The New Mrs. Gidley

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I felt that I was entitled to an easy life. The way I saw it was that my Dad had worked his whole life to make money to support his family – I was his family – I was to be supported by him. I didn’t need to go to Harvard, with all that work and pressure. I could live off his work and the pressure he was under. I was his son. Well, I was his son. I am not his son anymore. Now I am his daughter, and he likes it that way.

Oscar Gidley was my father’s most important customer. By that I mean that if my father did not have Oscar’s business, his own business would collapse. Oscar was a little younger than my father, but he still seemed very old to me. I was aware of the way that he stared at me whenever I was around. He told me later that he saw something in me. It was something that he wanted.

Oscar told me that his father was complaining about me one night when they were sharing a bottle of scotch, and that was when he made his proposal. He told my father that they needed an alliance to cement the business relationship, and I could be the key to that alliance. My two older brothers contributed to my father’s business and I did not. I was available.

But he saw something in me. Something I didn’t see. I am pretty sure nobody but him saw it. He saw a woman.

No father should have agreed to what was proposed, and I like to think that Dad wrestled with his conscience. But all I was aware of was that my father started looking at me differently too, and how he started constantly referring to how I looked like my late mother. I guess I did

Nor should I ever have agreed to what was proposed either. But Dad made it clear that if I wanted to be supported, I would need to accept the changes that Oscar required. He pointed out that as Oscar was a widower and childless, I would inherit his entire (and considerable) wealth upon his death. I would be set for life.

And my father had extracted from Oscar a pre-nuptial agreement to ensure that he could not terminate our marriage, given the sacrifices that I was required to make.

“Just a minute. Pre-nuptial? Marriage? Dad, you are not talking about Oscar adopting me, but marriage cannot happen. I am not a woman!”

“That can be fixed.” That was all he said

So many red-blooded men out there will be asking: “How could you ever agree”, but you have no idea of my position. I had an education but no skills, and a disinclination to work. My father said that all that I had going for me was what my mother left for me: Copious red hair, big green eyes and a pale skin. Those were the very things that Oscar saw in me.

I now have a pair of D cup breasts to add to that. Oscar insisted on that. He did not press for more surgery so long as I had the certificate to say that I was female and could be his wife, which was obtained by money or influence, and possibly both.

The wedding dress was cut low and strapless to show off my new breasts. Is Daddy looking at them as I took his arm? What man wouldn’t? Daddy is a man after all. It seems that I am not.

I have to say that despite myself, I found my wedding day to be a wonderfully happy day. I know that all brides feel the day is special, but for girls who have imagined this day all their lives, and the romance of it all, that makes sense. What sense can there be in it when the bride had always been a boy, and had never contemplated marriage to anybody, let alone a man.

I guess that it was being the centre of attention. That and hearing Daddy say for the first time that he was proud of me. More than that, I am doing what my brothers cannot do: I am cementing the future of the family business. I am more than relevant to it – I am vital.

That, and everybody loves the bride. It was the day I realized that men don’t have real friends, but women do. All the women in my wider family and the girls who really never liked me as a man, are now my true friends since I am become woman.

I had an idea in my head that I was on a project for my father’s business. It required me to venture into another world for a while, but it would be a world of luxury. I could handle it. And when Oscar did die, I could come back, independently wealthy and the family hero. That would carry me through.

And the biggest surprise of my wedding day was yet to come. When he lifted my veil and I looked at Oscar’s face, I saw love. It was the first time that I had ever seen it, perhaps since my mother died.

It was not that my father was without love. He did love for me, but it always came with conditions and demands that I was not up to. Somehow that is not the same as a mother’s unconditional love, or the unconditional love of a doting husband. That is what I saw in Oscar.

As he choked on his vows with tears of joy in his eyes, I found myself crying too. It was not that I spent months flooded with hormones to prepare me for this day, it was that I suddenly realized what a life with this kind of love might be like.

When the celebrant said that Oscar could kiss his bride I found myself offering my lips and not just my cheek. He gently met them, and we stayed together, just revelling in the contact of such a tender part of our bodies. Everybody assembled must have noticed.

We lay together that night. I told him that I wished that I could give him what a bride should give her husband.

“That can be fixed.” That was all he said

Of course, I cannot bear him children, although Oscar likes to fantasize about it. I had a vagina constructed where the old me once existed, but in ends in nothing. Oscar’s sperm flows straight back out and into a cup for insertion into the surrogates.

He says that he wants me to wear a pregnancy suit right through it all and prepare myself for breast feeding. I thought that the idea was disgusting, but I am warming to it.

For an older man he is remarkably fit and strong, and with the assistance of Viagra very capable in bed. Initially I thought as a heterosexual man I would find another man entering me to be a revolting thing, but given that I now have a passage serving only for that purpose, and given that means I am not a man, it seems completely natural.

Rather than looking forward to the death of my husband, I dread it. I worry when he over does things, or he gets too stressed. I am able to live a life without stress, in fact one of total relaxation. It suits me, but I consider it my duty to pass some of my peace over to my husband to remove his stresses and keep him in my life as long as possible.

I have photos of our wedding on our grand piano. It really was a fairy tale affair. And now I live in a palace with an adoring prince (even if he is a little older than his princess) and I have everything I need, and our surrogate is expecting twins.

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| The End  © Maryanne Peters 2020  This story comes from my extension of a captioned image by VIP Captions which I called “Pumpkin”. It was a bridal scene with a buxom bride being walked into the church by a proud father protesting: “But I’m your son! … throw me into a marriage with your most important customer…”. |  |