Not What He Expected

A Short Story from an Idea by Erin

By Maryanne Peters

The smell of sex was in the air. Their bodies were still sensitive from the moment. She nestled closer to him and reached across to feel his sloppy member as it subsided.

“I can’t be bought and sold like a cow,” she said. “Much less lost in a bet”.

“They are old-fashioned,” he said. “I am too, in my own way. But this is not what I expected. I did not expect to fall in love with you.” Ivan was a hard man, but that was surprisingly easy to say to her.

She propped herself up to kiss him. She asked: “What now, then?”

“I don’t know,” he sighed. “I have to deliver you to Boris. If I don’t, I am in big trouble with Alexei. He thinks that I am still searching for you, after all this time. But I am in trouble if I don’t deliver.”

“But we’re going to run away together” she said. It was not a question.

“I have an ex-wife and two children,” he said. “And he is an old-fashioned gangster – and very Russian. I worry what will happen to them. And the crazy thing is that you may be worthless to Boris. He may cast you aside after what has happened. But I can’t take that risk.”

She kissed him again. She had been hiding from him, or somebody like him, and now that she was found by him, she was happy.

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| “I have a thought, but you might think it crazy,” she said. “I have a brother. He looks a bit like me. In fact, sometimes he plays on that. He is an occasional crossdresser in fact. I have a picture on my phone. Let me show you.” She reached across to the bedside table.“That is your brother?” Ivan stared incredulously.“That is his own hair too,” she said.“Are you suggesting that your brother pretend to be you and I hand him over to Boris?”“He could do it. He is really good. I mean he goes out dressed like that. Nobody can guess. I mean, he is tall, but he can be very feminine when he wants to be.”“But why would he do it? It could be dangerous – fatal even.”“Because he is my brother,” she said indignantly. |  |

“He would be putting himself at risk,” he said. “I mean, these guys think nothing of human life. They are what they are … and I am too. This is our world. Some transvestite walking in is bound to end up in trouble … and I mean dead.”

“You don’t know my brother,” she said.

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Ivan did not get out of the car. Alexei was sitting in his usual spot, outside the coffee shop that served coffee the way they do in the old country, in the open air to confirm his power and untouchability. He could easily be gunned down, but not here in his territory. If he was, then his power meant nothing. So he sat there, and dared the world to take him on.

“I have her and I am taking her around to Boris,” said Ivan, resting is arm through the open window.

Alexei did not get up. He looked past Ivan to the woman in the passenger seat, her glossy dark brown hair masking her face as her head was bowed. Alexei simply said: “I am sorry my darling, but thank you for bringing the luck you did. Now I must pass you on. For me, your luck has run out.”

She looked up and across. Alexei saw her and thought only that she looked a little different. She had hung on his arm – his lucky charm – so he thought he knew her well. But he wondered why she might not look the same as usual. Perhaps she was sad or upset? He had no concern for such things. He needed to dismiss her from his mind. A deal had been done. He had to hand over his lucky lady, but he was ready to make his own luck. Only fools believe in charms.

The car sped away, and he took another sip from his coffee cup. He would have kept her, but he needed to give them something they considered valuable, and it was her. As his business grew he understood that superstition has no place. It about numbers, and about power. Luck has nothing to do with it.

He had sent Ivan around to get her. He could trust him to hand her over. He was known to Boris and he was an independent. He did not know her, but he found her and now they were gone.

He would tell them how great a loss she was, but it would be a fiction to keep them happy – to make them think that the deal was a good one. He smiled. He sipped, but the coffee had suddenly grown too cold to enjoy.

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“I was expecting someone smaller,” said Boris. “I was told that you were a timid thing.”

“I can be timid if you like.” She clasped her hands in front of her chest and hunched up to make herself small. Mocking the remark.

He laughed. “I saw you a few times. I think that the last time was at the horseraces. Alexei won big then. Will you be that lucky for me?”

“It depends on whether I can be persuaded to go to the races with you,” she said. “You only won the right to my services. We have still to settle my reward.”

“I could say that I will give you your life in return,” said Boris, but trying no to sound as threatening as he did. “But that would make me sound like a bully. The modern man recognizes the need for incentives rather than penalties. So, I will give you your life, but I will make it a good one.”

“That sounds nice,” she said. “But I just want you to realize that I am a very special sort of girl. You have to accept me the way I am. You have to respect my secrets.”

“Like most Russians, I am an admirer of those old James Bond movie,” said Boris, pouring himself some vodka, and a glass for her too. “Don’t tell me that you are like the Bond girl who needs to stay a virgin to keep her powers?”

“I am not a virgin,” she said.

“I am glad to hear it,” he said. “I want you near me, but I have to say that I find you very attractive now that you are. There is a strength in you that I find very appealing. Does it make you uncomfortable for me to speak of you this way?”

“I quite like it,” she said with complete honesty that he detected.

“I will respect you,” he said. “I have forced myself on women before, but I will not do that to you. I like you, Annie.”

“To be honest, I never liked that name,” she said. “Now that I am with you, why don’t you call me something more Russian sounding.”

“Anya,” he said. “You will be my Anya. Drink with me Anya”! He downed the glass. She followed, but immediately regretted. It was nothing but vodka, but with high alcohol content. The truth of it was that she was unused to drinking spirits, even as a man.

“I love your hair,” he said. But it should be styled. If you are to be at my side, I want to show you off. You should have daily beauty treatments. You should have the very best of clothes. You should show off your height in heels – you will still not be as tall as me. Have another, Dorobushka!”

His purpose should have been clear. Anya should have known better. Charm and alcohol in good measures will work on any woman given time, even if they are not truly a woman.

“Well this is unexpected,” said Boris, who appeared strangely calm. This sight would have angered some and disgusted others, but Boris just seemed to look on with curiosity.

“But you can see that the consummation of your ambitions is not possible?” she said.

“On the contrary,” he said. “I see nothing of the kind.”

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She was surprised to see her brother in drag, but even more surprised when “she” walked across the restaurant. It was not the walk of a man at all. And as this person drew near she could see something very different, but she did not quite understand what it was.

She rose and they embraced.

“What is going on here?” said Annie, feeling something between them. “You are fully dressed as a woman, even now, and with these fake breastS?”

“These are not fake Sis. Boris got them for me a few months ago. He sort of insisted. I said ‘what the hell – let’s do it’ and here they are.”

As she stepped back Annie could see that they were on display in that outfit, and that her brother was cupping them proudly. She could see that the hair had been colored – a honey colored balayage through the dark brown. And the face was so smooth, with eyebrows plucked and makeup perfect.

“But what about Boris? I knew that you would be able to charm you way out of trouble, but how can you still be with him? I mean, if he bought you breasts, then … he must know?”

“He knows me all right! In the biblical sense as well.” The smile seemed as wide as the ocean. The dark eyes sparkled with energy, and happiness.

“Does Alexei know?” said Annie. “He basically traded me like a piece of meat, or would have done if Ivan had not stepped in to save me. But we have been in hiding down in Florida because we assumed that Alexei would have found out from Boris that the “Lucky Annie” he got was an imposter.”

“No Sis, you have this all wrong. He got his lucky charm. That is me. His Lucky Anya. In fact, we ran into Alexei at the casino and of course he was expecting to see you on Boris’s arm. He actually whispered in my ear ‘who are you?’, and do you know what I told him? I said – ‘I am the Annie you gave away, only modified to suit’. You should have seen his face! I am sure he is still trying to work it out. I don’t think that Ivan is in any trouble except that he just disappeared without telling anybody. He should check. Come up with a good excuse and he can be back in Alexei’s favor, if that is what he wants?”

“He doesn’t want that. Nor do I. We have made a life for ourselves down in Florida. That is why I came up to see you. We want to get married, and we want you to come. Our life together is thanks to you, ..”.

She was about to say his name when she suddenly realized how inappropriate it was.

“Call me Anya,” she said, knowing as close siblings often can.

“Anya”.

“I am so happy for you, Sis. And I have to say, my happiness is down to you as well – you and Ivan. So I may be getting married fairly soon to.”

“I don’t understand,” said Annie.

“Boris has proposed too. He just has one condition, and it is a big one. But … well, what I have down there is pretty useless for anything other than peeing out of, and I would like to wear a bikini, especially if I am coming down to Florida.”

The End

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*Erin’s seed: A criminal kidnaps a woman at his boss's direction. He's supposed to take her to his boss for a trade with another criminal boss but he falls in love with her and he gets her to agree to run away with him. He still needs to deliver her to his boss or face the consequences. She says that she has a brother who looks similar to her and is an occasional TV who has passed as her before.*