Kinky

A Vignette

By Maryanne Peters

Carter Dunn was one of those friends who could be counted on in a crunch. They say that any friend will help you to move house, but a true friend would help you to move a body. He was a true friend, and I owed him. I am not saying that he helped me move a body, but he did me a favor and then he had to leave town. He was ready to do that, although he had been looking to move to the city anyway. Whatever – I owed him a return favor.

I ended up in the city and I looked him up. He never mentioned my debt to him. We just talked about old times, and how glad we both were to get out of a tired little town, even if it was way past time. I had left it too long, and it was only a break up with Janie that saw me ready to take the plunge.

We went for a drink just after I got set up in a rented place not far from him, but not nearly as good. Anyway, it was me who raised it – my obligation to him was always in the back of my mind.

“I do have a favor to ask of you, Tommy,” he said. “I am not sure if you might regard it as settling the debt, but for me it would. It is stupid really, but since I have been here living a batchelor life, I have found myself getting involved in what I guess you would call “kinky sex”. Being from where we are from, I suppose I just felt that I needed to escape all those small town ideas and try some new experiences – lose some inhibitions and feel properly alive. Do you know what I mean?”

“Sure,” I said, but I had no idea what he was talking about. Somehow, I didn’t miss sex with Janie. The truth is that it had never been that great. I certainly didn’t feel that it made me come alive.

“I need a partner for my next encounter with the group. I was wondering if you would agree to being my partner?” He looked at me in a pleading kind of way, and all I saw was the chance to be free of the debt I owed him.

But then I realized what he was saying and I had to blurt out – “Hey, this doesn’t mean that you and I are going to have sex, does it?!”

“I promise you that will never happen. It is just dressing up,” he said. “Like we dress up as sexy women and try to turn on some of the guys, or maybe some of the girls.”

“It sounds kinda weird.” It did. Guys wearing lipstick. We were small town for sure, but we all knew what drag was.

“Hey - you don’t have to have sex with anybody. You don’t have do anything you don’t want to do. It is just about your ability to excite people by appearing as the opposite gender. I think they call it an experiment in sexuality. Some of the stuff we do is fun. It is just that this time I am told I can’t do it alone. I am not sure why, but they want us in pairs.”

“But I don’t know anything about dressing as a woman,” I protested. I figured he wouldn’t either.

“I will look after that,” he said. “It is on Saturday night. We’ll get together in the afternoon and get a job done on ourselves by a local place. Will you do it?”

“Of course,” I said. I was thinking that I would have been prepared to do a whole lot more than that. I dress as a girl for one night. I didn’t know many people in the city because I had just got a place and had sent out a bunch of job applications, and even if I did if the was properly made up and everything, I could not be recognized in my regular clothes. “Yeah, let’s do it.”

So, we had lunch together on Saturday and a few drinks and then we went to the salon Carter had sorted for us for our “transformations”.

I suppose that the first thing that surprised me was when we stripped down for what I thought might be just shaving my legs, I learned that Carter was totally smooth already. Then I got the news that this was going to be a waxing, and special work on my face.

“Everything grows back, as any woman will tell you,” said Carter. “As for the eyebrows, I use stick-ons.” And with that he pulled some fake hair off his face to reveal thinned brows. I was shocked, but I was hardly in a position to call it off. I had committed myself, and it was clear he must have already made his commitment.

He started to talk about how we should behave – how to talk and how walk. “We have to do this right,” he said. “Follow my lead if you like, not that I have done this many times before.” But it was becoming clear that he had done it before.

Like I said, the obligation laid heavily on me, and the makeup and blonde wig were no such burden. In fact, when we were fully made up, corseted and tucked down below, and with our bras filled with gel breasts, I started to get into it. I mean, you look in the mirror and you see a girl looking back at you. It turned out that both Carter and I looked good as chicks, and there is something about the moment that you feel that you look good that makes you want to show that fact off. I found myself in front of the mirror behaving in a way I never had before.

“This is going to be fun,” said Carter, and I had to agree with him. I did not know what was going to happen, but I felt happy and confident, and whatever was going to happen I was determined to turn it into a fun time.

Carter’s kinky sex group got together in a large old house a little way out of town. We caught an uber there. We sat in the back using our new girly voices, giggling and carrying on as we thought girls like us might do. I say girls like us because we were dressed in a manner that would have been called “slutty” in our hometown, or perhaps much worse than that. Cathy (Carter’s girl name) wore nude tights and a black leather dress and I wore a light mauve dress with a black stockings, black belt and high heels. Both dresses were short, and our skinny legs looked really great.

We were met at the door by a “woman” dressed in a similar style but red. She knew Carter immediately but she called him “Cathy” and she introduced herself as “Betty”.

“This is Tammy,” said Cathy, pushing me forward. “She is from my hometown. She is new to the city so please be gentle with her.” We both received air kisses and we were rushed up a grand staircase to the next floor. There was a small crowded area at the top of the stairs, like an enlarged landing, with rooms off it. As it turned out they were all bedrooms but I did not know it at the time.

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| I could see that there were very few real women there, or perhaps even less if I could not tell the difference, which was a real possibility. It seemed that more than half of those present were men dressed as women, and after what I understood to be real women, the rest were men, all dressed smartly and looking very masculine.The strange thing about being dressed as a woman in a room full of men is that you feel the manly presence around you in a way you don’t when you are dressed as a man. You suddenly feel weak and somehow at risk, and you sense their power and ability to dominate you. I have never been big, but I had never really felt small and weak until that moment.It should have made me feel uncomfortable but instead I found it thrilling. Is that weird? Somehow it didn’t seem to be. If anything, it made me feel some emotions or something, but it was certainly an experience I had never had before. Perhaps for the first time I felt that our hometown was a million miles away. This was the real world it was very different and very exciting. I was up for this, I thought. | No photo description available. |

A couple of guys came up to us and started talking. Cathy was playing up as the sexy girl in black leather, and I guess I just followed her as best I could. The guy not trying to hook up with her introduced himself to me as Rod. He as not leering at me like the guy with Cathy was.

“You must be new here?” he said.

“New to the group and new to the city,” I confirmed. “I was just asked to join in, and here I am.”

He asked me where I was from and I told him. He said that he had a similar background and we talked about small town life and the effect on the system of a sudden move to the metropolis. He seemed like really nice guy, so we talked, and I never once departed from the female sounding voice I had used with Cathy all afternoon. It seemed to have become my voice, just as the way I stood and played with my wig had become natural. It was like I had become Tammy.

I never even noticed Cathy slip away. It was only when I was saying something like – “No it’s true. My friend can confirm it.” I looked around and she was gone. The reception area seemed emptier. The doors to the rooms were closed.

“There are more rooms on the next level up,” he said, clearly aware that I was looking around for a room, but I was looking for the one where Carter/Cathy was. What was happening? I felt that I was due an explanation.

I was suddenly aware that all of the “ladies” seemed to have disappeared. There were only men hanging around, talking to one another and staring at me. It seemed that I was the only woman in the room, or that is how I felt. I reached out and grabbed Rod’s arm. It was just to send a signal that I was with somebody. It was just a safety thing – I felt suddenly naked.

“Let’s go somewhere a bit more private,” he said.

I looked up at him. He was suddenly taller than I remembered when he had first come over. I said “Thank you,” and it sounded submissive and strange, but he seemed good and kind, and I needed somebody like that.

It was not a bedroom as such. It may have been a sunroom in the daytime. There were windows and a chaise-long although I had never seen one before then. He closed he door and suggested that we sit and continue our conversation.

“Sure,” I said. I sat demurely, as I had to. My dress was short and my thigh-high stocking s not long enough. “I really don’t understand any of this, but thank you for bringing me in here.”

That was when I leaned over and kissed him. I kissed him on the mouth. It was the kind of thing that I thought a woman would do, as a sign of gratitude, if I was thinking. I am not sure that I was.

“You know that you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to,” he said.

“I have been told that,” I said. “Thank you again.”

He was a gentleman. He deserved another kiss. This time he returned it with a vigor that I could feel through my whole body. It was as if all the masculine energy in his body was focused in his mouth. I think that I swooned, although I am not really sure what that is. I felt limp and powerless and I liked it.

“Are you ready to receive me?” he asked.

“No,” was my honest reply. “But I want to be.” That was also honest.

“I’ll help you,” he said. That is exactly what he did.

As he told me later, he knew that I was a virgin, back there. He knew that he had to use lubricant and be gentle, and ease me through it with words of love. Because that is what it was, you see. I hardly knew it then, but when you let another human being into your own body, that is an act of love, or it should be. It is nothing like sex that men throw about like mud balls at a barn door. To receive a man, and to receive his seed, is something very different.

I suppose that I learned that I was destined to become a woman in that moment, when he cried out in ecstasy and he used my name – Tammy.

It actually too longer for Cathy to come to the same conclusion, but then for her it was kinky, for me it was love.

The End

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