Living and Loving in Dystopia

A Vignette

By Maryanne Peters

Nobody thought that it could get any worse for gay Russians with the fall of Vladimir Putin, but his successor seemed all the more keen to crack down on deviant behavior. The fact is that he had an ally in President Pence. It seems like both our countries are now controlled by the ignorant provincial conservatives who regard anything out of their normal as a religious crime. The “Heartland” of Russia is pretty much the same as the Heartland of America – hostile to gay people.

But before President Pence came to office, in January 2025 Melvin and I had been married, in a civil ceremony in New York City. I was entitled to become a US citizen by marriage – as one gay man married to another. It was just a question of the paperwork. There did not seem to be any rush. We took a small honeymoon to California – still a liberal state

Then came the bombshell. All same sex marriages were declared null and void. An urgent appeal to the Supreme Court which was still populated with Trump appointees declared the ruling valid. Adoptions to married couples were reversed. Foreign spouses were lined up for deportation.

I could claim refugee status. It was well known that gay men were being jailed in Russia for indecency. But the first few claims were being rejected. It was said that this was an immigration issue, and refugee status should only apply to those entering the country.

I was desperate to stay, and Melvin was desperate too. There seemed to be only one way out, and that was to remarry as a man and a woman.

It may seem strange that transgender people were treated in a different way. Gay men and women had always been treated as in the same boat – united as LGBT or LGBTQ. It was all down to some American athlete – a conservative man who became a woman late in life and stood for senate as a republican and a supporter of President Pence. Somehow she was able to convince the President and the party that a woman born a man should still a woman for the purposes of marriage. The Supreme Court agreed in its all-encompassing decision. I did hear that the new policy dissolved this person’s own marriage, in a twist of fate.

In any event, the new policy was that if one party to a gay marriage is ready to sacrifice their genitals they can remain together. It sounds awful to think about that way, but that is what it is.

The fact is that when Melvin met me in a secret gay bar in Moscow I was wearing makeup and had my long hair, so it was going to be me. It was not that Melvin did not consider something else, because he said he loved my cock so much, but he was old and big, and could never pass. He said that he would be a true “Pence wife” – for love, choosing to be something they were not.

But the problem was that there were enforcers. People called them “Jennerdarmes” which was some kind of joke. They worked for immigration and to check that one of the couple was a “true transwoman” which apparently means not only amputated private parts, but feminine clothing and behavior.

I was effeminate, I guess, so appearing female was easy. It was just the surgery that was hard. I cried a river before I happened, but I cried an ocean when it was done. I loved sex so my cock was my essence, and all I had was a hole stuffed with rags and then a plastic dildo. The surgeon said that he had done everything he could to give me feeling and over time that proved right, but it was not a cock – I could not give Marvin what he wanted.

The fact is that it was not just his need to receive but the fact that he never liked vaginas. I told him that it was not that – there was no blood or no internal organs. It was just a clean sleeve for his pleasure. But it is hard to keep clean – an ass can and should be douched daily, but my vagina was neglected a bit, by both of us.

The breasts he did not like too. I had modest implants – the Jennerdarmes imposed a minimum, but I was very receptive to the hormones and the mammary glands swell out of control. I ended up big there, and in other places to. My hard frame was now a soft sofa.

When you go through these kinds of changes you cannot help but be affected by them.

As for our friends, they were almost all gay, and what were we? We knew a few others who had done what I had and switched over, and I put together a “New Ladies’ Support Group”. We needed it. It was a very harrowing time.

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| We all reached the conclusion that we needed to live with what had happened. Some could hold themselves out to be mutilated martyrs punished by a fascist policy, but for them life would depend on being perpetually angry and depressed. That was not my way. Our New Ladies’ Support Group followed a policy of integration. We would discover the joys of being female and throw ourselves into our new gender.  The risk for all of us in this, was alienating our husbands. The fact is that the more feminine we became the less attractive we became to our gay husbands. As we learned more about our new sex organs we learned that they exist for one purpose only, and that is to be penetrated. Melvin still insisted on my ass. I just get fed up with it.  Lonnie is different. Okay, so he is a little rough, but he thinks of me only as a woman and he treats me that way. I suppose that I have decided that I love his cock far more than I ever loved my own, which was a lot. |  |

That and when I am walking down the street in my dress and heels with my tits and butt jiggling, I get lustful stares and wolf whistles rather than jeers and abuse. I guess I am just more at home in this ignorant and conservative world in this new body of mine.

Dystopia? What dystopia?

The End

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