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| Secretary  From a Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  The truth is that I did stare at my secretary’s legs and her boobs, but out of jealousy rather than lust. She can have the business. It was failing anyway. The stress of it was killing me. I confess I was not up to it. God knows she is driven enough, so maybe she may succeed where I was bound to fail. |  |  |

You see, what I wanted was a simple life. A girl’s life.

Back then the only release I found a guest spot in the drag act at the local gay bar 3 nights a week. By “guest spot” I mean that I was not paid, but I could dress in the body suit and a femmy costume and play up to the crowd. It was a momentary release, but it was all I had.

When she confronted me with the pictures, I was genuinely shocked, but when she told me the fate she had lined up for me I could barely hold my joy in check. Could it be true? Was she going to forcibly feminize me? It was everything that I dreamed of, but I needed to pretend to be horrified.

The truth is that the very thing that got my business into trouble had been destroying my personal life too. I was so driven by my own ego that I could not face my feminine reality, or the shame of telling everybody that I was not a man. What I needed was to be driven to make the changes. It was everything that I wanted, but I still felt the need to plead: No, no – don’t do this to me!”

Each new demand that she made of me I put on my best act of reluctance and occasional defiance, but in fact I doubled up on the hormones and the hair and skin treatments. I could not become a woman fast enough.

She would laugh and I would whimper like a sissy, but I was happy at last. She insisted that I wear short skirts, but as the hormones took effect and my skinny legs lost the ugly muscle and gained a woman’s soft flesh, I realized that my legs were much better than hers had ever been. She could keep them in the pants she now favoured.

My hair, with glossy extensions but my own growing out to good length, was nicer than hers. My face was prettier, and my fresh breasts as perky as a teenager as hers were starting to sag.

I was the new, and she was a has been.

She could have the business. I had a plan. I could start again. Not up front, but with everything that I knew I would not make the same mistakes again. The first mistake that I made was to not recognize my own shortcomings and to find and use the talent of others. As a secretary I found that the brightest guy in the business was young Marc, toiling in the mail room and working towards a business degree at night school.

Marc and I had been developing a business plan. All executives and ex-executives like me, have a non-solicitation clause in our employment contracts, but they never get that for the mail guy. But he is the guy who has the names and addresses of all the business’s suppliers and all the business’s customers. It is the list that our new business would be built on.

I thought that my life was complete. I am living as a woman which is what I wanted. I turned out to be a much prettier woman than I ever could have imagined. My business that was a leaden yoke on my shoulders has gone and is in the hands of somebody that I will happily watch destroy it, if it does not destroy her first. Instead I am starting again, as number two to a young man whom I respect.

And then, it got even better. She told me that Marc desired me – he wanted me as a woman.

He is younger than me, and he knows who and what I am. Could it be true. I went straight down to the mail room. I stood in the doorway. I was wearing my polka dot top and high waisted mini skirt with black tights and heels.

“The time has come,” I said. “But I want to be more than just your business partner. I want to be your sexy-tary!”

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| He took me in his arms and smothered me with kisses and then he pounded my ass over the Xerox machine. I screamed with joy. Everybody could hear.  “You’re fired!” she shouted. “Both of you!”  “We’re going!” I shouted back. “But right now, I’m coming.”  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019 |  |

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| The Babysitter  Inspired by a Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  I was really too old to be a babysitter. To old and a guy. But the truth is I was looking for work that made me money but was casual. I was finding things tough at college and I did not need the pressure of a regular job adding to my stresses. I guess I am just one of those people who does not handle stress well. Babysitting is easy. Play with kids and wear them out. Put them to bed. Raid the fridge. Do some study.  I started to sit for Daniel Watts Bryant, the banker guy. Despite the fact that he had two daughters, he did not mind that I was a guy. He said: “My girls manipulate other girls too easily.” I didn’t know what he was talking about. |  |

The truth is that it was a bit of a tragedy. His wife had died a year or so before, of cancer. She had been a socialite, whatever that is. I heard some say that she was a bit of bitch too, but I never speak ill of the dead, or the living for that matter. So, her death left Daniel with two daughters Lea and Nora, then aged I guess 11 and 12 as they were 12 and 13 when I met them.

So, I called them “Princess Types” because they had been brought up to believe that if you were sweet and pretty you would find your prince and life would be perfect. I didn’t believe that was possible, at least not then. Who would?

I guess they had the example of their mother. By all accounts she was pretty, and charming, and she married a wealthy man. But now she is dead, so I guess her life did not turn out perfectly. Whose does?

Well, mine, as it turns out.

Daniel had a function to go to from work so he called to ask if I could be at his place after school. He had left a key for me to collect and I got around to his place mid-afternoon. I had some books with me, but I was not in a mood to study.

When Lea and Nora got home, they were keen to play. I said that it was always my policy to play some games with kids in my care. Keep the tempo up and soon they will get tired and be ready for bet. There is no sense in sending kids to bed before they are tired because they just keep getting up, and with two you can find yourself against a tag that can never be beat.

So, the game was dress up. That was their favorite game. They played it all the time. I was just never there long enough to get immersed in it. But this time, I was. And I did. Get immersed, I mean.

Lea and Nora were experts well before their time. You don’t expert expect girls just on teens to be experts in hair and makeup, much less know all about body shape. I guess little girls brought up on Barbie dolls know what the shape of mature woman ought to be, in the world of princesses.

“You can be a princess too,” they said.

Why not? Do it. The look of excitement on their faces was priceless. I just sat back and let it happen.

“You don’t sound like a princess,” said Norah. “You need to talk like a girl. You need to say how much you like being pretty.”

I cleared my throat, and trilled a high C to get my voice to pitch. I twirled my pink skirts.

“I just love being pretty,” I trilled. “Who would want to be a boy. Boys are so dirty and yucky. Girls are best. Girls like us. We are pretty and happy and just looking for a prince to make happy. I so want to find my prince charming and make him the happiest man in the world. That is what I live for …”.

Both of the girls were smiling and looking behind me.

I spun around and there was Daniel standing there, staring at me. Apparently, he pulled out of the function to get home to kiss his girls goodnight. But at that moment, I had no idea. I was in shock.

“You look fantastic,” he said. “And I have no doubt that you could make some man very happy.”

“That is what I live for.” I repeated the words in the same stupid voice. I don’t know why. My head was just empty. It must be what the girls intended. He warned me that they were manipulative. I had no idea what he was talking about.

“Could that prince be me?” he asked.

The image was taken by Lea, with Daniel standing behind me, trimmed out. I don’t look quite like that these days. My hair is my own, but almost that long. I have my own breasts now. And I have had the bottom surgery as well. Princesses can’t have penises – right?

The End

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| Dodging the Forces  Inspired Tiffany’s Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  I should have just headed for the hills. I am trained to survive in the wilds. I could do it. But I had to stay close to the base. If I was going to prove that I was not the one who disclosed the secrets as I am accused, I need to stay close to those in my unit, and the few within it who are prepared to help me.  But how long can you hide when the issue is State secrets. The State will chase you to the ends of the earth. They will knock down doors and break rules to find the accused. Where do you hide to buy the time needed?  “In plain sight,” my sister said. “With the perfect disguise.”  Her disguise was perfect. It was unbelievable. I totally and completely disappeared. In the salon chair where Jim once sat, there was, It was Jill staring at me. |  |

The problem is that my sister told her best friend, and then I found myself having to go on a date with her best friend’s brother, Dirk. All I aske was that neither of them should tell him that I was really Jim, a guy on the run.

I knew Dirk, but I never knew that he was gay. It turns out that he was more “exploring”, and while I told him that I was living as a girl but no into guys, he suggested that I explore too. He said that thought that I was beautiful – too beautiful to return to living as a man. He said that it was of no concern to him that I might have a penis. He wasn’t going to ask.

All very nice, but if he thought he was ever going to find out, he was kidding himself. I having dinner with him because I needed to keep his sister and mine, as quiet as possible.

But we started to talk about what he did, because I was not about to tell him my backstory – I didn’t have one. It turns out that he was in IT and he had heard about a big hack at the army base on the edge of town.

“Have you heard whether it’s an inside job?” I asked.

“Definitely not is what I heard,” he said. “But they might be thinking that it is. The armed forces don’t like to admit that this kind of stuff is hackable.”

“Could you prove that it is an external hack?” I asked him.

He looked at me strangely. Why was I so interested? I think he knew that I wanted something from him. He said: “I think so. Why don’t you come around to my place for a nightcap?”

It only took him a few hours the following morning to find out who I was and why I wanted his help. By then he had me over a barrel as they say, in every sense of the word. But I had already given him the blow job of his life, so nothing was too much after that.

The charges were dropped, but I was offered a discharge from the army. Thanks to our Commander in Chief they don’t want transgenders in the armed forces, and it seems that is what I am now Dirk has discovered his true sexuality. So have I.

The End

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| Sins of the Son  Inspired by a Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  Sure, I played around in college, and did things just as bad as my son. I just never got caught. My advice to him was the same: Don’t get caught. My problem is that I said as much to the Review Board. It was not enough that my son had to suffer the stupid “Turnabout Term” punishment, to keep his place in the college I had to do the same.  The Chairman of the Panel railed against me about how appalling it was that an alumni like me would be encouraging such behavior in the “Me Too” age. That was never a thing when my fraternity was on the prowl. But times have changed.  I just wanted my son to have every chance. What father would not make the sacrifices required. If that meant a few months in drag, then I could do that. I run my own business. My son and me both – we could handle it. |  |

The Dean sat on the Panel too. He just stared at me. It made me feel a bit uneasy.

The sorority girls had two victims to work over and they seemed to relish it. I had the advantage of a good head of hair. All it required was a dye job and a cut, which within a few weeks with treatment, grew long enough to put in a few curls. The hard part was the full body wax and the facial and brow job which prevented me from fronting as a man anywhere.

The Dean said that while everybody on campus would ensure that my son met the requirements of “Turnabout Term”, he would need to pay special attention to seeing that I met the same code. That meant 24/7 dressing and presenting as a woman.

I had my son to watch my compliance at home. The kid said: “If I’m doing this Dad, so are you”. But elsewhere the Dean to it upon himself to keep me up to the mark. That meant dropping in on me at my office way too often and escorting me to evening engagements.

My employees should have burst out laughing when I turned up dressed as a woman for the first time, but they surprised me by being understanding. I still felt that I was the same person, but it seemed that they did not. They started to treat me differently, and I guess I responded.

Veronica is a better boss than Vernon Michaels. In fact, she is probably a better person all round.

My first evening business engagement as Veronica was awkward, but as I said the Dean insisted that he escort me. Somehow having him there, and having him scrupulously treat me as a woman, helped me to play the role. Clients called me “charming” and “feminine” which I could only take as compliments. And the Dean, being intelligent and engaging added to the occasion.

And somehow, I seemed to have acquired a better understanding of my clients. I guess that as Veronica I was more of a listener than a talker, although I have become much more confident in using my female voice since those first days.

We started going out just the two of us. I guess you have to say that we were dating. I was dating a guy. My son was too. And staying over at the boy’s place too.

I told the Dean that I was concerned about it. We had been out to a show and we had just dropped into a rather low class bar for a nightcap.

“This “Turnabout Term” is not good for him,” I explained. “He may never turn back.”

“If he doesn’t then maybe it has because he has always been a woman inside,” he said to me, as I checked my lipstick in my compact mirror. “Just wait there. I need to grab something from the car. I will be right back.”

There was another guy sharing the leaner. He had been staring at me, but he dropped his eyes as I looked his way. Guys do stare at me quite often. I guess that for a woman my age, I am pretty good-looking. Maybe if I grew my hair out a bit and wore it up? Or down in soft waves? I have legs that look great, especially in heels like the ones I was wearing. I could be perfect, if I had real breasts, and a cute little pussy between my legs.

Then I saw the Dean walking back towards me. My heart leapt a little. That really happens when you see somebody that you … that you … admire.

Oh my God. There is a little blue felt box in his hand, and a huge smile on his face!

The End

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| The Pact  Inspired by one of “Tiffanysoldcaps” on blogspot.  By Maryanne Peters  That is only half the story. That’s not me in the little black dress. That is my daughter Dora, who used to be my son David, impatient waiting for me to be finished.  After David’s mother died, my precious wife Gabby, we made a pact, my son and me. It was a mutual support pact. We would do everything together. Well, not everything, but I called upon him, he would be there, and if he called upon me, the … well, here we are.  Look at him, I mean her. Look at the chest. Some clever uplifting sure, but that much flesh does not normally sit on a slender young man. What I did not understand before then was that my son David was transgendered. He had been wrestling with how to “come out”. He needed my support, and a better understanding. And I was bound to give it. |  |

Quite how he organized it to bring about winning the prize, I will never know. But David sat down in the beautician’s chair and an hour later, Dora stepped out of the same chair, and sat patiently in her stockings and heels, looking every inch female, while I went through the same procedure.

If the audience gasped when Dora was revealed, and only then was allowed to see what had been done, then when I stepped forth have been plucked and painted, they applauded. What had been done? It is the nature of these shows that I should be the last to see, but what I saw changed my life.

I had not had the conversation with David at that point, but it followed while he was still dressed as Dora and I was dressed as “Mom”. I did not know that my sone was transgendered, but I wondered in that moment, if I might be. I saw a woman looking back at me, and I was not shocked, or even turned on – I just felt right.

A lot of water has passed under the bridge since then. Montel went off the air 10 years ago.

Since then Dora has had all her surgery and is happily married to Kevin. The have two children, a son and a daughter by surrogate, using eggs that Gabby had harvested before her hysterectomy and were still frozen after her death. The kids seem truly my grandchildren, being a part of Dora. I see them whenever I can.

And what about me? I kept to the pact. I was side by side with Dora through her transition – all the way. It was not what I intended. She was on a marathon and I thought that I would just run the first mile with her. But then that mile was run, and I must have discovered that I liked running.

And then, on the second, or maybe third mile, when my breasts had sprouted and my hair was lush and my body smooth and soft, I met Malcolm. He has only ever known me as a woman, and I knew that for him, I needed to be one.

It was time for Dora to return the pact of support and be there for her mother.

I think that we are about as close as a mother and daughter can be.



The End

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