

The Other Side - Part 4

For Trevor

By TheSpiralledEye

Trent looked down at his beer, he could make out his own distorted reflection in the bubbling golden liquid. The foam had long since dissipated, it had been sitting in front of him for almost half an hour with only a single gulp taken out of it. All his friends were already on their second pint but he sat there, nursing the drink pensively. The first drink on a Friday night used to be a thing of wonder but now the bitterness of the beer tasted well...bitter.

Not for the first time his eyes slid over to the booth across the room where several women were sitting laughing over brightly coloured cocktails with little umbrellas. They looked sweet, in fact he swore he could smell the sugar from across the room somehow. He and the girls had drunk similar things at the club as they danced the night away. That had been several days ago now and he felt a pang of longing.

“Yo, Trent, you in there?”

“Sorry what?”

The other guys laughed and he felt himself blushing deeply; at least they had no idea what he'd been thinking about. He wasn't particularly close with any of the guys he worked with, in fact, he strongly suspected they invited him out every few weeks for after work beers out of habit more than anything.

“You've been staring into space for days now, man.” Roger chortled, “Is there a new lady in your life or something?”

“Something like that.” Trent admitted and was met with a chorus of wolf whistles.

“What's she like?” Roger elbowed him a few more times, “Hot?”

“Yeah...really hot.” Trent blushed, feeling slightly arrogant, “But I haven't really gotten to know her yet.”

The crew continued to hound him a bit before eventually giving up when it became obvious he wasn't going to say anymore. They started talking about their own latest conquests and Trent felt his eyes glaze over. This sort of talk really seemed dull to him now. His eyes drifted back over to the table of women. One of them was wearing a mini skirt made of some sort of shiny reflective material; fake leather perhaps. It really showed off her legs.

Trent stretched his own legs out, trying to remember how it felt to have long ones just like that woman. The skirt would look dynamite on his Hannah form, of that he was sure. He wondered where she bought it; could he ask? Was there a non creepy way to ask a stranger where she bought her clothes? If he was Hannah right now it wouldn't be a problem, judging by what he saw in the women's bathroom at the club that sort of talk was welcome. But as a man? He wasn't sure.

"You gonna drink that?" Roger asked, side eyeing the still full beer.

"Nah," Trent sighed, "Should we maybe do something else?"

"Like what?" Roger asked, downing half the pint in a single gulp.

"I dunno..." Trent shrugged, "Sitting around just chatting seems sort of boring."

Across the room the girls from the other table had finished their cocktails and had put a coin in the jukebox. It was blaring some cheesy eighties song as they were all giggling and dancing to the beat.

"We could dance." Trent suggested before he could think and Roger looked at him like he'd grown two heads.

"Dance?" He snorted, eyeing off the women by the jukebox, "Didn't you just say you got a girl?"

"What's that got to do with dancing?"

Roger just raised an eyebrow.

"Wait, you actually want to dance. I thought that was just a euphemism for picking up those chicks."

Trent felt his face heat up as more eyes turned to look at him.

“Haha, just joking.” He said awkwardly, “Anyway I should get going.”

Nobody looked like they believed him for a second and he could just imagine the whispers that would follow him in the office tomorrow. Whatever, he never liked these guys anyway. He stepped out into the night and immediately felt loneliness wash over him. Leaving a bar alone always felt somewhat sad.

He reached into his pocket and grabbed the spare sim card he kept there, plugging it into his phone and smiling as a message appeared.

Julie: Hey Han! How are you?

Hannah: Great girl! Just finished drinks with some work friends.

Julie: Oh fun! If you want to come to a little party I am holding later this week, you can meet all my friends.

Hannah: Sure! Is Jasmine coming?

Julie: Everybody is coming, well, everybody who's cool enough ;)

They continued to chat amicably as he walked home, a smile glued to his face. It was so easy to use Hannah's more casual, intimate way of speaking. He'd always found texting girls hard, it was a delicate balance between not coming off too strong but also being friendly. So many times he'd tried to befriend a woman only to have her accuse him of flirting. But as Hannah he could say 'luv you!' and nobody would bat an eye. It was quite freeing really.

Julie said her good night just as he got home and Trent replaced the sim once more, turning his phone back into his own. It was only a few hours later, just as he was falling asleep that he realised Julie still hadn't invited him to her party.

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He waited a few days but still no message from Julie about attending her party as Trent. This should have been a relief really, it wasn't like he could attend as both himself and Hannah after all but it still stung. He remembered Julie begging Jasmine to date him just to try and make him more interesting. Well, he was interesting! Julie and Jasmine liked Hannah well enough so what was the difference besides a great pair of tits.

Okay, Hannah was a little more confident but how much difference could that really make? He had to pick up his pace; he'd go to Julie's party and there he was sure he would crack the case and figure out exactly how to make 'Trent' the most popular guy around.

Perhaps he could even have Hannah talk him up, say they ran into one another at the store and gush about how nice he was. Not enough to make anybody suspicious of course, but enough to plant the seed that he was worth keeping around. Especially if, as he suspected, Julie was slowly cutting him out of their social circle. Considering she was at the centre he couldn't let that happen.

As the work day wore on Trent found his mind wandering to the party more and more. What would it be like attending a party as a woman? Would it really be so different? It would be sort of fun 'meeting' all his friends and getting a second chance at a first impression. The idea made him giggle and he was forced to cough to cover the incriminating sound.

There was just one problem; what was he going to wear? The only outfit 'Hannah' owned right now was that orange clubbing dress and as great as it was, he couldn't be seen in the same outfit twice in such quick succession. No, he would simply have to go shopping; for the sake of the experiment of course, not because he would enjoy it.

Yet he couldn't deny there was an excited spring in his step as he walked out of the office and rushed home to transform. He sighed in relief as his Hannah form settled over him once more and he shook out his long hair with a smile. The orange dress was a bit much to wear shopping but it was his only option.

He'd always heard the saying that a good suit could make a man. Turns out the same could be said of dresses for women. Just wearing the party dress in this attractive body made him feel more confident. Each step filled him with a sense of self assuredness he simply wasn't used to and he couldn't help but blush a little when he noticed men's eyes ducking to his chest as he walked by.

He couldn't blame them, not with a rack as stunning as his, well, Hannah's. A little appreciative glance here and there did wonders for his self esteem. Maybe if more women looked at him that way as Trent he wouldn't need to do this experiment in the first place.

He walked into the boutique and was immediately drawn in by a rack of jeans. They were light blue and embroidered with all sorts of patterns; the first had yellow flowers, the next flames, the after that fish. He immediately started holding them up against his legs, comparing them to one another when a smooth voice interrupted him.

"Can I help you, miss?"

Trent whirled around to come face to face with a handsome young brunette with olive skin and broad shoulders. He wore a name badge that said 'Tim'.

“Just browsing.” He replied, fully intending to turn back around and focus on the task at hand but something stopped him.

His eyes seemed to have a mind of their own, roaming over Tim’s chiselled body. The button up shirt he was wearing had the sleeves pushed up to expose his muscled forearms and the buttons were threatening to burst at any second. Idly, Trent wondered if Tim wore shirts a size too small on purpose for just that effect. Tim cleared his throat and Trent felt himself flush for what felt like the millionth time this week; why was he so easily flustered all of a sudden.

“S-sorry, off with the fairies.” Trent giggled awkwardly, “I’m fine, thank you!”

He turned on his heels and made an effort to look absorbed with the jeans, even if his eyes were boring right through them. Tim turned and walked away as well as the iron grip around Trent’s heart finally relented. That was...weird. He’d never felt so nervous shopping before, or noticed how...attractive a sales clerk was.

He shook the thoughts away, focusing on the jeans and selecting a slimming pair patterned with purple lilacs before picking out a matching purple tank top. It was completely on the other side of the colour spectrum compared to his dress but when he slipped the items on they felt perfect. He smiled at his reflection; the woman there had a casual energy about her that made her seem approachable despite her attractiveness.

“I know, lipstick! And a choker!” He snapped his finger and grinned, rushing out to pay for the clothes without even taking them off.

There was a make-up and jewellery shop just a few stores down, he could already picture the perfect shade of plum lipstick that would complete the look and perhaps he could find a sleek black choker or necklace to match. Maybe with a flower motif; yes, that would bring the whole look together.

As he smeared the purple pigment across his lips and smacked them together it occurred to him just how much fun this was even without other women to help. He couldn’t remember the last time he had this much fun shopping. He didn’t even feel slightly embarrassed holding up the two near identical necklaces to compare against his chest.

Trent tried to feel bothered; his pride should probably have been taking a hit but after a few minutes he gave up. This was just too enjoyable to ignore and the idea of going home or hanging out with the work boys again filled him with a mind numbing boredom. No, he’d much rather stay here comparing shades of bronzer, so that is exactly what he did.