

# His and Hers

Two Versions of One Transition

By Maryanne Peters

I always knew that Brody was different. I just did not understand how different, back when we were kids.

We never did any other that what other boys got up to together. We liked to play sport. Brody was good at tennis. He was smaller than me but quicker around the court. My size was more suited to contact sport, I suppose. I sort of, went off in that direction.

I sort of had an idea that I would like to play professional sport, football or baseball. I think maybe a lot of young guys have dreams like that, but I had some talent. It was not as if it would be everything I did in my life. I was thinking maybe a few years as a pro and then a career in law enforcement. My dad in a lieutenant in the State Police.

Anyway, Brody and I hung out together, we played some tennis, threw some balls, and we talked about life and what the future might hold for each of us.

Then one day after tennis, Brody told me that he wanted to be a chick. He just spat it out like it was something that had been stuck in his throat for years and now it was out of him. It was a big call, to say something like that to me. I guess I should have been flattered that he thought me to so close a pal that he could share a secret like that, even before he had told his parents.

I will not lie. I was shocked. Especially when he gave me all the gory details about the surgery and stuff that he was looking forward to getting some time. It is not the kind of stuff that a normal guy wants to hear.

Rick was the only one that I felt that I could talk to about this. We had been friends since kindergarten. We were close because sometimes there was only us. Maybe that was because of me.

I never thought of myself as effeminate or anything like that. I could mess it with the guys if need be. I played sport, but I was smaller than most, so I preferred tennis. Rick and I liked to play on the courts near his house.

We were walking back from a game when I told him. He was talking about what kind of professional sportsman he would like to be, or whether he should just follow his father and join up with law enforcement. So, he asked me what I would like to do for a job.

I said: "Brody, I don't want you to get all weird about this, but what I would really like to be is a wife and mother. I don't want to be a man at all. I want to be a woman."

He just stopped dead in his tracks and dropped his racquet on the ground. His mouth was open, and his eyes were looking at me with a crazy look. In that moment I wished that words could be unsaid.

"Are you say that you want to wear a dress, and have your prick cut off, like those trans people?"

"It's not about what I want," I explained. "It is just about the way I am. I hope that we can still be friends, but I understand if you might not want to be."

<p>I was a friend. I was there for him. I hope I always will be.</p> <p>He cried a little. It was the kind of situation where a pal like me should have just put an arm around his shoulders – just for support – as if to say: “Hey man, you can count on me to be your friend.” That is exactly how I felt, but I did not put an arm around him. Maybe I felt he would get the wrong idea, what with him thinking that he is a girl, and stuff.</p> <p>Anyway, he said: “Thanks.” I felt I had been a good friend that day. But I was not sure how our friendship was going to continue after that.</p> <p>He told me that he was going to tell his parents and he expected that it would be very difficult.</p> <p>I said: “After you have done that, maybe you can come on over to my place and we could talk. That is, if there are problems you may need a friend.”</p> <p>I was still in shock maybe, but I was doing my best.</p>	<p>I think that a tear may have escaped my eye. I was just so scared that I had ruined a friendship that was so special to me.</p> <p>Anyway, he saw how upset I was. He put a single right hand on my shoulder, but kept his arm straight. It was like a comforting me but keeping me at a distance. He said: “Hey man. Take it easy. I’m still here.”</p> <p>Those words were like a warm hug. That is what I wanted to do in that moment, but I knew that would be awkward for him. So, I just said: “Thanks, pal. I really appreciate it.”</p> <p>He picked up his racquet and we kept walking. Already I could sense that our friendship had changed, but somehow, I knew that it would hold out.</p> <p>“What do your parents think about this?” he asked.</p> <p>“I haven’t told them,” I said. “I haven’t told anybody. You are the first.”</p> <p>“Wow,” he said. “Wow”. It was all he could say.</p>
<p>It was a few days after that when Brody told his parents. He turned up at school the morning after and asked me whether he could come over to my place for that talk.</p> <p>I had sort of decided that that I was not up for it, so I said I had training that night. It was a lie. He looked so troubled that I after I had walked away, I thought better of it. Before he went home I said that he should come around later. I had to bum around at school for a couple of hours so I would not go home and be seen to be a liar.</p>	<p>When I did tell my parents, it did not go down well.</p> <p>I remember that my father’s lip first curled in disgust, but he could not hate his own blood. He said that I needed psychiatric help – that thinking that your body was wrong was a mental problem that might be fixed with drugs or therapy.</p> <p>My mother said that she only wanted me to be happy, but she said that she could not see a happy future for me.</p>

<p>He told me that he mother had cried a bit but that she was supportive without being encouraging. But his father had gone right off. He had told Brody that he was crazy and should be locked away.</p> <p>I said that maybe he should see a psychologist or whatever, just to make sure, as it was a big decision.</p> <p>He told me that he knew all about it, and about all of the problems that his parents had spoken of, but that it was the only way out for him. What can you say? I guess that nobody can understand it unless you are living it, as Brody was.</p> <p>We talked about parents in general. They love their kids and try their best, but sometimes they just do not understand. When Brody went home, I thought he seemed in a good frame of mind.</p>	<p>“You would never be able to have your own children and have the kind of home that I hope we have provided for you. You will never be able to be truly female. And people will hate you for what you are. People will try to hurt you.”</p> <p>Her concern for me told me how much she loved me. My father too – he said some awful things, but it was only because he cared for me so much. I hope that they realized just how much I loved them back. I think he did.</p> <p>It was so heavy that I was just wishing it was over – over so I could get out of there and talk to Rick. He was great. He just listened. But he did say that I should go along with what my parents said and see the psychologist. He said: “He or she might be able to help you through this and the decisions that you need to make.”</p>
<p>Bonnie and her parents went to see a doctor.</p> <p>The doctor was some kind of specialist who had a reputation for being able to sort out real “transgendered” people from those who are maybe just exploring or experimenting. I think Bonnie’s dad hoped that there was a cure.</p> <p>Bonnie said that the doctor told her parents that this was a clear case of gender dis-something. Meaning that Bonnie was the real thing. A girl in a boy’s body. I have to say that I am not surprised. She was as serious as a heart attack when she first told me.</p> <p>Ever since I have started calling her Bonnie, I think that I have been able to accept that there is a girl inside, just covered up by the skin of my old friend Brody. After the visit to the Doctor that skin would slough off and she would be there, complete. I was sort of looking forward to it, but also sort of worried that she might not look like the person she felt she was.</p>	<p>My parents only truly accepted the situation when they received the expert advice that they were not looking forward to.</p> <p>The doctor we visited was a “gender specialist” and she had confirmed my answers to a questionnaire she spent most of the consultation explaining gender dysphoria to my parents and saying telling them just how common it was.</p> <p>She answered my father by saying: “There is no cure. Your child is female. We just need to correct her body to reflect her reality.”</p> <p>I saw the sadness on my parents’ faces, and I kept a similar face, but inside I was thrilled. Thrilled to be confirmed as female. Thrilled that my parents had heard it from an expert. Thrilled just to be referred to as “she”.</p> <p>And even better, she said that we should start right away to “arrest male puberty”. Right. Arrest that thing and lock him up.</p>

Bonnie got some drugs to get her ball rolling. Some shots and some pills. She was really excited. So much so that I was pleased for her. Even though I worried about maybe losing my closest friend. Well, not losing her exactly, just losing him I suppose.

She had decided that the school did not need to know until the drugs started to have some effect. That seemed like a good idea to me. There was still a chance that she might pull out of this if things did not go right. Maybe if she decided that it was too hard, we could go back to the way things were.

I didn't want her to rush things. This was a serious move.

I was worried for her, but I have to admit I was thinking about myself too. Everybody knew that we were close. I have to admit that I was sort of distancing myself from Brody at school, probably because I figured when it went public, I did not want to be seen as "Rick, the Tranny's Boyfriend". If that sounds bad, then I guess it is. I wanted to be supportive, but I was still a guy, and at the age I was, my masculinity was important to me.

So, I was feeling guilty about it one night, so I decided to call Bonnie and then go around and visit.

Her mother met me at the door and called out "Bonnie!" – like the first time I had heard anybody (other than me when I write) call her by that name. She sort of, gave me a lecture about how things were going to change and that I needed to be gentle and understanding and stuff. But I just said: "It's OK. I know all about it. Bonnie and I have been talking.

She hugged me. She said that I was a true friend to her son and that she knew I would be that same friend to her daughter.

My father spent some time talking about taking a more cautious approach, but as the doctor said, the drugs were only holding things for now. She invited him to get a second opinion, but she said that she was 100% sure that the diagnosis would be the same.

She turned to me and asked me what I wanted. I think that I made it pretty clear that I could not transition fast enough. But she said that I should would prescribe the drugs and then refer the whole family to a support group that would help. She said that transition would be complicated, and we needed to now all the steps to be taken. A lot of groundwork needed to be made before I announced to the world that I was going to be "Bonnie" from now on.

My father was happy with that. He said that he wanted to support me but that he was worried that I might be laughed at or even attacked by haters. He wondered if I could just take the drugs and wear some girl's clothes around the house, that might "satisfy" my need to be female. I have to say that I was proud of my father in that moment. It explained that he attitude was really about love.

I suppose that after I got home, my only disappointment was Rick. I called him to tell him the good news about the doctor and the drugs, but he seemed a bit stand-offish.

He called around right out of the blue. It was well after I got home, so I had slipped into a dress that I Mom had bought over the internet and I was sitting at my new dressing table playing with my hair and trying on some makeup. Ever since I had got back from the doctor after the third visit, it had been decided that time in the house would be girl time.

Rick would normally come straight up to my room, but for some reason Mom called me to come down the stairs and collect him. I

Then Bonnie comes down the stairs wearing a dress. Like a full on, super girly dress with flowers and stuff on it. And it was short, or shortish so that you could see long legs. And she was wearing girl's shoes too.

And she says something like: "Hi there, Rick." Like a girl would talk to me. Brody always called me "Dude" or "Man" or sometimes something nasty, but just in fun.

I suppose I did not even think about how weird the greeting was because I was still getting over the look. I could see that he had done something with his hair so that it looked girly. I could not see what, but it looked like he had more hair. And he had some makeup on too. Just a little maybe, around the eyes and on the lips.

She said: "Do you want to come up?"

I shrugged and said: "Sure." And I followed her up, trying not to look up her dress fluttering right in front of me.

Bonnie told me that she was ready to go to school as a girl. Her parents had already spoken to the Principal. She said that I needed to know. I said: "Are you sure you are ready?"

That was when she told me that the drugs she was taking were having an effect on her. They were supposed to stop male puberty, but she was growing a pair of tits! I felt that if that was what she had already she would have a bigger pair than many of the regular girls, in no time at all.

But I felt uncomfortable seeing them. It felt strange to see these things on my friend's chest. He should be showing me the whiskers on his face, Like I had, but instead she was showing me her tits.

thought about maybe taking my dress off and slipping on some jeans in case we wanted to go out. But, no.

I decided he might as well see the new me, even though it was just the old me in a dress. I put some nice sandals on, checked that my legs were smooth, and I went down the stairs.

He was talking to my mother, and then he turned around and saw me. I gave him a smile, which is kind of weird, because I would not usually do that. I would usually grunt "let's go," or "come up" but instead I said: "Hi Rick."

It was like I was meeting him for the first time, because in a way, I was. He had never really seen me, as me. Now that he did, he was just staring at me.

I know that I had an impact. I mean I was not trying to impress him or anything. You don't become a girl just with a change of clothes. But I did want him to see that I could do this – that I was going to do this – in case he had any doubts.

Rick said that I looked really different and I told him that I felt different too. I told him that my body was changing. I had these tiny swellings on my chest, but Rick said: "Those tits are massive."

I have to say that I was pleased to hear him say it, even if I did not believe him. But I corrected him: "They are breasts, not tits." It felt really good to say that – "my breasts".

I said: "That is the last view you are having of them. A girl has to preserve her modesty."

I suppose I was little concerned about the look in my friend's face. It looked to me like he was uncertain – not sure quite what to do. I felt

<p>And while I was breaking out in spots, Bonnie had really smooth and soft skin. That seemed weird too. It was like we had been on the same track together, and now she was on a parallel track, miles away from me. She was taking, but I could not hear the words.</p> <p>I was sad about that, but I did not want to show it. She was expecting my support, and I was going to bring it.</p>	<p>that I needed to say something to keep him on my team, but what do you say?</p> <p>I suppose I talked a little too much that afternoon. I told him how it was going to work. My parents had delivered certificates from my doctor to the Principal and we had all signed forms. I could only use the staff toilet. There would be an announcement at school assembly. It could be hard.</p>
<p>You can say that, but it is so much harder when everybody is staring at you – at you and Bonnie.</p> <p>The crazy thing is that nobody recognized her when she came in to school. She was like the new girl. I think maybe her hair had been colored a little lighter, but it had curls in it. She was wearing just a little makeup and a different dress. Not so short as the first one I saw her wear.</p> <p>Then when the Principal said, after giving the whole school a brief lecture on “transgender issues”, that: “From now on Brody will be Bonnie”, I felt like shrivelling up and disappearing. I was sitting right there beside her in the front row.</p> <p>Then she stood up and turned to the whole school, and she lifted her hand just a little, to wave, and she smiled. And I felt proud of my friend. I thought: ‘What kind of guts does it take to do that?’ Maybe I should have stood up beside her with a hand on her shoulder, but I thought it was enough just to give her a wink.</p> <p>The whole school was in silence. I did not turn around, but I would have loved to have seen their faces. Then the murmur started. The principal called for silence but the bell for first period had already rung. I just stayed in my seat.</p>	<p>The best thing was that I arrived at school and went to the Principal’s office before assembly was called. I went to sit in the front row, as if I was to be introduced to the whole school as “the new girl”. Nobody realized that it was me.</p> <p>Then Rick came and sat beside me. He said that he would do it, and he did. I felt so good having him there. I wanted to reach out and squeeze his hand. It was all I could do to stop myself.</p> <p>After regular announcements the Principal started talking about transgendered people, and then before you know it, he says: “Brody is now Bonnie” and motions me to stand up.</p> <p>So, I stood and turned. I am there in front of the whole school. Before I left home I thought that I looked about as good as I could. My mother had put some curls in my freshly washed hair, and my dress looked great. I had enough confidence to give a little wave to confirm: “Yes, it’s me.”</p> <p>Then Rick winked at me. I felt so good. I felt that my whole body was lifted off the ground. I am sure that the smile that spread across my face at that moment said it all: “I am Bonnie and I am happy at last – I am a girl. Every face in front of me had a mouth open in amazement.</p>

I confess that I could not get out of there fast enough. Luckily Bonnie was surrounded by girls so I just skulked away.

Within minutes some of the guys were asking me questions like: “Hey Rick, what is with your pal Brody dressing like a fag?”

My reply was always: “You guys know nothing. Why don’t you look it up? Transgender is a thing. Bonnie is a girl, just in the wrong body.”

I was ready to hit anybody who called me a fag. And I would like to think that I was ready to hit anybody who abused Bonnie, but so long as she was with the girls, and I was with the guys, that was not going to happen. I guess I kind of dreaded the moment that we might be seen together.

In fact it was a few days before that moment came. I was walking across the grass and Bonnie came up to me. She was looking really good, and also relaxed. Like, comfortable in her tight jeans and super feminine top with the tits clearly visible under it.

She said: “Rick, I just want to thank you for the support when I came out at assembly.”

Before I could even open my mouth, I heard some guy call out: “Hey, it’s the fag and his boyfriend.” I saw who it was, and I was off to get him when Bonnie grabbed my arm.

“Please don’t,” said Bonnie. “Not on my account.”

But it was not about her – it was about me.

She said: “One hundred bloody noses is not going to change anything.”

I did not even have time to thank Rick for his support, because at the moment the bell rang Melissa and Raven came up to me to give me a hug. It was the best thing that could have happened. I was being welcomed into womanhood.

They told me that I should have shared my plans beforehand, as if I had they would have been there for me. But the truth is, I was not to know who my friends among the girls at school might be. I really had only one friend, and that was Rick. Gender dysphoria can be a lonely thing, but even if you have only one confidant, it is just that bit easier to bear.

But for now, Rick was giving me space, and time to build relationships with the girls.

Not only Melissa and Raven, but a few other girls sort of adopted me. I think that they thought of me was that I was a lump of clay that they could sculpt into a Venus. I was a project. Take a boy and make him a woman. I was happy for them to treat me like that. In fact it was fun.

I sort of neglected Rick, I guess. But he hung with the guys, and there were plenty in that crew who did not approve of me. Some open abuse, for sure, but more just whispers among themselves as I walked by, or worse still, the looks of sheer disgust.

Rick hated it. One time we were talking together, and some guy shouted out: “Look at the guy with the tranny girlfriend.” Rick was going to run over and give that guy one hell of a beating. He was big enough to do that. But I held him back. I said: “You don’t need to punch anyone for me. There are too many of them.”

He said: “If it takes a hundred bloody noses, I’ll do it for you.”

I suppose that I came to grips with having a friend who was a transgendered girl. But what was much harder for me, was just how much of a girl she was becoming.

I mean, she did not go full out with frilly dresses and too much makeup or stuff like that. She just changed. I don't know what is was exactly, but even if she was wearing pants, she was a girl.

She was growing her hair out and it was beautiful hair, especially when she wore it in a pony tail that bounced around when she walked. She was starting to pick up all those little movements that girls do, but somehow, she was better at them, or it just seemed that way. You know, tossing her hair, biting her lip, playing with her ear.

And her body changed as I thought it would. Her mother had big breasts and she said that she was hoping that hormones alone would give her only a cup size smaller than her mother. She was well on the way.

Guy's were starting to notice. I mean, notice that she was a girl. It is not that people forgot that she was not always a girl. They knew, and everybody who didn't was told: "Bonnie is trans, don't you know."

So, for example, this guy says to me: "She is just so pretty. Does she still have a cock?"

"I don't know," was my reply. "Why don't you ask her?" But what I am thinking is: 'Keep your filthy hands-off Bonnie'. Because, why would a guy even ask that question? What does he want to do with her?

I felt that maybe she needed to tone it down a little. I suggested that I drop into her place for a talk, one night when she was not with all of her girlfriends.

Sure, I faced some abuse. It was mainly from guys who I guess were insecure, but also from some girls with old-fashioned ideas. But it did not matter to me that there were some people who could not accept me. For the first time in my life I thought that I was the real me.

I threw myself into it. I guess that transgirls like me feel that they need to be better girls than girls born complete. Not ultra-feminine mincing bimbos, or drag queens, just better. That means trying to look pretty without trying. I guess that started with my hair.

I read all about promoting hair growth, including taking Vitamin H and lying to promote blood to my scalp, and using every hair tomic I could find. I saw some really positive results. I loved playing with my hair, and making sure that it looked good.

I was wishing that my breasts were growing as fast as my hair, and I was using creams and massaging the small protrusions, but I guess I was comforted by the fact that plenty of born girls had less going on than I did.

Most of the girls were wearing bras that showed that we were all developing, and guys notice. I saw guys look at me. I am not sure whether they picked me out as any different, in terms of growth. But there were always the guys who would whisper: "There goes the tranny", or something like that.

I ignore that kind of stuff.

Rick was a little over protective of me, which was nice. But then he started to suggest that maybe I was drawing too much attention to myself – that somehow the abuse I was getting (which I hardly notice anyway) was somehow my fault!



<p>I told her that I was worried about her, as a friend. I asked her if I could speak frankly. Then I told her that the way she dressed and acted was attracting the wrong kind of guy – the guy who was only interested in her as a sexual curiosity, not a proper relationship.</p> <p>I really meant to help her, but she went apeshit. Whatever.</p>	<p>I mean, he is a friend so I know that he was not trying to hurt me, but he did upset me by saying those things. I guess I may have over-reacted a bit. I told him to stay away from me. I felt that his concern for me was suffocating, or that is what I said.</p> <p>I walked away in tears. I regretted it straight away, but when you say things, they can't be unsaid. I confess I could not sleep that night for worrying that I might have lost a true friend.</p>
<p>Anyway, on the weekend I get a call from Bonnie's Mom asking whether I could pick her up from some photography place way across town. Her family needed to be somewhere and she hoped I could pick her up and she would pay to fill my gas tank.</p> <p>I said: "No problem". I got the address and I turned up at the time she told me.</p> <p>Bonnie was not ready. I walked in and she was right in the middle of what I guess you call a "photo shoot". It was like you see on TV sometimes with the gorgeous model pouting and the guy behind the camera saying shit like: "Give me movement. Now over the shoulder." Stuff like that.</p> <p>Except the gorgeous model was Bonnie.</p> <p>And I mean she was gorgeous. Her hair had like curls in it, and it shone like gold under the lights, even though it was brown. And she had a professional makeup job done by the photographers assistant, who sometimes jumped up to make changes, and adjust the hair.</p> <p>And she was wearing like a long dress, and something under it that made her tits look huge. And the dress had a slash up the side so you could see her legs looking a mile long. And glittery high heels on her feet. And sometimes a fan to make her hair dance around.</p>	<p>Anyway, Mom asked me whether I wanted to go to a photographer for some shots of the new me.</p> <p>In our house we had photographs of our family around, like most folks do, but as these photos included images of me as a boy I did not want to see them on the walls. Dad suggested that we have a new series of photos done with the new me in them. It was a great idea.</p> <p>Then after the shoot with all of us, I could stay on for some "glamor shots". My family had to head off in the car so Mom suggested that Rick might be able to pick me up, as the photographer's studio was way across town. She didn't know about the fight we had, so she had already checked with Rick, and he had agreed.</p> <p>I felt mad that Mom had arranged it without consulting me, but it was a practical plan, and I was pleased that Rick had apparently said yes so quickly. Maybe I could just not say anything about the fight.</p> <p>Anyway, when he turned up we were still in the middle of the shoot. I had been wearing some clothes I had bought with me, but Hayley, the photographer's girlfriend who was doing the hair and makeup, suggested that I go all out for the last series of images. She had a ballgown and heels that were just divine. It was like the princess moment I had always dreamt of. Of course, I said yes.</p>

I just stood there and watched in disbelief. Who was this person? What happened to Bonnie? Then I realized that I was getting a boner. I was able to find a framed photo big enough to hold in front of me. I felt that everybody must be able to see it. It was like the alien trying to burst through my pants.

Then the photographer said to me: "That's it. We're finished. Your girlfriend is magnificent, isn't she? I think we have enough of a portfolio to win her modelling contract, if that is what she wants. You are a lucky guy."

I should have corrected him and said: "She's not my girlfriend. We're just old friends. Like family." But I just said: "Yeah"

There was something about that afternoon at the studio that changed everything for me. Bonnie had really become a woman in my eyes that day. You cannot deny sexual attraction when there is a iron sewer pipe in your pants.

When she got into the car, she had changed into just a simple dress and her girly pink trainers. But she still had the hair and the makeup.

I wanted to check out her legs but she sort of backed in ass first and swung her legs in. A girl thing I guess. I had never noticed it before.

As we drove off I thought that we could not just say nothing so I just asked her: "Would it be weird if we went out together? Not like a date, but, well ... like a date."

"It would be weird but nice," she said. "Are you asking me?"

"Sure," I said

Right in the middle of that Rick turns up. He just stands there open-mouthed watching me do all the poses. I may have played up for the camera a bit know he was watching.

At one stage he tried to ignore me and started looking at some big photos that were lying around.

Then, all too soon it was over. I had a really good time. I thanked everybody. The photographer said that he had enough great shots for a portfolio he could prepare for me. He said maybe I could get modelling work.

Then he said to Rick: "You can take your girlfriend home." He thought Rick was my boyfriend. He said to him: "You are a lucky guy."

Rick said: "Yes I am."

That floored me. I felt a special warmth inside me. Somehow those words seemed to change everything.

He was waiting for me in the car. I saw him eyeing me up when I got in. I was not surprised. I had been done up for the shoot with soft curls in my hair and some cool makeup. I knew that I looked good. I was supposed to. I was looking forward to seeing the images. When you are dressed up it is to be attractive to people, so why not Rick?

Then he just blurted out: "Would you like to go out on a date?"

This was my friend. Dating was not what we were about. But after what he had said to the photographer I can't say I was surprised.

"That would be kind of weird, but sure. Why not?" I said.

<p>We just went to a movie on Sunday night. It was no big deal.</p> <p>Except that she put some of those curls in her hair again. And she used some makeup. Not as much as the day before, but designed to make her look really pretty. If not for me then for who?</p> <p>She wanted to go to this really awful movie. Something that she knew I would not like. I guess this is a test that some girls try on to see how much a guy is prepared to do for them. I can handle it.</p> <p>I remember nothing about except that at the end Bonnie bursts into tears. I didn't think that the end was that sad. Maybe the drugs she was on were playing with her mind a bit. She had told me before that they might. I felt pretty helpless, so I my arm around her and kept it there as we left.</p> <p>Then in the lobby, a show in another cinema was coming out, and saw some guys from school. Some with dates, some not. Maybe it was an action movie. Anyway, they saw me. With Bonnie. Holding her.</p> <p>What was I going to do? Take my arm away? Pretend it had never been there? Pretend that this this beautiful girl under my arm was not even there? What the hell. Some guys were already saying that Bonnie was my girlfriend. Those who didn't would be, because I pulled her closer. I nodded my head towards them. I even kissed her head. Take that.</p> <p>There was nobody prettier, or smarter, or kinder, or better, than my Bonnie. I was proud to have my arm around her. Then I felt her arm snake around me.</p>	<p>We just went to a movie on Sunday night. It was no big deal.</p> <p>I decided that I was not going to really dress up. I did not want Rick to get the wrong idea. I knew he was attracted to me. It was his turn to "tone things down" so we could stay close. But I may have had a go with the curling tongs. My hair looked better with a bit of body.</p> <p>He said that I could choose the movie so I chose some rom-com. I thought that it would be very unlikely that we would run into any of his guy friends at a movie like that, whether or not they were on a date.</p> <p>I must confess, I got a bit soppy at the end and he when we stood at the end, he saw my tears and put an arm around me. That is the kind of person Rick is.</p> <p>I am not sure that he was claiming by that gesture. I was just glad that I had time to tidy myself up, because suddenly the cinema lobby was full of people from school looking at us.</p> <p>I did not know what Rick was going to do. I told myself that whatever it was going to be, I would back him. Maybe pretend to limp and say that he was just supporting me.</p> <p>But he pulled me close. He pulled me close and he nuzzled my hair. He was saying without words: "This is my girl. Get over it."</p> <p>I was so happy I almost burst into tears all over again.</p> <p>Surely it must be one of a transgirl's happiest momemts – the moment when a regular guy who knows all about you, says by his actions: "I don't care. You are a girl to me."</p>
<p>I have to say it: The discussion about her operation made me feel very uncomfortable.</p>	<p>I felt that I could talk to Rick about anything. We were even closer.</p>

I mean, I was supportive and everything. It just seemed crazy that she had a prick and balls in her panties. I knew that she hated what she had down there, and that she longed to get rid of it. I completely understand.

But the idea of having your own penis cut off? And your balls too. It makes you shudder even to think about it.

She told me that there was no function anyway, except something to piss out of, and she did not even want it for that. She told me that she sat down to pee and that her prick was so small it was difficult to get the direction right.

I said that I would have liked to have been there for her through the operation, but she had to head out of state, and stay in the hospital for over a week. I went around to her place just before she left and she was packing. She had lots of dainty little panties that she was packing. She seemed excited at the prospect of wearing them.

When she came home a week or so later, the reality was that she was wearing huge underpants because of all the dressings and stuff, so she had not worn any of those lacy things. But she was so much happier. I guess the word is content. It was like a huge weight had been lifted off her shoulders. I think that she had some pain in the first week or so, but she never complained. She just said that she was happy to at last be a woman.

To me there was no change. I would like to think that I saw her as a woman from the moment that she told me that she was one, but really it was later than that. Probably when she .... But removal of something that I could not see did not change her in my eyes. The only change I saw was the smile. Just a resting happy face.

I knew that I could count on him to be with me through the surgery I was going to have to go through. I mean, not by my beside or anything like that. Just be there. Be there when I left and be there when I got back.

I knew that my male bits were a barrier to us having the kind of relationship we both wanted. I told him that they he should assume that they were not even there. For me they weren't. I just wanted them gone. I could not even pee properly. My peepee was so small I had to fiddle with it to point it down when I sat on the toilet. I did not even like touching it, but if I didn't it might make a mess.

Once the appointment was made, I counted down the days.

Just before I left to go to the clinic Rick came round to see me. I was packing my bag. I was excited. I had a whole bunch of lacy panties that I had been buying – the kind that a pre-op transwoman could never wear. The kind that need the clean lines of female anatomy to fit properly. The kind that I had longed to wear all my life.

Rick looked over my shoulder at my case and laughed at them. From behind he put his arms arm me. I now seemed so small in his embrace. He seemed so big. I stroked his hairy arms.

I had my hair up and he kissed the back of my neck. It was heavenly.

I told him that when I came back I would be a real woman.

He turned me around. I was just so happy that he was there. Honestly, I barely cared about the surgery. If he had told me then: "Forget it – no penis will get between us", I could have called it off. But then, I would not want him to be less of a man than he is.

I guess I underestimated just how major this surgery was. Like it is not a snip and tuck. They dig right inside. It was clear that she was in some pain when she got home, but still happy with it.

I guess people don't complain about surgery that has saved their lives, and somehow these wounds had saved Bonnie's life. That's how she felt anyway.

I didn't like the thought of what had been done. I mean a kick in the nuts is bad enough. But she insisted on giving me the gory details. I guess she just wanted me to know that she had really gone through with it. I never doubted that she would.

She even told me about this dilation thing. When she showed me the tools, I thought that the biggest one must be some kind of joke. It was like she was preparing herself to be fucked by a horse. Well, she could hardly call herself a virgin if she had that thing inside her.

So, I asked her how long it would take to be ready. It was not that I was suggesting anything, I just wanted to know when all this dilation thing would be over.

That's when she said: "Rick. I would like you to be first. I would like you to be the first man inside me. No matter what happens; no matter where we go from here; I want you to do this for me."

She was looking at me with those big eyes, looking tired and drawn but still as pretty as ever. So, of course, I said: "Sure"

It was a few weeks later. I was not going to hurry her. She wanted to go back to school, but she wanted for me to do her before she did. I am not sure why, but I was not going to argue.

I was still recovering from the surgery when he came around to my house. I was downstairs in front of the TV but I was lying down on the couch under a blanket. Honestly I was exhausted. I must have looked terrible. But downstairs I was complete. Swollen and bruised maybe, but female.

It is hard to describe just how satisfying it is to know that you are now a real person instead of some freak of nature. It is like somebody who has a tumor removed from their face, except that my disfigurement was concealable. You live with this thing, and then when it is gone you are free. Free like a bird at last able to fly. No amount of pain can talk away the sense of weightlessness.

He seemed to be fascinated by the whole surgery thing. I think I ended up giving him a lesson of female anatomy. I knew all about it. I have studied it most of my life, awaiting this moment

I showed him the tools needed to dilate my new passage. He looked a little shocked at how big a vagina needed to be – bigger than a penis that is for sure. Then I told him that I wanted him that all I had ever had inside me was plastic. In all other respects I was a virgin. And I told him that I wanted him to be the first man to enter me – to take that virginity.

He said to me: "I would be honoured." Then he asked me: "When will I be able to do it? I want to make love to you as soon as I can, the way a woman should be loved by her man."

Rick was impatient but told him he would need to wait until I was ready to go back to school. He said that we should do it before we went back. I was OK with that.

I was a bit worried that it might not appear natural. But he suggested that I come around to his house after we went to a movie on

The truth is that I was well prepared. I did not want to it in her bed. Her room was like a fairy tale room – not just feminine, but even child-like. Not a place where you imagine fucking should take place. I had a room for that.

I had bought a new bed for myself – a double. My room was big enough. I shifted junk to the garage. I just needed enough room for my desk and a few other items. I made up the bed with new sheets – pricy but sort of silky – sexy.

We kissed the moment that I shut the door behind us. It was not the first time. We had been dating for weeks. But somehow it seemed like the first time, because now she was a woman.

She was wearing a dress that unzips at the back (I don't know how girls zip them up without help) and it fell to the floor. I fondled her tits through the lacy bra, and then that came off. Then to the panties. I pulled off my shirt.

I suppose that I needed to see it close up. I got down to check it out. It was everything I hoped it would be. I mean, I was not just happy to see that all the maleness had been cleared from my girl, I was happy that what was there instead was so beautiful.

I kissed her again as we moved back. Without unlocking lips she had loosened my belt and pulled down my pants. I was already as hard as a bullet and stick out the top of my underpants. I laid her softly down on the bed. She looked as sexy as hell. The look in her eyes was pleading me to do her.

I put some lube on my dick and squeezed a little up inside her. The entrance was tight, and must have been super-sensitive. Her back arched and she gasped. I knew it was going to be good.

Saturday night. He told me to pack a nightie and a toothbrush. I added some lubrication and some condoms, because you can never trust a guy to be prepared.

Rick had gone out and bought a bed specifically for our first love-making tryst. It was perfect. Plain, but he had dressed the bed with high thread count satin-like sheets and pillowcases, still smelling fresh out of the package. There was a candle on the desk beside the bed. It felt exotic.

We kissed. It was a long lingering kiss, nothing like the uncertain kisses we had shared in the weeks before then. It was a real kiss – full of passion and promise.

He fumbled with the zipper on my dress and the clip on my bra – expensive and bought for the occasion. I guess his hands were trembling. Maybe my whole body was. This is what I had dreamed of all my life.

He fell to knees to pull down my panties. I felt so proud of what I had. I had kept the whole area shaved since the surgery, so it was plain to see what I had. The most perfect mound and then beneath a wonderfully fashioned vulva.

I pulled him back up to kiss him again and free his erection from his jeans and boxers. It was the first time that I had ever held a penis. I am not going to refer to what I had as one. That was disgusting. This was perfect. With his pants around his ankles we almost stumbled back onto the bed. I looked up into his eyes. I saw love.

I had put my lubrication on the bedside. I squeezed some on to his hand. He put some on his cock and then smeared some on my pussy, push a bit inside. I almost went through the ceiling in ecstasy.

I entered her. We had condoms but we never thought to use them. I guess we were just so caught up in the moment.

Before we knew it, we were humping away, with her fingernails digging into my back and her making really cute with gasping noises. I tell you, it was the best sex ever.

When I came she squealed with delight. Honestly, it is the best sound that a guy can hear. Sex is some much better if you know you are both getting the most out of it.

I lay beside her, still oozing. She leaned over me and kissed me. In the candlelight she was just so beautiful that I knew there would never be anyone else for me but Bonnie.

When I looked at her again in the morning, before she woke up, I wondered how it was possible that the woman I was meant to have could have walked alongside me for some many years dressed as somebody else, and I never even recognized her. She was wearing some disguise, but she was always there. My soul mate. She knew me, and I never even knew that she existed. But then, maybe you could not expect me to notice. I'm just a guy after all.

I told him that I did not want him to wear a condom. I wanted skin on skin. I wanted to feel every bit of him.

He entered me. I felt his masculine strength. I felt that I was truly a woman. There was a man inside me, making love to me. Every stroke of his hips was a moment of pure joy.

Then he groaned and stopped. I could feel his penis convulse inside me. The heavens opened. I cried out.

He collapsed beside me while I just lay there, in what they call "the afterglow". I had just experienced the happiest moment of my life, but I knew that it would be the first of many. Because I knew that I was one of those lucky women who had found true love.

The crazy thing is that it had been there beside me that whole time. I always knew that I was a woman, but I never realized that Rick was my man. It would have been weird if I had. He was my friend, and a good one. I had to become a woman before I could look at him in any other way. Now that I was, I knew that he would be mine forever. And I would be his. Rick's woman.

The End

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