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| Shame  A Short Story  By Maryanne Peters  “Don’t take a photo of me in my underwear!” Michelle glanced over at Paul while she played with her long red hair and suddenly realized what he was doing.  “I could not resist,” he said. “It is the same pose as this photo”. He held it up.  “Give me that!” she snapped. He held it away from her reach. “You really are such a brute. You know how ashamed of that photo I am.” But she was smiling, just a little  “Well that was the idea, wasn’t it? You were supposed to be ashamed.” He put his arms around her.  “Bill was supposed be ashamed,” she said. She reached up to put her hands behind his powerful neck. “That’s him in the photo. Not me.” She looked at him with those eyes of hers, to confirm that everything had changed.  He kissed her, as he had down a thousand times before, and each time the pleasure seemed greater.  “I am going to send it to her,” he whispered in her ear. “I am going to send it to your ex. I am going to add a thank you note. I am going to say how grateful I am that she sought to shame you the way she did. That she dressed you up to parade you in public, and because of that you walked into my life.”  Michelle pushed him softly away. | A person sitting on a chair  Description automatically generated with low confidence |

“No, let me do it,” she said. “I am more grateful than you. She passed it around to shame me – ‘look at my husband Bill, the transvestite!’ I lost friends but all that did was prove that they were not the kind of friends that I needed. And she gave me you. Maybe if she looks at who I am now she might be ashamed of what she did.”

Michelle tidied Paul’s hair a little as a good fiancée should. She was proud that he was his. She loved him like crazy.

“Shamed? She’ll be jealous,” he said. “Look at you. You have a great body. You’re better looking, have better hair, and now I am sure that you have a tighter pussy.” He groped her panties playfully.

“Soon,” she purred. “Just another week. Now let me finish getting dressed. We are expected in less than a hour.”

He sat down to watch her.

“Isn’t it funny to think that the cock that got you into trouble is now a thing of the past,” said Paul. “She wanted to be the only woman in your life, but there were others, and there are no women at all … just me.”

“Oh really? Can you be so sure?” she looked at him teasingly as she stepped into her dress.

“I am sure,” he said, seriously.

“You’re right,” she said. “Now come and zip me up.”

She pulled her hair to one side and as the zip came to her neck he kissed it, slowly. He could feel her body quiver with desire.

“It seems as if I wasted a good part of my life looking for love in all he wrong places,” she said. “And now I have found it.”

“We are very lucky,” he said. “Your ex … less so.”

“There’s a good example,” said Michelle. “Bill was wasting his time with her. She is a bitter woman and she always was. She was wronged – betrayed perhaps, but she was nasty. How can somebody like that find true love.”

“Some can and some can’t,” he said.

She slipped on her heels and looked at herself in the full length mirror.

“What a shame,” she said.

The End

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Author’s Note:

This is based on last weeks “Shamed” about which Portia said “[it] reads to me like an artist's sketch for a far more interesting story” – which is exactly what these little diversions are. Maybe this story is nothing more than another sketch, but with a little color I hop.