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| A Special Kind of Revenge  Inspired by a Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  It never ceases to amaze me that there is such a demand for my services – my very specific services. This particular client may have you believe that I cater for those who seek revenge, but I would suggest that most of my clients have more admirable motives. They may wish to eliminate male-oriented bad behaviour, or simply prefer that a family member be female rather than male, or they may even see some subconscious or suppressed desire that needs something stronger than suggestion to be brought out.  Compulsion is not a word that I like, but it is stronger than suggestion, or even persuasion. But however, we phrase it, modern medicine and pharmacology has given us so many operative tools that can effect a change of character, in particular in impressionable young men. | https://1.bp.blogspot.com/-Txqlz1MDKak/XHTY-t9hPnI/AAAAAAAABAA/5XodaNcGChkn4IkdAyJ9hpJ1OQdMe1N6wCLcBGAs/s640/PhotoGrid_1544848719048.jpg |

But the canvas is not blank, and it needs to be. There is work to be done to scrape off or even dig out, the deep-seated male traits before the feminization can begin. Whitewashing will not do. The starting point must be castration and vaginoplasty.

I am sure there are those who think that such things should be kept until last, but in my experience, it is better to dispose of the key obstructions as soon as possible. And breasts and hair need time to grow. Skin condition too, needs months to achieve the optimum state. But even substantial genital surgery can heal quickly if done properly, and the finality of it does wonders in eliminating the prospect of walking back the changes that must be made.

I only recall the Demarcos brothers because they were brothers. In many ways I prefer handling transitions in groups of two or three, so that candidates can be witness to the changes in others as well as themselves. It helps them to face the reality sooner.

It is not the first time I have had brothers too. Only a year or so ago a mother sent me her two very unpleasant sons and was happy to get two delightful daughters back six months later – or was it an aunt and her nephews? No matter.

The Demarcos boys were certainly a nasty pair. Even after surgery I needed to resort to heavy doses of drugs to keep them calm and placid. That is not something I like to do. I prefer those I tend to come to the realization as quickly as possible, and drugs do not assist with that. As I have said, they need to face the new reality. They are no longer men. They have the bodies and chemistry of the female sex, and they can live with it or choose another fate.

My client in this case was a rather intense young man, of doubtless intellect but a clear inferiority complex. But his psyche is of no concern to me so long as his funding is adequate. Apparently, he had success in some high-tech field. He paid in advance. I was to deliver to him, the Demarco sisters, anatomically correct, pretty if possible, weak as kittens, naked on a bed in a cottage he had hired to receive them. And that is exactly what I did.

I seldom stop to think about what might become of my patients (as I prefer to call them) once they have been delivered. But I must confess, I have wondered if my client might have bitten more than he can choose with those two. You see, they are a spirited pair, and while they might feign shock at his first contact, I can assure you that they understand their new bodies and exactly what they can do. I suspect that a slight young man might be quickly exhausted by the Demarco girls.

The End

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| Brain Pop  Inspired by a Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  That creature was once my husband. That pathetic thing was the man I married.  There is more of a man in Dion’s little finger that in the whole body of the thing we now call Poppy. |  |

I called Dion when I discovered his perversion, or should I say, her perversion. All that tranny porn and weird stories of men becoming women. He even had his own Tumblr page full of it. But when Tumblr changed their policy at the end of 2018 a notification came up on email, and all was revealed. I was disgusted.

Dion and I had been having a fling of a kind. I was just not getting satisfaction at home, and now I know why. Poppy had been lurking inside my husband and dragging him into a world of homosexual depravity. It was too late. He had grown his hair down to his shoulders and wile he might have hidden in a pony tail at the collar, when It is washed and curled a little, its looks totally girlish

Dion found some pictures of Poppy in full drag that “she” had posted on “her” Tumblr page. It was my husband alright. Dion said that she was far too pretty to be a man. He suggested that we give her the opportunity to step out of the shadows. He said that she could color her hair and wear dresses every day, which is exactly what she did.

It was my husband’s sex drive that had driven him to become Poppy. Even he has agreed that he was totally out of control. Dion said that I should leave it to him - he said that there was one way very good way to stop that. He said that Poppy had no need for balls, they would just get in the way of his boi pussy.

I am not sure what Dion said to Poppy, but the next thing that I knew he was off to the doctor to have “a little procedure” and then he wolfing down hormone tablets like they were M&Ms and growing a pair of tits. Poppy said that Dion had made his brain go “pop” from the moment that he stuck his dick inside her tight lubricated ass. I was even more disgusted.

Now my problem is that I am just not getting enough of Dion. I don’t have a husband anymore now that Poppy is just a floppy-dicked tranny, and for some reason Dion seems to prefer having that sissy ride him instead of being inside me.

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|  | Why does Poppy get all the fun? I want Dion to make my brain go pop, just like he does Poppy’s.  The End |

Not working

A Short Story from a Cap by Feminization Beauty Within TG

By Maryanne Peters

Text

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Prison was tough for me. I was always a pretty boy, you see. The moment that I walked into that hell hole I could see everybody staring at me, and I knew what they were thinking.

I was not gay. Not then anyway. It is just that survival is more important than pride. Survival is everything. There is no such thing as a proud corpse.

I had to take it. I just needed to make sure that I was not the jailhouse slut who could be taken by anybody. I stuck with Carlos and few of his boys. They fucked me, but they made sure nobody else did.

Most guys like Carlos like their jailhouse bitches “femmy”. That was not me either, but you have to adapt. I grew my hair so that Carlos could have something to run his fingers through as I sucked his cock. He smuggled in some hormones and some makeup to, so that he could fuck me face to face, and think of me as a woman, with my dick hidden with my hand.

To be honest, in those days I preferred it doggy-style so I did not have to look at the man fucking me. But things change. People change. And Carlos was good to me. I made him happy. When he fucked me on my back, I could see how happy.

I owed him, and he would not let me forget it. I was going to get out before him, but he asked me to wait. It seemed crazy. He would not be interested in me when there were real girls to be fucked. But of course, I said yes.

“Go and see Maritess,” he said. “You can stay with her. She will get you work. She will look after and keep you safe until I get out.”

I suppose the option was for me to run, but I had no family when I got out. My parents and my brother would not take me in. My parole officer asked me where I would be staying, and I had the address in my pocket.

“Carlos has asked for some improvements,” she explained. I thought that the soft smooth body and the long blonde hair was enough for him, but he had booked me in for breast implants and lips surgery to give me a permanent blow-job pout.

Maritess did not approve of me. I am sure that she felt that I had turned Carlos gay somehow, but how could she understand what it was like for somebody like Carlos. He needed to fuck somebody and her liked girls. I was as close to that as he could get in the joint.

I called her “Mistress”, but I hoped that when Carlos got out, he would put her in her place. Until that day she would torment me with the effect of the continuing hormone shots that she administered. My balls had turned into the size of hazelnuts and I seemed to be always flaccid.

She said that she had “reprogrammed” me, in refusing to let me refer any part of my body as being male, or behave in any way like a man, but in truth the maleness was fucked out of me in prison. I am not the enemy of women that I once was. I am one of them now. One of us, just with a little bit of something extra – with emphasis on the word little.

So I make up for it by trying to be extra pretty. You’ll never see me without my hair looking nice and my makeup perfect. I like to be attractive you see, to men in particular.

Of course Maritess is right. I still want sex. I want it all the time. But now I am pale and soft and weak … and pretty in the kind of way most real men like. A woman beneath me fighting to get away is no longer my interest. I need a man on top of me, giving me what I deserve. Please, please, give me that.

I’ll wait for Carlos. I won’t be another’s trophy whore. She can forget that. But what is a girl to do while she waits?

The End

Regrets, Just One

A Short Story from a Captioned Image

By Maryanne Peters



It was Paul who went looking for me. When everybody else stopped asking what had happened to me, he was still looking. All I had told him was that I had found myself in “a toxic relationship”.

All my other friends from school had dropped me when I came out as gay, but I suppose that I dropped them too. I was looking for sex, so I mixed with gay men. I mixed, rather than making friends. It was something I missed. Without the guys I grew up with I felt that I needed a relationship that was more than just sex.

But he was all wrong for me – I know that now. He wanted me to be more effeminate than I really was, but I went along with it. Then he wanted me to pretend to be a woman when we went out to things like sports events.

It now seems to me that he was fighting the fact that he was gay. He loved sucking my cock, back when I had one, but after I had filled his mouth he would spit it out and call me disgusting. He was a fucked-up person, as I now realize.

He found out that I was skimming the club I worked at, and he threatening to tell the owners. You might think that might be no big deal, but the owners of the club were serious criminals – not the kind of people you steal from. It was my mistake, and now it was going to cost me my life.

He demanded that I live as a woman full time – his shemale girlfriend. He had me on hormones, which left me barely able to get an erection. He would ram my ass and tell me that my dick was a waste of space. He would nag me to get rid of it, but that was something I never wanted to do.

He came into some money and told me that he had booked me in for sex-change surgery. I pleaded with him. I never wanted that. Okay, so I was living as a woman by that stage and I was quite used to it, even enjoying the dresses and the hairstyles, but that did not mean I was ready to lose my dick.

“You belong to me, remember?” he said. “If I want you with a clean hole instead of that useless pee-stick, then that is what is going to happen. It is that or the club owner gets the proof of your dishonesty.”

Pain is better than death, I figured, and there was pain. Even when I was in recovery he as ramming my ass telling me that I was now what he wanted, but when he saw my new anatomy – the flush crotch and inflamed vulva he demanded – I could see the horror on his face.

He never wanted me from then on. He is a gay male, and I was not that … not anymore.

And then there was Paul. He had heard that I was working in a drag club, and that I had an abusive boyfriend. He was there to see if I was alright. That was the kind of person that he was.

I cold never have loved him as a gay man, but now everything had changed. No gay man would be interested in me anymore. I needed to adapt to my new reality. The man I needed had to be straight.

If it sounds like I took advantage of an old friend, I want to explain that it was not like that. I just told him that I was a woman now, and that I was alone, and that I felt that working at the drag club was not what I wanted to do. I was lost, and still very sore down there. Paul just took me in.

He said that I had made a courageous decision in becoming a woman without support and without certainty as to what the future held. I thought about telling him that it was not my choice at all, but I decided it was better not to. I did not want pity to replace admiration, even when it was not justified.

And I admired him too. He had gone looking for me out of concern – a true friend. He said that he had always felt bad about the way the other guys had refused to accept me. I told him that I held no grudge. I wanted to live another life – a gay life. But that was over. I needed to live a third life – maybe a wife life?

I went back home with him. I stayed with him and I got a job as Sadie working in a fashion boutique. I slowly healed, and when that was done Paul and I started to have sex. It was great. I never expected that it would be that good. The surgeon had done a good job and I had feeling, and my orgasm was now outwards but inwards, and better somehow.

We became a couple. Marriage seemed the right next step.

Please don’t think of me badly for having one regret, that I gave in to blackmail and lost my manhood, because it was only one regret, and once only. I held his cock as if it were mine, and thought about the life I might have had.

“Come on Sadie,” said Paul. “Slip it inside you pussy and ride me like a cowgirl should.”

God, I love that man. And he loves me. One regret, now forgotten

The End

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| Just a Taste  Inspired by a Caption by Amy Harris  By Maryanne Peters  I don’t like to be locked up, so I take the opportunity to step out and be human only if it is only for a brief moment.  My wife has always set the rules and her rules for stepping out is that I must dress as Angela and be 100% passable.  “I would want anyone to this that I lived with a trannie, would I,” she would say. “But girlfriends come and go from our house all the time.”  She said that being passable meant ditching the wig and growing my hair out. But if that is the way I am then I can live with that. I mean, I accepted the hormones and all that that stuff has done to my body. And the truth is that now my hair is down to my shoulders and had been dyed such a wonderful color, I like it this way.  She still insists on dressing me. It is always black stocking and see through blouses that show off the fact that I am a man with a pair of bulging tits. And the skirts are always short and tight, and the shoes high-heeled. She likes the slutty look, I guess.  She likes to introduce me to her boyfriends as “My feminized husband,” … which I am, I guess. | Text  Description automatically generated  Text  Description automatically generated |

“Angela, meet … “ whatever his name is. “No get down on you knees and suck his cock. Fluff him up for me. If he comes in you mouth then I know he will be no good for me. Premature orgasm is not something I am prepared to put up with.” She has a point, I suppose.

The truth is that it was my failing. I have always come too early. For men, especially men who prefer strong women, it is a real issue. But if you are a woman, or you have sex as a woman, then it is no problem at all. In fact it is sort of a plus.

I mean if he reams and you spill early he just laughs and carries on, and your eyes roll back in your head and you wonder if it is possible for you to come again, and sometimes you do, even if it is just something oozing from a faccid cock.

She lets me step out because she thinks that I am not man enough to have sex without her, but the truth is that I am getting heaps. More than her I think.

Just don’t tell her.

The End

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