A Pearl Among Women

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

“I suppose that I will have to tell you everything then,” she said with a sigh.

“Only if you want to,” he said. “But come back to bed. When you are back in my arms you can tell me anything you like. You know I will listen.”

“You listeners are rare among men,” she said, waving a scolding finger at him. But she flipped the covers and slipped back to where she had laid before.

He put his arms around her and pulled her towards him. Before she had come into his life, he had been alone for a while, and he now felt that he did not want to be alone like that again. He said in response – “Pearls like you are rare among women.”

He could feel her wriggle a little in the delight of his words. He pulled her closer.

“You may not believe this, but I never wanted to be a woman,” she began. “It just ended out that way. I was a man like many men I knew and have known since. To be blunt, my balls were in my brain, or my brain was in my balls. I was led by my sex drive not by reason. It made me burn the candle at both ends, or even live in the fire simply because I liked it hot. I apologize for the metaphor salad.” She turned to look at him.

“I am still listening,” he said. She was not a young woman anymore, but she had a youthful innocence about her that he loved. It made her even more beautiful in his eyes.

“I was bound to get burnt. I was bound to wrong the wrong woman, and I did. Or rather, I wronged the wrong husband. He could have killed me, but he wanted me to live and to suffer. He maimed me. He told me he was going to take away the cause of the problem. It was done surgically to keep me alive. It was my good fortune that the surgeon who did it, had done such surgeries before. Sex reassignment or gender confirmation, whatever you call it, he did a good job. A complete job.”

She reached down to run a finger past the nubbin that had been left and as she felt it respond to her touch she smiled with satisfaction.

“The husband said that he was not interested in keeping me as a prisoner beyond the time it took for me to recover, but he told me that if he ever saw me dressed as a man he would kill me, and after what he had done to me, this was a man whose threats had to be believed,” she said. “I had a choice – follow his orders or kill myself. Believe me, the second seemed the better option. At the beginning I could not imagine myself as a woman anymore that I could imagine myself as a snail. But the need to live is built in, don’t you think? Or I lacked courage? Anyway, I decided to play the hand I had been dealt.”

She turned to him again and played a little with a lock of her hair. It was long but it carried strands of grey that may well have been a hairdressers special ploy in making her face seem even more youthful – especially with the coy smile she now gave him. But she turned away again to speak to the air.

“It seemed to me that there were men dressed as woman all over the place. It surprises nobody these days. And the world and the web are full of advice about how to cope with it. But there was one thing that I knew already – it’s always easier for a pretty woman, so I needed to be one of them. I invested in a bit more surgery and skin and hair treatments. I had the rough edges ground off and did my best to turn a rock into a gemstone. What do you think?” She looked back at him again showing him the smooth line of her very feminine jaw.

“A pearl is not a gemstone,” he said, smiling.

“To be physically a woman is only half way,” she said. “I had to work at this. Women were the ones I needed to convince. I may well have said that I had no need of women now that I had become one, but they are all over the place, so you do have to fit in.”

“You knew that you would never be a lesbian despite the fact that you had only loved women before that?” he asked, genuinely curious.

“Good God, no!” she said. “I have never liked lesbians. Why would I want to be one? Besides women can be so demanding and moody. I never liked them much except for fucking, and that was over for me. And besides, I understand men, and I like their company so much more.”

“So, you understand me?”

“I mean I understand men in general. I know the women that men like. Women like me. Women who love fun and love sex, but can be intelligent and sociable as required. And a man likes a classy woman who adores him, or at least who his friends can see that she adores him. I can be that woman.”

“And so there have been a string of men?”

“I have climbed the ladder. I learned early that I would not need a job so long as I had a man who wanted to give me things. And men do – what to give things to a lady. Successful men want the woman they want but they don’t always have time to charm her. They will pay for her attention, or pay even more if they have let her down or stood her up. Men thing that material things are more important than feelings. The material girl is a not a common species, but I am one of them, probably because I am relatively new to this sex.”

“Not that new, from what you tell me,” he sniggered.

“Don’t push it, Buddy,” she scolded him again playfully. “I look after myself. I need to. But I also have a reputation now and I will not slide back. Every man who has taken me as his mistress has been richer and more powerful than the one before them.”

“But not me?” he asked.

“You I wanted,” she said. “You are an impressive man – older than me but fit and firm. I knew that you would be great in bed, and you were. I suspect that you are wealthy enough, but probably not sufficiently spellbound to part with the cash needed to keep me in the style I require. So, for you, I have this story to tell. I am sorry, kind Sir, but the woman you have just pleasured was born a man!”

“And every man you say that to, storms off in disgust?”

“You get the idea,” she said, smugly, wriggling into him a little.

“And yet here I am, holding you in my arms, and with my penis swelling again,” he said.

“Is it? Oh, it is!” He felt her hand find it and squeeze it. “You are a surprise. Somebody who will take me as I am. Ok, I am up for another roll in the hay.”

“I am too, but what if I want more?” he said.

“What are you talking about?” She rolled over onto him, looking at him face to face only inches apart, her porcelain breasts crushed against his hairy chest.

“You know men who live for sex. You were one yourself. The kind of man that wants an uncomplicated woman who also wants sex, but without a true relationship. Now you are that kind of woman. You live like a man’s view of a woman. But when those men grow old there was always be a woman for them. Who will be there for you?”

“Maybe I will have to turn to lesbianism after all?” she said cheerily. She reached down between her legs again and added – “But I have learned to love real cock too much, I think.”

“I mean it,” he said. “I have found a pearl and I want her to be mine.”

“You would be happy with just one pearl?” she said, looking into his eyes. There was something in them that was different. She had seen all kinds of desire in the eyes of partners before. Desire stronger that the man she had been had ever seen in any woman’s eyes, but this was something different. Could it be love? Could she be looking at the future she had been placing beyond her thoughts all these years?

She rolled pulling him over on top of her.

“Come on, then,” she said. “Pearls tend to roll away unless they are mounted.”

The End

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Erin’s seed: “Feminized by force she understands men as few women can. She moves from man to man with a richer one each time. She's a pearl, one of her lovers tells her, but after she leaves him. She does not love her new patrons - “but a girl has to live, doesn’t she?””