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| The Value of a Good Secretary  Inspired by a Caption by Amy Harris  By Maryanne Peters  It really was Tim’s business. I had just a small stake – less than 20%. I worked in the backroom. He was the face of the business. He was the expert. He won the contracts and made sure they were followed through. He was that kind of person. I had always admired him … no, more than that – I worshipped him.  I just kept the score. He needed somebody who could, but he asked me. He could have hired anybody to do it, but he asked me. Maybe because he knew that I had the skills. Or maybe because he knew that his success was what I wanted. It’s a strong motive.  I always said that I wanted to do more, and I did. But little guys like me can never be at the front of a business like this – It would make things look bad.  “What I need is a secretary,” Tim said. “Actually, more than that – kind of a personal assistant who could be with me taking notes and getting me what I need.”  It sounded to me like a dream job.  “Female of course. Pretty but clever. Loyal.”  “Everybody wants that kind of secretary, so they don’t come cheap,” I explained. “At the moment we simply cannot afford it.” It was not entirely true, but I just did not want anybody else around, not the least somebody who might turn his head. From the job in hand that is. “Lord knows if I could don a skirt and heels and do the job for both of us, I would.”  “Really?” he said. H sounded interested. |  |

I suppose any normal man who heard those words and the quizzical almost expectant look on his face would have laughed and turned away, but I didn’t do that.

“I suppose I could give it a try,” I said to him. Then, realizing that I was taking on something very strange for too easily, I added – “For an extra 5% of the company.”

“I tell you what Andy,” he said with a disbelieving smile. “If you can be the personal assistant that I am looking for then you can have that 5%.” My guess was that he did not think that I would be able to meet his idea of the person he wanted, but I wanted the 5%, and I wanted something else as well.

I told him that I was taking the afternoon off. It was mainly to get ready, but also because it just felt weird staying there having made a deal like that. I was determined that I was going to make the right impression, and not allow Tim to back out.

I arranged to go to one of those transformation boutiques. I told them the whole story and they agreed to work on me then and there and have me back early in the morning to finalize the look.

“But from now on you are going to be Amanda,” said the lady in charge. “You are going to live and breath as a woman this afternoon and tonight, go to bed as a woman and wake up a woman, and then after we have finished with you, make this man of yours believe that you are a woman.”

She got me started on “developing a feminine voice” and then the face and body waxing was next, as that would need time for an inflamed skin to settle. Then came the breast forms, stuck on with glue and with the edges rendered invisible using foundation, and the hair extensions.

“From now on you must live with boobs and hair,” she said to me. “And we are going to tuck you too. We are going to use surgical glue to remodel your genitals temporarily. But be warned, an erection will be agony, so we will give you something for that.”

She was right, if you want to learn that being a woman is very different from being a man, try doing things with breasts on your chest; try only being able to piss sitting down, try constantly pushing hair out of your eyes or from your mouth.

I took the two ladies from the boutique out for a meal – just three women together. It was a great learning experience. We were approached by men more than once, but we declined.

“Just remember that with what you have there can be no sex other than anal sex,” they explained. “Tell them it is your period. Have you had anal sex before? Do you know how to prepare? It is always good to be ready. Preparation is the key. Without it things can get painful.

It just seemed like a nice way to finish the evening. A threesome of a sort, but with the only being penetrated being me.

In the morning they did the makeup and presented me with the feminine eyeglasses which capped off the look. What with the short skirt, black stockings and high heels it was definitely the slutty secretary look, but the blouse was sensible. The bra beneath was see-through lace in scarlet red.

“Open your blouse and he will go crazy,” was the suggestion.

I sauntered into the office and sat at the end of his desk, with his diary open in my lap and a list of appointments for him to prepare for.

“Andy, is that you?” he said.

“Amanda.” I purred the correction in my practiced way. “Your sexy secretary and personal assistant ready to attend to your every whim.”

The crazy thing was that I could see his pants and I knew what was going on inside them. I was thrilled by that. Like I said, I worshipped Tim, in my own way. To be desired by him in a way that his body was displaying to me, was gratifying to say the least.

“Save that for later, Boss,” I said, pointing my pen at his crotch. “Let me see, you have a gap around three. It so happens I do to. I have a gap, that is. A gap to be filled, if you know what I mean.” I looked at him over my glasses and batted my false eyelashes.

He filled my gap alright – at 3:00 and 3:20 and 4:00.

I made sure I was available to him. I always do. That is the value of a good secretary.

The End

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| Grace on the Gridiron  Inspired by a Caption by Amy Harris  By Maryanne Peters  My wife had been a ballet dancer, and in the early days when I had a pro-football contract and she had a position in a leading city dance company, I knew how hard she worked. She trained as much as I did, but she spent time on developing muscles to extend the flexibility of the body, and she worked on balance. A ballet dancer must be able to move at speed from a standing position and maintain balance under pressure and distraction. There was plenty my players could learn from ballet.  What prompted it was one terrible game where it seemed that everybody in the team either fell over or fumbled the ball, or both. I had the worst rant of the season in the change room after that game.  “Whatever you want us to do Coach, we’ll do it,” they said to me. Nobody likes losing, but to lose looking like uncoordinated idiots is much worse.  I spoke to my wife about a skills course at her ballet class, late in the evening after all her students were gone.  “And have them dress like ballerinas,” I said. “They need to get the lesson that women have better skills in certain areas. It will do them good.”  I have to say that my wife was not pleased with me for making the suggestion. She had to rustle up a bunch of pumps, tights and leotards in maximum sizes to kit out the boys, but I said that the college football fund would pay her for that and her lessons.  I decided not to go to the first training session, which started with basic positions, but I went to the second of the 13 classes with a bag of balls.  “That Michael, your kicker, has some true talent for ballet,” she said to me. “He seems very keen to push on with it.” |  |

I looked where she was pointing and there I saw Mike in his pink outfit with a pink hairband holding back his long dark hair, doing little jumps and demi-plies behind the others.

The photo is what he looks like now, after the breast implants really signaled the end of his football career. In fact, the hormones had robbed him of a lost of muscle mass in the weeks before, but he could still kick a ball better than many.

But the truth was that his heart was no longer in it. Michelle is really a dancer these days, and a good one. She only really got into cheerleading to stay in touch with the guys, and she excelled at that two.

Staying in touch is important. If I have achieved one thing as a coach it is to keep the team tight – once a team player you are always a member of the team, even if you have tits. Ex-players like Michelle have a role to play, although quite why an ex-kicker seems to spend so much time mentoring our quarterback has me puzzled.

The End

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| Unwritten Rule  Inspired by a Caption by Amy Harris  By Maryanne Peters  Seven bridesmaids! Seven. You can’t see Amy in this shot. She is standing behind the bride. But you can see Chris and me. That is us trying to adjust our panties – the ones that hold our cocks back between our legs.  So how did we get into this position? Well, our best pal Weldon Chase was all set to get married to Naomi Beale, from this richest family in town. Everybody knows that Naomi has to have her way. Her Daddy gives her what she needs, including the wedding of her dreams. Don (as we call him) gives her what she wants, as he can.  So, her Daddy pays for the bridesmaid’s’ dresses and stuff, and everyone has a role, and things are just perfect. Then, the day before the wedding there is a disaster - two bridesmaids get taken to hospital with severe food poisoning. | A group of women in dresses  Description automatically generated with low confidence  A group of women in dresses  Description automatically generated with low confidence |

Naomi is in a state, and she says to Don “You fix it. Get me two bridesmaids or the wedding is off.” So where do you find two girls to stand in less than 12 hours? Well, if you are Don, you ask your pals.

As it happened, he had nine guys lined up to fill the seven spots for groomsmen and I missed out. Chris was one of the chosen, but because he was small enough to fit into one of the dresses, he got the nod. The other dress needed just a little work to fit me. That’s right – we were shoulder tapped to go above and beyond for our best pal – fill the bridesmaids’ spots.

I have to say that I was ready to treat it like a bit of joke, but I think that we all learned something about Chris on those two days. Something that we had no idea about previously.

“I am not about to make a fool of myself,” he said. “This is all about Don, and it will be Naomi’s day. We are not about to steal the attention away from the bride by turning this into some comic drag act. If we are going to be bridesmaids for the day then we are going to be women for the day, and that is that!”

Naomi agreed, except that we had to start the night before, joining the bridal party for a spa treatment. I should have objected to the waxing, but it was six against one, and it was - “all about Weldon and Naomi, remember?” I had no choice. Then in the morning it was hair (using our own hair and extensions) and makeup, and that fucking underwear with the false breasts.

“We need to have the right figure, and nothing poking out,” said Chris.

It was okay for him as he was fairly scrawny, but I was carrying a bit of weight, so I was cinched and squeezed and had something of a real cleavage going on.

Chris was always pulling me up on my movements and my walk and my voice, all the way through the preparations. They were all correcting me, so I just fell into line until by the time we were off to the ceremony it was all second nature to me. It was just those panties riding up my crack! Something about avoiding a VPL, whatever that is.

Anyway, nobody knew that we were not real women, including Don’s two new friends from college, Kane and Matt. Of course, the other guys from high school knew it was us, but played along, calling Anna and Chrissie and pretending to flirt with us, even though they all had girlfriends at the wedding, two in the bridal party.

The ceremony was great. I suppose that it affects girls differently, thinking about being a bride themselves. Chris seemed really moved by it. I suppose I just went along with the girls, being that I was one of them.

The wedding meal was good, and the speeches were funny, and a little emotional at times. It was during Don’s speech that he started to talk about his new friends from college who were new to our town and the obligation on “the unwritten rule obliging the unattached bridesmaids, Anna and Chrissie, to see to the wants of these unattached groomsmen”.

Is there such a rule? I suppose that if is unwritten I might be hard to find.

Anyway, I was happy if it meant dancing with Kane. He turned out to be a really nice guy, and somebody who knows how to treat a lady right. Somehow being treated right makes you respond. A guy only wants a little in return – maybe a little affection, maybe just a kiss, if nobody can see.

It just seemed that Chris was doing the same thing. Like I said, Don’s wedding taught us something about Chris. He wanted to be Chrissie. It was something that he always wanted. He wanted to become her that night, and he told Matt all about it, just as the celebrations were shutting and the guests from out of town (like Kane and Matt) were headed to their hotel rooms above the venue.

I was only alone for a short while wondering what had happened to me that night, when Matt came over and sat beside me.

“I have just been talking to Kane. He is going upstairs with Chrissie. She has told him all about herself, and that you are in the same position. I just want to tell you, Anna, that I am not upset. You have to be who you have to be. So if you want me give you what Kane has said he will give to Chrissie, then I am happy to do that for you. In fact, it would be my honor, Anna. I think that you are a beautiful girl and a beautiful human being. I would love to help you become the woman that you want to be … that you were meant to be.”

How do you respond to something like that, delivered with those big brown masculine eyes of his?

You say - “Fuck off Buddy, I’m a guy.” That is what I should have said.

So, why did I say – “Please Matt, I want you to do it. Would you, please?” Why did I say that.

I guess I learnt something about myself that night, too.

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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| His Sisters Clothes  Inspired by a Caption by Amy Harris  By Maryanne Peters  My older brother always looked out for me after our mother left us in the care of a father who barely seemed to care about me. My was not interested in me, only in pushing my brother to achieve where he had failed.  My brother worked hard to achieve our father’s expectations but he never neglected me or my feelings. It is a phrase that gets used too often, but in my case it was true - He was always there for me. I thought that all older brothers caught in that situation might do the same things, but I now know that there were other things involved.  He was always helping me brush or arrange my hair, and helping me choose clothes, and generally helping me with my appearance.  For a girl, looking good really matters,” he would say. I always took his advice. He always knew what he was talking about.  I n ever understood that he was trying to live his feminine self through me. My brother wasn’t to be a girl like me. He kept it a secret from our father, which I can understand, but also from me, which I don’t. I guess that he was just not ready, not until he was ready to leave home and make his way in the world. |  |

He made excuses about not coming home for Christmas. I was upset about, but my father told me not to bother my brother because he was busy working like a man should. Instead he was growing out his hair and taking hormones, and becoming a woman.

I went to see him before he came out to my father. He said he was doing well and he sent me a ticket. He did not explain that he was living and working as a woman. I got the shock of my life, but then I suddenly understood all the little things that he had said and done. It all made sense. We just held one another and cried tears of joy.

He was the same person, but better. I had a sister.

He said to me – “I love that dress you are wearing. I wonder if it would be too small, or I might borrow it and wear when I come home next month?”

It was a little tight, but on a body like hers it looked perfect.

My father had the camera out to take a photo. He was expecting to find his son out in the yard, but instead there were two attractive women. So he asked me - “What is going on here? Who is your friend?”

That is when he said it – “”What’s the big deal, haven’t you ever seen a brother wear his sister’s clothes before?”

The End

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