Indecorous

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Daniel came along quite suddenly and that forced me to marry and become a father and a husband. It is a lesson learned about being a man – you hold in your loins a fluid that has the power to destroy people’s lives and the desire to spray it about. Add that to things I hated about being a man.

But I loved Daniel, as a father should. That meant that pretending to be the father that I thought he would expect me to be, became my primary focus. I think that made me a good father, even though it was all based on a lie. I was never meant to be one. I was never meant to be a man.

I told my wife Darla that before we were married, but I added that I was committed to her and to Daniel, then growing inside her making me so envious. That meant agreeing to give her Thomas as well, because we both felt our child should not be alone. She was grateful for all that, but I don’t think that she ever forgot that I was somebody else in my soul. Still, I always provided for her and the boys, and that was what she cared about the most. And I suppressed the real me.

In the end it was she who left. Maybe she felt that she needed a real man, and I was never that. I know the feeling now – needing a man. But first I had to become a woman.

I was left alone with the boys while Darla rediscovered her sexual appetite. The boys were old enough to be without their mother and old enough not to demand too much from me. They had each other and I believe that they benefited from the independence I gave them. But they also had to cope with what I had to tell them – I would always be their father, but I could no longer live as a man.

Daniel and Thomas were mature and educated enough to understand, even without accepting. I told them what was going to happen, and that the process had already started. They were in disbelief for months. I don’t think that they thought that I was going to go through with it, but when it was done, it was done, and there was no going back. Thank God there was no going back.

I think that they understood that I was happy in a way that I never had been before. To me becoming a woman was like being reborn and seeing everything in color for the first time. I was still developing and evolving, even as my body recovered from surgery. I marvelled in my capacity to change my voice and to learn how to style my hair and make myself pretty.

When I went for my final examination and I was pronounced “good to go” I suppose that I went the way of many transwomen – I went nuts for men. The surgery had been the best that I could buy – if you are going to take such a huge step then you want it to be a step up. It gave me a very attractive vulva and full feeling, once the area had healed. I worked on developing my vagina, and when I felt ready, I put it to use.

I suppose that many transwomen in my position try extra hard to look good and to show off their newly acquired female assets. Certainly, I did. I invested in a large pair of breast implants under the hormone generated breast tissue, to look womanly. Even though they were heavy and for a person unused to them, they could get in the way of things, I loved them. I grew my hair out perhaps longer than for most women m age and I looked after it religiously. I kept it styled in curls and sweeps, with jewelled clips or bows. I knew that I was a mature woman and the “age inappropriate” is a look to be avoided, but I was sometimes close to the edge of that.

Most of my early male sexual partners were my age or older. I started by dating men who knew that I had once been one of them, but I always felt that they were a little weird. As I grew in ability and confidence, I dated as a normal woman and found it unnecessary to disclose my past. Why would you bother with the aggravation if you are never going to see this man again?

The first younger man I met had found me on a dating site and spoke to me about “enjoying a woman with experience”. I liked the idea, and he did not need to know that a good part of my experience was from his perspective. He kept telling me how youthful I looked, even remarking how pert my breasts were – he could not know that they were only a little over a year old.

I decided that I enjoyed younger men. To get me into bed they needed to be respectful and fascinated, and once we were there it all came in a rush, which was how I liked it. There is something very uncomplicated about younger men, and I was still becoming a woman sexually. They are transaction rather than relationship driven, and here was a time when I was enjoying volume.

But then Dan bought his friend Matt around. Matt was a strong young man, but not particularly handsome. It was clear that Dan had told him who I was, or who I had been, but his did me the courtesy of not calling me “Dad” as he still often did – instead calling me “Carrie”. I told Matt that he could call me that too.

“I think that you are really beautiful, Carrie,” said Matt, when Dan was out of the room and unable to hear. “I can’t believe that you were once …”.

“Then don’t mention that, please, Matt,” I told him. “I prefer to leave it in the past.”

“Sure,” he said, looking a little awkward. “I love the way you dress. And I like our hair … like, it is our hair – right?”

“Yes, I am lucky to have good hair,” I said. Maybe I flicked it with my hand or something, but I was suddenly aware that young Matt had a huge erection growing in the crotch of his pants.

The fact is that I was suddenly aware that all of Dan’s Friends all looked like hunks, but here was one who was visibly excited by my appearance in a way I had never seen before, and he was only 17. I was an older woman of course, but by less than 20 years because of my youthful indiscretion. And he was young and clearly flooded with testosterone, and that was exciting.

When I said that I liked younger men, I had never anticipated being drawn to somebody as young as my own son. But then there was Matt – young, muscled and pimpled, and with a raging hard on.

I smiled at him and walked across the room as if to get something, passing by him so closely that I could reach down and put my hand in his crotch. I just whispered in his ear – “Why don’t you come and see me later about this?”

I suppose that I should have had all sorts of guilty feelings about giving in to raw lust or whatever you might call it, but I didn’t. Just to feel that erection squirming to escape made me smile. What we he do? I had to wait to find out.

Dan and Matt were going out and Tom tagged along with them. I forget what it was, but I told them not to be late, and when they came back Matt was still with them. I could see how he was looking at me. I could imagine the thoughts that were going on in his head because I had been a pubescent boy myself. When I had the chance I whispered – “I will let you in the back door when Dan’s light goes out.”

He knew where Dan’s room was, so after we said his goodnights, I could imagine him hiding under a hedge waiting for that light to go out – I was waiting too. Still, I let him wait on the doorstep for a while.

“Come in, but be as quiet as a mouse,” I said. “I really should not be doing this.”

I am fairly sure that I was Matt’s first, although who knows? It was just the way he looked at me as I got undressed. His mouth was just hanging open and his fingers were fiddling with nothing. I had wanted to be a woman for so long that I had spent good money on my body and had taken good care of it. I was slim and firm, with good fresh breasts, but I was also proud of the softness of my belly and butt, and for Matt I was wearing a little more makeup that a woman alone would wear. The whole thing was working well. He had arrived a little nervous and limp, but he was soon riding a bronco between his legs.

“You need to relax a little bit, Matt,” I said, stroking his chin. “A lady will never be happy if you explode too early.”

“Carrie, you are the most beautiful woman in the world,” he said. I had to smile at his wide eyes, but it was his balls talking.

I lay on the bed and spread my legs for him. He looked as if he was about to cry. His lips were trembling but the rest of him was as hard as steel. I gently guided him into my lubricated vagina, a penis turned inside out but to him the passage to heaven.

He was clumsy in a way that I knew from past experience in his position, but male instincts dictate how the thrusts work to bring a man and a woman to the perfect coupling required for procreation. All I needed to do was to encourage him yet calm him so that I could receive even more pleasure than he did.

“I am coming,” he blubbered as some kind of apology.

“Just keep going and I will too,” I said. The truth is that I had already taken more pleasure than I deserved, but his moment gave me mine. He was now a man, and I was satisfied.

I wondered whether Dan or om had heard any of this, or his furtive exodus less than 10 minutes later, but if they didn’t know what was going on between Matt and me, it did not take long for them to find out.

But the fact is that boys move on, and that is the way it should be. I have an idea in my head that Matt will always be grateful to me for helping him understand the nature of sex. I hope that it is real.

But for now, my current problem is George. He is a good friend of my youngster, Tom, and he is clearly ready to have sex for the first time. I wonder if the story has not got around that Dan and Tom’s “Mom” is an easy lay with experience. Actually, I don’t really mind if it has.

Does that make me a bad person?

The End

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