

## The Other Side - Part 3

**For Trevor**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Trent goes out on the town for the first time as a woman and finds the experience quite exhilarating. Especially the handsome stranger at the bar...*

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Trent could feel the music before he heard it. The strong thrum of bass that vibrated through the ground and right up his stiletto thin heels. He had been practising walking in them all afternoon; it had been surprisingly difficult. He'd always figured the include of the shoe would be slightly uncomfortable but he'd never foreseen just how much it changed the way he walked. The angle forced him onto his tip toes, making his back straighten and ass stick out if he wanted to avoid wobbling. Each step felt like a risk, there were a thousand things to keep in mind in order to stay balanced. Everything from the sway of his hips to the angle of his shoulders; other women had made it look so easy!

Still, he had managed to get the hang of it and thank goodness because the club he'd agreed to meet Julie and Jasmine at was just around the corner. He could feel his excited heart beating in time with the music as it grew louder and he took a deep breath before turning the final corner onto the brightly lit street.

Neon tinged his skin blue and pink as he joined the line only to hear a voice calling his, or rather Hannah's name, up ahead.

"Over here! We saved you a spot!" Julie waved.

He blushed slightly, feeling the irritation of those in line he was cutting in front of as he walked ahead to join them closer to the club door. Each time it opened a wave of heat hit them and the music blared. Secretly, Trent was glad for the wait, now that he was here his plan was starting to feel a lot easier thought than done.

"Man, I am freezing my tits off out here." Jasmine complained, stamping her feet to try and keep warm.

Trent was still in the orange mini dress and wasn't particularly warm himself. Though he couldn't help but feel Jasmine's predicament was her own fault. She had even less on than him, with a crop top that was basically a bra and a skirt even shorter than his dress. He could see gooseflesh starting to form on her midriff. Julie was dressed closer to himself, in a purple party dress. All of them could see their breath in the cold night air.

"Did you have any good clubs where you lived before?" Julie asked, obviously trying to keep them distracted.

"Oh yeah." Trent lied, "I love clubbing, drinking, dancing...all of it!"

"So what were they like?"

"What were what like?"

"The clubs?" Julie laughed, "Did you pregame without us?"

"No of course not I just um, there were so many it's hard to pick my favourite!" Trent stalled for time, why did he say that?

Fortunately, the bouncer saved him as a small group of people walked out of the club and he lifted the velvet rope to allow them access.

"Oh finally!" Jasmine sighed in relief, practically running into the club like a woman possessed. "Let's get out of this blasted cold!"

Trent took one final deep breath of cold night air and followed the girls into the club. The hall was dark, lit only by red and purple lights where the coatroom clerk gave them each a stamp before ushering them into the club proper. The music was deafening, and the air seemed to pulsate with energy and all of a sudden he found himself in a kaleidoscope of colours and conversation.

Everywhere he looked there were people and lights, the latter of which refracted off the glittering mirror coated walls of the club giving the illusion he had just stepped inside a disco ball. It was almost overwhelming and for a moment he felt himself dazzled by the sheer intensity.

“Let’s get on that floor!” Julie squealed, grabbing his hand and dragging him and Jasmine toward the throng of people.

Trent’s eyes widened as he took in the sight before him. The dance floor was alive with a diverse mix of people, their bodies swaying and gyrating to the beat, lost in the moment. Laughter and cheers mingled with the music, creating an atmosphere of pure joy and drunkenness. Jasmine and Julie seemed to flow through the crowd with ease but it seemed like no matter where he stepped he was bumping into somebody.

“For somebody who goes to clubs all the time you sure seem green!” Jasmine teased, “Dance through the crowd, don’t walk!”

Dance? In all his preparations; practising in heels, carefully applying make-up just like that video tutorial...he’d forgotten to even look at how to dance as a woman. He watched as Jasmine and Julie exchanged glances; oh no, he knew that look. That was the look people gave one another all the time when he did something stupid. He had only been here five seconds and he was already blowing it.

Trent bit down on his tongue; he would not screw this up. Trent may have reservations and nerves but Hannah didn’t, dammit! Throwing caution to the wind he threw himself into it, moving with the beat as best he could, swaying his hips back and forth, hopping from toe to toe, secretly begging whatever deity that would listen that he wouldn’t fall on his ass.

He felt like an idiot but Julie and Jasmine both grinned ear to ear and joined him. The nerves vanished; he was doing it! It felt good too, the way his breasts would move and jiggle slightly each time he jumped. His ass bounced as he started to twerk and Jasmine burst into laughter; not cruel laughter but joyful.

“Holy shit look at her go!”

“Woo! Go Hannah!”

Buoyed by their support he started getting even wilder, rolling his stomach and letting his gestures get a little more overt. He pushed out his ass over and over, lowering himself to the floor where he bounced on his toes back to standing again. This time it wasn’t just his friends who cheered but a small crowd that had gathered around them.

“You go girl!”

“Shake that thang!”

He felt his skin growing hot; he'd never been the centre of attention like this before...it felt good. He kept going, even daring to brush up against one or two of the onlookers who were gathering closer to watch him. Playfully, he bumped his ass against the hips of a man who was watching only to gasp as two strong hands reached out to grab his own. Suddenly the man was pulling him closer, grinding against his new mound. The intensity of the sensations shocked him and he felt his mouth fall open as he gaped at the man who had grabbed him.

His hair was dirty blonde, eyes bright blue and his jawline had a small dusting of stubble. Something about his face made Trent's heart race more than he would care to admit. Suddenly he was yanked back, Jasmine and Julie between him and the mystery man.

“Uncalled for, jerk.” Julie hissed, somebody from the crowd yelled ‘perv!’

The man looked embarrassed, hands up in defence.

“I'm sorry I was just messing around, I-I thought that was an invitation to dance!”

Trent could see the panic in the man's eyes; he believed him.

“No it's okay!” He insisted, dispelling the tension as best he could, “I was just surprised, I didn't mind it! He's cool.”

“Are you sure?” Jasmine asked seriously, he felt something warm bloom in his chest at how protective she was. It felt nice having friends who would look out for his well being even though they had technically only just met.

“Yeah I am sure.” He nodded, “All that dancing has me thirsty anyway, let's get a drink.”

“Can I shout you girls a round?” The man asked, “No ulterior motives, just want to apologise for making things awkward, I'll disappear as soon as they are paid for.”

“Hells yeah! I changed my mind, I like this guy.” Jasmine grinned, grabbing Trent by the wrist and dragging him toward the bar with Julie and their new benefactor in tow.

True to his word, their new friend paid for three vodka raspberries and went to bid them goodnight but something in Trent stopped him. Before he could think he'd reached out to grasp the man's hand. Standing close so they could still hear one another over the din of the music.

"Thanks for the drink!" Trent half yelled, "Sorry I got you in trouble."

"No problem." He laughed, "I am hopeless at these places, I'm Tyler by the way."

"Tre-Hannah."

"Nice to meet you!"

Tyler had a smile that made Trent's stomach do flips. Or maybe it was the vodka raspberry. He'd never had one before but the moment he lifted the fizzy, sweet drink to his lips he felt cheated. He'd been drinking bread water for years instead of this? Not only was it far stronger it tasted infinitely better than any beer he'd ever drunk. If he didn't know any better he'd think women the world over had somehow tricked men into drinking the worst alcohol so there would be more for them.

Tyler kept talking and Trent found the conversation moved effortlessly, to the point where he didn't even realise he was three drinks deep until Tyler paid for a fourth.

"I think I'd better let you get back to your friends." He said with a charming smile, "But uh, fuck it, I don't know how to do this smoothly."

Hurriedly he grabbed a napkin from the bartop and scribbled something down, handing it to Trent. A number. Tyler's phone number.

"Don't...if you don't want it that's fine." He blushed, "Anyway, night!"

Trent had barely gotten the word goodbye out before Tyler was gone, lost in a sea of people leaving him with just the napkin to remember him by.

"Ooooh, I am sorry I ever doubted you." Jasmine grinned, wrapping an arm around Trent's neck, "Girl you just scored four free drinks! Four! And you didn't even have to let him cop a feel."

“Do you often do that?” Trent asked before he could stop himself, fortunately, Jasmine was tipsy and just laughed.

“You wish.” Julie teased, “Now that we are sufficiently waters let’s get back out there!”

Trent slammed back the vodka raspberry so fast the bubbles burned at the back of his throat more than the alcohol. He could really feel it hitting him now and his skin was starting to buzz in a way it never had. The confidence from his earlier display spilled over and Trent found himself effortlessly striding back onto the dance floor with none of the reservations from when he first entered.

The beat turned fast and the girls started to jump; he joined. Their arms around one another's shoulders they whooped and cheered as they half jumped, half danced to the beat, nodding their heads to the rhythm. Trent had never felt so free, his hair flew in his face and he didn't even care. As the song changed they parted, taking turns spinning one another and grinning ear to ear.

Jasmine passed by him in a blur of red and Trent found laughter bubbling up in his chest. Once he started he found he couldn't stop and the giggles were infectious. Soon they were all doing it, half doubled over while they continued to laugh. Trent spun on his thin heel and it wasn't until he was already falling that he realised it had snapped.

Just like in his worst nightmares, he fell right on his ass, in the middle of the dance floor. His face burned with humiliation as he looked up to his two new friends, still giggling and smiling at him but...there was no malice. No teasing, both Julie and Jasmine reached out a hand to help him to his feet and offered a shoulder to help him limp off the dancefloor with his broken shoe.

Trent found himself oddly moved as they helped him to sit at one of the couches at the side of the room.

“Thanks.”

“Don't mention it,” Julie waved him off while Jasmine went in search of the broken heel. “It's what girls do.”