|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Nutted  Inspired by this Cap  by Who?  By Maryanne Peters  I am a gentle person – what is wrong with that? I always liked the fact that Vita was ready to make my decisions for me. Because I work from home she has full rein to make me the person she wants me to be and I am ready to obey. What’s wrong with that?  She went online to find other women like herself with husbands who are 100% passive. I might say 99% but there is not much in it. Anyway, the internet allows this sort of thing, and who could believe it but there were 3 other women nearby who claimed that that their husbands were more passive than me. Can you believe that?  I suppose it became like a bit of a contest between the wives as to which of us was the most dutiful and caring husband. I did not want to lose. |  |

The hormones had an incredible effect. I mean – look at my body. It is so soft and curvy. Regular waxing and lotions keep it that way. And my hair – all my own. I have been growing it for over a year and I like to keep it blonde. It is just so right for my look – don’t you think?

The only problem with hormones is that they do make destroy your ability to make love as a man – at least in my case they did. Not that it matters to Vita. She has met Tyrell who can keep her happy in that direction, but I have nothing to worry about with him. Vita likes her men passive, and Tyrell is the opposite of that.

Anyway, Vita started to discuss with me getting nutted. She said that it would be the ultimate sacrifice and clear proof of my total love and subservience. I talked with some of the other passive husbands about it and they all called it a step too far. But as Vita put it, that is exactly why I should do it. It is going beyond too far to prove the point. It is also final and irreversible. How is that for commitment!

Anyway, I said yes, and I went through it. It was only uncomfortable for a couple of days, but now you can see how I look in panties. There is no sign of anything at all – is there?

That is why I am smiling. Vita is so happy.

All the other wives in the club will be expecting their husbands to match up. I wonder what they will do.

Anyhow, Tyrell is coming over and wants to see me, but I am not sure why?

The End

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| The Other Half of the World  Inspired by this Captioned Image  By Maryanne Peters  Of course, it was not just one pill, or even a pill at all, but it is the first one that sets you on the path. You cannot go there unless you are serious. It looked like a pill – a little pink capsule to be inserted through a tiny incision in a place where it would not show. A slow-release capsule inserted into the scrotum where it could go to work. The chance to experience another kind of life – life as a woman.  Women were a mystery to Jackson, but it was a mystery that he wanted to explore. His mother had died when he was young and his father sent him to board at a boys only academy. There were no female examples for him in life.  When he finally got to college it seemed like women really were from another planet. Their lives seemed to be full of so many clothes, hair, friends, celebrity styles, social media. These were all things that never mattered to Jackson. What was it about these things that seemed to give women such joy?  It seemed to Jackson being the logical person that he was, that he could learn little from just talking to women, but he could not seem to break through to any one of them. He needed to immerse himself in their life. He needed to become a woman … for a period. | Text  Description automatically generated  Text  Description automatically generated |

Can you truly experience all that life has to offer if you see it from only one perspective? It seemed to Jackson that half of life’s experiences would always be denied to him. Biology would never allow him to experience childbirth, but modern science could allow him to live as a woman for long enough to gain a true understanding of that other side of life. He was ready.

It would take time for the capsule to show first results. That meant spending the winter in loose clothing, concealing his body stripped of hair and changing shape, and growing out his hair long enough to take extensions in the spring.

After the spring break it was Jackie who returned to class as “the new girl”. She was ready to mix with her new gender.

“You must be a farm girl or something, what with the way you walk,” one of her prospective friends said.

“Does it show – how upsetting,” said Jackie. “I really want to fit in. Can you help me?”

Girls love a project, especially a team one, and Jackie had found a spot. She received more attention than at any time in her life.

Now as summer is in full swing, and the girls have organized a guy as her date at the big clambake, Jackie is excited and starting to wonder if she rraaly does not belong on the side of the world permanently.

The End

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| For Her Alone  Inspired by this Caption Image  (help identify the author)  By Maryanne Peters  By the time I learned all about spousal feminization it was too late. I was Candy. I always knew that my wife was at least bisexual – she had girlfriends in college when I met her, and dallied with some even when we were dating. But she married me, and it seemed that she had chosen to be heterosexual.  A man never looks for the feminine traits in his own character and appearance, but then she explained to me that these were exactly what had drawn her to me. She wanted me to be Candy.  At the beginning it seemed that being Candy in bed was enough, then just so long as I was Candy around the house and when we snuggled in front of TV together, but that was just not enough.  She insisted that I grow out my hair, and then that I start on hormones. | A picture containing person, clothing  Description automatically generated |

By the time I had to change jobs so I could live as Candy full time it was clear to me that ours was a lesbian relationship. The strange thing was that while I had been totally ready to be a totally feminized male, the idea of being a lesbian never appealed to me. I never liked the idea of it, and when I saw people stare at us and then whisper, the idea that they were saying - “Those two women are gay” just annoyed me. The more like a woman I became, the less I like being thought of as a homosexual woman.

Maybe it was just that the hormones had depleted my sex drive? It seemed that I had none and because I was not taking the lead and had nothing hard to offer, I was always on the receiving end of the strap-on. Whatever it was, sex with my wife was no longer what it used to be.

She was not unresponsive and accused me of being interested in other women. But I wasn’t. It seemed that she had been the only woman that I was interested in. I told her so. She said that she had pushed my feminization as far as she had so that I could be hers, and hers alone. I told her that I would never be with another woman – I kept my promise.

But men are something else. I had never been attracted to them, but in my new job I found so many of them were attracted to me. I mean, I think that I am attractive, and I take care of myself and always ensure that I am well presented. Girls like me have to be. Hormones and exercise and the moderate implants that my wife unveiled have given me a great body. And I have an ass that is well practiced to receive, and a vagina booked for next fall.

Of course, I flirt a little as a woman might in a workplace like ours. When you bring a man on so much that you can see it, then you find … well, you find that attraction has a way of becoming mutual.

Like I said, I kept my promise – I will never go with another woman. But a man, well, that is different. The truth is that I have discovered that I cannot be all that she wants – I cannot be just for her alone.

The End

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Calling Rebecca  Inspired by a Captioned Image  By who?  By Maryanne Peters  Hi Rebecca, it’s James …  “Oh no! I can hear that voice  “I … I’m really sorry to bother you …  I told you that have to stop this  I .. I know, I’m sorry, but it happened again …  It just happened, huh? You are cross-dressed again  “Yeah. I forgot my keys again …  I told you that dresses don’t have pockets. So you’re without a handbag again?  Y-yes, I am | A person sitting on a chair  Description automatically generated with medium confidence |

And you are wearing one pf my dresses? You are, aren’t you James?

…Erm

Which one

W-well, the red one your wore to Alicia’s hen party.

The short one? The one shows your panties when you bend over?

Yeah, it does sometimes. But I am well tucked away

You have been out then? You have been cruising for guys? and bending over?

S-so, could you come back and let me in before Mom and Dad get back?

I am at work. This is your problem.

Please.

You can explain it to Mom and Dad when they get home. Go on. Tell them that when they are out their son dresses as a girl and goes looking for sex.

Rebecca, please. This is bigger than me. I can’t control it. I come alive when I dress like this. All the guys think that I am beautiful. As a guy I am nothing, but like this I have it all.

Everything except your keys, that is?

Ok, so when I get dressed my brain empties out a little. It might have something to do with the dress. It does make me feel … like, I shouldn’t be that smat.

You are talking about my dress?

Yeah, but I am stranded her. Are you there Rebecca? H-hello?

The End

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Declining to Serve  Inspired by this Caption Image by … who?  By Maryanne Peters  I was surprised when Bobbi spoke the truth. People might wonder if I had some suspicion that it was all just a ruse to avoid serving, as I had and my father before me, and my eldest son Clayton Junior.  Maybe right at the very beginning I thought that, but then Bobbi announced that she was going on hormones, and she did. The effect of those drugs is something incredible to behold. By the time it had taken away all the masculinity from my younger son I was prepared to accept that she really was a transgender woman.  When a man like me comes to accept that fate has dealt a cruel blow and there is nothing that you can do about it, then you have to accept that blow is landed upon your child – not you. Gender dysphoria – I learnt all about it – affects a number of people and they will suffer unless they are supported. A family is there to support on of their own through trials just like that.  If serving taught me one thing it is that support is everything. You can dislike the man beside you but you are there to support him, even at the risk of your own life.  “Is it true that your son Bob is trans?” I would be asked from time to time, but a little embarrassment is a small price.  “Yes, she is and I am supporting her transition, along with the rest of the family.” I meant it too. Bobbi was standing up and taking the hits, and I was beside my flesh and blood. | A picture containing text, clothing  Description automatically generated  A picture containing text, clothing  Description automatically generated  A picture containing text, clothing  Description automatically generated  A picture containing text, clothing  Description automatically generated  A picture containing text, clothing  Description automatically generated |

Just to get this straight, I was not accusing Bobbi of being a coward in not joining the Marines. I was accusing him of being a coward and not fronting me and saying that he did not want to be in the service. I had learned to be proud of my trans-daughter. For me it took real courage to come out. I admire courage of any kind. It was a blow to find out that the young woman I had learned to love and admire, did not exist.

It seemed a simple as a choice – sniveling son or a daughter I could be proud of.

Of course, I wanted her. And now that she is back I have put all thoughts of the son I once had behind me. I think that she will too, in time.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2022