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| Shamed  Inspired by a Tiffany Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  She takes a photo like that and then she must understand the look on my face. To think that I cared for that woman so much that I could not bear her to leave me. Of course, I was cheating on her. I was just seeking a truly satisfying sexual experience. And now, thanks to her, I have found it.  Why does a man stray? Why does a relationship go stale? I don’t know. Who does?  Why did I lie and say they were my things and that I was a sad, closeted transvestite? If she did not satisfy me sexually, why would I say such a thing and deny her the truth? I cannot answer that.  They were my things, but that woman did not satisfy me either. It seemed as if my betrayal of her trust was meaningless. I felt bad. | A person sitting on a chair  Description automatically generated with medium confidence |

But the fact is that she that she did not believe me and she was right. She forced me into those clothes to get the truth and to shame me until she did. She said that before I put on the underwear and stocking to go with the suspender belt, I would need to shave my entire body, and that is what I did.

As I sat in those clothes there was no sexual thrill – it was nothing like that. I just felt no shame. Why is that? I just felt … right. And when she put the wig on me and prettied up my face, I just sat there as it it was the most normal thing in the world and wished that it was my own hair.

It is now. That was last year. She took me out to the club and paraded me in front of men. She intended to shame me. She did her very best.

“Oh, this pretty thing is my husband Bill. He is a cross-dresser you know. Maybe even a cocksucker as well? Why don’t you ask him? Hi prefers to go by Michelle these days.”

Some laughed. So I could thought that she was a bitch and that I deserved sympathy. One in particular saw my tears and gave me a tissue.

Bill never cries. But it turns out that Michelle does.

His name was Paul. He asked me whether I wanted to get out of this place – the club – whether I wanted to go somewhere private with him and just talk.

“It must be hard for you, even without the shit that you are getting from that woman. Is she really your wife? If she cared about you why would she treat you like that? If I were in her position I would try to understand and support you. Of course I have no idea what you are going through, but it is clearly harder for you than for her. She just seems angry.”

“Maybe she is. I am not the man that she thought she had married. I want to be true to her, but I just cannot seem to be.”

“You have to go where you heart leads you,” he said. “If you are not a lesbian then you have to tell her.”

And with those words it all seemed to make sense. I had nothing to be ashamed of. I am not a lesbian – not that there is any shame in that. It was just that I had never found love. I was still looking. Right up until I met Paul.

He took that photo of me in my underwear. Like I said the hair is mine, and the breasts too, and you cannot see it but there is something else that is brand new and confirms who and what I am.

I sent the image to my now ex-wife. I just added the words: “You helped me to become the woman I am, Thank you”.

Maybe she will be a little shamed?

The End

Perfect Partners

Inspired by a Captioned Image by Tiffany

By Maryanne Peters



I had to admire these two. They did not do things by halves. As it turned out, they had plenty of practice. They had been gaining access to the classiest (and strictest) sorority house on campus, for months. And they had been getting away with it by going to extremes.

But Omega Delta Gamma has a reputation to protect, and I am the guardian of that reputation. I make it a point to have my hair done regularly. I am not one to let my dark roots show – not ever. And while I am there I have it curled and set. We are a classy sorority, as I said.

It was while I was at the salon that I heard about these two guys that were spending afternoons and evenings at a sorority house with a strict “no boys” policy. That could only be us. At Omega Delta Gamma we have rules. I was horrified that the rules were being broken. I had to ask the salon that they call me when the boys came in for a makeover. There was a substantial tip – for the tip off.

I got the call and lay in wait. Two guys entered the salon carrying sports bags with their feminine clothes an 3 hours later two women emerged. It was amazing. Slightly muscular legs on the darker one might have been a giveaway. That and the overall “bimbo” look – a man’s opinion of how a woman should appear – long hair, shorts skirts, too much bust, too much makeup. Their behavior too – suggestive, overly sexual, but undoubtedly feminine.

I actually had to do a double take. Perhaps I was mistaken? Perhaps the two young men were still inside. But as I crossed over to walk past them, I heard one of them say to the other that they should get in a few drinks in before they went out. It was delivered in a well-modulated imitation of a woman’s voice but it was a very male thing to say. It was the kind of thing that I might expect my nephews to say.

My nephews! In my care and my despair. I always found them so hard to deal with. I blame their father – my macho brother in law. As these two “women” walked away I could not help but think that these were just the kind of women that my nephews dreamed of. Imagine if they ended up dating beautiful bimbos only to discover that they were not women at all?

That is when it all clicked.

I went back to the sorority house. I had some time as they would be “getting in a few drinks”, so I was at the bottom of the stairs before they headed up. I asked them who they were visiting first – I needed to know who at Omega Delta Gamma was receiving these people. It was only when they were climbing the stairs that I called them out.

Neither wanted to be expelled. They seemed ready to do anything that I asked. They wanted to tell their girlfriends first, but I said that I would be doing that. Ejecting those offenders from the sorority was not my call, but it was the penalty they faced.

I called my nephews and told them that a I had two girls who were available tonight for a double date. Of course they had to ask about them, and not about their charm or intellect.

“They are just the kind of girls that you could go for,” I said. “Attractive and sexy and with something extra that few other girls possess.” Those sex crazed imbeciles were drooling to meet them.

So with some satisfaction I stood back and waited for the explosion.

Later that evening the boys arrived home fizzing about their evening. It was a total surprise to me. Again I found some admiration sneaking through – their new girlfriends had been able to keep their disguise intact, and their virginity too, as it appeared.

“They said that you told them to date us again this weekend and the weekend after that,” one of the boys said. “Thanks Aunty. You are the greatest!”

They might think that until they are groping in the dark and find their hand cupping a hairy pair of balls. I would have to wait until they got home on Saturday for their embarrassment to be complete, and for them to learn that outward appearance is not the mark of womanhood.

But the next Saturday came, and then the one after that and the one after that.

The two sorority girls facing their peers told me that they no longer had the boyfriends who had gone to such extremes to be with them. Whatever I had done had ended that. They felt punished enough. The sorority agreed.

And then a few months later both my nephews brought home their new girlfriends. You guessed it, they were the two girls I cornered going up the stairs at Omega Delta Gamma.

It turns out that my nephews discovered that the girl they really wanted was a bit like them. They had to have a man’s view of what a women should be, but then be just that. By chance I had found for my nephews their perfect partners.

The End

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| So Much Better  Inspired by a Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  The answer, of course, is ‘yes’. It is better to be a beautiful shemale with a boyfriend. Better than being dead.  You can see by the way he holds me by the throat that he could snap me like a twig. It used to scare the shit out of me. It used to.  Bu things change. Mainly me. I am not taking about the breasts that fill that tight pink dress, or what is down below and barely fills anything these days. No, I am talking about the look in those eyes of mine. They tell the story. They show how much I have changed.  He has changed too. You may not see it, but there is a gentleness in that strong grip around my neck now. It is a hold that says “I own you and you must know that, but I love you and I know you know that. | A person and person kissing  Description automatically generated with medium confidence |

He told I was a pretty boy when he first saw me. He was collecting some protection money from the salon and I was there to pick up my girlfriend at the time, who worked there.

“Some of you white boys are just too pretty to be men,” he said. “I look at you and I see a woman – somebody who could be truly beautiful.” I was terrified. I just stood there, frozen in fear as he came over to me.

“Just clean away this blond fuzz,” he said, stroking my cheek. “Women like you are Going to be don’t have a hair on their bodies except long blond hair that a man like me can hold onto when you suck my cock.” I was not about to do that, I thought, so that made me dead.

“Hey you,” he called out to my girlfriend. “I want you to give this pretty thing the works. I want the body and the hair and the dark lashes and makeup that will make those blue eyes sparkle. On top of the payment this week that Is the bonus I expect from the whole salon. Rumor has it that there is an arsonist in town. Protection is extra important this week. Let me come around tonight a pick up my new girlfriend.”

That was a year ago. I am Cheryl fulltime now. The breasts are all me, or mainly they are. The hair too, mainly me. I work on nails at the salon now. He likes to keep an eye on me. My girlfriend that was is now just a friend. I can’t have sex with women anymore, even if I wanted too. Only he is allowed to have sex with me, and that is the way I like.

I am a beautiful shemale with a boyfriend. It is so much better to be that.

The End

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| Vanessa Runs Up  Inspired by a Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  One day you wake up and your whole life is ruined. What started as a bit of fun has exploded in your face and destroyed your whole world. I won’t say that he was the best man in the world, but he was my man. And now he is not even a man at all.  I could blame my daughter - what the hell? - I do blame her. It was her idea, to enter her father in that stupid contest. Why do they even have those things? It’s perverted. She and her father were trying to persuade her boyfiend to enter, but he was having no part of it..  That man of mine said: “If you don’t do it maybe I will”.  “Oh Daddy, would you?” Tiffany just seemed to want to dress a man up as a woman. Is that normal? I don’t this so. | A group of women posing for a picture  Description automatically generated with medium confidence |

“You can dress up too, Mom,” she said. “But as Dad will need to be super feminine, maybe in a long ball own, you should wear something macho. Maybe Dad’s leather jacket. But with a mini skirt and black tights.”

Where does she get all this stuff from? I count myself as being as feminine as the next woman, but Tiffany is just way over the top.

She told her father that a wig would never do. He would be going into for extensions, eyebrow shaping, a facial, full body wax and a manicure, days before the contest.

“It is not just how Daddy looks,” she explained. “He needs to behave like a woman and that means a few days living as a woman from day break until bedtime.”

But why a blond? I mean he had lighter hair than me but brown eyes like our whole family.

“Blondes always do better,” said Tiffany. “Vanessa just has to be a blonde.”

Vanessa. That is who I should really blame. When she arrived there was no room for him. Vanessa fills the room. I mean look at her.

On Friday the day before the contest Vanessa said in that silly high voice of hers: “I am just going into the office to show the guys what I look like.”

I should have known then. Any normal man would be ashamed to turn up looking like that, but Vanessa was just beaming with pride when she went in, and then at 6:00 pm I get a message: “I am going for drinks and will be home later”. That is my husband we are talking about walking the streets and the bars in drag.

The fake tits for the competition outfit looked so real that it was spooky. You see you man walking around like that and watch other guys staring in lust. The world has gone crazy when this kind of thing can happen.

So I dressed up as Tiffany suggested and I posed for the photos, just thankful that he did not pull out first prize.

“Oh Honey, this is Thomas from work,” she introduced me to the very tall and good looking man who seemed to be hanging around. “He owns the company. I told him about this whole thing over drinks last night and he has turned up to support me.”

He ignored me. “You should have won, Vanessa,” he said to her. There was no mistaking the look in his eyes. He wanted her.

But this was my husband. So why was “Vanessa” looking at him that way.

Maybe I should blame myself? Maybe I just should have said no? Could I have done that? Maybe I was not the best wife. I could have been less critical – more loving. I should not have pushed him away as often as I did.

Or maybe Vanessa was there all along and I never noticed.

What is for sure is that she is out now, and it seems that I won’t be getting my husband back. Vanessa has moved in with Thomas in his penthouse apartment and now Tiffany has gone to join them.

The End

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| Replaying that Hand  Inspired by a Tiffany Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  We could replay this one hundred times. We loved to do it. Because it started with a card came. There were four us playing as a way to help him through his girl walking out. The one guy said it was getting late, and the other guy said that the drink was too much, and then there was just the two of us.  We were drunk, but I had a full house 3 kings and 2 sevens. That is a winning hand in any game of poker – right. I would have bet anything, because I was sure that my luck had turned big time.  The rules was no money. Items of clothing and promises. When I was down to my boxers he had me in her dress. | Text  Description automatically generated |

No, no. Not this one. Not the one in the picture. This is me now, or rather last month. That is my dress. Those are my heels – a few sizes bigger that he old girlfriend. That is my hair and those are my breasts. Augmented of course, but just the way he likes them to be – long and blonde, and double D. That is me now. I am everything he wants. That woman is forgotten.

We can replay that hand as many times as he likes just so long as he wins and I must take the place of the girl that left him.

The End