Collateral

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I was on holiday on my own. I had broken up with my girlfriend holly and I decided to drive my car all the way down to Cabo – just time on the road to clear my head. I just wanted to go somewhere where the booze was cheap and forget everything. I just jumped in and drove and drove.

I found this place on the beach. You know the joint – free tequila in the fridge in the room and a bar on the beach that will serve you even when you cannot stand up. The sun was shining, and the sea was warm, and I was starting to pull it together. It was the right call. When everything turns to shit there are places that you remind you that the world is not all like that.

It seemed like the last thing that might happen was that I would run into somebody I knew (that was the very point of being there) and then Marl Haultin turned up.

I knew him from work. I did not work with him but we were in the same industry. I guess I thought of him as flaky. The most surprising thing about seeing him was to see him accompanied by a truly gorgeous woman. She was dark with long black hair – Latino I guess but tall and sophisticated looking, even though she was only wearing a bikini and a thin “beach-to-bar” robe over that. She looked way too classy for Mark.

He introduced her as Mercedes. She spoke English well, and in a husky tone that was super sexy. But she was not really involved in the conversation – Mark was animated and obvious in trouble.

“I'm in kind of in a tight spot,” he said. “I lost my driving licence somewhere and I can’t find it. But of course I can’t rent a car. I have to do some things round town here, like right now.”

Like a fool I said – “I actually drove my car all the way down here and it is parked out back.”

“Could you? Would you?” The guy sounded desperate, but I was attached to my Mustang and I was not about to let this guy drive it away, especially given that he was so agitated. It seemed like he might drive off at speed and wrap my car around the next palm tree. He must have seen that it was not going to happen.

“You can keep my girlfriend as collateral,” he said.

I had never heard of such a thing. But she heard it, and she looked at him disapprovingly. He did not seem to notice.

“Mercedes is the best woman on the planet,” he said. “I will be back … before dark”.

I looked across at her. By God, she was beautiful, and somehow that disgruntled look made her even more so. I was up for it if she was. She looked at me and she shrugged her shoulders. It was all I needed. I handed over the car keys and Mark was gone in a flash.

“How do you really feel about this? I said to her. “He is treating you like property?”

“I have just learned something about him that I needed to know,” she said. “And I looked at you and I thought that this looks like it could be fun.”

I don’t think that I ever wanted sex with a woman more than I wanted sex with her at that moment. I was starting to get aroused, but that was not it. The whole situation was exciting – two people thrown together with the expectation that it would end with sex. It seemed to me that the only question was when, and I was in favor of soon.

I said something like – “I find you unbelievably attractive”, or whatever. It doesn’t really matter. We exchanged a few words, over a drink but we both knew we were headed after that. We kissed at the bar, and then I took her hand and I led her up to my room.

She slipped off her bikini top and the most wonderful breasts bounced out. Somehow it all seemed like a fantasy. It was all so unreal. She was just so beautiful, and I was just so hot for her, and the sea breeze was wafting in through the window, and there was the scent of frangipani in the air. It was going to be the best sex ever.

But then she slipped down her bikini bottom and while it was small, there was no mistaking it, something was very wrong – Mercedes had a penis.

“I am sorry if this is a shock,” she said. I would not have been hard for her to see that it was. “Can you ignore it? I want you to. I really want to have you make love to me.”

Her bottom lip was quivering, and her eyes were moist. Add those things to a woman who looks that good and I challenge any man to push her away. But the truth is more likely that I was too stiff to walk it back. I was so ready for sex that steel chains would have snapped.

She had something stuck in her butthole. It came out clean and she added a little gel from her bag and put her legs over my shoulders. I was inside her before I knew it, and she was looking me in the face, arranging her hair to turn me on even more, and just begging me without words to give her all that I had.

Somehow, I just felt able to go at her with even more force than I ever had. Was it because she was male? Whatever the reason, she seemed to love it – perhaps because she was male. It made it better than different – it made it special. It was strong sex. And it was magnificent.

People talk about the best orgasm they have ever had – well, up to that point, that was, hands down, the best orgasm ever.

I collapsed beside her as if I had run a marathon. She was panting too. I looked across at her and we were both smiling.

“That is the first time I have ever had sex with …,” I stopped. I could not insult her by saying it. Does this mean I'm gay?"

“Well, I don't think it means I'm gay," she said. “I am a woman, just with a little deformity.”

I reached across to stroke her face. It was so smooth. Completely devoid of hair, like her whole body. Smoother than any woman. Softer too. More woman than a woman.

“Do you think that Mark would have expected us to have had sex?” I asked her.

“I don’t care,” she said. “Do you?”

“Well, I guess he knows about your … deformity … I didn’t.” I suppose I was reasserting something.

“He is just concerned with having a good-looking woman on his arm,” she said. “Shallow men like him are the curse of women like me.”

“Do you think that I am any different?”

“You were driven by desire. That makes you real, not contrived,” she said.

It was an interesting word, and not one of her own tongue, as seemed clear. It showed me that she was more intelligent than I had already realized. The wrong body now made close to perfect, but because of that, bound to be under-estimated.”

I rolled over and propped myself up to have a better look at her. Her soft dark hair draped across the pillow shing in the late afternoon sun coming in the window. I asked her – “What are you looking for in a man?”

“Somebody who desires me and at least tries to understand me,” she said. “I am quite a simple person really. I just want a vagina, a husband and a home, in that order. I would love a family, but I am a realist.”

“I don’t believe that you are simple for a minute,” I said, planting a kiss on her full lips. “You are clever and complex, but that is just what I am looking for. If you will let me, I have a good mind to steal you away from Mark and give all the four things that you want.”

“I am not his to steal,” she said. “But what about your car?’

“Forget the car,” I said. “It’s just a Ford, and now I’ve got a Mercedes.”

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2022