Camping

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I am not sure how I came to find out about Suzy. I remember that Sam and I were talking about transgenders or something, and he just said: “I am one of those”.

Just like that. I had no idea. He was my best pal. We did everything together. It was “The Jack and Sam Show”. We had a circle, but we were our own team within the other team.

He had not even told his parents. His Dad had moved away, and so he was close to his Mom, but he had not even told her. I was the only one he told. I guess that shows just how tight we were.

He said: “I hope this won’t change things between us.”

“Why should it?” was my reply. I was just naïve, I guess. I did not want it to change anything. I should have just moved on – changed the subject. But how can you do that? “Do you dress up?”

“I don’t want my Mom to know,” Sam said. “I have some stuff, but it’s difficult. You know what she’s like.”

I did. Sam’s Mom was over-protective and crazy religious. I could understand why it might be difficult.

“Bummer,” I said. Like, I was saying that it sucked that my friend could not dress as a girl if he wanted to. Which was weird – right? I knew something about this transgender thing – that it was not a choice – that these people suffered. My friend was suffering.

“So, you are still OK to play ball and shoot baskets, and go into the woods and stuff?” That was changing the subject. That was getting off girly clothes.

“I love all those things, Jack. You know I do,” he said. “it’s just that I don’t want to be a man.”

“I understand,” I said. I didn’t. What guy who likes to do the stuff we did doesn’t want to be a man? Sam was not a mommy’s boy, sitting around the house. We were always doings things outside, usually with me. How to make sense of this? There must be somebody else living inside Sam.

“Does she have a name?” I asked. “The girl you want to be?”

Sam had been looking worried the whole time we were talking about this, but that question seemed to brighten him up. “Suzy,” he said. “I want to be Suzy.”

“I would like to meet her,” I said. I said it because I wanted to understand how this could be. Did he have some kind of split personality? He was looking worried again.

“Maybe that’s not a good idea,” he said. I was almost relieved. “You might freak out.”

“No. Of course, I wouldn’t”. I only said that because it should not happen. Nothing a close friend has to show you should freak you out – right?

“It would be difficult. You would have to come to my place. I can go home now, and you could come round after dinner. Just come up to my room. Mom cannot see.”

We headed home and I ate with my folks and my older brother and sister. But I was thinking about what Suzy might be like.

I got to Sam’s place after 7:00 and his mother answered the door.

“Hello Jack,” she said. “Sam is up in his room, so you can go on up, and just remember you have to be out of here by 9:00. Tomorrow is a school day.”

I thank her politely. I am a polite guy. Then I went up to Sam’s room. The door was locked, but when he heard me try the door he whispered: “Is the coast clear?” and the opened the door and let me in.

Suzy was wearing a very simple dress in a dull red with a small pattern on it. She had combed her hair across with a side parting and had a red barrette on the other side. She was wearing just a bit of mascara and very light colored lipstick. I should have recognized that this was my friend Sam in a dress, but something was so different that for a moment I was unsure. I think it was the way she was standing in front of me, with her hands together under her tummy, and with one of her legs bent in front of the other and looking at me shyly.

“Don’t freak out,” she said, and it was her speaking – a soft girlish voice.

“Wow,” I said. I didn’t say it to encourage her, but that would have been nice. I said it because I was speechless. I mean, she had done nothing much to become Suzy, but she was Suzy.

“It the only dress I have,” she said apologetically. “I made a false bottom in the wardrobe and I just have a handful of things and … I probably look stupid.”

“No, no. You look fine,” I said. “You look great … Suzy.”

That last word made the room light up - or rather, the smile it produced. She raised her head and she smiled. And I could see that Suzy was beautiful.

It was a shock.

“I can’t take any risks,” she said. “Mom would go ballistic if she knew.”

“I could get you some more clothes and some other stuff, if you like. My sister is about your size and she is always throwing stuff out. I could keep it at my place. I could bring it round here for you.”

“But you would need to take it away afterwards,” she said.

The best thing about that night was that I had met Suzy and Suzy was not Sam. So when I saw Sam at school the following day, we were just like we always were. I never mentioned Suzy, and I felt that he was happy that I didn’t. We were just Jack and Sam. We still had that bond, with nothing weird about it. But I have to say it – I was thinking about Suzy. I was thinking about what Suzy could be. I was imagining her in a bikini, with a body to fill it to perfection.

It was almost hard to even mention Suzy, but when we were walking home, I said to Sam: “I am putting some stuff together for Suzy, are you OK with that?”

I wasn’t sure if the reply would be in her voice, but it was Sam who said: “Thanks Man. That would be great.”

But a few days later my Mom discovered my little cache of stuff discarded by my sister that I was keeping in an old gym bag under my bed.

“Do you have something to tell me, Sam?” she said. “Do you dress up as a girl? Do you want to be a girl?”

“No way,” I said. “But Mom, what would you say if I was? Transgendered I mean”.

She had been looking a little angry, but suddenly she looked heart broken. She said: “Oh my poor darling,” and she was coming over to give me a hug.

“I’m not transgendered, Mom,” I said, to stop her. “What I said is true. I know somebody who is need of some clothes, and well, Sis doesn’t need this stuff, so …”.

“You’re a good person, Jack,” she said. “But I want you to know that if you were transgendered, both your father and I would be fully supportive.”

“Great to know. I’m not.”

But it was good to know. I had great parents, and Sam had his mother. I am not saying that she is a bad person – she just wants the best for her child. She would want Sam to be happy and lead a normal life, and not go to hell at the end of it. That is the way that people like her think.

What it meant is that I had to be the support person for my friend. I had to be there for him.

And there was the added advantage of being with Suzy.

The first time I took my gym bag over and she opened it up, I knew that I had done the right thing.

“Oh, Jack, this is gorgeous!” Her voice sounds even better when she is excited.

She took off the same old dress she had been wearing. There was nothing on underneath. I had seen Sam’s body many times, but somehow this was different too. It seemed softer somehow, but more importantly where his dick should have been there was only a little bit of pubic hair visible and two lines of brown duct tape visible.

Suzy could see me staring, so she said: “I have learned how to tuck, so I can wear these lovely panties you have brought with you.”

The panties looked good on her, but she needed to stuff the bra with some socks. She was not going for a busty look – just a little bit of shape. With the floral print dress on she looked spectacular.

This is where things started to go wrong. I may have been that night or one of the other visits to her room in the weeks following, But I found myself having to hide an erection. I mean, the first time I tried to will it away, but you just can’t do that – right. I had to sit with the gym bag in my lap just nodding my head and hoping like hell that Suzy will not notice.

“I want a full-length mirror,” said Suzy. “This tiny wall mirror is driving me crazy.”

You are probably thinking that it was time for me to invite Suzy to come to my house, but somehow that seemed impossible. Suzy only existed in that room. Sam had been over to my place, even after I had met Suzy, but Suzy could not turn up on my doorstep. How could that happen? We needed another place.

“Let’s go camping this weekend coming,” I said. “We could go Friday afternoon and be back Sunday.”

Suzy looked at me oddly. This was not a suggestion for her. I should be talking to Sam about this at school tomorrow.

“You can be Suzy,” I confirmed. “Me and Suzy. Camping.”

“You can’t take a mirror camping,” she said.

“I’ll be your mirror,” I said. She smiled. My raging hard on almost tore through my jeans. I pushed the bag down hard into my crotch. It seemed to me that this was going to be a problem when Suzy and I would be in a tent alone, but it was a problem of my making.

Sam’s mother was Ok with the idea and of course my parents were only too happy to drop us off at the head of the trail. We had study periods on Friday afternoon so we could clear and early departure from school and get well into the woods before dark, but Sam wanted to become Suzy from the moment that my Dad drove off. Sam was wearing shorts and a tee-shirt, but he had no other clothing in his back pack. I had everything. We swapped back packs.

Sam went behind some bushes and about ten minutes later, Suzy stepped out.

“Where did you get these?” she said. She was wearing a crop top and skimpy shorts, and she had a colorful scarf in her hair. She was holding her breasts and jiggling them.

“Oh those,” I said. “Gel inserts. My sister is big enough now that she doesn’t need those things. They look good on you.” They did.

She had applied more make up than usual, with some eyeliner, and some bright red lipstick. You might think that this was way over the top for a girl going on a hike in the woods, but somehow it was not. She looked fresh – healthy looking. I had never seen her in the sunlight up to that point. I decided that was where she belonged – in the sun, looking at me with that sunshine smile.

“Let’s get going,” she said.

I walked behind her, watching her cute little butt grinding away in front of me. I think that walking prevents you from getting a massive hard on. That would make sense. But you can still get a little swollen down there when that is what is right in front of your eyes, sometimes close enough to sniff.

We found a spot to pitch our tent. It was a flat area, well drained, with a stream nearby with stones to set up a place for a fire. We had packed food but a pot to make some hot soup and beverages.

As Suzy set about her work, helping me to set up our camp, I could see that she moved like a woman. I don’t know how – maybe she had been practising – but nothing that she did seemed masculine, or anything like Sam. I suppose that I realized that Suzy was female – that somewhere inside the guy I thought I knew, was this woman, and all she needed was to be released. How else can you explain it?

I learned later that some transwoman toil for years to achieve this kind of feminine movement, but not Suzy. She was a natural.

“I am going to get changed,” she said. “I have laid out the clothes you brought with you and I want to dress up before we eat.”

It was getting late. The sun was low and the rays were turning orange.

“As promised, be my mirror,” I heard her say behind me. I turned around and there she was, with that orange light shining on her like a spotlight on a movie star. She was wearing a long flowing dress. It was simple – not dressy. The kind of thing that a girl would thrown on to be comfortable. Not out of place in a campsite. It was lightweight so the slight breeze moved it a little across her body, suggesting the curves beneath it. She had gathered her hair back from her forehead and fastened it with a jewelled clip, while the rest hung about her ears. She had added some more eye makeup.

“Talk to me, mirror,” she said.

I could not say a word. I was transfixed. That is the word. It took me an age to be able to move one foot towards her, then another. I could not say a word, because my lips were against hers and my arms were around her body, and it was collapsing so that I was supporting her weight, and she was yielding to the strength of my arms.

No words on the page can tell you how deep and meaningful that moment was. I pity those who go through life without experiencing such a moment – moment when your world changes and goes from being an existence to life full of joy and hope.

“Be gentle,” she said. What had she brought with her? I bought the clothes. She had brought with her Vaseline and condoms. She knew what was going to happen, or perhaps she just hoped. I did not know. That is what I tell myself even now. It makes that time and that place all the more special.

When I say that time I mean more than just that evening, when with the last rays of the sun shining on our little tent, I entered my Suzy for the first time and spurted into her the seed that had been building in me for all those weeks beforehand; I mean the morning after that, and the day and the night, and the Sunday.

And on that Sunday, just before we were to dismantle our tent and make our way down to meet my parents as arranged, Suzy and I spent a moment in each other’s arms.

“After that, I don’t think I can ever go back to being Sam,” she said.

“That suit’s me,” I said. “Because I only want to see Suzy from now on.”

When we got back down to the head of the trail my parents would meet their son Jack, and his girlfriend and lover, Suzy.

“This is going to be difficult,” Suzy said.

“Yep,” I said. “But just so you know it, that sex was great, but that’s not what its about. It’s about love Suzy. I love you.”

And she said, looking at me with those pretty eyes: “Me too, Jack. I have always loved you, but now in a different way. An even better way.”

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| The End© Maryanne Peters 2019 | Suzy, a couple of months later |