Prom Queen

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I hated Rebecca Holmes almost as much as my big sister Sophie did. My sister had graduated the year before me, and Becky had led an ultimately successful campaign against her becoming prom queen. It was not that Rebecca was herself a candidate, because she was not in her final year and not eligible. It was not clear what was behind it. But in our final year when both of us were ready to graduate, Becky launched her own campaign to win the crown.

“We just have to stop her winning,” said Sophie. “I will do anything to make sure she does not get the title.”

“I am with you on this, Sis,” I told her. Becky was as down on me as she was on my older sister. She was always telling me that I was a wimp, and I am sure that she was behind all the rumors that I was gay. I hated her. There was no way she should be prom queen.

The problem is that there were no other candidates in my year with a chance, and certainly nobody with the drive to beat her. My sister and I were motivated, but Sophie was now in college, and I, of course, was a guy.

“Well, maybe for our purposes you shouldn’t be?” said Sophie. She had a strange look on her face, and I could almost see ideas whirring around in her brain.

“What are you planning?” I asked. For some reason I was getting worried.

“You would make a very attractive girl, I think,” said Sophie. “I think that you might even have better legs than me.”

She was probably right, but it was not what I wanted to hear. I had been doing my best to reassert my masculinity after Becky’s undermining it.

“Are you talking about putting me in drag to win the prom queen crown? They will never award the title to a drag queen!”

“Not to a drag queen, no,” she said. “But to a trans-girl they might. To a brave transgender person fighting accusations of being gay – somebody born afflicted with the wrong gender, struggling through adversity and winning. Somebody who will win the admiration of the girls at school, and perhaps excite something in the boys. Yes, a the right trans-girl might life the crown. And imagine this – Becky Holmes beaten to the title by a guy in a dress. That would be priceless. The ultimate victory!”

I just staggered back a little. She sold it well. It was hard to fight. She was right. What a sweet victory.

“I am not agreeing, but tell me your plan,” I said.

“Look, you were never planning on even going to the prom,” she said. “Let’s face it Charley, you a bit of an outsider. Does it really matter to you if you come out as trans in your last semester? It would be worth it to see the look on Becky’s face, even if you just put up a good fight. But I am suggesting that we are in this to win. You will be the diversity candidate. You will be the underdog. And you are a nice person – you have never wronged anybody, unlike her. You should pick up backing, and we will also try to get votes from those who don’t usually bother voting, like your nerdy friends.”

“My nerdy friends would probably never talk to me again,” I scowled.

“Then they are not friends, and you would learn who your real friends are,” she said. “But I don’t believe they wouldn’t support you. The more I think about this, the more I like it.”

“What will Mum and Dad say?”

“We will have to tell them what we are doing but swear them to secrecy,” she said. “Because nobody else should know that you not really trans.”

“What a minute, are you suggesting that I go to school dressed as a girl for the whole semester?”

“I guess so,” she grinned. “If we want to win this then the new you needs to come out as soon as possible. The campaign to be prom queen will take that long. Becky has a head start on us. By the way, what will your new name be?

“What’s wrong with Charley?” I insisted,

“Charly. Sure. Why not. The same but female. I like it.”

That that was how it started. It was driven by Sophie but I was a willing participant. I had two close friends at school Max and Tobey who might be shocked if I came out as trans, but I figured that if they did not support me, they would not be true friends, and true friends would support me later when I disclosed that it was all just a ruse to make sure Rebecca did not win, or win easily.

But Sophie decided not to tell my parents the whole truth as they might not approve of our motives. Instead she told them that I was making a huge sacrifice to help her with a college social science project. I was going to pretend to be trans. I would be living as a girl for until spring break and she would be helping me learn how. The good news was that my sister was the same size as me so I would not want for clothes, and my hair had not been cut for ages so it could be styled easily.

“I thought you said you weren’t gay?” was all my father said.

“I’m not, Dad,” I told him truthfully. “And I am just pretending to be trans.” I thought that was true at the time.

Mom thought it sounded like fun. She said that we could go shopping together as three girls.

Despite our parents’ support I agreed with Sophie that I would approach the principal myself and explain that I wanted to present as female starting straight after the break. The principal said that they had protocols for this – the staff would be informed immediately, and I should have the first day of term off so that the students could be informed and instructed to be supportive.

“Let’s go all out on Day 1,” was her suggestion. “A dress and something in your hair, but no makeup. You have good skin, so we will make that work for you.”

The truth is that it was the female hormones that seemed to work wonders for my skin. Male puberty seemed to have made me exude oil from every pore and hair follicle, but the hormones that she said would hold back those changes, saw my skin clear up within a few weeks. She was right, the new me did not require too much work, other than acquiring feminine manners.

I have to say that I was a little clumsy in the way I moved my arms and used my hands, but the good thing was that I would just laugh about it, and the girls (it was mainly girls who noticed) would laugh with me. Looking back I think that a genuine transgender person might have been more upset, but I suppose all the kids at school realized that I was totally relaxed.

As for the guys, the only ones I cared about were Max and Tobey. They were disbelieving at first, then confused, then accepting. I said that I would still like to mix with them if they were OK gaming with a girl, and they were. I even thought that they considered it slightly cool – they were the ones who had been friends with the trans-girl. They weren’t gay or anything – they just saw not reason to end the friendship.

Other guys seemed curious. The school had said that there was a zero-tolerance policy on transphobic abuse, but as far as I was concerned, I was not going to go whining to the principal if some jock muttered something under his breath. I would just smile at those guys. Sometimes I liked to whisper – “Your secret is safe with me”. I don’t even know what it was supposed to mean, but I liked to see them squirm.

I decided that I would like to give a little speech at a school assembly, and the principal agreed. I stood up in front of everybody and gave them some key pointers about what the word transgender means. A surprisingly large number are affected, not all would seek surgical change, not all would change their preferred sexual partner, most would prefer to use a single toilet – we were just people with a birth defect – “Incongruous genitals – look that up”. I thanked everybody for their support – I resisted the urge to name the mutterers as biggest supporters.”

“I am different, so why not get to know me, even if you thought you knew me before. Come over and say high. Don’t worry guys, being transgender is not contagious. Talk to me. Get to know your local trans-girl.”

I had started lobbying to become prom queen already.

Everybody said that over the next weeks I “blossomed”. Part of it was my sister’s wardrobe carefully selected by somebody who knew how to work each garment. Another part was the hormones – I am sure of that – or rather its effects on my hair and my skin, and the more unexpectedly rapid effect on my body. But the greater part was me living as female every waking hour, and becoming relaxed in being Charly.

Not just waking hours too. I started to have different dreams. In all of the dreams I had become a woman. The first time that happened I woke up in a state of mild shock, but I went back to sleep and the dream continued. It was a nice one. I was sunbathing in a bikini. The cups of the top were filled with breast and the bottom was not filled with anything. Boys winked at me, and I smiled. What is wrong with a dream like that.

I was then nominated for Prom Queen. Tobey did it. He said that it was his idea, but I may have had a hand in it. Sophie was thrilled, and she was very happy with the way I was working through the student body as the friendly, and increasingly attractive, oddity.

I even got asked out on a date by a few guys, and even a couple of girls. I always declined, but I was always careful to do it gently, and with a heartfelt compliment. I collected a lot of rainchecks.

Then came the big surprise – when Max asked me out.

“I mean, we have known each other for ages, so you know me,” he said. “But I feel that I need to know you, Charly. I want to know you … in every way.”

“Like in the Biblical way?” I teased him. “That would require drastic surgery Max, and I am not ready for that … or at lease , not yet.”

I think for the first time in all of this I felt deceitful. The whole thing seemed like a lie, but lying to a friend can never seem right. But then again, how much of a lie was this? There was a part of me that wanted to go on a date with Max. There was a part of me that wanted his tongue in my mouth, and my his cock in my … anyway, it had to be a no. And what about Tobey. Suddenly my life was getting complicated. I could not wait for prom night.

But then Rebecca Holmes decided that it was time to play dirty. While she had laughed me off with the simple statement – “There is no way that I am going to lose the title that is mine by right, to some nerd in a dress!” But as the crunch day drew near she started to worry.

She started to use her boyfriend, the captain of the football team, to start to spread rumors about me being involved in trying to feminize elementary-school kids. The place the rumor had started was the football changing rooms so I asked the coach whether I could address the whole team there, on the subject of transphobia. The coach had no choice but to allow it, but he supported me anyway.

I think that it was one of my best speeches. I talked about the fact that I admired men who real men, but I was never one of those. I could never be a real women either, but I could aspire to be the best woman I could be, and I hoped that they would aspire to be the best men they could be. I said that our school was an example to others, and as our great football team – a team of winners – they were an example to all young boys.

I remember that they turned and looked at Rebecca’s boyfriend. Later on Prom Night, he told me he had cast his vote for me.

Almost everybody did. It was not even close. I was an outright winner. My sister Sophie appeared at the back of the hall to watch as I donned the crown. She was able to share with me. Justice had prevailed and Rebecca Holmes had been defeated. Both of us could not be happier.

If anybody was happier than we sisters that night, it would have to be Max. He had pestered me to be my date, and I finally agreed. Of course he would never be Prom King, that title went to the best-looking who years later, turned out to be gay.

But Max was happy because I went back to him after the royal parade and only danced with him, and later that night I gave my virginity to him, freely and joyously. And that is the reason why Prom Night was so special – it made me the woman I am today.

The End

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Authors Note: "Boy becomes Prom Queen" has lured me into something. I must have done a dozen prom stories, but I think I have a fresh take that I can explore, perhaps for a young adult-oriented collection.

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