Voyeur

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I just like to look. I am not alone in this. I like to watch sex, or women pleasuring themselves. Is that unhealthy? I don’t think so.

Of course, I watched plenty of stuff on my PC. It is always on and I am in front of it most of the time. It is my livelihood for a start. And in my spare time I am a gamer. But somehow watching women on a screen never did it for me. I always felt that something was going on in the room being filmed – like we were not alone, her and me. Do you know what I mean? I just never felt completely comfortable.

I used to go to prostitutes and tell them that I liked to watch. They could pleasure themselves, or I was even happy to watch them having sex with another whore (twice the price) or even a customer (half the price) provided that he did not speak. I just liked watching female orgasms.

I like watching sex – what is wrong with that. Nobody is getting hurt. They are just doing the most natural thing in the world, and so am I. Masturbation is as old as sex – right? Even monkeys do it, so that would make it natural – don’t you think?

Why do people have a problem with voyeurism? People watch other people having fun and get a thrill from that – it has to be a positive thing. I join in, in my own way. Why should that be weird or depraved?

I said I used to go to prostitutes, but that was before Covid 19. The pandemic changed everything. I had to use the screen. It was not what I wanted, but it did have the advantage of me being anonymous.

So why did I seek out Kitty, the girl I used to visit? I am not sure, but I think I was just looking for a familiar face, although hers was not a particularly attractive one. She had an online presence, and she knew what I liked.

“Now everybody is like you,” she said. “There is plenty to watch and much of it is free, but nothing is quite like having somebody do exactly what you ask. Now, what you like to see me do to myself?”

Somehow, despite knowing that she was most likely alone, it was still not like having her in the flesh. I felt that I knew her well enough to tell her.

“This is lockdown,” she snapped. “The only person you can be with in the flesh is yourself. Maybe you should shave your legs and shove something between them and watch yourself in the mirror.”

It was just an angry statement. It was a difficult time for all of us, but for her perhaps even harder. I was not offended, but it did get me thinking.

There I was locked up in my place receiving delivered meal packs and unable to get a haircut – it did not matter what I looked like. What if I could be my own whore? People did crazier things in those conditions. And I had time. And I desperately needed to watch somebody real.

I never would have regarded myself as looking feminine, but you would not call me masculine either. Going through isolation on my own had seen my physical condition deteriorate. My only exercise had been hiking, and locked up that was impossible. My muscles had gone soft and I was carrying a layer of fat. The absence of sunshine had seen my skin turn pale – something that was even more obvious when I shaved my body. I suppose that I discovered very quickly that when I held my penis between my legs, below the neck my body could appear almost female.

Above the neck was something that I felt I could deal with using the mirrors at an angle, so that is how I arranged myself. I decided that this new person sharing my apartment should have a name and one reflecting her essential passive nature, so I called her “Pasha”.

“Play with your breasts, Pasha!” Of course, she did exactly what I asked of her, which I loved, but the problems were obvious. The first thing was that she had no breasts to play with, and her hands were not feminine enough. Then, just when I had found myself able to ignore these things, there was a gasp and a penis fought itself out of constraint and an overly excited male face came into view. The illusion was shattered.

It suddenly seemed such a stupid idea, but that night, as I ran my hands over the smooth body I had created, I wondered how I could make this work.

The lockdown was continuing, and I decided that I had nothing to lose by pushing on and making Pasha more real. Everything was available online and could be delivered without contact. I had bought noting except food and cleaning products so I decided to buy clothes and beauty products.

I had no idea what I was doing, but I decided to access the internet and research “feminization”. It turns out that it is a huge subject and that there are all manner of guides to assist men to become like women. I immersed myself in the task as I suppose many did in those times, to address the boredom.

Everything arrived very quickly. There was feminine underwear and what went underneath it – strapping to seriously conceal my genitals under the panties, and padding and taping to create realistic breasts under the bra. And I had a kit to create feminine hands with extended and painted nails that could cup Pasha’s breasts.

I had taken the extra step of giving Pasha a face and hair. The shock of seeing myself in the mirror had shaken me – it made me feel like a pervert. The idea in my head that I would still use the mirror angled to see only her body respond to my directions, but if I slipped, a glimpse of her face would not be to see myself. I suppose my first efforts towards close shaving, eyebrow shaping and makeup, and arranging my longish hair, were all fairly crude. I got better over time. There was plenty of that - time.

I wondered what it might be like to have a proper makeover. It would be so much better if Pasha looked better than she did. I resolved to make some enquiries and for the first time it seemed to require me to use a female voice. The feminization site had a guide, and the voice recorder function allowed me to listen and improve.

“Of course, we cannot take customers at the moment,” said the lady in the local salon. “But we are taking booking for the day that we are released from this hell. Put your name down and we will call you when we can take you.”

“I am Pasha,” I said, in my girl voice. I gave them my details, but naturally, the call did not come.

It just seemed easier for me to be Pasha around the house. I mean – I was me, but dressed as Pasha. After I had shaved in the morning, I would do my face and hair as best I could and then I had no reason to look in a mirror again, unless I wanted to excite myself.

When I did that, I would simply go to a mirror and tell Pasha what I wanted.

“Pasha – dance for me.” She never refused. “Pasha – insert these suppositories in your ass and push them in with this butt plug.” She would always obey, even though she had never done anything like this, ever.

The suppositories were hormones – estrogen and androgen blockers. I got them through a feminization site. They assured me that they would help to achieve a truly feminine wobble for Pasha’s chest and abdomen, and that proved totally correct. They also improved my general skin and hair, and made it easier for me to tuck away my man bits.

None of this affected my desires. If anything, having Pasha there for my viewing pleasure 24 hours a day and 7 days a week added to them. I mean, I could have my pleasure any time of the day or night, and so I did.

It was never about the erection or the emission, even though that used to happen before Pasha came into my life, or before those hormones entered my bloodstream. The thing about watching is that it might happen to others, but it doesn’t have to happen to me. I would happily call out – “Pasha, stop!” I could turn away as onlookers can. I was not trapped in the act. I was just a witness, and a satisfied one.

I could still get about my work on my computer and screen, but that was now just for work. Pasha was real. Pasha lived with me. I could look at her when I wanted to. I could watch her pleasuring herself and smile as she smiled, gasp as she gasped. It was her, not me.

But she was alone like I was. I started to wonder about what it would be like to watch her having sex with Kitty. It seemed like I had forgotten about Kitty since Pasha had arrived.

“I haven’t heard from you for a while,” said Kitty. “Turn on your camera so I can see you.”

“I would, but I suppose that you could say that I took your advice,” I told her. “You told me that the only person that I could be with in the flesh was myself, and if I wanted a woman I would need to be one, so let me introduce you to Pasha!” I turned on my camera.

“Oh my God, you’re gorgeous,” she said. “Why do men make such good-looking women. It is very discouraging.” Still, she had a smile on her face.

“Maybe I could watch you and Pasha having sex?” I asked. “When this is all over?”

“I would love to, if you’re paying,” she said. “Or I could bring my boyfriend along. I will take a screenshot for him, but I am sure he would love to have sex with Pasha. I am sure you would love to watch it.”

I know that this sounds stupid to say, but the only thought in my head was about me watching Pasha have sex with a man. It was almost as if Pasha had seemed so separate from me that I would just be a watcher and she would just be a woman who would lie down and take a pounding if I demanded that. It was only after I disconnected the call some minutes later that it dawned on me that she was talking about a man sodomizing me and I had enthusiastically agreed.

I was almost relieved to be stuck at home. But the following day all restrictions were suddenly dropped. People stepped out of their homes into corridors and streets as if it was their first time in the light.

I was reluctant to step outside. I watched from the window. It seemed to me that I had lost my identity since my door had shut. Now I was somebody else, but Pasha was in no state to go outdoors. She was like one of those sex dolls – to be kept at home.

Then I received a call from the local salon. “Is that you Pasha? We are inundated with customers, but we are treating all our pre-bookings as priority. We are working late on Thursday to allow time for full makeovers. That’s right – this Thursday. The day after tomorrow.”

I simply had to say yes. This was liberation, and it was my chance to see whether Pasha could make it in the real world. But what she look like when she came home. Would she be as gorgeous as Kitty had joked. I wanted to watch a beautiful woman – what man doesn’t?

Even though the salon was very close to my home I decided that I needed to practice feminine movements so that I could present there as a woman, and I had only 2 days to do that. I also had no real female clothes to wear as Pasha just wore underwear, nighties or robes. I had to wear my tightest jeans and my most colorful shirt. I wore a scarf around my head like man women wore at the time, hiding their off-color hair roots.

I had never set foot in a salon before, or not that I could recall. There were only women there. I decided that I would sit down and let the beauticians work while I watched. It was not just because I like to watch women, which I do, but also Pasha needed to learn.

“Some facial whiskers too?” said the lady doing the facial. “My God, the pandemic has caused so much damage, but we have a laser to fix that. It will sting a little but it will fix this.” I agreed and watched.

“I don’t think you should cut this hair,” said the hairdresser. “We can use this length for a style that will be feminine but low maintenance. Have you thought about going blonde? Or at least a shade or two lighter? Let me do that.” I agreed and watched.

“I will do your nails and put some hand cream in our gift bag. You need to stick to an all over skin regime. Let me show you.” I agreed and watched.

“For just day make up you have overdone things a bit with your makeup,” said the makeup lady. “Let me show you the style that will best suit your face and your eye color, and then I can make some suggestions for evening or party makeup.” I agreed and watched.

Pasha slowly came to life before my eyes. Watching that seemed to be like watching her having sex with Kitty’s boyfriend – a thought that I had not been able to get out of my mind. In its restraint I could feel the man in my groin rising to call out to her. Fortunately, whatever was going on was shielded by he smock I was wearing, but had already resolved that I would be coming back to this place again, and very soon.

When I stepped out of the salon all I wanted was to find a mirror to have the thrill continue. When I found a window that reflected Pasha’s image I lingered there, pretending to window shop. Pasha would wink at me, and my crotch would grow hot. At some stage I must have ejaculated, or more likely quietly oozed from my flaccid penis, because the home set up was wet and sticky when I got home.

I then angled the mirrors up. I did not what to see the monstrous forms below her pubic hair – what I now liked to watch was her gorgeous blonde bob, her big painted eyes and her wonderful teenager titties. Just looking was all that I needed.

Clearly I was infatuated, but how would she look to another man? Would she be desirable? If Kitty’s boyfriend saw me, would he want to have sex with me instead of her? It seemed like there was only one way to answer that question.

But first I needed women’s clothes. It seemed to that I should put the existing contents of my closet in a suitcase and slide it under the bed. I had all the underwear and hosiery I needed, but I needed dresses and skirts, because I had decided that was what Pasha preferred.

The following day Pasha went out shopping. I went to the mall which had plenty of mirrors to keep the place light and busy. I could watch Pasha, as I loved to do. I could catch a glimpse of her all over the place, like the lady in red from a movie except that I chose a blue dress as my first and wore that all day.

That evening I called Kitty.

“We are very busy tonight, for obvious reasons,” she said. “Could you do tomorrow afternoon perhaps? We could make a house call if you like? My boyfriend’s name is Byron. We can be there around then.”

It seemed foolish that I had given my address from the moment I had put the phone down, but it seemed that I was letting Pasha make the decisions. She needed to take directions from me. I was there to watch her, and what is the use in having a watcher if you don’t do as he tells you.

I was very strict with Pasha that night. I had her put some large objects inside herself with some discomfort, but she needed to respond to commands. To soothe her we used a colonic irrigation kit. I watched her and enjoyed it immensely.

I went to bed as her, and I woke up as her. It now seemed that this was how it was going to be, and I was not at all unsettled by it. I had bought extra mirrors because I was no longer afraid to see a man reflected back. It was only her in the house. It was like I was behind every mirror, watching.

The doorbell rang. I checked my hair and makeup and I opened up to Kitty and Byron. I am not sure what I expected Byron to be like, but he did not look like a brute or a pimp. He was dressed casually but well, and he was shaven and tidy, and he was grinning.

“I have heard all about you, Pasha,” he said.

It was the first time I had heard a man use that name, excluding myself. He used all his lips to say it, almost as if it was a kiss then a pout. It made me tremble slightly.

“What would you like to do first?” said Kitty. “Why don’t you and me get naked and do a little girl on girl, and the men can watch.”

She referred to another man as well as Byron. The man behind the mirror. Me. I loved it. I took her through to the bedroom with all the new mirrors, including one on the ceiling over the bed.

“Oh, you have boobies!” she said. “They are so cute. Let me lick them.”

I wanted to keep my panties on. Kitty understood why. We played around. Pasha looked across and over her shoulder then Kitty’s shoulder. I was watching. Pasha was just so beautiful, or at least to me she was. Kitty seemed tired ad tawdry by comparison.

“When do I get my turn,” said Byron. Suddenly I realized that he was naked. His body was muscled and hairy – nothing like mine. He was a man. I was not. I was Pasha in life and the voyeur behind the mirror in another dimension. “Would you like me to fuck you, Pasha?”

“Could you make love to me instead,” came the reply. It was Pasha talking. It sounded lame. It was like a plea that an innocent girl might make. Men fuck and girls dream of being made love to.

“Sure,” said Byron. “You lie back Honey, and we can put this pillow under your butt. We will be face to face. That is how people make love.”

He entered me. Pasha was begging for it, but I was uncertain. But he was in all the way, and perhaps due to the previous day it was relatively painless. Byron was moving in and out with slow strokes.

I wanted to watch. I needed to look past his face to the mirror on the ceiling. I wanted to see Pasha being railed – I wanted to see her pleasure and make it mine.

“Look at me Honey,” said Byron. Don’t look past me. Look at the man who is going to fill you up and take you to heaven. Then close your eyes and feel me. Making love is about feeling it – feeling everything. Can you feel this … and this … and … Oh Jesus!”

When he orgasmed my eyes were closed, or rolled back in my head – but I was not watching, I was feeling.

I knew then that my days as a voyeur were over. Watching is not enough. Pasha needs to feel.

The End

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