Rehabilitation

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

“I am sure that you have the best of intentions, but I have to tell you that I do not approve of what you are doing.”

“Why?” she asked, although she did not appear hurt.

“You are hiding a pedophile,” he said accusingly. “Everybody in this facility becomes a party to his crimes just by being here.” He cast his eyes around the reception area. It was called a “Re-integration Center”. The corridor leading deeper into it was security controlled, probably to stop people like him, he thought. People looking to find the freaks seeking to “re-integrate” after a modest spell of incarceration, when the ought never to be freed.

“I just came out to use the coffee machine,” she said. “Although it must be the worst coffee in town.”

“I will buy you a coffee at the place across the road if you like,” he said. “This place makes my skin crawl.”

“I would like a good coffee for a change,” she said.

“Come on then,” he said.

“If you want information, you know that I cannot disclose anything? The identity of offenders is protected as part of the rehabilitation program.”

He did want information. She might have something he could use. Could he charm her? She had him picked so it was now unlikely. But he had offered to buy her coffee. She was young and attractive. What the hell?

“We’ll find something else to talk about,” he said. He held the door open for her. She smiled at him and she walked through, with him following.

“My name is Ben, by the way,” he said.

“Yolanda,” she said, offering him a hand as they waited for a gap in the traffic.

“I am sorry if I appeared bad tempered back there,” he said. “What coffee would you like?”

“A double-shot latte,” she said. “And I understand. You must be a victim.”

“My son was a victim,” he said. “He took his own life two months ago. He was abused by the Fiddler Boy.” He did not like the name, but it was the name out there. It had nothing to do with violins. It referred to this pervert’s compulsion to play with the genitals of little boys.

She appeared genuinely shaken by his statement. That touched him. He appreciated sympathy, but not pity. He held her arm to steady her as she took a seat at the table.

“Suicide is an awful thing,” she said. “Especially for the parents, like you.”

“They say that he was depressed for a number of reasons, but I put it down to that degenerate,” he said. My son became confused, you see. He was always very sensitive. This predator took advantage of an innocent child.”

“The ‘Fiddler Boy’ was quite young himself,” she observed. “All young people suffer from confusion of a kind. It just manifests in different ways.”

“Are you defending him?”

“Not at all. There were victims. Many victims. People suffered. The person who brings about that kind of suffering deserves to be punished and treated if that is possible.”

It occurred to him that this woman must know this monster. It certainly appeared that way. But he stopped the urge to ask her bluntly. Maybe she might tell him more? Maybe she might lead him to this person? If she did, maybe he could have the payback he longed for?

“Is treatment really possible for somebody as twisted as that?”

“Sex drives are very hard to control, but they are driven by body chemistry,” she said. “If you eliminate the chemistry then maybe you can eliminate the aberrant behavior?”

He looked into her eyes over her coffee cup. There was a look in his eyes that turned him on. It seemed to be pleading for something. Maybe something that he could give her. His marriage was in ruins since the death of his son. Now he started to think that he missed the intimacy of a woman’s hand on his body, of a woman’s body beneath his.

“Can people really change that much?” He said it to divert the conversation a little – to put his hate to one side for a moment.

“He was very young. That is why he was tried and convicted with suppression of his name and image. Because of his youth and to protect his family and his victims.”

“I have never even seen him, but I know what he is,” he said. “He is a pervert. That cannot be changed.”

“Great changes can be made,” she said. “People can start as one thing and become something very different. Even the opposite of what they were. For example, I have not always been a woman.”

He would have choked on his coffee had he not swallowed it seconds before. He put his cup down and leaned back to look at her more fully. He was proud of the way that he presented himself: unphased and even curious. It was hard to believe. Was it a joke? A test?

“Are you serious? I never would have guessed it.”

“I would not joke about that. A few years on, but yes, I have changed totally. I have left manhood way behind me now. They were not happy times. I am a much better person now. Freer. Open. No hang-ups. A woman in every way possible.”

“I don’t think that I have ever met a trans-person before,” he said. “So, I hope you don’t mind me asking, are you attracted to men?”

“I always have been. And, I hope you don’t mind me asking, are you attracted to women?”

“Of course.”

“And, could you be attracted to me?”

It seemed like a very forward question. Here was a woman (for that was what she was) whom he had just met, who was talking to him openly about very private and personal matters. The honesty was refreshing. It was the most interesting conversation he had been involved in for months.

“Yes,” he said honestly. “You ask the question, so I feel free to tell you: You are very attractive. You dress very well. Even though we only met ten minutes ago, you are clearly intelligent, and you seem to be great company. I would be lying if I said I could not … attracted to you, I mean. In fact, I am, so would it be too forward to ask you to have dinner with me tonight.”

“Is that invitation because you are trans-curious?”

“It’s precisely because I am not,” he said firmly. “You appear to be a woman to me. I am asking a woman out. Am I not?”

“A woman is accepting,” she said.

“Great,” he said. “I am just visiting. I think you know why I am here hanging around that facility over there, just in the hope of … well, I am staying at the Holiday Inn. If you want me to take you for dinner, I will be in the lobby at 6:30 and we can go to a restaurant nearby.”

“I am looking forward to it already,” she said, sipping some more of her coffee.

He wondered if he might learn from her the identity of the offender. He hoped that he would. But even if he did not, he decided to himself that he would enjoy a night out with the interesting, and very attractive, person.

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It was as good an orgasm as he could remember having in his entire life. Even better than the night before, when they got back to his room after a wonderful evening.

He had learned nothing from her about the target of his visit, but he had almost forgotten to push the point, being otherwise engaged in a wider conversation. Although she was clearly much younger than him, he had found that they had similar tastes in such things and food and music – even politics.

Now she was lying naked beside him, her hair spread across the pillow, her breasts still jiggling slightly, her pussy wet and slowly oozing forth the fruit of his efforts.

He pushed a lock of hair away from her pretty face.

“You are a special person,” he said. Somehow, she looked vulnerable – even frightened. It was almost as if she expected everything to collapse around them.

“Thank you,” she said. “You are pretty special yourself.”

“I have been so caught up in other things I quite forgotten how good it feels to let somebody in,” he said.

“Have you let me in,” she asked.

“I have not thought anything but you since I sat waiting in the lobby last night,” he said. “You are in, and I am not sure that I ever want you to leave.”

She chewed on her fulsome bottom lip in trepidation. “You need to know something about me,” she said.

“I don’t need to know about your life as a man,” he said. “That is all in the past”.

“I am glad you think like that,” she said. “I want to stay. I want to be with you, but I cannot be with you unless you know who I am. I must tell you…”.

“Please don’t,” he interrupted. I only want to think of you the way you are. And how you will be, with me, from now on.”

She covered his mouth gently with her soft manicured hand. “I don’t just assist at the center, I am an attendee,” she said. “I was a criminal. The very worst kind. A person driven by impulses that were wrong – animal urges. Believe me, they were things outside my control. Brain chemistry driven by glands that never belonged in my body in the first places. Glands now gone, thank God.”

“What are you saying?” He said it, only because he did not want to believe it.

“I am not that person anymore. I am you met yesterday. The person you just made loved to. The person who loved being made love to.” She was crying now. Through the horror he could not help but feel the need to hold her to him.

“You cannot be him,” he said with a coldness that he did not expect.

“I am not. Not anymore,” she blubbed.

A ray of sunlight burst through the curtain as if it were a sign from God. It shone on her face, making the tears glisten and her wet eyes and eyelashes look like the frightened doe she was.

The End

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