Himazons

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Himazon. It sounds like a joke. I was laughing. Guys living as women but still acting like men. It seemed comical.

“There is more than one story here,” said Ed Farlow, the editor. “But you have to get close to get either.”

“I told you that I would take any job, Chief.” And that was right. Journalism schools turn out thousands like I was, but there seem to be no fulltime jobs anymore. It is all freelance. We write a piece and give it to the paper, in the hope that they might buy the story, or offer a job, or both. Some graduates try for years, submitting copy without return and working other jobs to live.

But I had succeeded – partially at least. My investigative story on street art was good enough to get published, and to get the offer of a provisional job – if I could turn out that quality of work consistently, I could be on the staff of a major paper.

“Just do what you did on the street art thing,” the editor said. “Get inside this. Be one of them.”

“You want me to pretend to be transsexual?”

“Whatever these are – transsexual, pansexual, organsexual … I don’t care. Just get the stories.”

“Two stories?”

“Well, there is the human interest, the whatever-sexual thing. Are these men or woman? Why the ‘him’? Why are they different? Then there is a crime mystery in here. Are these guys., or whatever they are, behind some of these attacks on the haters – the transphobes. Well are they?”

“I have no idea, Chief.” I didn’t. “Do I have expenses?” My last undercover had cost me big time.

“Yeah. Just get receipts, and chalk up a justification for pending our money – a good one!”

And that is how it happened.

It was a club, I guess. They had advertised and made themselves known on transgender support and chat sites. “Himazons” – transwomen who were not about to surrender certain aspects of their masculinity. Manly transsexuals. Gender dysphoria with a macho edge. It sounded like an oxymoron. It sounded interesting. Even without the possible link to revenge violence.

All I had to do was to join them. I figured that I might not be able to pass as transgendered, but surely I could pretend I was a masculine trans-something.

I did some research. I figured that I needed to understand what I was pretending to be. I am a woman inside. I always have been. I have never been comfortable as a man. I have fought it, but now I realize that I must be who I truly am … blah, blah, blah.

I figured that I did not need to even put a dress on. Himazons – right?

I put out some feelers through some transgender support sites. I said that my femme name was Emily and I used the email “wannabe emily”. I said that I was 100% female at my core, but: “I don’t to give up beer and muscle cars and watching football”. It worked. I got an invitation to visit the Himazons and to see whether I might be allowed entry.

It was a blackball system if you know what that is. Club members who vote take a white ball and a black ball each. The white ball means “you’re in” and that blackball “no way”. Just one black ball in the bucket means you miss out. If I wanted in, then I would have to impress.

Rather than meet at the clubhouse which was an old roadhouse out of town, that said that they would meet me at “Waverlees” and they gave me an address. It sounded like it might be a seedy bar but when I arrived, I found that it was an old style beauty shop. The proprietor, whose name was Lee, specialized in wave hairdos.

It had a small front, with just three empty chairs, but it was big in the back as I discovered. Once I had told the “lady” at the front that I was here to meet with the Himazons she showed me through a closed door to what I could see was a fully equipped beautification facility with a luxurious lounge area in the middle. Seated or draped over those furnishings were a good number of the Himazons.

I was a little pleased to see that there were pictures on the walls of sexy women in various poses and states of undress – the kind of thing that you would see in any room frequented by men. It was just that these men wanted to live as women. I was relieved that their interest in women had not diminished.

Denise was the only one to get to her feet to greet me and invite me to sit. “She” (and at the end of the day, we were all “shes” in the room) was big – a bodybuilder. It was clear that she had no intention of giving up some of her muscles, but she also had a large pair of breasts on display in her skimpy exercise outfit, and no sign of anything in the crotch of her yoga pants. She carried a constant smile.

Christabel was also quite large. And ex-footballer I was told, and still an avid follower of that sport, and all contact sports. She had a full head of lush brown hair, and was quite attractive in a rugged way. She was not as outgoing as her muscular friend, but seemed welcoming.

Primrose was a boxer, a bantam weight so not so big. In fact she said that she was still fighting, as a woman but some weight grades higher than her actual weight. She said that she loved to spar with the guys at the gym. But she loved being a girl too. All three of them did.

“Sit down and we’ll give you a makeover,” said Denise. “We will give you a Himazon Special. If they ask whether you are man enough to be a woman they are talking about the Special”.

This was what I was here for, to join it, so I agreed. How bad could it be? Bad, as it turned out. A full body waxing that left me feeling as if my skin had been torn off, not just the hair growing out of it. And a facial that I am sure actually did tear my skin off, or a layer of it. Extensions in my mop of hair, which turned out be so thick that they were called for more hair to attach.

“Make will have to wait until tomorrow to let that facial soothe down,” said Denise. Which means that you will be staying the night.

“What? Here?” I gritted my teeth to get the words out. Was I not man enough to be a woman?

“Christabel has a small apartment upstairs,” said Denise.

“You’re welcome to stay,” said Christabel.

“You’re the same size as me,” said Primrose. “You can have my old tits. I don’t need them now.” She pulled up her top to reveal two unnaturally round breasts on her chest, apparently recent implants.

“You will have to work on you voice too,” said Denise. “It is not so important between us, but if you want to pass out in the world, you need to find your inner soprano.”

I have to say that after “The Special” I felt as if I had been run through a waste disposal unit and then soaked in seawater, but I was told that they did this to one another regularly. I felt as if I was in, and now to be invited to stay overnight, things seemed to be going well.

“Let’s open some beers and watch some sport,” said Christabel. She sat to my left of the sofa and Denise to my right. Primrose went to order pizza over the phone. We watched motor racing. Honestly it could have been any four guys spending an evening together, except we weren’t guys.

During a break Primrose asked me: “Are you getting much sex, Emily?“

“I suppose it is tough for girls like us … right?” I said.

“That’s what clubs like ours are for,” said Denise, seeming to agree with me. It suddenly occurred to me that if Himazons still had their cocks they might be expecting me to bend over, but did they still have cocks? And would they even work if they had them? Denise looked to have the most male physique, but there seemed to be no bulge that might threaten me. Christabel just looked passive, and Primrose not interested.

It seemed like a good time to explore the possible second story, so I made a casual remark: “Have you guys heard about these attacks on the transphobes? Good job I say.”

“There was a time when I might have taken my fists to people like that, but I am a different person now,” mused Christabel.

“As an ex-professional fighter I could be in big trouble if I assaulted anybody, even assholes like that,” said Primrose.

I looked at Denise but she looked right past me to Primrose and said: “Would you put some night curlers in my hair tonight darling? It needs a wash.”

Was she involved?

Denise washed her hair and Primrose instructed me to watch while she put the soft rollers in.

“This is a useful skill,” she said. “But best of all it is a woman’s skill. This is the joy of being female at last.”

“You don’t miss anything about being male?” I asked.

“Like what? Like shaving your face? Like standing up to pee – I hated those things. Everything I liked to do as a man I still do. That is what we are all about. We like being women, and women can do anything they like.

“You said it, sister,” said Denise.

They showed me the guest bedroom which was small but comfortable, but then Denise put night cream on my face and then suggested that I have a shot before bed. I was puzzled.

“Hormones,” she said. “Girly juice. It will give you the best dreams ever. You should not spend another day tolerating this body of yours. We have the stuff right here. Are you with us or not?”

I suppose that I figured one shot was nothing at all, if it was only one. In fact there were two and they were each slow release intra-muscular capsules.

But I did have vivid dreams that night, and not unpleasant ones.

In the morning I got up early and scribbled some notes on the previous day, I described the three Himazons, but I would not name them in the story. When I heard movement outside my room I put a robe on and stepped out I not the living room.

“We are leaving you with Christabel today,” said Denise. “Primrose and I have work to do, but we will all be finishing early to go to the clubhouse. If you are ready to join that will be your initiation, so where something sexy. That is, if you want to join us?”

“Of course, I do,” I said. “I really like you guys … I mean, you girls.” I actually meant. If these were regular men I could easily have mixed with them and they would have been friends – probably close friends.

“Forget it. Guys is genderless these days,” said Primrose. “You probably understand that we are not the simpering sensitive types.”

“We’re going to the spa, and you’re paying,” said Christabel. Before I could object, being concerned about whether the paper would cover me for this kind of expense, she added: “There is no initiation fee, but this is proper preparation for the initiation.”

It sounded like I had no choice, which would also mean that I would be entitled to reimbursement.

We drove some distance in Christabel’s pink VW Bettle to the spa complex simply called “She”. From the carpark Christabel led the way.

“She has already had the fully body wax,” she explained to the pretty but large woman at the counter. “But we will need moisturizing massages including an internal, and then the full beauty treatment. It is initiation night tonight so we both want to look fabulous”.

“Let me guess ... you’re the initiate” the woman said to me in a husky voice – it seemed that she might be trans too. “You lucky girl. How wonderful for you.”

“Yes,” I said. “I can’t wait to join my girlfriends as a true member.”

She just hugged me, and when we pulled apart she had a tear in her eye.

The massage was good to begin with. It started at the shoulders and went down the back.

“There is a knot in your shoulders,” said the masseuse. “You’re tense. You must relax. You are among friends. This is a safe place. A tranquil place. Listen to the water sounds and the ambient music.”

I realized that I was up tight, and she could feel it. You cannot prtetend to relax in the hands of a person like that. I just emptied my head.

She carried on working my lower back and buttocks but then when we got to the thighs, the masseuse said that it was time for “the internal”. Before I knew it a tube was shoved up my ass.

“Hey! What’s going on back there?” It was actually not an unpleasant feeling; it was just that it was unexpected and certainly embarrassing.

“Darling, this is an essential part of the process.” said Christabel. “Relaxed and moisturized inside and out.”

Before I knew it my bowel was filled with a warm fluid. Again, it was not unpleasant, except that I felt that I was due for a massive dump.

“There’s a knot in here too,” said the masseuse. “I will need to work that too.”

She rubbed something around my butthole but then she moved to massage my smooth legs and my feet, right down to between the toes. Only then did she come back to the tube up my butt. She rolled me on my side to empty my bowel into a bag, and then she seemed to fill me again.

I know that it is impossible, but it almost felt as if a hand had gone right up inside me and was fiddling around up there. Again, it was not an unpleasant sensation – just a weird one.

“All done,” she said. “We will have you shower of the oil and then I will tuck you and put some fragrant cream all over.”

“Tuck?”

“Nobody wants to see an ugly cock and balls on a new maiden, even if they are hairless” said Christabel with a look of disdain. “It needs glue so after the shower but before the moisturizing. That is the way it is always done.”

This was a process and I had agreed to it. I started to think that weirder it was the better the story would be. On that basis, why not go along with it.

It was strange, but basically after I had showered I was seated in what seemed like a gynecologists examination table with my legs in stirrups and the masseuse set about making my genitals completely disappear. She told me that I could still pee, but only sitting down, and that I should expect the glue to fail within 48 hours - “and the whole ugly thing will just pop straight back out”.

It felt odd, but not as odd as when the shampoo girl at the salon went to work on my scalp and I started to get horny. Very quickly I understood that a tuck and an erection do not go well together. The discomfort was unbearable. I had to pinch my arm under the cape and try to think of my grandmother naked to turn myself off.

“These extensions that the girls have put in are good quality,” said the hairdresser. “With a face shape like yours we need to draw the hair off your face and use that wonderful hairline, and give you plenty of soft curls.” I just smiled and nodded.

It seemed to take ages, even before they went to work on the makeup. Christabel was right beside me and reveling in it.

“This has to be the very best thing about being a woman,” she said. “The sounds and smells of the salon, and the feminine chatter, and then at the end of it all, something truly beautiful.” I did my best to echo her excitement, but the truth was my own curiosity was turning into something much, much more.

When I finally saw myself in the mirror, I almost fainted. I never dreamed that I could pass as a woman, let alone win a beauty contest, but that was how good I looked.

“We’re actually running out of time,” said Christabel. “And we still haven’t bought you something to wear.”

We rushed off to the mall. At least this was me in the real world – the kid reporter dressed as a woman. People would stare, and they did, but I knew that it was not because I looked like a guy in a dress, but because I looked like a stunning woman.

Christabel looked great too. She had her brown hair put up, and there is something about a style like that which can destroy any trace of maleness, even in an ex-gridiron player.

She selected something that she said just right – a short backless red dress with a keyhole front which showed off the breast forms I had borrowed from Primrose with showing the edges. It was matched with black heels and a bag.

“She need to get to the clubhouse,” she said. “We are in danger of being late.”

“The clubhouse was in the city, down an alley surrounded by buildings. The outside was painted in a jungle mural, and some of the tropical plant theme was carried inside, together with a heady scent of frangipani. There were booths with plush seating on the side and back walls, and more couches near the stage, and an area that might serve as a dancefloor, except that there was padded bench there also.

There were girls there – the kind of girls I expected, including Denise and Primrose, but what surprised me was that there were men too. They were wearing jackets and bowties, all of them. Some of them were big – very big.

Denise took to the small stage where there was a microphone.

“Thank you, ladies and gentlemen,” she said. Like Christabel and all of the other Himazons she had dressed up for the evening, with her blond hair piled high, and tendrils hanging down. “Welcome everybody, and a particular welcome to Emily … please come up on stage Emily. Isn’t she just gorgeous. She wants to join or special crew. She wants the best of both worlds, as we Himazons to, and tonight she will be experiencing the very best of the best.”

There was applause. I was standing there looking out. It was not a large number. I would guess that there would have been about 20 Himazons, and about the same number of men.

“Now Emily is not aware of what has been going on here prior to her arrival,” Denise continued. “But I have to say that the choice of Hank is a good one. Come on to the stage Hank.”

An extremely good looking man stepped out of the crowd and stepped up towards me. He winked at me and I found myself smiling back, and then he took a position beside me and slipped an arm around my waist. I may have flinched, but he just patted me on the back as if to reassure me, and somehow, I was reassured.

Then Denise handed me a champagne flute filled with what looked like sparkling rosé. It appeared that everybody else had a glass, but I did not notice that mine was the only pink one.

I have to say that it went straight to my head, although I thought at the time that the joyous atmosphere of the room might have had something to do with it. Anyway before I knew it, Hank was supporting me to descend back down to the floor. Would it be a procession around the room, or perhaps a dance. The crowd parted.

I was relived to find myself seated. Was it the heels that made me feel even more unsteady? I had walked in them with surprising ease under Christabel’s instruction.

Everybody was smiling and I was looking around smiling back. All eyes were on me. And then turned to face the front and there it was staring me in the face – Hank’s cock coming to attention.

I looked up at him, and he was smiling as he had when he had winked at me stepping onto the stage. It seemed like I was struck dumb, but I was sure that my face was pleading with him not to do whatever he thought he was going to do.

He cupped my smooth chin with a look of genuine concern. He lower his head to mine and said – “It is my great honor to welcome you to this special womanhood, Emily.”

I may have whimpered. I certainly did not scream or shout. He gently laid me on my back and raised my dress. Somehow my panties seemed to have disappeared. He propped up my butt and I felt his cock enter my butthole. I had seen it, and it was huge, but it seemed to slide in as a sword into its very own scabbard.

“You have been wonderfully relaxed internally,” he whispered with that smile – somewhere between devilish and caring. It was as if we were the only people in the room. The clubhouse was suddenly silent. All anybody could hear was the rhythmic slap of his loins on my inner thigh and the slurping noise of a “relaxed” and lubricated anus receiving a man’s cock.

Then I saw Primrose lay down to my right, and Christabel lie down to my left, each of them with their shave legs in the air and a man between them.

“But I thought we might partner with women?” I said to Christabel. “why are we lying down for men?” I said to Primrose.

“Because we are women,” Primrose said. Her man rammed her hard and she giggled.

I looked up at Hank. I was suddenly aware of a wave of pleasure rippling through my body from the point of his entry.

“You are so beautiful,” he said. “Tell me that this will last longer than just tonight.”

It did. We got married last year, straight after my surgery. It turns out that I was a failure as a junior reporter, but I now edit the fashion and beauty pages.

The end

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