Angel A

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I saw it in him almost immediately. Maybe it takes a sissy to know a sissy? Even if the poor child had no idea herself. Here was a boy who acted like a boy, but his inner voice was screaming: "I am a girl!" It seemed that I was the only one who heard it. Not even he himself.

Andy's father is the kind of man I have always wanted - a manly man. The kind of man who recognizes in somebody like me, the true woman, being so committed to womanhood so as to give away manhood. Andy’s father was a man who could make anybody feel like a woman if his tool was inside you. God knows he does it for me. A real man.

How could such a man spawn so delicate a creature as his youngest son Andy?

If there is one thing that I have learned about being trans, it is to be open about it. I guess that I know that I am attractive enough to be able to ignore the reaction. People accept me as a woman because I carry myself as a woman. I can live with: “Wow, you look like the real thing”. I am not so happy with: “So, what have you got … you know ... down there?”.

We told Andy early in our relationship. He just stared at me, but I could see the flicker of something in his eyes. Was it envy? Something less vicious than that - a sadness, or a longing. I knew it straight away. It was not that he wanted me, as might be expected of a young man meeting his father’s new girlfriend - he wanted to be me.

"Don't cut your hair, Andy" I told him. "It really is the most beautiful naturally blond hair."

He just seemed prepared to do whatever I asked of him. He had a dreamy look in his eyes when he watched me, and he was always watching me. What was he thinking? Perhaps: If only that were me?

I think that he knew that I was ready to guide him towards his true destiny.

I told him that we were a pair, he and I. We could do everything together, just the two of us. He was thrilled with the idea. He told me that was what he wanted. He told me that he would do whatever I wanted.

"It's what you want," I said, as I lined up the puberty blockers and female hormones. "What I want is for you to be the person who were supposed to be."

What child would not be reluctant to take that first dose. I just gave him a big hug and he swallowed the tablets. A youngster just needs a little push every now and again, to set them on the right path.

I explained everything to his father. Naturally he was shocked, but when I explained to him again the tragedy that faces people like us if we are unfulfilled, he understood. As for reassuring him of his child's future happiness I insisted on immediate sex between us, and that left him in no doubt. It is wonderful to be a woman! It makes me wonder why anyone wants to be a man. But if you have the mind of a woman inside you, she must have the body she needs to enjoy sex like that. How sure could I be? As sure as somebody who has been there.

"They are calling me a sissy," Andy complained to me. Children can be cruel. But what is a sissy? What is wrong with feminine traits? What is wrong with being soft and delicate? Look at me. I love being the way I am.

"You can bear being a sissy for a while, and be proud to be one," I said to him. “For soon you will be a girl. A teenage girl. I never had that chance. Puberty for boys is such an awful thing – spots and hairs and a voice that is all over the place. Moods … mainly anger. What is good about that? But for girls it is a blossoming. Acquiring true beauty – the form of a woman. And for girls like us, without the bloody bits and pieces that are only the downside. For people like us it is only up from there.”

He seemed uncertain, but by then he adored me. To reassure him I gave him another girly hug and promised him that there would be more. I could feel his response. We were close. What stepmother could expect anything closer? We shared a special bond. I knew it.

We had a choice of high schools and the best plan was to send him to the one where he could make a fresh start as Angela. I like that name. I called her Angel A.

Again, the boy needed a little push to make the big jump out of pants and into dresses, but the truth is, there is nothing that he would not do for me, so there is nothing she would not do to follow me.

From that moment that Angel A stepped out of her room, she was ready to explain to her father just how much she wanted to be her. All those silly doubts in her head were gone, surely?

Her father said that she was a little worried that this might be going too far, too fast. How would a man like him have any understanding of girls like us? I told my angel that she should not bother discussing any such issues with a man. They are from another planet. She seemed concerned that I might be angry with her, but I held her tight, and when her pretty little face was between my boobies, she was happy again, and ready to take on the world.

As I explained to her, school can be tough for a sissy, but not for a girl. Especially a very pretty girl. We are talking a girl who is so pretty she just has to be included by the other girls, and so draw strength from them. Don’t mess with boys. If you are pretty they will admire you from afar and then desire you. Ignore them. Hang with the girls and be the prettiest of them. She had it in her. I knew.

Angela did as I instructed, and naturally all thoughts of boyish activities just disappeared.

She said something about old friends among the boys, but as I said to her: Boys will break your heart - Get ready to break theirs. Don’t get active - Get gorgeous.

There might still be a few boys with snide comments, but she had a fairy stepmother and protector with some experience in this. Stand up my Angel A! She learned that her best defence was to forget any notion of walking some crazy middle line wavering between male and female. There was only one side to be on. My side. The female side. She wanted so much to be on my side.

Angela was able to enjoy all her high school years as a girl. It is something that I missed out on. She was able to be a cheerleader, dress up for the prom, date boys, go to sleepovers where she can true other’s clothes and experiment with makeup and hairstyles. That meant that her formative years were lived as a female, and that she had memories with photographs and a yearbook confirming that she had always been she. How lucky for her.

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| And then before college I was there beside her when she had her surgery. Anybody could understand her concern about the pain of surgery. That must have been what was behind her fear and reticence, for every girl in our position cannot wait to be rid of that last obstruction.  And of course that she was worried that she could not have a family, but that is just a question of finding the right man, and considering all of the options open to a loving couple. And of course that will happen. She already found a young man at college who is fully accepting and in love with her. What man could not be.  Yes, I have been right there beside my little Angel A, as all this has happened as it never happened for me. I am so happy to be able to share her joy, as if it had all happened to me. |  |

The End

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