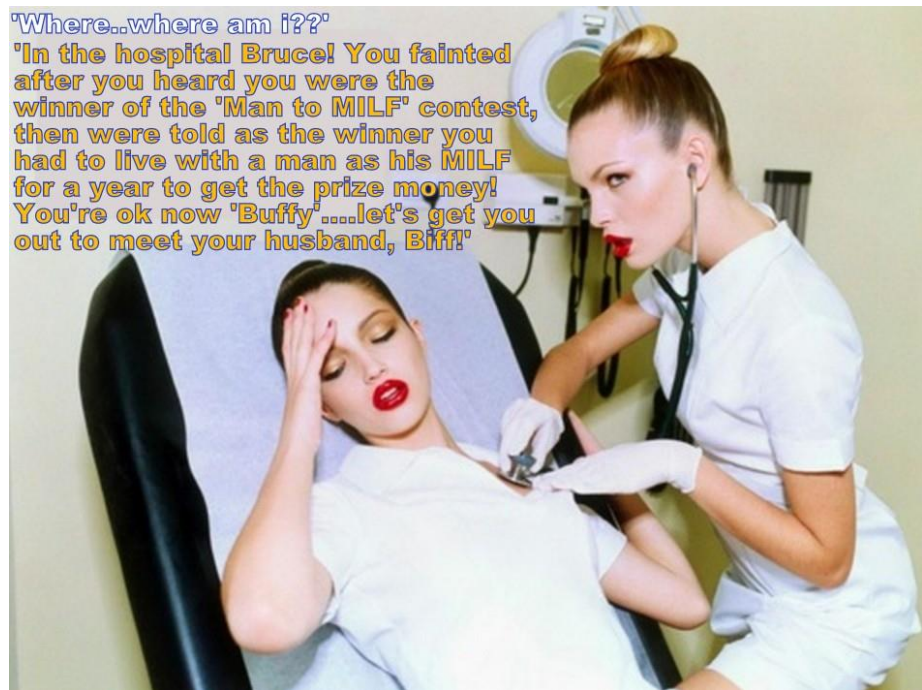


Man to MILF

Inspired by a Captioned image from Mandy (<http://suitstoskirts.blogspot.com/>)

By Maryanne Peters

It is not every guy's nightmare. It is not mine. Sure it was unexpected, but I would not have entered the contest if I was not interested in presenting myself as female and face the prospect of living as a woman for a whole year. I read the rules. That was what I was expecting. But there was nothing in the terms and conditions about a husband. That was not in there. How did I miss that?



'Where..where am I??'
'In the hospital Bruce! You fainted after you heard you were the winner of the 'Man to MILF' contest, then were told as the winner you had to live with a man as his MILF for a year to get the prize money! You're ok now 'Buffy'....let's get you out to meet your husband, Biff!'

I was an experienced transvestite. I mean that I did more than just dress up at home. I had grown my hair so that I could use falls or wiglets. I had electrolysis on my chin and top lip to keep the five o'clock shadow away when I went out on the town. And that is what I did, going out and pushing things to the edge. But during that day I lived and worked as a man. That was my life.

I suppose a few transvestites wonder what it would be like to live full time as a woman, just for a little while. So when I was made redundant and the competition came up I was keen to try. It meant employment in a well paying administrative position for a year, but as a woman, plus a cash prize, if I was the best looking mature woman on the stage.

The entry forms included contractual commitments. I thought that I read everything before I signed. Where was the term about consenting to surgical procedures? I am sure I would not have signed if I had seen that. The organizers put everything in front of me, right?

All I remember was the applause and the confetti falling and then I must have blacked out. The next thing I remember is that I am in a hospital bed and a beautiful nurse is checking my heartbeat.

"What hospital?" I asked.

"Well actually it is the Beautifex Cosmetic Surgery Clinic." That figured. She looked like a successful ex-patient. "You are fully recovered from the treatments."

I could feel a tightness in my face. I reached up and could feel that my browbone was gone and my hairline pulled forward. My nose was smaller and my lips bigger. And then there was my chest. The stethoscope rested on my left breast. A big round creamy white and jiggling breast!

“What the hell is going on!” Even my voice did not sound like me.

“You wouldn’t want to spend a year living as a woman and looking and sounding like a man dressed up, would you?” the nurse scolded me. “The organizers have gone to huge trouble and expense to make things as easy as possible for you. You can thank the sponsor, William Hoggard of Hoggard Technology. He has taken a special interest in you.”

She brought me a mirror and I had the first look at the woman I had become. As I say, I would have been horrified were it not for the fact that I was entranced.

“Ok, so I answer to Buffy now.” I did not seem like the right name at all. With my hair pulled back of my new hairline and in a high bun, at with full makeup even when lying in a bed, I seemed my too sophisticated to go by the name Buffy. “I’m sorry, I missed that - I am living where?”

“With your husband, silly. With Bill ... with Bill Hoggard. He is here and on his way up.”

The End

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