Shaping Up

Inspired by a cap from Anne Michelle’s World

By Maryanne Peters

A person posing for a picture

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

“What is wrong with this picture?” she asked. I thought I looked great. The blonde extensions well in place and I had tried crimping for even more volume. I did the makeup myself, with the false eyelashes. I was freshly shaved down, and with those hormones to soften the body creating a little flab on the chest, tape and the right bra can create a cleavage. I chose a simple plunging white top and a short black miniskirt to show off that and my legs, lengthening with a pretty pair of open toed heels. Nail polish – check. Bangles – check. I looked good. What is the problem?

“Legs together, young lady!” she said. “It about posture. We still have some work to do to get you into shape.”

The plan was simple, she needed somebody to draw her boss into a harassment suit. She had already been traumatized by one of his advances, but it was her word against his. She could not ask anybody else to go in and do it, so she asked me – her husband.

“This will take you back to your chorus girl days,” she teased. She was talking about what I was doing when we met. I was working nights on stage at a burlesque club. Choosing life as a jobbing actor had proved hard, but she made good money, so I could afford to wait for a good part. So of course I was interested in her career – it was my bread and butter too. And she was next in line for her boss’s job. If her plan worked, it would work for both of us.

I have to say that when she first suggested it I just laughed, and the, seeing that she was serious I said “No way!” But she suggested that I treat it like an acting job. One with a big payoff – a share of the box office if you like.

I had nothing else going, and I do believe in method acting. I mean, you have to be the character. The hormones were a big help. Not only with the skin and the little titties, but the female chemistry reall does make you feel different somehow.

I was always a good-looking guy, but probably in a big-eyed man-child kind of way. Anyway, nobody could argue that it was just that despite all her efforts I was a little awkward. She also questioned my sense of style.

So just to cover myself I said to her boss as I sidled up to him – “Actually I am from the country and a bit of tomboy really. I have always wanted to be a glamorous and sophisticated woman – I hope it will come in time.”

He said – “Stick with me and I will make sure that you become just that.”

Is that sexual harassment? Hell, it sounds to me that he is just trying to be helpful. And he does earn a hell of a lot more money that my wife. And sex is so much easier when he does all the work. And hey, if I need acting work, pretty girls can always find a part – right?

The End

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Waited

Inspired by a cap from Anne Michelle’s World

By Maryanne Peters

A person sitting on a beach

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

Rachel shifted in her lounger to stay in the shade. She loved to lie there by the sea, but she knew that she needed to look after her skin. With complexion like hers she could enjoy the sun when she swam in the warm sea, but she needed to avoid prolonged exposure and moisturize. She smiled as she thought it – ‘Oh, the burdens of a perpetual vacation’.

She raised her hand to get attention. That was all she needed to do. People were told to look out for her. After all she was the owner’s wife. She had been chosen by Quentin Underwood.

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Manny, arriving with a cool moist towel in anticipation.

She took it and said – “Just a glass of iced water with a twist of lime, please Manny.”

She was always polite. She had been in his position once. It seemed like a lifetime ago.

Rico had waited tables in the casino not far from the beach. He had to take a job because the money had run out. His stake had disappeared but like all compulsive gamblers, Rico believed that the big win was only just around the corner.

The only problem was that the casino did not allow its employees to gamble in the only casino on the island. It was a nightmare – he was so close to the action and yet barred from it. The only way he could gamble was to do it in disguise.

A fake beard and glasses just did not cut it. He spent ages in his little room provided for casino staff, working on disguises, but everything looked so fake. It was only when a group of drag performers put in a week of guest performances in the main theater that he stuck upon the idea of Rachael.

He managed to get close the performers and press them for some tricks of the trade and a few items of essential underwear, and then he was able to borrow some suitable evening wear from the theater wardrobe and become the glamorous Rachel.

Unfortunately, Rachael proved to be no more lucky than Rico.

Nobody had ever seen Quentin Underwood, the reclusive owner of the casino and several hotels on the island. The rumor was that he hated the tropics and lived in Iceland, but that was just a rumor. The man who introduced himself to Rachael as “Bob” was just another punter, or so it seemed.

“I think it would be improper to give you money,” he said to her. “You might think my motives were less than honorable. But I will stake you if you like. You look trustworthy enough. I can let you have $10,000.”

The sum was unbelievable. Rico imagined that it was all that he would need, and by following his formula he should have millions within a week. It lasted him a day. The next $10,000 was the same.

In time “Bob” was looking for repayment, but he came with desires rather than threats.

Once they were in a private space so as not to make a scene, it seemed that there was only one thing to do.

“I will have to find another way to repay you,” Rachael explained. “You see, I am not Rachael at all, in fact I am not even a woman.”

The look on Bob’s face in response was hard to interpret. There was shock, perhaps disappointment, some consideration, but somehow the look of desire never quite evaporated.

“Oh you are a woman, no matter what you might be hiding down there,” said “Bob” with a smile. “No man has ever cost me as much as you have. The only people who have cost me that much have been my wives – all three of them.”

Which was how Rachael became number four.

Manny arrived with the glass and she thanked him. So much better to be waited upon than being a waiter.

The End

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| Happy Mistake  Inspired by a cap from Anne Michelle’s World  By Maryanne Peters  Terry always said that the third string quarterback was just an extra cheerleader. You wait on the sideline, and you keep warmed up, but you never got called in.  I tried to give encouragement. I even said that with that healthy head of long hair Terry would make a great cheerleader. It was just a joke, but did give me a very strange look when I said it.  I told him that he would need to bulk up. The fact is that he was the lightest guy on the team. Throwing skills are great, but if you are not carrying some muscle, you will get hurt. I never wanted that for Terry.  The talk of steroids did not come from me. I would never take those drugs, but I have muscle in my genes. Terry’s father is skinnier yet, and Terry’s mother – well everybody knows her as the mother with the biggest tits.  I guess that may account for the fact that Terry’s chest turned out the way it is.  I heard tell that sometimes male hormones can cause breasts to grow. I don’t mean pectoral muscles – I mean like, mammary glands. It is some kind of reaction. Something the endo -whatever system. But a bunch of the guys are now pretty sure that this was never the mistake that Terry told the coach it was.  Like everyone says – Terry kept on taking them even after he “discovered the mistake”. Kept on taking those drugs and his tits kept on growing. Not as big as Mom’s maybe, but big enough so that people would think that Terry was Terri. | A person holding a ball  Description automatically generated with low confidence  A person holding a ball  Description automatically generated with low confidence |

Of course, there are some on the team who say that this was no mistake at all. Some say that Terry was on the way out for not making the grade. There are people who say that only way he be with the guys was as a hanger on.

I don’t think Terri will ever make it to the cheerleaders, but that arm ain’t that bad. So if you called out - “Drop it on 10 right, in the middle of the zero”, she can still do it, if she is on the 30 yard line. Accurate, but just not the muscle for distance anymore.

But those tits! Big and soft and nice to lick. Let’s call it a happy mistake.

The End.

Best Vacation Ever

Inspired by a cap from Anne Michelle’s World

By Maryanne Peters

Two women in white dresses

Description automatically generated with low confidence

Rick and Ted always thought that they had a lot in common, but then many guys do. The usual stuff – travel, good food, cocktails rather than beer, golf rather than motor racing, soccer rather than football. They just seemed to be on the same wavelength. But they had one thing in common that neither of them realized.

They both admired women. As they sat at a bar they would check out good looking women and sometimes join them. They enjoyed talking to women, but when it came to bedding them, they always seemed to prefer to decline.

“I enjoy your company too much and I don’t believe in humping on twin beds in the same room,” said Rick, and Ted agreed. They always seemed to agree.

They rarely talked about sex. Neither liked to lie. They were too close for that. And yet it seemed that they had know one another so well, that it seems incredible that their common secret remained unknown for so long.

They had discussed the golf trip for some time. It gave them a chance to head to a warmer climate and play golf and enjoy good food and drinks in one another’s company. As they would be taking their golf clubs they would need to travel light. The problem was that they both discovered that their carry on was overweight.

“I will just check it in,” said Rick.

“Only one of us needs to do that,” said Ted. “An extra bag on this flight is expensive. I will check mine in. Give me some of your heavier items.”

Rick looked worried, so Ted took things into to own hands before Rick could stop him. The bag fell open.

“I can explain,” said Rick. He was casting around in his mind for a believable lie, but that was not how things were between them, or every should be. It would be a test of their friendship, but he needed to say it. “I wear women’s underwear, just because it feels more comfortable to me.”

Ted looked at his friend and smiled. He snapped open his only bag and said – “Just don’t mix your up with mine,” he said. Just like Rick, his bag contained bras, panties and slips to wear under his clothes.

“Let’s neither of us check in an extra bag,” said Rick. “Lets throw out some of this menswear and do this trip fully dressed?”

The airline employee watched in amazement as the bundled together some stuff and asked her to dispose of it.

The first stop on their arrival at their destination was a salon for hair extensions, manicures and makeovers. Then it was to their luxury twin unit to drink mamosas in their slips and plan a shopping trip before their first trip to the golf course, hoping for better scores off the ladies’ tees.

“I hope you don’t this this too weird,” said Tammy. “But while I am dressed as a woman I am attracted to men.

“I am exactly the same,” said Rachael, raising her champagne flute.

“This is going to be the best Vacation ever!”

The End

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| A New Career  Inspired by a cap from Anne Michelle’s World  By Maryanne Peters  The headline sounds a bit drastic, but of course there was a story behind it.  The truth is that some of my earliest memories were imagining myself strutting the catwalk in a dress, with long hair bouncing around my shoulders. I used to like to watch Fashion TV almost as much as I liked watching baseball. I loved both. It was just that my father had expectations of me.  When you are a boy what you fear most is disappointing your father, especially if you admire him the way I did. I always thought of him as the kind of father most boys dream they could have. He was good looking, strong, forceful with others, but gentle and kind in his family life. I adored him.  And I did love baseball, just as much as he did. He coached me well, because he had played to a high level. I became good at it, and that increased my passion for the game. We both hoped that I would go far.  It was a right shoulder injury. I should have recovered from it, quite quickly, but there was some medical misadventure involved. | A picture containing clothing, swimsuit  Description automatically generated  A picture containing clothing, swimsuit  Description automatically generated |

I pitched ball right handed, so without a good shoulder that was over. I taught myself to bat left-handed, which has some advantages, but you still need to throw a ball in the field. It was obvious that my baseball career was over, just as my time at high school was coming to an end.

I sued the hospital. My case was based on my losing my career in pro-ball, which looked like a certainty before the injury. The hospital agree to a pay out, and it was a big one.

“It is your money, Son,” my father said. “It is up to you to choose a new career – a new future. This money will pay for it. You choose something. What else do you feel passionate about? We had hopes for a life in professional sport, but whatever you choose, I will back you.”

I said – “Really Dad? Any career I choose? Because there is a career that I have been even more passionate about than baseball, but it will require major changes.”

“Anything at all, Son.”

So the money bought the body that you see before you. I have to say that the breasts are a little over spec for fashion modelling, but they are what I have always wanted. But get plenty of work in the lingerie and swimwear areas, and when I am asked to pop them out.

Of course my father was shocked by my choice, but he was true to his promise, and to his goodness as a parent.

He is fully supportive of my new career.

The End

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