The Power of the Will

Inspired by this Caption Image by an unknown author

By Maryanne Peters



Do you believe that you can change your body with the force of your mind? I believed that.

William told me what he wanted me to be. He said that he liked his boys to be feminine. It always struck me as a little strange. If you like women, why don’t you fuck them?

“Because I love you,” Will said. “I just would love you more with big titties and a tiny clitty”.

I like being loved. And who wouldn’t like to be loved more. And let’s face it, he was attracted to me because I am feminine. I was dressed as a woman when he approached me in that gay bar. He was surprised when I told him that I was not living full time as a woman.

“I wouldn’t want to see you dressed as a man,” he said. “It would break the spell.”

So for him, I was her. But still Will wanted more from me. “Big titties and a tiny clitty. Say it for me”.

When he was inside me, he would ask me – “What do I like, Sweetheart?”

“Big titties and a tiny clitty”. Again and again, with each stroke. “That’s what I want - big titties and a tiny clitty, big titties and a tiny clitty”.

And then it came to pass. Just like magic. The power of the will to change my body. I just wish I could get my hands to be a little smaller. They are big and now with the long nails I wear with my new body, they look even bigger.

But here they are. Take a look. Girly breasts that jiggle when he rams me. He adores them. And my tiny limp dick just jiggles too. Sometimes he strokes it as if it were a clitoris. It is just what he likes.

Can you change your body with the force of your mind? My body was full of female hormones. Where did they come from? Can you will them into existence?

No. Don’t be stupid like I was. Have you heard of hormone replacement suppositories? Every time he had sex with me he always started with two fingers, and I never knew what was between them. Then he would ram home that little capsule, gloriously!

It is the power of the Will, you see.

The End

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| SimilarInspired by this Caption Image by … who?By Maryanne PetersHave you heard of “Similar Attraction Theory”? You should look it up – it might help to explain things. Basically, it is the debunking of “opposites attract”. In fact, people are attracted to partners who are similar, in appearance as well as attitudes. She was attracted to me because I was like a male version of her. I was, but not now.Maybe I was attracted to her for the same reason, but I did not want her to change. I thought that she was perfect the way that she was. I told her often enough.“So why not do as I ask?” she would say. “All I am asking is for you to grow out your hair the same length as mine. If you think that it is so perfect then why would you not want that too?”The hair was just the start of it. Then she started saying that we looked so similar that we could be twins, and we should have matching outfits. It was supposed to be like matching colors, but I would wear the male version and she would wear the female one. But then the differences began to blur. |  |

Malcolm looks a bit like us too, I guess. I mean he similar eyes and cheekbones, except that he is huge and has heavy brows and a big chin. He is a real man and makes me realize that I was never really one of those. When he met us, he said that he always had a fantasy of being a boyfriend to a pair of twins.

I had to explain to him that we were not twins – we were not even related – we were just friends – in fact we were sexual partners.

“Even better,” he said with a sly grin – you know the thing.

“We are sexual partners because I am a guy,” I said. I expected that would knock the stuffing out of him. He looked momentarily surprised, and that was all.

“Even better yet,” he said. “I am always ready to try something new.”

So it is the three of us now – me and her and our new boyfriend.

The End

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| At AttentionInspired by this Caption Image by who?By Maryanne PetersIt was a while back – before the pandemic. Jobs were hard to find, especially if your degree was in theater arts. I finally found the perfect job working for a design company doing specialist interiors. It was just a gopher (go for this, go for that) job, but I loved it. I did not want to put it at risk in any way. The problem is that some impulses make you do very stupid things.It was just one idle moment. I had been looking at a site the night before Ok, I had dabbled with dressing up in women’s clothing, just because I felt that I needed a woman in my life, even if she was only a pretend one in the mirror. I suppose that it makes you think what it might be life to choose to live life full time dressed as a girl. What it might be like to live as a sissy. |  |

It was still on my work computer. My boss was doing a routine scour of our browser histories and there it was.

Company policy is strict on this, so I knew that I was in trouble. I was prepared to beg to keep my job. I really wanted to stay, and I told him that I would do anything to keep it.

“I would like to see you dressed as a woman,” he said. “What are you doing tonight? No, in fact let me tell you what you are doing tonight. You are going out to dinner with me. Wear something nice.”

He was taking control. Not like a boss, but like … a master. It don’t know why, But I liked it.

I suppose That I should have not let it get this far, but he is just so … in control. I just gave into him that night. Once you have had a man inside you then you will never be the same. I never was after that.

We did it in an apartment above the restaurant, which it turned out was his little secret from his family. I am living there now. I am part of that secret, living as a woman full time, and turning up at work in the outfits he chooses for me. He like short skirts and black stockings. I would happily wear no panties but if I did that I would be tenting all day with him giving me that look. So I wear something very constraining. That means that when everybody else has gone home a hole day of pent up sexual energy is freed in a moment, and I jump to attention.

The End

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