Finding Me

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I was a normal man until I reached the age of forty. That was when I discovered TG Fiction.

What happened to me could happen to anybody. I was laid off at work and I went free-lancing working out of my home office. Some people say that sounds great. Actually, I ended up making the same money – maybe even a little more. But my wife said that the lack of social interaction, or whatever it was, made me “insular” or just plain weird.

There is no doubt that with your screen in front of you, without the NSFW restriction, and maybe just in a pair of boxers and a tee-shirt, well …, it’s not healthy. You start looking at stuff and reading stuff that should not interest you at all, but it does.

My wife left. I mean, she got interested in another guy and she took the kids and left. Even more sad than that – I barely noticed. I sort of loved her, and I certainly loved my kids, but somehow, after she left, I really did not miss her. My kids called me often and (to be honest) we talked more than we did when they were living with me.

But the reason I seemed not to care was that my head was in another place – the TG place.

Originally, I thought: Who reads this stuff? I could understand that there were trans people who didn’t actually dress up or live as women, so they read about others of their kind doing it. I suppose there are normal guys who like the idea of having sex with girls who used to be guys, or just guys who like to think they are girls. So why was I reading it?

When I tried to rationalize it back then I was thinking that I was hungry for something exotic. It seemed like it could be that old tale of a guy facing middle age and wondering if there was not a whole lot of things that he should try before it is too late. Crazy things.

All the TG fiction that you find talks about it. You know – you shave your legs and slip on some stockings and your whole world changes. Get some heels on and just walk around the house and check yourself in the mirror.

The world had not changed for me when I tried that, but it did get me wondering about what I would look like fully clothed – fully dressed as a woman.

I mean, I did do the dressing at home. I bought some stuff online from one of the sponsors of one of the sites. It arrived and I thought that I was supposed to be excited, but I wasn’t. I just left it in the box. I suppose that I was trying to prove a point. I did not feel like one of those guys gagging to dress up.

When the time came I just put on the latex body shaper and then the dress and the wig and I followed to make up tutorial. I looked like the picture, so that was pleasing. But the picture and the reflection were not me.

So once you have done that, what comes next? The makeover – right? Click over to the resources section and find the nearest transformation boutique. It is just so easy. Lots of people must be doing it. How could these places survive without the customers? Somehow know that you are only as weird as a bunch of others makes it easier.

When I booked in for that transformation, I had exactly one dress – one. I had just that and the underwear and stockings that had arrived with the package, but nothing else. The point is that I was not a crossdresser. I was I suppose “TG Curious”. I wanted to understand what it was all about.

I went in for the transformation and I said just that – “What would I look like if I was a woman?” I just sat there while they did their thing. I imagine that some guys might have their hand on their cock the whole way through, but it was not like that. I just wanted to see what I would look like if had been born into the other sex.

You watch it happening, so it is not supposed to be a shock, but for me it was. I saw myself as if I really was female. I am not saying that I was beautiful, although they did their best – what I saw was another version of me. It made me realize that I disliked the man I was – if you can understand that?

They took some photos. It was part of the deal. They asked if I would like to go outside and strut my stuff, but I was not ready for that. I asked for them to undo it all, which they did. They had shaped my eyebrows a little, but they roughed those up to look male.

I think that they felt that I was unhappy, but I wasn’t. With their help I felt that I understood myself a little better. It was just that I had seen her, and met her and I had the images to prove it. Was that enough?

I went home and looked at some tranny porn. It was pretty “girls” taking it up the ass and making girly whispering noises and clearly enjoying it so much. I tried to think of myself as being one of the guys giving it to them, but I couldn’t. I just found myself wondering what it would be like to be them, under a man and loving it.

I had never had a gay thought in my life … well maybe one or two – but I had to wonder what receiving anal sex was like. I bought a dildo online – just a beginners size. I shaved my legs and my pubes leaving just a small patch, and I put on stockings. I douched and lubed up and I warmed the tool as was suggested, and I shoved it up inside me.

It was good. I am not going to say that it blew my mind, but it was pleasant. I worked the tool and my cock and I came in a hand towel. Did this make me gay? I just looked at the glamor shot from the transformation boutique. Women receive anal. I felt more woman than gay man - if that makes any sense?

I started to read up about transitions and the miracle of hormones. This was not porn. These were real people telling of their experiences. They were transwomen – women in the body of a man.

Then there were some others who seemed to live in a space between being gay men and transwomen. Many of them described themselves as “sissies”. Was that what I was? Would it be sufficient for me to just dress super feminine and pleasure myself anally while imagining that a was dominated by a man?

The whole transition thing got me hooked. It seemed it was like being addicted to a soap opera, or maybe more than one. Somebody is placed in a challenging situation, and they seek acceptance and deal with abuse and reversal, and you follow them through it. There is tension and emotion, and occasional tales of love and even romance. And you feel part of it, sort of.

I wanted to feel even closer, so I reached out to some of these people. I told them that I was transgender just like them, but nowhere near as pretty and as confident as they were. Some recommended chat forums so I joined those too. I said that my chosen name was Rose and that I was 25, because that seemed closer to the age of those I was talking too.

There were older people in transition, around my age, but it seemed to me that they had been wrestling with gender dysphoria for decades whereas I was only starting to discover what it really meant. Surely that would make me closer to the younger people? It seemed to me that they were only just discovering what it meant to be out of place in the body they were into.

If I was just curious, then why was a drawn to these people? Perhaps I was beginning to doubt that my male body was the right one for me? I denied that at the time.

In all the messages and online chat people seemed to dwell on two major subjects – the effects of Hormone Replacement Therapy on their bodies, and the effects of interaction with other people when those people knew or came to realize, that they were talking to a transwoman. There I was discussing these issues with them from the home that I barely left, and having never taken a hormone. I was a fraud, and it was becoming increasingly difficult for me to deal with that fact.

Everybody was just so nice. They were all opening up to me and offering their total support with no strings attached. What was I doing? I was lying to them. It was wrong.

It seems like a drastic response now, but to me it was the only way to deal with the guilt I felt. I went online and obtained illicit “powerful and fast-acting blockers and female hormones”. It seems so irresponsible now, but I just needed to get something, and I was not ready to step outside and get a prescription.

As it happened the blockers and hormones were very effective, and I have learned since that this supplier also added to the mix an “upper” to make you feel good when you take them. I could say that this may have played a part in what happened, but I doubt it.

I figure that what hormones do is that they signal to the body to bring out the woman that was always there. What blockers do is to signal to the body that the other hormones that have made you male should no longer apply. The endocrine system is dealing with the same being and has been doing that since I was a foetus in the womb, initially of indeterminate sex. I could go one way or the other. It is mainly chemistry that made my body male. What about the mind?

So how did I feel about it? Well, as I said when I had first seen another version of me in the mirror at the transformation boutique, I disliked the man I was. I had been a lousy employee, so I lost my job; a lousy husband so I lost my wife; and a pretty lousy father too, who never saw his kids.

Rose was a nice person, or she wanted to be. She had a wide circle of online friends and she was empathetic and understanding. She just had to stop lying.

I started to talk online about “my breasts”. Just using those words should have been strange, but to me it felt right. “My breasts” – slowly filling the cups of the training bra I had bought for them. I just like cupping them and staring at them in the mirror.

I bought a home electrolysis kit and went to work on my beard. It was a pretty crappy machine and a very laborious process, but it helped to prepare me for the day when I was ready to step out and head out to have the job done properly.

I felt well prepared because I knew all the pitfalls. I had been talking to transwomen for months and hearing all the stories of their misadventures. Some were ready to step out as proudly transwomen, but many more just wanted to “pass as a woman”. There are rule about how to walk and how to hold the arms and use the hands, and then there is the voice. But there is so much advice out there, and it is all online, which is exactly where I lived.

It was not agoraphobia, although people may think that it sounds like that. It is just the comfort of the space that you are in, like finding it hard to get out of bed on a cold morning. I just liked the comfort of my home, and let’s face it – you can do everything on line; you don’t have to leave; you can get everything delivered.

But I needed to experience what they experienced, even if that carried risks. I needed to step outside and challenge myself. I decided that I would dress as a woman, walk down to the mall and visit some shops, and then maybe go to an evening football game at the local stadium, and then go to a bar and have a meal.

People talked about shopping for underwear or shoes and how people reacted. Others spoke about going to watch a sport they were familiar with surrounded by men, and how they felt. But it seemed that for many, bars were a minefield. With a little liquor in a man, all politeness might disappear and you will encounter raw prejudice and maybe hate.

Like I said, there were risks, but how can you talk about this with your friends without sharing those risks? There was a feeling of recklessness in what I was about to do, but it seemed to me that what I really disliked about the man I had become was that he was a coward. When I looked at the glamor shot he was nowhere to be seen. With her perfect hair and those painted eyes and lips, here was somebody who was ready to face the world. It made no sense that she should hide herself.

I felt emboldened by all of my friends who did it every day. Sometimes they were stared at, sometimes they faced people giggling or whispering behind their hands, and sometimes they faced abuse, but they were there anyway – out in the open.

I prepared myself. I followed all the beauty advice. I was not happy with the cheap wig. Was my hair long enough? I booked an appointment as my first call. Just before I left, I decided to use my sex toy and fuck myself. I just decided that it might help. Maybe it did.

I walked to the mall a little uncertain at first, but then as I found that my steps were true I gained confidence. I wore a shoulder bag which I held with both hands to stop me swinging my arms. I felt super sensitive to any glances that I received, but I felt nothing negative.

I got to salon and asked for them to cut, color and style my hair. I really had no idea what they were talking about so I just asked for something “feminine”. I think that it was only then that it might have dawned on her that I might be male, or perhaps I am just kidding myself.

“Don’t worry Sweetie, we’ll give you the full treatment,” she said with a smile that made me realize that whatever they thought I was, I was among friends, maybe for the first time in years.

They wanted to know my plans, to help them develop ‘a look’.

“Taking you to the football, huh? That is such a guy thing. You can’t overdress but you have to look good enough to draw enough admiring glances that he notices. Drinks afterwards? My be a change of lipstick shade, and that’s all. I know the makeup to use. But the hair – lets go for an asymmetrical platinum blond bob.”

I just nodded. I knew nothing and they knew everything. I was amazed when they worked a miracle.

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| They said that my pale skin just needed to be stripped of masculine hair. It was all that time I spent indoors I suppose, and I washed regularly – some might even say compulsively. My hair was longish especially in front, as I kept it slicked back over my head. I would have called it stringy, but all that it needed was the right treatment and the right cut. And my eyes have always been blue – all that was needed was dark lashes and eyeliner to bring out the color, and to have my brows plucked to a feminine shape. With that look even what I regarded as my male jawline and largish nose simply disappeared behind a half veil of soft blonde hair. I looked like a woman. “What you need is a good push up bra,” she said. “You have plenty of breast tissue to play with, but for a look that will get noticed among all those men you need the right outfit. A dress I think. Those legs of yours are just fabulous, so while women often wear pants to the football and after parties, I am going to suggest something that will show you off, top and bottom. I know the place that will help you with the right shape.”  | asymmetrical-blonde-bob-sleekhair-asymmetrichair - Hairs.London |

I went to the store she recommended. It was a specialist lingerie store – a place where they will measure you and fit your bra for comfort, and show you how you can push your breasts up for show.

“You have such pretty little breasts,” the lady said. “You must be very pleased with yourself. I suggest cream to allow the skin to stretch. They will get bigger, but shape is important.” She knew that I was trans, but she seemed genuinely enthusiastic.

Next came the dress and the shoes. I was under instruction on what to look for, but I found myself happily browsing. It seemed to me that I was coming to understand the joy of shopping. A woman just has so much to choose from that it has to take time.

Before I knew it the game was about to start and I made my way across the road to the local football ground. It was a minor game and not a large crowd in, but I had decided that this was where I should present myself to the masses. I suppose that I thought that this was testing ground. The audience would be mostly male and they would be looking as I walked in and sidled my way to my seat. It was all about being bold, and having something to report back to my friends online.

“I went to the football game on my own. I wore something quite sexy, and with my new hairdo I looked damn hot …”. That was how I would start it. But what the reaction would be, I did not know.

I was stared at, but nobody shouted out. Maybe they could see that I was no youngster – I was a mature woman, probably joining my man in the stands. But there was no man. I placed my bag on the seat beside me as if to hold his place, but he would not arrive.

I am not a huge football fan. I never played the game. But I know the rules and I can get excited when things get interesting. It was an interesting game and I got to my feet more than once. I could see that others were looking at me, but only one person spoke to me.

“It seems like you have been stood up,” said the man behind me, pointing at the empty seat I was clearly holding. He was also in his forties I guessed, a little older than me, with two other guys around the same age.

“He said he might be late,” I said with a shrug. “But with only a few minutes to go, it looks like you might be right.”

“We are going to “The Crowbar” after the game, if you are interested in tagging along?” he said.

“Sure,” I said. It was what I had planned after all, but I felt that I was to quick to say it. “You look like guys who would not take advantage of a mature woman. Besides, I can text my supposed game date to meet me there, rather than hang around an empty stadium.” The potential presence of my invented boyfriend seemed like a good idea.

“I can’t understand why a guy would stand you up,” he said. “If he does turn up, I will be asking him why. By the way, name is Anton.” He held out his hand, so I did the same, being careful to deliver what I thought was a feminine handshake.

“Rosalind,” I said – the name seemed to pop into my head, but it sounded silly. “Call me Roz.”

We chatted a little on the way to the bar, about the game. We walked, but it was not until we got there that I realized my feet were sore, and my calves too, from walking in heels.

“Can I buy you a drink?” said Anton.

“No, please.” I said. “Let me buy you one. You rescued me. Please, I insist. If my date does not turn up I will let you buy the second.”

“That might come with dinner,” he said. He was flirting with me. I loved it. Who would have thought? It seemed that not that long ago I was a man, but now I was the very opposite of that. I was dressed as a woman and that felt right. I had breasts in my bra and not much in my panties – a flaccid dick that never rose and a panty liner to stop any leakage from a distended butthole. But I was attractive. I must be. He was attracted to me. I could see it in his eyes. I loved that too.

His friends were talking about the game, and I was offering suitably naïve opinions which were politely received. I was a woman after all – what would I know. I was not offended - even though they were making assumptions it seemed to me that they were not belittling me. In fact, I was even slightly pleased that I was fitting in so well.

Some drifted away. Those who did had family commitments. It reminded me that these were normal men of my generation. They had homes, and wives, and families. I had none of that anymore. It seemed to me that what I did have I had traded in for a life in some kind of limbo – between the sexes.

“I am going to suggest that you have definitely been stood up,” said Anton. “Let me buy you dinner?”

It seemed to me that it was hard to refuse, but perhaps more importantly, accepting this offer was exposing me to one of the major pitfalls of being a transwoman. I had proved that I could pass in company, now how would I deal with a man who might be looking for more.

I thought about it a lot as we made our way to the restaurant. In my online exchanges people might say that there is no obligation to disclose the presence of male anatomy unless he is ready to use what you don’t have, but that seemed wrong to me. I was taking advantage of him from the moment he pulled out my chair to help me sit. Should I tell him then?

He asked me about me, and I did not want to lie. But fortunately, he was happy to talk about himself, so once he was started there was no stopping him. It turned out that he was recently divorced and a father to three, every second weekend – not this one.

He talked but he asked me for opinions on this and that, and I gave them. Importantly, I did not have to lie about who and what I was.

“I work from home a lot. I don’t get out as often as I should. I am not in a relationship. I just accepted an invitation to watch a football game – see how that turned out!”

“You clearly enjoyed yourself,” he said. “I would be happy to take you to another game, and that means not meet you there.”

“That would be nice,” I said. It would be. A physical friend. Somebody my age. A guy. A guy looking for a girl, not somebody like me. And there he was, calling for the check, and probably about to pay it.

“I have had a wonderful evening,” I said. “Capping off an exciting afternoon, but I want to pay my half of the check. I think that it might end here.”

“It doesn’t have to,” he said. “I actually have a unit close by. But only if you are interested. No pressure if that it not what you want. I just hoped … actually, I am not sure what I was hoping for. I just miss … intimacy.”

Intimacy. I wondered whether I even knew what that was. The touch of another human being. It did not have to be sex, or even anything erotic. Just contact. A hug perhaps, or a cuddle. He could not have missed it more than I did.”

“I would love to come to your apartment,” I said. I was starting to choke up. It seemed to me that was all so real for me. I knew what everybody else was taking about. I knew what I was, at last. “I am a transwoman. I am sorry Anton. Perhaps I should have told you earlier, but I just enjoyed your company too much to push you away. I am not a complete woman … not yet, anyway.”

He just sat there, in shock.

The waiter put the check on the table. He said – “I trust you enjoyed the meal?” or something like that. But Anton seemed unable to speak.

“It was very nice, thank you,” I said. I forced a smile at the waiter and pushed my hair off my face as I did it. I reached across to take the check. I would pay my half share and get the hell out of there.

But his hand was on mine, trapping the check on its tray.

“What do you think you are doing?” he said. I wondered if this was the anger that I was told I could expect. For a moment it sounded like it might be. But the hand was not heavy on mine – it lifted a little seeming to caress mine. I looked up at him. My eyes were a little wet, but tears were not yet on my cheeks.

“I will pay,” he said. “I am inviting you into my home. It is your choice, but I would like you to come with me. I have no experience of transwomen, so forgive me. You look like a lady to me, so let me treat you like one.”

Maybe a tear did fall, but running down to a smile. I would tell the story later. People would accuse me of being lucky – to happen upon the right man.

I would tell a little of what happened next as well, although quite how we got from the restaurant and into his bed is a little hazy. All I can say is that it involved a ton of intimacy. And then once he was inside my well reamed ass, I was permanent and irreversibly regendered, if that was required at all.

I told my tale, and kept those who had supported me properly informed through our developing relationship and through my surgery. But I did so in a way that protected my commitment to privacy, for the sake of my man and for my own sake. I am a woman, after all, and I owe that to all those who helped me to find myself.

The End

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Author’s Note: This story was inspired by a suggestion from a guy called Dave, but I cannot remember when or how he posted the idea. I copied it and it reads: “So another prompt would be a guy who ends up dressing having come across TG fiction having not previously thought about wearing skirts and dresses before. Unlike me, he ends up totally feminised including the operation.” So, wherever you are Dave, thanks for that.