

The Complete Rear Window

By Maryanne Peters

Inspired by this Captioned Image



"Why hasn't he called yet? I've been standing here for over an hour in this silly outfit he sent. This is the sixth one in two weeks. Each one is more revealing than the last. The hair and make-up are bad enough, but why these clothes? Is it to make sure that I've shaved and plucked every inch of me as he demanded? When he sent me the pictures of me at least I was fully dressed up rather tastefully. Why didn't I close the curtains, who expected a peeper on the 43rd floor? He ordered me to take all of them down. I had to, he knows who I am and could ruin me. I never even went anywhere dressed like a girl. Lots of us never grew out of or these harmless little transvestite games of ours. I just wanted to see what I'd look like if I were born female, it was a rush when I was young and it just turned into a hobby for me is all. Now someone out there with a telescope is blackmailing me to push me further than I ever wished to go with it. People must be noticing my arched thin eyebrows, pierced ears, and who knows what else, A panty line, a garter bump, the outline of a silky bra I must always wear and strip here for him to prove that I wear everything he says I must every day under my regular clothes. He's watching me right now, I can feel it. Is he simply laughing at me? No, that'll just get boring. He must be getting off staring a man dressed like this. It gives him a feeling of power over me. That must be it, he must be pervert and he's perverting me right along with him. Ring damn it, let me get covered up in my men's clothing again. Please don't let him think of something new for me to wear. This hairpiece fall I can hide somewhat. What next? Bleaching me a platinum blond, puffed up lips, oh god, getting tattooed? Permanently made-up like a hooker? What next? Maybe he's given up, yes that's why he's not calling...RRRRingggggg!"

Week 5

"Hello?"

"I love your hair. It looks perfect."

"Well its just the way you wanted it, isn't it. I just turned up at the beauty shop downstairs and they followed your instructions, hair piece and everything."

"Well they couldn't have done it if your hair wasn't long enough to put up. Now turn around and let me have a look at the back. Oh yes. Wonderful. The back of your neck looks so lickable."

"You fucking pervert."

"Now now, Sweetie, you and me both. We both like to see you en femme, don't we?"

"This has gone too far. After this last beauty treatment people are going to notice. The eyebrows and the skin. People are beginning to think that I'm a faggot."

"Well aren't you? Wouldn't you like to feel like a real woman – beneath a real man – being made love to as a woman should be?"

“Fuck you! Are you a real man? If you were you would show yourself. I imagine you are some stunted or crippled loser, watching me from out there. If you are a real man, then come here and take me like a woman. Don’t just talk about it from your safe place.”

“I like the way you are talking. It’s turning me on.”

“Come on then, let’s have a showdown.”

“What a good idea. But first I think I will send these photos to your father. I will tell him that you want me to ravish you. That’s what you have just said isn’t it?”

“Please don’t do that. Just keep talking. What do you want me to do?”

“Turn around again, I want to look at your bootie. That’s nice. Very nice. That shiny black shaping garment is perfect. Well cinched in the waist for a real womanly figure. Not much bulge showing in the front. We just need some real breasts in those bra cups instead of those gel inserts, and your figure would be perfect.”

About the bra, why do I have to wear an empty bra under my clothes every day? I have to wear such thick shirts to hide it.”

“To get used to it Sweetie. Just like high heels around the house. You walk so easily in them now, that I could demand, perhaps, that you put that grey dress on and go downstairs and walk around the block for me ...?”

“I won’t do it. I’ll do what you ask in private. Please don’t ask me to go out dressed like this.”

“But Sweetie, you don’t look like a tranny at all with that hair and that figure. You look like a girl. Surely this is the ultimate extension of your fantasy? - Passing as female?”

“The fantasy is over. I’m just doing this for you, now.”

“Ooh. Say that again.”

“What more do you want from me?”

“I want you to take the tablets I sent around yesterday.”

I know what those are. I flushed them down the toilet.”

“No, you didn’t. You have kept them. In the cupboard above the sink. I know that’s where they are.”

“Have you in here? you creep.”

Oh, yes. Of course, I have. I have been lacing your breakfast smoothies with hormones for weeks. But I want to see you take a tablet right now. I want to watch you. Because I know that is what you want. Now that you see what a perfect woman you are, why would you want to go back?”

“You are crazy.”

But you have not flushed them down the toilet, have you? You have kept them. Maybe you have even slipped a couple down your throat? Just when you are feeling extra girly? You know that I am telling the truth. I know you, Sweetie. You are my girl.”

“I am going to hang up now.”

“That’s OK. I will call you tomorrow, same time. I have arranged another look for you. Curls I think. Now you will be off to the bathroom to check your lipstick, won’t you?”

Don’t be ridiculous.

Click.



Hello?

Hi Maryanne. It's Sydney. Well, you are so naughty, Girl. I listened to it and I am more than intrigued. I am hooked.

It's kinky, huh.

How did you get it?

He, or should I say she, lives in the apartment across the hall. I was hooking up my new broadband and accessed her line by mistake. But when I caught the conversation, I was hooked. I have permanent access tied in now. An amateur wire-tap.

As I said – naughty. Definitely illegal. Mazz, you are trouble with a capital T.

But what do you think is going to happen?

Have you seen her? I mean your neighbor? What does she look like?

When he moved in last year, he looked like a regular guy. Maybe a bit of a pretty boy, but a boy. But now, well definitely gender neutral.

Where do you think the voyeur is?

About where you are, with a view of the apartments across the hall. Maybe even in your building? Do you think he could be?

I'm going to look out my window now. Yes, I can see your building, but you are on the other side.

You might be able to see her. She's on my floor. Can you count up?

He must be using a telescope. It sounds as if he can see every inch of her. He has got her all dressed up and posing for him in the window. He even has her wearing her hair up, Priceless. I would love to see what she looks like. Harassed probably. You have to feel sorry for her. A harassed victim of his conditioning.

Sometimes I just wish I had a guy who paid me that much attention. He gets off just looking at her through his telescope.

Will she step out dressed like that? I would love to be there for her public debut. Will she come to acknowledge her desire to be elegantly coiffed and beautifully dresses full time?

But what does he want, Syd? He wants to change her through mental and physical transformations, including that body shaping thing she is wearing. I don't know whether he was always a cross-dresser but it sound like he wants a whole lot more, what with the hormone tablets.

Oooh. It's exciting. And we're listening in on it. Maz, Be sure to email me the next sound file.

No problem. Let's hope we don't have to wait too long. Bye.

Click

Week 22

"Hello?"

"Hey, Darling. Sorry my call is a little late tonight."

"Whatever."

"Why don't you stand up and walk around a little for me. I love the watch you walk in those heels."

"Maybe tomorrow night. I didn't hear from you, so I am doing my toenails."

"Show me. Nice. Very pretty."

"The color is called "blossom". It has a sort of luminescence. See? You really need to come over and look at it. Why don't you? I am not doing anything tonight.

Now sweetie, you know that I just like to look. And I like what I see.

What do you see? What are you doing to me?

I am making you the perfect creature.

Do you really think that you can take a guy and turn him into a shemale? This has gone way too far. I can't even walk the street in pants anymore. Because I look like this.

I like the way you look.

I have lost my job because I look this way.

I have been looking after you. You want for nothing. As long as I get to look at you, you will never want for anything. I promise you.

What I want is ... is human contact. My friends don't want to know me. I look like a freak.

No crying sweetie. It will make your eyes red and puffy.

I don't even know why I am crying.

Are you alright now?

I don't know who you are, but why don't you come over. You know everything about me. I promise that I won't attack you, or anything like that. I just want to understand. Come over and take a closer look.

Not yet. I am still watching. You are still evolving – getting more beautiful every day. Your body is now flooded with female hormones. I know you have been taking the tablets. I will send over a new jar for you.

I am not taking the fucking tablets that you sent over.

Well, if you are not, you are still getting your dose. Ever since we started I have been lacing with hormones those pre-prepared breakfast smoothies in your home deliveries box. But I want to see you take a tablet right now. I want to see it go down that beautiful throat. I want to watch you become just that little bit more girly right before my eyes. Because I know that is what you really want. Now that you see what a perfect woman you are, why would you want to go back?"

"You are crazy."

But you have not flushed those tablets down the toilet, have you? You have kept them. Maybe you have even slipped a couple down despite what you say? Maybe just when you are feeling extra feminine? You know that I am telling the truth. I know you, Sweetie. You are my girl."

You cannot control me like this. How can you blackmail me now that everybody can see what I am, some strange in-between ... thing.

You are beautiful.

Come over. Why don't you?

"You want to show me the changes in your body, don't you? Show me. I see that you are wearing the black slip with the panels to support your breasts. Show me. Put your hands in your hair. Make me want to come over.

I will have to put the phone down.

Do it. Show me some moves. Show me how hungry you are to have me touch that body of yours. Then maybe I will. Maybe I will come over. Oh yes.

There, is that what you wanted.

You could have gone on a little longer.

I want to talk.

I want to see more. I want you to take that top off and show me what those breasts look like.



They are too big to hide, that is what they are. But you know that. That's what you want, isn't it?

Show me



Alright, you bastard. I am going to put the phone down. I am going to turn my back and then put the phone down.

Oh, that was a tease. With your arms covering those wonderful orbs. Breasts that I have paid for, I remind you.

That's all you're going to see, until you get over here. Until I face you, man to man.

Sweetie, you will never face anyone man to man again. But I am thinking about coming over. I think that I can still see a bulge in those briefs. It is very unattractive in a young lady.

Well that is not going anywhere. I am keeping that.

You say that now but take a look at yourself naked. I think that there is one thing that is going to look very out of place. It has to go ... eventually.

"I am not letting you take that away from me. It should enough that you have done everything you have done to me.

I've done nothing Sweetie. You've done it all to yourself.

You made me do it.

You tell me when it is time and I will arrange the surgery. A little snip snip. Just skin the sausage and throw away the filling. Then tuck it in, a stitch or two, and there you are. Tidy up front. Nothing wrinkly or purple. You will be perfect.

You are disgusting. I am going to hang up now.

"That's OK. I have had more than enough tonight. I will call you tomorrow, same time. I have arranged another look for you with the salon downstairs. Curls, I think. Now you will be off to the bathroom to tuck things back a little better, aren't you?"

Don't be ridiculous.

Until tomorrow night, my love.

Fuck off.

Click.

Still Watching

Hi Maz, it's Sydney. I had to call because I can see her. I have my father's binocular trained on her right now.

Wow. Tell me what you see;

Progress! Progress! Our heroine is well on her way to becoming a consort and a lovely piece of eye candy! Surely she did not get that perfect pair without downing her pills regularly, possibly while fondling her increasingly sensitive pair of pears. Now for a bit of tight-laced corsetry to produce the perfect wasp-waisted silhouette.

Is she wearing a corset? How wonderful.

No. She is just sitting in her underwear combing her hair. Don't I wish I had hair that looked that good.

What about the watcher? Are you any closer to finding out who he is? Whether he is in your building? Do you think that he is watching now? Maybe hoping to get a little closer to his dream lover? He might be watching her now. Did you get the last file?

Yes. The fight. You have to feel sorry for her.

But she is still doing what he asks. She has learned to dress for him, wear her hair up for him. Why does she do it?

We don't know what hold he has over her.

Maybe she has more of a hold over him. He is clearly besotted. He tells her how beautiful she is. Don't I wish I had a guy who talked to me that way.

Maz. She's like us. She's not a real woman.

She could be. He could encourage her to imagine her prod becoming a proud clit, with her able to respond to firm, gentle fondling fingers above and below. She should imagine herself with no more messy climaxes but with powerful, all-encompassing orgasms.

She could have him now. Elegantly coiffed, perfectly made up, our kitten will be lovely cat-like on all fours. Hhmmm! Perhaps wearing a chokers he provides - simple ribbon and cameo or multi-strand, neck stretching glitter, it doesn't matter. Collared like a pussy cat. submitting subconsciously further to his control. Miaow.

You must be talking about yourself, Girlfriend.

I wish. Oh, to have a master to owns me and do with as he will. To be made over into his consort, his concubine ... is that what she wishes? I need to go to the bathroom.

I think my machine might have picked up another file from last night, so I will send it and call you tomorrow. Don't overdo it.

Overdo what?

Click

Week 29

If that is you, then say something.

Yes. It's me.

I hate it when you do that. Just ring and then sit on the other end, breathing.

I am just looking at you. Sometimes that's enough.

You are a sick person. So, I am wearing this black thing you sent over.

I see it. I like it. I like it a lot.

I hate it. I hate you.

It's silk - very expensive. All beautiful things come at a price. But beautiful things deserve beautiful things – don't you think?

I don't know what you are talking about. You make me do things and then you call me up and talk bullshit.

Now, don't say things like that. A pretty mouth should never use words like that.

You think my mouth is pretty?

Yes, I do. Especially when you sneer like that.

I said it. You are sick.

Maybe a little. Love sick, maybe.

Crazy.

Crazy about you.



So now you put me in a collar. Like a dog.

More like a cat. A pussy cat.

Miaow

Oh. Say that again.

Miaow?

Nice.

Why don't you come over and let me rub up against your leg? You could stroke me. Tickle under my chin. Make me purr. Don't you want to do that?

I think you might scratch me.

Would you like me to?

No. I am not that kind of guy.

What kind of guy are you? The kind of guy who like to have men dress up as women and parade around for his pleasure? The kind of guy who takes pleasure from destroying somebody's life so that he no longer has a job, or friends, or life outside this apartment?

Take it easy sweetie. You have everything you need.

You set me up from the beginning, didn't you? This apartment was way more than I could afford. You set me up here from the beginning, didn't you?

I saw a beautiful thing in an ugly shroud. I needed to pull that shroud off of her. To bring her out into the world. To show the beauty that I now see.

Bring me out? But I am not out, am I? I am stuck in here.

Well let's get you dressed to go out then Darling.

Really? Do you mean it?

That cream outfit with the gold buttons and the matching choker, I think. And you will need a bag – the red one with the gold chain. And the tan suede knee boots.

I'll get that on. It will only take me a few minutes.

Don't rush Baby. Get changed in front of the window. I want to watch it. And brush your hair again for me. Parted in the center tonight.

Where are we going?

Well, I haven't decided yet.

We could just go to the bar on the corner. Just to meet one another.

Do you really want to meet me? You said I was sick – even crazy. What would you do to me in the bar on the corner.

No. It's a public place. We can just have couple of drinks and then, once I know what you are really like, maybe then we could come back here and ...

Now, slow down. I decide everything, remember? Everything.

Yes. Yes you do. I have the dress. Here it is.

It's figure hugging. Put it on slowly.

I'll need to wear a strapless bra.

Go on then. Well haven't you developed nicely? What a pair you have grown.

Do you want to touch them? Look at the nipples. I think you have made them blush.

Tuck them in to their cups, Darling. That's good. Oh yes, that dress is tight across every one of your new curves.

It does look good, doesn't it? I never thought I would be saying it, but yes. It looks really good on my hips and butt as well.

Brush that hair for me. Nice.

These boots are a bit tight. Maybe the white sandals? I really want to wear the sandals.

I told you: The boots.

Ok. Ok. The boots if you insist. I'm ready now.

Well, I'm not ready. I'm not ready for an argument. I've decided I am not coming over. Not tonight anyway.

No. No. I'm sorry.

Maybe tomorrow.



Hello, You.

Well, was that weird or what?

We were talking pussy cats and then they start with it. And the collar too. A jewelled one. It is almost like we are part of this fantasy?

I know. Its strange, but exciting too. And I saw her too. I went up in the elevator with her.

How was she dressed?

As a woman. No sign of masculinity in her. More delightful progress as our heroine becomes ever more comfortable with her increasingly feminine body!

I'm certain that by now she never forgets to take her pills, sipping from a Waterford tumbler or an elegant flute she reserves just for that purpose.

She has wonderful hair, just like you said. She had just come out of the hairdresser – you know, the one on the next block.

Was it down or up? Our sultry brunette deserves an elegant updo, piled curls? Ringlets? Spiral curls? A pompadour front to highlight a lovely brow? I love getting my hair done: the massage of the shampoo, the tightening of her hair as it is rolled up, the feel of warm air rushing over the curlers as I sits under the dryer. What hairdo her master has ordered up for her?

You will be able to see. I am sure that she has had it done just for him. I have to say it: There she is freshly coifed, perfectly made up, and she will cinched and gowned and he expects, and yet she stays in the apartment. She must long to be taken out and shown off by her master.

He lets her first displays her charms in a bustier, garter belt and stocking, all contained beneath a diaphanous negligee, seductive, alluring, luring her master to want to show off his creation, his concubine to be. Do you think that she pleasures herself for him to watch? Perhaps she will demonstrated her skill at lubricating a drill with her mouth before inserting and holding it her rear.. All transmitted by a speaker phone since her hands are occupied?

That would mean that I have missed a conversation. I am picking them all up and sending them to you. I don't think she would be happy with that anyway. She wants his touch. When it happens it will be electric.

Oh yes. It might black out the whole side of town.

We will wait up. I will send you the file and call me back after you have listened.

Goody!

Click

Week 35

Is that you?

Yes. Why is the blind drawn? I need to see you and I need to see you now.

Just a minute. There. Ta da!

Oh my God

Do you like it

It's exquisite. You're exquisite.

Well it took them long enough. And about a pound of hairpins.

It is the most beautiful hairstyle I have ever seen.

Isn't it though?

Do you like it.

Yes. Yes, I do.



Turn around. Nice. The dress is beautiful too, and the earrings.

Where would you take me, looking like this?

Anywhere you wanted to go.

The Met Gala? Could we go there. It's special invitation. You wouldn't be able to get tickets.

You don't know that. I might surprise you. Would it surprise you to know that I have been to the Met Gala before?

Have you? Really?

I could take you there, or maybe the opera, or another charity ball. Some event where a man needs to be accompanied by a beautiful woman.

But I am not a woman remember. You would not want to take me.

But you are a woman, or so close that we can almost touch it.

Come and touch me then. How much more of a woman could I be? I spent 5 hours at the hairdresser this afternoon, to look like this. Five hours.

It was worth it.

Kelly did most of it. She says that I am lucky to have man like you to look after me. But she has never met you. Just like for me, you are only a voice on the phone.

And a funds transfer to pay her salon's account.

Don't you want to feel my hair? Come over and feel it. It doesn't have much lacquer on it. It is soft. And fragrant too.

Very inviting. You have made your point.

How much longer will this go on? I never thought that I would want a man to touch me, but now it is all I think about. What do you look like? Do you even have hands to touch me? Or arms to hold me? You are just a voice. I am not even sure you are real.

Oh, I am real alright. You will know it soon enough. I think you will be happy enough when you meet me, but for now I enjoy admiring you from afar. You are untouchable by my choice, yet I ache to touch you.

I have said it before, you are sick. Sick and cruel too.

Please permit me my pleasures, my darling. I can afford them. And I can afford to shower you with everything when we meet.

And what am I supposed to do now? Look at me. A princess dressed to go to the ball, and my prince is taunting me.

You look so beautiful; I am straining myself. But it's good. So good.

Are you jacking off? I can't believe this! Are you sitting over there jacking off? Are you? Say something.

Dance for me. Imagine that I am holding you, and we are doing the waltz.

Fuck you.

Turn your back to me and look over your shoulder. Sway a little. I want to see that backless dress and your great little buns and the bottom of it. Yeah that's it.

Be my dance partner, you bastard. If you want to dance with me, come over.

My darling, I want to, but keeping you just out of reach is such a thrill. I pains me, but in a way that I quite enjoy. I don't expect you to understand.

I don't. I don't want to talk to you anymore. I am going to take this hairdo down. If you are not coming over, I don't want to look like this.

Promise me you'll let me watch. Pin by pin. Dropping curl by dropping curl. Get your hairbrush out. I want to watch you.

Do what you fucking like.

Now, now, my darling. You can hang up the phone if you like but keep the blinds up.

Fuck off.

Click.

It's me. I am looking at her now.

What does she look like?

Oh wow! What a truly gorgeous hairdo! It's no wonder our heroine is feeling increasingly feminine.

I saw was up close to it in the elevator, smelling the hairspray. I knew you would be impressed.

Oh, Maryanne, it is just gorgeous. Could it be that her master sent Kelly some pix of the coiffure he would like to see created on our heroine?

I wouldn't be surprised. He is quite particular. She says that he pays.

Kelly must send him pix of the process and the results. Do you think that he has a "photo album" of the Object of His Affections to play at times when he is not observing her directly? Saying that she would take down such a beautiful coiffure she has admitted enjoying was an obvious attempt to goad him into coming over to prevent that happening. One there, to hold her, touch her curls, sniff her aroma, sink his fingers deep in the curl clutch, nibble her, caress her, make her beg to be taken. But our heroine has to settle for further teasing, of both him and her, slowly letting down each curl while dressed in a beautiful shaper beneath a flowing, diaphanous negligee, imaging herself as a bashful bride preparing herself to surrender her virginity to her Lord and Master, to borrow a phrase from Philadelphia Story.

There is so much hairspray it would be a mission to let it down.

She must have loved getting her hair done as much as we done, Maz. it would be no stretch that her voyeur master would insist that our heroine describe her emotions at each step of the process: the luxury of the scalp massage as she was shampooed; the growing excitement from holding her breath as she counts the curlers used to roll her hair; the flow of warmth from the dryer as her nails are shaped and polished; the feel of the brushes on her flesh as her face is applied; the tantalizing tugs her hair is combed out, French Laced (teased), before being combed and pinned in place; and the intoxicating scent of hairspray and perfume making her ready. Oh my.

Are you Ok, Syd?

Just getting a little carried away (sigh).

But making her ready for what? That is our heroine's problem. Ideally to be shown off, enfolded, cuddled loved. But to be left hanging? Desperately frustrated? Unconsummated?

Perhaps she should consider walking out and about on her own, to be admired since she is so delightfully passable. Perhaps to invoke a bit of jealousy, the threat of use me or lose me. What do you think?

She does go out. She goes out all the time dressed as her. She is totally passable. I don't think she could pass as a guy.

So, what does he want? He must want her to be his concubine, a proud consort, a delicious trophy on his arm - her master. Why is he taunting her? Why make keep her waiting. I am worried that our poor heroine's head might explode.

I feel sorry for her, but he does look after her.

Would you want to live like that, Maz?

Well ... maybe.

"Really?"

"You and I want to be women too, but with work and family and everything ..., she only needs to perform for him, and he wants her to be a woman. How bad is that?"

But we don't know if she wants to be a woman.

She must want it by now. The question is whether she wants to be an addle pated bimbo who's brain lies between her legs; or a woman who understands the benefits of being supportive and responsive, of having an ability to please being rewarded not only with strong orgasms but pride of place as a beautiful trophy consort, the envy of all his acquaintances for her devotion as well as her beautiful sensuality.

You think so? Isn't it about what he wants? Our heroine needs her needs fulfilled, It's not just best dressed, beautifully coiffed, bejewelled, trim and active, nubile, flexible, mobile, but adored as well as adorned, cherished and caressed, an eager recipient of good loving that will keep a smile on her lips and a song in her heart. When she looks back, her verdict will be that all the stress and uncertainty were worth it. A lady in public, proud to be proudly shown off, but a comely concubine, an enthusiastic whore in the bedroom. She will be eager to be stroked, fondled, titillated, spread, mounted, and orgasmic. When our heroine realizes that destiny is within reach, she will give voice to her desire to be claimed and on display. I just hope that both of their needs are fulfilled.

The question is when. We are romantics, you and me. We want him to declare her "perfect" and appear at her door bearing gifts to finish her preparations for first night out on his arm? Jewellery, perfume, an expensive wrap, as well as sheer layers of lacy, embroidered silk for afterwards, for an intimate tete a tete, just the two of them? All those things Gigi identified with 'love" in "The Parisians". After all, our voyeur has made our heroine into his vision of perfect and will have come to claim her the moment that

she is the willing object of his desire. To caress her, to fondle her, to fill her in order to fill her up, hearing her gasp, "Yes! Yes!, Oh my God, Yes!"

Now you are getting carried away.

Or would he have her be impeccably coiffed and made up, wearing an elegant, form fitting, evening gown, discretely tucked away underneath a tight laced corset, to be shown to the door of the suite they will occupy after he shows off his comely consort to his "friends and acquaintances?" Publicly claimed, publicly consenting to becoming his perfect possession, the Object of His Affection? All this before her head explodes as she squeals her head off in the grip of an earth-shaking orgasm.

Or could it be that he comes to her after she tells him that if she were truly to become a "perfect" woman, his perfect woman, she would have to be certain of his emotional support. Not a phone call, text messages, a tremendous floral arrangement, but his physical presence waiting for her when she comes out from under the ether after undergoing the procedure. How could she be sure he would be there for her when she looked her worst, to squeeze her hand, to tell her she was his perfect match, when she did not look that way. With no makeup, her hair severely slicked back in a braid, eyes red rimmed from the ether, if he could not come to her before, to hold her, cuddle her, reassure her, when she might present a picture of near perfect sensuality complemented by a "come hither" look of acceptance of being his, his alone. She needs him there, with her, reassuring her that if she were to undergo the "snip, snip" ' procedure for him, she would indeed be his perfect ideal, perfect to make love with, her smile answering the question, "Good for you?" before it is asked.

How perfect.

If so, their coming together would consummate a coming together of minds as well as bodies, with our heroine looking forward to the day she is proud to be proudly displayed on his arm, proud to confirm to one and all she would do anything, knowing she already has, to Stand By Her Man

I just love the way you talk about her.

Don't you wish you were her?

God yes.

I just hope it is soon. Send me the next sound file.

I will, Darling

Click

Week 41

Hello?

I told you never to pull the blinds. Not when you know I'm looking

I don't want you to look at me at the moment.

Sweetheart, that is what I do. That is what I live for.

No tonight.

Pull up the blinds. A problem shared is a problem halved. I am here for you. I am always here.

You're there. You're not here. Not with me.

I am with you. Always. That's it. Thank you from pulling them up. There you are. You've been crying.

Look at what you are doing to me.

I'm looking

Exactly. You just look.

I like to look at you. But something is wrong. There is something you are holding back from me. I know that you don't like it. What is it?

I went to that doctor of yours, that's what

What's wrong Darling? Are you unwell?

I'm sure that you know all about it. You pay him, just like you pay everybody else. I am sure that this is all going to plan. Your plan.

He's your doctor, not mine.

He must have told you.

He can't tell me anything. Medical ethics. You are his patient. But I expect you to tell me. You know how much I care about you. If you are ill, I need to know. What is wrong Darling? What has got you so upset?

I'm not upset. I'm just shaken. Everything has changed.

Talk to me.

He told me that my balls are dead. He told me that they have atrophied or something. They are dead, do you hear me. He said that they need to be removed. There could decay and there could be infection, or cancers or ... I don't know what. But he said they have to go. That's it. Say something. Any thought of life as a man is gone. These hormones have done it. It's just what you wanted.



I want for us both to be happy. You and me.

Well look at me now. Crying again.

When does he want to operate?

Next week. There is a specialist surgeon available.
Specializes in genital surgery.

Next week? That doesn't give you much time to consider your options.

Options? I suppose you want him to cut off my dick as well? Make you a made to measure vagina? Watch me dilate it in front of the window here?

What do you want?

I don't know. I just want somebody to hold me.

I want to hold you.

Do you want me to have a vagina?

I want you to be happy. I want us to be together. It is your decision. You may think that I have forced this on you, but you know that is not true. I have supported you, and I will support you in any decision you make. If you want to keep your sack with plastic balls, I will pay for that. If you want a vagina, I will pay for that. What do you want?

I want a vagina.

What?

You heard me, you bastard. I want a vagina. I want you inside it. Whoever you are. I need you inside me. Clearly you have driven me crazy. All I think about is you and I don't even know what you look like. But I know I am yours. You had me from the beginning. When they remove my nuts I am not a man, so make me a woman.

Darling, we can make that happen.

So, what are you going to do now?

It's what you are going to do. You are going to take off those clothes and slip on something nice. Something light. Something that can be torn off your body. I want you to put your hair up, with a clip so that I can watch it fall.

I don't think I want to play this game tonight.



Tonight this is no game. You are going to be a woman. I want you to be my wife. I am coming over. I am coming over right now.

Oh. Oh. I'll be ready.

Click

Hello. Is that you. You've been crying too? (sniff)

From tears of anxiety to tears of joy and happiness. Is he there? Has he really come over?

I wedged my door open so I didn't miss him. I wanted to see him. He came to the door and knocked and I went out into the hallway and made a show of checking my bag. I saw it all!

Oh, tell me, tell me, tell me.

He's gorgeous. Older than her but tall and handsome. I am so glad that he was not some short fat pervert. He looks like the man we all dream of. A man who knows how to make people like us true women. I am so happy for her.

Did you see her greet him?

Greet him? She took one look at him and jumped into his arms. I tried not to stare, but they did not even see me. I am sure that they saw nothing except one another.

What was she wearing?

A pink peignoir gown over something very sexy. And her hair was up, just like he wanted. I think that she was everything he wanted. Everything.

Just a few changes needed. When do you think they can get her fixed? An orchidectomy in a week's time is credible. It could even be performed as an outpatient procedure. A full transformation would take a bit longer to arrange with some time in hospital before discharge, with home health follow-up visits for dressing changes between clinic visits. Plenty of time for her man and supportive friends to visit and comfort her. People who can assure her that everything will be better now that she is an absolutely perfect. We should go over and introduce ourselves.

Syd, I've been tapping her phone?

She doesn't have to know. We won't say anything. We are just neighbors. Well, you are. I am just a neighbor's friend. We should do it when she's alone. When will that be?

I am at her door now. From the sounds I am hearing she will be busy for a while.

I am coming over right now.

The End

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