Wrong Girl / Wrong Guy

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

James was not a patient of mine. I could never offer a patient a job, let alone take a patient out to dinner, or make advances. That would cost me my licence. No, James was a friend. Well, maybe not a true friend, but we have known one another a long time. I have always known that he is a prick, and he has always known that I can be taken advantage of.

He was always a rake – a stick man. He was constantly on the hunt for one-night-stands. Charm them, bed them, dump them. He never took any notice of the damage he caused. As a doctor I deal with the consequences of casual sex in my young women patients all the time. Men laugh and women cry. I see it. I am there. The morning after pill. Sexually transmitted disease. Vaginal tears. And all the emotion that come with it.

Physicians cannot make judgments, but you have to wonder why such people can do so much damage without consequence – why they should be free to roam. Such people are so clearly caught up in the sense of male entitlement that they have no regard for the women they hurt of injure.

I am a man and proud to be one. But I am not proud to call James a friend. When he and I were boys maybe, but not since he was the man he became.

When another sad woman turned up at my surgery even without an appointment, I could see that she was distraught so I was ready to take her in for a consultation.

But this woman seemed to know me. She said: “It’s me Doc. It’s me, James.”

I could not believe it. Here was a young woman standing in front of me but speaking with a voice I recognized – not in tone (that was to high) but in style. And yes, behind the makeup, they were his eyes. The nose was smaller and the lips fuller, but there was that trace of a sneer in the painted mouth. But then the face was pretty and framed by beautiful long blond hair. Could it be?

“Jesus, James. What happened?” It seemed the way to find out.

“I went out with this girl … was it last night? What day is it? It seems like last night. She works for a plastic surgeon or something. She was a good lay. I went to leave. There was some shouting. I got to the door, and then she was behind me and … and I woke up in a room in the motel two blocks down … looking like this. Like in this top and skirt, and with this hair and these tits. How can this have happened?”

There was something about the anxiety in that voice that made me think what a perfect punishment this was. The tables had been well and truly turned. But my shock was genuine. What was under that skirt?

“Why did you come to me? What about your regular doctor?” I had to ask.

“he doesn’t know me. I never visit the guy except for a check up every couple of years. Look at me. He would never believe me. I walk in and say I am a guy. I would not believe it myself.”

I felt the same after I had asked him to let me examine his face and his body. The work was incredible on the hair and the face. This was not an overnight thing. Surgery had been done and it had healed. We are talking weeks. It was certainly not last night that he was James. This had been done some time before. He must have been sedated rather than bedridden by the sound muscle tone. I was very keen to see more.

“You had better take your clothes off.”

The breasts were not latex. They were high quality implants. The stitches had been removed and the scars below those breasts were barely noticeable. The skin had relaxed too. It seemed from this that it may even have been months since he was operated on. Or the healing had been promoted somehow.

It also appeared that his whole body had been stripped of hair and the skin inflammation that would have caused had long subsided. The skin on the face show closure of follicles that you might see many weeks after electrolysis had been used to remove hair permanently.

There was a small scar on the throat. This might explain why the voice was reedy in tone. Not very manly. Not James’ voice at all, except for the delivery. That still showed traces of his arrogance.

There was other surgery there too. The ears had been trimmed, and the nose size reduced, perhaps even the chin with work done from inside the mouth so that no scar was visible. A doctor must admire great work like this.

In examining the eyes, I could see that the upper and lower lids had been tattooed with permanent eyeliner, and the lips had been ringed with tattooed color as well. This was intended to be permanent. This was intended to make it very difficult for James to go back to looking like a man. Tattoo removal in such places is almost impossible.

But his genitals had been spared. The pubic hair had been shaved leaving just a small bush over a penis that now looked totally out of place. Good news for James, I guess.

I took a blood sample to check for female hormones but it seemed almost guaranteed that they would be present. Below the skin adipose was well developed, and the nipples showed female size and coloring. Again weeks of large volumes was my guess. The reduced size of the penis and testicles was another clue.

“What can be done!” There was a trace of tears in the eyes. That might be hormones too, or stress beyond what any man cold bear.

I laid on the bad news a bit thick. All breast implants can be removed. All hair can be cut. I just didn’t want that to happen.

I could have said that this was about me seeing justice done and seeing that a wrong put right should not be tampered with, but it was not that. No, there was something very attractive in that plaintive look. There was a helplessness that made this creature desirable in a way I had never encountered before. And then there was this penis sitting there, as if waiting to be removed.

James had once been my friend but I learned to dislike the person he had grown into. And yet I knew that somewhere inside James had been a good person. It was just his cock that had led him astray and now that seemed to be useless and of no effect.

We used to have a lot in common. He used to understand me, where most did not. It occurred to me that this person could be just what I was looking for. I just happened to have a vacancy in my life, and also (as it happened) on my reception desk.

“The healing looks good,” I said. “But just in case I will give you a shot. Infection is always a risk.”

He nodded, then winced slightly as the needle went into his arm. It was the largest possible dose of slow release estrogen that I could administer, but it seemed to me that if Janet was going to be mine she would need it.

The End

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Author’s Note:

Thanks again to Ftygrl for giving the original story 4.9 stars out 5 stars, urging me to add some more detail and requesting a continuation or sequel.