Closer Friends

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Part 1

Gabe had the towel back around his waist, but it was too late.

“I wish you hadn’t seen that, Man,” he said. It was not shock. It was frustration. The frustration of having to explain … at last. He knew that this day might come. And now it was here.

The shock was on the other side. Mal said: “What the fuck? What the fuck was that?”

“Have you never seen a vagina before?” he said with a sigh. If he knew this would happen, he should have been better prepared. He had avoided it. That was what he did – he avoided things instead of confronting them. He always chose the easy way out.

“Not on a guy!” said Mal. “Where’s your cock, Man?”

“Ok. I owe you an explanation,” said Gabe. “Just clam down and I can explain.” It was going to be difficult, but there was no escaping this. It might mean the end of their friendship. He reached into his locker and said: “Let’s just get our clothes on an we can go to the bar on the corner and talk about it.”

“Fuck that,” said Gabe. “What has happened to you? What the fuck are you?”

Gabe pulled his underpants on under the towel. Then he pulled his fake genitals from the bag and dropped the towel to stuff them under the inverted Y.

“Fuck”, said Mal. “What the fuck!”

“Calm down,” said Gabe. “I am going to give you the explanation. Get your gear on. Let’s get that beer like we do after every game of squash. This should not change anything. Gabe put his shirt on. Mal just stared at his friend. Gabe added: “I’ll buy the beers.”

“Was it an accident?” said Mal. “If it was an accident, then I am a prick.”

“Get dressed,” Gabe repeated. “I am almost ready. Get a move on, or I will go there without you.”

Still Mal stood. He said: “Just tell me.” But Gabe had his pants on and was slipping on his shoes.

“I’ll set up the drinks,” said Gabe. “We can get beer while I do the talking.”

Mal watched him leave and was still trying to understand what he had just witnessed. His closest friend had no genitals. Just a patch of pubic hair and nothing below it. The only mound in the front of his pants was the thing he had just seen him slip down his shorts.

He was still shaken when he got to the bar. Gabe was not at the usual stool on the counter but in a quiet corner. There were two handles of beer on the table. He sat down, took a sip and then leaned back. Gabe would need to do the talking. Half of him wanted to know, the other half did not.

Gabe took a deep breath. He had plenty to stay, and there is only one place to start. “I am transgender,” he said. “That’s right. My whole life is a lie. I am a woman inside. It has been driving me crazy since I was a kid. I have kept it secret. It’s been eating me up. I couldn’t tell you. I couldn’t tell anybody. I still can’t.”

Gabe paused to look at his friend. Gabe detected a trace of understanding – perhaps even sympathy. But there were no words. It was for him to continue.

“After Cheryl and I broke up, I decided that I had to do something. Being a man disgusted me. I needed to put an end to that. I could have just … un-manned myself, but I thought – ‘what the hell’. You know that holiday I took where I went to Asia last year? I went to Bangkok and had the full deal. Vaginoplasty we call it. I traded my outie for an innie. That’s what you saw tonight. That’s me now. Down there at least. That’s it.”

“What do you mean that’s it?” said Mal I disbelief. “I know what transgenders are. Why aren’t you wearing a dress? Why don’t you have tits?”

“I want to do all of that, but it’s the job, Man,” said Gabe. “We have clients. They know me as a man. I don’t think they could ever accept me as a woman. I cannot afford to change at work. I just have my girl time when I get home. But it is real girl time then. Not just cross-dressing. I am not pretending anymore. Not when I am at home. I only pretend during the day. I am pretending now. This is not me. I am really her.”

“Who?” said Mal. It was a good question. Gabe had reached something.

“I am her. I am Gabrielle. Gabby. That is who I am, when I take these clothes off. That is when I become who I really am.”

Mal took a big slurp from his beer, and then looked at Gabe. “That’s fucking sad,” he said.

“It is, but I don’t regret the surgery,” said Gabe. “I am no longer a man living a lie, I am a woman living a lie – but at least I am a woman.”

“But not the woman you want to be?”

“Not now, anyway,” Gabe conceded. “One day, I hope.”

“I just wish you had been able to tell me,” said Mal. “I thought that we were tight, you and me.”

“I thought that it would change things,” said Gabe. “Maybe it has. I didn’t think I could risk it. The friendship and the business partnership – they mean a lot to me.”

“I won’t say that I am not shocked by all of this, but it seems terrible that you cannot go all the way like other trans people,” said Mal, with a look of genuine concern. “I would like to help.”

“I can’t afford it, Pal,” said Gabe. “There are plenty of people out there who pretend to be someone they are not every day of their lives. I am not alone. But I am happy whenever I sit down to pee. That reminds me who I am, really.”

“Why can’t you take another step? I mean, could you gradually move away from being a guy to being a woman, so as people hardly noticed. Could you do that?”

“Sure, I could take female hormones. I take a few male hormones now because I don’t produce my own. Just quitting those would soften my body. Then you might actually be able to beat me at squash.”

“I’m serious,” said Mal. “It seems as if this cannot be what you really want. Don’t you want to live as woman? I don’t understand it, but this just doesn’t seem right.”

“This is a binary world, Mal,” said Gabe. “I don’t care what you hear, I am a man, or I am a freak. I don’t know if I could make it as a woman. I just don’t think that I have the confidence to try. If I were to live as a woman, I would want to be a desirable one.”

“I haven’t seen you as a woman,” said Mal.

“You wouldn’t want to. I wouldn’t want you to.”

Mal took another big gulp. “Maybe you just need a makeover,” he said. “Just see whether you can look like that desirable woman you want too be.”

“You don’t understand. It’s not just how you look. It’s how you move; how you behave; how you talk.”

“Hey, It’s up to you,” said Mal. “Your secret is safe with me. If that’s how you want to live – OK. But if you want to take some time to explore this woman thing, then I can back you with that too.”

“Thanks, Pal. That means a lot.” They raised their glasses and chinked them together.

Part 2

This time Mal was buying the first round. It was not the bar on the corner by the squash club, but a bar in the hotel not far from Gabe’s apartment. It was expensive which probably explained why it was only half full on a Friday night. Mal had been able to secure a quiet table like before – somewhere where he could talk to his friend and colleague in private.

He had not bought beers. He bought a scotch for himself and a glass of Sancerre for Gabby. He was here to meet Gabrielle.

Gabe had called him that morning to tell him that he would not be coming into the office, and to ask him to attend to a few things.

“You know what you said to me last week – about needing a makeover?” Gabe had said. “I have decided to give it a try. I am going to spend the day on this, but I need you to look at the end product. Would you do that for me?”

“You know I would,” said Mal. They arranged the meeting. This rendezvous in this bar. A public place. A bold step for Gabe.

Mal had been reading about it since the shock of the week before – Gender dysphoria, transgendered people, sex reassignment/confirmation. It had given him a new appreciation of what his friend was going through. For many it was tough. People killed themselves. Gabe had found a way to cope. He had had his dick and balls cut off but had chosen not to transition. To Max that seemed wrong, somehow.

The idea had horrified Mal from the moment that the towel slipped away, and the thought of it had made him wince for days afterwards, but he now understood, perhaps just a little bit. Gabe was lying to himself.

After that game, they had drunk a few more rounds than they normally did. Gabe had been Gabe. Mal forgot that his pants were empty. Or rather he learned to ignore it. Gave went for a piss in the course of the evening, and a when Mal got the urge a minute later he walked in and expected to see Gabe at the urinal. He was in a cubicle. He realized that he had been pissing that way for more than a year. He pulled out his own cock and wondered what could possess a man to part with this.

The answer of course, was no man would. Gabe was not a man.

But at work he was. He had to be. They were debt brokers. Almost all of their clients were men. Their clients expected brokers to be blunt with them, and aggressive in finding the best deal. You know the type – burly, back-slapping ex-footballers. Gabe was smaller than most, including Mal, but he played the part. That is what he was doing. Just pretending to be a man. That was a rubber cock in his shorts.

When they left that bar, Mal had confirmed his friendship and support. They parted with a man-hug. It was not until he was in bed that night that Mal had the weird vision of his friend lying on a bed with his legs open, and his pussy opening to him, begging to be fucked.

Mal shook his body. Such thought had no place here. This was about meeting Gabby. Would she look like a woman? Or a guy in drag? She was late. She had that - true to sex.

He received a text message (not from Gabe), so his head was down when she walked over to the table. But she waited for him to look up at a distance where he could see all of her.

He looked up and smiled, but she could them see that only after that smile she recognized him. He stumbled to his feet.

“Gabby,” he said. His face was the picture of disbelief. Gabe was not sure whether to be happy about that, or not.

“That’s me,” she said, in a voice that he has been practicing all day, delivered with a rehearsed smile and tilt of the head. It produced a response from Mal that she did not understand.

“Sit down, sit down,” stammered Mal. “I have got you a glass of French wine. They have a big wine list here. I am having a scotch.” He sipped some to stop his mouth from flapping on.

She sat, tucking the skirt of her dress under her shapely bottom and showing off the longs legs that she crossed at the thigh. It was something that Mal could not do, but of course he had balls that got in the way.

She was wearing shoes with a heel – not super high but sexy. He had only seen her walk a few steps to sit down, but she seemed to walk easily. The dress was expensive. It had long sleeves and displayed no cleavage, but it was tight enough to show and very womanly shape beneath. But it was the face that had startled him.

The line of Gabe’s jaw was there, and his nose, but somehow that did not make the face look any less feminine. That large beautifully made up eyes, and the small but beautifully shaped lips painted red, dominated the face, framed by a honey blond shoulder length wig, with bangs to partly obscure eyebrows that appeared to have been shaped. This was a very attractive woman.

“Well, what do you think?” she said.

“I don’t know what to think,” said Mal. He needed to collect his thought. This was totally unexpected. He had intended to be encouraging no matter what Gabe presented to him, but this was amazing. He needed to say something nice. “I was expecting a friend of mine to turn up, and instead I am being propositioned by a beautiful woman.”

“It’s good, right?’ she said. “The salon does a service for cross dressers as well as women. They arranged the body shaping thing. Pretty cool, huh?”

“Um .. yeah. Very cool.”

“The only things to worry about for Monday is the plucking between my eyebrows and the lower body wax job,” she said. She raised her bangs to show him the eyebrows. “I can brush them up to make them look more masculine, but people might notice. And I wear long pants so the leg hair will have time to grow back. I just thought that the waxing would be better than a shave. Pretty stupid I guess, but it’s done now.”

“You look great,” said Mal. “Like, way better than I would have expected.”

“I know,” she said. “You look surprised, but I can tell you that is how I felt when I saw myself.”

“You could live like this,” said Mal.

She looked at him seriously. There were still doubts in her mind.

“There’s the business, Pal,” she said. “It’s a dream, but Monday morning I will wake up.”

“No, I mean it, Gabe,” said Mal. “Gabby could come to work on Monday. We can work around issues. You were always more valuable doing the analysis and proposals. If you are uncertain about dealing with clients, then the office is full of young bucks ready to step up. If you want to live this, you should. I know that is what you really want.”

Gabe raised a glass and said: “Here’s to true friendship. Thanks for being here for me.” There was a trace of sadness in the painted heavily lashed eyes.

“I mean it,” said Mal. “Gabby, I mean it.” He used her name. She smiled. It was a beautiful smile with the white teeth against the bright lipstick color.

After the first sip of her wine left a trace on her glass, she said: “You know I bought some hormones too. I just have them sitting next to my shaving mug at home. A syringe too. Just in case I decide to go down that track.”

“I don’t know why you are talking this way,” said Mal. “For fucks sake, you have had your junk removed and a snatch installed. Now here you are looking like and sounding like the woman you are down below. Why are you even thinking of turning up to work next week as a guy? I am trying to support you, but I have no time for wimps.”

His anger startled Gabby. She said: “You’re over-reacting, just like you did last week.” But this time in that girly voice, it sounded timid and fearful. I made Mal feel something different again. A tenderness and a need to protect this person.

“Let’s finish our drinks and we will go to your place,” said Mal. “You need to make your decision. You wanted me to witness your first step, actually, your second step, and here I am. I am going to witness you taking your next third step. If you don’t know what you need to do, I do.”

There was something about this that made Gabby feel as feminine as she ever had. Here was a man she respected who was taking control. She liked it.

“Ok,” she whimpered.

Part 3

On the way back to Gabe’s apartment, she had asked whether she could take his arm just as support while she was adjusting to walking in heels. It may have alarmed Mal initially, but he agreed. She clung to him and felt fragile and comforted.

She saw other people looking at them. Not at her, or at a man dressed as a woman, but as them – a couple going home for the evening. In that moment, that is how she felt.

Mal wondered if somebody might notice that he had a tranny on his arm. If she walked apart from him, such a creature could be deniable, but not hanging off him like this. He was comforted by knowing that he was helping a friend. The fact that his friend had a penchant for women’s clothing should not change things. That is the kind of person that he was.

But people smiled and men seemed fascinated with Gabby’s legs. Nobody stared. It was as he had told her – she could be this person.

Gabby let them in to her apartment, which was still Gabe’s apartment. There was not a trace of anything female in it. It had been a long time since Cheryl had moved out. It was tidy – Gabe was a tidy person – but definitely a bachelor’s apartment.

“I have some food I can heat up for us,” said Gabby. Her voice was still her voice. Her movements were still her movements. Mal felt that he had seen the last Gabe the day before, and that this was the way it should be. Why should his friend suffer when the answer was at hand? Or almost.

“Where are those hormones?” commanded Mal.

“I’ll get them,” said Gabby. She disappeared and re-emerged with a jar of pills and a box with a sealed disposable syringe and a vial inside. Mal examined the instructions.

“This injection is the best,” he announced. “This will send you off down the path towards true womanhood. I am not even going to ask you if that is what you want, because I know it is. You just need to say yes. Then you bend over and pull down you panties and I give you a shot in your buttock.”

“This is going to change everything,” she whispered.

“Getting rid of your genitals changed everything, Pal,” said Mal. “Maybe you should have done this first.” He had removed the syringe from its sterile wrapping and was opening the special seal on the vial. “Now show me that ass.”

The underpants were bulky and padded with a high waist to hold in the tummy, and the pantyhose needed to come down first. Gabby was doing what she was told, although he did not tell her to bend over the way she did.

Mal had pressed to plunger for a droplet to appear and had a sterile swab to wipe the spot for injection, but then he saw what faced him. Her dress was hiked up. Her bottom was pale and as smooth as polished pink marble, with a shapely thing below. And above those thighs was her pussy – a perfect little strawberry macaron of vaginal winking at him.

“Oh fuck,” said Mal.

“What’s wrong,” she said.

“He plunged the syringe in and pushed the plunger home. But there was no mistaking the erection in his pants. It was not the syringe that he wanted to plunge in.

She stayed bent over with her hands on the sofa. She said: “Oh my God. I can actually feel it. I can feel the female chemistry inside my body. It feels good.”

He could not say anything. His cock was like the creature from “Alien”, ready to burst through the fabric of his pants and scuttle forth on a rampage of destruction.

Gabby looked around and could see it. It could not have been more obvious if he was naked.

“Oh,” she said. “Did I do that?”

“I think so,” said Mal. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” she said. She was slipping off her shoes and stepping out of her pants. Below the waist she was now a complete woman, but somehow that had never been relevant until just now. “I guess I have taken my third step, so why not take a fourth, if you would be willing to help with that too?”

He looked at her as if begging her to stop him from doing what he wanted to do. But she would not. She stepped up to him and undid his belt and zipper. A steel girder appeared.

“I am not sure…”, Mal began.

“Well somebody is,” she said. She took his cock in her hand. “It has been a while since I held one of these.”

“What with Cheryl and everything, I didn’t think that you would be interested in guys,” he said.

“Neither did I,” she said. Until just now.”

She was close to him, and face to face without those heels she was so much smaller than Mal. He always knew it but somehow, he had never been as close as this so as to notice. She was licking those painted lips and batting those stuck-on eyelashes. Or at least, that was how it looked to him. He knew what he needed to do.

She kept her dress on as she lay back on the bed. He ran his hands up the insides of her thighs. She gasped. It was a gasp that made his cock, already engorged to bursting, strain even more.

“I need lubrication,” she said. “Bedside table.”

In the drawer there was a tube of lubricant and two dildos in different colors and sizes. Unnaturally large sizes. He squirted some gel on his fingers and poked them around and inside her vagina.

“O Jesus,” she squeaked. “Please get inside me as soon as you can”.

He needed no further invitation. He impaled her to the hilt, his back arching. Somehow, he knew that this was where his penis belonged. It had found a true home.

She felt him. The form of his tip and every bulging vein on that cock. She had considered that her sex life would be smooth plastic forever, but now she understood. She needed a man inside her. Preferably this man.

“Are you Ok, Babe?” he asked.

She loved that he had called her “Babe”. She said: “Just make love to me.” Not “fuck me”. She knew the difference. She knew what this was. She knew that each rhythmic trust was an expression of love. How else could it have this effect on her? Not just a female orgasm. She had been enjoying those for months. This was the way things should be, since men and women came into being, made for one another as she had been made for him.

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| The orgasms were simultaneous, exquisite and earth shattering.  She oozed. There was nothing left inside him. It was all inside her.  “Now this is going to change everything,” he said.  “I hope so,” she said  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019 | A person posing for the camera  Description automatically generated |