Hers and His

A Short Story from Two Perspectives

By Maryanne Peters

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| I was drunk at the drag bar. We both were – Mitch and me. He was doing something, and I ended up talking to one of the “girls”. I let my guard down, for the first time ever. It was just that she was so beautiful, so feminine, so clearly a woman. And yet, somewhere under there, was a man, just like me.  How could she do it? I must have asked her.  She must have recognized something in me without me saying anything. Or perhaps I let something slip. I don’t know exactly how the conversation turned around to my issue. That issue.  Before I knew it, I was spilling my guts – telling her all about it. All about myself and my problem.  I saw Mitch chatting up somebody in the corner. I should have gone over to join him. I could do what he was doing. I could pretend. Instead I was listening to a stranger tell me about the miracle of hormone therapy and what it had done for her. I just felt jealous for what she had. Jealous! | I often wonder if it was me that set Kim off on this path. I am not sure if he had ever been to a drag show until I took him to one a few weeks after he broke up with Gail.  The fact is that I was keen for the company. My marriage to Lily had finished a year before and I was on my own. All of our other friends were still married and at home with their wives. I had been trawling bars and using Tinder to find women for sex, but Kim said that he was not up for that. The drag show was just an amusement rather than a titillation, and the audience would not be targets, although many of them were women, in rowdy groups.  As it was, I did end up talking to a bunch of women on a girl’s night out, while Kim was deep in conversation with a performer mixing with members of the audience after a performance.  She was a guy, although is would be easy to be mistaken. We had seen her on stage, strutting her stuff and lip-syncing to some song. I had no idea what they were talking about, but it looked pretty intense. |
| I felt that I needed to talk to Mitch about my feelings. He had struck out with finding free sex, so I invited him back to my place for one last drink.  He was talking about “the trannies” he had seen. He was not necessarily being abusive, but it was getting under my skin.  I said to him: “You don’t understand. How could you? You’re not like that. I am.”  The words just came out. I am not sure if it even registered. Not at first anyway. He just carried on drinking. I had just bared my soul and he was ignoring me.  “Maybe you should meet the real me,” I said to him. | We had no luck in finding girls that night. It didn’t help that he was not even trying. Somehow, I found myself going back to his place. When you don’t have a wife to go home to and have her shout at you for going out, you are looking for any kind of company while you are still awake. Kim said we should share a drink at his place. I agreed  We were just talking shit and I may have said something derogatory about the show we had been to. I mean, I got nothing out of it, or the people watching it.  “You don’t understand,” Kim said. “I am a tranny just like them.”  I heard the words. I could not believe it. I did my best to ignore it.  “I’ll dress up for you,” he said. |
| I could see that it was awkward for him to agree, but I felt that I needed somebody to help me with this. I had talked to the transwoman at the drag show and got the name of a “Transformation Boutique”. She said that it would give me a chance to see whether I might be able to pass.  “You can be trans and proud,” she said. But sometimes you just want to pass.  So it needed to be somewhere public, but a nice hotel bar. | We were close, Kim and me. We had known one another for years and with us both being alone, we kept company with one another, and shared the pain of finding ourselves alone in our thirties. It was clear to me that I should be there for him. If he wanted to dress up for somebody it might as well be me.  But he wanted to do it in public. He wanted to get some kind of man to woman makeover and then meet me, and maybe go for a drink. It was asking me if I would go on a date with a tranny. I would never do it – not for anybody but Kim |
| I booked an afternoon makeover, and arranged to meet Mitch at a bar nearby. I could walk there, as a woman, have a drink and maybe a meal, and then get a cab home. I was crazy nervous the whole day. But they told me that I had fine features and good cheekbones. They were more confident than I was.  I was shocked at how good I looked. And they said that I moved well too. Walking to the bar was easy. Then Mitch did not seem to recognize me when I walked in. I had to give him a dainty little wave. The look on his face was so priceless I almost burst out laughing, but it would have been a man’s laugh so I kept it in check.  “You look beautiful,” he said. “You look every inch a woman.” And that felt so good.  I ordered a glass of champagne to celebrate. | I have looked at some before and after stuff since that night. I guess some guys can pass as women more easily that others, but I never thought Kim would be one of those. I was totally unprepared for the person who walked into the bar. She (because I have to call her that) walked in wearing  I suppose I did a bit of a double take. I could not believe that this was Kim, grinning at me like the cat got the cream.  She said: “Do you think I look Good enough?”  I said: “You look fine. In fact, you look like a woman.” Which is about the best thing you can say to somebody who wants to look like a woman.  She sounded like a woman too, when she ordered her drink. |
| I could see that it was difficult for him seeing me dressed as a woman, let alone a woman who clearly looked batter than either of us would have thought. He led the way to the back of the bar and I followed.  I explained that I wanted him to see me as a woman because this was who I was. I was not a man at all. I had always been a woman. I was not dressed as one – I had simply shed my male skin, and I never wanted to pull it back over myself ever again.  I had to expect that he would have trouble accepting it. He said: “Bt you were a guy, married like me?”  I told him that I had tried – so very hard. But it was all an act.  He asked whether I was going to have my cock chopped off. It was an awful thing to say, but it brought it home to me like a punch in the mouth. If I wanted to do this – if I wanted to be a woman, then that part of me would need to go. I told him yes. | We moved to quiet back booth. I am not sure that it was necessary. I guarantee not a soul in the place would have guessed that this was a guy. But she said that she wanted to talk about her gender thing.  “Is this the right place for that?” I asked. I mean, it was in public.  She said that it might be just as weird at home. Then she started talking about always having felt that she was female, and needing to “become the person I am on the inside.”  I said something like: “But I know you inside and out. Sure as hell you don’t look like it now but you’re a guy. You were married like me. You are normal. Don’t tell me that you want to have your cock chopped off?  I thought that he would say something like: “Hell no. I just like dressing up.” But instead he said: “It’s called vaginoplasty. And yes, in time, that is what I want. |
| I could see that he was shocked. But he knew that I was serious. I told him that I had planned my transition and the I would be starting by going to work on Monday as a woman. It really was an acceleration of my plans, but it seemed like revealing myself to Mitch was the hardest thing, and that everything else would be easy by comparison. I talked about talking to my employer.  “Are you going to be using the ladies restrooms?” he asked.  Why it this thing such a big deal for guys? It is like they think that we might be regular guys dressed as women to be voyeurs. I had to make it clear that I was putting my maleness behind me. I told him that I would be going on hormones as soon as I could get a prescription. | He made a very attractive woman. I will not deny it. I think that it all went to his head. He said that night that he was going to do what he called “transition” starting the following week. He had to clear it with his boss. I mean there had to be things like which restroom to go to and stuff like that. Regular women might be concerned.  He said that he had to buy some clothes and stuff, but he had some tips from the ladies at the transformation place – if they were ladies. And then he said: “And I will need to go on hormones.”  Do they just give you those things if you ask for them?” I asked.  I guess we are going to find out,” he said |
| I know it was difficult for Mitch when I first started my transition proper. I felt that I needed to give him a little space. Besides, there were issues at work, but my boss was surprisingly cool with it. I felt that I just needed to work harder. It was like they say, being a working woman is sometimes about being better than a man at your job. It is even harder for a transwoman.  When Mitch called and suggested that we catch up, I was really happy. I needed some time away from the job and I was keen to show him that in a few weeks I had made huge advances in my transition to being a woman.  “We have a lot to talk about,” I said.  “Let’s make it dinner,” he said. Like a date, I thought. Weird. | I guess I felt a bit lonely for a week or two after that. I was giving her space, as I saw it. But then it was just me. We had been the two new bachelors after our wives had gone, and it is always hard to mix with other couples as a single, even if they will risk offending my ex by inviting me anywhere. I missed the company of Kim. So I admit that I called her  She sounded crazy keen to get together. I must confess I felt a little uncomfortable. The voice was the new girly voice and some of the words sounded like this person was nothing like the Kim I had always known.  She suggested dinner. I have to say that would have just preferred drinks and a burger. I was hoping that we might make a night of it. I was mighty sick of TV. Anyway, I said Okay. |
| I got dressed up. Why wouldn’t I? I had been wearing business clothes at work, but I had been getting increasingly confident and felt that I had found my groove. Part of day wear is about keeping it understated and being restrained with things like make up. But for evening I felt that more make up was in order.  I decided that it was time to rock my own hair too. I had been wearing a simple bob wig at work but growing my hair underneath and using treatments. So I went to the salon and said I was ready to go blonde.  I shaved my legs and I decided to go for a short dress and little bit of heel to show off my legs. The hormones had worked quickly to cover the muscle and the legs looked good.  I could see him gasp as he saw me approaching. I felt great. It was the ultimate acceptance. I could see that my old pal Mitch had no more doubts: His friend Kim was now a woman. | She was late and I started to worry about whether this was such a good idea. It was almost like a date. Maybe even a blind date, although I had seen her before.  Then she walked in. She looked very different from the last time. I mean, she looked confident. She was wearing a dress that showed off great legs, and she had eye makeup on that looked great. Also I noticed that she was clearly not wearing a wig. Her hair was not that long and had been colored blonde and had some waves, I guess. Anyway, it was woman’s hair. And it was brushed off her face, not with the bangs like the wig.  “I am having no trouble passing at work now,” she said. “I think 90% of it is in my own head. As long as you think you are just pretending to be a woman, you will never be accepted as one. I am a woman.”  “I believe you,” I said. |
| If there were any reservations on his part, he had clearly decided that he would deaden them with drink. I am not going to be critical. I had done the same thing with him many times before, when we both had problems we wanted to share or snuff out with booze. But I knew that I had to be careful. With a reduced body mass I could get drunk too easily.  The funny thing was that as I looked him I wondered why I had always thought of us as being quite similar in many ways, but I now realized how different we were in one important way. I was a woman, and he was a man. I could see in him everything in a man that exasperates a woman, but also everything that a woman might find charming and attractive in man – including the bluster. I felt somehow closer to him than ever, but in a different way. I agreed to stay over at his place. | We decided to make a night of it, or I did at least. I some ways it seemed to me more like farewelling an old friend rather than greeting a new one. I called her “Kim” more than buddy or pal, because things were different. But she had a name that was both male and female, so that made it less weird.  I drank too much, but not because I needed to. And I was conscious that she was avoiding drunkenness, although as the night wore on it also seemed she was not successful in that. I suppose it made me feel protective of her.  Male or female, I was not going to let her go home alone in that state. My place was closer so I suggested that she stay over. Friends look after one another, and nobody could deny that we were that. |
| I woke up in his arms. It should have been a dream come true – my first date as a woman to end up with a man holding me, but my first reaction was guilt. It seemed to me that I had turned my best friend gay, and did not want him to be gay.  I was not looking for a relationship with Mitch other than to reaffirm or renew our friendship. If there was to be a new woman in his life then he deserved a full woman – being one who could bear his children. I could never do that. Even before he woke I started to get a little upset. I must have shivered a little which woke him up.  He said: “We didn’t do anything except sleep together.” But he said it in a warm way that sounded slightly disappointed.  I told him that I was not expecting anything from him except his understanding, but I really wanted much, much more.  He said: “I will always be here for you.” | I guess that in that situation we all wake up thinking that everything is going to be shit. She is going to look terrible; both of you are going to be embarrassed, and your friendship is going to be irreparably damaged.  I could not see her face. My face was in her hair. She seemed small and fragile in my arms. There was no doubt that this was a woman curled up on the sofa where we had both fallen asleep. But then I realized that she was awake, and that there was a tear running down her face.  I said to her, to reassure her: “Why are you crying? We didn’t do anything. We just shared a couch.  She said that she needed understanding from me and that was all. I told her that she would always have that from me.  She said: “I will always be here for you.” |
| Things changed for me after that. To be held by a man led me to decide that now was the time to make real changes. I booked in for breast implants. I had a good amount if breast tissue from the hormones, but I knew what Mitch liked  I am not saying that I was pursuing Mitch. It was not like that. Not then anyway. I just needed to reaffirm that I was a woman, and nothing does that like tits.  I figure that if you are going to go under the knife then why not get a few other thinks fixed while you are under general anaesthetic. I wanted my brow and hairline done. I had been growing my hair but I really wanted to be able to pull it off my face and show that I could be beautiful. I did not want to use hair to hide myself. I had my ears pierced and I wanted to wear earrings and have people see them.  I booked in with a tope surgeon and had all the work done in an afternoon, but it would take days for his work to heal. The pain seemed minimal, in particular if it was weighed against the results that he said I could expect. I was excited.  I stayed in touch with Mitch, but I did not want him to see me until I was healed. Then I wanted the reveal to be in private so I asked him to come around to my apartment.  I had been admiring myself in the mirror for most of the afternoon. I had bought a black bra to show off my new assets and a short black peignoir robe to go with it. I still had to wear heavy black control pants but I could not resist trying on some black stockings and my new black heels.  When he came to the door, I felt compelled to strike a pose to show off the new me. | That was not the reason why we had over a month with little contact other than a call or two. I meant what I said.  Then she called me out of the blue to tell me that she had a surprise for me. She said that it was a new look. She wanted to run it past me. She said that I should come around to her apartment. I could go straight up and come in. Then she called me into the bedroom.  What I saw stunned me.  “It’s a new hair color, and do you notice anything else that is different about me?” she said.  image |
| He was shocked. I was not expecting that, but the moment I saw the look on his face I knew that it was all wrong. I was drressed as if I wanted to seduce him, and lying on my bed. It was just that my boobs looked so good in the mirror. I wanted him to say something like: “You’ve got a great pair of tits there, Pal.” How stupid of me. How embarassing for him.  I suggested that I get changed and go out, but he was not keen.  He said that my boobs looked great and he had noticed that there was something different about my face, and it looked good. He never said that he liked the look. I suppose I was a little pissed, but I thanked him for whatever compliment that was.  He looked tired. Maybe I was too hard on him. He said that he was going straight home to get an early night. Something about some pressure at work getting him down.  Here was I expecting God knows what from him and my best friend was crying out for some support. He had given me that in spades, and it seemed that the least I could do was offer something in exchange.  I said that I could come around after work on Friday. We could spend the weekend togrther. I would cook him a meal. We did not have to go out. He seemed pleased by the idea.  Maybe I had visions of engaging my friend in some kind of housewife fantasy. He had a house on the Rise. It was only two bedroom and it was a bit of mancave with a pooltable where the dining table shold be, but it was more of a home than my apartment.  I said that I would be around after work Friday. | Did I ever really know Kim? I had always thought that he was a man, just like me. Even when he was in a dress and behaving in a feminine way, he was still the Kim I thought I knew, just with a problem that he was working his way through. And I was there to help him, like I said.  But seeing him on the bed like that made me realize that I never knew Kim. Kim was a woman. The guy I knew was just a front – a pretence needed to make her way through a world that could never understand.  I felt that I needed to get to know this person. I had to start from scratch.  But was she coming on to me?  She must have guessed my discomfort. Even if I did not know her, she knew me. I had not changed. At least I did not think I had.  “The outfit is just to show you what I had done,” she said. “I will just slip on a dress and we’ll go out … if that’s what you want.”  I said that I had had a hard day at work and I was just happy to flag it that night. I said that there was heavy pressure on at work, which was partly true. But I said that the breasts were great, and whatever she had had done to her face was good too.  She smiled but she seemed a little uncertain. I had that feeling that guys always have around women. You know – where you know you must have said something wrong but you don’t know what. It seemed to confirm it – I was in the presence of a woman.  I said that we should catch up on Friday. She could come around to my place after work, and we could spend the weekend together. |
| Travel plans  I called out and Mitch was in the shower. There was a mirror in the hall. I knew I looked good. I had taken to wearing 3 inch heels to work and I wore tight dresses that showed off my new body shape, and hairstyles that showed off the new angles of my face. But when Mitch walked into the room where I had taken a seat, I was not ready for the reaction.  It was physical. Can there be anything more pleasing for a woman? To know the effect you can have on a man just by sitting there? And not just any man, but a man whom I respected.  “I came over to help you relax, so I suppose that has to start right now,” I said. “If you would allow me?” | I was in the shower when she came to the door so I yelled out for her to take a seat. I came into the lounge with just a towel around me and there she was. She had come straight from work and she was wearing a dress that looked very professional and her hair was tied back. She was wearing heels again. Her legs looked great. She looked great  You know how things are when you are just out of a hot shower. You are relaxed and your skin is a little sensitive. There was not supposed to be an erection. A towel cannot hide it, and to grope to conceal it just makes it worse. She saw it and she smiled.  Then I saw the wheelie bag.  She said: “I came to look after you for the weekend Mitch, but I wasn’t meaning in that way.” She was pointing at the tent in my towel.  I confess that it had not appeared in isolation. It has only been a couple of nights in bed since I saw her in her apartment, but those nights were fitful. Once I had realized that she was a stranger in so many ways, and that she was a woman, I started to fixate on having sex with Kim. Not with my best friend Kim – that would be weird – but this new beautiful sexy creature, Kim.  She said: “If you will allow me.” I almost came on the spot. But she stood up and walked over and pulled aside the towel. She reached down and took my cock in her hand. In those heels we were face to face – nose to nose. What do you do when beautiful blonde has your cock in her hand and her lips so close to yours that you can feel the hot breath from her nostrils?  You kiss her. |
| I had never even touched a man’s cock before that afternoon, excluding the one I once had, of course. But that weekend made me understand that the only cock I wanted was Mitch’s, and I wanted it in any part of me he could put it.  I my journey I was even prepared to be a lesbian, but if I had been I would never have been Mitch’s woman, and I now know that is what I want.  It was not that I always wanted to be that. I did not nurse some secret fantasy of being reamed by my best friend. We were genuine friends as two men. But when I realized my change and he saw me as a woman, I knew that their was nobody else. I would always compare any man that I might have a relationship, to Mitch, and they would be found wanting.  I knew him. As he said it, I was the one who changed, and that changed everything else.  I wanted to get the bottom surgery as soon as possible. That meant bringing my plans forward. I had always thought that there would be no sexual partner until I was post op, but that is not how it worked out.  I wanted him to be there for the consultations before surgery, but he said that he would prefer not to. Guys can be squeamish I guess. I had some support from the Trans-Network. I would never begrudge Mitch for not being there through the operation, so long as he was there when I woke up – and he was.  He bought me some underwear. I cried when I saw it. Tiny panties in embroidered mesh that could only ever be worn with a front just like the one I now had. Plus a vagina which I told Mitch would soon be all his. | She was booked for the big surgery and she wanted me there for her. It seemed like something that no man should ever be asked to have anything to do with. When a baseball player gets a fastball in his nuts we all turn away and wince. Who is going to be waiting while somebody has their entire junk turned inside out? But what it really felt like was that I did not want to know what had been there before. She was mine now, and I just wanted her to be whole.  And then she was. After she had healed, there she was lying on our bed wearing the sexiest underwear I could find and rocking it. I could not wait to get between her thighs, but there would be a waiting period. It would involve something called “dilation” and I was a willing help.  image  “Be patient, it will soon be you,” she said. |
|  | This is my Kim now, wearing one of her old shirts.  “Do I look like a guy in this shirt?” she says.  How could she. She isn’t a man. She never was one. |

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2021