His Woman

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

“We should split up. Divide the cops,” said Hakim.

“I told you that I can get into this place, and then we lie low for a few days,” said Mo. “We just have to wait for the trash truck to pass. That will block the view of the camera across the street.”

He knew from experience that street surveillance cameras is how they would be found. He had been careful to sight them and avoid them for the last few blocks. That would enlarge the search area if it came to house to house. Now he just needed to get to the apartment block and he knew the truck would pass. He knew all of this because he had been here many times when Connie lived here.

He had a key to the door, even though they had nothing except the prison jump suits.

Mo had come up with the idea of painting them blue on the inside. That way, turned inside out they did not give them away in the darkness. The plan had proceeded without a hitch until the last hurdle. Ten the kid had done what he thought was right.

“Now there is nobody to set off the alarm,” Hakim had said as he stood over the cop’s body.

Mo was horrified. He was a conman, forger and petty thief, not a killer. And he knew what a dead cop meant.

But he also knew that being with Hakim made him a cop killer too. There was no going back now. Even being caught would not guarantee survival. Cop killers can never be given a chance to hire smart lawyer. Resisting arrest or attempting to escape. A bullet in the back was likely, and the earlier it happened the better.

But they were in this together. He hardly knew the guy, but they were on the evening detail together and so he had to take him along.

“Here it is,” he heard the truck. “No stay close to me and just level with the cab. The driver will be watching the kerb behind us, and the camera will not see us. Walk, don’t run. When we get to the entrance stay against the left hand wall.”

“You have a key?”

“It is a keypad. I have the number.”

They stepped out into the glare of the streetlights, with shadows the darkest black slashing across the sidewalk. Mo had to take his arm to slow him. He knew this vehicle and how it worked. He had no special plan to do this, but it was something that stuck in his memory from nights spent on the fire escape above. Busy people see very little.

He worked the key pad quickly and they were both inside.

There was a camera, but it recorded to a disc on a loop. If the police did not access the recording within hours it is likely there would be nothing. Still, he kept his head down while retrieved a key from the combination lock box in the apartments post pigeon hole.

“Take the stairs,” he said. It was only three flights up.

Once inside Hakim went to turn on the lights.

“Leave it!” he stopped him. “We will be the only apartment lit up. Just lie down and get some rest. We will deal with what we have to in the morning. We have plenty of time to do what we have to do.”

If he could have seen Hakim’s face he would have noticed that the younger man did not like taking orders, but Hakim knew that this guy had got them this far and that following was what he should be doing for now. But it was not in his nature.

“I can see a couch over there. It looks better than a prison bed to me.”

“I will find you a pillow and a blanket, said Mo. “I know this place, even in the dark”. And like a bad comedy, he immediately walked into something, but recovered quickly.

He found the blanket and the pillow and tossed them over before retreating to the bedroom.

The Apartment was small, but in the morning light Hakim cold see that it was comfortable. The sofa sat across from the TV with the window on one side with what might be called “an urban vista” with few overlooking windows. Towards the door was a L-shaped kitchen and a table for six but with only four chairs. The table was cluttered with items rather than cleared for eating. There were doors to the bedroom and the bathroom, and a door between those rooms. He took a piss. It was a woman’s bathroom.

The flush brought Mo out. He was wearing a pink robe.

“We need to check the place for food,” he said.

“Any chance of some new threads?” asked Hakim showing the prison orange inside the painted jump suit. He had only a prison singlet and boxers underneath.

“This robe may fit you,” said Mo. “I can find something else. But I have to say, that woman never liked pants.” He smiled, or maybe it was a grimace. He walked over and opened the fridge.

“Shit, Man! That thing stinks.”

It had been weeks since she had gone. She was not expecting to be longer than a couple of days, but Mo knew that she would not be coming back. Now fresh food had gone rotten. Only some pickles and sauces would be edible. The freezer showed more promise – frozen pizza and TV dinners and some vegetables and fries. There were cans in the larder and mouldy bread in the one that served as a pantry.

“We can survive for a week on this,” said Mo. But first we need to package up this trash and get it out here. Find some bags and bleach and we will package it up tightly first. Then we can leave it on the fire escape until we can get down to the bins.”

“I would murder for some eggs,” said Hakim as he sat down on the sofa and used the remote to turn on the TV.

Mo thought that he probably would … murder for eggs, or maybe even less than that. It seemed that this kid was intent on a life of crime. What difference would anything he said make?

He checked all the cupboard and drawers and ran the taps and checked the appliances. There was a coffee machine and stale grounds, but that would do. He put it on. The noise in the background was cartoons. This killing boy was watching cartoons.

“Go and have a shower, Hakim,” he said. Coffee will be ready and I will make some pancakes. You can wear this robe when you get out. I will have to find something else to wear.

Her closet was full. She would have taken only an overnight bag, and she never would have even opened that. She walked right into it, and he let her. She was a good person. She did not deserve to die. He did.

He pulled out a dress he had seen her wear many times. It was blue. It hugged her curvy figure. The thought of it made him smile.

And then in the second draw of her dresser he found that curvy figure – two of them in fact. Garments that cinched her waist and pushed up her chest. He knew her real body. That made him smile too – the thought of them in bed with his hand on her wobbly belly.

He held the dress up and looked at it in the mirror. He saw a grizzled and filthy criminal holding up a blue dress. And then he had a wild thought. He reached behind his head and he pulled the band off his greasy slicked back hair.

The sensible garment was loose kaftan thing. It was enough to allow him to get to work cooking and to leave the robe hanging behind the door in the bathroom. Hakim was wearing that when he stepped out and smelled that coffee and pancakes.

“Well, it looks like you are useful after all,” he said. “Those griddle cakes smell as good as my Ma’s!”

We do need supplies and you need some clothes, so I have just had an idea about how I might be able to go out and get us some stuff,” said Mo.

“I thought you said that laying low meant at lest 5 days completely off the streets?” said Hakim.

“Longer would be good. But I can get us provisions if I can disguise myself.”

“Have you found a big hat in there,” Hakim teased.

“No,” said Mo. “I have found a blue dress. So, lets eat and I will have a shower and try to become a new person.”

With a third cup of coffee Hakim stood by the window looking out past the black plastic bag of rubbish to an open sky. It felt like freedom. He was confined to this room, but it was better than prison. There he needed to fight every day to survive, and that was expected of him. But he mused that some folks just sit on a sofa and watch TV and their pretty wife brings them food and a beer from the fridge.

Could he ever live that life? Did he want to? Hell yes, he did. But even here and free that seemed impossible. And Mo had been in the bathroom for an age.

He called out, but the answer came from the bedroom. He was there now.

“I am not ready but I am coming out,” Mo called.

Hakim looked out the window again. Thinking ‘ready for what?’

But when he turned around it seemed for a minute that there was a stranger in the room. There was a woman in a blue dress standing in the bedroom with her dark hair in curlers, smiling gleefully.

“Mo. Is that you? What the fuck?”

“These curlers took ages,” said Mo patting the arrangement on his head. “I used to help my mother when I was very young. I don’t forget skills but doing it on yourself is much harder.”

“You’re kidding me,” marveled Hakim. He walked closer. The face was clear of hair including between the shaped eyebrows. There was delicate makeup with eyeliner and lashes and lipstick, and some color that was not too obvious. The body shape was womanly, the legs shaved smooth, the shoes a little too small, but This could be a woman.

“If you get caught, we are fucked,” said Hakim. “Just don’t open your mouth.

“Whyever not, young man?” A female voice came out of the mouth of the woman in blue.

“You’re shitting me!”

“I have done phone cons in a dozen different voices and accents,” said Mo, in that same voice.

“Are you going to pretend to be the lady who lived her?” asked Hakim.

“She will be known in the building and the neighborhood.,” The lady said. “No, I am her sister Sophia.”

“Can you get me some beer?” Hakim asked.

“Do you have any money? No? Well I am not surprised. I will have to pawn some stuff around the corner just to buy you your eggs and some bread, and ham. She if there is anything on the table. Look for cash down the back of the sofa. I have an idea what we need. It did not include beer. But I will see what I can do. I still have to wait for my hair to dry.”

Hakim looked at Mo oddly. It was just them, but Mo was talking not only in that voice, but prattling on as women sometimes do. Hakim’s mother wore curlers sometimes, but God knows why. He never thought of them as attractive before. But the way Mo’s hand went to the back of his head …

“This looks Aztec,” said Mo in that voice, holding something up. “I could spin a story about this.”

Mo sat down to watch TV. It seemed that his mid was wandering into strange territory and needed to bombarded with pixels and white noise.

He turned to see Mo standing at the door. The curlers were out and suddenly the fairly thin queue of hair had become a mass of curls down the back with that front clipped back with a silver slide.

“Remember, I am Sophia and I will call you Larry. Understand, you answer to Larry.”

“I am not a fucking dog,” he snapped. The door slammed and for some reason he found himself saying under his breath: “Bitches are all the same.”

There was a sex scene on TV. It made him realize just how much he needed to be inside a woman. As a good-looking young man in prison so had wanted to get inside him, but he made sure his fists replied. He himself, needed to exercise control inside, but here that seemed harder. Only a few floors separated him from all the pussy he needed.

Had it been an hour or two? Or maybe three. He tensed when he heard the door, but it was Sophia with bags.

“Can’t you see that a lady needs help over here!” she scolded him. “Put that stuff in the fridge. That stuff in the larder, and the bread too. And here is your beer. And jeans and a shirt.”

“Woman, that shirt is plaid. I don’t wear plaid. No brother wears plaid!”

“It’s a disguise,” she said. “And did you just call me ‘Woman’?”

“Your disguise is too damn good,” he said. “I suppose you are going to be cooking tonight?”

“I suspected brothers don’t cook,” she said. “But I do. So yes, you take your beer and this bag of Doritos and you keep watching TV and I will start cooking soon. But today has been such a success I am going to treat myself and paint my nails.”

“We do I get to go out?”

“When you get to look as good as this,” she said. She did a little twirl and finished it off with a toss of her curls and a pucker towards Hakim.

He felt an erection tent his boxers and attack the folds of his pink robe. He adjusted it leaned forward to conceal something that should not be there. She must have noticed. She was smiling. Whether she expected it or not, she knew that she was having an effect on him.

“I am going to get changed,” he said. Still concealing what was going on he took the shirt and jeans into the bedroom. There was only one cure for this. He went the bathroom first and jacked off into the basin. He tried to think of a beautiful woman, but there was only one woman in his head. As he pictured her slipping off her dress to reveal two perfect breasts his cock exploded in his hand shooting jism right up the mirror.

Still, in jeans and that shirt he was in control. He took the beer and the snacks and sat on the sofa.

Sophia painted her nails and her toenails, took down the trash and made a meatloaf to put in the oven.

He decided that it was best to say nothing. But as she cleared space on the table to sit down for dinner he said: “I will eat in front of the TV.”

“Well you won’t be eating what I cooked unless it is at the table,” she said.

“You sound like my mom. Hell, you are my mom. When are you going to drop this act and get back to Mo? This shit is creeping me out, Man.”

“I am not you mother,” said Sophia firmly. “She can’t protect you now, but I can.” The woman stared at the younger man accusingly.

“Alright. We’ll eat at the table.” Hakim was foolish but not a fool. He walked out that door and he was a dead man. Same went for Mo. But not her. She could spend the day conning cash and the spending it, and nobody would notice.

“I bought some wine and put a bit in the ragout. Do you wan’t some?” she said.

“I never drink wine,” he said, but that night he did. It was a large bottle. There was plenty to drink.

She told him about herself, about Sophia. It was all made up, but Mo could talk, and she was the same. She came from Ecuador. She had married a US serviceman when she was very young and he brought her back to the states. She started working on a military base and got involved in event planning. She was really very good at it.

“Tell me about Larry,” she said. “He can be the new you.”

“I can’t tell it like you can,” he said.

“Just start and see where it goes,” she said.

“I was born in Oklahoma, which explains this damn shirt,” he said. “I had a Momma and a Papa and two brothers and two sisters and we raised horses, and I always wanted to be a cowboy or a preacher, or both. But I came to the city got in with a bad crowd and …”.

“No, you didn’t,” said Sophia. “You met me, and I kept you away from all of that stuff.”

“I sure wish that was true,” he said.

“The bed was really comfortable last night,” she said. “Would you like to sleep there tonight?”

“I would like to sleep in a real bed, that is for sure. But I won’t have you sleeping on the sofa. It’s a big bed isn’t it. We could share. You keep to one side and me to the other?”

“Sure,” she smiled.

When she emerged from the bathroom ready for bed she still looked like Sophia. She was wearing a nightie for a start. There was nothing underneath but still he could imagine a woman’s shape. Her curls were tamed with a hairband and her face covered with night cream, but she was still Sophia.

And she smelled like a woman. He could not just lie there. He had to turn his face to let his nose take her in. The lights were out, but there was enough light to see that when she turned to him, her eyes were open.

“Can’t you sleep?” she said.

“I am thinking about you,” he said.

She reached out and touched his face. She said: “Me too, thinking about you, I mean.”

“You seem like a woman to me. I don’t know what that makes me.”

“I am a woman when I am with you,” she said. “So what does that make me.”

Either of them may have made the first move, but most likely it occurred in exactly the same instant, because neither had a notion to reject the other. They were in each other’s arms, tongues entwined.

“I want you like a man wants a woman,” he said.

“That is how I want you,” she said. “I have not done this before, but I prepared as best I could in the bathroom before bed, I …”. But further words were smothered by her mouth. His cock was harder than an I beam and just as large. She felt it go in slowly, stretching her beyond anything she thought possible. And yet it felt that this was the place it belonged.

He bucked and she gasped. They were way beyond pain. This was another level. It was pure ecstasy. They collapsed in the sweat and the ooze and lay there asleep until the morning.

He brushed the curls away from her face. She was older than hm by many years, and yet it seemed that she was much younger than the man who had once occupied her place.

“You need to get up,” she chided.

“You’re not my mother, remember,” he said, just to reaffirm to himself that this was a sexual attraction, and nothing weird.

There was a knock on the door.

They looked at one another. She jumped out if bed and across to the dressing table to quickly apply some eyeliner and wipe away what was left of the night cream.

A voice came through the door: “City police out here, doing a house to house is in search of some escaped convicts and killers.”

She opened the door but kept the chain on.

“I am sorry Officer; I have only just got out of bed.” The voice of Sophia was extra feminine and syrupy.

“That’s Okay Ma’am. Are you alone?”

“Well actually Officer, I have a man friend in my bedroom. A colleague of mine who really shouldn’t be here. It is all rather embarrassing.”

“That’s alright Ma’am. We don’t need to come in. We just need you to confirm that you have not seen either of these men. These are the men we are looking for.”

“No, Officer. Killers you say. Please do catch them as soon as you can. I live alone here. I worry about these things. Thank you for your service, Officer.”

She almost skipped back to the bedroom. She had never felt more feminine, which for some reason did not seem strange, despite the fact that this was all so new. A few days ago he was nothing more than a man with a fantasy. Yesterday he had lived as woman for a day. Last night he was made a woman, and his bottom still tingled.

“I heard you say that I was here,” said Hakim. He had something in his hand.

“They have gone. We are alone again. What do you have there?”

He showed her. “I found it in the beside drawer,” he said. It was a small pistol. The kind a lady might have to protect herself. It was neat, but Mo only saw the death in it.

“Put it pack,” she said. He looked at her disapprovingly, so she added – “Please. Please, Hakim, put it away.”

His face broke into a smile. She recognize the kind of smile that it was, although quite how she could do that might be difficult to understand. He said: “Why don’t you come her and take it.”

“Put it down and I will let you inside me again,” she whispered.

“I want to do it face to face, Babe,” he said. “I want to look in those pretty eyes. I want to see the love look. That’s what they call it, right?”

“In my case they should,” she said, crawling over the disarranged bedclothes to place her lips on his.

She felt so weak in his arms, and weak is what she wanted to be. She wanted him to be the man she was, and she – she wanted to be the woman she had become.

He moved her into place as if she was a doll, with her shaved legs in the air and her rosebud still carrying a the distension of the night before, quivering as if suggestively winking at him. He had lubricant. She only looked at his face. Whatever he was doing down there, she welcomed with all her heart.

The penetration shocked her but delighted her. He was home. She was his. They were in sync, in perfect rhythm. This was what she wanted. How had she not known it for what seemed like a lifetime? She only knew that she wanted this for every moment of her life from now on.

“I need to throw them off the scent,” she said. Lying in his arms while he played with her hair. “I still have the two prison uniforms. I was going to burn the, but we can’t do that here. The sensible thing is to take them somewhere outside the city and dump them where they can be found.”

“Smart,” he said. “Smart and beautiful.” She cuddled him tight.

“I will have to go alone. I can move freely now. I know it. I can leave no trail. And if I get caught with the prison issue, I am done for. If that happens you can sit it out here for at least a week, then skip out after dark.”

“That’s not going to happen. It’s going to be you and me from now on.”

“I should take a bus. One way to wherever and get off at the first stop and by a ticket back.”

“Don’t take any risks, you hear. You come straight back to me. When you do we’ll fuck like teenagers.”

“Better than that, I hope,” she said. “I will get up an dressed. We need to do this.”

She dressed down and little, but still made sure that her hair and face looked good. She wanted to turn to him as she headed for the door, and for him to see just how much she was a woman now. It was just her body that shamed her. He deserved a body worthy of his manliness.

The parting kiss was tender and romantic. It was perfect. She still felt him on her lips as she took her seat on the bus. The sun looked brighter than she could ever remember it being. The trees and the grass passing by looked greener, flowers brighter. She wished that she had worn something colorful to match her mood, but she needed to stay drab and unnoticeable.

The first stop was on the edge of the outer suburbs, the last chance to climab aboard, her first chance to get off. She hid as the horn sounded to call the missing passenger. It drove off. Checking that nobody was looking, she placed the package in a trash can near to the stop, and checked the timetable for next bus back into town.

There was a general store, but she did not want to be seen or remembered, so she found a quiet place to sit and waited for some hours before the bus arrived. It was getting late, but she had decided what to do. She needed to arrange an appointment to get a prescription for female hormones. She did not want to go home until she had.

Boarding the bus she chose to sit next to the man who looked most like she had done, before all of this. She engaged him in conversation and lifted his ID.

She knew the city and where the trans-prostitutes met for coffee before evening trade. Form there she got the name and address of a clinic that they all swore by.

“It must be an old ID,” the doctor said. “But I can imagine that you once looked like this.”

“I want to put that man behind me,” she said. “I have only just stepped off the bus and I came to find you. I discovered that I left my hormones behind. I need a new prescription. I cannot afford to miss a day. I have a boyfriend, you see. I can’t risk going backwards. I am so frightened of losing him.”

“You were on daily oral estradiol? We use patches now. I will write the prescription and you can pay my fee on the way out. The all night pharmacy is right around the corner, but you may have to wait.”

Sophia worried that Hakim would be worried. It was late and she had no way to contact him. She just needed to get those patches and start on hormones. She wanted to show him that she was going to be his woman. This was not a disguise. This was who she was now. A woman. His woman. He needed to know that there was no going anywhere else for her.

But she had to wait. When she finally received the box, she tore into it and put the patches on her chest below where her breasts would grow. Only then could she hurry back.

She decided to get a cab, but when they were a block away, they came to a halt. There was a traffic jam.

“Some trouble up ahead, Ma’am,” the driver said. “Police cars. A few of them.”

She pushed a note at him and stepped out. She rushed as fast as her shoes allowed, with dread in her stomach like a kettlebell. There were flashing lights. It was on her street. She gasped. She kept going.

“Ma’am, we’ve cordoned off this street,” the policeman said, barring her way.

“That is my apartment over there!” Her head was full of fear and worry, but she needed to say something sensible. “I have left something on the stove. My apartment building could burn down. It is the one over there. Number 442.”

“He is not there. He is up the street on the other side. I can let you through, but you need to go straight to your building, keep your head down and stay behind the vehicles. He is armed and dangerous. He is a killer.”

She went through and headed as she had been directed, but she had her head up looking for him. She tried to instill in herself the hope that it might not be him, and that she would go up and he would be watching TV and drinking beer, but that seemed forlorn. He would have been concerned for her. He would have gone looking for her. He was her man.

She could see the focus of there attention. Further down the street was a shop front with a window smashed. She could see police with long guns pointed towards it. The street had been cleared. Those police were focused on the shooter. Only at the cordons at either end of the street were they focused on the public. She was able to walk freely down the other of the street – slowly as if drawn towards death by some invisible force.

She was still walking when he broke cover. Why would he do that? Because of her. He saw her and he wanted to be with her.

The hail of bullets twisted him but did not stop him.

“Cease fire! Civilian present!”

He was so close that she could reach out and touch him, so she did.

In the light of the street lamp and the flickering of read and blue, she held his hand and watched him die. She saw his lips move. To her she saw the words that would not come out: “I love you”. The lips moved and blood frothed from them. The light in his eyes that seemed so strong as he looked her in the face that very morning, with his cock deep inside her, disappeared.

“You best step back Ma’am”

She just looked up at the policeman with tears in her eyes. “He’s just a kid,” she sobbed. “Reaching out for somebody … his mother perhaps … I just had to be here for him.”

“I understand Ma’am,” the cop said. “You can let go of him now. He’s dead. This man is a dangerous criminal – a cop killer. The older guy got away. They found his stuff. He is long gone. But this kid, he chose to stick around. God knows why.”

She knew. It was because of his woman.

The End

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*Erin’s seed: Two crooks on the run who decide to hole up in a remote place. One of them takes on the role of going into town disguised as female using clothes left behind. This inflames the other crook to lust because his friend is too damn good as a woman … it gets complicated after that*