

CHRYSANTHEMUM

CHRY AND

HER MUM



BY
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Krysanthemum

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By “Z i z z l e ”

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Author's Note

Krysanthemums, or "mums" as they are also called, have many varieties throughout the world. In the language of flowers, these varieties and even different colors carry significant meanings.

For example: a Chinese mum means, "cheerful under adversity". A simple red mum is defined as "I love", while yellow stands for "slighted love" and a white Krysanthemum is "truth".

All of these defined flowers are portrayed by the major characters in this story, even as "mum" has yet another definition. Another way to call the female parent, "mother." As you read, see which applies to whom...

Chapter One

Chris Prentiss comes down to breakfast one morning to his parents' surprise wearing unmistakably feminine attire. That is right. Instead of a football jersey and battered jeans, he is wearing a sexy low-cut dress...and more.



Chris has on a sheer cotton voile dress that accented every curve of his newly-feminized alluring body. Due to the dubious exposure, he is wearing a backless bra with gel inserts that gave the illusion of a sexy girl with full bouncy breasts. Given this, it can be assumed that he was also wearing panties. He was. White high-waist bikinis that matched the brassiere; his member being discreetly tucked away for that smooth feminine mound, whether seen or not.

Back to the outerwear—he is wearing smoky-plum colored pantyhose that match his dress and skyscraper high heels.

For some time now, Chris has had very straight, long and shiny brunette hair. It is a definite asset to the present picture. This day, it was combed over from the left side instead of its usual part down the middle. The old way kept his hair off his face but the side part enabled the tresses to sweep across his forehead just above his eyebrows.

About the hair. Before this day, the surpassing growth of it was something his father never approved and there was constant contention about it. Oddly enough, his mother never joined in these discussions; stating only once that “the boy is growing, with a mind of his own and I’m not going to fight him. But you go right ahead.”

Now, the picture of what Chris’ father only guessed at what the lengthy hair could lead to stunned him speechless. His son was not stereotyping now, as his father had previously remarked that the long hair would make him “a swish.” Chris’ looks and actions fitted exactly for a budding young woman about to leave her teens!

Chris could tell that his father wanted to blow a gasket. In the past, Chris would match him yell for yell. However, this time, Chris calmly spoke without invitation, in a strangely soft voice, in explanation of his appearance.

He meekly said that several guys liked certain girls that went to their school. In trying to win them over, it was also found out that these girls just happened to be friends with each other, often hanging out together in a clique.

It was the girls’ idea that if the guys really liked them, that they would be willing to do anything to gain their affection. The girls then said that they noticed that in other cities and towns, there were rival macho gangs that wore

certain colors that showed to which gang they belonged.

“While none of the guys were effeminate in any way, there was a possibility of us ‘passing’ physically,” Chris then said abruptly. Clarifying this, he added, “If we liked the girls enough...since we could be good enough to be perfect, so as not to be readily hassled by bullies...for as long as they said, our ‘colors’ would be to switch genders. That is, they would dress like boys and we would be their girlfriends.

“We’re all almost graduates, this being our last school year, and already legal adults in many areas, having previously just fooled around with the opposite sex, we were told. If we were old enough to be committed to a serious dating, we could also be mature enough to take the infantile ribbing that we might receive at that out of love for them. Anyway, the girls-as-guys would be there to defend their partners, if necessary. Just as it would be in a regular situation. Eventually, of course, the roles would reverse back, having proved ourselves.

“On the whole, the basic idea would be that all of us would know for sure how each other’s partner feels, having been that person in a way. And in being empathetic, we would have relationships that would be strong indefinitely, since this is our last school year. It should lead to things like responsible sex and even marriage.”

Hearing it all explained so sensibly, Chris’ mother was proud of him and all for it. But his father was not.

Vivian Prentiss, an attractive woman in her mid-forties, was very impressed with her offspring’s beauty. Actually pleased to see that Chris had indeed taken after her physically on this unique occasion. She then said to her husband, “Look at it this way, dear. As a girl, you now have more control over your ‘daughter’.

“If Chris is to truly behave female, then it should rightfully extend to our authority over ‘her’, as a young girl. Otherwise, ‘she’ could fail in meeting her partner’s expectations. By enforcing a feminine state away from her company, she’ll present herself a better person with her partner, having done what was expected of her.

“As such, as our daughter, Chris will have an earlier curfew, just like any other respectable young lady. After all, girls that stay out late tend to have bad reputations and this would not look good in Chris’ favor. Her ‘boyfriend’ surely must know that in this switch that although ‘his’ parents might allow him later hours, that the situation has to be reversed all the way, what with Chris even dressing up this way.

As a proper young lady, she’ll have to do chores with me around the house, thus staying out of trouble outside. Especially from hooligans who might know her, in uncovering the temporary charade and make harassment or even molestation a more sure thing.

“There would be no more yelling and screaming between you two, as there has been in the past. She would behave demurely at all times, not just around her boyfriend, else we blow the whistle on her. Spoiling things with someone she obviously cares about, to willingly go to this length. You two would not be at odds because she will always be on her best behavior! Overall, we all gain something out of this!”

Les Prentiss still grumbled but saw the wisdom of his wife’s words. Especially in not having Chris backtalk him, in his feminine decorum. What he did not catch, however, was Vivian’s immediate use of feminine pronouns. Chris was already changed in gender, in her eyes.

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As breakfast was consumed, the doorbell rang. Ordinarily, Chris would have ran for it. But seeing the two women stay put as if it was not heard, Les went to the door.

Les then saw a slim boy wearing jeans and an oversize work-shirt, untucked outside the pants. His hair was a close- cut pompadour hairstyle that looked suspiciously feminine. The giveaway of the feminine boy-cut was the obvious flip curls in front of each ear; just enough curl to simulate masculine sideburns.

“Hi, I’m Alison Stephens. I suppose Krys told you all about me,” said the pseudo-male. As an afterthought, Alison smacked ‘his’ forehead. With a

slightly deeper voice, *h e* said, “Don’t tell Krys that I blew it this early,” and extended *h i s* palm to Les for a handshake. Numbly, as the hands were pumped, Les now fully understood the veracity of what he had been told.

“If she went through with it, then her name is even to be spelled different, in keeping everything in place. K-R-Y-S instead of C-H-R-I-S and I’ll be A1 instead of Alison.”

“Krys” now came out to see them talking. “Al” then let out a wolf whistle that shook Les up, what with him knowing the truth.

“Yo, Krys! Kew-well!” Al said, maintaining the huskier timbre. “Lookin’ good, babe! Still, it is a little Pollyanna. We gotta jazz you up if you wanna be seen with me!” At that, the duo left for school, leaving behind a still-benumbed father, unable not to watch his son’s rear wiggle in the short skirt, as the couple walked away, hand in hand.