Dream Wife

A Short Story for John

By Maryanne Peters

I don’t feel gay, but I suppose that I am. I have always been attracted to women as things of beauty. I find unattractive women disgusting, if they are not even prepared to try to look good. Such women have their purpose, but I am not pursuing progeny. I am pursuing joy.

My mother was beautiful. She was rarely to be seen without her makeup and every hair in place, and she wore high heels even around the house. For me she was the standard that all women should follow. Everybody should look that good.

I suppose like most men, what exasperates me most about women is the monthly cycle. I know it is part of the miracle of mammalian reproduction, but lets face it, it’s messy. I am not talking about discharge – I am talking about the cycle of moods. Men are constant. Women are cyclical.

I find naked women attractive. Who could not love the feminine form – soft and smooth and rounded? I dislike angularity and pronounced muscles in a sexual partner. I would rather not stroke a limb with hair growing out it. I prefer their legs to be shaved or plucked. That seems distinctly heterosexual in a man.

And yet, I crave a woman with something extra, or rather something instead of a smelly vagina.

I enjoy the company of men who look like me – strong and masculine. When I see a young man, who is less than that, I tend to look upon them as potential women. I suppose that is odd. I suppose that makes me gay. But I do not feel as if I am.

That was how things were when I first met Jeremy.

I had gone to look at one of my father’s apartment blocks across town. The suggestion was that some urgent work was required to bring the plumbing up to standard. I know nothing about plumbing, but I wanted to assess the level of discomfort affecting the tenants. Jeremy and his mother occupied on of the apartments.

She met me at the door. She struck me as an attractive woman – somebody who cared about her appearance but with very fine features. And then her son walked in, and I was bowled over. He fair and pale, and slim. My first thought that he was far too pretty to be a boy.

He breezed in and breezed out, and his mother expressed to me some frustration about her circumstances that had nothing to do with the plumbing.

“My son Jeremy is getting in with a bad crowd,” she explained. “I just wish that I could get him away from here.”

I did not think conditions in the apartment were too bad, but I suggested to the lady that relocation might be an option, and that I had a two-bedroom apartment available in our property in Millicent Square.

“I could not possibly afford to live in that part of town,” she said. And it was true.

“I have an idea of how we might be able to address your concerns about your son,” I said. “A new location would help, but have you heard of petticoat discipline?”

I think that she knew exactly what I was talking about. In fact, I think that she had me worked out at that very moment. Perhaps some women would have been repulsed, but she appeared intrigued. Her circumstances were (shall we say) “depressed” and she saw a chance to improve her standing. And I guessed that Jeremy might be more of a burden, so enlisting somebody to reshape him a little could be no bad thing.

“What are you suggesting?”

In fact, I lived in the Millicent Square Apartments myself. My parents had most of the penthouse floor but lived mainly on their property outside the city. I had my own place beside theirs. If they lived in my block I could “take Jeremy under my wing”.

Taking Jeremy was what I wanted. I don’t have wings.

Such a radical improvement in status with no increase in rent, is a powerful motivator. Combine that with a program to ensure that Jeremy would become more pliable, and less exasperating, and she was amenable, even if he was not.

When you are a wealthy as I am, you generally get your way. With the assistance of his mother and modern pharmacology, the initial resistance was broken down and the woman in the boy was brought forward to blossom and then fruit.

To call him a boy is a little condescending. In fact, he was just a few years younger than me. But I had a mature education and he whatever the state provides by way of basic skills. Fortunately, I had access to a tutor instruct in deportment and etiquette. That would come later.

Jeremy was initially puzzled by their sudden good fortune, and he barely noticed the early changes in his body, but he appreciated my attentions, as anyone should from a wealthy benefactor. He was puzzled as to why I should have him dress so differently from me, in colors and pastels, and have him grow his hair, but I was insistent.

There came a point when Jeremy guessed that something was afoot, or rather on his chest rather than under his feet. For a while there was protest, but female hormones in very high doses do promote a certain placidity which permits a young woman to face inevitability. I am aware that women are attracted to men who can build homes for them, and I suspect that this is an instinct based in hormones.

Encouragement by Jeremy’s mother also helped. She became no longer driven by the material things that I offered. As the woman began to grow within her boy, she found that she much preferred having a daughter, which is more than I could have hoped for.

Naturally, there were some backward steps from time to time, but it helped that Jeremy was now isolated from prior “friends” so there need be no embarrassment the first time that he wore overtly feminine clothes. The truth is that he looked more normal in those clothes.

I had been calling him “Jem” from the very beginning, and I now referred to him as her or she and introduced him to others as “my friend Jemma”.

It is hardly gay if I desire somebody like Jemma. How could it be?

I am not really artistic, but I do understand the extreme satisfaction that is to be had from creating a masterpiece from the simplest of raw materials. That is what I think that I achieved with Jemma. There was an innate beauty there, but in a male that counts for nothing. I took a blank canvas, or a lump of clay, and with a stroke here and then, a true work of art appeared before me. The first time she wore a dress, I sat back and marvelled at what I had done.

She twirled in front of me – no doubt the skills of the tutor and the private ballet teacher contributed to the grace of it.

“Do you think that I am pretty?” she asked in a simpering tone that she had dutifully studied. She was.

I am perhaps proud to say that I was so caught up in the project of making this wonderful creature that I had quite forgotten what motivated it in the first place – base lust. But that rose and did my erection.

“Come up to my apartment,” I suggested.

Jemma looked at me. It was perfect. The look told me that she knew what I was thinking and that she was ready for me. This was the price to be paid for my patronage and she was ready to pay it. It was as if she had been waiting for those words, and if she had been in dread, then that was now excitement. She smiled and her eyes sparkled.

When she stood in my bedroom and let the dress fall, I could see her watching for my reaction. She took off her bra to reveal two breasts, the product of hormones only but now quite well developed. She shook the naturally blond curls in her growing hair. She kept on her self-supporting stockings, but slid her panties down them, to reveal a ridiculously small pale penis and a plucked scrotum equally miniscule. It was delightful to behold.

“Would you like me to make love to you, Jemma,” I asked her.

“I have made myself ready for you,” she said. “I didn’t want the first time to hurt too much.”

“I promise to be gentle,” I said, talking my own clothes off to reveal my own penis, huge and ferocious and hungry for her.

“Oh my God,” she said. With a smile she said: “What on Earth is that?” Her joke, as if she never had one of her own.

I felt her pale shoulders and her slim weak arms and made her gasp by fondling her women’s nipples. I cupped her face and drank saliva from her lips, with my hands in her soft curls. I could feel her yielding to me. Is there anything better? Is there anything that can please a man more? So much better when you know that this was once a boy who could have been a man and is now this perfect thing.

She shuddered as I entered her, but she had prepared well. I glided in up to the very hilt. Her eyes were closed, and her lips were quivering. She was more beautiful than anybody born a woman. I began working her pink passage with my rod of steel, as she moaned.

The voice that cried out in orgasm was not the simpering feminized voice, but the voice of the boy she had once been. Somehow that seemed even better to hear, as if it was the last trace of maleness leaving this body once and forever. Perhaps it was that thought that made this the single most exquisite orgasm of all time.

I filled her to bursting, as if half my body had melted into semen and entered her, if only for a moment before it spilled out saturating my sheets.

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| “Let me wash them,” she said afterwards.  “I’ll get a servant to do that,” I said.  “I want to wash your sheets,” she said. “I want to wash your sheets and I want to wash your cock. I want to wash your shirts and your boxers, and iron them too. I want to cook your meals and clean your kitchen. I want to do everything for you.”  What woman would do that?  Having a sissy wife is so much better.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019  Note for John: This is from your suggestion that a “rich boy takes younger lad and turns him into [his] dream sissy wife” |  |