Pinkmail

A Vignette

By Maryanne Peters

He barely heard the knock on the door, but he rose to open it. The dark shape slipped past him into his motel room, moving swiftly and as quiet as that knock. Wesley closed the door.

The black hooded cloak was curiously old-fashioned, like something out of a period costume drama, but its purpose as clear. He had demanded that Oliver Ramsay meet in the out of the way establishment, and that could only be done in darkness and fully shrouded. Oliver was too well known for it to be any other way.

But when the hood was pulled back, it hardly seemed like Oliver at all. It was a woman’s hairstyle. The hair was short but full and considerable effort with the right product and a blow-dryer had allowed for the light brown hair to gain volume. The face of the cloaked figure was painted with the expertise of years of practice, if only once per week. The foundation and blusher showed a smooth and strong face. The eyes were perfectly outlined and the lashes coated in mascara. Thick eyebrows were brushed into a strong arch. The lips were coated and glossed – the very invitation for a kiss.

Wesley gulped. He was in the presence of beauty.

The cloak was allowed to fall to the floor. The dress was dark blue with black lace detail. The sleeves were long, down to the hands with the painted nails. But the hem was above the knee showing smooth and shapely naked down to the patent leather black heels. But the neckline was lowish, revealing two smallish breasts squeezed into the semblance of a large bosom, doubtless with proper padding.

“I can’t do this anymore!” The voice was male, incongruously coming forth out of the painted mouth. It was Oliver after all.

“You look fabulous,” said Wesley. The vision was affecting him. His penis was swelling. This man-woman was exciting him, even more than she had on any prior occasion. “You have to do this. I live for these moments.”

“I am mayor of this town, for God’s sake,” said Oliver. “People want me to run for congress. I can good things. But look at me! Look what those hormones you made me take have done to my chest.”

“I want to see those,” said Wesley. “I want to feel them. I want to hear you gasp when I stroke them. I want you to enjoy your evening as Olivia, alone with your boyfriend.”

“My boyfriend? You mean my blackmailer. That is what you are Wesley. Those images and those videos will destroy me, and you know it.” Oliver was so angry that he seemed close to tears, as a woman might cry. “How can I be your boyfriend. I have a wife, remember?”

“A wife that you don’t have sex with,” smirked Wesley. “A cold woman who is only there to hang off your arm for political purposes. “She will end you political career before I do. She will stray.”

“Of course she will,” said Oliver. “Her husband has tits on his chest, and shaved legs and shaved genitals. She is not stupid.”

“Come now, Sweetheart,” said Wesley. “She has always known that you were a crossdresser. She just keeps your secret like me, so she can get what she wants. She was fame. She likes the idea of being a politicians wife.”

“And what about what you want?” said Oliver. “Why don’t you just take money like any other blackmailer? Why make me do this?”

“Because this is not blackmail,” said Wesley. “I like to think of it as something not so dark. Maybe … pinkmail? You get what you want – being Olivia, and not just in the mirror. You get to be Olivia and be treated as Olivia. I don’t need money. I want to spend an evening with you once a week.”

“I told you Wesley, this has to end,” wailed Oliver. “Honestly, I am on the verge of suicide. I know that all my dreams for the future are only an emailed photo away from being destroyed. It is like living on a knife edge. It is so stressful that I cannot live like this. I might as well be dead.”

“The only one in danger is Oliver, and I don’t care about him one jot,” said Wesley. “It is Olivia that I want and as long as Oliver chases down his foolish dreams he is depriving me of her company.”

“So, do you want me to strip for you, so you can have your moment of homosexual pleasure?”

“Hey. I am not a homosexual,” said Wesley indignantly. “And neither are you, Olivia. I just need you to accept that.”

But Oliver had unzipped the dress and let it fall. Underneath was a silk slip with he pulled off to reveal a black lace underwire with gel inserts pressing the breasts up and together. Oliver skillfully reached behind to release the bra and let it and its packages fall upon the other items.

There the body was revealed. Except for hair on the forearms for those rare moments when a politician rolls up his sleeves, it was the body of a woman, with the breasts of a pubescent girl. Oliver looked down at them intending upon disgust, but feeling only joy.

Wesley walked towards Olivia, and reached out to cup the small breast. He putt a fingertip on each nipple and they both responded immediately, stiffening into two pencil erasers. Olivia gasped, just as Wesley knew she would.

“All I want is for you to put an end to Oliver and be mine forever,” said Wesley.

She looked up into his eyes. Even in her heels she was shorter. He was a man. She was not.

“I don’t know what to do,” she said.

“Love me,” said Wesley. “Love me just half as much as I love you, and I will be happy.”

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was a long and lingering kiss. Maybe it even latest forever. It was certainly the last time Oliver ever kissed anybody.

The End

Erin’s seed “A politician is a secret crossdresser and can't afford to have it come out … someone discovers it and is blackmailing the politician to go out in public and get photos taken and take hormones and get implants ... the politician confesses to the blackmailer that "she" is going to kill herself as an escape and the blackmailer says "I thought we were both enjoying this, it's just roleplay …I would never out you for real, I love you."