I Never Wanted This

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I never wanted this. I always thought of myself as being like any other guy. But look at me now. I am a girly boy. And a boy’s girl.

Some people might say that it has something to do with my upbringing. I have two moms. But I don’t believe that has anything to do with it

They never told me which of them is my biological mother, but I think it is probably Mar. She is the more feminine I guess you could say. Mon tends to be more hard nosed and tells it as it is. She is not happy about the way I am now. Mar just cries and tells me that I need to be who I am.

But what am I?

It all started when my girlfriend Rita decided to dress me up as a girl. She said that I had “good bone structure” and that I would be very attractive as a girl. I just laughed, but when it was clear that she was serious, I was a bit pissed. No self-respecting guy wants to be told that he looks girly.

Maybe that was the problem – I did not have enough self-respect as a guy. I was a bit sensitive about the fact that I was not that tall or big physically. I made up for that by trying my best to get involved in sports and trouble.

I was good looking enough. I had no trouble finding girls. Girls like Rita anyway. There was a protective streak in all of them, I suppose, and they all liked for me to do what they wanted. I never minded so long as I did not look like a pussy in front of my friends.

So I said yes. Even when she said I should shave my legs. Actually I was trying out for the swim team so that could be explained. I drew the line at eyebrow plucking. I agreed to some shaping only.

I guess the biggest shock was seeing myself in the mirror and seeing a girl look back. Any other guy might look at his reflection and smile, or laugh out loud. I just looked worried. I could see myself. I could see her. It seemed almost as if my nuts had been cut off. The person in the mirror was not male.

I wanted out. I told her, but Rita said: “Come on. I have gone this far and I love the way you look. Let’s finish what we started. Let’s get you into this dress, and the sandals that I have found to fit you.”

The worst of it was that she told me not to bother with the long wig. She just put some product in my hair and arranged it so it looked less like a boy’s haircut. A wig you can take off and cast aside. You can say: “Hey, it’s me Kyle”. But there was no wig. There was no Kyle.

“Kylie,” Rita said. “We should call you Kylie.”

I told her: “I can’t believe I am doing this.” But I was. And then I was standing in a floral dress and sandals

“We need to take you out,” she said.

I said: “I couldn’t do it. It would be embarrassing. Worse than that it would be humiliating!”

“Only if they don’t believe you are a girl,” she said. “But they will believe it. Look at yourself. We just need to get you to walk properly, and have you carry a bag over you shoulder like this. And don’t talk unless you can sound like a girl.”

I told he that I was not going to do it. It was time to get there clothes off and go back to being me. But the more that I looked at myself in the mirror, the more I realized that this was moving out of my control. There was something making me want others to see this person – or rather to desire this person.

Is that weird?

“You look hot,” she said. She was right.

I said: “Where would we go?”

“We will go to the mall in Murraysfield,” she said. “Nobody there will know you.”

I can say it now: With the risk of not being recognized it seemed like a good idea. A good idea?! How crazy was this? But things were going to get crazier.

We drove there. We parked and as we walked through the carpark Rita followed me and gave me some tips. As we got into the mall and started browsing through the women’s clothing I started to feel relaxed. I figured: How many guys get to experience an afternoon with their girlfriend like this? We were in it together, just like two gal pals. It was fun. I started to smile. I even found myself giggling, just like a girl.

She tried some stuff on. I found myself saying things like: “Oh my God that is sooo cute!” Just like a girl. And she would laugh and I would laugh back.

“You should try some stuff on,” she said.

I found myself getting caught up in the whole thing. It made me realize that guys have nothing like this. We don’t try on jeans in front of friends. Why would we bother? All jeans are the same. Girls clothes are just so different. Different styles; different colors; and they look so different on from the way they look on the hanger. You have to try them on. You just have to.

Why did I buy it? Impulse I guess. It seemed like such a girly thing to do. Guys don’t buy on impulse. What was I going to do with a dress? Especially a dress like that. It was the kind of dress you wear out to dinner. She said that I looked so good in it, and I did. And it was on special. And I was nuts.

Rita had bought a dress too. Surely we were all shopped out?

“Let’s go for a juice,” she said, as we passed a juice bar.

We took a large table, as that was all there was going. There were two other girls sitting at the other end.

“I’m going to take it back,” I whispered, still trying to disguise any masculine tone in my voice.

“It is so beautiful,” Rita said. “I could never pull off this look. For some reason you can.”

“What a beautiful dress.” One of the other girls at the table saw Rita examining it. “Where did you get it?”

I could see Rita looking at me. I somehow knew what she was thinking. It would be a test. I had spoken to nobody.”

Girls do this. Guys don’t. She could have just told this woman where the shop was. But no – she had to say: “I am Rita and this is Kylie” and then put me on the spot, to try to explain why I needed to take back the dress. Explain without saying: “Because I am a guy and guys don’t wear dresses”.

I said as few words as possible. But I could not win an argument without words or without revealing my secret. And somehow I was able to preserve that secret. The dress was now mine and Rita had proved her point – I was able to pass as a woman among women.

And then my world collapsed.

Into the juice bar walked my friend Justin. I looked away. He could not see me. I could not let that happen.

But he saw Rita. He came over and smiled at all the girls as he always did. I could see his reflection in the window I was staring out of.

“Hey Rita,” he said. “Where’s Kyle?”

Right there, I was. In front of the other girls she could not say that I was anybody other than Kylie. Why had she chosen that name? Why not Rebecca or Suzanne?

It was like a horror movie. I have to slowly turn my head and face the monster knowing that when I see him I will suffer an awful fate. It was like the slowest of slow motion. But I could not look out the window forever.

When he saw me, I could see in an instant that he recognized me. There was a look of amazement. I had to wait for the guffaw. But that did not happen. There was a look of curiosity, and then a smile that I had seen on his face before, but never directed at me.

I held up a little hand and waved. It was about the girliest thing somebody could do. It said that I knew him, and had been hiding.

“You remember my friend Kylie, don’t you Justin?” said Rita. It was her attempt to rescue me.

The other two girls at the table looked at me and at Justin. It was as if they realized that they had just walked in on a very private moment.

“It was nice to meet you, but we have to go,” one of them said. And just like that, they were gone. And Justin sat down.

“Wow. Kylie,” he said. “You look fantastic. Who would have thought?”

I just wanted it to end. I wanted the place to explode and us all to die, or at least a fire alarm so that I could run back to the car. I cleared my throat to say the words: ‘It’s just a bit of fun. I don’t do this stuff. Rita insisted. It’s a joke, that’s all.” I would growl the words in the deepest voice I had to show that I was not a fag.

“Thanks.” It was a girlish whisper. Bashful, you might call it. And it came out of my mouth

“I wonder what you girls are doing tonight,” said Justin. “I’m actually in Murrayfield to meet an old friend for some drinks and dinner. Perhaps you ladies might consider joining us?”

No way. No way.

“I hope you friend is as good looking as you are, Justin.” Rita was unashamedly flirting with another guy. It seemed that she had completely forgotten that I was sitting there. Or maybe she had forgotten that I was a guy? Or maybe I had too?

“I won’t take no for an answer,” he said. And as if to completely block my escape, he pulled out his phone and snapped a photo of me. It was so quick I hardly knew it was happening. He added: “You are just so hot that I would be proud to escort you tonight, Kylie.”

“You could wear your new dress,” said Rita. “We just need to buy you some shoes to match.”

“You should allow me to do that,” said Justin. Everybody knew that he was loaded and could be generous with his girlfriends, and that he was without one now that Janey had gone overseas.

As we walked into the shoe shop I had another internal crisis. This was way out of control. I was a guy, and yet all of these shoes just seemed to be so gorgeous! And when I saw myself standing in heels for the first time, I realized that I had a pair of legs that would be the envy of any woman. And I could see Justin eying my legs up. And it felt good to be looked at that way.

“They are expensive,” I said shyly.

“You’re worth it,” he said. My heart was pounding. What did it all mean?

What had happened to the afternoon? Before we knew it we were getting changed in the ladies restroom and going to the makeup shop for some evening makeup while Justin went off to meet his friend.

I said to Rita: “This is crazy. What have you got me into?”

“Maybe this is a once in a lifetime experience,” she said. “If it is, then go with it and laugh later. But maybe it isn’t …?”

It was like she knew something I didn’t. It was like she knew that I had changed somehow, and that we were no longer boyfriend and girlfriend. It was like I knew that too.

Justin’s friend was called Kane. He was good-looking, but I figured not as good looking as Justin. Somehow it seems that Justin viewed under false eyelashes was different. I would never judge him as being handsome or otherwise, but now I saw that he was. He was desirable as a man. I had never seen it before, but now I did.

We sat across the table from one another. He had a lot of catching up to do with his friend. Rita seemed to be very interested in Kane too. I just sat and watched Justin. It was as if I had never seen him before, and now he was fascinating.

If it was sexual, I would have to have been affected somehow. I told myself that, anyway, to reassure myself that I was not gay. I could not have become gay in a day – could I?

“Are you enjoying yourself, Kylie?” It was like he had suddenly realized that I had been neglected.

“Yes,” I said. I was enjoying myself, but quite why was unclear.

“You are a revelation,” he said. What does that mean? I felt like a revelation. Kylie had been revealed to the world. Rita liked her. Justin liked her. I liked her.

But this is something I had never wanted to happen.

There was no way out. They restaurant was a prison. I was trapped. I started to feel a hint of panic. Under the table I reached for Rita. She understood.

“We need to go to the Ladies’ Room,” she said. We did.

“This is getting crazy,” I said, in the privacy of that strange place.

“No crazier than earlier,” she said. “What is happening? Is he playing with you under the table?”

“No!” Was I strident enough.

“He wants to,” she said. And all I could think was: ‘Why the hell isn’t he then?’

“I think Kane is really nice,” she said. “He is staying upstairs in the hotel. Justin has an adjoining room. If Kane invites me up, are you OK with Justin for a bit? You are old friends – right?”

I could not believe it! We were together Rita and I. Girlfriend and boyfriend. She was talking to me as if I was not her guy but some BFF. It was wrong. I should be deeply offended. Hurt.

“Sure,” I said. With one word I had waved her away. We had been together for months … well, at least weeks. Now I was effectively telling her I was Okay with her just walking away.

And she did just that. She went up to Kane’s room and I went into Justin’s room, and we took a nightcap from the minibar.

“So you like dressing as a woman?” He sat on the bed while I gazed out the window. Somehow the lights of Murrayfield seemed very different.

“I am only dressed this way because Rita wanted me to do it,” I said, and that should have been an end of it. “But I like the way I look.” Those words were unnecessary. Too many drinks maybe. “And I like the way I feel.” Oh my God. Why did I say that?

“How do you feel?” he asked.

I said: “I don’t know. A little vulnerable. A little emotional, I suppose. I am not sure why that should make me feel good, but it does. I guess I am a little scared about what is happening to me.

He stood up and stood behind me, and put his arms around me. It was a soft embrace but I could feel his hard body. Somehow the vulnerability I had mentioned just went. It was a physical feeling. I was safe. But in my head I could hear a voice screaming: ‘This is gay!’

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| It was not what I wanted.  “Does this feel better?” he said.  “Yes,” I heard myself speak the truth.  “And this?” He turned me slowly around and kissed me on the lips. I am sure he would have stopped had I shut my lips and clamped my jaw, but that is not what I did. I welcomed him into my mouth. I wanted to welcome him into every part of my body. Justin. Justin.  That voice was silent in that moment, and afterwards, for the most part.  I never wanted this until I did.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2020 | A couple of people posing for the camera  Description automatically generated |