunch with you. Quit that foolishness.”

“Mom. I wrote you for honesty and healing. Can’t you see that?”

A long pause followed on the phone. Maybe I heard a sniffle. “Maybe. Have a place in mind?”

They lived about a day’s drive way. We had the spiffy hotel across the highway, and our enormously successful restaurant. I suggested our restaurant without telling her

who owned it.

She called back with their selection of a date. I had been scheduled for a Chamber of Commerce meeting on that day and reported that. We selected another choice in about six weeks.

I summoned such moral courage as I had and mailed that photo.

The day before her visit I went to the Dentist in our medical clinic in the expanded Mansion House building. I had her tell me everything there could be known about keeping my teeth as blazing white as my best new blouse. She told me I had masculine canine teeth and lower jaw, but not too much so.

My sister-wives and I scheduled ourselves at the Beauty Salon, and told them of the pending encounter. I wanted them to do whatever they thought they could do for me to be every mother's prettiest girl. Not flashy; sexy without being too much so; what the parents would like their college kid to be for her year book picture. They were to "do" me and my sister-wives too.

They had me in there right after breakfast on the day before. They gave my hair a shampoo, a blond color rinse, and a slight trim to be just so for the style they proposed. That style, to which I agreed, and they did, was based on a country singer with her blond hair over her right shoulder. They shaped and painted my nails with a wonderful color and lipstick to match that wasn't too bright. My feelings weren't ready for their shaping my toenails. I asked for a pause, explained myself, and told them to go ahead. That still sent shivers up my spine, but I endured it. They had new hair clips for the new style, and had me practice with that clip behind my head. I tried smiling like they did, but doubted I became exactly like the proverbial girl next door.

They put a sheet over my bust. I closed my eyes. I felt that airbrush as they worked on all of my exposed skin.

Rachel put her hand on my chest just above my enlarged C cup sized breasts in a comforting way. "First take a look."

Wow, they had me 'something else' in the mirror which I told them.

They weren't done. "We trust you to take this the right way, Cindi, because you asked." They pulled that sheet down and wrapped a special sheet over my shoulders, around my arms, but in a way that left my chest exposed above where my bra would be.

"Cindi; you'll just have to trust us. Do your best to relax. Tell us if you have to have us pause. OK?" They brought out that makeup air brush again and a square of cloth provided by the seamstresses for my new skirt suit in the finishing stages of production. "We didn't get the color quite right. We are going to make you the million bucks look of a star, or die trying. We are sending you to the stars, and especially to cover your masculine skin pores."

They paused as if waiting for me to say something, but I didn't know what to say. I closed my eyes, and leaned back in that reclining chair.

One of them said. "OK, let's start."

I flinched as they pulled about a dozen hairs from my upper chest they hadn't warned me about doing that.

I felt the air on my skin as they wiped off what had been applied and sprayed and sprayed ever more all over the exposed parts of my upper chest, neck, and face.

"OK, see the new you."

I opened my eyes. "I don't believe what I am seeing. Is this a video of that singer?"

"No, Cindi, this really is you." She pinched my cheek lightly so I could feel her fingers as I watched her hand on me in the mirror.

"Let the makeup dry a little bit before you rub your own face. Hold still, we have touch up work." I closed my eyes again and felt spots of air here and there on me.

When I could see again I turned my head this way and that as I watched in the mirror. That beauty in the mirror really was me. I had become so good looking I would never have dared ask a girl this pretty out for a date.

The following day they send me for a pumping and a diaper changing just after 10:30am, followed by a makeup air brush session. My wives helped me all the way with pantihose they had selected for matching the tone of my makeup. The pantihose pulled my diaper in tight against me. They fiddled with my new C cup bra adjusting it that became right. After that we had an easy time with the blazing white ruffled new blouse, pleated red skirt, and matching suit jacket. They stopped me from using the turquoise earrings I had brought and insisted on an inexpensive costume pearl on each ear and a pearl necklace. They made a final brushing of my hair held in back with a big clip.

They beamed at me as they brought me out front and made a photo shoot for the Exquisite Fit website. They gave me best wishes for my meeting with my Mom.

The boss girl handed me a bag of skin cleaners for removing all that makeup later before it damaged my skin. I returned to them instead for that cleaning. She playfully smacked me on my padded butt. "Go forth Cindi with confidence you are the loveliest girl in the world." She made a demur little smile of being caught in a lie. "Or at least nearby around here."

I cried, and they showed me how to dry my cheeks of the tears without damaging that makeup.

I arrived early for lunch and asked for a booth where I could observe the front door. I asked them to watch for my Mom and gave them her name.

I saw myself in a mirror to be taken aback all over again.

The waitress being so cute I thought about how I would have asked her for a date completely forgetting how I looked. That told me that my self confidence had increased. I slid my hand under the back of my skirt like a real girl as I took a seat at a booth.

They brought me a wine list which I laid on the table thinking of my Mom. "Just water please."

My joy at my new voice almost brought me to tears.

I kept having to deal with anxieties washing over my back. I dribbled into my diaper. Temptation regularly struck me for bringing my blond hair over my right shoulder, but I kept deciding that would be too much as a first impression. As if my appearance wasn't too much already. I fiddled with the hair clip at the back of my head about every five minutes.

Giving in to my anxieties, I took my handheld out of my shoulder bag and laid it on the table where I could watch the time. At least the baby blue case matched my feminine image. I checked for any blemish in the finish from any gun oil, but found none. Noon arrived with no Mom which annoyed me. I asked myself why did I bother with such an extensive beauty treatment for this? My annoyance kept flaring.

Seventeen minutes later on the handheld she arrived at the entrance. If I had dressed well, she had too, but I had myself as the young beauty with the flawlessly airbrushed skin.

The restaurant staff barely restrained themselves from giggling. They kept their attention on her just right all the way through.

I became too annoyed to stand up as I worried about how she would handle this.

A waitress led the way. Mom was looking at everyone in the place and took her time walking through the restaurant, but her eyes never lingered at me.

The waitress stopped at my booth with a hand out for the bench seat on the other side.

Mom's head jerked back in surprise. Her face registered her doubts this was the right booth.

I stood up and smiled. "Hi, Mom. It's me, Cindi. I hope you like my new outfit."

Bless her heart, the waitress kept to her task as she stood there in case I wasn't the right person.

Mom stalled. Anger swept across her face. Then sadness. Her mouth opened but nothing came out at first. "Excuse me. What a shock."

The waitress grinned out of Mom's sight.

"Mom. I wrote you what I wear now. My new name is Cindi, and that's on my driver's license with my long blond hair. Please, have a seat so we can talk." I held out my hand for a handshake, but I wanted a hug. I guessed she wasn't up for a hug.

She didn't take my hand before she sat down.

I slid my hand behind my skirt again when I sat down. "Here's the wine list. How about a glass of," I glanced down the list, "No. They have a special selection they don't list. How about one of those?" I didn't tell her the price.

She focused on the waitress. "Have a good white?" Her focus on the waitress felt to me that she was ignoring me, but my head told me she needed time for adjusting her

expectations.

The waitress smiled. "We have a good house Zinfandel. A glass or a bottle?"

I interrupted. "Sorry, I don't drink. How about a glass?" I didn't explain the Mansion House's prohibition about anyone having any alcohol.

Mom nodded to that, and returned her attention to me. But her emotions were such she had to take in a few deep breaths as she acclimated to the new me. "OK, why?"

A new thought flashed and I spoke before I knew what I would say next. "Mom, the reason for my new attire is as a disguise. I stumbled into corruption near here." I felt relieved at not having said what came before all that.

"Oh. OH!" The pitch of her voice went up in surprise. "That was you?!"

"Yes, Mom. I'm a bonafide hero among the few that know. Or is that a heroine?"

She scowled at my claiming to be a feminine heroine.

Maybe I shouldn't have said that. "Once I had to wear dresses I had to go all the way for the disguise to work." I fished up my Chair, Mansion House name tag from my shoulder bag and held it up against my jacket lapel. I fished up more name tags and handed all of them to her.

She flipped through them. "Blue Bayou Railroad. Cedar Valley Trucking. Sunrise Service. Cap'n Jackies Restaurant." The pitch of her voice rose. "You own this restaurant?"

I said. "Not exactly. I am the Chair of the Mansion House which owns this restaurant."

Her eyes were examining me above the table top. She stopped at my bust more than once. She looked at more name tags. "Southside Hospital. Exquisite Fit. What the hell have you been doing?"

"Mom. I use no swear words as those just don't work getting people to do what they want to do but don't know until I tell them. Just imagine a gruff ole master electrician, plumber, or concrete foreman being told to rip it all out and do it right. My Board of Directors backs me up, but I have to be nice about it. Those extra name tags are all the businesses we formed and own so desperate people can have jobs. They quail at the idea of attending Chamber meetings. I do too, but I get over it and go."

I couldn't stand it. I reached around behind my head, removed my hair clip, and brought my long blond hair across my right shoulder. "Sorry, Mom, but the beauty salon suggested going blond, its on my driver's license, and those big fisted men in trucking go nuts over me. So, please, Mom, just let me be what this has turned in to. I didn't want to. I have no idea where this goes. I didn't ask for this. It just happened to me. Besides, the police know me in my girl image and name. Let them repose in their own comfort as they know me." I didn't tell her my little secret reason for my new appearance. I dribbled into my diaper.

The glass of wine arrived. She took a sip.

I asked about her friends. She ordered an expensive lunch. I had a Greek salad. Neither of us mentioned my Dad out of fear he would go berserk and make Mom even more miserable. "Here's a thought, Mom. You can tell your friends I have a good job in managing this facility, and have been the hero in newspaper reports. Don't tell them the parts they don't want to know."

Her shoulders lost tension and relaxed with that idea.

When she had finished her lunch she brought out her handheld. Her way of accepting me wasn't to say so; instead she took pictures. I posed for one with my hair over my shoulder. Another with my hair more normally pulled together behind my head. Three more were of me standing up with my pleated skirt ending just above my knees.

When she stood up to go, I did too and wet my diaper. The restaurant staff behind her all the way to the checkout counter were grinning, or at least smiling, including Barbie-Doll and Tara.

"Mom. I'm always on duty. People like my hugs. Our meeting feels odd to me without a hug. May I have one?"

We did hug, although she felt awkward to me as we embraced.

"I'll pay the bill." Which the staff would not let me.