Seeking Redemption

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

People do not understand rape. Nobody wants to talk to a rapist about why they do it, unless it is to judge them. A rapist cannot even go to a shrink. They say: “If this is in the past then we may be able to discuss it while respecting confidentiality, but if you are contemplating future offending, then I must report any impending crime.” Contemplating? It those days it was all I could think about. But what do you do?

“It’s just a fantasy, Doc. I am not actually going to do it”. But I did. I was a rapist.

People say that it is about domination rather than sex. But a man using his cock is about sex. I was not even thinking about dominating those women. To dominate somebody means thinking of them as being human, but the truth is that it was never that complex. They were just meat. Sweet smelling and feminine I liked them, but just meat.

People talk about psychotic behavior. That would mean that I had no conscience. No conscience in the moment maybe, but later, guilt and shame like you would not believe. But in the moment and the period leading up to it, it is like your lizard brain takes over. You know, the part of your brain that drives your base instincts, like when to fuck.

Of course, I wanted to stop. I am not crazy, just driven by impulses beyond my control. From the moment it was over I was overcome with pain and regret. People say that rapists are not like that. Well, I was. People do not understand.

This doctor talked about treatment for inappropriate sexual urges including “chemical castration”. No man likes that word. But I was ready to try it. It was just that he wanted me to try to redirect my urges first. I did not tell him what I did. I just said that it was a failure. I asked for the drugs – the ones that suppress male hormones and effectively made me sexless.

The big impact for me was that without the urges I only had time for guilt. That was what started eating at me. I felt as if I needed to do something radical not just to stop my behavior, but to make amends for the past.

Then I started to grow breasts.

The doctor said that it was a consequence of neutralizing the male hormones. He said that men have female hormones within their bodies and with male hormones to suppress those “female sexual characteristics break through”.

“The default form of the human body is female,” he said. “That is why men have nipples. Men are modified women. Natural chemistry makes them male.”

I suppose that was where the idea came from. The way to stop being a rapist was to become female. The way to redeem myself after raping women was to be raped as a woman.

Of course, I wrestled with this idea, but I could not get it out of my head. Then I went off the blockers to stop my breasts growing, and I did something terrible. That was what convinced me that I needed to stop being a man. I should scrub my hard drive and go back to default settings.

I went back on the blockers and bought powerful female hormones on the black market. I read up on being transgender. I readied myself to go through “transition”.

It certainly helped that I was an isolated person who worked from home. I read all about “transwomen” who face the problems of coming out to friends and colleagues, but I had none of those. By sheer chance my handle and my email were not gender specific, and nor is “I” or “you” so I could keep it all.

But I decided that I needed a feminine name to present the person that I was about to come. I chose the name “Patsy” because it is synonymous with the word victim. That was what I needed to be. I wanted to be scourged as penitence – preferably by the act of rape. But that I could only experience as a woman, or something very close to that.

I am good at what I do, so money was never an issue. I could by what I needed to make my transition real. But to find out what those things were, I decided that I would need to join a transgender support group.

I had never sought assistance of any kind in my life. I grew up without love and I made my way in the world by sheer determination. I was a loner not by choice, but because I had succeeded on my own, so I needed nobody else. Perhaps that was the problem I had in viewing other humans as just meat to prey upon. That had to change.

Maybe somebody had offered me help at some time in my life, but nothing I could remember. In the group that I joined everybody wanted to help, except me of course – I was only there to use them. But I suddenly realized that this was how Patsy needed to be. She needed to be good. If she wasn’t, then her pain (when it came) would not be enough.

“You could be so pretty,” they told me. “And you are not big, and more slightly built than others here.” They were so nice that I wondered if all women could be like this, or just men who want to be women.

Some were proud to be transgender, or at least were prepared to be open about it. Others wanted to just be accepted as women and become housewives disappearing into suburbia somehow. It did not seem to apply to me, but it was something that I found hard to admit. I wanted to be a woman and to live as a woman in a world dominated by violent men. Only then, so it seemed to me, would I understand my victims and share their fear and perhaps their pain. Only then, I thought, could I truly atone for what I had done.

This was my choice. It was my way to redeem himself – to express true regret and repentance. But for all others in the group there was no choice. They were what they were and had to deal with it. It just made me feel worse.

But I did learn from them what I needed to. I learned about body and facial hair removal, about growing my hair and caring for my skin, about coping with the side effects of hormones, and about deportment classes and learning how to pass.

I suppose that in nature and in work I did not like to make my move without being ready. I was the same with my crimes, which is probably why I was never caught. When I finally walked out of my home dressed to be raped, I felt that I was a target.

My hair was not that long at the time, but it was blonde and in soft curls. I wore evening makeup that I had applied myself following online tutorials. I was dressed in a red dress that showed off a lot of leg and as much breast as padding and a push up bra would allow. It was not slutty because I wanted to appear to be a good girl. I wanted to attract the kind of man that I used to be. A man who was not interested in girls that might say – “Come on then – sure, let’s do it”. I wanted my victims to dread me, now I needed to feel that dread.

For the same reason I was not about to walk the mean streets. I went to a nice bar in a hotel to meet a date who would never arrive and then walk a little, to get some fresh air after drinking a little too much, before hailing down a cab. Any girl would do that and should be able to without fear. That was what I took away.

A car pulled alongside me. The man could have been me. Ordinary looking – not big, not threatening, but just like me, he could be a rapist. That was what I needed. I needed to be hurt.

“Are you alright?” he asked through the passenger window he had dropped open. “You should not be out alone. Can I take you somewhere?”

It was just the kind of this I might ask. Could he be ready to injure me and cleanse me of guilt?

“I am just taking a bit of fresh air. I will be calling a cab soon. Thank you anyway.” I was playing hard to get. Would he persist? A rapist like I was, would have.

“Sit in the back seat if you like,” he said. “I would just feel guilty leaving you here.”

The back seat? He would use central locking. He would climb over the seats. He would push up my dress. He would pull off my concealing pants and my hormone wizened penis would flop out. He would be appalled. He would hit me. And then, maybe, he would press my face into the seat cushion and rape me. It could happen just the way I wanted – just what I deserved.

I got into the car – the back seat.

“Do you live nearby?” he asked.

“Not far,” I said. “Drive towards Northward Forest and I can give you directions from there.” I lived this side of the forest but a rapist could drive in there and pull over in a hundred concealed places and do what he liked.

“Were you out with friends? They should not have left you alone.” He said as the car drove away.

“I was stood up. He didn’t turn up. I should not have drunk alone, but I did. A little too much.” It was the story I had formulated.

“Strangely, the same thing happened to me tonight, but I went back to the office and picked up some work.” He tapped his briefcase on the passenger seat.

It seemed that he might be as devious as I was. If you want to lure a victim, you empathize (stood up like you were) and then explain why you are out at night on your own (working late). I decided to sit quietly. It is what victims do when they are uncertain. I wanted to be a victim. I needed to be one.

When we drove out of the street lights and into the forest I decided that I would give him his opportunity. So I said - “I am sorry. We have gone too far. Could you turn around, please. There is a little side road up here to the right where you can turn.” It was a dark area, dropping below the road. I knew it. He could stop and be unseen.

He turned off the road. Instinct stiffened me with fear, but this was what I wanted.

But then we were back on the road. We were driving back. My home was not far away. This man was not a rapist. The whole thing had been a waste of time. I just needed to get home.

“Up here on the left,” I said. “A little further on. Second street on the right. This is me here. Thank you so much.”

As I was getting my bag together he stepped out of the car to open my door. I realized that he was a big man. I had an idea. It was not something I had considered before, but it came to me. I kissed him on the lips. He returned it.

“I feel that I should invite you in for a drink,” I said. “Just to say thank you.”

He seemed uncertain. Again, he did not seem like a rapist. But I would get him inside and then show him my dick. He would get angry and hit me. It would be something. A little pain, perhaps some blood. It would be something for my efforts.

“Maybe just a hot drink?” he said. “Just to see you safe inside.” He walked me to the door and followed me in.

I had never considered inviting my punisher into my home, but it seemed right. A rapist guards his territory, but that was behind me now. I was the opposite of a rapist. Victims are attacked in their own homes. A true victim is not safe anywhere. I craved that fear. I needed it.

I put the kettle on, and we kissed some more. He reached for my breasts. They really had grown quite large. I knew that he liked the feel of them. I certainly liked him feeling them.

“What is your name?” he asked.

“Patsy,” I said. “But before you go any further, there is something I need to show you.” I pulled down my concealing panties under my dress and lifted the hem.

It was small but it was there. I could see that he was shocked. He had just pulled his tongue out of the mouth of another man. I watched for the anger. I waited for the blow. Maybe I even shivered a little – not deliberately.

“You poor thing,” he said. “I have never met a transwoman before. Of course, I know about it, but I have never … your breasts are so … perfect.”

“Hormones,” I said. “They have taken away all my muscles. I am as weak as a kitten.” I wanted him to do something. Hit me or leave, but don’t just stand there! I said – “I understand if you want to leave. I probably disgust you.”

“I am sad for you,” he said. “You seem to have a very low opinion of yourself. Just because you were stood up does not make you worthless. Really, you make a very attractive woman. I am attracted to you.”

“But you would not want to have sex with me, would not?” I wanted to feel something. I wanted to be passive – the very opposite of who I was.

“I have never done anal before, if that is what you are offering?”

I did not want to offer anything. What I really wanted was rape. But yes, anal penetration. I was an anal virgin. It would hurt. I could imagine it was rape. I could quietly sob while he did it. I could whisper “no, no” so long as he could not hear.

“That is what I am offering,” I said. “Maybe before you have that herbal tea?”

“I don’t want you to get the wrong idea about me,” he said. “But I want you to understand that you are very attractive and very desirable. Look.” He undid his belt and loosened his pants. He had an erection. There it was, a cock getting harder as I looked at it. The instrument of retribution, hot and red, like a torturer’s poker pulled from the forge.

“Do you have lubrication?” he said. “I understand that it is needed for this kind of thing.”

I when back to the kitchen and returned with olive oil. I reached down and grabbed his cock and pulled him to the bedroom, playfully. I had talked about sex with others at the transgender support group. I knew that if it was to be face to face I would need a cushion under my butt. A rapist might prefer to do it doggy style. I always had, so that she could not see me, and also because she must mean nothing to me. But somehow for this to work, maybe I needed to see my righter of wrongs, and look him in the face.

He worked some of the oil into my butt hole and put some on his cock. I laid back and I looked at the ceiling. Would this be the first step in my return to humanity? I was no longer a man, but could I truly be a casualty of men’s lust? I was ready for the pain. He pushed into me.

Even before he started his strokes, just have another human being inside your body like that, is a revelation. If there was pain it was fleeting. I have no memory of it. What I remember is that two people become one in that moment. The bodies fuse together.

This was the opposite of rape. That is two people – the powerful alpha and the petrified beta. This was one creature – a couple in the act of sex.

As he pounded me, there was no pain as I expected and even prayed for. In fact the sensations were pleasurable. There was no room to imagine that this was something else – something violent and evil. No, this was a gift from nature. An act designed to give both participants a few minutes of pleasure, capped off with a few seconds of the most extreme ecstasy imaginable. When that happened, I was transported.

In that moment my hunt for redemption through violence ended. All my dreams that night determined my new path in life. When I woke in his arms and made love again, I had a new resolved.

Atonement is selfish. True redemption is to surrender yourself to another, not for punishment but set an example by living a good life and honoring a good man.

Now, I am not a man any more in any sense. I am a woman and a wife, and the person I was is dead for all time.

And now it is enough for me that when I get into an elevator and the only other person in there is a man whom I can feel is looking me up and down and would happily flick the switch and rape me if he thought he could get away with, that moment of fear is enough for me. It reminds me that there is one less rapist in the world, and that is a good thing.

The End

Author’s Note: Who sent me this story seed? “I've got an idea for a story and not sure if it would go over well – It is the story is about a man who had committed assault and rape tries to reform and make up for the harm he's caused, and may involve him changing into a woman. Would you read a story like that?” I made a note. Or was it me?

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