|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A Winner  Inspired by a Captioned Image by Tina  By Maryanne Peters  I think Mom had always wanted a daughter, and as the youngest of her three sons I turned out to be a target. My older brothers were the favorites of my Dad, and were sporty and full of rough and tumble, whereas Mom was protective of me. Dad always said that he never thought I would amount to much. He said that my older brothers were “winners” but I could never be that.  Mom always said that I would find my place in the world. I was bound to be good at something and it was just a question of finding out what that was.  Then the annual womanless beauty pageant came up at my school. It is a stupid thing really – just guys walking around in bad wigs and poorly fitting dresses. The modern take is that is it about breaking down gender stereotypes but that sounds like BS to me.  Anyway, Mom said that I had to enter, and I had to be in to win. There would be no bad wig and no borrowed gown. My hair was long enough to take a few curls, and she would make me something to wear = something that showed off my best feature – Mom always said that I had ”killer legs”. But the real key to it, as she explained to me, was “deportment” – a word I had never heard before. | Text  Description automatically generated  Text  Description automatically generated |

“It is all about how you carry yourself,” she said. “I did a little bit o runway modelling in my day and I can show you how it is done. It is not just the walk but the total movement, and where to look and hold your head. You need to be beautiful, but most of all you need to believe it. If you do, everybody in the audience will see it.

I was not keen but she insisted. My father laughed, but his advice was that I should do whatever made my mother happy. To him that was who I was. I was not there to please him.

So I did it. She drilled me in the whole presentation, and I got the moves right, but it was not until the day when she went to work on me and transformed me, that I got the belief that she was talking about. I looked at the person in the mirror and I saw a very beautiful young woman. Mom knew a thing or two about hair and makeup and I was amazed. But I turned on the looks into the mirror and I saw that I was beautiful.

When I took to the stage people’s head turned and jaws dropped. I was nothing like the others in their over the top second-hand prom dresses, smirking and mincing like drag queens. I was a young model – like one of those androgynous ones but definitely in feminine mode. But I had the pout of defiance, and the stare just over the heads of the audience – the one that says “I see you but I am not going to look at you. You are lesser than me. I am beautiful and you are not”. I sold it 100%.

At last I was a winner.

Even my father had to nod in my direction when I got home. I was good at something. But I had had my day. The dress and makeup would come off, and that was that.

But then Glen came around to the house. He had spoken with my mother and he had a proposal to put to me – how would I like to model professionally? He explained that my slim frame but wider shoulders and narrow hips made clothes hang properly, which is why so many androgynous models succeed. But his suggestion was that I take the stage as a female model while I finished school and worked only part time.

I have to say that I was horrified and I was really quite nasty to him. It was why he suggested the name “Holly”. He said that I was prickly, but not the first model that he had who was like that. Then he showed the contract to Mom and me. The bottom line was there to be seen. Not the part-time work at the upscale dress shop down town – that was just for starters. No, when I graduated high school I was set for the big time.

At last I was a real winner. When day looked at the contract, even he had to agree.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2022

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Vintage  Inspired by a Captioned Image by Tina  By Maryanne Peters  I think that I should reveal it now, but I was always attracted to my neighbor and friend, Chesterton Smith, known to everyone as “Chuck”. I suppose that I was bisexual, but I really suppressed my “gay” urges when I married Amy and tried to make a life for myself in the suburbs.  I really was a hopeless husband, and Chuck was always there to help. It did not help me that I was so short – even a little shorter than Amy. If she asked me to get something down of a high shelf I would need to go for the ladder, or ask Chuck.  For a while we both worked similar hours and we found ourselves at home while Amy was still at work. We became close friends. He liked me, and me? Well, I fell in love with him.  That Halloween party was a chance for him to see me in a different light. The vintage housewife was my idea, although I managed to convince Amy that it was hers. She did such a good job with my look. The rest was over to me – be the vintage housewife that night, and live a fantasy of being somebody the firmly heterosexual Chuck, could admire and even fall in love with.  I suppose that on that night I also discovered that I was transgender. My love for Chuck was not gay – it was a woman’s love for a man. I was the woman in the mirror in front of me - Pamela. | Text  Description automatically generated  Text  Description automatically generated |

Chuck stayed clear of me the day after the party, and for a few days after that. I was hoping that I knew why. Then he came over after work and told me everything.

“The truth is that I cannot get Pamela out of my mind,” he said, obviously deeply troubled. “I know that she is not real. But when I look at you I see her hidden away. That is why I have been avoiding you. I am sorry Phil, but this is really difficult for me.”

I decided that he should know, so I said – “But she is real, Chuck. Pamela is real. Phil is the fabrication. I learned that on that night. I want to be Pamela. I want to be a wife – the kind of wife that I pretended to be. Your wife, if you would have me.”

And that was that. Who could have believed that two guys would be sitting together having that conversation on the patio beside the barbeque we worked together as two macho men. Something was not right. I needed to go and get changed then and there. It was only when I was dressed as Pamela could he take me into his arms and kiss me.

Only three months – it seems unbelievable. We had to tell Amy the news that night. When she walked in the door there I was dressed as Pamela holding hands with Chuck.

“Sweetheart, I have some bad news for you. I want a divorce. I want to be Pamela permanently. I want to be with Chuck and he wants me to be with him.” That was the gist of it. There were tears and some shouting, but Chuck stood there with his arm around his new woman, confirming that this was where we were headed, and there was nothing Amy could do about it.

I moved in with Chuck and left everything that belonged to Phil behind.

Three months of hormones and skin treatments. Three months to grow my breasts and my hair and arrange my surgery. I wanted to be a woman when I married him.

The vintage wedding outfit is deliberate. Even with heels I am still shorter than my Chuck. I want to show him that I will be the housewife that he fell in love with that Halloween night – pretty, dutiful and faithful – the perfect bride. Vintage.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2022

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Just One Day  Inspired by a Captioned Image by Tina  By Maryanne Peters  I had always thought that women had a better life than men. My life had become drudgery. That day was not the first day that I just could not be bothered going to work. I just felt that I was going nowhere in life. I needed to make a change and it needed to be a drastic one. But instead I just turned on the TV and slouched into the sofa.  Like I said, it was Dr. Phil. He was sitting with a bunch of beautiful girls. And then as the show wore on it became clear that all these girls had once been men. They had all come to the realization that their true being was female and that was how they should live their lives – as women.  And they were all happy with the choice they had made. They said things like “my life had no meaning” and “I could not face the day” and “Now I have found my true self.”  Like I said, I always felt that women had it better. I mean nice clothes, looking good, being looked after. Did thinking that mean that theirs was the life that I truly wanted? Was I trans?  I decided that I needed to find so I called Julie’s salon as I knew she was not in. I told them that I was coming around and I wanted to surprise her. | Text  Description automatically generatedText  Description automatically generated |

Her work colleagues loved the idea of making me over into a girl. They said they could use my own straggly brown hair – it just needed deep treatment and some color and volume, and few soft curves. I would need a facial and eyebrow plucking if I was ready to go that far? I told them to go for it.

Would I be able to convince a stranger that I was really a full girl? That was what the bet was about. Those who backed me to get there told me all the tricks about how to present myself.

I was just wearing a smock when Serge walked in. He was a hairdressing specialist who had come in for the day and swapped with Julie. I was introduced to him as a new customer and I did my stuff - I reproduced all that I had learned. He never suspected I was anything less than the real thing, and it all seemed too easy. The girls on Dr. Phil’s show had said that it could be hard for some to jump that hurdle but not me. I could be like them. I could make the ultimate change and live a new life.

Serge was surprised, or even shocked. He looked very disappointed. But when I started to talk to him about this being the first step to transitioning to being female he became quite excited. He asked me out on a date, like, that night. The staff got together to get me an outfit – a fashion garment I could have for 24 hours plus a pair of shoes that I needed to practice walking in

Serge asked me what I would be doing for a job. He said that if I hated what I did then I should quit and start fresh. He suggested that I should think about acquiring a new skill. It seemed to me that being a secretary would be ideal. He new somebody at the local community college and we called straight away.

Serge also said that if I was serious I should call my doctor and talk about transition, so I did. He said that he would need to see me to make an assessment but that if I was truly transgender then I could be on hormones within a week.

So I went back home, and I got there only minutes before Julie, wearing my outfit and making a few finishing touches before heading back out on my date with Serge. She was shocked by what I had to say. In fact she fainted. When she came to, I asked her whether I could borrow her black patent leather handbag.

But that was all months ago now. Serge has bought me one to replace the one I had to give back to Julie. She never came to grips with sharing stuff, so when Serge offered that I move in with him I jumped at that and I have no seen Julie since.

But it was all down to that one day. I woke up a man and by the time that first date was over, I was a woman – Serge made sure of that.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2022

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| New Half Life  Inspired by a Captioned Image by Tina  By Maryanne Peters  I never understood why the Japanese call men who live as women “new half”. It really made no sense to me. But now it seems right to talk about my old life as the half of my existence that I have left behind.  The fact is that my boss found out that I was a crossdresser. The fact is that I felt the need to wear women’s clothing under work clothes. If panties had been enough that would have been fine, but a very fine empty bra just made me feel that much more relaxed. But when he was slapping me on the back he felt the clasp, and being the man he was, he had to know what I was wearing. I had to come clean, but I swore that it would not affect my work. I begged him not to speak of it.  He kept my secret, but he did speak of it – to me – all the time. He said that I had “a woman’s face” and that he would love to see what I looked like fully dressed. I finally agreed to show him a photo – you might know the thing – an After shot” from one of those transformation boutiques who seem to be able to make any ruffian look like a passable woman. It kept him quiet for a bit. | A person in a white dress  Description automatically generated with medium confidence  A person in a white dress  Description automatically generated with medium confidence |

Then came the trip to Japan. It seemed to me that my job was on the line so to be included in the trip seemed like a complete surprise. My fiancée Olivia was upset that I was going, but she was happy that I was finding a new security in my job. I had yet to tell Olivia about my underwear vice, but I promised myself that I would when I got back, whether or not it might affect her opinion of me.

Our business in Japan was helping with an international booking and customer management system for a chain of exotic clubs operating throughout Japan. I have to say that I had no idea about Japanese culture beyond a single samurai movie and maybe a war movie or two. I knew that they were different from Chinese but I had no idea what the differences were.

Anyway, the Japanese were keen for somebody to stay on in Japan and help with the system, but from what was said, if it was me, I would need to understand the culture and their particular and very “exotic” business.

“New Half” is what they call them, and there seem to be plenty of them in Japan. The company ran clubs staffed by men dressed as girls and also arranged dates and even marriages with transgirls. Our booking and customer systems were designed to allow many foreigners to come to Japan and take full advantage of what our client company offered, but as my boss said – “They are hopelessly short of foreign transgirls. They have a queue of Japanese men lined up to meet and even marry white American transwomen. So I mentioned you.”

I tried to tell him that there was a huge gap between crossdressers and transsexuals, but he was not having a bar of it. He told me that I was booked for a transformation and that I had better fall into line or I would be out a job.

The women (if that is what they were) did not speak a word of English. They just went about their work and I endured the waxing and the extreme facial and the hair extensions and styling. And then to cap it off I stepped into a wedding dress. Dspite the shock and confusion I found myself extremely aroused. They just giggled and shook their heads. Before I knew what was happening I was bent over and getting a huge injection of something. I have not had an erection since that day.

I was then presented to Mr Akira Karazuko. He spoke a little English – enough to tell me that he found me incredibly attractive. Even with all that had happened to me prior to our meeting, to be told that you were beautiful as a woman must be the ultimate thrill for somebody of my inclinations. I am sure that I blushed. Whatever in was, he dropped to his knees and took my hand and gabbled away in Japanese.

My boss and the boss of our client company were watching the whole thing. That is when it was explained to me that this was my future. Mr. Karazuko was a major shareholder and he had just proposed to me. I was to stay in Japan. I could help with setting up our company’s system, but I would need to stay, and stay living as a woman.

But a week later they needed to send somebody out to Japan to do the work. Akira disapproves of me working. He says that my job is to complete what needs to be done to make me his legal wife, and presently I am preparing for that.

I understand what new half means now. It means that I spent half of my life pursuing something that I would never have – an existence as a man. The new half of my life will be as a woman and a wife, here in Japan.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2022

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Chunky  Inspired by a Captioned Image by Tina  By Maryanne Peters  Some guys are just inclined towards having soft bodies. I was one of those guys. It is called an endomorph body type. The ectomorph is tall and skill, the mesomorph is muscular, and the endomorph is like me – chunky.  I suppose that I was more endomorphic than most endomorphs. I had flab in places where it did not belong – on the chest and on the hips and thighs. I was active and fit, but this was just my body type. You have to learn to live with it.  My sister had the same body type but on a woman an endomorph can look really great. “Soft and fleshy is good on a girl”. That is way she put it.  “Let’s try to see how you might look as a girl,” she said. “I can get access to some breast forms and hip padding, and a good quality lace front wig … and you know that I am a whizz with makeup and nail polish.”  It was her way of saying that I should not be so self-conscious and even troubled by my body type – I should try rocking it.  I agreed to go through with it. She was headed off to college and it was really our last chance to do something together as brother and sister, and beauty was her thing.  I have to say that seeing myself as a sexy endomorph chick really changed my outlook. She was right, a woman can rock being chunky. A guy never can.  When she went off to college I moved into her bedroom, and her wardrobe. My life changed forever. | Graphical user interface, text, application  Description automatically generated  Graphical user interface, text, application  Description automatically generated |

Once I was confident that I could get the right look without her help I sent her the image wearing the dress that she had left behind even though she said she looked super sexy in it. My message was that I looked even better in it.

That was when she went on line showing everybody, including my girlfriend and Mom and Dad. I thought that they were to worst people to see the image, but she had also sent the image to a whole bunch of guys and some of them have asked to meet me and take me out on a date.

It has suddenly become very hard to decide what to do.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2022