|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Sweet Revenge  A Vignette  By Maryanne Peters  I am sending this picture to show you how much has changed. I am sure that you don’t wish to see my vulva, but I assure you that it is there, and it is the most beautiful thing in the world. The breasts are there too, and like my hair, grown out since we were in school together.  I don’t think that I will ever forget you and what you did to me in those final years when I faced my demons and came out as trans. It was hard for me to come out the way I did, but I had no choice. You had a choice. It is too much to expect you to be supportive, but you could have chose to do nothing and be silent.  But you were the one who accused me of trying to bring my swinging dick into the girl’s locker room. What dick? It is gone and I am glad of that. But when I had it I was ashamed of it. I hid it. I wanted no one to see it, least of all women like you. I know you knew that. I was not interested in women other than to be one. | A person in a red garment and underwear  Description automatically generated |

I will never forget your cruelty. You wanted me to be forced to use male facilities so that I could be hounded there by people like your boyfriend Oliver. Although it was not him, was it? It was others. It turns out that he was the only good one among them.

But it was you and your girlfriends that I am calling out, because you should know better. Girls who are different are always called out and they feel it more. I am no different. I am a girl and I always have been. I just had a deformity. It is gone now.

So, I am sending you this picture to show that I am strong at happy. I am sending it to Oliver too, together with a similar shot without the bikini - just the thigh highs. That’s right – “your Oliver”, although he is not yours anymore. He’s mine now, and that is the way he likes it.

He rescued me that day. He was my prince, and now I am his princess. Oh, you didn’t know? You thought that when he came back from college you would rekindle whatever you had going? Well, you are wrong. He knows what hateful person you are.

I am not like that. I am a loving person, now rebuilt purely to love a man like him. I will. You won’t.

Remembering the trials of the past carries not sadness. Revenge is the ultimate sweetener.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2023