Marrying the Cop

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

It is ancient history now. A tragedy. The horns of a … whatever. Whatever it is when either way you are fucked.

Either I went to jail for my second DUI or I went along with my sister Nell’s crazy joke on me. She wasn’t going to do it, so she had me date the cop who arrested me, by pretending to be a girl. He never would have taken me out if Nell was not the best beautician in the state. I was a knockout.

I was lucky that Jake did not knock me out, when he discovered it. Why did I ever agree to that second date? I guess it was because that first date was sort of interesting, and I did not want to upset him and have the charges refiled.

But it went too far – he went too far. He got to first base and found a bat not a plate.

Not only did he find my secret while groping me in that movie theater, but he found out in front of his pals and their dates. What was he going to do? Jump up in the middle of the movie as shout it out? How was he going to explain to them that his girlfriend was not a girl at all? Jake is smarter than that. In the darkness he could hide his shock … or was it disappointment?

The answer turns out to be easy. He thought I was a woman? Make sure that I am one. Permanently.

So, he dragged me back to his place. Not so much dragged – I just sat in the passenger seat terrified. Jake is a huge guy, and a guy who knows how to intimidate and control people like me.

He should have been disgusted when he saw me standing naked in front of him. I would have been, if I was standing in his shoes. But he just smiled.

“There is something here that doesn’t belong,” he said. “And a couple of things that are missing too.”

I had already said: “I’ll do whatever you want.” I could not say a word. I may have whimpered. But whatever he wanted I knew I was not going to like. The man scared the shit out of me.

He locked me in his basement. He said that he needed to get the stuff to put things right.

It turns out that a cop like Jake can get anything he wants. I mean the guy is as big as a house, but smart too. He does favors for people (more important favors that letting a guy off a DUI charge) and he expects payback. Some people he blackmails, some people he threatens. He will find somebody to do the gory chore. Any way you cut it, he is going to get me cut.

I don’t know whether the guy was a surgeon or a butcher. Does it matter? Are you thinking about what the guy who is cutting your balls out does for a living? I just remember the blood and then I fainted dead away. I awoke with a bandage where my nuts had been.

When something like that happens, you know that this guy has nothing to lose. He could have killed me. He could still kill me. Except all the guys at the station were asking after his pretty girlfriend. He had to bring me out to show me off.

“You keep one hand on me the whole time we are out, do you understand?” he said. The guy could snap me like a twig.

I heard one of the other girlfriends saying: “Jake’s little girlfriend can’t keep her hands off him”, which was actually true, but only because I took my hands away, I was for it.

That was who I was. Jake’s pathetic little girlfriend. A prisoner in his basement, a shameless cock-sucker and anal plaything in his bed, and, every now and again his clinging escort.

And my sister Nell? She said nothing. Jake liked what she could do and paid her well for getting me ready for those dates on Jake’s arm.

I think that she even enjoyed me dating the cop. She thought those first little swellings on my chest were hilarious. She said: “Little bitty titties – how adorable.” I was pumped full of hormones, and they were growing fast. But not fast enough for Jake. He wanted me to fill the cups I was wearing when he first met me. They were just fake. He wanted the real thing, and that meant surgery.

Once again, he had somebody to do that without needing my consent. Just like before, I woke up and it had already been done

He didn’t like the wig either. Nell put extensions in. So now I had long blonde hair and breasts, and I was expected to do my own makeup if was to go out.

I hated the basement, so I made an effort to look good every day so that I was allowed to walk about the house and go out if Jake allowed. It worked. I got to know the local neighborhood women and also the wives and girlfriends of others who worked with Jake.

It was not as if I could just run away. What would I do? Go to the police? Jake knew them all. Family? Nell was with him. Nobody else would know ,me. Friends? I had none. Not anymore. mY only friends now were Jake’s friends. All the guys who thought that Jake was lucky to have the prettiest girl in town, or their girls who only knew me as one of them.

He could have just kept me as his live-in slave and fuck-buddy. So why did he want to marry me? Why did hoe buy me a ring and get down on one knee and ask me whether I would be his wife?

Of course, I don’t want it. I don’t want any of this. My life is hell. I am a man with my body butchered for his pleasure. And that butchery will continue next week. That is when I will go into a hospital for another one of those surgeries without consent – the one that will take away my penis and give me a vagina. The ultimate injury. After that I will be … what will I be?

The thought horrifies me. And yet, somehow excites me at the same time.

The End

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| The young woman, pictured in 2015 shortly before her transition, didn't realise trangender women could 'look like real women' once she knew she started the process  Me, before this all started | Lea Membrey, 20, from Auckland has never looked back after sex transition at 18  Me post implants and hair extensions |

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| 'I want to concentrate on making my face a bit softer ¿ taking away some of the harsh lines,' she said  Authors Note: I pressed on with this story at the request of my friend John (I can never refuse that man) who asked to know what happened next in the hope that it was less than a happy ending for our little drunk driver. Maryanne | The reluctant Bride |