Mancave

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

“Goodness no,” said Nate. “That is not the kind of thing I am into.” He was lying, and it was not what he normally did when He and Sam got together. They had been friends for forty years, ever since they were at high school.

Now here they were, in Sam’s man cave in the basement of his sprawling house, just the two of them and a bottle of Glenfarclas 12 year old single malt scotch.

“Well I have to admit it, I have thought about it more than once.” Sam shamed him by saying those words. He was ready to admit to his friend, those innermost thoughts that defy the norms of society.

“I am sorry, Sam” said Nate, suddenly shamed. “I was not entirely honest with you, and I know we had always said we would be with one another. The truth is I think it about it all the time. It is my key fantasy – the idea of taking a young man and turning him into my very own shemale sex slave.”

“Well isn’t that strange,” said Sam. “All these years and we have both carried these thoughts and never shared them. God know what we would have done had we known earlier.”

Their glasses chinked together, and the amber fluid burned their throats.

“I’d always thought that Paul would look good as a girl,” said Nate.

“Your son-in-law Paul?” Sam asked.

“The same,” snarled Nate. “Totally useless at his job. I only hired him so he could have a job. And seemingly unable to keep my daughter happy and sexually satisfied. She has strayed, you know. And I don’t blame her for it. Such an ineffectual lame duck, that Paul.”

“I am in the same position with my son-in-law,” said Sam. “Gerry is not interested in his family. He sleeps around and … the truth is that if he had tits and curls, I would love to fuck him.”

They laughed, as they often did. Their companionship was important to them both. And through all their struggles in business and in domestic life, to their present positions of wealth and power, that was the one thing that was a constant – their friendship.

They had known one another so long and so closely, that in the silence that followed they could almost sense the thoughts of the other. The laughter had ended, and now the combined and considerable intellect was at work.

“How could we do it?” Nate broke the silence.

“We are too old and tired for chains and shackles, my friend. It will have to be blackmail. I have photos of Gerry. He could lose his wife and family, plus like your Paul, he has a job at my firm which he could lose in an instant.” He snapped his fingers as if it were a pistol shot.

“Would that be enough?” asked Nate. “I could do the same for Paul, but my guess is that he could walk away from my daughter and grandchildren with what he could get from a divorce, without even thinking about it. He doesn’t think much about anything that man. I would need to be able to threaten to destroy his reputation and his employment prospects as well.”

“My friend,” said Sam, presenting his glass with a very serious look on his face. “You do not get as far as we have got in the world without being able to engineer something as simple as that.”

Their glasses chinked again.

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“Despite all the times I have been here, I never even knew this room existed,” said Gerry, looking at the curious contents of the private trophy cabinet. “Thank you for inviting us down here.”

“Yes, thank you,” said Paul, feeling he needed to echo the gratitude, despite his dislike of Gerry. Their wives were friends, mirroring the close association of their fathers, but Paul found Gerry to be arrogant and unpleasant. “It seems that it has been a secret until now. I think that maybe we should feel honored.”

“It’s a room for men only,” said Sam. “So, we have made an exception for you both. It will be your first and last visit, because after today both of you will cease to be men.”

“I am sorry, I don’t understand,” said Gerry.

“You see both of you are a major disappointment to your wives and their families, meaning to us,” said Nate. “So, we have decided to dispense with sons in law. Divorce will not do it, as you will still be there, and probably be even more of an irritation. Death could be considered. Both Sam and I have resorted to such extreme measures in the past, but it seems to harsh given the family connection.”

“We don’t want your leaving the marriages to our daughters to cast any reflection on them,” said Sam, taking over. But they can hardly be blamed for your gender dysphoria.”

“Our what?” exclaimed Gerry.

“Curiously, after all these years of friendship, we discovered something about ourselves, right here, just last week. And you two have discovered something about yourselves here tonight. You are both really women, sadly trapped in the bodies of men.”

“So sad,” echoed Nate, watching the open mouths. “But you are both so lucky to have supportive families. Us included.”

“So, what makes you think that we are going suddenly announce to the world that we are transsexuals?” Gerry had a sneer on his face. Paul just looked shocked.

“Because the alternative will be much, much worse for you,” said Sam. “We realize that coming out of the closet will be a big step, so we offer both a carrot and a stick.”

Nate took over: “The stick is that we have details of fraudulent activities by you both. The proof is in the dossiers on the table – one for each of you. We have the originals ready to go to the police should you not follow the course we have mapped out for you, and another for dispatch upon our death, just in case you might consider doing things the way we would.”

“And the carrot is that you will not only live, but live well,” said Sam. “We have jobs for you in the businesses but at a lower level, there are apartments to stay in, the expenses of your transition, and permitted contact with your children.”

“Our grandchildren will have to cope with having two mothers,” Nate sniggered. “But we will be there to be the father figures that they need in their lives.”

“Proper father figures,” added Sam.

Paul had already fallen upon the folder with his name on it, rifling through it, before saying: “A lot of this is not true!”

“I am not sure a Court would agree,” said Nate. “Certainly, you will be prosecuted. Your reputations will be destroyed. Your wives will leave you and get full custody of the children. If you are not in jail as some gangster’s bitch you will be homeless and penniless and with no prospect of employment.”

“Maybe manual labor,” said Sam. The point hit home. He seemed to see both the younger men shudder at the words.

What exactly would you have us do?” said Paul.

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Holly Dinsdale had a bright personality which ensured that she always had plenty of customers. She was not the best hairdresser or the best cosmetician, but she knew who was, and she hired them. She was not the classiest of women, but she knew what class was and when to lay it on. But she was practical and cheerful, and these were her best assets.

Nate was her landlord and recognized her business abilities. He had backed her early and strongly. She understood debt, monetary or otherwise.

When Paul and Gerry entered, she greeted them at the door.

“Welcome ladies,” she said, even though they were both wearing the track suits suggested. They looked at one another and at her, quizzically. “Because that is what you are,” she said. “We leave manhood at the threshold in my establishment. Your destiny awaits.”

“has this been explained to you?” asked Gerry. “Because it hasn’t been explained to us.”

“You lovely ladies are going to transition to womanhood, and my entire team are going to help you.”

“Do you understand that we are not really transgender?” said Gerry.

“I was warned, but I won’t hear of it,” Holly said with her beaming smile. “I advised your respective fathers in law that the best policy is immediate and drastic change. None of the wandering around in a genderless limbo. Who would want to live there? Leave the hard and hairy behind and let our girls take you to the soft and smooths fields of femininity. You won’t regret it.”

“Let’s just go with this until we find our way out of this mess,” said Paul. He was still not friends with Gerry, but they were no comrades – in the same trench and under fire.

“What are you going to do?” asked Gerry.

“Change you,” said Holly. “Not just your appearance but down to your very core.”

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“Your hair looks nice.” It was such a feminine comment, it startled Gemma from the moment it left her freshly painted lips.

Pauline reached up to primp her short blonde bob equally instinctively, before taking a seat opposite Gemma in a secluded part of the coffee bar.

Pauline was wearing a dress. Nate was most particular about what she should wear. She had been moved within the office to deputize for Nate’s PA, and she was surprisingly busy. That and the strain of being mindful of presenting herself properly at all times was proving to be a strain. She was desperate for coffee. She delicately waved for service.

“Nate wants me to grow it out,” Pauline said. “I guess I am lucky to have so much hair.”

“Sam has arranged surgery,” said Gemma. At the gasp from Pauline she added: “On my head. To pull the scalp forward or something, so this comb forward pixie cut will work until then.”

It had been less than a month since their first session with Holly, and there had been plenty more in the following weeks. Now they both comfortable appearing in public as women. Holly had explained to them that life would be easier if they were convincing, and she had been right. All of her tips had been good, it was just that at times they would slip up. It was difficult but becoming easier.

“We haven’t talked about it at the salon, but what has happened with your wife and children,” asked Pauline. The server arrived and she ordered a large soy mochaccino.

“It’s been hard on them, but I think we know that it is what Sam wanted for me,” said Gemma with a sigh. “Of course, my wife had approved of it when he showed her proof of my infidelity, but this is still hard for her to accept.”

“I really think that my wife barely noticed,” said Pauline wistfully. “She agreed to it at the very beginning. My kids have been accepting, I guess. I really have been too busy to notice. You know in my last job I was expected to come up with things, but now I just do as I am told.”

“That’s your problem, Polly,” said Gemma

“It is a problem?” Pauline mused, sipping her coffee. “I am not going to agonize over this. We have to survive. Do you doubt that if we weren’t like this, we would be either dead or in homeless poverty somewhere?”

“Those pricks are ruthless, that is clear,” said Gemma. “You just have to take a close look at that trophy cabinet in Sam’s mancave. So, we have to play along. But we need to find a way out of this.”

“You are more likely to come up with something than I am,” said Pauline. She was examining the lipstick mark on her cup and thinking that she needed to refresh soon.

“That is for sure,” said Gemma.

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“Gemma, I just don’t know what to do,” said Pauline. “I feel sometimes that the man in me is just fading away.” As if to confirm that, she instinctive adjusted her dress over the leg she had crossed over her thigh, something that would have been impossible if she had male genitals of any significant size.

“You were the one who let it happen, Polly,” Gemma snapped back.

“I thought you were going to fight this?”

“I was determined that they would not win,” said Gemma. “I still am. But look at you. Quite the lady these days.”

That compelled Pauline to glance at herself in the nearest mirror, across the largely empty restaurant. What she saw pleased her. Two years ago she would have been horrified to see the shapely body and the blond curls piled on top of that pretty head.

But she looked across at Gemma and saw a woman so much more attractive than she was. Gemma was taller and slimmer, and her perfectly made up face had that haughty demeanor of a woman who knows just how good she looks. Her long dark brown hair hung down to her plunging cleavage, showing a pair of perfectly enhanced breasts. Pauline’s were natural, and one was slightly bigger than the other.

“And you’re not?” asked Pauline

“This is my way out of this,” said Gemma, looking across at the same mirror. “Richard is my way out of this. This is for him.” She adjusted her hair slightly.

“He is not going to be happy to have you keep your cock,” Pauline said.

“Keep your voice down, Girl,” Gemma whispered loudly. “It’s useless anyway. It just flops around when he is pumping me. I suppose you can get used to anything.”

“But he wants you to be a real woman? He will insist on it.”

“If I do it, it will be on my terms,” said Gemma. “That means that Sam will not have the satisfaction of adding me to his trophy cabinet.”

“But if you surrender, he will deliver up all the incriminating evidence. You will be free.”

“What does it matter to me now? It was the reputation I was worried about when this all started. Where is that now? Look at us, Polly. Everybody has forgotten the people we once were. This is us now. If you want to, hand over your balls to Nate.”

“I don’t think he cares about them,” said Pauline with a tinge of sadness. “If I am not sucking his cock, then he does me doggy style.”

What would he do if you told him no? Maybe you should try it. He seems very happy to have little Polly to play with. Or you could his wife, or your ex-wife, his adoring daughter. Maybe arrange a few images or a video of you both at it. Where would he be then?”

“I am not sure that I want to say no,” mused Pauline.

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Back in the mancave Nate had brought over something very special. A Japanese handmade whisky – very expensive. They were halfway through the bottle already.

“Is it true that you have released your Gemma?’ he asked, examine the amber color in his glass against the light.

“The dues have been paid,” said Sam, pointing at the trophy cabinet. “Top shelf far right.”

“Does that mean that she is completely out of your family?”

“I told you that Gerry was never interested in his family from the outset,” said Sam. “For him they were just the trappings of a man on the rise, like a bespoke suit. He never cared for my daughter, and never related to his children. Maybe Gemma will do better with this guy Richard. By all accounts he is totally smitten with the big sissy – wanted him fixed up. So, it seems that the trophy was just a by-product. And what about little Polly?”

“To be honest I am in a bit a quandary with her,” said Nate. “She has been getting a bit uppity lately. What with your Gemma leaving you I have been starting to get a little worried, and I think she knows it.”

“Worried about what? For goodness sake, Nate, this is a sissy boy we are talking about. Just as we spoke about when we started this all those years ago, just an exercise in power and perversion. Take an asshole and turn him into a … well, a different kind of asshole.”

“Except that the problem is we have done the job a little too well. Or maybe Polly has been to accepting of what has happened? Or maybe I have been? Because, you see, I have become rather fond of my Polly. Perhaps a little too fond. I have told you that my wife has been off sex ever since menopause, and Polly … well, Polly just wants to please me. And she does.”

“So, what’s the game? Will you ever achieve the agreed outcome?”

“Oh that. Not, she gave those to me ages ago. In the cabinet. In the Jar behind the one you just added. She knows how important trophies are to a man. And of course, as a woman, they are unimportant to her.”

The End

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Author’s Note:

I have only recorded a suggestion: “Older businessmen who blackmail their sons in law into being their sexy girls”, so perhaps somebody sent that in?