Jealous

A Vignette

By Maryanne Peters

She used to be Pete. We were friends then. We practically grew up together. My brother was older than me, so he ignored me, and Pete had older sisters. We hung out together. We played ball – shot some hoops and I pitched him some balls. He didn’t have a strong throw. We climbed trees and played in the creek on hot days. He was always around at my place playing e-sports games.

Pete was as normal as any other guy. At least he seemed that way. That was before he started calling himself Petra.

He told me before he did, but I told him that he was crazy. I said that he needed to get help. He said he had. The shrink said that it was gender dis-something. Pete said he knew that was what it was.

I said that he needed to get over it. Being a guy is the best. Girls don’t have as much fun. They say that they can do anything, but they can’t. Guys know it. They always seem to be angry or sad.

He went right on and did it. He got shit from all the guys. Okay, including me. I was not a friend to him, or not the friend he deserved. A real friend stands up, rather than apologizing in private.

I suppose that I worried that people might think I was less than straight if I was friends with a tranny. And to make matters worse “Petra” would say “I understand”. How can those words hurt so much? She said: “I have to make new friends – with the girls. I am one of them now.”

It seemed like somebody important in my life, had left.

You have to admire the way Petra took to being a girl. She said started dressing like a girl, speaking in a squeaky voice; she grew her hair and put some curls in it and tossed them around; even in jeans she seemed to have a butt like a girl, while her breasts swelled out in front.

To think that I guy I once messed around with would act like that.

The crazy thing is that Hayden knows what she is. I should say he, not she, but it is hard to get my head right when I think of her … him. Anyway, Hayden is on the football team and a good-looking guy. Plenty of girls would like him to date them. Why would he go for a girl who isn’t really a girl?

Now I hear that he is taking her to the prom. Like, he will be photographed with a tranny on his arm, in a pretty dress with her hair up, smiling like sunshine. You idiot, Hayden. Hanging under those skirts somewhere, is a schlong and a pair of nuts. How do you feel about that, Hayden Hotshot? As if I would dare to ask him.

What is going to happen after the prom? Sure, he is going to be slow dancing with her, in a clinch, with his face nuzzling that beautiful hair, and drinking in her perfume. He is going to have one hand on that bouncy butt, and the other hand stroking her tender wrist, and he is going to feel those freshly sprouted titties pushing up against his chest. And maybe he will stick his tongue in her mouth, our maybe she will use hers to lick his tonsils.

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| Why should I care?  But what happens afterwards Hayden, you jerkoff? What happens when you get her into your car and run your hands up those lovely smooth legs, right up to … her hairy balls, you dickhead!  But you know they are there. Maybe they are not hairy and dangling. Maybe with all the plucking and all the hormones they are just like two little lumps in a soft labia without an opening? Maybe her dick is just a tiny little thing, like a swollen clitoris, but one that shows that the orgasm is real by spitting out just a smidge of sissy cream? That would be the orgasm you give her when your cock is donkey deep inside her between those soft buttocks, with her squealing in the lovely little squeaky voice she has acquired.  Yeah, she’s a sissy. You can keep her Hayden! You fag!  Why should I care? What makes you think I do?  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2020 | A picture containing wall, person, indoor, person  Description automatically generated |