Bitch is Back

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

She had wanted to return his smile, but she was still mad at him for everything that he had put her through. He was beaming. She allowed the edges of her mouth to lift slightly. She was standing outside the car to give him the option of driving, but he simply embraced her and kissed her and went to the passenger side.

“This is late model,” he said, stroking the dash.

“I followed your rules,” she said. “The A account for assets; the B account for bills.”

“That’s right,” he said. “They cannot prove that anything in the A account is linked to a crime, so we are free and clear, and cashed up. It’s been a hard stretch, but that makes it worth it.”

Just as he had told her, they had seized the money in the B account following his arrest, only for it to be restored with clean funds. He was clever. She knew that. It was one reason why she married him. A woman likes security. And then a moment of carelessness by him had ruined everything. The arrest, the trial, the sentence – it had been humiliating. And yet he had made provision for her. She could ride through it by having money.

“I am sorry I haven’t visited you more often, but I just can’t stand this place,” she said. But it was also because through all of it, it had been hard to forgive the embarrassment he had caused her.

“I understand,” he said. He did. She did not belong here. Not in the visitors’ hall with all those other lesser women. He could not criticize. He had done it for her, as well as himself, but she had never agreed. He never sought her permission. Maybe if he had told her what he was doing she might have agreed the risk was worthwhile. She liked material things. But probably not. Her reputation was forever besmirched. She never would have risked that. He never put her on the spot.

“You look different,” she said. “Not as I expected. Healthier, I guess. Not aged by the experience.”

There may have been a trace of ironic bitterness in the words. Under the makeup she was worn and tired. She may have thought that his imprisonment had been harder on her. But she did not know what he had been through, and he was not going to tell her.

And yet despite the fact that he looked pale he looked somehow ageless, with his face so closely shaven she could not see a single whisker. His hair was tied in a wet tail that hung way to far down his back

“I could do with a drink,” he said.

“I have whiskey at home.”

“I feel like champagne. Let’s stop and get some.”

It seemed odd. She liked champagne. He never did. But she knew a liquor store on the way home.

She gave him her purse as she had cash and she watched him walk inside. For some reason the person who had walked away did not appear to be her husband. Was it the way he walked or the way he held her purse? It was different. Not like him at all. And he returned the same way, with two bottles, and a smile. He was wearing jeans and a shirt many times too big for him, looking youthful.

“Do you want to talk about it?” she said.

“No,” he said. It led to an awkward silence, until the started to drive up the hill road. Then he said: “I am going to enjoy the view. I have been looking at nothing but concrete for three years.”

“We’ll go onto the terrace,” she said. And they did. With a bottle in an ice bucket, two glasses and a platter of snacks.

“We should go to bed,” she said, only halfway through the bottle. “You must have missed sex?”

She should have. But her personal trainer had provided an extra service. She thought about him momentarily. Would she ever let him inside her again? She did not like the idea of an affair – it made life complicated. With a husband in prison it was hardly being unfaithful, but now it would be. Would he be as good as that young man? Unlikely.

“That sounds like a great idea, Hon,” he said. “But let me get some of this air in first. Isn’t it strange what you miss? This view of the ocean. Air that smells of pine and brush. A wine glass in my hand. A beautiful woman.”

It was a kind thing for him to say. He must have noticed. These three years seemed to have been harder on her than him. And now he seemed more interested in empty space that her. It seemed to confirm her suspicion that she was devalued by all that she had experienced. He did not seem so affected.

“I’ll put something on, if you like? Something sexy?”

He looked at her. Is seemed to her to be more critical than lustful. He said: “No, don’t bother. You’re right. Let’s get naked. Let’s fuck.”

She laughed – at her own foolish thought. She tilted her head beckoning him and he followed.

“That bed looks so soft after what I have been lying on for 34 months,” he said. He took his pants off and lay out on it with a sigh, as if it were a warm bath. He had not taken off his shirt or his underpants, but she could see his cock straining under the stretch material.

“It still functions then?” she said stroking it through the fabric. It responded to her touch. She kissed him. It seemed as if they were back together in that moment, not husband and wife, but boy and girl, almost like the first time. She liked that.

“You go on top,” he said. “I am enjoying this mattress too much to give it up. She straddled and felt his penis now free of the underwear, touch her special place. It was hardening but not as hard as it once was, and certainly not as hard as her younger lover. But now it was in her, and she felt good.

He lay below her with his eyes closed and his face flushed with anticipation. She rode him, moving her hips and twisting a little. She saw him smile, eyes still shut, in appreciation of her work. This was right, and she knew it. She would show him what he had been missing. She began to work harder and to moan, only half simulated.

The sound that came from his lips put her off momentarily. It was a squeak. The sound a little girl would make. Not at all manly. But now her body was taking over her mind. She was running hot, and her loins were starting to convulse, it would not be long now.

She let out a little cry, as she usually did in the moment of climax. And he seemed to echo it. She felt his penis shudder and spill its seed, but somehow it was in that moment already limp, already retreating, and allowing its spent fluid to flood out of her, and to saturate his pubic hair.

But as she reached down to cup her vulva and prevent the sheets being made wet, she realized that he had no pubic hair. He was shaved.

“What is this?” she said, genuinely puzzled. “No pubes?”

“Hygiene,” he said. “Lice and such.”

“Your legs too?” She had been so busy jumping him that she had failed to notice that his body seemed completely clear of hair. Arms too. He never had much hair on his chest but would that be shaved down as well. She started to unbutton the shirt he still wore.

“That’s not necessary,” he said. “Lets just get some tissues and clear up the mess. But he seemed barely able to resist. The last button was undone, and the shirt was wide open now.

“What the hell is this? You have breasts!”

There was a single piece of strapping tape across his chest from armpit to armpit. But it could not hide what was there. As she tore it away, even as he lay on his back, two distinct breasts with large red/pink areolas jiggled on his chest.

“Hon, it’s not that serious,” he said. “It was just a drug program inside. Everything will get back to normal. Sex seems Ok. That’s good?” It was a question. Had it been good. Not really, she thought. Because of this, most likely.”

“What the hell was going on in there. Your body has been stripped of hair and you have breasts!?”

It was an accusation, plain a simple. The look on his face was one of horror. She wondered how he believed that he could hide from her. Now it all seemed so obvious. And as he has lain there beneath her, so passive, with only whimpering noises coming out of him. And now she could see in his eyes there were tears. She suddenly understood how cruel her words were.

“What happened in there?” she said. “You need to tell me.”

“I had to survive,” he said. It seemed as if that was all that needed to be said. The rest was for her imagination – whatever depravity she could think of. He was not going to go into details. How dare she ask that of him.

“I’m sorry,” she said. She was standing beside the bed, her inner thighs wet with whatever had come out of him. She was sorry, as anybody would be to witness this pathetic creature.

“I survived. You survived,” he said. “We survived this. We have most of the money and it untouchable. And we have each other.”

Only the last part seemed questionable to her. She had been ready for him to replace her hard-bodied trainer, but now she was doubting that decision. She had climaxed, but it had not been great.

He felt much the same. He had enjoyed better. More recently than she could guess.

“Let me take a shower and maybe we should go out for dinner,” he said.

“Sure.” She watched him swing his smooth and shapely legs off the bed. They were better than hers. The breasts were visible now through the open shirt. Like a teenager – perky. It forced her for a moment to look down at her own chest. She had always though that she had a good body, but now her breasts sagged. She turned her back on her husband.

She decided that she needed a drink and finishing her glass of champagne would not be enough. She needed to deaden her senses. They were under assault.

She told herself that sympathy must be summoned from within herself, but it was beyond reach. The vodka bottle was not.

She summoned up an image of her husband being raped in jail by some faceless hairy gangbanger. He was over a table, his soft breasts pressed against its surface, and he was being pounded from behind. How terrible. But in her image, he was smiling. She opened her eyes with a start. In the distance she could here that the shower had stopped running.

The doorbell rang. She found herself welcoming the distraction.

Two men stood there. The large one looked like a club bouncer, but the smaller one looked more gentile.

“Is she here?” It was the larger man who spoke first. It was clear that these men had come to the wrong house.

“I’m sorry,” the smaller man said. “Is your husband at home.”

“He’s in the shower,” she said. “Who should I say is calling?”

“Just tell him that Massimo sent us.”

“Wait here,” she said. She closed the door in their faces, but gently.

When she got to the bathroom, he was drying his legs on the edge of the bath. From behind he looked like a woman. The raised leg was long and smooth. What hung at the top of that leg seemed out of place and ugly.

“There are two guys at the door,” she said, with a hint of anger in her voice given what she was looking at. “Sent by Massimo, apparently -whoever that is. One of you prison pals?”

“Oh God,” he said. “I’ll have to deal with them.”

He grabbed the robe nearest. It was one of hers. The big fluffy white one. His hair was not tied back. It hung wet down the back as she followed him out, down to his shoulder blades. He moved quickly. Was it panic? He opened the door.

“Connie.” The large man greeted her husband by a name she did not recognize. He was smiling as if he knew him, and was pleased to see him. But there was a violence she could see behind that smile. Was her husband in danger? She felt that she was standing and watching a disaster unfold, powerless to do anything.

“Leo. It’s good to see you.” Her husband spoke without the fear she felt.

“Great to see you. Freedom looks good on you. This is Greg. We’re here to take you home. Down to the beach house. We have clothes in the car.”

She felt sick. They were going to take him away. What did “home” mean? He was home. What had he got himself into in prison? He was only just clear of it, and now it was reaching to him, pulling him back in, like a monster with long tentacles.

“What does he want?” her husband said, with a strength that seemed to dominate.

“He wants you,” said the man called Greg. “Talk to him if you like. I have a radio phone here, linked direct to him. Take it. It’s yours. But call him please. If you are not coming, then he will want to know why.”

She watched him take the phone and push just two buttons. He pushed back a lock of damp hair to place it to his ear, and everybody waited.

“Massi? Is that you?” It was her husband speaking, but it was not his voice. It was a simpering feminine voice. She looked at him in disbelief, t he was not looking back. He was nursing the phone in both hands, as if were a tiny fluffy kitten being held to his face. “You wanted me to call, so here I am, … My wife picked me up, … I had to come here, … no, … I could do, … right now? … Okay, … Jake and Greg are here, … alright, I will do it because you asked me, … Yes, … Of course, I will call you back when I am there, … hmm, you too, bye.”

“What was that about?” She was angry now.

“I’m going to have to go out,” he said with a blank expression on his face. He turned to the men still standing on the other side of the open front door: “You have something for me to wear?”

“It’s in the car,” said the man called Jake. “I’ll get it.”

“you had better come in, Greg,” her husband said, standing aside. “Darling, would you get these guys a drink or something. I will be a while. And I’ll need to borrow your blow dryer, and your curling wand.”

Curling wand? She looked at him in silent disbelief, long enough for the large man to collect a box from the car and hand it over to the person wearing the bathrobe – somebody she now felt she did not know at all.

She may have followed him, but she had two strangers in her home. Worse still, probably two criminals. She had not invited them, but now she needed to protect what was hers and watch them. She offered them refreshments but they politely declined. They were both surprisingly polite, and engaged her in conversation, admiring her home, the views, the furniture, the artworks. It was hard not to talk with them despite her confusion, or maybe because of it.

“Why did you call my husband Connie?” It took a while to get back to the reason for their visit.

“It was our boss’s name for her. ‘Constance’ – I think that it means he cold rely on her.”

Her. They called him ‘her’ without any thought to what he was. It grated on a wife to hear her husband referred to as a woman. But she kept her lips together. These people were nothing to do with whatever was going on. But it is now clear to her what that was.

“I had to survive,” he had said. Who was she to judge? She could only imagine the horrors that he had face. The shaved body a mere plaything for some gay gang boss. The hormones to keep that body soft and submissive. But now he was free and could put all this behind him. And yet she wondered if she would ever feel the same about him, now knowing what she knew. She had not noticed when they made love, but now she knew. Would it ever be the same for them?

And as if to give her that answer, into the room walked Constance.

She was a she, without doubt. She saw the dress first – red and tight, hugging a body that was not male. The long legs looked ever longer in the high heeled toeless shoes. And looking up the face was barely recognizable, with makeup skilfully applied and the shiny honey blond hair, freshly washed and brushed and parted in the middle, with soft curls at the ends.

“So this is you now?” she sneered at the person who had been her husband. “Still a jailhouse bitch.”

“I might have been that once.” The voice again – feminine, but clear and firm. “But if I was just that it would have ended the moment I walked out. He wants me to visit the new house he bought while we were both inside. Bought with funds I laundered for him. He wants photos of me in it. He wants me in it. However it started, that is how it is now. He wants me. He wants me more than you want me, I think.”

“How could I want this?” She thrust both hands at her, presenting her to the world – the person who had been her husband.

“He doesn’t come out until next year. I did not want it to happen this way,” Constance said. “But I am going with Jake and Greg now. I will call you when I know what is going to happen. Could you zip me up Jake?”

She turned and she could see that the dress was unzipped, a black lacy bra visible at the back. The large man bounded over to attend to her wishes, like a giant faithful hound.

“You look fantastic, Connie,” he said. “The Boss is going to long you in that outfit.”

Constance turned and smiled at him. She seemed regal, and happy too. She turned gracefully. The man called Greg rushed to open the door for her.

A wife stood and watched her husband walk out. She knew in her bones that he would not be coming back, and that maybe he knew that too. But it was she who did.

The End

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Author’s Note:

Very early on in my writing I wrote a story called “Cobra’s Moll” about a fraudster becoming trans to gain protection in prison. This story is another take on that circumstance.