Charity Fundraising

Inspired by a cap by Always Fem

By Maryanne Peters



Our company had received a really bad rap for sexual misconduct towards staff. I guess it is because we are in a male dominated industry. Even the PR section which I headed had no senior women staff, which is a little unusual. We needed to do something drastic, and the Board came to me to ask for ideas.

“We need to champion women’s cause,” I said. “We need to spend a whole week on charity fundraising. It would just be nice to have some senior staff who are women. But it would look bad to take some woman on as a token at this time.”

“So, some of us need to become women,” somebody at the table sniggered.

A penny dropped. I said – “actually, I could do that.” It just came out of my mouth.

The chief executive seemed quite keen. He said that the company would pay for me to get a makeover. He said it should be high quality. A half-good job would not work for what we were trying to do. I was sort of trapped. I say sort of because I had always had a hankering to dress in public as a woman, just to see if I could pull it off. Not like a fetish or anything like that – just curiosity, I guess.

Anyway, I took him up on it and went to the salon near to work and told them to “do it all”. Then I turned up to work in my suit but with long blonde hair extensions and a killer makeup job.

“Now this is what I am talking about,” said the CE. “You look great, but we need to get you out of those male threads. We need to get you into skirts. We need the fundraising to run all week, and for you to front it. A beautiful powerful woman and the representative of the company.”

I laughed, but I was into it. Hell, I was into him. It must have been the way I looked, or the way he looked at me, but it was like sparks were flying between us. He is a seriously good looking guy. Don’t tell me you don’t see it.

Well, to cut a long story short, by the end of the week he was pronging me, and I was loving it.

We raised a shitload for charity, and the company is now reputed to have a true power woman on the team. That would be me. So it is hard to back to the old ways now, even I I wanted to … which I don’t.

The End

Menage a Trois

Inspired by a captioned image by Always Fem

By Maryanne Peters



It can be a problem when you are bisexual. I fell for her until I met him, and then it became my fantasy that I could steal her way from her guy Tom. It was more than a fantasy – it became a need, stronger than anything I had ever felt.

The problem was that Tom was not into guys. He was happy to be a threesome, but only if I was just like another woman – just as feminine as Giselle. It seemed impossible, but the desires I had were so strong, that I forced myself to do it.

Giselle had moved in with Tom, and I told her that I would need to leave my own apartment in a few weeks, so maybe we could think about making the threesome we had played around, with a live-in thing.

“Tom is happy to have you in our bed if you are shaved down and in drag, but he says that if you are staying full time then you with have to live full time,” she said. “That’s right – full time female. He wants to be the only male in this arrangement. He will forgive you your unladylike bits, but you still have to be as female as you can be.”

She agreed to help me – in fact she was more than keen to have me move in. I was more gentle with her during sex, and I was more help around the house than Tom. He had high demands of how I should look and present myself, but she was happy to help me get there.

The problem was that Giselle was beautiful. She had a great figure and long dark hair. It was what attracted me to her in the first place. I was still an admirer but when I first had Tom explode inside me I knew that he was what I really wanted.

Still, Giselle was able to arrange the hair extensions and skin treatments, and she gave me all the coaching I needed to how to apply makeup and style my hair, and how to walk and talk female. All that I needed was the will to be female, and as long as Tom was watching me with approval I had that.

I have to say that I baulked at the hormones, but Giselle said they were Tom’s idea. I wondered about whether I could avoid them without him knowing, but he wanted me to use pessaries, capsules that dissolve in the colon and go directly to the bloodstream. He wanted to be the one to push them into my butthole and shove them up with his “ramrod”. He called it making me “more girly with every stroke”. It was impossible to refuse him.

So I moved in. I passed the test and won his approval, and it became a menage a trois – a home for three.

But it is a different thing from a threesome. Three people enjoying sex is just casual, but three people in a household creates conflicts. Also, with two of us now ruled by female hormones there were fights – big fights over little things. Something had to give. Somebody had to leave.

Giselle said that I might now be more female than male, but because I could never be a mother to any children Tom may want, I could never be a wife. I understood that, so I guess I was ready to bow out if t came down to it.

But Tom does not want a family, at least not yet. He wants sex, and I think he prefers blondes.

The End

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| Who Ends Out on Top?Inspired by a cap by Always FemBy Maryanne PetersI know what you are going to say. You are going to say that if a girl tells you right up front that if you go with her you can expect to be feminized, you run a mile. That is what you are thinking – right?But you look at her and tell me that you would not take a chance. If you were a red-blooded man who knew who he was and was confident that no woman on Earth could make a sissy out of him, then tell me you would not try it on with a girl like this?I told her I was interested, but maybe she should look out.“I like a woman who thinks she can control a man,” I told her. “But you need to know that I am not the kind of man to fall for that shit. Still interested?”“Why not?” she said, with just that little sly smile. “Let’s see who ends out on top”.But I was done for. Maybe I over-estimated myself, or I under-estimated her | Pin on Always Fem |

If it was not love then it was lust with the same power. Stories have been written and history shaped by the power of such feelings. Men always seem to misunderstand things. First they walk into the spiders web thinking they can brush aside such silky fibers, but then they find themselves trapped, and slowly but sure unable to move. And then this creature slowly sucks from their body, everything that was male. You find yourself nothing but a simpering sissy ready to do whatever she wants, including submitting to sex with a man, while she watches and claps her hands with glee.

I definitely did not end up on top, but such is love that I am learning to enjoy being on the bottom

The End

Resort Special

Inspired by a captioned image by Always Fem

By Maryanne Peters



Well, just gentle restraints. I just wanted to make sure that by the time the taxi arrived he knew that there was not enough time to change his appearance and catch the flight. And then, when we arrived we were going to be met at the airport by the resort people and they were expecting the two of us to turn up – a lesbian couple taking advantage of the special deal offered.

He would never have agreed had he known that it was a gay resort. He could be quite old-fashioned that way. Old-fashioned but afraid of old age. The work on his face was all his idea. He hated the wrinkles and the receding hairline. To fix that he had his scalp dragged forward and that led to his eyebrows going up. He had the skin removed from under his eyes and pulling to skin back towards his ears meant that he lost his sideburns. The overall effect was not feminine, but it was certainly a long way from masculine.

Growing his hair a little and experimenting with makeup was my idea, perhaps encouraged a little by my best friend, who is a highly skilled beautician. The fact is that he has always been vain, which is why he went to such extremes to try to avoid aging. He became fascinated with how makeup made him look, and he said more than once – “if only men could wear a little makeup to improve the way they look.”

Despite all this he is old-fashioned and he knows that men simply don’t do that. If he wants to wear makeup and turn a few heads, then he will have to pretend to be female.

I mentioned going on holiday en femme and he was initially dismissive. But I went ahead and arranged things and before he knew it, we were packed and he was cuffed to the chair until it was too late for him to do anything about it. It meant that to catch the plane and make it to the resort we had to rush.

But he was laughing. It was an adventure, and I was having fun. He was ready to go along with it. He knew that a holiday was important to me.

Once we were in the air he settled down into being Paulette for the full 10 days. He seemed to become increasingly comfortable with that persona, checking his makeup with his compact and chatting away to me in his feminine voice.

It was only when we were checking in that he realized that this was a resort that seemed to cater almost exclusively for a gay clientele. He was annoyed that I had not told him, but he did not protest in any meaningful way. As I explained, we could make out by the pool and nobody would care.

I certainly did not expect him to have a wandering eye for other women. After all, they were all gay, and had they known that the man I was with was not a woman or even a transwoman, they would not have been interested.

It never crossed my mind for a minute that he might be romanced by a man.

The thing is that I do not like fishing. I don’t think a lot of women do. I preferred to lie by the pool and down by the beach, so I happily waved him off as he walked down the jetty in his gossamer Kaftan over a shaped one-piece heavily-padded bathing suit and wedge sandals and broad brimmed hat. For some reason he had decided to go fishing in just about the most feminine of outfits.

Rick also liked fishing, but his boyfriend Dario did not. Dario was your basic limp-wristed effeminate boy, but he was young, Latino and hirsute. It turns that Rick really nursed a desire to be with somebody closer to himself in age, somebody who was smooth and blonde, and much more effeminate than Dario. Somebody so close to female that they might have even been a woman, except in bed. To my shock, Paul was that person.

They only caught one fish each, but as I learned later, that was because they were more interested in catching one another. In that they were both successful.

What was supposed to be a special resort holiday turned into a divorce.

The End

A Small Procedure

Inspired by a captioned image by Always Fem

By Maryanne Peters



I have to say it, even though the nursing profession requires me to be empathetic or at least understanding, but I find elective castration disgusting. It seems so wrong to me to have a perfectly normal male decide to end his future in this way. What I find even more appalling is that he should be encouraged to do by the predator waiting outside.

Dr. Bonnie Jamieson is as good a surgeon as I have ever worked with. She told me that no surgeon likes to cut away healthy tissue, but sometimes the cure or the prevention of future disease, requires that to be done. She said that gender dysphoria is a universally recognized condition and sex reassignment by progression is the recognized treatment.

She said that she was satisfied that the patient was transgender, and clearly a deeply troubled individual. Dr Jamieson said that “she” was fortunate to have a supportive friend, as cis-woman who was at all the consultations. I was not so sure. It seemed to me that there were real uncertainties on that face.

Clearly I could see that things were well advanced towards a full transition. There were breasts and long hair and a smooth body including a face that might will be subject to electrolysis or laser hair removal. Still, there were traces of what had once been an athletic young man, and a trace of panic too, in my opinion.

Not that my opinion counts in clinical matters. It is just that no woman likes the thought of a healthy and handsome man being emasculated, with the possible exception of this patient’s “support person”.

I confess that I did not like the woman. She seemed more dominant than loving towards her friend, and I detected a trace of hostility as if the patient was being punished somehow.

Still, when you work in a hospital you will never get the full story. You only deal with the consequences of people’s action. I just hope that Dr. Jamieson is right. Once those testicles are removed tomorrow there will be no putting them back. This patient will never be male again – either female or something in between.

I am just grateful that the responsibility is not mine. But it does not prevent me from being concerns about this person. Is this what they really want?

The End

Author’s Note: Always Fem has their own view of the expression on the face of the nurse in blue scrubs, but I have another. A good image can be a great inspiration.

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