A Misunderstanding

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I had called in sick from school, but the truth is that it was just becoming more and more difficult for me. It seemed like I was the last guy who would get to puberty. I was now in high school and it seemed like everybody had been through it in middle school. Everybody except me. I had guys in my class ready to grow a full beard and my voice had not even broken. After only a week at high school I was dodging class and just sitting at home wishing that I t would happen for me soon.

My father told me that I was not yet 14 and for some guys it would come late. He said that did not make me less of a man. He pointed out that I had grown in height – I was not big but not the smallest in my class either.

Mom was less understanding, but that is just the way she is. My father was the kind of person who was always thinking of others, whereas my mother only thought of herself. But for me and Dad, that was Okay. We both adored her. She seemed like a goddess to both of us.

But I knew her character. She was vain because she was beautiful, and more beautiful because she was vain. It should not surprise me that two worshippers in her only family were not enough for her, and that she should want more.

She was in the shower and her phone was on her dressing table. I heard it ring as I went past her room. I should have left it. I was just curious. I saw the caller ID “Robbie” and I was not familiar with it. I decided that I would pick up the call, and maybe take a message.

All I said was: “Hello”. I was not pretending to be her exactly. I just answered as me, but I sounded like her. I had been mistaken before, and it had upset me, but this time I found myself going along with it.

“Darling, I know that you cannot be seen at my place, but I can meet me in the tennis club at 3:00,” the voice said. It was deep and masculine. The kind of voice that I wished I had. “I have the key to the physio room, but I can meet you in the bar. I want to get my hands on your breasts of course, but what I really need to do is get between you legs.” He chuckled. That is the right word for that sound.

I have to say that my head was filled with a million conflicting thoughts, but the biggest of those was anger – anger and a sense of betrayal. I knew that it might not the first time – how many men out there must desire my mother - but before there had always been nothing that I could do about it. What could I do now, with this call? There was no sense in confronting Mom. I decided that what I would do is confront him.

“Robbie,” I purred, as I knew my mother could. “I can be there at 3:00.”

“Wonderful,” he said, ringing off. It sounded as if he wanted it badly. I wanted to kill him just as badly.

But then I realized just how stupid this was. For a start, I would not be able to walk into the tennis club without a membership card. Secondly, even if a young boy could get to the bar, how would I recognize this Robbie?

I looked around her room in frustration, and then I saw her redhead wig on its stand, and the strangest idea just popped into my head. I sounded like my mother, but could I look like her? Not to deceive the person I understood to be her new boyfriend, but just to use her entry to get into the tennis club and get into the bar and wait for him to arrive. Then I could confront him.

How hard could that be? I was now almost the same size as my mother. I was flabby in places she was not and not full enough in other places, but she used corsets, and the wig was worn when she was out to impress. I had seen her apply lipstick and other makeup many times – I had watched her in attentive fascination – could I do enough?

There was only one way to find out.

But what about the phone? I needed to clear the log and clone it with my own. That was something I could do. I could have Robbie’s number and call from my phone and make it appear to come from her. I could even block him on hers and divert him to myself. Would that be enough? Did I need to confront him? I decided that I did.

And then I had to send my mother away for the afternoon.

“Mom,” I called out. “Dad has just emailed to say that his phone has conked out. He needs you to run his reserve phone to him.” I had retrieved the phone and had it in my hand.

She came out of the bathroom in a robe. Even with wet hair and no makeup she looked fabulous.

“Did he leave a landline number? No? Okay, where am I to drop it off? I know the place. At 3:00? But that is some drive so I will need to get ready and rush.”

While she was getting ready, I went to my own room to plan a disguise. I decided that I needed to wear a dress, and that meant smooth legs, even though what hair I had on mine was sparse. I would not need to pluck my eyebrows – the modern style is just to brush them smooth and into an arch. I was not trying to look like her, but just like a mature woman who would not look out of place at the bar. But wanted to look like her from behind, and to do her justice.

I practiced some gestures in front of the mirror. I had watched my mother all my life. I knew her every move. It seemed to me that she was the very peak of womanhood. All I had to do was channel her and I would get away with this.

She called out as she left, and I rushed into her room to complete the transformation. I found the corset and added improvised some padding. I used foundation underwear to hide my immature genitals. I found the dress that I was looking for, and shoes and a bag. But the makeup was not as easy as I thought it would be. It needed multiple attempts and some reference to YouTube tutorials to get it right. But when it was done, I was more than happy.

I was also curiously excited. It was not just the disguise and the intrigue, and the prospect of defending the honor of my family, it was the sight of the woman in the mirror. Not my mother, she was off-limits to her own child as a perversion. This woman was a stranger, and very attractive.

Pre-puberty is a difficult time for a boy as I now know, and erections were quite new to me, but I knew what they were. Somehow the constraint of the underwear on my penis made it all the more thrilling.

But I had a job to do.

I took a cab to the tennis club making a point if getting there well before 3:00. I wanted to be seated at the bar when he came in. I produced my member’s card at the desk and passed without question. I walked with confidence to the bar. I knew where it was. My parents had taken me to the club many times.

I walked to the bar and took a well-upholstered stool. I ordered a club soda with lime and bitters, and I waited. I knew what I looked like from behind. I looked like her in that wig, with the black dress and the summer jacket over it, and wedge sandals. It was what she would wear, I was certain.

I made a point of not looking behind and people came and went, but the bar was not busy at that hour. Even though I was not so early and he was on time it seemed to take an age until I felt his hand around my waist and his hot breath on my ear.

“I am sorry,” he said. “I thought that you were somebody else.”

He was younger than my mother by some years – I guessed around mid-thirties. He looked like a tennis coach, lithe and fit, but he was wearing a business shirt and tie, and suit pants. He had plenty of hair parted but yet a little untidy. You would say that he was good-looking.

“Actually, if you are Robbie I have been waiting for you,” I said. I was my voice, and my mother’s voice.

He seemed to have reached a realization. Added to the shock of finding himself with his arm around the waist of a stranger he now recognized something in me and was puzzled as to why.

“You must be her daughter,” he said. “Although I understood that she only had a son, much younger than you.”

“Well, I wonder why she did not tell you about me,” I said with a confidence strengthened by his obvious confusion. “Perhaps she thought I might steal you away from her.”

I am not sure why I said that, or why I said it in the way I did. I think that I was being the woman that I hoped that my mother was not, but it seemed that she was in reality. It was flirtatious, and hopefully beguiling. Was I trying to do just that? Stealing his away from her for the sake of my family?

He smiled at me. It was a smile that seemed so full of thoughts and feelings that it was like a firework going off in my face, and yet my eyes stayed open … as wide as they could be. And in his eyes it seemed that I had struck a note. There was desire – I could see it, or sense it.

Was it really this easy? How shallow was this man.

“Well, you are as pretty as your mother,” he said. “And younger. Closer to my age. But maybe too young, at least for the time being.”

Now what? In that moment I realized that I had no plan, and that I never had one. This was the confrontation.

“My mother is a married woman,” I said. “She values her marriage.” But did she? It seemed that she did not.

“I know,” he said. “Why else would she hire me?”

“Hire you?” Now I was confused.

“I am her plastic surgeon,” he said. She has consulted me a second time recently, following the small breast lift that I did a few months ago. She felt that her husband, your father, preferred her nipples closer to her nose than her toes. It is a common enough procedure these days. As is what I intended to talk about with her today. A small procedure to tighten her vagina. For your father’s pleasure. Not mine. I do not have sex with patients. That is a professional offence and immoral. But a relationship with the daughter of a patient is perfectly acceptable … if I were acceptable to you?”

Life is strange. You think that your whole life is a pre-plotted course and you just follow the trench that has been dug for you, with no view of the world beyond that. And then there is a misunderstanding, or a small mistake and you suddenly realize that you don’t belong in that groove.

It was as if I understood what had really fascinated me about my mother was her beauty and her femininity and her ability to make my father the happiest man alive. I could never hope to find somebody like her, but could I be somebody like her and make a man like Robbie as happy as my father?

“I accept,” I told him. “As it happens, I am free for the rest of the day.”

This time his smile was that beam of sunshine they talk about.

And, as it turns out, my Robbie remodels vaginas.

The End

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Author’s Note: This one is down to Erin Halfelven at BigCloset and her 23 word suggestion: “Tommy's voice hasn't changed and he gets mistaken for his Mom on the phone, a lot. One day, he goes along with the gag”.