The Chancellor's Daughter

A Short Story from an Idea by Erin

By Maryanne Peters

When you are brought up rich and spoiled, you don’t ask where the money comes from. You enjoy the international travel and the luxury hotels and resorts; you take for granted and even abuse the private education; you discard things that other people would treasure simply because they mean nothing to you.

I used to wonder who my father worked for. I knew that he was an accountant, and I always had the impression that he was a good one. I knew that he operated internationally and took advantage of the fact that he had been raised in Switzerland and spoke French and German. But when I got curious, he waved it away.

“You don’t need to know. Actually, you need not to know.” That was the closest I got to getting the answer. That and perhaps I heard my father being referred to as “The Chancellor” on more than one occasion.

But for whatever reason things went very bad very fast. The first we heard about it was a call that we needed to scatter. It turns out that for each of us he had a grab bag with a passport in another name and some cash at our country house. We each had a phone and had to leave the one we had behind. He would be heading in the opposite direction, but he would find us through our new phones… if he lived.

And one more thing – “Don’t go to the police,” he said. “They cannot protect you. I have a lot to explain if I have that chance, but there is no way to escape the danger other than to disappear. I hope that this day would never come, but I prepared for it.”

I drove us out to the estate at speed. We found the bags in a false floor in the large garage and there was at least one vehicle for each of us. My mother took the Mercedes, my sister the Porsche and I decided to take the Jeep. We hugged one last time – perhaps we took a little too long – then we headed off down the drive to the road with me at the back.

I had no idea what it was and only worked it out later. My mother’s car just exploded, but it must have been one of those rocket-propelled grenades. There was a whoosh and then the car just blew up. My sister’s car screeched to a halt and she got out with her hands in the air screaming. As I slowed, I saw her cut down in a hail of bullets. My family dead. If I had any thought that my father might still be alive it wafted away with the smoke of that gunfire.

But adrenalin kicked in. I was not even aware that I had made a decision. The Jeep crashed through the fence beside the driveway and seemed to be driving itself off road and into the woods with bullets thudding into trees on either side of me. The ground got rougher and I had the sense to shift into cross-country gear to allow me to go where my pursuer’s road vehicles could not follow.

I drove until the effects of the adrenalin started to fade – I have no idea how long that was except that it was getting dark. Rational thought returned. It had never been my strong suit, but imminent death helps to focus the mind. Am I far enough away? Do I need to hide and wait? Had they seen my plates?

Survival is the first concern, but then comes the hunger for revenge. That came days in when I had changed the plates and was still driving the Jeep west. But I was starting to realize that not only had all the people I loved been killed but all the pleasures in my life had been removed at a stroke. I don’t like to sound selfish and materialistic, but back then these were drivers in my need for vengeance. Along with my family I had a comfortable life and they had taken that too.

Who were these people? Why had I never pushed my father for information? I knew the answer. I did not want things to change, and now the teenage playboy was hiding in a cheap motel.

I went to an internet café. I had heard about these places. It was unbelievably grubby. But it allowed me to be anonymous and to stalk myself and my sister through social media. I knew for a start that the various messages saying things like – “I was your father’s closest friend. You can contact me. I will keep you safe” – they were just traps. They were trying to find me.

But one message posted on my sister’s page interested me. It simply said – “You were the apple of your father’s eye. I feel that you will both be together in heaven. God sees the good among the bad. RIP father and daughter. Escaped”

Was that a trap? It was not addressed to me and sounded like somebody who knew both her and my father. Somebody who signed themselves as “Escaped” might be on the run too. I felt it was the only lead I had. It was worth sending a message.

I posed as “Melody” a friend of my sister’s and I asked “Escaped” if he could private message me with any kind of explanation for her death. I decided that I could not risk the ISP being run down so I left that town and headed north that morning, staying overnight to visit another internet café early in the morning to check messages and then backtrack south.

I was not sure whether I was communicating with somebody who was trying to help me or trying to find me, but in their reply to my “Melody” email “Escaped” named names, and a picture started to emerge. Some of it seemed to make sense in terms of snatches of conversations I had overheard may father on the phone. One name in particular was at the top – Josef Staussel – apparently the man in charge

Yes, it turns out that my father kept books for a criminal organization. Actually, more than that, he was the financial brains behind a major money laundering operation built around aid projects in the developing world – who would attack those? The money was invested in apparent humanitarian enterprises and was coming back in the form of mineral and other resources handled through respectable companies.

It just appeared to “Escaped” that my father had just become too powerful in his own right and needed to be removed. It seemed crazy, but as he put it – “Staussel’s ego was more important that the money he makes.” In other words, my father was not double crossing his masters, Staussel was just envious.

“How can I get close to this Staussel?” I typed. “I need to expose him.” What I wanted to do was kill him.

“You are halfway to getting close to him, but as a woman you would not be able to succeed. Staussel loves boys – boys who dress and live as girls.”

Somehow, I was not surprised that Staussel was a pervert. Not just gay but with a particular weird desire. Who were these boys who dress and live as girls? I decided to check things out on the internet, and my eyes were open to the world of sissies. I even looked through some sites in search of “sissy-lovers” and thought that I found somebody who might be Staussel “looking for a special kind of girly boy”. I imagined him with such a passive and effeminate person as feeling such a sense of power and control that he might even let his guard down for a moment.

The idea jumped into my head was that this was how I might get my revenge on the man who had killed my entire family. But the only person who could do it was me.

If I planned it, I might even do more. I might be able to undermine the organization under Staussel and put an end to people hunting me down.

It seemed that the risk was great, but that my options were limited. At that time I was still driving through the eastern states living out of motels and watching over my shoulder in internet cafes. I was using cash, but that would run out in time. Then what?

The idea of walking back into the lion’s den was not appealing, but all I needed was to become somebody who seemed to be the polar opposite of the person I was – a simpering sissy looking for a sugar daddy like Staussel.

Where to start? The internet was full of advice. There were also links to “Like-Minded Sissies Near You”. It was time for me to re-establish an identity.

I decided to sell the jeep for cash and trade down to something cheaper and less macho. I found the perfect car. A little Japanese car colored pink. I decided to give my car a name – Jezebel. I needed a name for myself. I went online and explained that I wanted to leave my entire male life behind me and acquire a new feminine identity – who could help me?

Rather than chose a name, the person who supplied me with the ID gave me one – a real girl now dead. Her name … rather my name, was Tabitha Jane Morven. I would go by “Tabby”.

I was determined to make friends among these sissies, even though I thought that it would be entirely pretense. I had nothing in common with these fruit cakes, but I could put it on. But the joy of their circumstance was almost contagious. I quickly understood what was going on, and I started to share in things in a way I never thought possible.

The fact is that many sissies lived repressed in their own households. Some considered themselves transgender, some as effeminate homosexuals looking for dominant partners, and some just wanted to express themselves in a feminine way, but now they were free to be themselves. It is like a champagne cork tightly wired on – when it is released there are bubbles everywhere. There was just so much giggling and joyous chatter that I had to get caught up in it. You can pretend that a baby doll nightie looks “gorgeous” or you can see it that way and join in. It would seem crazy not to, but then if you are in a room full of crazy people you have to be crazy to fit in.

I moved in with two of my new friends. It just seemed convenient. We all wanted to live the sissy life, although one of the two wore man drag to work. The other worked in a hairdressing salon, which turned out to be useful.

Hormones just seemed like going to far, but everybody else was keen including the one guy who said that he was neither gay nor trans – just stretching his gender. The initial drugs were illicit, but after that it was easy to get a prescription.

I bought myself a phone and a connection to the internet and I became active on several social media platforms as “Tabby, a fresh sissy”. At my roommate’s salon I had my hair dyed blonde and cut in a bob, and I wore makeup in the selfies of me – mostly happy shots with my sissy friends, but some serious of me alone in an art gallery.

I knew very little about this Staussel, but I had an idea that he may not even be American. He was certainly running an international operation, so my guess was that he might be sophisticated and another side of me should be hinted at.

I had plenty of propositions online, and plenty of sissy advice that I should accept an offer of a date, but I was waiting for my Mr. Right – Staussel.

But as I discovered, when you live life looking like a girl you have to decide if you want to walk down the street as a sissy, or as a woman. When you are with your sissy friends then it seems as if your cover is blown. You are only as convincing as the least convincing of your group. That means being called out by passers-by and abused. You have safety in numbers if it comes down to physical abuse, but it is more like the safety of a herd of zebras than a pack of lions – the most vulnerable will be attacked and you will just stand and scream. It was not the way I wanted to live.

I used to take the opportunity to go to those art galleries on my own, just as Tabitha – a woman. The truth is that I was not a sissy – I was just pretending to be one. The rest of the time I became Tabitha, and I grew in confidence as her.

Some of my friends suggested that I go out with them on dates with men. I am talking about men who like to go out on dates with sissies – people I regarded as gay.

“You are not a true sissy until you have tasted a man,” was the common refrain. It was not what I wanted to do, but I suppose that I understood that if I got close enough to Staussel to kill him, I might need to be equipped to cope with the foreplay at least.

I decided that I would need to eat a big slice of pride pie and take on my first man.

To my surprise he turned out to be the nicest guy on the planet. I told him that it was my first time and he was polite and gentle. He suggested that I play with his cock and not put it in my mouth unless I was 100% comfortable. I suppose that once you have another man’s cock in your hand that is the river already crossed, and everything else is just looking at what lies on the other side.

When it came to anal sex he made helpful suggestions about preparation and just played with me. He asked if we could date again to consummate, and I agreed just because he had been so nice. I guess that If you are going to be introduced to being a passive partner in gay sex then that guy was about the best you could ask for.

It seemed to me that I had proven to myself just how far I was prepared to go to take my vengeance out of this guy Staussel. After that, sticking a knife between his ribs and right into his heart would seem like the easiest thing in the world. Could I really kill a man? If I could take a man’s cock up my ass just to get in the same room as that bastard, I knew that I could.

Only a short time later it seemed that I had found my man. No surname was mentioned, but it seemed that he was based for a part of the year in my home town, right near where my father worked, and for the rest of the year in places where my father did business. He said that his name was “Ziggy” which seemed to be a fit with Staussel. He said that he was a lover of the arts.

I decided to work up to things in a series of hot and heavy chat sessions, but more about passions than about sex. I said – “I am still exploring my new femininity, but it is growing every day”.

I told him that I passed as a woman during the day, and that – “I just like to hang out in the park in a light silk sundress and have guys stare at my legs without knowing what I have between them.”

“I would be staring”, he replied. He was interested to meet me. I was sure he was the right guy, but I wanted to confirm it. What better way that to meet him in a public place and maybe look over his shoulder as he used his credit card? I had to know whether this was Staussel.

I arranged to meet him in the park. I didn’t even have a sundress, so I went out and bought one, and wedge heeled sandals as well. I went to the hairdresser to have legs waxed and my hair done. I had my hair washed and highlighted and done up in a messy updo designed to look as it I had just thrown it together and I was naturally gorgeous. It was perfect.

I sat on the park bench I said that I would and pretended to read a book by Simone de Beauvoir.

I knew it was him from the moment that I saw him. He was tall and fair and wearing a grey suit and a bright blue tie. He was remarkably good looking and carried himself as if he were a leopard or some other such powerful creature – beautiful but deadly.

“Are you Tabby?” he asked. There was a trace of perhaps a German accent, but with an American relaxed tone plus the rounded vowels of a British education.

“I am if you are Ziggy?” I said in my practiced voice – a woman but with deep mellow tones.

“I am,” he said. “May I sit with you for a while. I would like to take you for lunch, but perhaps we could talk here for a while. It is very private.”

“Please. Come and sit. I have finished the chapter. Let’s talk.” I was pleased with what was coming from my mouth. I was calm and assured, despite the fury bubbling just underneath. The monster was now only inches away. I had a knife and a small gun in my bag. It seemed sensible. But this was not the time or the place.

“I can’t believe that I have not seen you before,” he said. “I live in that apartment block just over there when I am here in the city. I could see you from my terrace with my telescope.”

“Oh, you are a watcher, Ziggy? I would have taken you for a doer.”

“I like to look at beautiful things,” he said. “Just as I am doing now.” As he stared at me I noticed something very strange – something that I had never seen before. His eyes seemed to sparkle. It struck me that this must be the fable “twinkle in the eye”. It was a real thing. I had witnessed it. And somehow it affected me.

“So you are not American?” I asked.

“I am, but I am also Swiss. I am in banking. All very boring, I assure you.”

“Well, I do not plan to be working with you, Ziggy,” I said. “I am hoping that our relationship might be 100% pleasure.”

“Moments can be 100% pleasure, but for relationships 90% is an achievable target.” He was smiling, so I laughed, and he did too. It made the leopard disappear. He was very human. I had to remind myself that my father, mother and sister would never know laughter.

“Tell me about your family … if you want to, that is.”

“I don’t mind, except that it might bore you. Both of my parents were accountants. They operated a small currency exchange business back in days before the euro put them out of business in 1999. I had to start my own business. I had an American partner.”

Things were coming out with my even probing. It seemed too easy. “Oh, what happened to the American?”

“That I don’t know,” said Ziggy. “But he has gone. He has left scorched earth behind him. But I have been able to pick up the pieces. There is a nice restaurant by the northeast gate if you are happy to walk?” he stood and held out a hand. I had to accept it.

He was a liar. I expected that. My father – the man they called the Chancellor - was dead. At his hand.

We walked. He talked about art. I bluffed. I felt that to stop him from doubting me I should cling to his arm, as a woman might do, so I did. Beneath the suit I could feel his body was strong and sinewy, like that leopard. Somehow it made me feel good – as if I was protected rather than prey being led to some quiet place to suffer the same fate as my family.

“I feel art rather than try to interpret it,” I said by way of excuse for any perceived ignorance. “Is that wrong. Isn’t the purpose of art to provoke an emotional response rather than reasoned analysis?”

“You sound like a woman,” he said. “Are you more of a woman than you let on?”

“Would that be bad? I still function as male, but what is wrong with having a strong feminine side?”

I was not sure why I was asking the question of him – or was it really being asked of myself? It was something I wondered about every morning when I showered washing my smooth body and checking the growth of my breasts, and as I brushed out my hair and applied my makeup. Just how feminine was I before this all started? Why was it so easy to be a sissy? Why was it so easy to make people believe that I was a woman?

“To be honest, to walk in the park with a woman on my arm is something I like. Having an overt sissy holding on to me brings me no shame – I am who I am – but it draws attention. I prefer this.” He squeezed the hand holding his arm.

“I’ll just have a salad,” I said as we took a seat at the restaurant. “I am looking after my figure.”

“But you will join me in sharing a bottle of champagne?” he asked, as if I could refuse.

We talked about Europe. Of course, I had been but only to follow a tourist trail while my father worked. The real Europe still awaited me. It seemed that Ziggy knew it well. He would be the perfect guide, but for the fact that he would be dead, if my plans were to be fulfilled.

The champagne was good. Ziggy said that it was well known that this particular champagne was an aphrodisiac and that he could prove it. “My apartment is three blocks down,” he said.

I went to use the bathroom. I checked the knife. I pulled back the slide of the pistol to put one in the chamber and switched on the safety. I put the scarf back to cover everything, but they were both easy to reach.

If we were alone, I figured that escape was realistic, but revenge and then death seemed a fate I could bear. It would be better than death without revenge which was all that I faced on the day my mother and sister were killed.

He was on the phone when I got back, but he hurried to end the call.

“Nothing important, I hope?”

“No, it can wait,” he said. “My erstwhile partner. A possible sighting in New Caledonia, wherever that is. Honestly, I am inclined to just let him have his life and hope for karma.” He smiled wryly, but looked surprisingly sincere.

Was it three blocks? We seemed to be there in seconds. We were up the elevator before I could even rummage in my bag and then we were in his apartment. He took my bag from my limp hand and let it drop on the floor by the front door as he closed it. He threw his arms around me and he kissed me.

It was totally unexpected. My first sissy sexual experience was nothing like this. That was genital intimacy. This was … romance. My hands were in his hair and my tongue was in his mouth like we were teenagers, except I was girl, and he was the guy.

“I want to see you naked,” he said.

“Oh God! I want to see you naked.” I was not lying. I had felt that body through the fabric and I needed to touch the leopard – desperately.

I felt vaguely ashamed. I knew that I was pretty. My hair had come adrift but that could only add to my beauty. Why body was smooth and soft and my breasts had a good shape. Many girls would be happy to have them. But there was my groin. It was so incongruous that it just had to be ugly.

But he seemed delighted. Still, I turned around to show him my butt which I thought looked better.

“I did douche before I came out and I have a plug in, if you will let me … I just need to get my bag …”.

But I could not talk as his shirt and then his pants hit the floor. The man who stood before me was surely the Greek god up which all statues she be modelled. It was muscled but not overly so, tanned and with veins and sinew twitching with life, and in the middle of it all, also twitching, was his glorious cock.

Even with another man’s cock inside me that very first time, I had always imagined that I was not gay, just driven to extremes. Now I doubted that view. In fact, I knew it to be false.

“I can’t wait,” he said, apologetically.

“I can pull it out and bend over …”.

“No,” he said. “Face to face. I want to watch your beautiful face as you reach climax. We will use the edge of the bed and a pillow. Yu need to be made love to as the woman you clearly are.”

I let him handle me as a rag doll, like a leopard pulling a carcass into a tree, not because I felt helpless but because I wanted to be helpless in his arms. He kissed me and played with my nipples in a way that he must have known drives any hormone scoffing sissy crazy with desire.

And then he was inside me filling me up and shaking my whole world as he shook the bed.

This was a female orgasm. It was only accompanied by the issue of a small amount of liquid from my limp penis onto my soft belly, to his delight. As for my delight, I cannot describe it. My father told me that the French call orgasm “le petit mort” – the little death. You die in the moment and you are reborn. I know that somebody died. He had killed the last of my family, but somebody was born – Tabitha.

“I can’t understand why a man like you would be interested in somebody like me,” I said to him as we lay in an after-sex embrace. “I am not a real woman. You should have a wife and children.”

“I am sorry my Darling. Perhaps I should have said, but I have those things. It is just that when it comes to pleasure, I want that 100% you were talking about. Sissies are so uncomplicated. Even a relationship between a man and his sissy is essentially material. But then you come along and now everything is turned on its head. You have turned me upside down.”

“Really?” I said. I pulled myself onto his strong chest to look in his eyes and search for lies. Why could I see none?

He kissed me tenderly. I had no sufficient experience to know for sure, but it felt like love.

The problem is that if he is telling the truth my father is not dead and the Chancellor is a monster – a man prepared to kill his entire family to disappear completely. If my father is dead then Ziggy (real name Josef Staussel) is the monster, and I am living with a murder and kissing him every morning as he heads of to work.

But the thing is, when you have the nights and the occasional afternoons to look forward to and that man is donkey deep inside you sending you to a paradise better than the one before each time, do you really have to care?

The End

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*Erin’s seed: A teenager finds out dad is big mobster when he is assassinated along with his family. The kid swears revenge but another mobster tells him that the way to get close to the bad guy is to become a she-male because the evil one has a thing for them. So she does, gets close to the guy and finds out things that change everything. Also he is one hell of a lover*