Nights with the Boys

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

The thing about college football is that it can build a tight group of friends. If you play together for those years and you experience the wins and the losses, the highs and the lows, you build bonds. But most of all it is the bond of being involved in contact sport. People know that tackles and blocks are going to hurt, but you do that for your team. When a guy gets to his feet out of a pile of bodies sore all over, you know that he went in for the team, that means he did it for you. That makes things different. I guess it is like bonds forged in battle. You are ready to bleed for the guy beside you. We were tight.

People would say that there were no two tighter pals in our team than John and Dave. They were not alike. John was a big line forward and Dave was a slight but nimble and fast running back. It was just that when they left college they both ended up working for the same company and they lived in the same suburb. They shared a ride in to work most days.

John and Dave both had girlfriends, and even had them living in with them for a bit, but neither were married when all this went down. Neither had I, nor some of the other guys. Some of us enjoyed our independence. When the call came for us to meet at some bar and try to drink it dry, I always had my hand up pretty quick, along with John and Dave.

Some nights we would drink and we would talk. Don’t ask me what we drank or what we talked about. I only know that it was fun, and we always looked forward to the next one, usually about four to six weeks following. It was not like we were big drinkers outside these “nights with the boys”. This was our chance to set aside the seriousness of life and take us back to simpler time, when the most complex thing was a Bootleg Play and the biggest joy was a touchdown dance.

Then one of those nights Dave threw a hand grenade into our little party. That is the only way to describe it. It went something like this …

“I have something serious to tell you guys.” We had just been giving the waitress with the big tits a pretty hard time in a fun kind of way. We were still chuckling and Dave felt it was the time to get serious. To be honest I was half expecting a joke. “I am transgender.” He had our attention. “I am going to be transitioning to living as a woman. Actually, I have started already. I am just letting you guys know that when we next get together, I will be Diana, and I’ll be a woman.”

We all just sat silent. It was like the explosion had already happened and we were just corpses sitting around – sitting at the high table in the middle of the Roadhouse Bar with open mouths. This was no joke. Dave was not like that. This was serious. This was happening.

I am fairly sure that I was not the only one who looked at John as if to ask – ‘why didn’t you warn us?’ But it was clear that just like us, this was a total surprise to him.

“Fuck off, Dave. What are you talking about?” It was John who spoke first.

“I’m serious, Buddy.” Dave looked squarely at John, and then around the table. “I wanted to tell you before I told anyone … except my mother. It was hard enough for her to take, but you guys are my closest friends, so I thought that you should know. I suppose that for some of you this will change everything, but for me it doesn’t.”

“I think it might,’ said John.

But we talked about it after that. Dave told us that he had always felt this way – the woman in a man’s body thing. He had done his best to bury it, partly because he did not want to upset his family but partly because it made him feel like a freak to have such thoughts. He took up football and other sports to help him put aside these thoughts. He had relationships with women, and sex as any man would, but to him that all seemed weird.

“I was just pretending,” he said. “But I have never pretended about you guys. You will always be my friends – my best friends.”

When somebody says something like that it is just impossible to push them away and say something like - “hey, no room for gay or whatever, in this group”. He still seemed like one of us who had revealed that he was going through some serious shit. It would have been the same if he said that he had cancer, or even schizophrenia – pals as close as we were would be there to offer support.

Of course it seemed a little weird even that night, but when we got back together the following month, it was definitely weird.

I guess some of us thought that Dave would turn up in a wig and a dress, and we would all say something like “looking good” and grin, but that was not our first glance of Diana.

She walked in late, she later said that it was “to make an entrance”. She was wearing tight jeans and espadrilles and a colored top with some flouncy shoulders to hide width. There was no wig – it was Dave’s hair which now made sense as to how it had been slicked back the last few times he had been with us. Diana wore it is a glossy and bouncy blond bob, that she had been growing for half a years and concealing. The same was true for her bust. The flouncy top was cut just a little low in front, but clearly revealed a pair of breasts.

I suppose that we were all just confused. It was like Dave had a twin sister, and she had turned up in his place. She wore a little makeup, but nothing too much. And yet she did not look like a guy dressed as a girl. There was some sharp angles to the face that would soften in the months to come, but otherwise any manliness seemed to have disappeared.

“I can start with beer but then I may have to move to wine,” she said, in a voice that was practiced and almost feminine. Again, that would improve over time. “But then I might move to wine. I have to watch my figure. These female hormones can make you pack on the pounds. I am working on having a good figure.”

I think all of us saw her run those hands over her butt and I for one felt a little turned on, despite everything.

“You guys would not believe what I have been going through with body hair removal,” she said. She displayed a soft smooth arm, and then pulled her blouse a little to show the smooth flesh of her cleavage. Some guys gulped. I think I did.

“That is something that there is no sense in discussing with us,” said John. He was smiling, but he was setting the rules. We were the guys, and we talk guy stuff, and that includes her now. She smiled back. Like I said John and Dave were the closest, and this new look was not going to change that.

But who were we kidding? Maybe that night we could, as that was early days in what she called her “transition”. But with every time we got together on a night with the boys, Diana was a little bit more feminine.

It was not like she was trying to be either. I mean, these were our nights together so she would always dress down a bit, I guess. She always said that she needed to make it clear that she looked like a woman, but not as a woman on the prowl. She wore feminine but sensible stuff, but she did look like a woman, that is for sure.

Anyway, it must have been six months in I guess – maybe our fifth evening with Diana as one of the boys and we started talking about how she was getting on at work. She said that she had a shitty week with some guy giving her a hard time. I think that we all must have thought it was some guy accusing our pal or being a cross-dressing pervert, and I for one was ready to find this guy and give him something nasty. But that was not it. This guy at work had no idea that Diana was not a real woman and was pursuing her for a date – relentlessly.

John was getting more upset than I was. But then he said – “What were you wearing at work?”

“What kind of a question is that Buddy,” said Diana, clearly upset. “A woman can where what she likes at work, and that includes me now. But it was the blue dress.”

“You do look hot in that dress,” said John. “There are guys around the table who might have made a pass too. Don’t forget where you came from.”

That silenced everything. I could see that Diana was gasping a little. It was like she wanted to say something to remind us that she was still one of us, but she wasn’t. John was giving her the chance to reclaim her place, but by doing that she was saying that sexual harassment at work was OK.

But it also disclosed to us that John had seen her in the blue dress, and maybe in other dresses as well. He had seen her looking hot. He had been with her outside nights with the boys. So why not? Like I said, we all knew that they were close, so why not see Diana more often?

“Maybe we should all see you in this blue dress and tell you whether we are with you on this, or with the molester,” I said. I said it with a smile. It was to break an awkward moment. It was also to take away from John and Diana a potential argument that should never have happened between them, or between any two of us for that matter.

“OK,” said Diana. “I will come straight from work next time, and I will wear the outfit that you say excuses bad behavior.” That was for John.

“Let’s do it next week,” I said. “I don’t think I can wait a month.” I was curious, and my comment received unanimous approval. We arranged to meet the following week.

On the day Diana was late. The rest of us got to talking. No, none of us had seen Diana outside nights with the boys … except John.

“I learned about this transgender thing the same time that you did,” John confirmed. “But sure, I felt that I needed to offer some kind of support. I suppose that I was worried that he was facing this alone. But she has support from others in a similar situation. I am just there to tell her the truth – to confirm that she looks good when she does. That is what we all do – right? We can count on one another to be honest with each other.”

“She looked hot in that dress?” Somebody repeated back the words John had said the previous week. It was a tease – who would ever say that one of the guys looked hot?

“See for yourself,” said John, motioning towards the door.

He had seen her first. The blue dress hugged her figure and put her legs on display, long and shapely, and even longer in the black heels. The breasts were on display too, confirming that what we had only glimpsed on previous outings must surely be implants, full and pert. Her hair was up in a business-like do but with a tendril dropping down. The makeup was there too, accentuating the sparkling eyes and the sensuous lips.

We just watched in awe-struck silence as she walked over and took a seat next to John, leaving a slight trail of fragrance along the path she had taken that must surely have been the scent of a love potion bewitching male minds.

It was not a new sight for John. His look was one of pride, which seemed a little out of place.

“What are you drinking?” said John.

“Dressed like this it will have to be wine. A chardonnay?” It was not the voice we were used to either. The Diana who had been one of the boys spoke in a higher tone, but reminiscent of the person she was. This was a woman’s voice, and could be nothing else.

John did not have to get up. One of our number volunteered to arrange the wine glass and scurried off, perhaps taking the opportunity to empty his balls in the john. I admit that I too, was aroused.

“My creepy admirer was not at work today,” she said. She had a purse and opened it to pull out a compact and check her lipstick. It had to be deliberate. She was making a point. “It didn’t stop other men from staring,” she said, to a table full of staring men. “But this outfit is professional don’t you think? Sure I have invested a good sum on a new body shape, so you cannot blame me for showing it off – right?”

“It’s a great outfit,” said John. “Isn’t it, Boys?”

We all nodded and muttered agreement.

“It is a great look,” I volunteered. “John was right - You do look hot in that dress. But can I just ask, for the sake of the rest of us, next time you are out on a night with the boys, maybe tone it down a little bit?”

She smiled. Then she looked across at John, as if demanding that he should say something.

“He Guys. We all enjoy these nights out - right?” We knew all knew that John was about to say something important. “I don’t want them to stop, but they may need to expand a little – be a little more inclusive. It is just that … well, Diana and me … we are close as you know =, and what with one thing an another … well, we are an item now. It is just that this is the woman for me – the one you are looking at now. I won’t ask her to pretend to be something she is not. None of us would – right?”

He was right.

It was just that nights with the boys would never be the same after that.

The End

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