Making Changes

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I am in distribution. Ok, so I drive a truck. But I also distribute.

Long-haul work is hard. Guys like me don’t get paid enough. What’s wrong with supplementing income? Shit goes missing all the time. Some of what goes missing ends up in my lock-up. Some of that gets sold for cash. What’s the big deal?

I haul for a major drug company. Not painkillers or opiates, or anything like that, worst luck. If I was moving that shit, I would be a millionaire by now. No, I haul endocrinal drugs. I don’t even know what an endocrine is, but these drugs are amazing.

I can sell some of them because there is a market. And the market does pay. Maybe not as much as real drugs, but enough to earn a good living over my weekly pay.

But the incredible thing is what these drugs can do. They can change the body. You can take a regular guy and have him grow tits. Not only that, you can make the rest of his body look like a girl too.

I mean, you can take drugs to stop pain and fix your heart or whatever, but those drugs don’t change you like these hormone things. They alter people – physically. Sure, it takes a while, but when you watch it happen, you cannot help but be flabbergasted.

I was selling to some guys, although you should not call them guys. Trannies, and the like. Guys who want to be girls or look like them. New customers come along and they look like, well, they look like guys in dresses. You sell them the pills, or the shots in the disposable syringe, or both, and then, a few months later … wow!

Some of these guys, or these people, they say the drugs work on their heads too. Like they make them feel differently, and some say think differently. So, I was curious. I was thinking, is this real or are these guys just so happy to be following their weird dream that they are imagining it.

It was just a thought. But I had these drugs coming out of my ears. Plenty to play with, if I was inclined that way.

I am not talking about taking these things myself, no way. But I thought maybe Lucas? He is an annoying little shit, working at the warehouse. I see him most days when I am doing local driving. Otherwise at least once a week. Time to sneak some drugs into his sipper bottle. Time to watch him change. Time to watch the fun.

I mean, no harm intended. The worst is he grows some tits and his dick goes floppy for a few months. No lasting injury or illness. A joke. Right?

Well, right back at me. That was the kind of jock it was. A boomerang back in my face. That’s what.

That Lucas was not as dumb as I thought. He is wondering why his nipples are sore and thinks maybe that is exactly what is going on. And the warehouse has got CCTV everywhere, as you would expect. That’s why I have to do my business off the truck and get around the seals. But in the warehouse, if you have access to the video record, you can search, and you are going to find me lacing his drink.

Get me fired? Lucas could have done that. No, get me girled, that’s what. No sipper bottle for me. Get me drunk and get the extra strength slow release capsule injected into the flesh of my butt. That is what you do to get back at me. So it seems that’s what he did.

I am looking hard to see what is happening to Lucas, and it is happening to me. I should know the signs, but I don’t. Nobody tells me that it starts with the skin changing, and the nipples changing color. I have to wait for tits to pop up before I start thinking that I am the idiot. Getting a taste of my own medicine is exactly what I am doing, and not just a taste. I am drowning in hormones.

I guessed it might be Lucas, but what am I going to do? Go to my employers, or the Police, and tell them that I am being poisoned by the stuff I am stealing. Even a doctor is going to say: “Hey, you truck this stuff, right? Are you sampling the merchandise?

Then he as good as confirmed it. Lucas gives me a package. In it there is some cream and some lady’s underwear or something, and a note. I was going to throw it in the trash, but I tried on the silky thing, and the note was right, it was smooth on the nipples. No problem under my loose shirt. And the cream stops the tightness. The prick is making it easy for me. But I needed something.

But I am checking my drinks and buying what I eat, so I could not figure out how Lucas was getting the drugs into me. I didn’t know about the slow release thing.

The other thing in the parcel was a push up bra, with a note showing how it could be used when I had enough titty flesh. Very funny. I tried it on only to make sure that I was not growing any more that.

Then a few days later I noticed that my dick is all floppy. Like when I jack off, it doesn’t get hard. I can spurt my shit, but not out of a stiffy, just a little limp noodle. There is no way I am going to pay for a whore and have her tug on that. I was just stuck at home, trying to get that thing back into life.

There was a time when I might have baled up Lucas and shown him a fist, but now I find I am not strong enough, of brave enough, or both. But I decided that we could talk about it.

“What are you doing to me?” I said to him when we were alone in the warehouse office. I had meant to come off as aggressive, but it didn’t come out that way. It was as if that part of me had gone the way of my muscles and my body hair.

“What are you talking about?” he said.

“That package you gave me … it’s you who are doing this thing to me. Somehow you are feeding me hormones and changing my body.”

“You mean like this,” he said, and he undoes his plaid shirt and I see that he is wearing the silk thing too. He says: “I am just trying to help you. I am going through the same changes. Maybe you know why? I need to wear this for comfort, and the bra I gave you to dress up after work.”

“So just stop with the sipper bottle,” I said, I guess confirming what he already knows.

But he says: “I am not that dumb. I knew what you had done, but then when I saw it happening to you, I realized that somebody was fucking with us both.”

“Jesus,” I said.

And then he said: “The difference between us is that I am learning to live with these.” And he cups his little tits, almost like he is proud of them.

“So, what do you do with the bra?” I was curious now. I should have been thinking about who was doing this to us, but what I was wondering was what those tits might look like in the flesh.

“Come around to my place after work and I will show you.” Now I would find out.

So, I went around to his place. It was in a block of two-story places in an older part of town but lying to the sun – bright, clean and tidy. I knocked on the door.

The door is answered and there stands Lucas in a dress!

So, I said: “What’s with this get-up?”

He says: “Come inside. When you see what I am wearing underneath you will understand.”

And what he had on underneath was a bra and over that some silky thing – a slip.

“If you have tits, you have to support them,” he said. “Now show me yours.”

I took off my shirt and showed him the duct tape I had wrapped around squashing my tits as much as I could. He had to cut the tape, as I did before I took a shower. I used a shitload of tape. Luckily there was plenty at the depot. When the tape was off, my tits bounced out.

“Wow,” Lucas said. “They are beauties!” That made me feel kind of proud. “They are about the same size as mine, but a rounder shape. Your back is a little wider, but we can adjust for that – see? And here you adjust the straps to lift them up.”

He put the bra on me. I had to have a look in the mirror. All the hair had fallen off my chest, but not my arms, but if you ignored that, from neck to waist I had a woman’s body.

“Let’s see yours,” I said to him. So, he slipped off his bra and showed me.

We were just standing there in his living room. A couple of guys comparing their tits.

“Those boxers look stupid,” Lucas said. “I have some new panties you could try on.”

And then when they were on, he said: “Those legs look awful. You need to shave your legs like I am doing now.” Sure enough, his legs were smooth. I should have noticed earlier.

I would never do any of this stuff on my own, but we were both in the same boat. He had found another way of dealing with the problem – go with it for a bit. See what happens. What is the harm? Body hair grows back. He was right. Somehow in that underwear, body hair was not the right look.

I tried on my first dress that evening. Lucas and I spent that evening together as if we were two girls at some kind of slumber party.

My hair wasn’t long at that time, but Lucas still played around with it to make it look girly. He even put some makeup on my face.

Slumber party means a sleepover. I had not intended to stay the night at Lucas’s place. I didn’t even know the guy that well. Hell, I played a trick on the guy. I said that he was an annoying little shit. But here we were, at his place, both wearing women’s clothes and playing with hairbands and lipsticks.

“You don’t have to sleep on the couch,” he said. “We can share my bed. It’s big enough for two. Girlfriends do it all the time. It’s not gay or anything like that.”

Somehow it didn’t seem that it was. He had a nightie for each of us. His was pink and he gave me one in primrose yellow. It was late. My work clothes were in a bundle near the door. We could go straight to the warehouse in the morning after we had cleaned ourselves up.

“Ok,” I said.

Lucas clapped his hands and jumped up and down. “Yippee,” he said. “It will be great.”

He had us get into our nighties and put night cream on our faces. We lay in his bed not touching, with the light out, just talking.

“I don’t want you to feel bad about what you started,” he said. “These hormones have changed my life. I feel different in all the right ways. I feel relaxed. I feel happier. Especially when I am wearing something pretty. Is that how you feel?”

“Maybe,” I said. I did not want to admit to anything. But the truth is, that I felt that I was changing in my head too. A few months before I could never have dressed like that and got into bed with a guy, so clearly the hormones must be fucking with my head.

“Do you think that you could treat me as a woman?” said Lucas. “If I asked you to, could you treat me as if I was a woman?”

“What did you have in mind?” I mean, all that evening I had not been treating him as a guy. What more could I do.

“Would you make love to me as if I was a woman?”

“You mean, you want me to fuck you in the ass?” I have never done anal before, let alone fucked a guy. But I figured that I could, because Lucas was not really a guy – not anymore; not that night anyway.

“I have prepared myself a little,” he said. “It would not hurt me. I hope that you will get pleasure out of it. That is what a woman wants when she offers her body to somebody else.”

The problem was, I just could not get an erection. I mean, Lucas did everything to get me excited, and it was as if my cock wanted to respond, but the stiffness just did not happen, for either of us.

In the end we just gave up and we fell asleep.

We woke up together. I mean almost in one another’s arms. But neither of us recoiled as perhaps we should have. After all, we had both played with one another’s body the night before. There was no taking back what had happened.

“I am wearing my bra to work today,” said Lucas. “I am not going to hide myself anymore.”

I wanted to as well. I hated the tape, and I did not have any more at his place to tape myself down. But I was not ready. I used kitchen wrap, but it would not last the day. Still it gave me a chance for me to gauge the reaction at work when Lucas turned up at the warehouse in jeans but with a colorful top with a cleavage on display.

The guys were amazed. Of course, Lucas got some shit, but he handled it well. He just did not care what people said, or that is the way it seemed. After people dish out the usual insults everybody just gets back to work. Lucas still did the job he had to do. The only difference is that he said to the guys that he would only be responding if they called him Lulu!

Our boss was the biggest surprise. He said: “I don’t care if you want to come to work dressed as a Lulu or a Labrador, just so long as you get the work done. So, Lulu it is, and the rest of you – get over it.”

I could turn up the following day dressed however I liked. And if there was one thing that I had learned at our two-person slumber party the night before, it was that I made a better-looking girl than Lulu.

Lulu took time off during the day to go to a specialist shop, and by something that it was said I might like. “Come around to my place again tonight,” she said (we all started to call her she after that day), “I have bought a strap-on for you to wear.”

She had also bought me some clothes that she said that I could wear to work. We went straight around to her place after work to try them on.

Of course, I stayed the night. I gave her what she wanted. She squealed like a real girl, and to my surprise I came too. Some clear fluid oozed out of my limp cock being massaged by the latex nubbin behind the strap on.

As we lay on the bed afterwards, she whispered to me: “You are the partner I want, a trans-lesbian, just like me.”

That was when I realized it. There was nobody else. She had been the one who had fed me the hormones, after I had started the whole thing by sneaking some into her. Had it unlocked something inside her that had led her to this? But more importantly, what had the hormones unlocked in me.

“What is happening. Is there something in the water in this place?” That was what our boss said when a second of his employees turned up the following day dressed as a woman.

Somehow it just suited both of us, Lulu and me. We have remained friends ever since, but not in the way she would like. You see, I may have discovered that I was trans, or maybe it was those drugs that Lulu stole, or the ones I stole that I kept on taking, but I learned that I was not a lesbian. What I learned was that in a job where 93% of the truckers are male, and where long haul means you have a bed on board, and there is downtime, and truckers just love a pretty lady, well, life on the road can be much fun than I ever thought.

The End

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