New Plumbing

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

He sat down in the aisle seat. I was at the window. It was only a small plane so there was just the two of us.

I was on my home that evening. I had come straight from a meeting and I was in my best business suit. The skirt was fairly short and I had only nude pantyhose and a smart pair of heels. He admired my legs as he fastened his seat belt. He smiled at me and I smiled back.

I was not until we were airborne that he spoke to me: “I’m sorry, I couldn’t help noticing that you seem to working on some plans on your laptop. Professional curiosity. I’m an architect. You too?”

“Well not really,” I replied. “I just design bathrooms. This is for a hotel renovation. Old service ducting is presenting a bit of a challenge.”

“John Hansom,” he said, holding out his hand. He was. Handsome I mean.

I returned his hand shake as softly as I should, and could not help but say: “How appropriate.” And then I added: “Ginny, Ginny Dunlop”.

“I get some stick for it – the name.” He smiled again. What a smile.

“Perhaps you could explain something for me, as an architect,” I said. “Look at this. Why is it that architects design buildings without drains and vents?”

He laughed: “Clearly not as versed in the dark arts of plumbing as you are.” Then he added: “How do you get into this line of work?”

“To be honest, I used to be one … a plumber I mean,” I said.

“Not a common trade for a woman,” he observed, correctly.

I said: “Well, to be even more honest, I haven’t always been one.”

It was a deal breaker. A conversation terminator. An “I’ll find another seat” moment. Why do I have to blab this out? Sure, I resolved that I would never hide it, but do I have to volunteer it? I could have not mentioned that I was a plumber. Why did I?

“You’re kidding,” he said. He looked genuinely surprised. “I never would have guessed”.

“I’m sitting down,” I explained. “In these heels when I stand up I am over 6 feet.”

“It’s not about that,” he said. “You just seem so feminine. I apologize in advance if it offends you – women seem so sensitive to it these days - but I think that you’re very attractive. Honestly I never would have guessed.”

“Not only Hansom, but charming,” I quipped.

“To answer your question, I think that we get so caught up in the beauty of something, we sometimes forget how it works” he said. He looked at me as if he was not talking about buildings at all, and said: “Now that I have answered your question, would you answer one for me?” He pulled out his notebook and brought up a CAD drawing. “How would you fit a bathroom into this space?

I reached over to take the notebook from him. My nails were manicured and painted pink. I had them done specially for the meeting. They looked fantastic. Again I could see him admiring my hands and the way I gently took the device from him.

“This configuration will not work,” I said. “Let me open a sketch pane and I will show you …”

We spent the whole flight talking business. It was not all one sided. He had picked up some sketches from me, but I had also learned more about architects approaches to provision for services than I had in my whole career in this area. I had just never sat down with an architect for that long.

But he clearly thought he had got the better part. As he rose after we arrived at the gate, he said:

“I really feel that I have benefited hugely from our chat. Will you allow me to buy you dinner?”

As I shuffled out of my seat as came to the aisle I realised that even in my dress heels he was quite a bit taller than me.

“I was going to drive home,” I said. “It’s over an hour’s drive to my place from the airport. But, … alright. If I can get away not too late, that sounds like a deal”.

“Great,” he said. Standing aside to let me through. “I have to stay the night in town for a meeting here tomorrow. I was not looking forward to eating alone.”

We walked through the concourse, and I said: “I have a car here, so I can drive you to your hotel.”

As we approached my small coupe, he said: “Not a truck then?”

“When I was a plumber I used to have two,” I said. “One for work, and a flash one for evening and weekends. But this is more me now.” And it was true. Strangely perhaps, I was no longer interested in big vehicles.

“We can eat at the hotel unless you know somewhere better,” he said as we pulled in. “Pick somewhere expensive if you like.”

The valet parked the car at his hotel and I made a couple of suggestions. He chose the smaller restaurant, which I had described as “classy and intimate”.

The food was good too. And the conversation. We had finished a bottle of wine just as the main meal reached the table.

“I think we’ll get another,” he said.

“I shouldn’t if I’m driving,” I said.

He looked at me intently across the table: “Stay the night”, he said.

I think that I had been hoping for this, but I was still surprised. “Are you sure?” I said.

“Stay the night,” he demanded. Somehow I liked the tone. He was taking control of the situation. Of course I could say no. It was a little out of order.

But I said: “Ok.”

We drank another bottle and we finished our meal. As we left the restaurant he offered me his arm and I took it. I clasped both my hands together at one stage, clinging a little too tightly, but the truth is that I never felt so much a woman than at that moment. It had not occurred to me before that it would, but having a man made me feel this way.

We went up to his room.

I noted: “A king size bed. You must have backed yourself that I would say yes the moment you checked in.”

“I thought maybe I had a hope,” he said. “Please don’t judge me too harshly.”

“I am sure you’re an expert,” I said. “I never even asked whether you are married. Not that it matters”.

“Happily divorced,” he said wryly, as he removed his tie and unbuttoned his shirt.

“Let me do that,” I suggested.

When I got close to him he pulled me to his body and kissed me gently. It was the kind of kiss I suppose every girl dreams of, but I cannot recall that I ever did. Being a woman was not about a moment like this, but somehow it now seemed to justify all the turmoil of transition. But more oddly, it evoked in me a yielding that was almost frightening. I am not a small person but I genuinely felt that I was powerless in his embrace. I had not expected this.

His body was hard and hairy. Not unlike a body I once had. I touched it and I could feel the heat.

I took off my jacket and blouse and let my skirt slip to the floor. Thank god I was wearing a black camisole and matching bra and panties – probably the most sensual underwear I owned. I had worn it today because it made me feel empowered and sexy. It was just right.

I reached up and took down my hair. It had been in a business-like updo but it now fell about my shoulders, the curl from the morning’s efforts still in place at the ends. He breathed in sharply. I could see a kink in his pants. He could see me see it.

“Your hair is beautiful,” he said.

“Just lucky I guess. Lots of other girls in my position are not so.”

“What position would that be?” he said. He took me again in arms and buried his face in my hair. I hoped that it still smelt of shampoo. It was expensive and scented, but I had been working all day.

He stood closely in front of me. He pulled up my camisole and unclipped my bra with skill. My breasts fell a little, but they were still relatively new and pert. He let his pants drop. He looked down into my eyes. Without my heels on he seemed so much taller I even felt “petite”. He took my soft breasts in his warm hands. I could feel his erection touch my smooth cool belly, hot as a branding iron.

At that moment I felt a warmth come over me. I instinctively closed my eyes and a small moan escaped my lips. He dropped to his knees and pulled down my panties. He could now see at close quarters my clipped bush and the surgeons work. I could not see his face to see whether it was relief, but he thrust his face into my pubis and nuzzled. It was heavenly.

I somehow felt that I needed to return the favour. His pants were off and it was me pulling him to the bed. I reached the edge first and sat level with his erect penis.

Although he could not have known it, this was the first time I had ever held another man’s penis. But of course I knew the anatomy well. I knew where to stroke it and where to place my tongue. But I had never blown a guy and did not want to do that now. I wanted him inside me. But I knew from experience how much a tongue can do to stiffen a man.

“I have some lubricant in my bag, but no condoms,” I said. I carry the lubricant for dilation, not because I engage in casual sex with fellow airline passengers.

“I have some in my toilet bag,” he said. “But they have been there a while. I don’t want you to think that I do this every trip out of town.”

We found and opened the pack acting together feverishly. It was clear that neither of us wanted to delay the moment another second.

I lay down on the bed. This is the way I wanted it. Him on top. Me in the submissive position. Face to face. His erection was huge and hard – what I would have called “a diamond cutter” when I had a penis. I knew that he was ready but he took the time to work my body with his mouth and hands to prime me for what was to come. I rolled on the condom expertly and he applied the lubricant. He wiped his hands on a hotel hand towel. We both laughed.

He took my face in his hands and found my entrance with his organ alone. We looked into each other’s eyes the whole way in. Slowly. Smoothly. Then slowly back and in again. The sounds only the gentle slurp of the lubricant, then our panting and gasping in unison.

It seemed that I had spent a lifetime fucking women, and now instead of being fucked by man, somebody was making love to me. Making love, with the emphasis on the word love. Perhaps all women have this kind of romantic view of it, or was it just women like me. But somehow it seem that receiving was so different. Somehow it was not just a physical thing. It was a higher plane.

And that was before it even started. The gentle rocking became faster movement. His hips slapped against my inner thighs. Moans became wails. His penis seemed to swell inside me so that I could feel every square of skin on it.

And then it hit me. An orgasm. A real female orgasm. Not the little flashes that using a vibrator for dilation can deliver. This was the real thing. A body racking, mind warping orgasm. And in the moment of heightened sensitivity, with perfect timing, I felt his penis convulse and deliver its load. It was the best feeling I have ever had.

I knew what would come next. He would roll off me and yank off the rubber, throw it on the bedside table. Job done. But that is not what happened. Without pulling out he looked down at me and cupped my face again. He whispered: “Ginny … that was perfect. You were perfect.” He held me close until his penis shrank back and left my quivering passage.

We went to sleep in one another’s arms. When I woke he was on his back and my head rested on his chest with an arm draped over him. In the shafts of morning light I noticed that my arm was so different from his body. All the muscles I once had seemed long gone. The skin was pale, smooth and soft. I seemed so small and weak in contrast to his body.

He stirred and I kissed him on the lips, his morning stubble brushed my hairless chin. I hated my beard, but I adored it on him. I stroked it. He pushed back my hair to look at me. I thought that I must have looked awful. Traces of last nights make up just the wreckage of my best efforts.

“Good morning beautiful,” he said. “Can we have breakfast?”

“I really need to get home,” I said, with genuine regret. I was supposed to be on the job by 8:00 and it will take me at least 45 minutes to drive home. Then at least an hour to shower and get my face and hair in order.”

“Wash up here. I’ll call for room service”, he suggested. “Coffee and Danish pastries”. He took to the phone while I took to the shower.

I was not too long and as we swapped rooms he playfully pulled at my towel. I smacked his hand.

By the time he was finished showering I was almost ready. I had grown my hair years before and had become adept at styling. My French roll was neat and showed the sheen that I had brushed from it. I had almost finished applying my makeup and I had made use of the change of clothes in my bag. It was a two tone figure hugging dress.

“You really have the most beautiful body,” he remarked.

“I am glad you said so. It cost me my life savings”. I smoothed out my dress and posed a little.

“It’s a great investment,” he said. And then after a while: “I just cannot imagine you as a man.”

“To tell you the truth, I was a lot like you,” I said. “Perhaps not quite as tall or good looking, but strong and confident. I could pull the girls.”

“You mean that, before all of this, you dated women.” He seemed genuinely surprised.

“Just so you know, I didn’t do “all of this” to please men. I did it for myself. I needed to do it. I am a woman, I just didn’t look like one.”

“You do now,” he said. “In fact I have to tell you I cannot imagine you as a man. When I first saw you I assumed you were a woman, and even when you told me I couldn’t believe it. I still can’t believe it. I can only see a woman.”

“I think that’s the nicest thing anybody has ever said to me,” I said, with tears in my eyes.

He came close to me and held me. I could smell his aftershave and beneath it the muskiness of a man. It was both reassuring and thrilling. I had discovered something about the new me since yesterday afternoon.

I needed to redo my makeup. Then we left the room. He had only a drawing case as he would return later. I had my overnight bag. We held hands in the lift. An older couple joined us on the 12th floor. They smiled at us. We must have looked like newly-weds. Tall newly-weds.

As we walked across the lobby he said: “I have your details. I will be sending work your way. I think that you have special skills.” He said the words with a cheeky smile. He handed over the valet ticket for my car and added: “Can I see you again?”

“There’s a distance between us,” I said, “but sure, why not. I would be interested to see whether the second time can be as good as the first.”

“You mean just the first time for us together, don’t you?” he whispered. And when I looked a little sheepish he whispered: “You don’t mean to tell me that last night was the first time ever?”

I also replied in a whisper: “I have had sex thousands of times, but yes, last night was my first real experience as a woman. I hope it won’t make you feel too uncomfortable if I tell you it was the best experience of my life … so far, that is.”

“Why would that make me feel uncomfortable?” he asked. “I feel privileged”.

He kissed me tenderly on the forehead. We stood for a while as the valet pulled up. We just looked into each other’s eyes. It was only the valet pushing the keys onto us that broke the spell. He opened the car door for me and I slid in to the driver’s seat in the manner I had learned – legs in last, allowing him a lingering glance.

For some reason I was momentarily conscious of my new pussy, nestled in my lace panties. I thought how lucky I was to be rid of what had been there before. Everything seemed to be right, with my new plumbing in place.

He leaned on the open window. “Please call me,” he said. I drove away.

Should I?

The End