Butch

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I always said that I needed violence. I said it then: There is nothing like another man’s blood on your knuckles to make you feel like a man. Or that moment when you know a stand-off is going to turn to blows. The adrenalin is surging in your blood as you imagine the sound of his face being crushed. Yours or theirs, it makes no difference. It’s the buzz I needed.

And I know why I needed it. Because I knew that deep down inside me, I was a girl. I fought that every day of my fucking life.

I used to hang with guys who I thought were the same as me. Aggressive men. We worked construction during the day, and at night we would go looking for trouble. Not every night, but on the nights we did, we are alive. I was one of them. A man. A violent man.

We drank, but we stayed on top of it, just in case. We would look for another group not less than us in number. We were usually 3 or 4 in those days. There’s no sense in picking on one or two guys who will just walk away, of maybe even run. We wanted a fight, so we had to give them the idea that they might win. They never would. We were good. We knew how to fight.

For a moment when I stood over the guy I had felled, or he and his pals had run off, I would feel good. I would feel nothing but male, right to my core. But it never lasted.

I would go home, to my shitty little dive. I would wash the blood off my hands and out of my mouth if I had taken a blow, and I shower before bed. And in the shower, I would hold my cock between my legs and I wish I had a pussy. I would pull my hair up at the back, and wonder how it would be to have the nape of my neck kissed, and when I lay in bed I might hold my pillow and pretend that it was a guy, who liked to play with my tits, if I had any.

How fucked up is that?

I was doing my best. I was fighting it with everything I had.

I fucked women. I fucked them hard. Then I would want them to go, or I would have to go if it was their bed. I could fuck a woman but not sleep with a woman. When I go to bed, I sleep better with a nightie on. Not even a whore should see me like that. In fact, I lived in fear that there might be a break in, and some burglar would find me in my nightie, looking like a fag. I would have to kill him. I was ready to do it. Nobody could see me like that and live.

Sometimes I would think about where I might escape. I had a fantasy that there is a shack in the woods that is decked out like a boudoir inside. I could pluck out my beard and most of my eyebrows. I could put up my hair. I could just dress like a girl. I could do the housework. Maybe do some knitting if I knew how; or sewing. I would read some magazines, or maybe watch a nice romantic comedy on TV. Then my man would come home. He would pick me up because he is so much bigger than me, and he would smother me with kisses. He would pull up my pretty frilly skirts and shove his dick into my wet pussy. I would ride his cock and my high-pitched wail would fill the forest.

Fuck. It would scare me to think what I sick little puppy I was.

I thought about going to a shrink. But I knew what my problem is. Everybody knows what it is: Trans-fucking-gender-thing. And everybody knows there is no cure. Only acceptance. And I was never going to do that.

I had my gang, and we were tight. I was not alone. But I was.

Maybe I could have sneaked away. Maybe I could have learned how others were able to cope with this problem. But I did not want to mix with people who had what I had. Queers, faggots, trannies. Not people like me.

There was no way out of it. Suicide is for pussies. If I was going to go out, I was going to go out in a fight. That meant nobody coming to my aid. I had to fight it out alone.

I knew where to go. Somewhere we had been before. A place where there would be guys itching to pick on one of our number and mess him up bad. If I died in a pool of blood, all this shit would be over. I would die a man, because I sure could not live as one. Not in my own head.

It was a fight night with the boys, but I pulled out. I said I had business. I did. The business of ending it all, so I figured.

I went to the bar I had picked out. I went up to the counter. Within seconds maybe three guys came up behind and one of them called me out.

I turned to see him coming. “I remember you,” I said. “At least I think it was you. As I recall you were bleeding from the mouth and crying for your mommy.” I threw my glass of beer over him. I got maybe 4 or 5 punches in, and then it was lights out.

Dead. Sadly, no.

But pain, yes. My face was beat up, and I guess I had cracked ribs, but the pain was below that. They call it testicular torsion. As I learned later my nuts could have been saved if I had got treatment within 24 hours, but I was dumped on a vacant lot like a piece of meat. I lay there unconscious until Simeon Smith found me.

It was the worst possible result. As bad as jumping off a bridge and ending up a quadriplegic and unable to kill yourself. Maybe worse. Here I was: A pretend man who can no longer pretend to be one. How can a man without nuts hang with the guys I hung with?

Maybe without balls I could be pussy enough to throw myself out that hospital window? No.

I learned all about my condition from the doctors and the nurses on the first morning, and then they told me that I had a visitor. I did not want visitors, but they said it was the man that found me, and he was picking up some of the bills for my care.

I felt as if I could say to him when he walked in: “Thanks for nothing motherfucker. Better to have left me to die that leave me nutless in a macho world.” But when he walked in, I said nothing. And I’m glad I did. He was a tall, athletic, good looking guy, with warm eyes.

“How are you?” he said. What a fucking stupid question?

“Alive,” I said. Alive, thanks to you, and castrated. And in a hospital bed.

“I drove you in here,” he said. “You were delirious. You talked quite a lot. I learned all about you. The real you. I think that she is very different from the person from … the person you pretend to be.”

What about that? Land one hundred blows and kicks to my bruised body and then the king hit was just a few words. I just turned away from him and bit my lip. If I could cry, I would have. The secret was out, to this guy anyway. I was a pervert. A fem-boy. My worst fears. Did other people know? I told you that if somebody finds out they have to die.

“They will discharge you tomorrow, although I have said that I will pay for you to have some remedial surgery to your face this afternoon, so it may be the day after. They are going to discharge you to my care. You had no ID on you. I have told that you are my cousin, and …”.

“What do you want from me?” I interrupted.

“Maybe I want what you want,” he said. “I know what you don’t want. You don’t want anybody to know what has happened to you, and we can keep that to ourselves if you come with me. Or you can go home, to the life you obviously hate.”

“So, nobody knows that I am here? Nobody even knows I’m alive?”

“That’s right. No ID on you. Maybe you planned it that way. Maybe your attackers disposed of it. So you just sign the forms for the facial repair and I will take you out of here the day after tomorrow. Then we can decide what to do. Are you Ok with that?”

So, I said I was. I did not even know what my face looked like, but I did not care. To me, I was always ugly.

Sure enough, the forms arrived after he had left and I signed them. I went into surgery and came out all bandaged up. It felt no worse the day after surgery than the day I went in.

So, I had the whole of that day to think what I was going to do next. By agreeing to go with this guy Simeon Smith I had the option to wipe him out if I wanted, and my secret with him. If nobody knew who I was (like, I was his cousin or something) then I might even get away with it. But could I then go back to who I was before, but without balls?

I had no idea. It just seemed to me that I was spiraling even deeper into the shit that was my life.

Then on the Tuesday, I think it was, Simeon comes to collect me and takes me back to his place. A big place. A whole building in a nice leafy street. Three floors plus a basement and a rooftop terrace. Simeon Smith was a rich man. He could afford the care. I could recover at his expense. What’s the harm in that?

My arms and legs were bruised too, but not broken. So, I hobbled up the stairs in the sweat-suit the hospital discharged me in, and he showed me the room that I will be sleeping in.

I asked him: “So, is this like, your daughter’s room or something?”

“Its your room,” he says. It is decorated and equipped for you. Everything you need. So, get off those sweats as soon as you can. Leave them outside the door. Change into whatever you like. There is plenty to choose from.”

And he left. He left me alone in the room of my dreams. Like the boudoir from the cabin in the woods. So how did I feel? Mad as hell, that’s how. I thought: Is this guy trapping me into becoming some kind of tranny for his perverse pleasure? What a creep. I’ve got to get out of here.

But then I saw a little powder puff on the dresser, sitting on top of a ceramic bowl with a lid, a bowl of perfumed talc. It is the most feminine thing that I have ever seen. The light furry puff with a little embroider cloth tag to hold it. The lid of the bowl with flowers painted on it. The powder with just a hint of peachy pink, and smelling of rose petals. It was bewitching.

There is a monster in the mirror. A swathe of bandages, like the Mummy from the movie. Holding the powder puff.

I wondered: Could it be that under these bandages it is not me at all, but somebody else? What I knew for sure was that I was not going to run out the door and down the street looking like this, even if I could run. So, take off the sweats and put some clothes on? What was there?

Nothing. Everything was women’s clothes. And I mean, all women wear jeans and T-shirts and stuff that both sexes wear. But there was nothing like that in the closet or the drawers of the dresser, or the dressing table. Dresses, blouses and skirts, panties, bras, pantyhose, shoes but not a single pair of trainers anywhere. He wanted me to go downstairs in drag.

I felt trapped.

You might think that all of my dreams were coming true, but that was not how it felt. Not then.

I decided that I would play the game. I found a knit dress. You know the kind. It shows off every curve and is quite short. On me it looked ridiculous. It show my flat chest, big arms, broad back. Fuck, you could even see my dick poking out. And below the dress my two hairy male legs, and feet in maribou flat slippers. Take that, you prick. I went downstairs.

The only light on was in the kitchen. It was large, with a small dining table under a large window. In the middle of the table was a single burning candle and a casserole with the lid on. The table was set for two. Simeon Smith stood behind it.

“Well, that’s quite an outfit,” he said. “What should I call you?”

“What about Stoolie?” I said.

“If you can’t think of a better name, I will call you Belle.”

“I guess that makes you the beast,” I said walking closer.

“You clearly know your cartoon romances,” he said. “As every girl should. Please come and sit down.”

As I took a seat, I said: “You are clearly having fun with me, but I am hungry, so you can do what you want so long as I get too eat whatever is in that pot.” It smelt great.

“I am trying to do what you want,” he said. “A few days ago, I heard a girl crying to be free. I want to free her. Will you let me.”

“She doesn’t exist,” I told him flatly.

“She could do. In fact, she is coming. When those bandages come off you will see. When you start feeling the effects of the female hormones flooding your bloodstream. When you let go. When you flush that attitude down the same toilet as your testicles.”

“What have you done?” I asked.

“You’ll find out, Belle,” he said, as he dished out the full-flavored French stew. “You’ll find out and you will thank me.”

There was no knife on the table. Just a fork for the big bits and a spoon for the sauce. I now wondered whether, if there had been a knife, everything might have turned out very differently. I was hungry and the smell of that food had me drooling, but there was still just enough man in me to have done violence that evening. Just enough male chemistry to have gone back to what I knew – violence.

Instead I ate. I ate and I said nothing. And after I had eaten the pain had tired me, and I went to bed. The sheet smelled of flowers. I was always a fitful sleeper. My mind was a constant struggle between the person that I wanted to be, and the man I am – the tough guy.

But in the morning, it seemed that the last trace of masculinity was gone.

As I lay in bed, I reached down to my dick. It was still there, but it was not swollen as it was in the mornings. It seemed tiny. My scrotum was still full of stitches but only dressed with light tape rather than bandages. I seemed to me that the whole package could be hidden in an egg cup. When got up and looked in the mirror on the dressing table, it the half-light with the curtains still closed, it seemed that the figure with the bandaged head might be a woman.

I drew the curtains and I could see that he had been in my room. He had laid out a pair of panties, one of those slip things that women wear, and a robe in coral pink with white lace detail. When I put the panties on, I was basically smooth up front, with just a noodle and an empty coin purse hanging down.

He must have heard me moving around. He tapped on my door, saying: “Belle, are you up?”

I did not want to be called Belle. I am not a cartoon. I chose Laurel. I told him it was so he could be Hardy, but that was a silly afterthought. I just liked the name. He did too.

He ran a bath for me in the big bathroom at the end of the hall. My room had a shower, but the bath seemed the right place to soothe my bruises and shave my legs. He insisted on that.

He also insisted that I should always wear panties if I was naked. He did not want to see any part of my maleness. As far as he was concerned, I was female. That is the way he liked it. And, as I came to know, I liked him to think of me that way.

But from the moment I stepped out of that bath without him in the room, I was truly naked. I felt the air on my shaved skin as I had never felt it before. It was as if I was a blank slate, or a plastic figurine to be painted with the colors of a woman.

But it still seemed to me that I could only ever be a poor imitation, until the bandages came off and the swelling in my face went down. That was when I saw just how much Simeon had done for me. My heavy brow, the mark of male aggression that dominated my face and reduced the size of my eyes, was gone. My eyes looked huge, and my eyebrows, still largely un-plucked had moved up as my hairline had been pulled down. My nose had been large and knocked to one side by many punches, but in its place was a thin and sculptured nose. A pretty nose. My heavy square chin had disappeared, to be replaced by a gentle shape. My cheekbones appeared higher, but not angular. There was a softness.

Even though to was bruised and swollen when the bandages first came off, it was clear that I had a woman’s face, and an attractive one. With some cosmetics it could be far more than that, but that was something that I knew nothing about, then.

My size could not be changed. I would always be big for a woman, but not overly so. Simeon was bigger than me, and in his presence I could almost feel petite.

But size is not important if your body is feminine, and with time, the hormones would work their miracle.

“I have a question for you and I want an honest answer,” I said to him in the soft voice that seemed to come out of my mouth. “Was it you who took my balls?” I had been nursing this fear for some time – that the whole thing might be his doing.

“No, it wasn’t,” he said. “I honestly came upon you in that vacant lot when I was out for my evening walk. In fact, this house is very close to where you were found. We have little violence around here so I am guessing that they brought you some distance. I heard them drive away but I never saw the vehicle. I just heard you moaning. You face had been pulverized and your groin slashed. I used my shirt to stop the bleeding and I called for help.”

“And you heard me talking?”

“Yes, I heard you talking. I mean it was you, not him.”

“And you paid for all of this?”

“I happened upon a tragedy,” he said. “But it was far worse than a man in pain. It was a woman wronged by nature, and also in pain. I did what I could.”

He told me, but would it really have mattered? I should have said thank you to him then, for anything that he had done. But it seemed to me that I was still hopelessly unprepared to be the person that he had heard call out to him that night.

For example, I knew nothing about women’s clothes. In my dreams I was hardly ever dressed. My dream was to have the body of a woman. To stand before my man naked and have him take me in any way he liked. I barely knew a dress from a drape, blouses from bloomers. Even if I had seen those things on a woman, I would only have been concerned to get them off her and throw them in the corner so that I could fuck her and prove to myself that I was male, and nothing less.

If Simeon expected me to acquire these skills overnight, it would require magic. But that is not what he expected. He expected me to stay with him in his home and slowly become female. He was patient.

The physical changes to my body certainly helped, but they were slow. The first thing I noticed was that my muscles seemed to be wasting away. My reaction to this was confusing. My physical strength had been my means of survival, and now with these drugs it was as every time I went to the toilet is was like flushing away a part of myself. I had chosen to sit down even, when just peeing. It made it seem that the man was just falling out of the bottom of me.

Simeon told me that I should be glad. He said that he could see the new me appearing as the old me literally rematerialized. I couldn’t.

And that leads to the second thing – crying. The absence of tears also marked me as a man, but those days were over. And I seemed to cry most when I was in Simeon’s arms. He would hold me and tell me that everything was happening as I had wished for, and that I would emerge from my ugly shuddering pupa as a butterfly.

These two things I noticed well before the softening of the skin and the development of the first signs of breast tissue. It was the loss of muscle and the arrival of feminine moods that told me about the path I was on. It was a path that led into the unknown. The old me had no fear, or none to speak of. The new me was terrified.

“What you left behind was so awful that you preferred death,” said Simeon. I had told him everything. “So, whatever the future holds for you it must be better than that.” Of course, he was right, but the new softer unmanly me was so different – fearful and indecisive.

Then one day I looked in the mirror and I could not see the old me at all. I am not sure that it was any dramatic overnight change, I just decided that I looked so little like me that I could face obliterating the last signs of him totally. I needed a makeover.

“So, we need to step outside,” said Simeon.

“Could they do a house call?” I asked softly, as the new me should.

He frowned. He booked an appointment. He told me that the salon was on the same block. We could walk there. I did not have to wear a dress or anything like that, but I would be stepping out of the house in women’s clothing. As he said: “This is not the kind of establishment that admits men. I will go with you and be there when you come out, but while you are there, you will be on your own.”

It was terrifying. I felt as if I had shed my skin completely, and I was there, soft and pink and unable to face the elements of the outdoors and any interaction with people who had the benefit of skin on their bodies. That is what these hormones had done to me. Not made me into a woman, but into a blancmange, rose pink and wobbly like jelly.

He went out and bought me some clothes - something other than the nighties, silk pyjamas and robes that I had worn around the house. Women’s clothes were so foreign to me they might have been a spacesuit. Instead of a dress there were long black loose-fitting pants, and for the top there was a loose fitting green blouse that could have been a shirt had the buttons been the other way around. And under that top was a bra, white and big enough to fit around me and over my shoulders but made my little cones of flesh pretending to be breasts look truly pathetic. And there were matching panties, that could not possibly accommodate what was left of my genitals, but they did. Over it all was a coat that I could button and then belt at the waist. Then finally, fashionable boots with a heel that was no more than some cowboy boots I had worn. It was a feminine outfit, but it was pants, a shirt and a jacket. I could do this.

I wore a scarf over my head and big dark glasses. Simeon suggested that I take him by the arm, which I did, mainly because I felt that if I were to lose him in a crowd I would be lost forever, or found out, and stripped naked to reveal my tranny shame. But the sidewalk was basically empty in both directions. He led me as I clip-clopped along.

It was a cool winter’s day which I guess reminded me that I must have been staying with him for several months. It was only just fall when I had ventured out for the last time as Butch. Now we were walking into a beauty shop and he was introducing me as Laurel.

I was expected. The ladies fussed over me. They knew that I was a man, but they treated me as a woman, just as Simeon did. After initial tension, I felt that I could relax in their presence.

“Call me when she is ready to be collected,” Simeon told them. “Whatever is needed, put it all on my account.”

My heart sank as he left. I had been with him and only him all this time. He had been holding me together while what had once been strong became weak and needy. Part of me wanted to chase him out into the street, and have him throw his coat over me and hide me.

“What a guy you have there,” one of the ladies said. Did I have him? Was he mine? I knew that he had me. I was his, to do with as he wished, that much was clear.

“We’re going to have to undress you for a full body wax,” they said. And then we are going to give you a good facial before we do your hair.”

I seemed so much bigger than them, but somehow smaller too, and weaker. They were in control, and I was not. I was a thing. Would I ever be a person again? Yet more of me was being yanked off me, as the hot wax set on my naked body. I relished the pain, as I did after a fight.

“What lovely little breasts you have,” said one lady. “And a pretty face. And a good head of nice soft hair. Long enough to style into something truly beautiful.”

If I had images of myself as a woman, those images were not of a beautiful woman. The princess dream had gone with my childhood. The vision I had developed when I was Butch, lying in bed with my dick tucked between my legs, was just a female version of myself. If in my dream I was a fat slut with stringy hair and living in a slum, I would have been happy so long as I had a vagina deep enough to take a big cock and tits for my man to fondle. Beauty was too much to ask for. I just wanted to be female.

So, what began to emerge that day, was revelatory. That day changed my life.

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| The repairs on my face had fashioned a dainty chin and delicate nose. My nose was never going to be small, but it was nicely shaped. The chin meant that I had lost forever the ability to jut my jaw and take a punch. Now feminine chin without being a weak chin, was plain to see.  My lips had been only slightly curled to become fuller, but had not been filled in the manner that looks so unattractive in some women. I would call them “kissable”  My eyes were never going to big either, but with eye makeup they looked good. And staring into them, I could find no trace of the man who had once lived behind them. He was gone. This eyes now looked tender and caring. The very opposite of him. And yet excited and questioning: Can I be this person?  But best of all was the mass of long dark hair that seemed to have come from nowhere. There was no mistaking what I was now. |  |

Even with my shoulders still broad, although no longer muscled, and in nothing but a white tank top, I was clearly a woman. And an attractive one.

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|  | My breasts were not swollen by implants. They were growing day by day naturally, and when I stood naked they appeared womanly, but primed for further growth.  As I stood there, looking at the body in amazement, and seeing the face that would enable me to realize the dream of a life time, Simeon came up to me.  “May I touch you?” he asked.  “Touch me,” I said. “Please touch me.”  His hand on my breast made me gasp. My nipples hardened immediately. He reached up and rand a hand down my hair. My lips quivered, as if calling upon him to still them with his own. They did.  “I will never force myself on you,” he said. “But I want to make love to you so much I am not sure if I can control myself. |

“What makes you think that you could?” I said, grabbing his arm by the wrist, and squeezing as tightly as my wasted muscles would allow.

It was my last show of resistance. The last trace of the brute I once was. He picked me up as if I was a feather. He took me to his bed and laid me out, spreading my legs as he did so. I looked into his loving eyes as my dream came true. A man’s penis was in my vagina. Better than that, the penis of the man I loved, the man who had rescued me, and given me everything I had ever wanted, was inside me, working my pink passageway. When that orgasm hit me, I thought that I could never achieve happiness like that in a thousand lifetimes. But that was just the beginning.

The End

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*Author’s Note:*

*One of my reviewers signing off as Inge H (08/13/2018) said: “I would have preferred if the main character had been conscious of her/his transgender identity beforehand, had suppressed the identity problems at a more conscious level, the transformation from butch criminal to super feminine glamour girl would have been more convincing if that was the case. That’s the way I see it.” Thank you Inge, for inspiring this story*