|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Let Her BelieveInspired by a Captioned Image by TinaBy Maryanne PetersI got home drunk. Unforgivably drunk. But she was there, at the door, and I collapsed on to her. I am not a large person. She helped me to the bathroom so that I could puke into the toilet.In those days I drank to cope. I drank and I caroused with the boys to convince myself that I was one of them. I told myself that I wanted to be one of them.I was drunk that night, and could not remember even how I got home, but I remember what she said while she held back my straggly hair as I retched into the bowl.“If only you were my girlfriend instead of my boyfriend, we could be together in the evenings. Not like this.”Oh yes! Oh yes, I thought. If only.But life is cruel. I am a man. Or I was then.I kept it to myself. I the morning I was back, the same old me. |  |

When I saw the night school enrolment papers I laughed. Hypnosis?! How ridiculous. She was close to finishing her hairdressing management diploma after years in the trade, and getting an extra cosmetology certificate, and now she was doing extra courses?!

“I have to do something while you are out,” she said. “Will you let me hypnotize you?”

“I don’t believe in that stuff,” I said. “That stuff on TV is an act. It’s bullshit.”

“So, you won’t mind,” she said.

“Go for it,” I shrugged.

She started with all that stuff about breathing and emptying in the mind, so I pretended to be in a trance. I could hardly stop myself from giggling.

Then she said it – the punchline, or the punch story: “You want to be my girlfriend. You don’t want to be my boyfriend. You don’t even want to be a man. You want to be a girl. You want to girlish things with me, your girlfriend.”

I was not going to giggle now. What she was telling me was exactly what I wanted.

“I want to be your girlfriend,” I repeated back to her with my yes closed. I did. “I don’t want to be a man. I want to be a girl. I want to girlish things with you, my girlfriend.”

“You want to wash your hair with my special shampoo. You want to shave your legs. You want me to wax the hair from your face and pluck your eyebrows and apply makeup.”

“I want to be a girl,” I said. I was all I had ever wanted.

I opened my eyes and she was smiling at me. She asked: “What would you like to do?”

“I am going to take a shower and wash my hair,” I said. “Would you mind if I used your shampoo? The stuff I have been using adds no volume and smells yucky.”

She appeared delighted, and (while she might not have admitted it) surprised.

I took my razor into the shower and shaved off every hair on my body below the neck. The parts I missed she attended to, along with the special facial depilation she had been learning about.

She put some curls and some spray in my newly treated hair and put it up on my head so that she could apply makeup.

“You make such a pretty girl,” she said. It was only the first time that she said it, but it thrilled me to my core. I did look surprisingly good that first night. Good enough to convince me that I was on the right path. All I needed was the support of someone as good as her. And with all her skills, and a job when she started her own business, I never looked back.

I now have breast implants and I am taking hormones, and as shampoo girl I am training for a career in beauty alongside her. No more football and boozy nights with the boys for me. I just want to curl up with my bestie in matching negligees, watching chick flicks and stroking each other’s nipples.

Hypnosis? She can believe it, but this is the way I have been all along. Right? I am right, aren’t I?

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2020

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Elite SchoolInspired by a Captioned Image by TinaBy Maryanne PetersBastion Hill Academy is the most elite school in my state, and I would have done anything to get into it. When you are as poor as my family is, you learn fast that if you want the good life you will have to work for it.I was smart enough, but weak on math, which seems like the ticket to any good job in the modern world. I was not big, but I was a natural ball player. Port seemed like a way to the top.It seems like football is the only sport that matters at Bastion Hill. I was small for a quarterback, but I was good enough to get the offer of a scholarship.Bastion Hill Academy is so elite that the scholarship will not be extended over a year without the approval of the Student Committee. That means that scholarship boys can be subject to some pretty hard initiation challenges designed to test our abilities and commitments outside our scholarship field. So in my first junior year at Bastion Hill I was subjected to some weird stuff, including the “Womanless Junior Beauty Contest”.I had never thought about dressing as a girl before that contest, but for some reason when I pulled on that first dress, something just clicked. It seemed as if belonged in clothes just like that. |  |

George was the head of the Student Committee and otherwise the big dog in school. I had tried hard to impress him that I was committed to Bastion Hill, but he never seemed to notice, but when I paraded in front of him in drag with the other two scholarship boys, he definitely noticed me. I guess something just clicked for him too.

We were both heterosexual guys at the time, and we fell in love. He is still a heterosexual guy. I think that he has always been one. When he fell in love with me, I was not a guy, you see? I only knew it when he told me how he felt. I told him that I knew that the way he felt was right, because I knew it was. He was not gay, because I was not truly male. I did not know that when I put the dress on and felt right, but I knew it when I looked in his eyes and we shared a feeling that only a man and a woman can share.

But we were there at Bastion Hill Academy. He had the heartbreak of watching his girl reappear the following day, and every day after that, in man-drag. I had the heartbreak of watching my guy heartbroken until I could dress for him in those private moments, and he could see the real me.

My scholarship was renewed but I lost interest in sport, and I refocused my studies towards pursuits that thought might be more suitable for my new future – improving my speech and demeanour, becoming more widely read, and concentrating on art and music. I grew my hair as best I could given the limits imposed by Bastion Hill, so that in the private times when I could be with my man as his girl, he could how I would look when this was all over.

I started taking pills even in school, sharing the small changes in my body with my boyfriend, to his delight (and mine).

I left the Bastion Hill Academy as soon as I could. Of course, I said yes when my Georgie asked. I wanted to slough off this male husk to reveal the real me. I wanted to be his wife. That was my destiny in life.

We went to see my parents. I guess they were a bit horrified by the changes they saw in their son, but George won them over. He promised them that he would make me the happiest woman in the world. He has always made me happy – he just needed to make me a woman.

That is us at our wedding day. His sister was my bridesmaid. All the others in the bridal party lined up are men. All ex-Bastion Hill Academy, the elite school (male only) that both Georgie and I attended.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2020

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Secretary for a YearInspired by a Captioned Image by TinaBy Maryanne PetersMr Hammond, Trevor, has some strange ideas, I guess. Or so they say, and they may be right. But he is a great boss and working in his import export business is just great!When I worked on packing lists and container breakout I thought it was the worst job in the world, but I was a drop out with a bad employment record, so I had to stick it out.Trevor said that he was looking for a new secretary and he decided to recruit from within the company. It really is such a clever idea. Trevor is sooo clever. Hey – Clever Trevor, hee hee.Anyway, Trevor had been having trouble with his secretaries in the past. Something about a guy called Harry Sment and some sexual stuff. Whatever!Anyhoo, Trevor likes looking at girls. I suppose most guys do. I used to. He likes to tell them how good they look too. And sometimes give them a bit of cuddle. What is wrong with that? No guy would object – right? I guess that is why Trevor said his next secretary should not be strictly female. Strange huh? But clever. You have to admit it – right.He ran this “Womanless Secretary Contest” – like you can apply to be his secretary but you cannot be a woman. Because it is womanless, see? No women allowed. But it is judged on all the things that Trevor wants to see in a secretary. Like long legs and long hair, and tits that you know how to jiggle, and pretty eyes and lips that you can paint and flicker and pucker, and stuff like that.Paperwork? Not so important. There are ordinary looking girls to do that. |  |

I really wanted this job, I mean it paid twice what my old job did and I would not have to work down on the docks melting in the summer or freezing my nuts off in the winter. As for my nuts, well that came later. But I worked so hard to win that contest. I spent money on getting the works. I thought I looked good. The judges gave me 10 out of 10 for the blank stare and I did not even know I was doing it!

Anyway, Sam won, but he did not want the job. He said his girlfriend just dressed him for fun, but when she heard about Trevor and the Harry guy, she said “No way!”

I did not have a girlfriend. Most girls like a guy who earns good money or who might earn good money soon. I guess that was not me – or not then anyway. Now I am earning the big bucks.

Trevor asked me what I would do to get the job, and I said: “Anything Boss. Please can I be your secretary for a year!”

He said that I had to get Jello bags in my chest and have ho-moans shoved up my ass. I guess ho-moans is the noise they make when something goes up their ass. Hee hee.

Anyhoo, this is me now. Pretty huh? Most guys think so. Trevor seems very happy. He likes me to take dick-tayshun. That is when I sit on his lap and play with a pad and pencil while his dick squirms in his pants like a rattlesnake in a bag. I don’t know what Tayshun means.

Trevor has me practising my voice so I can say: “The Head of Customer Services is here to see you Mr. Hammond” in a real squeaky voice. I give him a wink and I know that under his desk that rattlesnake is going crazy.

The year is almost up but Trevor is talking about keeping me on in the job, or maybe in an apartmet where I can just sit around painting my nails and checking my makeup. Hell, that’s all I do at the office anyway.

I told him that anything was better that being down the dock freezing my nuts off and he said – “Now there’s an idea.”

Whatever! I have to get back to my desk. My butthole is oozing so I will need to change my pad.

Bye!

The End

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Double or QuitsInspired by a Captioned Image by TinaBy Maryanne PetersOf course I said yes. Not because I am an incorrigible gambler – whatever he might think. It is because I adore him. I always have.Being the maid was my idea. I knew that he was looking for one, and that it would be a live-in position. How can I guy ask that he be allowed to serve his friend? How could I tell him how I felt about him when I knew that he was straight?He is rich so he could bet cash, but I have nothing so that all I can offer him is services. That is what I said.“I know. Let’s spice it up. You don’t want to boss around your old pal. That would be weird. I will be your maid if I lose.” |  |

How I prayed that I had made the right call. I did not want his money, I wanted to be his maid. I wanted to lose so much I would have shot the quarterback.

As it happened, I did not have to. There must be a God because he fumbled four times. I made a show of being pissed off, but resigned to my fate.

“Don’t worry about it Mike,” he said. “We can just do it for a bit. I am not going to be an asshole.”

“Not letting me pay my debt is being an asshole,” I said.

He admired my principles but said that a smock and a wig would be maid enough.

“How would that look if people came around? People will expect a guy like you to be served by a good-looking maid. They would expect her to be paid a grooming allowance and to use it. They would expect a uniform to be provided so I will go a select one.”

“Okay Mike,” he said. “I won’t argue about this.”

“It’s Monique for the next year,” I said. “And I won’t be arguing about anything for the next year. You direct and I will comply, and If I fall short then you can … well you can’t fire me … so I guess you will have to spank me … Sir.”

He grinned. I don’t think that he took me seriously or expected it to last. But he paid for the beauty treatment as “Grooming Allowance” and accepted my choice of uniform, and I turned up on Day 1 of the year of service with hair extensions in a face made up, and with a little French maid’s outfit which could show off a cleavage and certainly gave a good view of my shaved and stockinged legs.

He gasped that first meeting with Monique, but thanks to the hormones and ongoing treatments, I only got better looking.

Spanking is our standing joke. A spanking day is a day when I don’t get to suck his cock or have him enter me. I do hate spanking days, but I think he does too.

So he wants a bet on Superbowl? I would happily bet on the losing team and stay on as Monique the maid for another two years, but if I win he will have to pay for the surgery so that I can become Monique the fiancée.

The End

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| AppearanceInspired by a Captioned ImageBy Maryanne PetersI know what you are thinking. You are thinking hypnotic suggestion tapes that somehow twisted my mind. If you think that, you have been spending too long on perverted websites like this one. Those tapes are not real. No, the tapes I was loaned were all about self-improvement. And the beginning of self-improvement is to be comfortable with you own appearance – to want to live in your own body, or to improve it. |  |

My friend Penny knew all about self-improvement. She used to be my girlfriend, but now we are just very close friends. She is attractive and confident. She may not be the prettiest girl, but she is very comfortable with how she looks and that makes her self-assured. I always had a problem with my own self-image.

There was something about the face in the mirror that I just hated. I just could not put my finger on what it was. At least people with anorexia know what they think is wrong when they see fat which isn’t there. I couldn’t see what was wrong with me.

When Penny suggested that I grow my hair a little the problem started to come into focus. I realized that my round open face was not a man’s face at all. But I did not hate my face, I just hated that I did not have the body to match At least I was growing the hair to match

That is my hat in my lap. I used it to hide the hair so I could go about pretending to be a guy, but now Penny and I are agreed. That is all behind me. In addition to the vitamins she has been giving me I have been taken some of my own – estrogen suppositories shoved right up inside me with a big oiled dildo. If we are going looking for guys tonight I have to have something to offer.

So I have my shirt noted to show off my new navel piercing and black mini-skirt and fuck-me boots on, and my nails painted pink, and Penny is straightening my naturally blond hair.

If she wants to think that this is all her doing then let her, but hypnotic suggestion tapes?! Forget it – right? Right?

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2021