

Being With Darius

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

It's hard to be gay in Draketown. We both know it. Well, I do more than Darius, because now I'm not sure how gay he is.

When we first met, I was just that little nerd Colin Szachnowicz, with the big glasses and the stringy hair, trying so hard to be a jock just like him.

It was my Dad who pushed me to play football. Sure, I could handle a ball and run. Dad had me doing that almost from the first day I could walk. But I had two major problems. Firstly, I had shitty eyesight. I could only catch a ball when I could see it, and I could not play with glasses on. Secondly, there was no way I could play any position that did not handle the ball. I was never going to be big or strong enough to do that. Mom's genes didn't help, but then neither did Dad's.

So, I decided to go onto the dark web and find steroids to help me to bulk up. I had a bit of muscle then – just not enough.

I suppose I wanted to please my father by getting on the team, but also to impress Darius - show him that I could make the grade. He sort of took me on as a project the moment that I was allowed to join the training squad

Anyway, the steroids I took had the reverse effect on me to what I intended. It turns out that I just got the wrong steroids - corticosteroids instead of anabolic steroids – really dumb, but I understand, not so uncommon. So instead of building muscle, what I had just wasted away. Many of the guys laughed at me. I was the team weakling.

Just Darius backed me up, and I didn't need anyone else. His position on the team was solid, and he was respected by every other player. When he stood up for me, that was enough to stop any shit, fast.

I came off the corticosteroids but I got severe steroid withdrawal symptoms. My stepmother took me to her doctor, and she prescribed another drug for those, with unfortunate side effects. By unfortunate I mean really bad – gynecomastia. Do you know what that is? Tits. Tits on a boy.

My stepmother was less than helpful. She said that my body - with no male muscle and now with a pair of small breasts, could be beautiful. She said that I should flaunt it. She said that I should show my tits to Darius, as he might like them.

I think that my stepmother had a bit of a thing about Darius. When he came around to our house, she flirted with him something crazy. Sooo embarrassing to have a parent behave that way. She bought some magazines full of pictures of naked black guys like

Darius. She would say: "See what you are up against. Maybe you should just accept that you will never be a real man."

It was like everything my father wanted me to be, she wanted me to be the opposite. I found out later that she did not flush the new prescription down the john, instead she crushed the tablets and gave them to me in my morning smoothie.

Anyway, she told Darius that I was growing breasts. Imagine that. She just told him outright. I had just been dropped from the training squad and Darius had driven me home. He was comforting me, I suppose, and my stepmother said to me in front of him: "You'll never make a good football player, but you could make a really good girl." And it all came out.

Before he left, Darius asked to see my tits. I had them taped down, but I agreed. I guess I felt that I could not refuse him, even though it seemed very weird. So, I pulled off the tape and flopped them out.

"They're beautiful," he said, softly. "Soft and so white, like blobs of cream." He just stared at them. I suddenly felt good having them. Like, at least he was admiring me. In fact, I think it was the first time anybody had admired me for anything.

Add to that, I went to bed that night with one of those damn magazines. I started to have gay thoughts. Gay thoughts about Darius.

I was not sure that I would have much contact with him after I had been dropped, but only the day after, he called me and asked me whether I would get together with him, as his girlfriend!

"I don't want to be gay," he said, "But I really want to be with you."

Everything that I was screamed at me to say no. I had always assumed that I was a regular guy. I thought maybe one of these drugs had an unexpected effect on my brain that I would even listen to him ask me again. I just found myself saying yes.

So, I washed my hair and combed it out, and my stepmother gave me a modest makeover. Just shaped my eyebrows and applied some lippy and mascara. Just like that, I looked like a girl! It was like she had been hiding inside me my whole life and suddenly she was out. I was her. I was so happy.

But not as happy as Darius was when he met the new "Shannon". I chose the name because it was kind of gender-neutral, but she really is not that at all. She was ready to become a sex partner to Darius from the first moment together.

But Darius was gentle. He needed to be. He was so big. I needed lubrication, and I needed stretching before I could get pleasure. But the first few times were all about his joy, not mine. Now we truly make love, face to face, with him on top, and me underneath, trembling with excitement every time.

I am always limp these days, but when I orgasm a little pearl of goo always oozes out, just to show him how much happiness he gives me. He never touches my clitty except to scoop up that pearl and put it on my lips to lick up.

Because we were in love, we needed to tell everybody about our new status. Most of the guys on the team knew that it was me, the team weakling become the MVP's girlfriend. It is a measure of just what kind of player Darius is, and what kind of person, that they were totally accepting of me. But, as Darius said, they never could have accepted me as his boyfriend – that would be too gay. I was happy to be his girlfriend, and he was too.

In fact, happy to be a girl, in any case. It turns out that I love wearing girls' clothes, although I still like to mix it up – like standard jeans with a floral top, or a jean jacket over a dress, or one of Darius's training jerseys over a miniskirt and heels.

Plus, I love my hair which I have grown out even longer. I even play around with hairstyles – like high pony tails and buns, and fishtail braids.

But even while all this was going on, it was like my father was the last to know. He was furious about me missing out on the team, but not as mad as he was when he saw the photo on Facebook advising that Darius and I were now a couple. That is the photo up there. Darius and Shannon.



Luckily, because we had become inseparable, when my Dad blew up Darius was with me in a second. Dad caught me in the bathroom in the morning, doing my hair, and he just exploded. But Darius had spent the night and he came up behind my father and tapped him on the shoulder.

I cannot even remember what the words were. All I remember is that my man was looking after me again. My father fled in fear. Actually, I have not seen him since. My stepmother was happy to see him go too. There was nothing for him in our house anymore. All girls

That morning I blew Darius, right there in the bathroom, with his hands in my fresh curls. It was wonderful.

So, what am I now? Am I gay? Am I a girl or a boy? I'm with Darius – that's what I am.

The End

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