Never Look Back

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

It was not my gender dysphoria that broke up our marriage, it was apathy. We had been in love, I guess, but we loved our family more. So, when the youngest went away to college we found ourselves looking at one another over the dinner table and wondering why. Maybe not why – more like what if. Still, it was her call. I would have stayed with her. You see, I was used to living a lie. My whole married life, and before it, was a lie.

I was a successful trans-denier, if that is a word. Any person can say that they are not transgender, but only the successful ones can convince themselves that it is true even when it is not. I did convince myself. My wife thought that the urges that I told her about early in our relationship, were gone. But they were just hidden or left behind in my maddened pursuit of a normal life. The commitments of family and work certainly helped.

But on my own it all flooded back. And with it the regret that I had not acted when I was young – the thought that it was too late. That manhood, even though it was not my nature, had grown around me like a gnarly hedge around a rose bush.

But I had money, and I had no dependents who were not already looked after. I could try to change routes, even though the fork in road seemed many miles behind me. I would have to cross rough ground to get on the track I belonged on.

I could have gone through a process, but instead I decided to go to Thailand. I decided to invest in a total change. Time was running out and I did not want to slowly plod to a future as a woman, I wanted to be there yesterday.

In Thailand I bought the works. Hormone releasing implant, breasts, facial feminization, hair transplants, full sex re-assignment surgery, vocal cord tightening, even the deportment course at the English speaking “Ladyboy School”. The full change over two months, although it took many more months after that to fully heal and fully develop my skills.

When I returned to the States the border control gave me a very hard time on entry. There was my passport with Harold’s picture on it, but there was a woman standing in front of them. I had all of the paperwork explaining the surgery and even some photos of the surgery. One agent seemed fascinated but another disgusted. Either way, they had to concede that it was me.

A lady officer told me: “Best change your name Honey, and get yourself a new passport, A.S.A.P.”.

That was four years ago. I guess that I felt like a new immigrant must feel. I was a stranger in my own country. Heather had never been there before. Harold had family, but did she? I could not be sure. But when I started all of this, I had to tell myself that I did not care. I wanted to retain contact with my family, but only if they could accept the person that I was. If they could not, then they were not the family that I would want to know.

It turns out that all my kids came to accept it. My wife never could. Especially after Ron came into my life.

He told me that he thought that I was the most feminine woman he had ever met, and that was what attracted him to me. I guess I was making up for something, but the truth is that I love longer hair and curls and wearing makeup even around the house. I hate pants and want to wear only skirts and dresses. Pink is now my favorite color. And I love being pretty. I learned that even at my age that is possible. More than that, it can be easier, because so many women my age do not seem to care anymore. Older men may look at pretty younger woman, but I think that when a pretty older woman walks by, that is when the really get interested and start talking instead of just staring.

I told Ron I was a transwoman after a few dates. He thought it was a joke. He called it “the worst attempt at a brush off he had ever heard.”

“I don’t want to brush you off,” I said. “I want you to be interested in me. But you need to know. This is new to me. I have never been with a man before, that way.”

“You mean you are a virgin?” he said excitedly.

“Well … not really, but … yeah, I suppose I am.”

From that point on he could not wait to have sex with me. I guess I was a little afraid. I actually felt like a virgin despite my dilation routine. I worked on myself with my dilator the afternoon of that special date, when he was to come to my apartment for dinner. I sat through that dinner fully lubricated and wearing a liner in my panties.

We kissed and he carried me to my bedroom. I was wearing a special bra and panty set – pink of course, but with lots of see-through lace, and little ribbons and flowers stitched on. It was so feminine it was just … it just me.

I took off my bra so he could play with my tits. I was in my fifties but I had the tits of a twenty year old – one advantage of transitioning late. He lay me down and pulled down my panties, kissing me on the belly and sticking his nose right into my pubes. I had actually scented them, and I always do. I think Ron believes that I naturally smell like tangerines.

I didn’t have to because he was fully erect, but I stroked his cock. Just to show myself that I could touch another man’s cock, I guess. It seems strange that something I had regarded as so ugly and awful on me, should look so beautiful and powerful on him.

Then he entered me and took me straight to paradise. You can say things like that, but then one day, if you are really lucky, it will happen to you, and you will understand that there is no other way to say it. Straight to heaven, and then linger there for just a few seconds as you feel his cock convulse within you, and you let his sperm search in vain for the door to an egg to fertilize. It’s a funny thought.

But like I tell him - That part of me is not made for reproduction, it is made for sex. It’s available to him for the whole month if he likes. It never tastes of anchovies. It always tastes of tangerines – the lubricant I always use.

I am not sure if all transwomen have a bigger appetite for sex than most women I have known, or whether it’s just me. But Ron appreciates it.

It was only a matter of time before he proposed. He told his family about me, and I think some of them were concerned that he was marrying a drag queen, until they met me.

So tonight, is our fifth wedding anniversary. I have bought a new bra and panty set. Pink of course. We are going out to dinner with family. My kids and their partners, and his kids and theirs – 14 at the table. Ex-wives are not invited. His and mine. I think they will be too envious of us.

But before we go out, when he steps out of the shower, I am going to do my little strut for him in my new lingerie. I know what he will want to do. That’s what I want to do as well. He will playfully push me onto the bed and thrust himself inside me, and I will squeal like the girl I am. Even after all our time together I tell him that I am still learning to be a woman, so I am just a girl until I do.

It took a while for me to take the plunge, but now I never look back. I only look forward to making love with my man.

The End

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