Making a Scene

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

He saw her the moment that he entered the restaurant. The table for two was not hidden away, but in the middle surrounded by others. He was going to stride over immediately, but he went to the bar and made a show of looking at the menu.

She looked beautiful. Her hair was up, and she looked as if her makeup had been done at the cosmetics counter. She was wearing what he supposed was a cocktail dress. It had a neckline that showed off her perfect breasts, and a hemline that showed off her more-than-perfect legs, in black hose.

He gulped the drool in his mouth. Then he walked over.

“Hello, Giselle,” he said with a sneer.

“Oh,” she said. “Hi Mac.” She paused and looked at the man across from her. She said: “Mac, this is Ollie. Ollie, meet Mac. Mac is an old friend of mine”

“Yes, I am, Ollie,” said Mac, shaking the other man’s hand firmly and vigorously. “Yes I am. A very old friend.”

“Did you want to talk to me privately,” asked Ghiselle through gritted perfect white teeth.

“No, no” Mac said. “No need for privacy. Here you are in public.”

“This is who I am Mac,” she said. “I am complete now – for more than a year. The past is over. Gerry is gone. You need to get over it.”

“Hey, Buddy.” Ollie felt that it was time to say something. His date was looking distressed. They had met online. He had only met her an hour before, but he could not believe his good fortune. She was definitely the best-looking woman he had ever been out with. In their hour together he had discovered that she was intelligent and funny, and interested in many things that he was. She was a little larger than other women he had been out with, but she had a great body. If he played his cards right, he might just see that body in all its glory, later on tonight. It was time for him to be the knight to the rescue.

“Why don’t you leave the lady alone,” he said.

“Lady?” said Mac, looking around the restaurant. “I don’t see a lady. Unless you are referring to this person sitting with you. Well, this person is no lady. This person used to be my best friend and old football buddy, Gerry. That is who you are, isn’t it?”

Mac stared at Ghiselle. He was willing her to stand and confront him.

“Don’t Mac, please,” she said. “Please, not here.”

She stood up. Ollie’s mouth was open in disbelief. She looked at him with the saddest look he had ever seen.

“Would you wait for me, Ollie,” she said. “Please. I will explain everything. Please wait for me.”

She grabbed Mac’s arm. In her heels she was taller than Mac, but not Ollie. She seemed to be able to manoeuvre him easily to the front door and outside.

Ollie looked around. In that moment everybody was looking at him. Everybody had heard. Everybody had seen. And now suddenly they were averting their eyes to take a drink or push some food around on their plates. Initially in silence.

When voices started again, they were hushed. They were talking about him, or rather the woman who had been sitting with him. The big beautiful woman who had seemed to be all of his fantasies come true. Now the truth was real. Everybody knew it including him. What did that make him?

Should he leave? She said wait, but what happens if she does come back? Stand up, leave something on the table for the drinks. Leave. He did not know anyone there. It will be forgotten. Will it?

It occurred to him that this was a defining moment. What kind of a person was he? Maybe he should have followed her? He was bigger than this guy Mac. He could have rescued her. He could have ended the date after that. Maybe he could have shaken her hand, or even kissed her cheek? He could have said something like: “You are very beautiful, but I am not into transwomen”. But maybe he was?

He leaned back in his chair and took another drink from his glass. He looked at her glass with the lipstick on it.

What the hell? There he was. The embarrassment was over. He could wait a bit.

He saw a couple on a table nearby suspend their conversation about what had just happened to look at him. He raised his glass to them and smiled.

Outside Mac’s van was parked near the entrance.

“Do you think he will follow you, Ghiselle?” he said.

“He likes me Mac,” she said.

He opened the door to the van and she got in. There were some storage trunks inside and some padded fabric to cushion goods was spread cross them. A comfortable spot for her to sit.

But she did not even have time to do that. Her head was in her grip – her face cupped in his hands, his tongue in his mouth. She tried to push him away.

“Mac, stop it!” She could barely get the words out with his mouth over hers, but Mac heard the words. It did not stop him. He pulled up her dress and reached into her crotch, tearing at the pantyhose. He could feel the warmth of her vagina through her panties, as if it were the real thing. Would he need lubrication.

“Mac, no. I said no!” With his free hand he rummaged in the box shelf on the inside wall. He knew the shape of the bottle – linseed oil for the custom furniture he made. He freed his stiffening cock and slapped a little on it.

“All right, all right,” she said. “Take it easy. You’ll ruin my hair. You have already fucked up my lipstick. Just be a little … oh. Oh. Oh. Oh, sweet Jesus.”.

He was inside her. The sweet smell of linseed oil and the sweat of a man become woman filled the air in the van as his filled her sweet perfectly crafted vagina.

“Are you happy now?” she said.

“Yes,” said Mac. “Do you really want to go back inside?”

“You know I want somebody who wants me as a woman,” she said. “You have always known me. You know me as a friend. And you take the extra benefits whether I like them or not. But I always worry that you can never see me as a real woman.”

“You’re crazy,” said Mac, smiling at her. “You are not Gerry. I don’t know you – or I am only just beginning to know you.”

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| “I am going inside,” she said. “If he is still there, I will go home with him and we will see where that goes. Maybe he will be a guy who can accept me for who I am.”  “And if he’s not there?”  “Well, I’ll go online tomorrow, and we will do it again same as tonight. Ok?”  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019 |  |