The Object of Sex

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

When Culley’s wife died I was there for him. I can’t say that I was there for all of my friends, but I was there for him when it mattered. I don’t like sadness. I will do almost anything to avoid it. But I suppose he was my best friend. I am not completely selfish.

His wife was a beautiful woman. Cancer is evil and would strip her of that beauty and then take her life within 6 months of diagnosis. But I will always remember her as stunning and stylish. With Culley’s money and some of her own good salary, she always presented well. I liked that.

To hell with it - I desired her. But then I desired all attractive women, in those days.

I now realize that it is a sad truth that beauty was only the bait. I only wanted women for sex. In fact, I only wanted sex. I even had sex with men. I don’t like homosexual men. It’s not a prejudice thing. I just do not like men who might be attracted to me. But if one wants to bend over and let me fuck him, then I would do it. The truth is, back then I would fuck anything with a soft opening.

For the old me, the object of sex was the simple gratification of orgasm. Somehow, the chase was part of it too, which means that having a single partner was not an option for me, then. But sex never got any better. It just got essential.

It was a sickness. I came to realize it. I sought counselling. People say that this is not a true addition, but it certainly feels as if it is. I knew that I would never have a normal life if I lived only for that one objective.

But then to me treating this affliction like alcoholism was a joke. Like saying in a group session: “My name is Paul and I am a sex addict” is really going to help. That is bullshit. I needed something real.

I was trialling testosterone reducing drugs when Culley’s wife fell ill. I honestly think that I would not have been there for him if it was not for the Spiro. I was trying to get my mind off sex and spending time with him did that for me. And I suppose that watching her decline and die made me aware that I wanted to live, and live a life. She died with a husband who loved her - holding her hand till the end. I had nobody.

Before then, the best that I could hope for was dying of old age alone, or perhaps in bed on top of a whore, in the act of sex. That was how I was before, but by the time of her funeral the spiro denied me that. It did work. I was not longer longing for sex, only longing for love. Surely sex is supposed to lead to love. Why had it never done that for me?

Culley asked one favor of me. He asked me to take all of her clothes away and dispose of them. Her closet was full and he was on his knees in front of it, crying his eyes out. He wanted me to take it all away. Her clothes, shoes, accessories – even her jewellery. I did what he asked, but I wasn’t going to throw it away. I was going to give him time. There were so many wonderful things. A lifetime and no small amount of money spent on looking glamorous and stylish. The contents of her dressing table too – boxed up and taken away by me. The scent of her coming from it was more than he could bear. And her other toiletries from the bathroom. It was all too much for Culley, and almost too much for me, once I had it all at my place.

I was living in a loft apartment with plenty of room. It had a clean, dry, windowless attic which was well lit with a skylight. I put all her stuff up there. It was just that with everything that was going on, I could not dispose of it properly. It was all valuable stuff. And maybe later he would thank me for hanging onto it for a while.

It was ages before he asked about it. It was when he was ready to move to the next step, I guess. Not move on – that is a horrible phrase. He said that he hoped I had sold it all. I said that I had, and I wrote him a check for it. But I hadn’t sold it. All that stuff had changed me.

Maybe there was always a part of me that was a transvestite. Maybe it was just because I thought I could create a woman in the mirror, who was as pretty as Culley’s wife. Or maybe it was the Spiro and the absence of testosterone that was feminizing my brain.

All I know is that after Culley’s wife died, when I went up to the attic I felt the need to wear her clothes. I used to tell myself that it was sort of an homage to a stylish woman – somebody who really should have stayed in the world. Without her, the world – certainly Culley’s world, was a drabber place.

By sheer chance she was the same size as me, if you pad me out top and bottom. Even her shoes. Before she got sick, she was well proportioned. Culley’s wife was a larger woman than most. I guess It was really about how she carried herself, with class, and I found myself imitating that.

Any woman can choose to carry themselves well. Some just don’t care. Culley’s wife had a presence. The way she moved was sexy, but not fuck-bunny sexy – sophisticated sexy.

At that time I was not thinking about what it would be liked to be fucked, I was thinking about how it would feel to be desired. Maybe that was how the spiro had changed me. It may have killed one driving force, but emotions were still there – somehow made more acute.

I suppose there are some transvestites who never walk outside cross-dressed. I suspect that they are the kind who blow kisses at the mirror and jack themselves off. They are the objects of their own desire, I guess. People who think that there is no better woman than the female version of themselves. Sickos.

That is not why I ventured outside. As I said: She was a loss to the world, and it seemed a crime that those outfits should be hung in an attic. The world needed to see them being worn, and not by some crass woman who had picked them up in a second-hand shop.

But how could I do it?

There are cross-dressers all over the world who do it – step out for the first time. My problem was that I did not want to do Culley’s wife a disservice. That it what it felt like. If I was stepping out dressed as her, I had to be perfect – the way she was.

It is hard to explain the pressure of it. I suppose I am one of those people who feel pressure more than others, or at least that is how I became now that sex was not my only object. It was as if my personality had acquired some new obsession, and it was her.

What man would take her birth control medication? I am not a fool. I knew the likely effects. It was just that I felt I needed all the help I could get. Shaving your body and practicing your walk, your gestures and your voice just don’t seem enough. Somehow the estrogen seemed like what was needed.

In a body already neutered by spiro, the effect was almost immediate, as if a neutral body craved to be given a sex.

Only then was I ready to step out. I bought a wig and a body shaping garment.

My treatment had removed the craving for sex. The experience of sex seemed like something in my past that I had surrendered to acquire peace. But somehow steeping out seemed better than sex, or at least what I remembered of it. It was being looked at that seemed to excite me.

I would not be so naïve to suggest that all those who watched me walk by were thinking: ‘There goes a beautiful woman’. I am sure some my have thought: ‘Is that really a woman’. The make up may have been a little heavy, and the clothing was definitely eye-catching. But to me I was doing what was needed. I was putting on display something of beauty, and what is more, I was living inside that thing, experiencing it first-hand. I guess I was like a voyeur in the heart of the action.

That is what my treatment had done to me – I could only watch. But what better place to be a watcher than in the body of a participant? I was the object of sexual desire.

Are all beautiful women just sex objects? Surely not if women look at me as well. As I said, Culley’s wife was that kind of woman. She had style. She had class. I was only a poor replica. But her death had left a hole in the world. If my mediocre putty could help fill a gap, I was obliged at least to try.

It became my thing – my knew vocation. As my hair grew I considered the idea of dispensing with the wig and having extensions added. The only issue with that would mean leaving myself behind. I could not pretend to be me with her hair. But somehow the idea of going that far was exciting, and my treatment had left me without that feeling. Some people live for their cravings. Even with drugs you replace one addiction for another.

Work was not an issue. It was largely online. And friends? Apart from Culley there were only women, and most of them in truth, disliked me. Without sex I had become a hermit. The only social interaction was a least one call every day with Culley, to check up on him, and see that he was coping with his grief. His problem was that he could never find somebody like his wife. Somebody who had style and who loved him as much as she did.

On a whim I went to the salon and asked for the works – a full transition job. That meant facial work, and body wax, eyebrow plucking, and extensions to my hair. It was not just an afternoon – it stretched over several days. I just let it happen.

Stepping out after that was easy. I no longer felt as if I was in disguise. I was more relaxed and confident. I am sure those who watched me saw something different in me. I felt it.

And then it happened. I never saw him until he called out to me from behind. I recognized the voice. It was Culley.

Turning around seemed to be like the car-crash they describe: A disaster in slow motion.

Culley said: “I am sorry, you just look so much like …, my God, is that you?”

What could I expect in this situation? It was as if I was made of glass and had been dropped from a great height. I was a thing of beauty now shattered, and all right there in front of him. I was ashamed that I had even started all of this. And now I was waiting for the anger that would follow.

Why? - was the obvious question. My answer: I loved her, not as much as you, Culley, and in a different way, but this is my tribute. Standing before him. A facsimile. An object of art. An expression of all that she was: Class, style, sex. Above all – sex.

Where was the fury? Puzzlement, incredulity, and then a smile. He just reached out a hand and touched my face. My smooth soft cheek that would never again carry a whisker. I leaned into his touch. It was yielding to it but saying to him that this is what I really wanted. It is not enough to be desired by everybody - You need to be desired by the person you love.

We both knew it even then, standing in a busy street but being the only two people in the world. I knew that I had always wanted what I wanted now. It was just my maleness that had been standing in the way. Now that was gone.

What he wanted was her, but in her place, he could find something of what he once had. It was just my job to make the duplicate better than the original. It would be a challenge that I committed myself to, but finally achieved some time later.

What is the object of sex? I am. Yes, I am a sex object, and proud to be one. I am his sex object.

The End

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