|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Modeling ContractInspired by a Caption Image by TiffanyBy Maryanne PetersIt would be extremely silly suggest that it was his masculinity that attracted me to Tim. Now it seems so obvious that he has never had much of that. With the fine features and the big brown eyes, I just could not wait to see what I could create with a bit of makeup and styling. He seemed a worthwhile subject. It was a bonus that he also had a prick that could satisfy me. At least it could do back then.I met him at the bar he tended the night of the opening of my new salon. I had a Helene my hairdresser with me, and Poh, who did nails. Skin care and makeup was my thing.I got chatting to Tim behind the bar, and when Helene and Po had left, I was still there talking to him, as he packed up a prepared to shut down. | https://1.bp.blogspot.com/-1b5Q6Yu-Qmo/XJll4uoSBVI/AAAAAAAAJXE/L51MiXu6ohYn7Vb1sWMG85s7Sf5xOu2sACLcBGAs/s640/geez-tim86f2044c0d8e0a.jpg |

I guess he invited me around to his place and I accepted. I guess we had sex and we both liked it. We ended up together.

He told me that he hated working bar. I said that I could hire him if he was a hairdresser or could so anything else in the beauty industry. He laughed.

The makeover was not intended to work any permanent changes while he still worked at the bar, but the results were so spectacular that Helene said that I should push it. She said that wigs were no good for her, she styled real hair, so it was hairpieces then extensions. With all that and the plucked eyebrows, the bar thought he had turned gay. They couldn’t fire him if that was the case, but they would have.

I had a makeup station in the window, and I was working on Tim. I thought that anybody who might come in to ask I would say: “If I can make a guy look this good just imagine what I could do for you.”

But it was not a woman who came in, it was a guy, a guy from a model agency. Marcus Mallory.

“She has the look I want,” he said. I looked at Tim with my finger to my lips. He continued: “And I love that dramatic makeup that you have done. You are very talented with the brushes and your subject is just gorgeous. Have you ladies thought about entering the world of modelling?”

Me? All the time. I dreamed of doing the hair and makeup for runway shows or photoshoots. I had done all my life. Tim? Of course not. But as he said to me in bed that night, anything had to be better than tending bar.

Anything? What about the implants? Marcus said that his agency would pay. Flat chested models used to be the thing, but now Marcus tells us that a minimum B cup is needed. The very afternoon that the 5-year contract was signed, Tim went under the knife and came out not only with a pair of tits but a surgical tuck job, which the agency had no knowledge of. As far as they were concern he was female, with just a little augmentation up front. But from that point on Tim could hardly be my boyfriend. Not sexually anyway.

He needed to take testosterone blockers and hormones to keep his pecker quiet under the stitched tuck, and that stuff had even more serious effects on him. I am not talking about the soft skin and silken hair. I am talking about the moods and the tears. He was not even behaving like a guy in private.

He insisted that I call him Tina just like everybody else. He doesn’t just look “all girl”, he acts “all girl” as well.

But the last straw was when he started going out with Marcus’s friend Nate. He told Nate that he was saving himself for marriage. I didn’t think anybody in the modelling industry could get away with that, but somehow, he did. When Nate and he were still going a month later I could not believe it. He had to be satisfying Nate some other way. He would just say: “A girl doesn’t kiss and tell.” He has to be blowing him. I can’t even kiss him any more thinking about it.

I thought about telling the agency. If they got rid of him, they would probably get rid of me too, but hey, you can get a girl angry enough to self-destruct if you push hard enough. I suppose that my biggest fear is that the Agency would say to me: “You’re fired but Tina is too valuable. We don’t care if she has a prick or a tale between her legs so long as she makes the clients’ clothes look good”. As long as Tina was saying “I only use my own makeup professional” I was in a job.

Tina was saying that. Tim was gone. The guy from the bar. I thought he was nice. Now my life is in the hands of Tina. I have created a monster. But she is the one with the modelling contract.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2019

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| HangingInspired by Captioned ImageBy Maryanne PetersCan you fall in love at first sight? Well, let’s say on the first night? Can you?Did it matter that I already knew this person? But just not as her. I met her on the night of the contest. I fell in love with her that night.Jaden and I had been friends since we were in pre-school together. I would have said best friends, but as we went through high school he messed with another crowd. Then he hung around with the pretty girls – the ones who used to call me a creep.It was those girls who persuaded him to enter that womanless beauty pageant. Who ever heard of such a thing? And to think those girls think I am weird.I had no idea that Jaden would ending up looking the way his did. Those gorls really did a number on him. I mean they did not a wig on his head – they extended his own hair. | Wish it were me |

He strutted the catwalk and he saw me in the audience. He gave me a little smile and a wink. Something bounced in my chest, or went off in my head, or both. I stopped seeing Jaden from that point. I saw Jade. I fell in love with Jade.

It was Jade who won the prize, but a prize for being the best womanless person. The very idea seemed crazy to me. I saw the most womanly person in the crowd holding the trophy.

She was mobbed by al of her “girlfriends” but when I came up to say my congratulations he said: “Jim, get me out of here.”

I suggested that he come around to my place for a beer. I had my truck parked outside.

She skipped out in what he was wearing, although she struggled out of the dress before he got back to my place. She could not stop looking like a girl, with that hair and a face that looked so pretty even without makeup. Somehow just sitting in that body stocking chugging back that first beer, made her look even more desirable.

I suggested a bourbon chaser. I made sure hers was well spiked with a roofie.

That stuff is great. I gave her the green dress to put on and she looked confused but did what she was told. Then I led her down to the basement.

“Where are we going, Jim?” She sounded so sweet and innocent that my heart leapt.

But I just knew she was not going to be happy when she woke up. So, I tied her hands to a cable running through a pulley at the top of a post. When she came to, all I had to do was pull on the cable to hang her up by her wrists. She had to put her pageant heels on to get comfortable, but that made her so much taller than me.

“Why are you doing this? I thought we were best friends.”

I said: “We are going to be even better than friends.”

It took me a while to say the rest of what needed to be said – that I loved her and that I wanted her to be my wife. She needed to shout and wail for a while, just to confirm that my basement is totally soundproof and that my resolve was solid.

When I let the cable go slack and tied just one wrist, she had the run of the basement, which includes a bathroom and small kitchen. But if she upset me or disobeys me, I would leave her hanging.

It took a long time and many jars of female hormone tablets, to bring her to the realization that the pageant was not a single night, but a turning point. She had taken the turn and now she was mine.

She is down of the post now. I am the one who is hanging. But not by my wrists – the met hook she has in my heart.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2019

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| CoachesInspired by a Caption Image by TiffanyBy Maryanne PetersYou might say that it was only High School football, but anybody who is involved in it knows just how serious it is. The stakes are high. The reputation of a school will stand or fall on the quality of its football team. And that is down to the quality of coaching.There were a number of high schools in the competition, but the only real contest was that between the schools coached by Andy Hadfield and Gordy Ramage.After losing the championship to Gordy’s team two years in a row, having previous been champion in his first year, Andy believed that he had the players to win at the end of the new season. He was keen for the old rivals to get together and put a bet on the final result – to spice things up a bit. | Coaches prize |

“I don’t want to take your money,” said Gordy. “All I want is the bragging rights. When you lose you will be my bitch for another year.”

“I’m going to win, and I am going to collect,” said Andy. “So, if that is the bet then we’ll sign up for it. Written obligations that must be met or you surrender a cash bond. I will make you my bitch for a year for real. If you lose you will be a traditional wife to me for the year until the next game. And the same applies to me if I lose.”

Gordy extended his hand, saying: “Done. Send for the lawyers.”

All the players got to hear about the bet, and some asked Andy if it was true.

“We’re going to win this. If I end up as Gordy’s man-wife I will take a life sentence rather than a year, because I’ll never coach again. We need to win.” Andy was confident, and he had reason to be with his star players performing well.

Football is tough and guys get injured, including star players. Things don’t always go to plan. There is no such thing as a sure thing. You can sit around all night muttering such things into your scotch, but it will never change past losses into victories.

So, in accordance with the contract, Andy resigned as coach of his team and he surrendered himself to Gordy on the morning after the latter’s victory. It was unclear to Andy how Gordy intended to enforce the contract, but he was hungover that day, so he referred Andy to the clinic he had lined up.

“Traditional wife was the bet,” he told Andy. “They have told me what they understand by that, and I am giving them and you two weeks to deliver that back to me. They will send me the bill and I have the money to pay for it.”

Where are you reading this? Who wrote this story? You know what is going to happen. Look at Page 1. I do not believe in miracles. Do you? Maybe Gordy does now. Of course, it was not a miracle. The clinic did good work. Hair and skin, body sculpting and some intensive lessons in deportment, can seem to have worked a miracle. The blockers and the hormones would take longer to fill in the gaps, but they had time - Gordy and the new “Candy”.

No, the miracle was Candy herself. Where was Andy? Where was the aggressive football coach who had been so full of confidence (can we even use the word hubris?) that he would bet all that he held dear? Replaced, it would seem. Or perhaps she was always there?

Candy was a woman. Perhaps not entirely physically correct, but that was soon to be fixed. So much of a woman that Gordy fell in love with her. Not immediately, of course. At first he was flabbergasted, and then fascinated, and then fevered. Other F words would follow.

Who could be surprised? Was she not the perfect woman? Elegant, sexy, attentive, and with a shared passion for football.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2019

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Not Lonely and Single Inspired by a Captioned ImageBy Maryanne PetersSometimes it worries me that Eddie can be so stupid, but he just so strong and good looking, and he loves me to bits, so it really does not matter to me. How a guy could believe that hypnosis could change me into a girl seems so dumb, but I am so glad that he does.I spent my whole life fighting with the person I was and trying to be as masculine as my friend Eddie, despite being a whole lot smaller than him. What I really wanted was to be a girl and be his girlfriend.We were sitting watching TV as we always did. He was sitting at one end of the couch, and I was sitting at the other end, wishing we were both snuggling up in the middle, and the ad came on TV.“You can be the person you want to be!” the voiceover said as the beautiful girl’s eye opened wide on the screen. “Or, you can make somebody the person you would like them to be. With our revolutionary hypnosis, anything is possible …”. | Hypnosis |

“Is that a thing?” said Eddie. “Do you think that I could hypnotize you into cooking me a decent meal every now and again?”

“Hypnosis is a real thing,” I said. “But I am not sure if it would work. Why don’t you try it? I would be up for it. Go on, get the package and hypnotize me, if you think that it will make me your housewife.”

“Maybe I will,” he said. I thought nothing of it. I never thought he would fall for the sales pitch.

But he bought the package, and I started to think that this was how I might be able to achieve my dream. I agreed to submit to the process. It was ridiculous, but I was ready to pretend that I was under his spell.

He didn’t actually use the word “housewife”, but I did. I pretended to be in a trance, and I was agreeing to be his housewife.

I started in the kitchen straight away, cleaning up. Then I made the bed. His bed. I called it “our bed”.

“Whoa,” he said. “I like the cleaning up, but you need to sleep in your room.”

I gave him my best feminine pout. But I said: “As you like, Darling”, or something like that.

Anyway, the following day I went all out and had the makeover that I had always dreamed of. I started by going to work and telling them that I was transgender and that I was taking the day off to transition to living as a woman. They were shocked, but not as shocked as Eddie would be when he got home.

I bought body shaping underwear with gel inserts, dresses and pantyhose, and shoes and bags. I went to the salon and had a full body wax, facial depilation, brow shaping, hair extensions, manicure, pedicure – the works. Up until then, it was the best day of my life. Everything that I had dreamed of.

The finishing touch was the apron that I was wearing when Eddie got home.

The look of horror on his face was priceless.

“Snap out of it Buddy,” he said. “1,2 3, you’re back to you. Reverse the hypnosis. Listen to my words, you are no longer a housewife. You are my friend Brandon again.”

He tried everything. I just smiled and tilted my head, or played with my new hair.

“I have cooked us pot roast tonight, Sweetie,” I said. “Now why don’t you take your shoes off and I will get you a nice cold beer to drink while I give your feet a rub.”

He just stared, but then he accepted the beer and took his seat on the couch.

While I was massaging his feet I was able to give him a look at the cleavage I had been able to simulate in the outfit I was wearing, and ask him: “I had my hair done today, Darling. Do you like it like this?”

“Yeah. It looks great,” he said with uncertainty. “Actually, you look really pretty as a girl.”

I almost came in my panties. This was everything I wanted. All I needed now was to make him fall in love with the girl I was becoming.

“Thank you, Darling,” I said. “I have been to the doctor today to have my hormones adjusted. He says that in a few months I will be even prettier, and my boobies will be sooo much bigger.”

Eddie choked on his beer, and sprayed some on the table. I wiped it off.

“That’s permanent,” he spluttered.

“I just want to be the perfect housewife for you, my Darling. Helpful and pretty, and sexy too.” I gave him a smile with just a hint of hunger for man.

“What about your work?” he said.

“I will work as long as you want me too, Sweetness,” I said. “If you want me to be full time at home, I will happily do that. In the meantime, at work they know all about me. I start back as Brandi in the morning.”

As I prepared our dinner, I heard him on the phone trying to contact the supplier of the hypnosis thing. I heard him almost screaming that their product had turned his friend into a transvestite maid. God know what they were saying in response, but it was not helping him.

“I am sorry for doing this to you,” he said as we sat down.

“Whatever are you talking about Darling,” I said. “This is all I want in the world. To be pretty and to sit down to dinner with my husband. I am as happy as I could ever be.” And although he had no idea, I meant every word of that.

After dinner, and after I had cleaned up, we sat on the couch, but I sat close to him. He did not push me away, and actually let me lean on him. I think that he felt so guilty for hypnotizing me that he could not bring himself to push me away. For my part, I was not pushing it.

However, perhaps the turmoil had tired him, because he went to bed early and he was soon asleep.

I put on a nightie and some floral perfume, but I kept my panties on so that he would get no shock should he reach over, and I slipped into bed with him. My body was smooth and fragrant, and I has brushed my hair to a silken sheen. When he realized that I was in bed with him, I felt him initially feel repelled as I pretended to sleep, but then I felt his hand on my polished thigh. I knew that things were going to plan, and that I could sleep.

His arm was across me when his alarm woke us.

“Good morning, my Darling,” I said.

He said: “This is weird, but …”. He could not finish the sentence. I gave him a little kiss on the cheek. I had to get up and make breakfast for my man.

Do not think that it was always going to be that way. My plan depended on him believing that his selfish desire to have me serve him was responsible for altering the mind of his only true friend, but it was only a matter of time before his guilt turned to love.

Now, he cannot bear to be without me. If I want him to take out the trash or do the dishes, he does it. I have real breasts now, and he cannot keep his hands off them. He wants me to get the matching vagina and that is what I want too. And now he has asked me to marry him, and of course, the answer is yes.

For his good fortune (and mine) he thanks that stupid hypnosis thing. Sometimes men can be so stupid, but we love them anyway.

The End

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| ComplicatedInspired by one of Lisa’s Captioned ImagesBy Maryanne PetersIts complicated. I just fell for Ronnie, back when she was Ron, the guy who stole my brother’s girlfriend.I’m complicated. I love women, but I must accept that I am gay. I like my women with something extra, and I guess you know what I am talking about.I love women so I work in the family business. My mother is the most talented beautician in town, and probably the whole state. She can take any plain girl and turn her into a beauty. And, she can do the same for a lot of guys too.I suppose that, with my particular likings, I find myself looking at guys and thinking: “My mother could turn you into something truly beautiful”.When I first saw Ron, that is exactly what I thought. What a perfect woman he could be. |  |

I may have mentioned something about it to my older brother Jack. We are close and we talk. Jack is not in the business. He is the smart one and is at medical school. It is a mystery to me how Ron could have stolen Jack’s girlfriend the way he did. I mean, Ron was a skinny guy and well, not very masculine. I was thinking that he must just be really good in bed. That made him even more desirable to me.

Jack was beside himself. He thought that his girlfriend really was “the One”. He would forgive her if she dropped Ron and came back to him, but he needed to get Ron off the scene. I honestly thought that Jack might have considered killing Ron, if he could get away with it. I just said: “If only he was into dresses, I would take him off your hands.”

That was when he came up with his plan. I guess you know what I am talking about. The forced feminization thing.

I said my brother was only studying medicine, but he was talented even then. And he had access to all kinds of drugs.

There is no drug invented that can turn a straight guy gay. So that was up to me. There are drugs that can reduce the ability to a understand or resist, and Jack had plenty of that stuff.

Jack had surgical abilities too, and access to medical school facilities after hours, and silicone breast implants that could disappear from stock and reappear inserted in Ronnie’s chest. And he could do a similar thing on her rear end, and surgical cinching to create the kind of figure I like in my girly-boys.

And he did some work on her throat too. Jack thinks that when he graduates, he might specialize in this kind of work.

He had hormone implant capsules to effect long term changes and dermal injections for immediate effect on facial and breast skin. All we needed to do was to keep Ronnie out of it for long enough for the surgery to heal and those short-term effects to become apparent.

The rest was over to our mother - the most talented beautician in the whole state. Take a boy and turn him into a beautiful girl. It was just what she could do.

Jack called it hypnosis, but even with the drugs he used you cannot turn a straight guy gay. What turned Veronica into my girl was love. My love.

She was confused. Who wouldn’t be? You wake up one day and you are lying in bed next to a guy and you have a woman’s face and body, except for he cute little willie, and your asshole has been dilated by regular use and is leaking my cum. Confusing?

“Good morning, my Darling”. That is what I say. I say it every morning. I mean it.

The first time she looked at me in horror. She looked at herself in horror. She screamed at me in her new high-pitched voice, and I had to calm her. I had to hug her from behind and whisper in her ear that her world had changed, but that she would never find anybody who desired her more than I did.

Sure, she needed restraint at first, but before too long she began to understand. She began to understand that it would be difficult to go back, but more than that, she began to understand that everything that I said about my feelings, was true. She realizes that the way that we made love was the right way, for both of us.

It took a few months before she said yes, but Veronica has agreed to be my transvestite wife.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2020