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| Quietly MeA VignetteBy Maryanne PetersI was born gay – slightly built, softly spoken, effeminate and cock-loving. It was just that I was excruciatingly shy – not a showoff like so many confident gay men. I am not one of those. It might have been easier if I was “Loud and Proud”.I wear women’s clothes not to express myself, but to disappear. An effeminate man stands out. A plain woman doesn’t. I just look after my skin and my hair – just to make it look not male. That is enough. Just to allow me not be noticed.Plain clothes to. The exception is when I am at home. I like a colorful apron or pinafore. The only person who I like to be bold for, is myself. I don’t mind being drab just because I don’t want to be noticed.That is not to say that I enjoy being alone. I have always craved a relationship but a relationship where I am the invisible supporter – the one behind the man – the traditional role of wife, I guess.I didn’t want to lose my cock or grow breasts, but I ended up doing what I had to do to achieve the relationship I wanted, and I have no regrets | A person wearing a dress  Description automatically generated with medium confidence |

I met him in the supermarket. I never talk to anyone at the supermarket, except to answer the checkout girl. At the checkout I use a soft woman’s voice that I have perfected. I avoid eye contact, only because I don’t want to see them looking at me and doubting my gender. It is none of their business, I know, but I a not one to ever say something like that.

But this time it was not the check out girl. A man spoke to me. He was asking me about whether joules and calories were the same thing. I just shrugged my shoulders and turned away.

“I am trying to lose weight, you see,” he said. “I suppose that you are one of those people who are naturally slim? That would explain why you don’t know anything about the dietary information. As a fat person I need to know.”

Of course, the simple answer would have been “yes” – as in yes, you are fat; and yes, you need to know. But that is not me. I dislike rudeness in others so I should not practice it myself. So I had to look at him before I said – “You’re not fat.”

He was heavily built, and probably technically overweight, but he did not look flabby. I wish I could say that he was good looking, but he was not really. He was bald and I could see heavy body hair above the buttons of his shirt. It was the very opposite of me. He spoke to strangers, which was also the opposite of me. But I realized that he was exuding a manliness that I found quite over-powering. I wondered whether I might think the same if I were not small and gay. Was his masculinity that strong.

“A man always likes to hear that from a woman,” he said. “Or from anybody for that matter.”

He was smiling at me. What did those words mean? Why say them? He knew. He knew that I was a man dressed as a woman. I went to the shelf and took something that I didn’t want so I could turn my shopping cart away and leave.

“Please, I am sorry,” he said. He was following me. “If you are transitioning or something, then I understand. You are a very attractive woman.”

That just made me angry. I was not attractive. He was full of bullshit. He had picked me out in public to humiliate me, although the aisle was empty.

“I am not attractive. I am not transitioning,” I hissed at him. Surely that would be enough. But he stood there looking embarrassed. “I am not a woman.”

“Now, that is not true,” he said. “You must be fully transitioned then? But as for being attractive, that is for the person attracted to you to know, and not necessarily you.” There was logic to that. “But I have upset you. Please allow me to buy you a coffee or a drink to make it up to you.”

“I don’t socialize,” I said. “I am a very private person.”

“So am I,” he said. “Looking for the same.” He had the look of honesty on his face.

It made me wonder how quiet people do get together? You meet them from time to time – two very private people who find love and a lifetime together without any apparent ability to relate to anybody else. Presumably somebody has to make the first move and the other has to agree.

So I agreed to go to a coffee shop with this man, after my shopping had been bagged and dropped off at my car.

“Thank you for buying this, but you need to understand that I don’t do relationships,” I explained.

“You mean you have never met anybody?”

“I am not a virgin – if that is what you are suggesting,” I said. I had experienced sex. Most gay men who are ready to receive can enjoy as much sex as they like. It is purely transactional. He gets what he wants, and I get what I want.

“I would love to see you in something feminine and colorful,” he said.

“Look, you seem very nice, but you need to understand that I have not transitioned, and I am not transitioning,” I said. “I am just living … living as me”.

“Do you have something feminine and colorful?” he said.

Not only had I never done anything like what I did next, but I never could have imagined doing what I did. I could tell you that I saw no way of getting rid of him, or that I believed that giving him what he wanted would allow him to walk away, but neither would be true.

As I said. I was born gay, slightly built, softly spoken, effeminate, shy but I do love cock, and somehow the thought of his donkey deep inside had taken over. I did not live that far away. I could dress for him, and then undress for him. It had never happened like this before. Would it ever happen again?

We may not be the best-looking couple in town, but we are a couple. We are both quiet, you see. He finds me attractive, and I find him attractive to, particularly in bed. We have both found what we need and what we like, and we can live being quietly ourselves.

The End

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