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| Murder MysteryInspired by a Cap by TiffanyBy Maryanne PetersHe was my brother Dan’s best friend. Have you heard it said that a friend is somebody who will help you move house, but a best friend is somebody who will help you move a body? That is the kind of friend he was.But I had to be included in their plan. Blood can be tighter even than the kind of friendship they had, and Dan relied on that.Dan smuggled him into the back of my salon before the police came around to his place in the hunt for the killer. They had learned of the friendship so that would be the second place to search.“Just do what you do on him Sis,” Dan said. “Make it so nobody would guess it was him. Make it so nobody would guess he even is a him!”The truth is that I wold do anything for my brother, so I agreed, despite a few misgivings. | Barbie |

If it was not him, then who killed the prostitute? I mean, he was nothing to look at, and seemed to scrawny to be a killer, but who knows what any guy is capable of. I just needed to make sure that he was not a risk to anyone. I could do that with just the right cocktail. Something to block his male hormones, and something to promote his feminine side. And a little of something to make him more open to persuasion on how to behave.

It was nothing that could not be undone if my suspicions were proved wrong. It was nothing that my brother as his friend could seriously criticize me for. It was just to allay my fears for myself and my co-workers – all women.

A for the transformation, that turned out to be easy. He had enough hair to anchor good extensions, and he had a face with big eyes and a nothing chin that allowed for him to come up beautifully – even beautiful.

He just need some coaching in how to walk in heels and how to carry his jacket and his handbag in the crook of his arm, and how to check for it and apply lipstick and mascara. He needed to develop the right voice and call people “Honey” rather than “Dude” in a properly modulated tone. All of this needed to be done before “Barbie” was allowed to step outside.

I needed to make sure that Barbie drank my “special smoothie” daily which meant giving her a job at the salon as a trainee nail technician. It would not be taxing but it would require concentration on a very limited task. An residual confusion from the drugs would not be a problem.

Barbie was keen to get out. She was keen to get out and see Dan, if only to thank him for getting him out of a bind. When she stepped out into the sun to have lunch with my brother she was positively beaming with excitement.

“Your brother Dan is a prince,” she fizzed. “But what I am saying, like I adore you too, Honey. See you later! Mwah, mwah!”

I watched her trot across the square in those heels with her phone to her ear.

Dan was more than pleased. I was worried that he might notice some differences in his friend that might trouble him, but he seemed very happy. He plans to see more of Barbie. It seems that there relationship may have changed.

We still don’t know who killed that prostitute. There seem to be no clues, and the main suspect is still missing. But it would seem unfair to accuse Barbie. That girl has turned out to be good at painted nails, and keeping my brother satisfied but otherwise she is clueless.

The End

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| Late for the MeetingBased on a Captioned Image by TiffanyBy Maryanne PetersI now understand just how long she must have been planning this. The travelling clothes that fell to pieces before the end of the day forcing me to change clothes; the wig; the makeup with instructions; the dress I had bought brought my secretary Joanna; the pantyhose and the razor for my legs. I knew what that was for once I understood what the “facial” she had given me the night before had done to my beard.I had nothing else. Nothing! All I needed to do was to go downstairs past all the delegates without them recognizing me. That meant taking some care with my appearance. Following the instructions. If anybody saw it was me in drag, my career was over. Sports Promoters are not sissies. I had to get dressed and totter across the lobby. Once I was outside I needed to find a menswear store … |  |

“Miss, are you from Bruce and Associate? Hurry! Your meeting is now? We were told that Mike could not make it but that we could expect his replacement, Michelle. Is that you? Come this way.”

What could I do? The meeting was on. Could I squeak out: “Sorry I am not Michelle” – clearly this was also my wife’s doing. “I am not with Bruce and Associates. I guess that means that they have let you down and you will looking for another promotion firm?”

It would not just be over for me. It would be over for everybody on my team. All the work that I had done for months would be worth nothing. Nobody could present better than me, but how could I pull off the wig and explain this away? Unless I could present as Michelle? That was who they were expecting.

So, I cleared my throat. I was not sure quite what would come out. It might be all over the moment I opened my mouth.

“I’m sorry, I have a bit of a sore throat,” I said. The pitch even surprised me. I could be female. He did not seem surprised. “Is it this way? I’m sorry, I was just supposed to be supporting Bill. He did not give me the number of the meeting room. I’ll follow you.”

But he wanted to follow me. I could feel his eyes on my butt. It was a feeling that I had never felt before. I suppose that if I had been a woman, I might have found it creepy, but I am not. Instead I found it slightly exciting.

And when I walked into the room it was no surprise that there was not another woman there. It was not a sport known for female participation. Every man was looking at my chest or my legs, or when I turn to the whiteboard, at my butt and the long hair tumbling down my back.

And somehow the croak in my voice faded and a husky highish voice carried on the presentation. I shelved the dirty jokes that I had prepared – they seemed out of place coming from Michelle.

My mistake was being too sharp in response to the questions. That led me to confess that all the work on the plan was mine, not Bill’s.

Now I have a client who only wants to deal with Michelle.

I will have to explain to my wife that whether she intended it or not, Bill won’t be coming home tonight!

The End

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| Perfect for RockyInspired by a Captioned ImageBy Maryanne PetersI often think that we in the beauty business are like therapists. Customers talk and we listen. Sometimes we know from the experiences of others what the answers to problems might be. Sometimes somebody sits down in the chair who might help me with my problem. I love my brother Rocky. I know what he needs. He needs a woman. He needs somebody who he can show off to all his friends as the perfect girlfriend and future wife, somebody who likes the things he likes; knows how to cook and keep things tidy; knows how a man should dress to impress; knows enough about the freight business to give some occasional guidance.I found myself saying: If only Ashley was a girl, then “she” would be perfect for Rocky |  |

She said that she was married, and to a woman. The wife was a bit of slob but that did not matter because she had married a tidy person who liked things just so, but would never complain about having to put things back in order. She even dressed badly was the complaint I listened to. I hear that so often when girls like Ashley should be, were talking about their husbands. And Ashley loved to cook and would cook every night if it were possible. Having to put up with whatever the wife cooked was a burden.

It just seemed to be so wrong that she was married to a woman. A man can appreciate a woman like Ashley where a woman cannot. And I know a woman when I see one, and last is what Ashley was. Marriage is good. I want that for Rocky. Just not this marriage. Ashley will have to lose the bitchI had her lying down out the back when Rocky arrived, in the primrose dress and wearing the black stilettos. He took one look at her and just turned to me and nodded. She was the one. I told him to step back outside as she was coming to.

He did the spluttering thing and then he saw the fingernails and as he sat up he felt the hair extensions brush his shoulders. There was that priceless moment of confusion just before the hands drop down to the breasts, and the momentary relief when she finds they are synthetic – but very realistic.

That is the moment: “Ashley! Don’t be shy! I’d like you to meet my bother … Rocky!”

She backed away. They all do. Rocky is big. Not the kind of guy you say no to. Her hands go up to her face, or sometimes cover over her cleavage as if trying to say: ‘I am not really a girl, I just look like one’. But she is a girl. Rocky knows it. And she will find out that its true.

And there he is, taking her hand and kissing it and saying: “Come over here Little Darling. Come and take my arm. You look as pretty as a picture and we are going to have some fun tonight. And let me just tell you that I will be the perfect gentleman, just so long as you act like the lady you seem to be.”

My brother Jake is a gentleman. He is just a gentleman who likes his girls just like Ashley

The End

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| Stand In BridesmaidInspired by a Captioned ImageBy TiffanyBy Maryanne PetersNow that I have learned all about this transgender thing, I understand that a guy standing in for a bridesmaid is commonplace – right? It happens all the time.Actually, the bride was transgender herself, and had been my wife’s boyfriend long before I met her. Now she was a year post surgery and about to marry the man of her dreams, and Fiona could not make it.“Everything is here,” my wife said. “Not just the dress but the body shaping under garments and the wig and the large size high heels. You are the only one who can fill in. She cannot get married without a bridesmaid. I would do it, but these clothes are way to big for me. Please honey! Please do this for her. We can’t let her down.” | Related image |

I have never been able to say no to my wife, although it seems like it was too easy for her to say no to me.

The bride and I sat side by side through the head to foot spa, salon and makeover morning.

“Girls like you and me need special attention,” she said. I was not like her. Not then, anyway. But how could I contradict. Her body was stripped of har and mine was too.

“I am going to do my best,” I told her. My wife expected it, and she did too. And we were bonding through this whole thing.

“Why don’t we use extensions rather than a wig,” the hairdresser said. “Poor Fiona, her hair is hopelessly thin, but the new Fiona has plenty of hair at a length I can work with.”

The bride said to go ahead, and as my wife said: “It is her day, so she gets it her way.”

“Just keep your elbows in and your hands loose,” was the advice she gave me. “Don’t stride out. Walk like I do. I have been living as a woman for so long it now comes second nature. It will for you too.”

But it was just for the day. Not that I could say anything. The brides gets it her way.

My wife seemed thrilled. She smiled at me throughout the ceremony. I was happy to have done this. Anybody that knew Fiona knew that I was just standing in for Fiona, and anybody who didn’t just assumed that I was Fiona. That included the best man.

It was not simply a question of me rejoining my wife after the ceremony. The Bridesmaid has a role to play. A big part of the is hanging off the arm of the best man.

“I hope that you won’t be offended, but I have to say that when my best pal told me that he was marrying a transwoman, I was shocked,” he said to me. “I never understood it, but having met you I am beginning to understand.” He was hitting on me.

But when I looked across at my wife, she was talking to another guy. They looked way too close.

But this happens all the time too – right? A regular guy gets transformed into a beautiful woman and some guy develops a crush on “her”. It is not uncommon – right? And then this new woman starts to think “what’s the harm in one kiss after a slow dance” – it happens – right?

So, what happens next? My wife is nowhere to be seen. He has suggested that we go up to his room when the bride and groom have gone up to theirs. So, what do I do?

I have to say that there is a part of me that really wants to do this. Is this normal in this transgender thing?

The End

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| Strange UrgeInspired by a Captioned Image by TiffanyBy Maryanne PetersThis is me in my dress. My sister Brenda’s dress is lilac. That was the dress that caused all of this, but I like my dress even better. Look at the band of diamante flowers across one shoulder, and the rouching, and the split to show off my great legsThis is my hair too – long and blonde. I only had my straggly fair hair before I put Brenda’s dress on, although I washed it and did my best to give it volume and style. Now with the extensions my hair is half way down my back. It is just the way I like it.I know what you are going to say: “You are a cross dresser or transgender and you always were”. But those people know, don’t they? It was nothing like that with me. The dress was hanging up on the wardrobe door. Not this one, the lilac one. It was fuller and had no split, because let’s face it – Brenda is chunky and does not have good legs. But it was frilly and flouncy and feminine. I just got this strange urge. It came out of nowhere. I had to put on the dress! |  |

I was just a normal guy up until that afternoon. I mean with a mother and a sister going on about clothes I knew what colors clash and what styles work for different body shapes. I was not really interested, I just picked up some stuff.

But when I looked at that dress, I had to put it on. It is not even the right style. The turquoise gown is perfect for me. Tell me if I am not wrong. But the lilac – no. Even the color is not right for my eyes and my hair. So why did I have this urge? It makes no sense at all.

It just took over. It was like I was a robot being controlled at a distance by some evil scientist intent on destroying my male life. Because basically that is what happened. Brenda came home and found me. And then Mom came home. There was a gap before Mom arriving when I was talking to Brenda about the dress. And then afterwards when Mom was talking about how my legs needed to be on display.

But none of this would have happened without that urge. And now here I am, looking absolutely fabulous and with half the guys in school chasing me. What chance do I have of ever going back and being just a normal guy? Seriously, what chance?

The End

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