Seed

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Can such a thing happen? Can you be a normal heterosexual male, and in a moment become a cum-loving effeminate sissy? Or has the seed been inside me all along? I mean, the seed of womankind. The seed that has grown inside me and burst through my outer skin to make me such a different creature.

But it was his seed that started it. Howard was my roommate and an old family friend. He left it in a coffee mug on the bench. Who does that? Who jacks off into a mug and leaves it on the bench? People who are drinking their coffee put their mugs on the kitchen bench. Don’t tell me that I was the fool in swigging down the last bit in the mug. Anybody would.

“Hey, where’s my sample,” Howard said. He was holding a plastic jar. As I was licking my lips wondering what the taste in my mouth was.

Before he even told me what it was, I needed to know. It was savory in flavor, creamy in texture, and I liked it. I knew that it was not the last mouthful of coffee, but I was not spitting it out. I was enjoying it. I swallowed it to ask: “What was that stuff?”

He looked at me in surprise and disgust. His cup was in my hand. “That was my jizz, Man. Don’t tell me you just drank it.”

“Fuck,” I said. The taste was still there. And something else – a warmth. I should have turned to throw up in the kitchen sink, but instead I was thinking that I had just had a mouthful of the living essence of a human being in my mouth, and it was now in my belly, swimming around. I should have been disgusted but I wasn’t. And I knew that was weird. I turned to spit into the sink.

“Oh Jesus,” he said. I could hear that the words were coming out of a smile, but it was gone when I turned around. “Woops”, he said.

“What the fuck?” I shouted. “You have been jacking off in the kitchen?”

“No man. In the bedroom. I just had the cup. I thought the specimen bottle was in here. But then I found it in my room …”. Then he started to laugh.

I should have been pissed. I should have shouted at him. But I seemed to feel something in my tummy. It felt like … I really don’t know what it felt like. There was something of somebody else inside me. How does a woman feel after a man’s semen has entered into her body? When the fluid that is at the heart of the human existence enters another body?

Reproduction is a miracle. In that moment it seemed to me that I had no role to play in it. I did not have a womb. That semen was going to waste. There could be a million little Howards swimming around inside me, drown in my stomach acids. If only I could bear a little Howard.

I looked at him and I wanted his semen.

Is that crazy? Probably.

“Don’t tell anybody about this. Ok?” I did my best to glower at him, despite what was going on in my head.

“Sure, Man. Sure. It’s between us,” he said.

Our secret. Ours.

How had I never even noticed this guy? He was the son of a friend of my parents – a little older than me. We had met many times but never really been close. But when I finished college and I was looking for work, he had a place in the city with a spare room, and we agreed on a rent figure.

And then I swallowed his seed, and it took root inside me.

I wondered if any semen would do the job. I even tasted my own. But it was not like his. I needed his.

How are you going to get it? Just ask him? Pay him? I even wondered if I could steal it – drug him and milk it from him every night. The idea was so thrilling I almost fainted thinking about it.

One thing was clear. I was gay. I had to be. Even if I wasn’t before I downed the contents of that mug, I was now. There was no hiding it. If I embraced it, maybe he would let me suck his cock?

But I knew he wasn’t gay. He would not like to have a mans head bobbing a way in front of him.

I was desperate. I went out and bought a wig and makeup, and a ridiculous nightie thing from a sex shop – pink with a faux fur hem also in pink. I thought that I would just hide it and consider my options, but by that point I had been without his cum inside me for 24 hours and I was crazy with need. Although I have no idea what it feels like, I guess that I was like a junkie in withdrawal. I could not get it soon enough.

I had part time work at the lunch bar, but when I got home, I decided to go all out to be a sissy housewife. Necessity is the mother of … well, something. I went online for guidance. There was some trial and error and a lot of work in a limited amount of time.

I was in my room when Howard got home. It was a Thursday so I knew that he would probably call out for pizza. So, I had made lasagne and had left a note on the bench:

“Dinner tonight is courtesy of my alter ego ‘Daisy’. If you would like to meet her and perhaps have dinner with her tonight, please knock on my door. D”

I was crouching there behind my door, my body shaved and scented, my fake tits firmly stuck on with the edges blended to perfection, my face plucked and painted with my newly acquired skills, and my wig looking truly gorgeous. I was waiting for his knock on my door. Waiting and praying.

And through it all, I was thinking about his cum. It would be hot this time. Hot and creamy. My God!

I seemed wait an age. I imagined him looking at the note. Opening the oven and smelling the dinner I had prepared, and checking the salad on the bench, and the bottle of Nebbiolo, and the table with the lit candles. How could he not be curious?

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| I almost had a heart attack when the knock came. I was right behind the door, but I did not burst in. I straightened my nightie and checked that my junk was tucked away in the tight “concealing” panty I had bought. I counted to 10 and then I walked out with my head held high.  The smile that broke out on my face was not forced. The look on his face – his mouth hanging open - was all that I needed.  “Daisy?” he said.  “Hi there, Howie.” I had practised the line with the voice recorder on my phone all day. Just the right amount of breathiness. Just the right amount of pout to show him what these painted lips were for: To wrap around his cock and swallow his seed.  We ate and then we drank, and then I finally got the dessert that I was hanging out for.  I get my dessert every night now. I just can’t live without it. Once the seed is sown …, well, whatever.  The End  © Maryanne Peters | main product photo |

Author’s Note:

Another little seed of an idea from one of our team. Sarah said: Another Idea just popped in my head. “Seed” basically a boy/man accidentally drinks/ingests cum from someone and becomes seeded with the desire for more and can’t stop drinking it …”