Beautiful You Too

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. It was anger that drove me to it. Anger makes you blind to the goodness in a person. I could not see the person who was the gentle soul I fell in love with. I only saw a beast having sex with my best friend.

I blamed her too, and she was probably more deserving. Her own man had left her, and she was plunged into a depression. My man Tim was there to offer some support, being the kind of person he was. And she took it, right between her legs.

I don’t get sad, I get even. That is what I told myself anyway.

And then, by sheer chance, the means of my getting even was right in front of me.

People regard me as being the most gifted beautician and stylist in our neighborhood. I think I deserve that reputation. I had done some work for showgirls, and I had just come off a big support job for a big drag show in town. To be more precise it was a “Miss Trans-America Show” local heats, so the “girls” were looking to look less drag and more woman. But I had in front of me all their strange devices and paraphernalia – the stuff designed to conceal manhood.

That was what I wanted. I was not looking to hurt Tim or even have him leave, I just wanted him not to be a man, and be more understanding of a woman and we hurt – just for a while. Maybe a single night would do.

It was the Sunday after that show, and the salon was closed. He was back at our apartment, texting me every 5 minutes with lame apologies, and asking me where I was. I had considered destroyed my own phone in my rage, but as a plan started to develop that was spared.

I called Boris, one of the men I had met the night before – a man I had assumed was some kind of tranny chaser. He had given me his card. It simply said: “Boris Belkin, Problem Solver” and then his phone number and email.

“Is it true that you can get me some of the Roofie drug?” I asked him.

“I can get you almost anything,” he said. “But if it is for something illegal, I will need to know.”

“I want to drug my boyfriend and give him a makeover, just like last night,” I admitted. “Then maybe you could take him out and show him a good time?”

“That sounds exciting,” he said. “But I have standards. He will have to look at good as last night’s contestants.”

“You have seen what I can do,” I said.

“Do you have money?” he said. “I will be around shortly.”

Anger like I was going through does not fade quickly. It lasted until after Boris had arrived and told me what to do, and after I had texted Tim that I was at the salon and ready to talk, and after he had arrived with a bouquet of flowers. Maybe the flowers had my rage rise all over again. At any other time … well, let’s just say that I could not be so easily calmed.

It was administered as a spray in his face. It was so easy that it scared me. He did not pass out. He just looked confused. It was perfect. He was to have that same expression on his face for several hours afterwards.

I was glad that I had Boris with me to move Tim about. While Tim is a small man, I am smaller, and Boris definitely is not. First, he had to get Tim to the waxing table and get his clothes off. And then he helped me to put the hot wax on and tear the strips. Tim felt it, which was what I wanted, but to say that he was conscious would not be true. He was sort in a trance, or a stupor. His eyes were open, and he was mumbling the words: “What is happening?”

Boris said that when the pain was over, he would probably pass out. He said that this drug permitted all kinds of things being done to a person that they were barely aware of and were to quickly forget. He said that it was used as a date rape drug, but he never used it as that.

“I care about women,” he said. I believed him.

He said that he had minded the door the previous night to keep curious men away from the dressing rooms. He said that lots of guys like to see drag queens naked, for some reason. He let me look after the naked Tim, but he taped him wrists and ankles to the waxing bed with a cushion under his ass so I could go to work with the glue.

The breast forms were the easy part, and stuck well and almost seamlessly to Tim’s chest, but the “gaffless tuck” was a challenge. I had seen it done, and had checked the How-to guide on the internet, but it still took a few efforts, and a few whacks to keep him flaccid, to get it right. With the balls pushed inside and the penis pulled back to be covered with the empty scrotal skin, Tim looked like a Tina below the belt.

An even more confused Tim was led into the salon, but as Boris had predicted, Tim passed out when he got comfortable as I washed his hair. So, he was unconscious as I went about the work that won me the contract the night before – hair extensions and transformative makeup.

I extended the makeup right down the chest to conceal any signs that the breasts were not real. For her outing I would be dressing Tina in a dress that would show off her new assets – her smooth shapely legs and her wonderful breasts, and also her new long lustrous hair.

The lingerie that I had selected for her fitted perfectly. It was a black bra and pantie set. The breasts filled the bra and the panties showed no sign of a bulge.

I added nails and black nail polish as well, to match the underwear and his dark coloring.

“You can let her sleep for a bit,” said Boris. I can give her a little more of the drug when she waked to keep her compliant.”

He was using the word “her”. It was what I wanted: The transformation was complete.



As I watched “her” lying there, I have to say that I was less angry. I was not just impressed with what I had done, but it seemed to me that Tim was not in the room, so it was hard to be angry with her.

Boris asked for the money I had agreed to pay him for assistance, for the drugs and to pay for a meal “appropriate for the beautiful woman you have created”, as he put it. I gave him $2,000.00

As she came around, Boris helped her to drink some more of the drug, or was it something else? She did not seem to be very doped up, but she was still confused. But who wouldn’t be?

“I have booked us at a restaurant Darling – “Cap Ferrat”,” Boris said to her. “I couldn’t bare to wake you, but not it’s getting late and we really have to go.”

I watched him steer her out the door, helping her to stay up on her moderately high heels. It seemed that she was unable to speak. She looked over her shoulder at me and she left the salon. It was a look I will never forget. She was begging me to rescue her, or forgive, or probably both. I just cruelly waved at her, leaving her to whatever fate she might suffer at the hands of this brute of a man, Boris Belkin.

Had I got even? It felt that way for a while. But somehow, I expected that the truly sweet moment would be when he came back to me, again to seek forgiveness, perhaps even grovel for it. I waited for that moment, but it never came.

I waited up that Sunday night and I started to get worried. I wonder if I should call the police and tell them that my boyfriend was missing. But then I might be a party to his rape or murder. There were drugs involved. My DNA would be on the victim’s clothes. I needed to wait it out.

So, I waited, and I waited.

I called his work on Monday afternoon and they said that he had called in sick. Was it really him. I called one of his friends who he stayed with when I threw him out, as I did from time to time, but there had been no contact. I started to miss him. I started to plan the words that I would say in seeking his forgiveness for what I had done.

I think that it was Thursday that I called his office again, and I was told that he had resigned. He had a new job and a new address, and surely, I must know? Well, I didn’t. He had disappeared. It now appeared that he was alive, and that he was leaving me out in the cold.

On the Sunday afternnon, a full week after my Tim had gone, I found the courage to call Boris.

“Perhaps I should have contacted you,” he said. “But I just assumed that your work was done. You got what you wanted, and there was nothing more to be said. And, as it happens, I got what I wanted.”

“You got $2,000,” I confirmed.

“Oh, I don’t need money,” he said. “There is a demand for my services and my fees are much higher than that. No, I found the nicest person in the world. I found someone that I want to be with for the rest of my life.”

I was shocked. My first thought was that he could not be talking about Tim, and somewhere the wires had go crossed. But then I pictured that had my boyfriend tied up somewhere, or still drugged by that awful substance, and walking around as a zombie, while this brute sodomized him.

“I want to see him,” I said firmly. There was no anger now. It was all gone. I was concerned. This was my boyfriend – somebody who really meant something to me. I had missed him, terribly. And In that moment, I was ready to admit it. In that moment, I forgave him.

“Sure,” he said. “We could come around to your place.”

It was so immediate and casual that I knew there was more to this. I started to get worried for myself. No, we should meet somewhere public.

“That restaurant “Cap Ferrat” – the same place as last week, 6 o’clock,” I instructed.

He agreed and hung up.

Later in the day I got myself ready. I used all my considerable skills. I went all out. I wanted to show Tim that I could be the most beautiful woman in the world. I wore a sexy dress. What would he be wearing? He might not even be dressed as a woman. He might just be Boris’s little sexual plaything. The idea was horrific. I needed to rescue my man from this animal.

When I entered that restaurant, I was confident that I would be the best-looking woman, at least in the room. There, waiting for me at the bar was Boris, and standing beside him was the best-looking woman in the room. It was Tim.

I almost had to steady myself in the doorway, as if I had never worn heels before. But this person looked so good in hers. They were new. Not the ones I had bought. Nor the dress. That was new too, and it was gorgeous. It hugged the fake curves that I had created beautifully. I wondered if he was still tucked away – could it have lasted all week?

I held my head up and waked towards them. I was looking to see the signs of stupor on Tim’s face, but I saw nothing like it – the beautifully made up eyes were clear and sparkling. There was a smile on her painted lips – a little uncertain, but happy. Happy to see me.

When I was close enough she took me by the shoulder and kissed me on the cheek, the way two women do when they meet.

“Thank you for coming.” That is what she said, as if she had asked me! But what was surprising was the way she said it. I continue to say “she” as I have done in this part of my story, because the voice was high and feminine. There was a trace of Tim in it, but it was not a man’s voice.

A stranger interrupted the awkward scene. The Maître d’ led us to a table for three in a private curved booth. Boris sat in the middle.

“I owe you an explanation,” said this strange woman. I felt that she did, but really it was me who should have been explaining my actions. I had taken my boyfriend, just a regular guy, even if a little soft and ineffectual, and I had turned him into an artificial woman, and it was now clear that what I had done was to have permanently affected him somehow.

“I am sorry for over-reacting the way I did,” I said. “I am not saying that I forgive you, but I want to apologize for what I did to you. I went way to too far. I am sorry.”

“Don’t apologize,” she said. She reached out across the table and took my hand. Hers was soft and manicured with gel nails shaped and painted – a better job than mine. “What you did has changed my life. I am not angry – I am grateful.”

I think my mouth fell open. It felt as if my chin had fallen onto the table. I just made some kind of disbelieving grunt.

“Boris has told me about the drug,” she said. “I vaguely remember the moment that I realized that there was no hair on my body, and I remember waking up and getting dressed and going to the restaurant, but none of that seemed odd. Then I became gradually aware of Boris sitting with me at the restaurant and telling me how great I looked. I just remember how I felt in that moment. I felt great.”

I looked across at her. Her dark hair was parted in the middle and hung clear of her forehead and her shaped eyebrows, down over her shoulders. Her blue eyes were lined with makeup so that they appeared striking. Such eyes demanded that make up be used. Without being highlighted like that it had been easy to missed them on his face, but not on hers.

“It was not until we got back to Boris’s place that I discovered my new body,” she continued. “I was busting for a pee and he took me to his bathroom and showed me that I needed to sit down to do it. It just seemed so right. I can’t explain it. He watched me and smiled. He gave me some toilet paper to wipe myself. It was as if I had always peed like that.”

“Are you telling me that this is you now?” I must have seemed angry. “You want to be a woman now.”

“Maybe that’s what I have always wanted,” she said. “It was like that girlfriend of yours – the one who got me into trouble with you. I saw her and I wanted to be her so badly that it physically hurt me just to look at her. I had to have sex with her just to convince myself that what I felt was sexual attraction, but I want you to know it wasn’t. I was not attracted to her. It was just to fight off the feelings that I was having.”

“Am I supposed to be happy to hear that?” If I was not mad before, I sure was now. “So, what about me? Are you, or were you ever attracted to me, sexually, I mean?”

“Of course, I was. I thought sex with you was the way it was meant to be. That is, until I had sex with Boris. Then I understood.” She was looking at him with goo-goo eyes and he was giving her the same look back. I felt as if I was going to be physically sick.

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| “I’m leaving,” I said. And I did.  I looked over my shoulder as I left the restaurant and I saw the two of them sitting in that booth, smooching.  A year later I received an invite to their weeding, but I just could not bring myself to go.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019 | Boris and Tina |

Author’s Note:

This is a reworking of a story by Julie called “Beautiful You”. I took the thread of the story from hers and reworked it from scratch. I hope you like it, Julie – I hope you all do.