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| 1, 2, 3, Snap  A Story for John (No. 16)  By Maryanne Peters  What was he talking about? We were talking about a hypnotist show that had opened in town. My husband Harrison had just said the words.  “1, 2 3, Snap.”  My husband? How could that be? What was I doing here? I was sitting in my living room. I was wearing my light blue knit dress. The one that hugs my figure and shows of my bust. The one that Harrison loves. | https://3.bp.blogspot.com/-YKXGUeVOgZU/V_aMDBF-UgI/AAAAAAAACmw/rMbhasFCNHodd_Cpmz2O1jrcc-uXX26nACLcB/s640/1.jpg |

My long brown hair is hanging about my shoulders. Harrison is looking at me – initially a puzzled look now turning to concern. Even our children, our two adopted girls are looking at me with worry.

“Are you alright, Becky?” Harrison asks.

I know who he is, and yet it does not make sense. Who is Becky? My name is Brian. Or at least it was years ago. Years and years ago. I am almost 40. I am dreading that birthday next year, as every woman does, I guess. Every woman?

“I feel strange,” I say. “I think I need to lie down for a bit.”

He is beside me to hold me as a stand. He is always beside me. He is always ready to hold me. The feel of his strong body is so natural to me. The smell of him. My husband.

Where is Brian? I remember Dr. Simmons, the man my mother hired to put an end to my days of mischief and petty crime. My mother. I remember her at our wedding too. The day I married Harrison. I was dressed in white and my mother wore blue. It was the happiest day of my life.

What about Brian? Where has he been?

We are at the bedroom now. Our bedroom. There is my dressing table. My hair brush. My makeup drawer. My mirror, with the reflection of me in it. Becky. Gorgeous, vivacious Becky. The life of the party but a good wife and mother. That Becky.

Harrison lays me down gently on the bed. He brushes aside my long brown hair with the soft curls in it that I do most mornings. He kisses me on the cheek. His breath. His kiss. I live for his touch.

My body. I feel my breasts. Only yesterday I was thinking that they were sagging a little. But they are still wonderfully shaped. I keep them supported. They are an asset that needs protection. Harrison loves them. He likes to put his face between them and blow raspberries. I love that.

My crotch. There it is. What I always dreamed of from the day I visited Dr. Simmons. A vagina. I never wanted one before that visit. But after that, I craved it more than life itself. Somedays when I am sitting on it on rough fabric I grind my pussy down just for the joy of knowing that I am rid of that monstrosity – that thing that Brian valued. That is gone. Brian is gone.

“Close the door,” I say to Harrison. “I want you to make love to me.”

His smile. Infectious.

He needs no second invitation. His pants are off, and I can see that his penis has already acquired volume. It will be erect the moment I stroke it with my manicured fingers.

“Lubrication, Darling,” I say. We post op transwomen still need a little.

He is inside me. This is who I am. Becky. Harrison’s wife. The mother to our children. A woman. A woman. A woman. Ohhhh.

Who the fuck is Brian anyway?

The End.

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Never Look Back

Story for John Number 17

By Maryanne Peters



It was not my gender dysphoria that broke up our marriage, it was apathy. We had been in love, I guess, but we loved our family more. So, when the youngest went away to college we found ourselves looking at one another over the dinner table and wondering why. Maybe not why – more like what if. Still it was her call. I would have stayed with her. You see, I was used to living a lie. My whole married life, and before it was a lie.

I was a successful trans-denier, if that is a word. Any person can say that they are not transgender, but only the successful ones can convince themselves that it is true even when it is not. I did convince myself. My wife thought that the urges that I told her about early in our relationship, were gone. But they were just hidden, or left behind in my maddened pursuit of a normal life. The commitments of family and work certainly helped.

But on my own it all flooded back. And with it the regret that I had not acted when I was young – the thought that it was too late. That manhood, even though it was not my nature, had grown around me like a gnarly hedge around a rose bush.

But I had money and I had no dependents who were not already looked after. I could try to change routes, even though the fork in road seemed many miles behind me.

I could have gone through a process, but instead I decided to go to Thailand. I decided to invest in a total change. Time was running out and I did not want to slowly plod to a future as a woman, I wanted to be there yesterday.

In Thailand I bought the works. Hormone releasing implant, breasts, facial feminization, hair transplants, full sex re-assignment surgery, vocal cord tightening, even the deportment course at the English speaking “Ladyboy School”. The full change over two months, although it took many more months after that to fully heal and fully develop my skills.

When I returned to the States CBP gave me a very hard time on entry. There was my passport with Harold’s picture on it, but there was a woman standing in front of them. I had all of the paperwork explaining the surgery and even some photos of the surgery. One agent seemed fascinated but another disgusted. Either way, they had to concede that it was me.

A lady officer told me: “Best change your name Honey, and get yourself a new passport, A.S.A.P.”.

That was seven years ago. I guess that I felt like a new immigrant must feel. I was a stranger in my own country. Heather had never been there before. Harold had family but did she? I could not be sure. But when I started all of this, I had to tell myself that I did not care. I wanted to retain contact with my family, but only if they could accept the person that I was. If they could not, then they were not the family that I would want to know.

It turns out that all my kids came to accept it. My wife never could. Especially after Ron came into my life.

He told me that he thought that I was the most feminine woman he had ever met, and that was what attracted him to me. I guess I was making up for something, but the truth is that I love longer hair and curls, and wearing makeup even around the house. I hate pants and want to wear only skirts and dresses. Pink is now my favorite color. And I love being pretty. I learned that even at my age that is possible. More than that, it can be easier, because so many women my age do not seem to care any more. Older men may look a pretty younger woman, but I think that when a pretty older woman walks by, that is when the really get interested.

I told Ron I was a transwoman after a few dates. He thought it was a joke. He called it “the worst attempt at a brush off he had ever heard.”

“I don’t want to brush you off,” I said. “I want you to be interested in me. But you need to know. This is new to me. I have never been with a man before, that way.”

“You mean you are a virgin?” he said excitedly.

“Well … not really, but … yeah, I suppose I am.”

From that point on he could not wait to have sex with me. I guess I was a little afraid. I actually felt like a virgin. I worked on myself with my dilator the afternoon of that special date, when he was to come to my apartment for dinner. I sat through that dinner fully lubricated and wearing a liner in my panties.

We kissed and he carried me to my bedroom. I was wearing a special bra and panty set – pink of course, but with lots of see-through lace, and little ribbons and flowers stitched on. It was so feminine it was just … it just me.

I took off my bra so he could play with my tits. I was in my forties, but I had the tits of a twenty year old – one advantage of transitioning late. He lay me down and pulled down my panties, kissing me on the belly and sticking his nose right into my pubes. I had actually scented them, and I always do. I think Ron believes that I naturally smell like tangerines.

I didn’t have to because he was fully erect, but I stroked his cock. Just to show myself that I could touch another man’s cock, I guess. It seems strange that something I had regarded as so ugly and awful on me, should look so powerful and good on him.

Then he entered me and took me straight to paradise. You can say things like that, but then one day, if you are really lucky, it will happen to you, and you will understand that there is no other way to say it. Straight to heaven, and then linger there for just a few seconds as you feel his cock convulse within you, and you let his sperm search in vain for the door to an egg to fertilize. It’s a funny thought.

But like I tell him: That part of me is not made for reproduction, it is made for sex. Its available to him for the whole month if he likes. It always tastes of tangerines.

I am not sure if all transwomen have a bigger appetite for sex than most women I have known, or whether it’s just me. But Ron appreciates it.

It was only a matter of time before he proposed. He told his family about me and I think some of them were concerned that he was marrying a drag queen, until they met me.

So tonight, is our fifth wedding anniversary. I have bought a new bra and panty set. Pink of course. We are going out to dinner, with family. My kids and their partners, and his kids and theirs – 14 at the table. Ex-wives are not invited. His and mine. I think they will be too envious of me.

But before we go out, when he steps out of the shower, I am going to do my little strut for him in my new lingerie. I know what he will want to do. That’s what I want to do as well.

The End

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| Coming Out  For John Number 18  By Maryanne Peters  How many guys do you know who can say that they love their mother-in-law? Well, I have a lot to thank my wife’s mother for. Without her she would not be my wife, in fact she would not be a woman at all, and that would be a very sad thing. |  |

Steve was my best friend at school. We did all the usual things that guys got up to. We even played sport together, but he was not a natural sportsman like me. I guess that I was a but rough with things, where he was a detail guy. He made models. Like he made really cool model boats and we would run them on the pond near my place.

I never knew anything about the tranny thing. He never let on. I just thought he was a normal guy. As I said, he was my best friend.

All we knew is that he was pulled out of school to be “home-schooled” for a while. I guess that I thought that he might have done something wrong. First I called him, and suggested that I come around to see him. He said: “No Man. Forget it. Everything is cool. We’ll catch up soon enough. I have lots of work to catch up on.”

I just thought that maybe he was flunking at school so bad that his Mom had pulled him out and now he was getting special help. If that was the case, best I not distract the guy.

But months went by. I made a call and he answered the phone but he sounded kind of squeaky, like somebody was strangling him. I got really worried. What was going on in that house? I started to wonder if his mother was keeping him as a prisoner.

I knew that his Mom had a bridge game on Wednesday afternoons so I decided to go around to Steve’s house and wait in the bushes across the road. When she was gone I went over and knocked on the door. I could swear Steve was inside. I heard something. I tried to look in the window then I heard movement and heard the back screen door shut. Had he got away outside. I vaulted the locked gate and went around the back.

I saw a girl in blue standing under the tree. The dress was old fashioned with a sash, but the girl must have been my age. She wore pearls around her neck like an old lady wears. Her shiny brown hair was pulled back off her face, which was made up with like colored cream or something, with black around her eyes and red lipstck. When she turned her head I could see that her hair must have been quite long and it was arranged in back with curls and pins. For some reason it was like she could not look at me, and she seemed about ready to cry.

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| “Don’t be afraid,” I said. “I’m Jake. A friend of Steve’s. Do you know Steve? Do you know where he is?  “I am Steve,” she said.  I have to say that I heard the words but they did not compute. This girl was just the prettiest thing, but then there was the family resemblance. It was like he had secret sister and he was playing a joke on me, so I was smiling.  “I mean it Jake,” she said. “Mom did this to me. She has pumped me full of hormones and I only have females clothes to wear. Ones like this that I make with patterns she gives me. |  |

“You made that dress?” I said. “Wow, that seems like storebought quality. It’s really pretty on you.”

“Jake. What are you talking about. It’s me. Steve.” The voice did not sound like him. She sounded like a girl. But the words. They sounded like Steve. He was pissed.

“OK, Buddy. I am just saying it’s a pretty dress. And you … Steve … you look pretty too. What with the hairdo and the lipstick and everything.”

She was starting to cry. What does a guy like me do when a pretty girl starts to cry. I gave her a hug. I put my hand on her back and held her close. I felt her soft breasts press against me as she shuddered with her little sobs.

“I’m sorry Jake – it’s those damn hormones. I just feel so weak and helpless.”

“Hey, I’m here for you, Ste…”. I could hardly say the name that did not fit.

“Stephanie,” she said. And I held her tighter. If she is weak and helpless, then I know what my job is.

But she is the perfect woman, my Stephanie. Her Mom may be crazy but she taught her well. These days people think it is a little old fashioned to have a woman who singly devoted to keeping house and pleasing her man, but I find it suits me. It suits Stephanie too. God knows maybe she has always wanted to be my woman. I don’t care whether its her doing or not, I am just happy that she is mine.

So I owe a debt to my mother in law for all that time she spent bringing the woman out in my wife. One day, she may find it in her heart to forgive her mother.

The End

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First Date

Story for John Number 19

By Maryanne Peters



My mother had always been best friends with Mrs. Davis, who lived two doors down the street. After my Dad left us Mrs. Davis was very supportive. The same thing had happened to her. She was left alone with a son to look after.

Her son Matt was older than me, and he had a good job working in IT. He was good looking but Mrs. Davis complained that he was too shy to get a girlfriend. My mother told me that she wished that she had a daughter so that she and Mrs. Davis could become grandparents together. Weird, right?

Well, if you think that is weird, wait until you hear what happened next.

I guess I had a hard time at school and some of the guys called me a sissy. It was not as if I was gay or limp-wristed or anything like that, I was just pale and weak and not capable in sports. I was more artistic, and I liked neatness.

My mother said to me that if that is being a sissy, I should be proud to be one. She encouraged me to express my creativity at home with collage and scrapbooking, and she even taught me about embroidery and quilting. She told me that I was a natural at these things, and that made me feel good. And it was not a lie. My mother sent some of my crafts through to a competition and I won a prize.

My mother told me that when she had sent the stuff in, she had told them that the work had been done by her daughter Amanda rather than her son Andrew. She said that it was easier that way because all of the other submissions had been sent in by girls and that the contest needed to be “between equals”. I guess that sounded Ok, but then how was I going to collect the prize at the County Fair?

“You will have to go as Amanda,” my mother said.

How could she suggest that? How could she even get me into this mess? I mean, she agreed that it was her fault, but she said that I should collect the prize, and she would fix it so that I could. It just meant dressing as a girl for the day.

It helped that my mother was the same size as me, but her clothes are a bit old fashioned. Still she managed to put an outfit together for me. It was pants with some padding in the butt, and a bright floral top, and I wore a scarf and a fall of blond hair at the back.

Then she made up my face. Of course, I had never won make up before, but when she was done I could not believe that I looked so good. It kind of changed me. I had been dreading going to the fair, but now as I saw myself, I got quite excited. Nobody would recognize me that was for sure.

My mother and I went to the fair and had a really good time. We met Mrs. Davis there. She looked at me with a look of confusion. It took her a while before she recognized me.

“My God, Sweetheart you are gorgeous!” she said. I have to say that when I heard those words, I felt really good. I mean, at school I am a zero achiever. No good at sports, average in all my studies, not a standout in anything. I honestly thought that this might have been the first compliment I had ever received from somebody other than my mother.

Then I picked up the prize and I was flooded with compliments by the judges. Of the 5 prize winners in my category I received the grand prize and another bunch of praise. It was one of the happiest days of my life, and it just happened that it was the day at the fair when I was dressed as a girl.

Could that be how it happened? Could that be why I accepted my mother’s suggestion to adopt girls clothes at home? I think it is more likely that it was manipulation by my mother. I think she liked the idea of me being a girl, even a part time one. I wouldn’t go so far as to say she forced me. But really, she did. I mean, she never told me about the hormones.

She told me that the morning smoothie was about building some volume on my skinny frame. I certainly had that effect, but all the volume came in the wrong places. I never noticed at first, maybe because when I started to swell, she praised me.

“Oh, what a wonderful shape you are developing. Your clothes are going to look so much better with some shape underneath them. We need to get you a training bra.”

But she was right. I was wearing her stuff, but it never looked good on a flat chest. I guess I realized that I had turned a corner. I wanted breasts, just like a girl. I spent every night putting cream on to help them to swell, and even massaging them. It worked.

At about this time I started to grow my hair and experiment with makeup as well. People at school, mainly boys, called me a sissy. But I remembered what Mom had said to me. People who don’t do boyish things and are more interested in being clean and tidy and making beautiful things … well, I didn’t tell them I was a sissy, but I didn’t try to fight them either. That’s not any way to behave.

But it did make me a bit sad. My mother suggested that if I didn’t want to be a sissy then I really had only one course open to me. I was never going to be a proper boy, so maybe I could be a girl.

“If you are a girl you could go out with Matt,” she said. “He will look after you.” I sort of liked the idea of being looked after, and Matt is a guy who could do it.

“What would I need to do Mom?” I asked.

“Well, girls don’t have testicles, so they will have t go,” she said.

“Ok.” And they were gone. A special man came around and then they were gone.

That was just the start, but it was enough for Matt. He asked me if it was true.

“They have been removed so that I can become a girl. And when I do, you’re going to look after me.” That’s what I told him. He looked really happy. I told him that the operation needed to wait another year or something, but that was ready to start being a girl anytime he liked.

He says he has got some ideas. He says that they might be a bit messy. I really prefer things to be clean and tidy, but if he is going to be my boyfriend, I guess I need to compromise. He says that it might involve flushing out my butthole with warm water and soap. That sounds clean. I like clean. I am not sure what else is involved but I have bought the baby oil and I do like the smell.

Anyway, I am nutless and clean, and in my best pink angora, so I feel ready for anything. I have made up my face and put some curls in my hair and I know that gets Matt really excited. Mom says we will figure it all out, so here goes.

The End

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| I Want Her  Story for John  Number 20  By Maryanne Peters  Isn’t she beautiful? She is everything that I dreamt that she would be. Everything that I wanted her to be. And I get what I want.  You see, I fell in love with Ales when she was 12, when I was 16 and had everything a young man could have, except love. And she was a boy. The prettiest little boy in the world, but a boy. And I wanted a girl. |  |

My father was her family doctor. The money does not come from his side of the family, but my mother wanted to marry a doctor. She gets what she wants too. She thought that he might make something of himself in medicine, but he is a GP. It is not because he is not smart enough to be a brain surgeon, it is just that he says General Practice is a calling – to help ordinary people with ordinary problems. Now my mother loves that about him. She loves my Dad. I want a love like that.

My mother says that I can have whatever I want. She says that people will do anything for money. Sell their own mother or sell their own child. Would her mother sell her own son? Well, she basically did.

She brought her pretty little son in to see my Dad for a vaccination and he injected the hormone release capsule that started everything. Six months later he diagnosed gynecomastia, and six months after that, she had her little nuts removed. I watched it all happen. Everything I wanted.

I watched her hair grow out, and I watched her body develop. I watched a boy slowly become a girl. It was exactly what I wanted.

When she started living as Alexis, I asked her out. I was still at high school then, and everybody there knew that she had been born a boy. The guys asked me: “Why her? A rich guy like you could have any girl you want.” Exactly. I want her.

Alex was reluctant at first. I guess she still could not quite see herself as female. She thought maybe going out with a guy was gay. I played it cool. I said that we could just spend time together, so long as she looked as pretty as possible.

I also had her mother on my side, of course. She collected the money and kept suggesting that I was the perfect guy. I was. I am.

I wanted her mother to keep confirming that she was a woman inside, that she was wasted as a boy, and that she did not need to be one - surgery was the best option. That was what I wanted.

Sometimes you have to wait for what you want. I know that. I could wait. I could take buy my sexual pleasures elsewhere and give Alex the time to grow. So long as I got to adore her from a distance and date her occasionally to remind her that she was my girl.

But it was the prom that changed everything. Her mother told me that it would. She said that there was nothing like getting ready for the prom to make a girl feel like a girl. I paid for the dress. I had her wear white. I told her mother that I wanted her long hair to be styled in soft waves, and her makeup be spectacular, but not overdone. She did it exactly the way I wanted.

And it was perfect. I presented her with the most beautiful bouquet of flowers. I left a little note in it which just read: ‘You are the most perfect girl in the world. I love you’. I meant it.

It all worked. As we danced that night, she whispered in my ear that she had made a decision. She wanted surgery to become a real girl, as soon as possible. At last she wanted what I wanted.

The End

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